What Lies Beneath

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Summary

After years away from Derry, you're dragged back to help search for your missing cousin. After you get yourself into some trouble, the absolute last thing you expected was to be rescued by a creepy clown with a blood kink who has the ability to turn into one of the most gorgeous men you've ever seen.
Chapter Notes

I don't know what I'm doing. I just know that I had to hop on this Pennywise bandwagon and give the world some much-needed clown sex. I'm going to hell. See you all there!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Derry, Maine. A land of hopelessness where dreams go to die. It physically pained you to be back here after so many years away. You had been one of the few who had actually succeeded in leaving town after graduation to start an actual life for yourself; one that didn’t consist of being trapped in a town where people had a tendency to settle for less than what they deserved. Oh, and there was also the fact that people went missing more frequently there than anywhere else in the U.S.

You made damn sure to move to the opposite end of the country, knowing that you would never return of your own volition. You were one of the very few to leave who hadn't yet come crawling back. Others had tried to leave, but would eventually return for one reason or another. Most of the people you knew growing up were still there, settling into their own lives, forever binding themselves to the town. Marriage, kids, jobs, things that ensured a permanent hold that was almost impossible to escape.

One of these unfortunate souls was your cousin, Sara. She was the sister that you never had. You were both the same age and literally did everything together. Sara had gotten into journalism at an early age, which didn’t take her very far in a town like Derry where pretty much nothing interesting ever happened - apart from the disappearances, that is. But that was old news.

You and Sara managed to stay in touch with constant communication over the years, which is why when you hadn’t heard from her in over a week, you started to get worried. Low and behold, the next day, a phone call from your Aunt confirmed your suspicions and also brought your worst fears to reality.

Sara had gone missing. She was now just another addition to the ever-growing list of people who disappeared in Derry, never to be seen again.
There was no way that you were going to let that happen. No, not Sara.

You wasted no time in getting on a plane to Derry, knowing that you would be there as long as it took to find her and bring her home.

A couple of days had passed since your arrival and things were just as hopeless as when the search began. No one had seen her or heard from her in over a week. Your family was an emotional wreck, and you felt helpless after turning up empty every day, without a single clue as to where you could be.

A couple of days later, the town was hosting its annual Charity Carnival where all of the town vendors got together and set up booths, rides, and attractions for charity. It was a big event every year, and you thought that, just maybe, Sara might make her way there. It was a long shot, but you had to try.

You made sure to dress down in your favorite dark gray hoodie, adorned with holes and frayed string from overuse with your favorite band t-shirt underneath, along with jeans and Chuck Taylors. You figured that this was how Sara remembered you best before you left your life behind here, and if she spotted you, she could easily recognize you.

Instinctively crossing your arms in a defensive position, you walked through the busy booths, not being able to resist smiling at all of the happy faces that passed you by. It was nice to see people enjoying themselves rather than the sullen demeanor that had fallen over the town after the string of disappearances over the past couple of months.

A Fun House nearby drew your attention, its flashing lights enticing you to walk inside with morbid interest. You and Sara loved Fun Houses, and you thought it would be nice to relive some old memories.

You couldn’t help but emit a chuckle as you walked through the turning tunnels and the constricting hallways until you reached the last part of the attraction: The Hall of Mirrors.

You took a moment to glance at your own reflection as the mirrored door shut behind you. Your hair settled in an unkempt manner, almost making it look stylishly messy. Your eyes were darkened underneath from lack of sleep, and your lips were in desperate need of some lip balm.

You sighed at your appearance, not quite sure why you even cared about it in the first place. However, you were soon ripped from your thoughts when you heard a low, dark laugh echo throughout the hall.

Turning around hastily, you tried to see where the laughter was coming from but saw no one. “Hello?” you called out, not receiving a response in return.

Glancing around the mirrored room once more, you started to press your hands against the glass, hoping to find the way out since you seemed to be stuck there and had to use your cleverness to escape. There weren’t any hallways leading out of the mirrored maze, so there had to be a secret exit that you had to figure out on your own.

After a few more moments of half-assed attempts to locate your way out, the lights unexpectedly went out, shrouding the reflective room in darkness before the red glow of the emergency lights came on, blinking on and off, making it that much harder to find the exit.
“Oh, great,” you sighed to yourself, not at all thrilled about how difficult this appeared to be. You simply didn’t have the mental capacity to solve this, and you regretted coming in here in the first place.

Pressing your hands against the cool glass, you continued to walk around the room, trying not to trip on the floor every time the red lights dimmed for a moment. You didn’t feel like you were getting anywhere and started to become irrationally angry when a voice once again pulled you from your concentration.

“Lost, are we?”

You whipped around, looking for the source of the strangely high-pitched voice to no avail. “Who’s there?” you called out, eyes darting around the room.

“Poor lost girl. Can’t find her way. I can help you…” You felt a chill crawl down your spine at the last phrase as the high, cheery voice seemed to drop to a dark, hungry growl, indicating malicious intent.

Panic started to course through you as you glanced around the mirrors, hoping to catch a glimpse of who the eerie voice belonged to. The lights dimmed once more, and that was when something caught your eye.

In one of the mirrors, two little yellow orbs seemed to be swaying back and forth enticingly. You turned to see where they were coming from but saw nothing. Glancing back in the mirror, you raked the glass with your nails softly over the glowing orbs, trying to determine the origin of them.

A cool breeze caught you off guard as you hastily turned around once more in the darkness. The red lights slowly illuminated the room and what you saw made your breath hitch in your throat. A horrifying looking clown figure stood before you in the reflection of each mirror. His wide, malevolent grin sent shivers down your spine and you couldn’t bring yourself to look away.

Shaking your head to break focus, you spun around, trying to determine where he was standing amongst the mirrors. The lights dimmed again as you started to step backward, trying to distance herself from the creepy clown in the darkness.

Your hands blindly searched behind you, ready to feel the hard surface of the glass, however, surprise overcame you when you felt a soft, silky material instead. Before your mind could register what you were feeling, you felt your back press up against a taut, warm body.

Eliciting a shocked cry, you turned just as the red lights returned to face the menacing clown. He towered over you, his back hunched creepily as he eyed you hungrily. “Hello, Y/N,” he cooed, stepping forward as you began to back away.

You blinked a few times to adjust to the low lighting, allowing yourself to take in the entire appearance of the clown as he stood before you. His once yellow, swirling eyes were now a bright blue, and his demeanor seemed to be that of mockery and intrigue.

That’s when it suddenly occurred to you how absolutely stupid you were being. “Holy shit,” you breathed followed by a small laugh. “They really outdid themselves this year! You seriously scared me!” You approached the clown with confidence, reaching up towards his puffy collar to run your fingers along the smooth silk. “This costume is amazing, by the way.”
Your eyes glanced up to his own piercing blue ones. He had a perplexed look on his face, his red lips curved into a sly smirk while his eyes searched yours in return. You pulled your hand back and tucked your hair behind your ear awkwardly. “Uh, sorry. I don’t normally approach and touch random strangers… I just think that you look really cool.”

Again, the clown offered no response to your casual conversation and continued to stare at you. An uneasy feeling fell over you as you remembered something odd. “Wait, how did you know my name? Have we met before?”

The clown laughed lowly, almost to the point of a growl as he stepped forward, a predatory look in his eye. “Y/N, Y/N, Y/N. Oh, I know all about you. You’re here to find sweet Sara, yes?”

Crossing your arms defensively, a twinge of anger sparked at his audaciousness. Everyone obviously knew why you were back, but no one spoke so candidly about your cousin. In fact, most people were afraid to bring it up. No one really talked about the people who went missing in Derry. Too much emotion was involved, something that you were never really good at handling.

Stubborn as you were, you decided to indulge his dedication to his method acting. “It’s not really fair that you know so much about me, but I know so little about you. What’s your name?” you asked softly, daring to step closer to the clown.

His smile widened to an impossible length as his eyes darted from your face to your feet, taking your confidence into consideration as he answered. “Why, I’m Pennywise, the dancing clown!” He paused for a moment to turn smoothly in a circle, indicating that he lived up to his name. He stopped as he outstretched his arm, lifting his palm towards the ceiling and took a slight bow for his short-lived performance. “And I’ll tell you a secret about your little Sara. Come closer and I’ll tell you.”

Your eyes narrowed at him, not sure what game he was trying to play. This was started to get a little awkward and inappropriate, and you were beginning to wonder what kind of psycho these people hired.

Hesitantly taking a step forward, you arched your eyebrows at him, silently requesting if you were close enough. “No, no, no,” he insisted in his sing-song voice. “Come closer, Y/N.”

Huffing with impatience, you’d had enough of his teasing. You took three large strides towards him before coming to a halt, your left hand on your hip, lifting your chin defiantly as you were now mere inches from his face.

The smell of him was almost overwhelming as he started to lean closer to you in return. The scent of sweets and kettle corn made you want to inhale him, despite his creepy appearance. Ignoring the enticement, you forced yourself to remain steady as he inched closer. Despite your mind telling you to step back, you refused.

His lips were on your ear now, his red hair brushing against your cheek as his cool breath rushed over you. “I know where Sara is,” he whispered mockingly.

You pulled back, suddenly livid. You couldn’t control your impulsiveness as you set your hands on his wide shoulders, pushing him back from your with a furious grunt. “Screw you!” you shouted. “How dare you? I don’t know what they said to you to try and scare people, but there’s a line that you don’t cross!”
The marks etched in his pale makeup, indicating where his eyebrows would be were raised in both surprise and intrigue. He laughed boisterously, which only angered you more. “Oh, don’t you worry, Y/N. I’ll take you to her. I’ve been taking good care of her! She floats, they all float, and you’ll float too!” He threw his head back in another round of eerie laughter.

That did it. You ran forward, swinging your arm back as you readied yourself to hit him right between his eyes, but before your fist could come in contact with his face, he caught it effortlessly in his soft, gloved hand, holding it tightly.

“Young lady!” you yelled as you tried to pull your hand back. “Let go of me!”

“Don’t you want to float with me?” He asked mockingly, tilting his head to the side in false innocence. “Maybe you’re not like the rest,” he commented, his eyes raking over your body. “Maybe… just maybe, you don’t float.”

He twisted your body around before you could even comprehend his movements. Your back was now pressed against his chest as he held his strong arms over yours, his cold cheek flush against your own hot one. “What are you doing?! Stop!” you demanded, attempting to pull away to no avail.

Goosebumps lined your arms and the back of your neck as you felt him inhale deeply into your hair, giving you an idea. You threw your head forward before quickly snapping it back with all of your strength, hitting him right in his nose, causing him to cry out and release you from his grasp.

You spun around to find him clutching his nose with his hand, stumbling back a few steps in surprise. He then dropped his hands and wrinkled his nose at the uncomfortable feeling before smiling wickedly once more. “So bold,” he commented in a dangerously low voice. “You’re not afraid.”

It wasn’t a question. You eyed him with confusion before scoffing and saying, “Look, asshole. I don’t know what you’re trying to do, but this is extremely unprofessional and I’ve had enough. Go fuck yourself,” you finished angrily.

Before he could get a chance to respond, you heard a girl screaming from somewhere back in the Fun House. You turned instinctively, looking towards where the scream was heard but saw nothing. When you shifted back around, Pennywise had vanished, and in his place was an opened door behind one of the mirrors.

Knowing that’s where he must have gone, you trailed after him through the door and followed it down a dark, narrow hallway. At the end of the hall was another door, which you opened with haste, hoping to catch up to the clown to give him a piece of your mind, but instead, the door led outside of the Fun House, indicating its end.

What surprised you the most wasn’t that he had disappeared without a trace, but that you were actually upset that you didn’t get to see him again. But why? Was it because you wanted to yell at him? Report him to whoever hired him? You couldn’t quite comprehend it, but there really wasn’t any point in dwelling on it, so instead, you started walking away from the Fun House and towards the closest bar to drown out your worries. You really needed a drink after that. Your emotions couldn’t handle searching for Sara for the rest of the night anyway.

About an hour later, after three shots and two very strong drinks, you weren’t feeling well and knew that you needed to get back to your Aunt’s house before you were added to her list of
concerns.

Gulping down the last of your drink, you paid your tab, thanked the bartender and walked out of the bar with a strong buzz, making it difficult to concentrate on walking. You should have just called a cab or something, but you thought that a walk might help you sober up a bit before you had to face your Aunt, letting her know that once again, your search came up empty.

It was late. Much too late to be walking home alone, but the hour didn’t really concern you. You started to think about the events that occurred in the past few days, which took up most of your limited brain capacity while you were ridiculously intoxicated.

Lost in your own thoughts, you didn’t realize that you were being closely followed.

Walking in silence, you were ignorant to the multiple pairs of footsteps behind you. By the time you had sensed that something was off, a hand was already covering your mouth and the feeling of a cold blade pressed against your throat stifled any form of protest.

Before you could comprehend what was happening, a husky voice whispered in your ear, “If you scream, you die.”

You thrashed against the threatening stranger, giving little concern for the blade pressed against your neck as you struggled.

“You better keep your mouth shut if you don’t want this knife lodged in your throat,” he threatened, earning the low chuckles of the other two men pinning your arms to the wall.

The man who backhanded you laughed as you turned to face him once more, your eyes fiery with determined anger. “You better keep your mouth shut if you don’t want this knife lodged in your throat,” he threatened, earning the low chuckles of the other two men pinning your arms to the wall.

“You’re a pretty thing like you doing out alone this late at night?” he asked, moving the blade so that it was grazing your collarbone. You turned your head to the side, looking down the alley to see if anyone could see what was occurring. You inhaled deeply, readying yourself to scream for help before you felt a sharp pain on the side of your face.

The man who backhanded you laughed as you turned to face him once more, your eyes fiery with determined anger. “You better keep your mouth shut if you don’t want this knife lodged in your throat,” he threatened, earning the low chuckles of the other two men pinning your arms to the wall.

Two glowing orbs were shining in the darkness, slowly making their way closer to you. As they grew nearer, the silhouette of the familiar creepy clown emerged. You didn’t know whether to be
relieved or even more frightened as he approached nearer, still going unnoticed by the men who held you against the wall.

When he came into full view, your eyes locked and he smiled as he placed a gloved finger to his red lips in a silent “Shhh”.

You quickly turned you head back to your assailants, wondering if they had any inkling of his presence, but it didn’t appear that way. When you turned your head back, you saw that he had once again vanished into thin air.

Your concentration was cut off when the blade made its way from your collarbone down your shirt, slowly dragging between your breasts. The stranger licked his lips with anticipation as he allowed the knife to linger there before hooking the blade into your shirt and ripping upward through the material, exposing your bra to the chilled October air.

“Don’t,” you drunkenly pleaded, all of your previous fire dying away as you realized just how helpless you actually were in this situation.

You struggled against the hands that were starting to lower themselves to your pants, fumbling with the zipper before a familiar voice cut through the alley. “Well, well, well! What do we have here?”

All three hands retreated from your body at once, causing you to slump down the wall, landing on your butt with a painful thud. “What the fuck…?” one of the men questioned, looking down the alley towards the tall figure.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk,” Pennywise scolded as he wagged his finger in disapproval. “Didn’t your parents ever teach you not to touch what isn’t yours?” His sing-song voice was contradictory to the menacing look in his unnatural glowing yellow eyes.

“This doesn't concern you, freak!” the man with the knife shouted. “Mind your own damn business!”

Pennywise laughed lowly at that, stepping closer. “How about a nice balloon for you gentlemen?” Without waiting for a response, Pennywise pulled a flaccid balloon out of his pocket, blowing a gust of air into the end to fill it into a long rud tube, ready to be shaped. Pennywise turned around and whipped his arms around in an overly dramatic manner as he shaped the balloon into a figure. When he turned back around, it had been formed into a headless stick figure.

The three men glanced at each other with confusion as Pennywise extended his arm, offering his gift to them. When they didn’t move or speak, Pennywise retracted his arm, a false look of hurtfulness etched on his face. “No? Hmm… what a shame. Now, while I may be okay with sharing my balloons, I’m not okay with sharing my meals. So, I’m afraid our playtime has come to an end.”

The man with the knife stepped forward, pointing it at Pennywise before stating, “You’re gonna wish that you stayed at the circus, you asshole.”

There was a glint in Pennywise’s eyes as his gaze traveled from the knife in his hand to the other two men before his sight rested on you as you stayed sitting on the ground, unable to comprehend what was happening.
He gave you a wink before he blew out a puff of air towards the light in the alley, somehow extinguishing it from where he was, shrouding them in darkness. Unable to see, you listened closely as you heard a scuffle, screams, and some sort of liquid hitting the pavement.

The fresh smell of blood hit you like a truck and you started to gag. You tried to lift yourself up from the wall, stumbling forward, trying to focus on getting out of there as quickly as possible.

You barely made it a few feet before the alley light turned on once more. You turned around and elicited a cry at what you saw. All three men lay lifeless on the pavement, their heads removed from their bodies, and their blood splattered across the walls of the alley.

You lifted a trembling hand up to your mouth, covering it in shock, not able to fathom what you were seeing. Your entire body went into shock as you started to stumble back and your head was swimming with faintness.

A long, bony arm suddenly snaked its way around you, holding you steady. You turned slightly and glanced up to see Pennywise’s familiar face, beaming at you with pride at his work.

“W-what did you do?” you barely managed to utter, your voice shaking.

“Shhh,” he cooed as he grazed the side of your face with his lengthy, gloved fingers. “You’re not meant to float, Y/N. You’re meant to sink. Sink with me,” he urged softly as he smiled widely, revealing his now sharp, jagged teeth.

“Oh my god,” you uttered, trying to step back away from him, but he gripped you tightly, holding you close. “What are you?”

He hummed happily as his eyes searched yours, relishing in the fear that he so desperately craved. “What I am does not matter. It’s what you are that entices me.”

With your head still fuzzy from the alcohol and the trauma, you couldn’t help but ask in a fog, “What… what am I?”

Leaning in close to brush his lips against your ear, he breathed wickedly, “Mine.”

Before you could respond, your body and mind gave out and you faded into the blackness.

Chapter End Notes

It's a slow build, but basically, once the build-up is complete, it's just gonna be sex. Like, chapters and chapters of sex. Not that I'm bribing you to bookmark or anything...
*shifty eyes* But... um... stay tuned?
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

You guys... WHAT the hell?! Over 100 kudos and 1000+ hits within 24 hours of the first chapter?! I can't even comprehend that. Is it okay to be flattered? Too late, I'm already flattered as fuck!

I mean, I was under the impression that this story was absolute TRASH, but the support for it has been phenomenal! I seriously want to high-five every single one of you right now. Thank you so much for the support! Thank you for taking the time to read my shitty writing and for complimenting it! You rock!

That said, please enjoy the second installment! Like I said, it's a slow build, but things will begin to heat up shortly. It's a curse that I can't bring myself to drive right into smut without establishing some form of storyline, but I promise you, once I get started, I really can't seem to stop myself, so you all have that to look forward to.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The enticing smell is what you remembered more than anything else. For some unknown reason, you were unable to move your limbs as you desperately craved to get closer to the source of the aroma; to bury your face in it and inhale deeply.

Moment’s later, as if by magic, the scent was overpowering and you were able to allow your head to loll forward, resting it against the soft, comforting source of the smell. You relished in the feeling of smooth silk on your cheek as you nuzzled your face into the cool material, faintly noticing the sensation of something moving beneath it, but not caring enough to dwell on it.

You recognized the sound of heavy breathing, though you’re unable to determine if it’s coming from you or someone else. Your focus goes in and out as you suddenly feel a wet sensation trail up your neck. You groaned, not knowing if it was from discomfort or arousal.

A haunting laughter causes a chilling sensation to course through your body. You started to
tremble involuntarily, absentmindedly stretching out your hand in the darkness, reaching for something unknown to you.

A soft, material-covered hand gently wrapped itself around your fingers. You were still too weak to pry your eyes open, so you concentrated on enjoying the sensuality of the touches as it moved from your hand to your body, exploring experimentally.

The wetness returned to your neck as it slid down to your collarbone. You inhaled quickly as you felt a twinge of pain before it was soothed by the wet pressure once more. You really should have been concerned about what was happening to you, but you couldn't bring yourself to regain clarity quite yet. Truth be told, you were enjoying this, and you wanted it to last just a bit longer.

You tilted your head to the side, allowing the damp muscle to glide easily across your throat as you released another guttural groan. The same low, dark laughter was heard again, echoing distantly.

Your skin crawled when you felt pressure close to your ear as the same voice sang softly, “Down we go, down we go! Let’s sink together as Deadlights glow…” the voice trailed off as he started to hum the same repetitive tune instead.

So entranced by the beautifully eerie melody, you hardly registered the mysterious hands making their way to your waistline, resting on the opening of your pants. You wanted more than anything to open your eyes and take in the sight of whoever was making you feel so good, but weakness consumed you.

The hands hovered over your pants for a moment before the humming stopped and a low growl took its place. Disappointment ebbed through your mind as the hands removed themselves from your zipper, leaving you wanting more.

Not even a second later, you were suddenly being lifted up roughly, no longer being explored by tender touches, but instead being thrown over the shoulder of someone who gave little thought to your comfort as you swayed back and forth with each long stride.

After a few moments of being carried, you couldn’t help but drift off once more as your head swam with dizziness, allowing your subconscious to fall into a deep slumber.

You jolted awake, gasping for air as you looked around frightfully. Your heart slowed as you realized that you were in your own bed, the sun shining through your curtains brightly, indicating mid-morning. You fell back harshly onto the pillow, irritated that you awoke with such a startle.

The alarm clock next to your bed indicated that it was already past 10 AM, which forced you to get out of bed due to the town meeting, which started in an hour. The town planned to formally address the disappearances in addition to coming up with new, innovative ways to locate those who had gone missing. You didn’t want to attend, seeing as how you had been to similar meetings before, which always ended the same way, but you had promised your Aunt that you would go for support. After all, that’s why you were there in the first place.

As you made your way to the bathroom, undressing haphazardly, you stopped to look at yourself in the mirror. You paused at the sight of a dark purple and blue mark over your collarbone. You
traced the pads of your fingertips gently over it to feel slight scabbing. It was then that you realized that it was a bite mark. But… how? What could have bitten you? This wasn’t a bite mark like anything you had ever seen.

That was when flashes from the previous night came flooding through your mind like a crashing wave. You remembered everything. The Fun House, the bar, the assault, and most of all, the clown who had taunted you before coming to your rescue by brutally murdering your assailants.

Frozen in place, you wracked your brain trying to determine what the hell you were supposed to do from here. Should you go to the police? Were you supposed to turn him in? He saved your life! Was committing him to a lifetime of prison the best way to repay him? Still, what he did wasn’t just murder… it was a slaughter; a massacre unlike anything you had ever seen. Even the memory of it made you queasy.

You ran to the toilet, leaning over it in preparation for what might occur if you thought about the gory details too much. Maybe you were crazy. Could it be possible that it was all a dream? Even among all the insanity that happened, you don’t remember being bitten. Could it have been the man with the knife? It couldn’t have been Pennywise. The thought of him being close enough to you to bite you was odd. Then again… how did you even make it home?

The last thing you could recall was fainting at the sight of the decapitated bodies in the alley. There was no way that the clown could have brought you home. He didn’t know where you lived… did he? Why would he spare you? You were so defensive and cruel when he mentioned Sara. He clearly didn’t have any remorse for killing random strangers, so why were you even alive right now?

Your heart started to race once more as you tried to comprehend everything that had happened in the past 24 hours. After a moment of trying to regain your composure, you realized that you didn't have time for a mental breakdown right now. You had to be there for your Aunt at the meeting, and whatever insanity that had consumed you last night would have to wait.

You showered and dressed quickly, trying to guide your inner turmoil into a decision regarding last night’s events, all the while trying to concentrate on the reason that you were there in the first place. Your cousin should have been at the forefront of your mind, and the fact that you allowed yourself to get into this bizarre situation was not okay.

Eventually, you agreed to attend the town meeting first to support your Aunt as well as keep up appearances before filing any sort of police report, should you eventually decide on that. Ugh, what would you even tell them? The thought of a mysterious, disappearing clown brutally decapitating three men in an alley before returning you safely to your bed made no sense whatsoever. How could you even prove any of that?

You decided that it would be best to stop by the alley on your way to the meeting to see what the damage was. Someone must have seen it and reported it by now. Maybe they had already caught Pennywise and arrested him. Whatever happened to him, you had to be sure before jumping the gun.

You hurried out of the house, anxious to see what kind of commotion the murders must have caused. Maybe the town meeting would even be canceled due to the slaughter. You would hate for Sara’s disappearance to be overshadowed by this, but considering how many people went missing from Derry in the past few months, most cases were swept under the rug anyway - not because no one cared, but because the law enforcement couldn't seem to keep up with every missing person.
Rounding the corner next to the convenient store, you were prepared to see the gory mess that you remembered from the night before. Bracing yourself before you reached the alley, you were surprised to find not even a single person there. No police cars, no firemen, no yellow tape, no onlookers. What were the odds that no one had seen this yet? No, it was impossible. The alley was covered in blood. You could remember the overwhelming smell of it, there was no way someone wouldn’t see that.

When you arrived at the alley, you halted at the sight. There wasn’t a single trace of the struggle from last night. There were no bodies, no blood, nothing. But… how? It couldn’t be possible.

You were losing your mind. That had to be it. There couldn’t be any other explanation. You knew what you saw. Could Pennywise have doubled back and cleaned the alley himself? No way, there was too much blood, and it was already really late to begin with, he wouldn’t have had enough time.

You couldn't seem to come up with a valid explanation before you reached Town Hall where the meeting was being held, so you tried to disregard your apparent insanity until this was over. Once you entered the large room, you discovered that you were one of the last to arrive, so you made sure to humbly take a seat in the back of the hall. Your head pounded painfully as you tried to concentrate on what was being said amongst the concerned townsfolk. No one was offering any new strategies for finding their lost loved ones, and you couldn’t help but sigh with annoyance as you realized that this was all just a waste of time.

You eyed your Aunt carefully who was sitting towards the front of the hall, her eyes red with tears and her face forlorn. You hated seeing her like that and it only made you even more determined to find your cousin and put her pain to an end.

Scanning the room and all of the attendees, you halted at the sight of a man sitting across the way who was staring directly at you. Instinctively, you looked away quickly, your face flushing red in embarrassment.

When you slowly raised your head once more to catch another glimpse of him. It unnerved you to see that he was still staring intently at you, a smirk playing on his full lips. Something about the way his bright, blue eyes captured yours was almost familiar and you were immediately drawn to them for reasons unknown to you.

Unable to look away, your breath hitched briefly when he winked at you in a playfully seductive way.

You scoffed, rolling your eyes at him, trying to hide your intrigue, to which you could see him chuckling in response. You then forced yourself to look away, trying your best to concentrate on what was being discussed. Besides, you had more important things to worry about than a pair of enticing blue eyes.

The meeting ended about a half an hour later after everyone had agreed to organize separate search parties around town and the surrounding cities. Websites would be created to help spread the word about our missing family members in hopes of casting a wider net. Granted, those were good ideas, but it wasn’t anything had hadn’t been attempted before.

Still, you had to try to stay positive. Sara would tell you to be strong and to look in the place you would least expect. Her journalistic ways seemed to enable her to see things differently than
everyone else. You couldn't help but think that maybe could have contributed to her disappearance. Maybe she discovered something she wasn’t meant to? Then again, maybe she was just tired of her life here in Derry and decided to start over without the attachment of her old life. That wasn’t like her, though. She would never leave without at least cluing her family in to her whereabouts.

Thoughts were whirling through your mind, distracting you as you walked out of the Town Hall among the large crowd of people until you ran straight into a blunt force. “Crap! Oh god, I’m so sorry-” you stopped when you realized who it was that you bumped into.

The flirtatious man was staring down at you, his intense blue eyes suddenly a shade darker than you remembered them from inside the room. He was much taller than you expected and his pale skin seemed to glow in the sunlight in comparison to his dark brown hair that fell subtly over his eyes.

His full lips curled on the ends into a sly smile as he bowed graciously. “Ah, but it was my mistake. My apologies, Y/N.”

You gawked at him, embarrassed that he clearly knew who you were, but you didn’t seem to know him at all. “Do I know you?”

“Oh, yes. We’ve met before,” he chuckled as his lips peeled back to reveal a grin that sent a shiver down your spine. His demeanor seemed all too familiar, but you still couldn’t quite place it. “How are you feeling this morning? I do hope that last night’s events didn’t frighten you away.”

How could he possibly know about what happened last night? Was he there? Why would you be frightened of him? So many questions were bouncing around in your head, which he seemed to realize as his eyes read your confusion quite clearly. His gaze then lingered on the bruise below your neck. “I’m sorry about the bite, by the way. I just couldn’t help myself. You’re so… appealing,” he licked his lips as the last word escaped him with a hungry moan.

That’s when it clicked. But… wait, there was no way this could possibly be the same person… or thing… or whatever the hell he was. Your jaw dropped as you tried to speak - tried to utter any words at all, but you couldn’t bring yourself to do so.

He laughed darkly at your attempt to form words, already knowing what it was that you wanted to ask. He leaned closer to you, his face inches from yours as he whispered, “Are you ready to sink, Y/N?”

His eyes then changed from the deep blue to the swirling yellow that was etched in your mind from the previous night. You choked out something between a sob and a scream as you took a few steps back, looking around in a panic to see if anyone was watching what was happening between the two of you.

His gaze followed yours, lingering on the crowd of people surrounding you as he seemed to know exactly what you were thinking. “Oh, don’t worry about them,” he insisted gleefully, his eyes burning brightly. “They only see what I want them to see.”

“W-what are you talking about?” you stuttered, still walking backwards to try and put as much distance between yourself and the creature of your nightmares, which did absolutely nothing because he was taking much larger, more confident strides towards you, slowly closing the gap between you.
That’s when the thought occurred to you - the two of you were surrounded by people. He would expose himself if he chose to hurt you out in the open like this. Besides that, if he had wanted to hurt you, couldn’t he have done that last night after you passed out? You were so quick to dismiss him yesterday after he insisted that he had information about Sara, maybe he really did know something. You needed answers, and you couldn't seem to tiptoe around him anymore.

You held your ground, no longer edging away from his menacing gaze. He arched his eyebrows questioningly, seemingly enjoying the alteration to his ongoing game.

Leaning closer to avoid anyone hearing your bizarre conversation, you spoke softly, “Look… it’s Pennywise, right?” He nodded, still grinning wickedly with intrigue. “Pennywise, when you mentioned my cousin Sara yesterday, were you telling the truth? Do you know where she is?”

“I already told you, Y/N. She’s floating now.”

You huffed impatiently, “What does that even mean? I’m not messing around, if you know where she is, please tell me!”

“Ah, ah, ah,” he tutted. “That’s not part of the game. You have to play to win,” he laughed boisterously, sending another chill down your spine. His maniacal laughter did not fit his new appearance very well, which only seemed to add to the creepiness.

“This isn’t a game!” you shout, your eyes wide when you realized that you were bringing attention to yourself. You look around to apologize, but felt relieved once you discovered that no one seemed to have noticed.

Pennywise continued to stare at you, a teasing gleam in his yellow eyes. You suddenly remembered the massacre from last night and couldn’t stop yourself from spewing questions about it. “What happened to the bodies from last night? Did you seriously clean up that alley by yourself? Why did you even save me in the first place? How many people have you killed? Oh my god, did you kill Sara?!”

“Now, now, don’t go spoiling our fun,” he insisted, his voice getting more high-pitched like it had been yesterday. “Let’s make a deal, yes?”

You eyed him suspiciously, not willing to trust him for even a second, but demanding things from him was getting you nowhere. “What kind of deal?” you asked hesitantly, earning a satisfied hum from the wicked clown.

“That’s for you to find out,” he answered playfully, bopping the tip of your nose with his index finger, causing you to flinch. “Do you agree?”
You shook your head, not liking his calculatedly vague answers. “I don’t get it. You want me to spend time with you? That’s what you’re asking? If I do that, you’ll tell me whether or not you killed my cousin? What kind of a deal is that?”

“A generous one,” he offered promptly, the smile somewhat fading from his face as he stood up straight, making him look even taller, which unnerved you further.

You knew that you didn’t have much of a choice. It was obvious that you were going insane and if this crazy bastard had any answers at all, it was the best chance you had of finding Sara.

Sighing heavily, your eyes searching his once more, you nodded your head in agreement. “Fine. Deal.”

He clapped his hands together giddily as he laughed with excitement. “Good girl,” he praised as he reached for your hand. His long, bony fingers lifted your hand to his puffy lips as he gently kissed the top of it, the sly grin never leaving his face. “Until tonight, Y/N.”

You gawked at him as he delicately released your hand and turned into the crowd of people still surrounding Town Hall, lost in their own conversations as he disappeared among them, leaving you to wonder if you had just unknowingly signed your own death warrant.

Chapter End Notes

As you can see, this is going to get pretty weird. It's going to jump back and forth from Clown-form Pennywise to Human-form Pennywise, which is basically the godlike appearance of Bill Skarsgard.

Let me know your thoughts! I'm totally playing it by ear at this point and don't know what the hell I'm doing, but I'm sure you all got that from reading this mess of this story.

Next update coming soon!
I sat here and thought about what witty retort I wanted to post before my chapter about how this story is complete trash and how I'm still flabbergasted by the amount of love I've gotten for this fic, but alas, I've come up empty. I'm simply blown away by all of the support, and all of the kudos, comments, and views just make me want to write more and more. So... THANK YOU!

You've all earned yourself a taste of some explicit content.

Cheers!

Glancing in the mirror, you debated on what you were supposed to wear to an evening with a murderous clown. Did he expect you to dress in bright colors like you too belonged in a circus? Were you supposed to dress elegantly?

Sighing heavily, your heart started to pound as nervousness consumed you. You didn’t know what his intentions were, and that frightened you. For all you knew, he had already killed your cousin and had planned to assassinate you as well.

Shaking your head, you couldn’t allow yourself to think that way. There was no way that Sara could be dead. You wouldn’t let that happen. If Pennywise had any useful information at all, you had to play his infuriating game and wait until he was ready to offer information. You weren’t used to negotiating like this, especially when it came to something this important, but honestly, what choice did you have? Your other leads were getting you nowhere and this was the best chance you had.

Still glancing in the mirror, you held up a blue cardigan to your chest before you heard a floorboard creak behind you. Turning slightly, you released a shocked scream when you saw Pennywise, grinning wickedly in the corner of the room, his eyes devouring your half-naked form.
“My, my,” he cooed, licking his red lips, drool spilling over them slightly. “You look divine.”

You stretched the cardigan to cover as much of yourself as you could considering you were still only in your bra and panties. “Pennywise, what the hell? Get out!”

He stepped forward slowly, his eyes still wandering over you and your haphazard attempts to hide your exposed body. He giggled gleefully before speaking once more, “No need to be shy,” he insisted. “Let me see you.”

He was already directly in front of you, stretching out his gloved hands to accentuate his request. You shook your head firmly and stepped back a few steps, absolutely baffled as to how he got in the room in the first place. “You can’t… I’m not… this is so inappropriate,” you managed to utter, unsure as to why you weren’t more upset. As much as you wanted to deny it, there was a slight urge to just drop the shirt and allow him to see you as he had requested. Luckily, your control was intact for the time being and you were able to resist.

His red lips pursed in disappointment as he edged closer, his height even more intimidating than you remembered. He extended his hand once more before doing something that took you by surprise. He started singing. “Down we go, down we go! Let’s sink together as Deadlights glow! Where we’ll fall, you dare not know, but come with me and the way I’ll show!”

Recognizing the tune immediately, your eyes began to glaze over as a strange sensation fell over you. The awkwardness melted away as his voice lulled you into a hypnotized daze, making you drawn to him, suddenly feeling compliant.

Allowing the cardigan to drop to the ground, you finally took his gloved hand in your own as he stepped forward, pressing his chest to yours. His other hand snaked around your waist as he lowered his face into your hair, inhaling deeply.

When he pulled back, his eyes were swirling the fiery yellow that you had remembered from the previous night, but instead of frightening you, they enticed you. His hand was now suddenly pushing the hair out of your face as he brushed it back tenderly, which didn’t fit his wicked disposition.

“Good girl,” he praised as he released you from his grasp, stepping back to turn and sit on your bed, leaving you to gawk at him with confusion.

You shook your head, blinking repeatedly to snap out of the daze that he had so easily put you in, which frustrated you. “What the hell was that?”

Ignoring your question, his gaze fell onto the simple black dress that was laying next to him on the bed. He held it up as he said, “This one. This is perfect for our playdate.”

You timidly reached for the dress and didn’t say anything else as you slipped into it, turning so that your back was facing him. “Umm,” you stuttered, not sure how to handle the situation. “Would you zip me up, please?”

The faint sound of the bed squeaking filled the room as he lifted to his feet to cross over to you. You jumped slightly when you felt the skin of his cool fingers brush against your exposed back. Confused as to why you were suddenly feeling his skin rather than the glove, you glanced in the mirror in front of you to see that he was no longer the menacing clown, but instead the attractive man that he had appeared as earlier during the town meeting.
Your breath hitched as he dragged the zipper upward slowly, intentionally allowing his fingers to linger a moment as he reached your bra strap.

Clearing your throat uncomfortably, you could sense his arrogant smile as he finally zipped you up all the way. “Thank you,” you said before turning around to face him.

He hummed in response, his eyes raking over you once more. “Oh yes, this will do just fine,” he commented, running his long, bony fingers over the top of your dress before resting on the bite mark on your collarbone.

His eyes lingered there for a moment before you broke the silence with a question. “How do you do that? I mean, what are you exactly?”

“How?” he questioned softly, not understanding exactly what it was that you meant.

“I mean, you’re a clown one minute and then the next you’re normal? How? Are you imaginary? Am I as insane as I think I am? Clearly, you’re not human, so what are you?”

His lips peeled back into another wide smile, seemingly enjoying your boldness. “Curious, aren’t we?” he teased. “So many questions, so little time! We really must be going.”

“At least tell me where you’re taking me,” you demanded.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk,” he tutted, wagging his finger at you disapprovingly. “You’ll find out soon enough, little human. Don’t lose your head!” He cackled at his own wording as if he made a joke that you weren’t in on.

Sighing once more, you nodded your head and allowed him to escort you out of the house. You found it odd that he seemed to know how to navigate through your Aunt’s house without any confusion, but the more time that passed, the more you forced yourself not to question whatever weirdness you encountered when you were in his presence.

The sun was setting and the air was filled with the familiar smell of Autumn. The leaves crunched loudly beneath your feet as you walked with Pennywise, struggling to keep up with his long strides.

“So…” you began, breaking the silence. “This is awkward.”

The human-clown chuckled lowly at your statement, his eyes focused on the path ahead. “Can you at least tell me something about you? Anything at all? What about your name? How did you get the name ‘Pennywise’ anyway?”

“That’s not my real name,” he stated bluntly, his eyes still not meeting yours.

“Oh… okay. So, what is your real name?”

“It’s not important.”

You were beginning to get frustrated again. “Is there a reason you’re being so infuriatingly vague?”

He finally turned to meet your heated gaze, which made him grin. “Such an inquisitive being,” he
commented with awe. “My name should be the least of your concerns.”

You halted, too upset to indulge him any further while he gave you nothing in return. “Okay, enough,” you growled sharply. He stopped too, raising an eyebrow at your audacity. “You have to give me something. For all I know, you’re leading me to my slaughter. How do I know that any of this has a purpose? No, uh uh, I’m not taking another step until you give me some sort of indication that this isn’t all for nothing.”

“That’s not how you play the game,” he insisted, a warning hidden beneath his playful demeanor.

You scoffed in response. “I don’t care about your game, Pennywise!” Pouting his lips mockingly, he shook his head in response, indicating that he had made up his mind. You wanted to scream in aggravation, but instead, you allowed a simple word to fall over your lips. “Please?”

He grinned, holding back another round of laughter as he bent forward, so close that you could feel his cold breath on your face. “Ooh, such a sweet request. How… enticing,” he commented, his voice ringing with delight. “Go on, one question. I’ll answer truthfully, you have my word.”

“Does your word even mean anything?”

His only response was to nod, and it was then that you realized that there really was no way that you could tell if he was lying or not anyway, so you decided to give it a shot.

“Oh, ah! I’m afraid that’s all you’re going to get at the moment!” he giggled, clearly relishing in the fact that he found a way to keep his promise while still leaving you just as confused, if not more so than before.

“Pennywise, I swear, if you’ve done something to harm her, I will kill you myself,” you promised through gritted teeth, losing every ounce of patience that you had.

He cackled once more before addressing your threat. “Oh my, so angry, aren’t we? Poor little Y/N! So desperate for answers that she shouldn’t be seeking. Worry not, all will become clear in time,” he answered in a sing-song voice.

You crossed your arms defiantly, your irritation becoming harder to mask. You felt helpless. There really wasn’t any leverage that you could use over the clown, apart from the fact that he was intrigued by you and wanted to be around you.

Realization struck you at that point, knowing that you might be able to use that to your advantage later on, depending on if you were able to survive the night.

“Come now,” he insisted, breaking your concentration. “We’re nearly there.”

Following closely behind him, you tried to push away all of the thoughts nagging at you, telling you that this was probably the stupidest thing that you could have done. Did you really just agree
to go with a murderer at night to an undisclosed location? Yeah, it was clear that you were probably going to die tonight, but oddly enough, you couldn't bring yourself to leave. You could have tried to run away screaming to go and tell the police about what had happened, but what good would it do?

It was obvious that this creature had powers beyond your comprehension. It had been so easy for him to change forms and sneak into your room that it made you wonder… what else could he do? You were no match for him, and running wasn’t a viable option either.

“Home, sweet home!” he declared proudly, interrupting your thoughts. You managed to look up at the house that the clown claimed was his home and emitted a small gasp. You were standing in front of the creepy house on Neibolt Street.

You remembered this house as a kid. You and your friends would throw rocks at the windows and share stories about the gruesome murders that happened there, rendering the house haunted. Never did you imagine that a frightening, harrowing clown would have actually lived there.

“This is where you live?”

He smiled at you in return, nodding his head in excitement.

Everything inside of you told you not to go inside the house. You knew that if you did, you would never come out again. You gave him a desperate look, silently begging him not to take you in there. You didn’t even dare step foot in there as a rebellious kid when all you had to go on were ghost stories. Now that you knew what actually lurked in there, there was no way in hell you were going in.

“W-why are we here, Penn?”

His eyebrow arched slightly at the nickname, causing him to hum happily in return, which you hoped earned you some leniency. “You don’t float,” he answered vaguely. “You’re here to sink.”

You started to back away, your chest tightening at the thought of whatever it was that he had in mind for you. “No, please… don’t make me go in there. Why are you doing this?”

His head tilted playfully as he continued to smile at you, enjoying his game of torment as the fear crept up inside of you. “Don’t you want to find Sara?”

You opened your mouth to reply, but no words came out. Was he insinuating that Sara was in the house? It would oddly make sense. No one dared go in the house and it really would have been the perfect hiding spot. “Is this where you’re keeping her?”

His eyes suddenly darted to something behind you. You hesitantly turned around to see a car approaching the both of you, its headlights glaring in the darkness.

It was only when the car was directly in front of you and came to a halt that you realized it was your Aunt. “Y/N?” she called out from the window. “What are you doing out here?”

You looked back at Pennywise to see that he was still standing behind you, his arms linked together around his back, a prominent grin plastered on his face. “Umm…” you started to answer, searching for a believable excuse. “I was… I was just going for a walk. Is everything okay?”
Your Aunt’s eyes flickered over to Pennywise, her expression suspicious. “Yes, honey, everything is fine. I was just on my way out, actually. I thought I saw you from down the street and I wanted to drive by to ask if you wanted to go to dinner with me. It’s been awhile since I’ve been able to go out without Sara…” she paused, holding back a quiet sob. “I just thought that it would be nice. I hope that I’m not interrupting anything?”

She looked over to Pennywise once more, and it was then that you realized that she could actually see him. “Oh, uh, actually-”

“Good evening,” Pennywise interrupted, stepping forward towards the car.

Eying him skeptically, she asked, “I don’t believe we’ve met before. I’m Y/N’s Aunt, Alyssa Tozier.”

Pennywise raised his long arm and offered his hand to her, which unnerved you. “It’s a pleasure, Mrs. Tozier. My name is… Penn,” he winked back at you, taking the nickname you had procured for him.

“Penn? Such an odd name,” she stated, taking his hand in her own. “Would you like to join us for dinner, Penn?”

“That sounds lovely,” he replied, releasing her hand and raising his eyebrows at you questioningly.

“Aunt Alyssa, I don’t think that’s a good idea…” you started to protest. “I thought that you and Richie were going to the movies anyway?”

“Oh,” she sighed. “Richie is with his friends tonight. I was lonely at the house, so I thought that going out would do me some good. I understand if you’re busy, though.”

“Nonsense,” Pennywise insisted, opening the backseat passenger door, motioning for you to get inside. “I wouldn’t dream of turning down such a generous invitation.”

You glared at him, silently insinuating that this was a bad idea, which probably only made it more fun for him.

Knowing that you would end up doing what he said anyway, you huffed in annoyance, admitting defeat, and got into the car. The thought of having Pennywise so close to your Aunt worried you, but upsetting him was probably worse than just letting him have his way. You were going to a public place, after all. What was the worst that could happen? Surely he wouldn’t kill you both in the middle of a restaurant… right?

After closing the door behind you, Pennywise walked around the car and sat into the back seat next to you, giving you a playful wink as he did so.

Fighting the urge to roll your eyes, you forced yourself to relax while keeping a close watch on him in your peripheral vision.

You Aunt started driving and immediately started an awkward conversation. “So, Penn- how is it that you know Y/N?”

“We met at the carnival the other night,” You stated bluntly, not giving him a chance to answer in case he let something slip about his murderous activities.
“How wonderful,” she commented softly. “Are you new to town, Penn? I don’t recall seeing you around.”

“I actually have quite a long history here,” he confirmed, his voice laced with dark humor. “I come and go every few years or so. I just can’t seem to stay away. The people here are so… delectable.”

“I’m sorry?” she questioned, glancing back at him in her rearview mirror, her eyes wide.

“Delightful!” you shouted, haphazardly trying to cover up his poor choice of words. “He said the people here are delightful, Aunt Alyssa.” You stared daggers at him, knowing that he was enjoying this way too much.

He flashed a toothy grin at you, chuckling darkly.

“Oh, I see…” she trailed off, shifting uncomfortably in her seat. “I hope you’re hungry,” she stated, clearly trying to change the subject.

Pennywise took it upon himself to grip your hand in his, raising it up to his lips before kissing it softly. “Starving,” he replied, a mischievous gleam in his eye.

You ripped your hand back from him, not at all liking the way he was looking at you. Luckily, your Aunt was then pulling into the restaurant, ending what was probably the most nerve-wracking car ride of your life.

The three of you were being seated in the corner, which you were grateful for, though it didn’t stop the eyes of the other guests following you to your table. You knew that they were all intrigued by the new, mysterious attractive man who was joining you for dinner. In small towns like this, these things never went unnoticed.

Pennywise seemed to be enjoying the attention as he pulled out a chair for your Aunt, guiding her to her seat before attempting to do the same to you as well. Refusing his gentlemanly gesture, you stopped the chair with your foot before subtly shaking your head at him, pulling out your chair yourself and sitting down with a harsh thud.

His sly smile returned as he sat directly across the table from you, rather than next to you, which you found to be odd, but was grateful for the distance.

He sat silently, though you didn’t miss the way he never took his eyes off of you. Only when he was being addressed by your Aunt or the server did he break his gaze, only to return to you moments later.

Aunt Alyssa and you placed your order, but Pennywise only requested a glass of red wine. Even after your Aunt tried to argue with him, insisting that he order some actual food, he declined. Your Aunt probably thought that it was because he didn’t want to spend her money since she informed you that she would be paying, but you had a feeling that wasn’t the case at all.

After you had placed your order, your Aunt turned to you to ask, “Have you found out anything new? Has anyone contacted you about Sara?”

Your eyes darted from Pennywise back to her concerned face before you grimaced and said, “I’m still looking, but I haven’t given up yet. We’ll find her, Aunt Alyssa, I promise.”
Her head lowered in disappointment, but she still managed a smile. “Thank you, Y/N. I still can’t
tell you what it means to me that you’re here.”

You reached over to grab her hand in response. “Don’t worry. She’s going to come home, I know
it. And in the off chance that she was taken, we’re going to get the sick son of a bitch who took
her.”

You gave Pennywise a threatening look, which probably wasn’t the smartest decision, but he
smiled in return, tilting his head subtly with fascination.

Or so you thought.

After you pulled your hand away, you suddenly felt something prodding at you in between your
legs. You flinched in shock and looked down to see what it was, but you saw nothing.

Scrunching your face together in confusion, you ignored the feeling for a moment before you
jumped again at the sensation of something quickly crawling up your dress, pushing your panties
aside and rubbing against you roughly.

You choked on your own breath as you hunched forward, the unexpected pleasure so
overwhelming that you could hardly comprehend what was even happening. You looked over at
Pennywise with half-lidded eyes, knowing that this must be his doing. You readied yourself to
scream at him, but he was sitting straight up, eyes raking over you playfully. His lips curved into a
knowing smirk, and the only movement you could see was his arm flexing subtly.

But that wasn’t possible. He was sitting all the way across from you, there was no way that he
could even reach you.

You took it upon yourself to look down once more and gasped as you saw his arm, stretched to an
unnatural length, disappearing under your black dress.

As soon as you put the pieces together, he inserted an elongated finger into you harshly, still
rubbing over your nub with his thumb relentlessly, causing you go emit a low and embarrassing
moan. “O-oh, god,” you breathed shakily at the friction.

“Y/N? Are you okay?” your Aunt asked, her voice filled with concern.


You glared at him once more, meeting his challenging stare with your own vicious one as you
demanded lowly, “Stop.”

“Stop what?” your Aunt asked, clearly confused.

You then pounded your hands on the table, causing the glasses and plates to clink together from the
impact as you shouted, “Stop!”

As soon as the word left your lips, the sensation ceased and you felt his hand retract from you,
causing you to elicit a relieved sigh.

Your Aunt looked taken aback as she asked, “What is wrong with you?”
Your heart was pounding against your chest as you replied harshly, “Would you please excuse us for a moment?”

Without waiting for an answer, you gripped the collar of Pennywise’s jacket harshly as you ripped him out of his seat, not bothering to care that he could easily kill you with a flick of his wrist.

You went out the back, knowing that you wouldn’t be interrupted with restaurant attendees while you ripped into him for his careless actions.

As soon as you made it outside, you pushed him back, your eyes blazing as you shouted, “What the hell is wrong with you? How dare you! Do you think you’re funny? Do you think you’re slick? You can’t just—”

Suddenly cut off, you barely registered his lips crushing against your own, causing you to stumble back until you were pressed up against the cold, brick building. You instinctively inhaled deeply, taking in the familiar scent of sweets and kettle corn before bringing your hands up to grip his jacket collar once more, surprised that you were not only accepting the kiss but reciprocating it in return.

Something wet and pointed was prodding at your lips, requesting entry, which you absentmindedly accepted. Your mind flickered with intrigue when you discovered that his tongue wasn’t smooth, but rough and long as it explored your mouth, rubbing against every surface.

A sharp and sudden twinge on your lip caused you to pull back abruptly, pushing on his shoulders roughly, causing him to falter. You brought your hand to your mouth, tenderly touching your lips before looking down and seeing crimson liquid on your fingertips.

Your head jerked up in his direction, fury radiating through you until you saw the ravenous look in his yellow swirling eyes as he licked your blood from his lips. You started to panic, preparing yourself to run until you heard a haunting melody fall from his lips as he sang softly, “Down we go, down we go! Let’s sink together as Deadlights glow! Where we’ll fall, you dare not know, but come with me, or I’ll eat your soul.”

Your body went limp and your vision blurred as you once again fell into his mysteriously hypnotic hold, no longer able to resist the alluring trap that he had so clearly set for you. You remembered seeing his mouth stretch to an unnatural length, revealing several rows of jagged teeth before his mesmerizing tune overcame you completely.

Chapter End Notes

Things are heating up now! What do you guys think of the whole going back and forth between the clown and his human form? Is there one that you want to see more of the other? Let me know your thoughts!

Have a kik account? Talk to me! Jetsetlife138
Aaaagh, my bad on the delay, guys! Work has been kicking my ass and on top of that, I've been weirdly exhausted? I slept for like 18 hours yesterday, wtf?

Anyway, I hope this chapter makes up for the wait! I'm so glad that you're all enjoying it so far and I really appreciate your thoughts in the comments! I'm working on implementing your suggestions, so keep 'em coming!

Also, big thanks to a couple of anons who reached out to me on kik and have really helped move this story along. You guys are amazing!

Cheers! xoxo

You should have been terrified, but you weren't. Even as he approached you with his rows of sharp, jagged teeth, you remained calm and soothed by the melody that passed over his lips moments ago.

Slowly, his skin turned to an ashy pale color while his lips curved into a painted blood red. His brown locks of hair turned several shades lighter into an unkempt auburn and his black suit shredded to pieces as his silky renaissance clown outfit emerged from underneath.

He rolled his head back and forth casually, eliciting a few pops from his bones as if turning back into the clown gave him some form of relief. His gloved fingers flexed as he stared at you, a cold and calculated look in his frightening yellow eyes.

Stepping forward, he started to drool with desire as he drew nearer to you, as if he hadn’t eaten in days and viewed you as a tasty snack. You could sense your subconsciousness fighting, desperate for you to wake up and fight back. However, instead of struggling against his mysterious hypnotic hold, you allowed your head to loll back against the cool brick building, exposing your throat to menacing clown.

Moments later, you felt his wet, pointed tongue, licking a broad stripe along your neck. The
roughness of his abnormal tongue felt similar to that of a cat, not at all like a human tongue, which should have unnerved you, but instead, it fascinated you.

Releasing a breathy moan, you shivered as you felt his hands grip your hips harshly, allowing himself to grind up against you, pinning you even harder against the building. Absentmindedly, your hands found themselves gripping the back of his neck, pulling him in closer to you as your head screamed in defiance.

As you attempted to bring his face closer, he resisted slightly, causing you to look up at him questioningly. His eyes were filled with want and curiosity as he refused to plant his lips on you, which you then realized was probably due to the fact that his teeth were still sticking out past his lips dangerously. If he were to kiss you, you surely would have been impaled by them - but you didn’t care. And to be honest, you were surprised that he seemed to hesitate regarding your safety.

Taking his concerns into consideration, you nodded your head at him, silently giving him permission to use you however he wanted.

Again, you guided his face closer to you as he dipped down to nuzzle against your neck. You could feel him inhaling deeply as some of his drool fell onto your collarbone.

He made his way down until he stopped right above your breasts, slowly sinking his teeth into your sensitive skin, eliciting an aroused hiss from you. As quickly as he bit into you, he just as suddenly pulled back, soothing the bite with his rough tongue, licking up the blood that was falling from the wound.

You noticed that his teeth retracted as he continued to suck greedily at the mark that he made. “Penn…” you moaned, not even sure what you wanted from him.

He looked up at you, his red lips curling into a knowing smile, which you barely registered through your half-lidded eyes, filled with need. “So impatient,” he teased, his voice higher pitched than it was in his human form. “Such a needy human. I’ll give you want you want, but first - tell me what you are.”

Your face scrunched in confusion, not knowing exactly what it was that he wanted to hear. “Uh… flustered?”

His breathy giggle only seemed to increase your desire as he leaned in closer to you, brushing the hair out of your face as he replied, “That’s a given, but no, no, no; that’s not the answer I’m looking for. Now, tell me… what are you, Y/N?”

Wracking your brain, you briefly remembered the conversation the two of you had after you were attacked the other night. Hesitantly, you answered, “I-I’m yours?”

A ravenous, satisfied growl emitted from the back of his throat as his smile widened, pulling you closer so that you were flush against his chest. You knew that you had answered correctly when you felt his gloved fingertips reach under your dress, ripping away your panties without any form of warning before he threw them impatiently onto the pavement next to you.

You wanted to protest - to tell him that this wasn’t okay. First of all, even though you were shrouded in the shadows behind a restaurant, you were still in public. Anyone could see you and that would be incredibly embarrassing. More importantly, those panties cost you $20 for just that one pair, and you were kind of pissed.
All of that seemed to disintegrate into nothing as you felt his fingers enter you roughly, causing you to groan loudly with intense pleasure. His lips rested on your throat, sucking and nibbling lightly, not breaking the skin, but you could feel him leaving marks, probably to claim his territory, which would have actually angered you had you not felt so blissful in that moment.

His fingers worked magic inside of you, the friction of the gloves adding a sensation that you didn’t realize you so desperately needed. The length of his fingers allowed him to rub against your g-spot relentlessly as his thumb applied the perfect amount of pleasure to your clit, swirling in small circles, driving you absolutely crazy.

“Fuck…” you moaned weakly, gripping his hair harshly in your hands, rolling your hips against him as he continued to make you fall apart from the incredible feeling that he was giving you.

You released a surprised gasp when you felt his hardened length against your hip as he pushed forward, applying some friction for himself. He was clearly aroused by what was occurring, which only confused you further. He wasn’t human, so how in the hell did he know how to pleasure you? Additionally, how was he getting off on this? Did he usually sleep with his victims before he killed them?

So many thoughts were circulating your brain, but more importantly, you started to feel the hypnotic effects wear off, allowing you to think more coherently, despite his best efforts to cloud your mind with arousal.

“Pennywise,” you started to protest, which took a lot of effort considering how good he was making you feel. “Pennywise, stop.”

Despite hearing your request, he only pumped his hand faster, causing your knees to weaken and your limbs to turn into mush. “O-oh my god,” you groaned, gripping onto his shoulders in fear of falling. You could feel the coil in your belly tighten, ready to break and release at any moment, which Pennywise could probably somehow sense too because he was working against you relentlessly at this point, hell-bound on making you come undone.

“Stop,” you somehow managed to say again. “Mnh, Pennywise, please…” Regardless of your pleading, he didn’t stop, not even for a moment. You knew it was too late when he bit down once more onto your neck, drawing blood, mixing pain with the pleasure that he was causing you with his skilled fingers.

Before you could comprehend it, your vision blurred and you came undone against him, your entire body going weak as the waves of pleasure crashed over you again and again. If it wasn’t for Pennywise pinning you against the building, you would have fallen to the ground.

Your body was still trembling with the aftershocks as he slowly pulled his gloved hand out of you, a smirk playing on his lips as his eyes raked over your shaking form. “Good girl,” he breathed against your lips before lightly pressing his mouth to yours in an uncharacteristically tender kiss.

After he broke the kiss, he stood there patiently, still holding you up as he waited for you to acknowledge what had just happened. Once you were able to regain some composure, you stood up, took a deep breath, and pulled your hand back slowly before forcing it forward in a fist that hit him right in his red nose.

He stumbled back a few steps, holding his hand in front of his face, his eyes wide with shock.
“Asshole!” you shouted at him. “How dare you! What did you do to me?! What the hell is that song?!”

His eyes were blazing as he pulled his hand away, scrunching his nose in discomfort. Unfortunately, it didn’t look like you did much damage, but you still clearly pissed him off. “Tsk, tsk, tsk,” he tutted as he wiggled his finger disapprovingly at you. “Bad girl,” he spoke lowly, his voice laced with malice.

You stood your ground, waiting for whatever it was that he was going to do to you as he stepped forward, his eyes burning with anger until you saw a rock suddenly hit the side of his face, catching him off guard.

“Hey shit-head, back the fuck off!”

You both turned towards the sound in shock, not at all comprehending what just happened. Fear crept over you as you realized that your younger cousin, Richie, was only a few yards away, accompanied by a group of his friends on their bikes, all of whom were armed with rocks.

Pennywise bared his long teeth once more, growling ferociously as he started to walk towards them, which you weren’t going to allow to happen. “Pennywise, don’t!”

He chose to ignore you as his bones snapped out of place, his body contorting into something even more horrific than his creepy clown appearance. “Oh, sh-sh-shit!” one of the other kids stuttered. “Fucking scatter!” was all you heard before the kids started running in every direction, throwing their rocks behind them, aiming for Pennywise as he continued to manifest into a huge, menacing creature with black scaly skin and burning red eyes. His hands stretched into vicious claws, outstretched in front of him in an attempt to grab the first kid that he could reach.

“Oh my god,” you gasped, not fully believing what you were seeing. Before you could fathom the situation, your legs were carrying you as fast as they could go as you ran after him, not at all knowing what you could do to stop this giant monster.

He darted around, trying to decide on which of the kids he wanted to go after until he finally settled on Richie, his claws digging into the ground with each step as he got closer and closer to his prey.

It wasn’t long before he had caught up with him as he grabbed at his legs, causing him to trip and fall to the ground, screaming and holding his arms out protectively in front of him. Pennywise’s mouth started to stretch open to an unnatural length as his teeth started prodding out from behind his monstrous lips in multiple rows, drool spilling from his mouth onto Richie’s outstretched arms. “Fucking gross!” he cried as he attempted to crawl away.

Pennywise gripped his leg, dragging him towards his hungry mouth. He was ready to completely devour Richie until you had finally caught up with him and with all the strength you had, attempted to push him off of him. Of course, this did absolutely nothing seeing as how ridiculously strong and large he was, but it was enough for him to notice your presence.

He pulled back focus from his prey and eyed you curiously, his red glowing eyes still blazing with rage and hunger. “Don’t you dare hurt him, Pennywise! Get your hands off of him!”

The only response he had was a snarl as he bared his teeth at you, not at all appreciating your demanding tone. He turned his head back to Richie, completely disregarding your words as he
opened his mouth to inflict damage.

You couldn’t stay back and do nothing. For all you knew, he had already taken one of your cousins. You weren’t about to let him take another. “Pennywise, please. I’m asking—begging you. Don’t do this. Let him go.” For the first time since you had met him, you could hear the actual fear in your voice, terrified of what was about to happen.

He turned towards you once more, pausing as if he were actually contemplating your words. Before you could get a response, the monster cried out in pain, whipping around to investigate his injury. It was then that you noticed that a young girl had impaled his right leg with a pipe, causing a strange black substance to leak from his wound, flowing upward and evaporate into the air.

As he started to position himself to attack, another cry echoed out as you noticed another one of the boys injected another pipe into his side. “Stop!” you found yourself shouting, unsure if it was for Pennywise or for the kids.

He looked back at you, his expression softer than it had previously been as he crawled off of Richie, slowly sinking into the shadows of the trees as the kids continued to shout profanities and threats at him until his blazing red eyes diminished and he disappeared into the night.

Time seemed to slow for only a moment as you allowed yourself to process exactly what had just happened. It was the first time that you had seen Pennywise seething with such hatred, and the fact that he so easily went after children with the intent to kill was something that you couldn’t shake.

“God damned psycho clown,” Richie scoffed as he stood up, wiping the dirt off of his pants. The rest of his gang were rushing over, tossing their bikes aside to come to yours and Richie’s aid. “What the hell, Y/N?! You can see the clown? None of the other adults can, how did that even happen?”

Ignoring his question, you felt your emotions take over as you pulled him into a hug, which he grudgingly accepted as you held him close. “Richie, I should wring your neck for the shit that you just pulled! Do you even know how dangerous that was? You could have been killed, what the hell were you thinking?!”

“I was saving your ass! We all were,” he replied as he pulled back from the hug, motioning to his friends.

“Thank you,” you sighed, “That was really brave of you all, but seriously, why would you put yourselves in danger like that? I could have handled myself just fine.”

“W-we thought that he w-was attacking y-you,” another one of the kids replied. “I’m B-Bill, by the way.”

They all stepped forward to introduce themselves one by one as you took in their downtrodden appearance. “So… wait,” you began after the introductions were finished. “You’ve seen him before? You’ve met Pennywise?”

“He’s the one who’s responsible for everyone who’s gone missing in the past few months,” Ben, the short, sweet kid replied nervously.

Eddie, the smaller kid who dressed like he was a counselor at a summer camp, piped up, “He’s already tried coming after all of us. He knows what we’re afraid of, and he uses that against us.”
“He took Sara…” Richie spoke in a whisper, uncharacteristic to his usual loud and sarcastic demeanor.

You sighed again, pressing your fingers to your temples in an attempt to relieve a building headache. “I know…” was all you could manage to say.

“So, why can you see him and no other adults can?” A kid name Stanley spoke, his curly hair hanging in front of his face in a disheveled manner.

Before you could reply, Mike stepped forward and spoke, “She’s not the only adult who has seen him though, right? IT’s taken adults before, but he mostly targets kids. We’re probably easier to scare, which is what he feeds on. It makes sense.”

That’s when you remembered something from earlier that day. “He said that he allows people to see what he wants them to see.” They gawked at you, confused. “He was at the town meeting today, but he looked… normal? He looked like any other person, he wasn’t dressed like a clown. He can change forms so easily. I don’t know why I can see him. Honestly, I don’t.”

“What was he talking to you about before we got there?” Beverly asked, a suspicious look on her face.

“Umm,” you hesitated, going red in the face. “Nothing really - it’s not important.”

Eddie stepped forward, apparently too curious to let it go. “Was he trying to lure you somewhere?”

“No…” You tried to hide the shame that consumed you as they eyed you with curiosity. “We, uh… we weren’t really talking at all. He was just… you know what, forget it! It’s nothing! I appreciate you guys being concerned, but I will handle this from now on, okay?”

Richie rolled his eyes at you, clearly not taking you seriously. You thought that was the end of it until he came closer, his eyes widening at the look of something on your neck. “Are… are those hiccups?!”

You instantly covered your neck, knowing full well that your neck was probably littered with dark marks from Pennywise’s rough play as he had his way with you against the building. You didn’t even know what to say at that point.

“What the hell, Y/N?! Did you fuck the clown?!”

“No!” You shouted in return, struggling to come up with words to explain what had happened. “He just… we… I don’t…” but you couldn’t bring yourself to say that you allowed an evil, supernatural creature to finger you to completion - especially to a bunch of kids.

“Whatever, Y/N,” he replied impatiently. “That’s fucking gross. He has Sara!” You swallowed hard, still not knowing what to say. “I’m not just going to sit on my ass and do nothing. With every day that goes by, it’s less likely that she’ll come home. He’s already taken Bill’s brother, too!”

You turned to Bill who lowered his gaze, not wanting to draw attention to his sadness.

“Look, Richie, I’m not telling you that you can’t defend yourselves if he comes after you,” you clarified, hoping to move past the subject of your adultery. “All I’m saying is, don’t go looking for him, okay? I will take care of this.”
“Yeah, yeah, whatever. It really looked like you were really handling it back there,” he replied sarcastically as he walked over to his bike. “Come on guys, let’s get out of here.”

“I mean it, Richie!” you shouted after him as he and his friends started pedaling away. “Do not go looking for him… it… whatever he is!”

As he and his friends disappeared down the street, you had remembered that you left your Aunt back at the restaurant. You sauntered back to find her still at the dinner table with a worried look on her face. “Y/N, is everything okay? Where’s Penn?”

“Yeah, everything’s fine. Penn won’t be joining us for the rest of the evening.” She glanced at you curiously, her eyes raking over the dark bruises on your neck from where Pennywise had marked you, but luckily she didn’t press further, clearly understanding that you didn’t want to talk about it.

The two of you conversed minimally as you ate, both too tired to really be out any later than you had to be, and as soon as you finished eating, you drove back to the house, grateful that the day was over.

You undressed quickly, anxious to get out of the black dress that Pennywise had chosen for you. As you looked in the mirror, you ran your fingers over the dark bruises that littered your neck and the harsh bite mark that he left above your breasts. You sighed, wondering how the hell you were going to handle this.

“Do you like my little gifts?”

You spun around, almost falling over with how quickly you turned. “Pennywise?” He hummed happily at your acknowledgment of him, though you still couldn’t see him. “Where are you?”

Two yellow orbs suddenly emerged from the dark corner of the ceiling on the other side of the bedroom. You quickly moved to turn the overhead light on to illuminate his contorted form, nuzzled in the corner of the ceiling. You gasped as he started to stretch out, his bones cracking as his limbs came undone while he crawled down the wall like a spider.

You grabbed an old shirt from the floor and threw it over you, appreciating the fact that it was long enough to cover your lower half as well.

Glaring at him as he walked closer to you, you held your hand out, signaling for him to stop, which to your surprise, he obeyed. “You need to leave,” you demanded. “You attacked a group of innocent kids. Not to mention you basically assaulted me at the restaurant!”

His white makeup cracked around his lips as his mouth grew into a wicked smile. “Oh, my sweet, tasty human. Don’t pretend that you didn’t want that. I can feel your desires,” he breathed as he stepped closer. His pitch changed as he started to sing once more, “Down we go, down we go-

“Stop!” You shouted, cutting him off, to which he giggled in return.

“Not interested in hearing our song?”

You scoffed, irritated by his facetiousness. “Don’t fucking sing that song. Every time you do, my mind turns to mush. Just… stop.”
He remained silent, unmoving as his eyes poured into yours as if he was waiting for further instructions. You decided to take advantage of the silence as you walked over to the bed and sat down, no longer able to stay standing from exhaustion. “Penn, can you be honest with me? Please?”

Edging just a bit closer to you, he tilted his head at you in mockery before replying. “I have always been completely honest with you. I haven’t lied.”

You sighed with frustration, “No, but you haven’t been completely truthful either. I need to know… do you have Sara?”

“No,” he answered bluntly, taking you by surprise.

You were hesitant to ask anything more, but you had to know. “Have you hurt her?”

“Yes.”

Choking back a frightened sob, you really didn’t want to know the answer to your next question. “Is… is she dead?”

“No. She’s floating.” His smile faded a bit as he took in your hurt and confused expression.

“Damn it, Pennywise! What does that mean?!”

Stepping closer, he towered over you, his presence so menacing and yet oddly comforting at the same time, which you despised. You shouldn’t feel that way about him, especially after knowing what it was that he was capable of.

“It means that she’s alive - for now. Sara was a bad girl and needed to be punished. She tried to play the fool, but she learned her lesson.”

It was vague, but you knew that’s as far as you were going to get with him. Sara was alive, and a wave of relief washed over you. “Please… can she come home?” you asked, already knowing the answer.

“Are you willing to take her place?” he asked, the wicked smile returning to his menacing face.

Wracking your brain, you tried to think of a way to save you both. The only thing that you could think of to do was to play his own game and distract him with questions of your own.

“Why do you want me? Why are you willing to trade her for me?”

He kneeled down on the bed next to you, caressing your face with his gloved hand, making you flinch, not knowing if he was going to kill you in that instant or not. His smile faltered as he noticed your hesitance, which confused you even further. “So many float. You don’t. We’ll sink together until the end.”

This guy’s riddles were getting under your skin. How could someone be so blunt and so vague at the same time? Even though you couldn’t understand him, you still wanted to play your own game of 20 Questions before he could get a real answer out of you.

“What are you? You shouldn’t even be real. The way you changed today… I didn’t know
something like you could even exist."

"I’m not of this realm. I’m here to feed before my long rest,” was his only reply.

"To feed?" You grimaced at his choice of words. "What is it that you eat?"

"I think you know the answer to that, Y/N,” he replied with a wink.

The blood drained from your face once your fears were confirmed, but you couldn't stop yourself from asking more questions. “So you think that it’s okay to feed off of innocent people? Is it true that you’re the one who’s been killing all of the kids around here?"

His face remained emotionless as he eyed you carefully before responding. “The young are easier to manipulate. Their fear… it’s so… delicious,” he drew out the last word, his mouth filling with saliva at the very mention of it.

“Oh my god,” you gasped softly, turning away from him, thinking of how many families he’s ruined from feeding off of unsuspecting children. You felt his hand touch your cheek, tenderly guiding your face back to him. You released a surprised breath when you saw that he was no longer the clown, but that he had changed in his human form, which you were guessing was for your own comfort.

Absentmindedly, you reached forward, tracing his face with the pads of your fingers, still not believing that this was real. His eyes closed as it seemed like he was almost relishing in your touch as you continued to explore his skin with your hand, tracing over his neck and collarbone lightly until you pulled away, nervous as to where this could possibly lead should you continue.

He opened his eyes, his expression almost disappointed when he realized that you had finished. “You need to go,” you demanded softly, standing up and motioning toward the door.

His face went from confused to frustrated as he replied, “Our playtime’s not over. Little Sara is waiting, Y/N. Will you take her place?”

The answer should have been obvious. You would have done anything for her, including dying for her, but for some reason, you couldn’t bring yourself to agree. Not yet. “I don’t know Pennywise, just… give me some time to think, okay? I need you to leave now.”

He stayed put, his lip curling into an unpleasant frown. “Go!” you shouted, foolishly losing your temper, knowing that he could easily slaughter you within a second.

However, he backed away, heading towards your closet before stepping inside without another word. You walked over and ripped the closet open to make sure that he wasn’t hiding, but other than your clothes, the closet was empty.

Sighing with relief, you turned off the lights, crawled into bed and fell asleep as silent tears fell down your face, overwhelmed with the fact that your days as a free human were numbered.
Chapter 5

Oh! Hey there! Your favorite trash author here! That's right, I'm alive! After another harrowing few days of work, drama, a failed love life and a reunion of early 2000's emo kids, I'm back!

I really hope that you all enjoy where this story is headed because, honestly, I have no idea. Why are you guys so supportive?! Why are you all so damn kind, and nice, and lovely people in general?! How dare you? Just kidding, I love you, don't leave me.

Special thanks and shoutout to my amazing new friend, Cattyyi for helping me come up with the concept for this chapter. You can thank her personally by visiting her Tumblr page! Username: Cattyyi :D

Another special thanks to my buddy, Ophelia for helping me get out of my own head in order to actually finish this chapter!

And one more special shoutout to all of you who have reached out on KIK to show love and support! You're amazing <3

Okay, enough rambling. Here's the new chapter!

xoxoxo

Ugh. Mornings. If you had it your way you would lay in bed and sleep until noon every day. Unfortunately, time wasn’t in your favor and you had to force yourself to face the day yet again.

The sheets felt like soft, heavenly clouds, shrouding your body in warmth and comfort. Knowing what awaited you from underneath the covers didn’t appeal to you at all. Grudgingly, you ripped the blankets off of you with a groan as you swung your legs lazily over the side of the bed. You hoisted yourself up and started to undress as you headed for the shower.

Upon passing the familiar mirror, you couldn’t help but stop and inspect all of the new marks that
littered your neck. Some were light, brown spots while others were dark and purple. The bite marks were worst of all, scabbed over with red and sore to the touch.

Your head fell into your hands as you huffed with confusion, your feelings about what happened yesterday scattered into a million different directions. Did you seriously just let a supernatural clown finger you? Worse - did you actually enjoy it?!! What the hell was wrong with you?!

Telling yourself that it was just the hypnotic song might have been easier on your conscience, but you knew that wasn’t the case. It just relaxed you enough to allow it to happen. If you were being honest with yourself, you had felt a strange connection to that creature from the moment you laid eyes on him. Of course, admitting this to yourself didn’t make you feel any better.

Shaking off your regret and shame, you showered quickly and got ready for the day. You had promised to take over Sara’s part-time job as a waitress to help your Aunt out a couple of times a week. Sara wanted to make a career out of journalism, but considering how uneventful life was around here - well, apart from the people being snatched up by a demonic clown - she didn’t get much work, so she relied on a separate income.

You were running a bit late due to your refusal to leave your bed for nearly 20 extra minutes, so you hastily jumped into the car and took off down the road. A song you had always enjoyed came on the radio, so you reached over to turn up the volume so that you could sing to it while drowning out your own voice.

For once you were free from the nagging thoughts that haunted you for the past couple days. Driving in your car, windows down, happily singing to the radio with the wind in your hair was blissful, and you wished that this was what you felt like all the time without the looming stress of death constantly hanging over you and your family.

You noticed that your rearview mirror was crooked, so you carefully reached up to straighten it. As soon as the mirror shifted, a large, colorful figure distracted you, causing you to do a double take. As soon as the creature flashed his wide, toothy smile, waving at you innocently with his gloved hands, you screamed and skidded across the road before coming to a halt on the shoulder.

You ripped the car door open and jumped out, still screaming, not in fright, but in anger from the shock of it all. “Pennywise, what the fuck!”

His giggles carried loudly out of the car window and into the street where you stood with your hand on your hip, eyes blazing with irritation as he stared back at you with a mix of childlike innocence and malicious intent. “Get. Out. Of. The. Car.” you demanded impatiently.

He remained seated, his excited smile curling into a sadistic smirk, knowing how easily he could get under your skin. “My, my. Why the frown? Come here, Y/N. I’ll make everything better again.”

A brief moment of panic shot through you. Is this how he lured his victims? As creepy as his invitation was, it was also oddly enticing, and you felt something inside of you actually wanting to crawl into the back seat with him and just let him have his way with you.

Instead, you sneered at him, crossing your arms defiantly. “Uh-uh. Not happening. I mean it, Pennywise, I don’t have time for your shit right now. Get out.”

“Are you afraid?” his smile faltered for a moment as he tilted his head curiously. You didn’t know
if he was genuinely asking the question or if he was mocking you once more.

“No, I’m fed up. And tired. And- fuck, Penn, do I really have to punch you again?”

His eyes widened at your threat, the smile returning to his face once more. “Violence will get you nowhere, little human. I’ve simply come to ask if you have made your decision. Have you given my offer some thought?” he asked, not taking your threat seriously at all, which perturbed you further.

You huffed in annoyance, walking closer to the car, tempted to just get in and drive him off of a cliff. “No, I haven’t. Now’s not the time to hunt me down and force me to decide either. I have somewhere that I need to be.”

The cocky son of a bitch then took it upon himself to lay back, put his feet up on the back of the front seat, and sigh with contentment, giggling slightly. “I’m not stopping you. I’m merely along for the ride.”

“Is that so?” you asked facetiously, your temper boiling over to the point where you knew you shouldn’t go. “Okay then, buckle up.”

You got back into the car and slammed your foot on the gas, peeling out from the side of the road, fishtailing slightly as you took off down the road. Pennywise sat up with a slightly surprised expression but remained neutral as he leaned forward to address you. “Now, now, little human. You cannot scare me with your impulsive actions. It’s your fear that I crave.”

“Bullshit,” you stated bluntly as you watched the speedometer raise slowly. You purposely started to swerve once more, grateful that you were on a backroad that hardly ever had any other drivers on it.

Pennywise gripped the back of the seat as his smirk started to falter. “Your game isn’t any fun, Y/N. Stop this now.”

“What’s the matter?” you asked mockingly. “You don’t like it when you’re not in control, Penn?” To prove your point, you harshly tugged on the wheel, causing the both of you to jolt to the side as the car skidded and veered off center, momentarily frightening you as you thought that you almost lost control, but quickly managed to straighten your movements.

“Stop,” he demanded harshly, his eyes swirling yellow as they seemed to do whenever he was feeling a strong emotion.

“You can leave anytime you want,” you informed him airily. “You can just evaporate out of this car, right? I’m not stopping until you get out.”

A familiar voice was now shouting at you, causing your heart to skip a beat. “Y/N! Stop, please!” Your breath hitched in your throat as the owner of the voice washed over you. Glancing in the rearview mirror, you saw that Pennywise was gone, and in his place was Sara, looking panicked and frightened.

“Sara?” you gasped in disbelief, too distracted to bother altering your speed. “Holy shit… how?” Ignoring your question, she continued to shout at you from the back seat. “Stop the car! You’re going to get us both killed!”
“How are you here?!” you shouted back, your mind reeling over how this could even be possible.

That’s when it occurred to you. She wasn’t there at all. It was just another deceitful trick; a tactic that Pennywise was using to get you to do what he wanted.

Seething, you looked back at her, meeting her fearful eyes with your own blazing ones, staring daggers at her. “You bastard. You’ve got to be kidding me.”

The fact that he was attempting to catch you off guard by taking the form of one of the people that you loved most in this world, infuriated you. Your cousin, whom he had captured and tortured, was being used as a distraction to manipulate you, causing you to hit your breaking point.

You had half a mind to pull over and crawl into the backseat to rip his eyes from his skull. You had never been so angry in all of your life. Rage was radiating from your skin as you lost track of what you were doing. Your attention was so focused on him in the backseat that you barely registered the oncoming car in front of you before it was too late. Jerking the wheel instinctively, you drove off of the road and down through a barricade before you were suddenly in the air, falling fast until you hit water.

The car was filling up with water rapidly as you tried to open the door but the pressure was too much. You attempted to unbuckle your seat, but your hands were shaking so much to the point where you couldn’t even unlatch it. Water was pouring through the windows now, making the car sink even faster. You held your breath as you remained trapped in your seat as the water consumed you. You hardly noticed an odd sensation surrounding you, lifting you up with ease before your entire world faded away in a diluted haze.

Everything hurt. It was even painful to breathe. Your throat felt like sandpaper every time your lungs struggled to inhale some air, but at least you were alive… weren’t you?

Your eyelids felt like bricks as you attempted to lift them. They wouldn’t open at first, the weight of them too much for you, but after concentrating for a moment, you managed to pry them open, allowing them to focus and adjust to your surroundings.

It was bright - much too bright for your liking. You squinted into the light, choking back a distressed breath as you tried to get accustomed to the discomfort.

“Oh, thank god,” you heard a woman sob next to you. Turning your head towards the sound, you were now able to make out the form of your Aunt Alyssa, staring at you with a relieved expression, her eyes red and watery.

A muffled noise escaped you as you tried to address her, but you couldn’t quite form the words. You cleared your throat, earning a spike of pain shooting down your esophagus, causing you to give up attempting to speak.

“Y/N, do you know where you are?” another voice asked, unfamiliar to you.

It was then that you noticed another person on the other side of your bed, dressed in scrubs and a white doctor coat. You shook your head in response to his question. It was obvious that you were in a hospital, but you didn’t know where or understand why you were there.
“You’re at St. Joseph’s Hospital. You’ve been in an accident, but you’re recovering very well. You made it out with only a few cuts and scrapes, but you’re going to be just fine. We want you to rest for a bit longer, but depending on your recovery in the next couple of hours, you might even be able to go home today.”

The memory was coming back to you in flashes. You had remembered driving to work, Pennywise showing up in your car, fighting with him, and speeding down the highway, stupidly, in order to make him leave. After that, everything was a blur.

You nodded to the doctor and mumbled a quiet, “Thank you,” before he walked out.

Aunt Alyssa’s hands reached for yours as she held them tightly. “I called your mother. She was going to fly out here, but I told her that you were fine. She wants you to call her when you’re feeling better, okay?”

“Okay,” you uttered, still trying to comprehend how you ended up there. “What happened to me?”

She turned her head away from you, nodding towards something on the other side of the room. You followed her gaze and felt a jolt of shock as you then noticed Pennywise, skulking in the dark corner of the room, his slender, human form leaning against the wall with his arms crossed, staring intently at you.

“Penn, do you want to tell her?”

He didn’t look amused. In fact, he looked somewhat angry, which surprised you. This was uncharacteristic compared to his usual childish and playful demeanor.

When he didn’t respond, your Aunt turned to you once more and replied, “He saved you.” Your eyes widened, not sure how that could be possible.

She patted your hands comfortingly before she stood up slowly, wiping her eyes with a slightly relieved smile. “I think I’ll let you two have a minute. Penn’s been waiting for you even longer than I have. He hasn’t left your side.” She chuckled slightly before continuing. “He would barely even let the doctors near you. It would have been cute had I not been in a panic,” she joked.

You swallowed hard, not really wanting to be left alone with him, but you were too curious about his actions to ask your Aunt to stay, knowing that he wouldn’t explain truthfully if she were still in the room. “I’ll be back,” she promised before walking out, shutting the door softly behind her.

You locked eyes with him, his blue eyes barely concealing their usual glowing yellow color. His lip quivered as he stared down at you, clearly still upset.

“What happened?” you asked bluntly, waiting for him to explain.

“You almost died,” he answered sharply in return.

You scoffed, regaining some of your foolish scornfulness. “Yeah, I got that. How?”

He stood up straight, edging closer to you, his height as intimidating as ever before he sat down in the chair next to your bed, his harsh expression somewhat softening.
“You were driving too quickly, you ignorant human. You didn’t see the other car until it was too late, so you swerved off of the road and into the river.”

His straightforward way of speaking was vastly different compared to the mocking tone and riddles that he usually spoke in. You then realized that the riddles were probably part of the act in order to confuse his victims and that he may not be that way unless he was preying upon a potential meal. For some reason, this unnerved you even further.

It was starting to come back to you as you let his words sink in. The car filled up with water so quickly and you weren’t able to get your seatbelt undone. You started to drown and blacked out from lack of oxygen. That’s when you remembered why it was that you were so distracted.

You lifted your arm to hit him, but he was too quick and caught your arm mid-swing, sighing with impatience as he spoke with an almost bored tone, “There’s no need for that.”

“You asshole!” you huffed, wanting to cause him harm. “How dare you? It’s not enough that you took her from me, but you have to be a walking reminder that she’s slowly dying, locked away, all alone while you use her as leverage to try and manipulate me? Fuck you!”

He lowered your arm to your side before replying softly, “I changed forms to convince you to drive with care. You were endangering yourself and I attempted to reason with you in the form of someone you trusted. I had no malicious intent.”

“Bullshit,” you accused, seething at his audacity.

He rolled his eyes, throwing you off guard with his human-like response. “If I had any ill will in that moment, why would I bother to pull you from the water?”

You anger started to dissipate as you made the connection. You remembered being released from the seat belt and lifted up towards the surface, but you couldn’t comprehend how you made it out. “You really saved me?” you asked, barely above a whisper.

His eyes were pouring into yours, silently answering your question with the intensity of his gaze.

“Thank you,” you breathed, still reeling with shock. “That’s twice you’ve saved me now...”

You flinched subtly as he lifted his hand to reach around the back of your head, pulling you closer so that he could place his lips on your forehead, lingering there for a moment before pulling away. You stared at one another, no words needed to be exchanged between the two of you.

Your head was screaming at you. Granted, he may have rescued you from the water and got you to a hospital somehow, but he was the reason you crashed in the first place! …Right? If he had just left you and your family alone, you wouldn’t have been in danger. Or, maybe this would have happened anyway and if he hadn’t been present, you would have died.

None of this made sense. Never in your life had you felt so torn between decisions. Were you actually starting to get feelings for this… thing? He wasn’t human, despite his attractive and deceiving appearance. He wasn’t even a clown. You had no idea what he was, other than a murderer of innocent people. That fact alone should have been enough to repel you, but it wasn’t, and you hated yourself for it.

So lost in your own thoughts, you hardly noticed that you had been absentmindedly getting closer
to him, his face nearing yours slowly and hesitantly. His previous advances had been much more confident and almost cocky in a way… why was this suddenly so different?

It was as if you were no longer a prize to be won, but instead, something that he genuinely longed for. Or maybe you were reading too much into it. Either way, you continued to lean in, the appeal of his lush lips too much for you to turn down.

Before your lips could make contact, the door swung open, making you jump back. A low, guttural growl suddenly emitted from Penn’s throat, and his eyes blazed with hunger as he looked past you. You turned your head to see Richie, carrying a bag of greasy food.

“Uhh… hi,” he muttered, standing awkwardly in the doorway, eyes darting between you and Pennywise.

“H-hey, Richie,” you stuttered, wondering if he knew who was sitting next to you.

Again, his eyes flickered from you to Penn, his expression suspicious, but he seemed to have shrugged it off as he walked to the side of your bed, setting the bag of food on the table next to you. “I brought you a burger,” he stated bluntly.

“Oh my god, that smells amazing,” you grinned, inhaling the heavenly scent. “Thank you so much.”

You turned around to see Pennywise, trembling slightly, his upper lip curling with disdain as he tried to keep himself from revealing his vicious intent against Richie while in such a public place, but he was clearly struggling. “Umm, why don’t you wait outside?” you asked him softly, patting his arm reassuringly.

He growled again, softly enough for only you to hear before he stood up and swiftly exited the room, throwing a menacing glance at Richie before he walked out.

“What's his problem?” Richie asked, clearly taken aback by the stranger’s demeanor. “Who is he?”

You shook your head, reaching for the burger and unwrapping it hurriedly. “He’s just a friend, don’t worry about it. He’s having a bad day.”

He seemed to have accepted your answer as he sat next to you. You appreciated the fact that he didn’t judge you for tearing into the burger like you hadn’t eaten in days, moaning whorishly as the flavor washed over your taste buds.

He waited patiently as you scarfed down your burger before you spoke again. “Listen, Richie… about the other night-”

“We haven’t gone after him,” he assured you, rolling his eyes.

“No, that’s not it… I mean, I’m glad, but I’m talking about my… relationship with Pennywise - if you can even call it that.”

For once in his life, he remained silent, waiting for you to continue. “I know that he has Sara, and I know what he’s capable of. I just wanted to promise you that I’m going to get Sara back, and I’m also going to find a way to stop the killings.”
“How?” he asked, pushing his glasses further up his nose, disbelief apparent on his face.

You couldn’t bring yourself to tell him about the trade, so you were as vague as possible. “I’m not sure yet… but I promise that I’ll figure it out. Okay?”

He shrugged his shoulders, obviously not okay with not being in on the plan, but the two of you had known each other well enough to know that there was no point in pushing any further.

“Well, I just wanted to stop by to tell you that I’m glad you’re not dead,” he commented candidly, standing up to leave.

You laughed hoarsely, which made your lungs hurt, but it was worth the pain. “Thanks, Richie. Me too.”

“Yeah, well… I’ll see you later,” he stated, waving his hand at you before walking out.

“Please try to stay out of trouble!” you shouted after him.

“Yeah, yeah,” you heard him mumble distantly, causing you to grin.

It wasn’t long before Pennywise returned, his lip curled into a sneer. “Is it really that difficult for you to be around kids without killing them?” you asked sarcastically, even though you seriously wondered if it were true.

He sat beside you once more, looking drained from the day’s events. “I don’t like when they’re not afraid. I can’t smell their fear,” he replied, not meeting your gaze.

“How does all of that work, exactly? Do you only eat people when they’re afraid? And what’s your true form? It can’t be the clown… can it?”

His usual smirk returned to his face, amused by your cluelessness. “Oh, I could show you, but you would surely die of fright, and then this all would have been for nothing,” he answered, lifting his hands to motion around the room, indicating the act of saving you.

You glared at him, fighting the urge to cross your arms in a childlike pout. “I’m not that fragile, Penn. I want to know.”

He reached up to brush your hair out of your face slowly, making sure to brush his chilled fingers over your warm cheeks. “Maybe, in time.”

Sighing heavily, you gave up, knowing that there really wasn’t anything that you could say to convince him. Instead, you leaned back, relaxing into the pillows as his eyes raked over your weak form. You wondered what it was that he was thinking until your eyelids began to feel heavy once more.

You attempted to keep them open, causing a wry grin to spread across his face. “You should rest,” he insisted, running the pads of his fingers along your arm, causing a comfortable chill to run down your spine.

“No, s’okay,” you mumbled tiredly, knowing that you were losing the battle to the threat of exhaustion.
“I’ll be here when you wake,” he promised. You could hear the smile in his voice as you allowed your fatigue to claim you, falling into a dreamless sleep.
You guys! I did a thing!

So, I love getting comments and suggestions for my story. I try to implicate as much as I can while still staying true to my own vision, but I thought that I would throw this in here as a treat for all who had requested it! You're amazing.

I present to you... *intense drumroll* Pennywise POV!

This probably won't be a regular thing only because trying to decipher and depict Pennywise's mind was super difficult and I probably messed everything up, but I hope that it's at least somewhat interesting.

As I've said from the beginning, I don't know what I'm doing. Like... at all. So, thanks for sticking around!

Another huge thank you to Ophelia for helping me out with this chapter.

Also, sorry for any typos you might find. I'm too tired/sick to really comb through it as thoroughly as I wanted to, and I wanted to post another chapter before going into a comatose state for the next 2 days while I get over this cold.

Cheers! xoxoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Pennywise POV

I remained with her in the abhorrent, human-infested building until she was granted permission to leave. I informed her that I would take my leave and that I would return to her to negotiate the trade
at another time, knowing that her current feeble state wouldn’t allow her to think clearly.

Lurking in the shadows, I awaited her to arrive at her home. When I saw the vehicle near the domain, I crawled up the side of the building and slithered through the window, making my way underneath the frame of her bed in the dark, secluded room.

I could smell her even before she came into view. Normally my mouth would salivate at the scent of a human that I had targeted, knowing that it would lead to a fulfilling meal, but something else drew me to her. I couldn’t quite yet place it, but I fully intended to find out.

She was my new obsession. Oh, she fought against it, that much was clear, but once I was set on a victim, I would relentlessly hunt them down until they were in my clutches.

Is that what she was to me? Another victim? When I was away from her, the urge to devour her whole was almost unbearable, but when I had her in my grasp, so vulnerable and weak in my arms, all desire to taste her was gone and replaced with something that I am utterly unfamiliar with.

It irked me. I am usually so in control of myself during the hunt when stalking my prey - so strategized and calculated in my moves, knowing what works and what doesn’t. Humans are so miserably predictable, but not her. She seemed to surprise me at every turn, which was part of the many reasons why she intrigued me so.

For once, this wasn’t the familiar situation of a cat chasing a helpless mouse. Oh, sure, I could easily slaughter her. Her skin would peel off just as easily and beautifully as any other tasty human, but for once, that didn’t interest me. The thought of learning more about her was more intriguing than how her blood would glide so soothingly down my throat. It was an unexpected feeling that I couldn’t yet comprehend.

Until I knew what my plans would be with my new toy, I would continue to play with her. We would continue this ongoing dance until one of us broke, and I was sure that it wouldn’t be me. I lived for the chase - the game of ‘capture the human’, and she was my next target.

What I would do with her once I caught her, well… I had yet to figure that out.

I watched with curiosity as she crossed the threshold into the room, closing the door behind her before limping slightly to the closet due to her injury. My instincts were telling me to attack now that she was weakened. I had to force myself to hold back from simply snapping her neck and draining her of life.

She grabbed a dark piece of attire from the closet that looked large enough to cover her body entirely and placed it aside while she started to remove her clothes. I licked my lips as she began lifting them away, piece by piece until she was bare apart from a thin layer covering her lower region. My eyes wandered over the bruises covering her beautiful skin, some from the accident and others of my own doing, making me swell with pride. As she placed the oversized clothing over her exhausted form, I grew impatient and couldn’t prevent myself from announcing my presence.

“Well, don’t you look tempting?” I relished in the way her eyes widened with shock before she quickly realized who it was that was speaking and her expression quickly turned to that of annoyance. I laughed inwardly at her fiery spirit despite how drained she appeared to be.

Rather than respond to my advances, she glanced vehemently around the room, focused on discovering where I was hiding.

I grew bored of waiting for her to find me, so I crawled out from where I was lurking underneath
the bed, my bones popping back into place as I stood up, stretching out from the cramped dark space to loosen my limbs.

Our eyes met as I waited for her to address me. I couldn’t help but smirk at my new plaything. She was unpredictable, which was usually a characteristic that I avoided with my prey, but it had become something that I looked forward to from her.

Her eyes were angered, probably from my intrusion, but her expression was soft as she replied, “Pennywise… what are you doing here? I really don’t have the energy for this right now.”

She strode past me, unintentionally grazing the silk adorning my clown form. Even from the small touch, I could sense the intoxicating smell that lingered from her skin.

My eyes followed her intently as she pulled back the heavy bed covering before crawling into the sheets and turning away from me before uttering softly, “Go home, Penn. I can’t sleep with you watching me like a creep.”

My new obsession was clearly not in the mood to play with me, but I wouldn’t let an opportunity go to waste. She was weakened by today’s events and I couldn’t help but wonder if this would allow me to get away with things that I previously hadn’t been able to.

Edging closer to her bed, my eyes wandered over her weak frame as she lay on the bed, making quick work of covering herself and closing her eyes from exhaustion.

I took it upon myself to experimentally lay down on the soft surface of her bedding next to her, curling my long limbs around her from behind, inhaling deeply into her hair, sending a strange sensation throughout my form.

I continuously questioned these feelings that she stirred within me. They were completely new and enthralling, but I knew I’d have to be careful. I had always known myself well enough to understand my thoughts, actions, and reactions to the new discoveries of this world. Only now, after so many years, I have begun questioning my relationship with a human; the creature in which I’ve feasted on for my entire existence.

She was a source of nourishment; she shouldn’t have been anything more, but as I lay against her, knowing that she was too weak to fight me off, I was content, slowly trailing my gloved hand up her arm, testing her patience, as I so enjoyed doing.

I could hear her heartbeat quicken in response to my touch, but I also felt her body become tense with aversion, which dis pleased me. This wouldn’t do, I needed her to be relaxed as I continued to explore her, which I intended to do until she caught me off guard with her words.

“Just because you saved me doesn’t mean that you can touch me whenever you want. I’m not your property. Get away from me, or you’re going to regret it, I promise you.”

Holding back the urge to laugh, I responded by nuzzling my face into her neck, to which she didn’t appreciate. “I’m giving you one warning, Penn. Back off, or I’m going to hurt you. I’m giving you to the count of three. One…”

I couldn’t help but chuckle darkly at her empty threats. The fact that she truly believed that she could cause significant physical harm was one of the reasons that I was constantly entertained by her.

Instead of pulling away, I pressed myself even more closely against her, releasing a satisfied hum
as I settled into a surprisingly comfortable position.

This was all so new to me. Never did I ever think that I would be willingly laying next to my food source without the overwhelming hunger driving me to rip into her succulent flesh. Granted, I loved to play with my food before I ate it, but this was different, and until I could understand why, I would continue to toy with her and push her to her limits.

She reached “two” momentarily and I remained in my position, meeting her angered stare with my own daring one, raising my eyebrows, challenging her to make her move.

She made good on her promise as her foot unexpectedly made contact with my groin. A sharp pain surged through me, taking me by surprise and before I could respond in kind, she had already escaped my grasp and settled on the other side of the bed, watching my expression carefully.

My eyes burned with a slight rage, but also a sense of wonder. She knew what I was capable of. She had seen me rip apart humans effortlessly, and yet she continued to threaten me and attempt to cause me harm.

Was she defective? Most humans wouldn’t dare anger me, but rather beg for their lives before I took it from them. I didn’t know if I wanted to praise her for her audacity or kill her for her ignorant sense of indestructibility. She wasn’t safe from me, she had to know that already, so how could she be so brave?

Though her kick to my groin was uncomfortable, it did not immobilize me. Regardless of the fact that I wasn’t human, I was still a male form of my species and we all shared similar reproductive organs, mine of which were still more sensitive to pain than other areas of my body.

I had to create a new strategy. Clearly, forcing her to accept my presence wasn’t working as I had intended. I was so used to merely taking what I wanted. I had to start using human emotions against her in order to manipulate her to crave my companionship. She needed to want me so badly that being apart from me was physically and mentally unbearable.

I had a new goal, and I would make sure that I would eventually get what I wanted from her, regardless of the fact that I wasn’t quite sure what that was yet.

My lip curled in irritation while I stared daggers at her, giving her the response that she was hoping for. I lifted my finger and tutted at her as I had previously done whenever she misbehaved.

“Bad girl. You say you don’t want to play, but then you tease me. Not in the mood for games, you say? Your actions speak otherwise.”

She continued to hold my gaze as I smiled wickedly at her, knowing that this was probably not what she expected to hear. Whenever I appeared in my clown form, my vocalizations were riddled with mystery and vague whimsical verbiage to both comfort and confuse my victims. After having interacted with her several times, I noticed that she responded more towards the average human dialogue than what I would usually use to interact with my prey, but it was a hard habit to break. “I promise not to hurt you. If I wanted you dead, I would have let you drown. I’m not through having my fun with you.”

She started to shake with what I could only assume was rage before she stood up on the other side of the bed, staring daggers at me. Her mouth opened several times in preparation to speak, but no words escaped her.

Finally, after closing her eyes and taking a deep breath, she shouted, “What do you want from me?!
You want to trade me for Sara, why? So you can kill me?! I understand that you’re not human, but my god, don’t you feel anything?! Any remorse? Guilt?!”

I kept my expression neutral as she continued to rant. I had never allowed a human to speak to me this way without tearing out their throat, ceasing their ability to argue, but I didn’t want to stop her. The more she spoke, the more her human emotions were consuming her, which was exactly what I wanted.

Her speech started to become hoarse as she continued to shout, “I can’t tell if you want me dead or if you just enjoy torturing me, but I’m done. You slaughter children and you kidnapped my cousin! Why the fuck would you possibly think that I would be okay with you touching me?! For the first time since I’ve met you, I’m thinking clearly, and I want you to get the fuck out!”

Her face was leaking as she finished speaking. I had previously seen this reaction from my victims before I ripped them apart, reiling in their delicious fear. But this water wasn’t from fear; it was from something else… something foreign to me.

Human emotions were something that I couldn’t comprehend. Why would she be leaking fluid for any reason other than fear? I didn’t like her this way. Something inside of me felt… bad. Once again, she was making me feel things that I hadn’t felt before.

The smirk fell from my lips as I edged closer to her, the strong impulse to wipe away the drops of water was almost overwhelming, but I refrained, knowing that she was not looking to be touched.

Instead, I flexed my fingers, struggling with what I wanted to do compared to what it is that I should do if I wanted to eventually sway her to desire my company.

A frustrated growl escaped my throat as I removed myself from her bedding, seething with impatience as I stared down at her.

“You don’t get to question my way of living, foolish human.” I allowed the words to escape me, which earned another angered expression from her as she continued to glare at me.

“My way of living is the only way I know how to survive. Does it not mean anything to you that I haven’t killed you or any of your loved ones? Sara is still alive unless you have forgotten- but she won’t be for long if you don’t cooperate.” I threatened, for once, not fully enjoying hurting a human.

Her foolish bravely presented itself once more as she walked over to me with purpose, lifting her chin in defiance as she addressed me once more. “Are you actually attempting to defend murdering kids? You… you are horrible. Don’t try to tell me that you don’t understand the implications of your actions. You destroy families without even a second thought. Not only that, you find joy in it. You get off on torturing innocent people!”

Before I could respond with malice, she placed her hands on my shoulders and forcefully shoved me backward, causing me to lose my balance and stumble back a few steps. I was actually speechless as she continued to spew hateful slurs at me.

“I should hate you! I should despise your very existence!” Her trembling hands gripped the front of my silk collar, tears still falling down her face. “I want to hate you, you asshole! You’re disgusting! You’re a monster! You’re… you’re…”

I waited for her to finish, trying to imagine what other insults she could come up with before I
suddenly felt her rise on her feet and forcefully shove her mouth against mine hungrily, drawing me closer as she inhaled deeply.

She pulled back for a moment, shock and shame plastered on her face as her eyes raked over my body. I was too enthralled by her actions to stop now. I had to think of a way to hold her attention to what her body so desperately craved.

I started to shift before her eyes, every part of me changing into the form that I knew was most comfortable for her. Moments later, my human form stood before her. I could see her fighting with herself in her mind of what her next actions would be, so I took the opportunity to lead down and place my lips on hers once more, hoping that she would accept my invitation.

I smirked with accomplishment as I felt her pull me closer and turn our bodies around until I felt the back of my knees hit the side of the bed. She then pushed against me forcefully, causing me to call back onto the bedding.

I found myself with more than just a flushed ego after winning my prize. I was... pleasurabley excited for her to willingly be this close. The fact that she was the one initiating the contact was unusual, and I intended to enjoy it.

She soon joined me on the top of her bedding, pausing her movements as she lay on top of me, staring at me as if waiting for a reaction. My gaze was drawn to the continued droplets leaking down her face. Was she unhappy with her actions? She was so infuriatingly difficult to understand, unlike the rest of her kind.

I found myself leaning up towards her face to extend my unhuman-like tongue to lick up the fluid adorning her red, flushed cheeks. The thought of the blood beneath her skin was tempting, making me want to release my fangs and rip into her skin, but once my tongue made contact with the liquid, I savored the salty taste and my bloodlust went forgotten.

I pulled back, licking my lips as her eyes widened in wonder. I wished I knew what she was thinking, but I didn’t concern myself with asking as I lifted my face towards hers once more to capture her lips in a hungry kiss, being as gentle as I could, regardless of the fact that I wanted to explore every part of her eagerly.

She was like a breakable toy that I needed to care for in order to preserve the quality. So easily I could tear her apart and feast on her flesh and bones, but that didn’t appeal to me nearly as much as this did. This was satisfactory in a completely different form, one of which I had yet to experience.

Bracing her hands on either side of my face, her lips moved smoothly against mine in a continuous rhythm, her body pressing further into me as her legs spread themselves over my hips. She forced herself down slightly, causing a flicker of a reaction from my lower region, which I had been prepared for.

Pulling back from the kiss, she locked eyes with me before leaning in close to my ear to whisper, “I’m in control now, Penn. Just… don’t move.”

Before I could protest, her lips moved from my ear down my jawline to my neck, nipping softly as I had previously done to her. Her skin was hot against my own chilled flesh as she continued to rock her hips forward against me, eliciting an unfamiliar, yet satisfied vocalization from my throat.

When she whispered those words into my ear, I found myself wanting to fight back, to pin her down and have my way with her, whether she submitted or not, but I couldn’t allow myself to do
that. That would have brought an end to our little game much too quickly for my liking.

I had to quiet my mind as I was struggling with allowing a human to take control of this situation. I should have detested her; treated her as a temporary container for my food source, but I couldn’t deny the excitement that was coursing through my current form.

A needy, unexpected growl released from my throat as she created a teasing friction that I found myself wanting more of. I grabbed a hold of her hips, pulling them down to the area in which I wanted her to make contact with most, but she resisted.

Did she not understand what this was doing to me? I could make her compliant. I could make her beg, but no- something inside of me was telling me to be patient, as much as I wanted to feel every part of her in that moment, I allowed myself to lay still and accept whatever it is that she wanted to do, and the feeling of surrounding control was thrilling, to say the least.

I knew about sexual intercourse. It was what humans craved most of all throughout their lives. They allowed their pleasure to cloud all reason and surrendered to their bodies in order to feel something for a moment in time. Intercourse was not used as a pastime in my previous dimension. It was strictly used for reproductive purposes, something that I had yet to partake in.

Of course, that’s not to say that I hadn’t ever pleasured a human. It was a tactic I have used to my advantage when attempting to deceive my prey or to relax my victims before ripping into their jugular. It was merely a way to prolong their execution. Never had I had anything reciprocated in return.

Lifting her hips, she started to crawl down my body until she was kneeling before me. I could feel her hands roaming the front of my trousers with confidence before she paused at the zipper. I sat up, not able to take my eyes off of her as she started to slowly pull down the zipper and undo the button that held the pants tightly to my hips.

Clothes had little function for me as they were merely used to complete whatever form I was taking to make it as convincing as possible, but she found her way around them and showed no signs of slowing. Her expression was that of a teasing minx as her fingers flexed before pulling on the pants, lowering them down my hips to allow her to reach into the second layer of clothing.

Whatever form I took, the body was an exact replica of the species. Since my current form was human, every organ was humanlike as well, including the ones used for reproduction. When her hands found their way to my untouched region, I absentmindedly released a surprised breath as I responded to the touch almost instantly, closing my eyes to concentrate on the sensation.

My breath hitched in my throat, my mind clouded with desire as I was hardly able to process the ecstasy of her touches and the thrilling sounds of her own heavy breathing. I found my hips lifting involuntarily as my body seemed to chase after the feeling she was providing me.

Her inviting hand was pumping softly at first, but as my length started to grow, her movements became rougher and faster. As lubrication started to emerge from the tip of my length, she used her thumb to swirl it around my aroused area, allowing her hand to glide over me with ease.

I struggled to form a coherent thought. This almost angered me. I had never lost control when it came to the hunt, and the fact that she was using her own touches as a weapon against me was almost enough to make me snap.

In my aroused state, as she continued to pump me vigorously, I felt my fangs extend from my gums, prodding outside of my lips briefly. I attempted to clear my mind and force them back in,
knowing that they threatened to interrupt what she was doing, and I didn’t want it to stop.

“Is this what you want, Penn?” she asked, her voice hoarse with lust. “Is this what you’ve been hoping for all along?”

I was never one to converse with humans for prolonged periods of time, and the few conversations I did have was a ploy to increase their fear before I bit into their delicious flesh. The fact that she was seeking an actual, honest answer to her question was almost unfathomable. How could she possibly think straight in a situation such as this?

My breathing came out in short, forced breaths, almost as if exhaling completely would force me to lose all control. I dug my fingers into her hips once more, needing to grab onto something, worried that I might lose myself completely.

“I…” I started to say, unable to once again form a complete thought. “I have wanted to devour every part of you,” I finally managed to speak, the only words I could manage to come up with.

My length started to twitch over and over again while an almost hot sensation started to build in my abdomen. I could feel it getting stronger with each pump she gave me.

When I felt as though I was about to meet my end and melt into nothingness, the feeling ceased completely, and I was left with a sense of incompletion and what I could only imagine was anguish.

Still breathing heavily, I sat up to question what had happened, when I saw the smirk on her face. “You know what? I’m really tired. I think I’m done for the night. I think that you can deal with this little problem on your own.”

Before I could fully comprehend what she had meant, she stood up from the bed, and without another word, walked into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her.

I didn’t know how to react. To finally give into a feeling so foreign to me and to allow myself to surrender to a human, only to have that human abruptly rip away the sensation that I so desperately craved was a devastating loss.

Many things crossed my mind in that moment. I found myself imaging tearing through the door she hid behind to rip out her throat and devour her whole. There was also a moment where I thought of forcing myself on her, making her complete the task that she started after getting my form so worked up.

Had it been any other human, I wouldn’t have thought twice about it. I would have acted first and relished in the feeling later, but not with her. This infuriated me even more considering she deserved to be punished for her actions.

I would have to come up with something of craft and cunning in response to her teasing. Oh, I could have bluntly expressed my rage, but no, no, that wouldn’t be as fun. She was part of the game now, and if she wasn’t going to play fairly, neither was I.

Instead, I waited patiently for her to return, allowing my form to calm down and ease back from its aroused state. Once she appeared in the doorway, I smiled at her surprised expression, probably due to the fact that I was so calm in spite of the state that she had left me in.

I stood up from the bed and slowly walked over to her, looking down at her with such intensity when I reached her that I could hear her heart beat faster as her breath stilled. I leaned down
cautiously, pressing my lips lightly to her own before pulling back just as quickly with a wicked smile.

“I’ll leave you to your rest,” was all I said as I stepped away from her. I then opened her closet door and crept inside, becoming one with the darkness to make my way back to the sewer to plot my next move.

Chapter End Notes

I'm interested in your thoughts! Did I ruin everything? Do you not envision him thinking this way? Am I a ridiculous bitch who drinks wine out of a red plastic solo cup because I'm trash? Yeah... but I wanna hear your opinions about the chapter!
Chapter Notes

My friends, I cannot even apologize enough for the wait on this one. I won't bother making excuses; it's just been a rough week. I really need to drink more to get through the bullshit that we call life. I'm sure you can all relate. Don't become a raging alcoholic like me!

Anyway, I hope you enjoy this chapter. It was a bitch to write. I'm not very good with puzzles, so having to write something similar was challenging.

Also, in case any of you were wondering, the title of the fic comes from Breaking Benjamin's song “What Lies Beneath” Listen to those lyrics and tell me that it’s not a PERFECT fit for Pennywise.

Talk to me on kik: jetsetlife138
Ask me questions on Tumblr: jetsetlife138

Cheers xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was the weekend before Halloween, and that meant it was the weekend for parties, festivities, gatherings, and any other form of celebratory events. Derry liked to pride themselves on town participation when it came to celebrating holidays and everyone had their own way of contributing.

Remembering everything that had happened with Pennywise and the fact that he still had Sara, you weren’t really in the mood to celebrate, but you still felt like you should force yourself to go out and be social rather than stay in like the recluse you tended to be.

A friend of yours from high school was throwing a house party and it was said to be a lot of fun. Everyone was going, and you figured that you could use a night out anyway.
You didn’t bother going out and looking for a costume, so you thought you’d look around Sara’s room to see what she had that you could use since you were pretty much the same size.

After searching through her closet, you found something in the back that you couldn’t help but laugh at. You and her were both really big Batman fans growing up, and she had the classic red and black Harley Quinn jester outfit that she wore last year for Halloween. It looked like it would fit you, so you grabbed it and looked around for some accessories that you could match with it, along with some facial make-up.

You couldn’t find the damn matching headpiece anywhere, so you just threw your hair into messy pigtails in hopes that would suffice. You did your best with the makeup, making it as similar to the character as possible with the black-rimmed eyes and the black lips. When you were finished, you looked in the mirror and sighed, knowing that this was as good as it was gonna get.

You headed downstairs to see your aunt making caramel apples in the kitchen. “Hey, Aunt Alyssa. That smells amazing!”

She smiled humbly at you in return. “Thanks, Y/N. They’re for Richie and his friends.”

A jolt of awkwardness shot through you. You hadn’t seen his friends since they caught you and Pennywise in a very compromising situation. “Oh… are they here?”

“Mhm,” she candidly replied. “They’re out in the garage working on a school project. Something to do with our sewage system. It seems very advanced for what they should be learning, but I’m really impressed! They seem to be taking it very seriously.”

You huffed with annoyance before heading out to the garage without another word. You ripped open the door and watched the kids quickly try to cover up the papers they were working on inconspicuously, a nervous, wide-eyed look plastered on their faces. “What the hell are you doing out here?” you scoffed.

“None of your business!” Richie piped up from the back. “It’s a school project!”

“Oh, really?” you comment facetiously, edging closer to the table with the blueprints of the town’s sewage system. “This wouldn’t have anything to do with our murderous friend, now, would it?”

“You would know; you’re the one who let him- OW!” Eddie shouted, looking over to stare daggers at Beverly after she obviously stomped on his foot, shaking her head at him subtly.

You sighed with a grimace, trying to be patient and to contain your irritation. “I thought we had an agreement. I would take care of this, so long as you stayed out of it.”

“W-we’re just talking s-strategy…” Bill promised, trying to cover his tube-sewer structure behind his back, failing miserably.

You raised your eyebrow at him, turning to Richie. “I mean it. Go do what normal kids do to celebrate Halloween, okay? Go cause trouble; teepee houses, go looting or something, I don’t care. Just stay away from Pennywise.”

“Ugh!” Richie groaned with exasperation. “I got it! Get out, and go blow the joker or something. Wait, not literally!” he added, crudely referencing your apparent attraction to freaky clowns.
You gave him a warning glare before you walked out of the garage and left for the party. Once you arrived, you immediately had the urge to turn around and go home. There were so many people, many of whom you hadn’t spoken to since you had left Derry. This was going to be more uncomfortable than you had anticipated.

You were drunkenly greeted by your old classmates, grateful that nobody particularly wanted to stand around and mingle with you for a long period of time. You quickly made your way over to the makeshift bar and poured yourself a stiff drink.

Chugging it down, you walked casually through the crowded house, trying to find your way through all of the strobe lights, black lights, and stringed decorations hanging from the ceiling, vibrating due to the bass of the loud music.

It was a very large house, so you took your time giving yourself a tour before you entered one of the rooms with the most people dancing when suddenly, someone shouted at you from across the room. “Y/N! Oh my god, it’s so good to see you!”

You turn to determine who the shrill voice is coming from when you see your old classmate, Ashley. “Oh wow. Hey, Ashley. How have you been?” You tried to put on an enthused face but clearly failed. Not that you weren’t excited to see her, but that you were already drained of social activity.

“We have so much catching up to do!” she shrieked. “You’ve gotta dance with us!” She pulled your wrist and led you to the middle of the room to dance with her and her friends. You awkwardly swayed back and forth, continuously sipping on your drink, not anywhere near drunk enough to enjoy the vibe.

You started to look around the room when something abruptly caught your eye. Two glowing, yellow orbs were glaring at you from across the room. You focus your vision in the dark room before you see the rest of the clown, smiling wickedly at you, holding a red balloon.

You wanted to be frightened, or even nervous, but instead, you found yourself to be… relieved? What the fuck was that about? The realization angered you the more you thought about it.

“I’ll be right back,” you shout to Ashley over the loud music.

Without waiting for a response, you push your way through the crowd until you reach Pennywise. You pause when a group of frat boys dressed as football players stop in front of him and eye him in fascination.

“Holy shit, dude!” one of them drunkenly sputtered. “Your costume is fucking sick!”

Pennywise kept his face completely neutral, unimpressed by their praise.

“What are you, like, a demon clown?”

He turned to the guy who was speaking and suddenly his jaw started to open to an impossible length, his jagged teeth protruding through his gums. Before the guy could prepare himself for impact, a black, slimy substance was spewing out of his mouth and right into the guy’s face.

They all jumped back in shock, not comprehending what had just happened. You braced yourself for whatever was going to happen until the guy who was covered in the gunk wiped his eyes and
said, “Dude! That. Was. Amazing!”

He high fived his friends and then punched Pennywise’s shoulder playfully, to which Pennywise just snarled in return, clearly unamused.

You shoved through them and grabbed Pennywise roughly by the scruff around his neck and dragged him into the nearest bathroom, shutting the door behind you.

“What the hell are you doing here?” you ask bluntly.

“My, my,” he teased. “Decided to join the circus, have we? I won’t deny, you would make a very appealing mate.”

You scrunched your face in confusion. “What are you talking about?”

His eyes slowly raked over your Harley Quinn outfit and you realized what he was insinuating. “Ew, no! This isn’t— I’m Harley Quinn!”

He smirked at you, raising an eyebrow suggestively. “She’s a Batman villain…”

“Oh, I know who she is,” he teased. “Tell me, Y/N. Is she not the Joker’s mate? Is he not also a clown?”

Your face drained at that point. You had to give him credit for keeping up with pop culture, but fuck, you hadn’t even thought of the coincidence.

“The Joker’s an abusive piece of shit who doesn’t deserve Harley,” you quickly retorted.

“Always so angry. Do you want a balloon?” he smiled at you, ignoring your comparison and extending his hand with the red balloon for you to take.

You push it out of the way, losing your patience. “Pennywise, I’m serious. Why are you here?”

“I wanted to play,” he stated with a menacing giggle.

You scoffed at his constant vague responses. “Pennywise, I’m not in the mood to play. You need to leave.”

“Oh, I beg to differ, Y/N. I think that you’re more playful than you think.” Before you could comprehend his actions, you were pinned up against the wall, the air pushed from your lungs as he pressed himself hard against you.

You opened your mouth to try and speak, but you weren’t able to form words as your body quickly reacted to his dominance, and not in the way that you were expecting. His gloved hands started roaming down your sides, stopping at your hips before raising one hand to cup your breast, his thumb flicking slightly over the hardened nub through the skin-tight, spandex material.

An involuntary groan escaped your throat as his thumb rubbed more vigorously against you, earning a smile from his red, painted lips.

He lifted his knee against your crotch and thrust it against you, to which you were surprised to find yourself grinding down against him in a desperate attempt to earn more friction.
“Now, now, my pet,” he cooed as he removed his knee and his hands from you. “We wouldn’t want you to lose focus, would we?”

Huffing with sexual tension, you placed your hands on his shoulders and pushed against him until he stepped back with a smirk plastered across his face.

You tried not to show how much you wanted him to place his hands back on you, but you were sure that he could sense it somehow. You hated that.

Instead, you tried to change the subject to distract from your awkwardness. “What do you mean, ‘lose focus’? On what?”

He giggled maniacally. “The game! The game will continue until you make your decision. But you better hurry, Y/N. Poor little Sara doesn’t have much longer.”

“Fuck off,” you scoff. “Fine, Pennywise, you win. Is that what you want to hear?”

“No, no, no,” he insisted. “Forfeiting is not allowed. You have to play to win. You were a bad girl the last time we played our game. Now you have to pay the price!”

“You’re going to have to kill me,” you threatened, hoping to god that he would understand your over-dramatic sarcasm.

His eyes flashed brightly at your response. “Oh, someone will die tonight, but it won’t be you, my sweet,” he insisted.

Your eyes narrowed at him. “What do you mean?”

“That’s the game! I’m going to eat one of these scrumptious people tonight… unless you can figure out my riddle.”

“What?! No way, no, not happening, I’m not doing that.”

He cackled once more at your refusal before continuing to explain. “The riddle will tell you where you can find the clue. If you can reach them in 15 minutes, I’ll let them go free, but if not…” he trailed off winking at you in return. You got the point.

“You can’t be serious. This isn’t fair, Pennywise! You can’t just put me in charge of someone else’s life and expect me to save them in 15 minutes!”

“No more stalling,” he insisted, raising his finger at you warningly. “Pay attention, or you’ll miss the clues.”

You started to panic, trying your best to listen intently, but your throbbing heartbeat seemed to muffle your hearing as he spoke in a wicked rhyme.

“I have four walls, but you cannot stay
The more you take, the less you decay
Tell me what it is you’re craving
I’ll share with you, if you’re behaving
But buyer beware, don’t let me go hollow
Or waste away, the reaper will follow
To overindulge would be a crime
I am limited, but I contain time
Now, don’t get confused, I’ll give you power
Can’t find what you need? I’m here to devour
Hurry now, there’s no time to waste
Or a victim I’ll eat, their blood I’ll taste”

You scoffed at him in response. “Okay, Dr. Seuss, there’s no way that I can figure that out in 15 minutes.”

“The clock starts now, Y/N,” he winked, completely ignoring your last statement.

You released an exasperated sigh. “You’ve got to be kidding me,” you seethed. You were about to ask him to repeat it when he suddenly started shifting into a translucent fog, slowly evaporating out of the open window of the bathroom.

“Wait, stop! I don’t remember it all!” He continued to seep out of the window until you were completely alone in the bathroom. “You asshole!” you hissed under your breath.

You put your head in your hands, leaning against the sink, trying to concentrate on what his riddle could possibly be leading you to. “Fuck! Okay, okay… ‘I have four walls, but you cannot stay. The more you take, the less you’ll decay’... what the fuck does that even mean?”

A pounding on the door distracted you from your thoughts. “Hey, come on! There are other people who need to use the bathroom! Hurry up!”

Huffing with frustration, you ripped the door open and glared at the guy who yelled at you before slipping past him, and walking down the hall, still trying to concentrate on the riddle. “Uhh, what was the next part? ‘Tell me what it is you’re craving, I’ll share with you if you’re behaving’.

Ugh, I don’t know!”

You noticed the clock at the end of the hallway and saw that 3 minutes had already passed. Panic began to well up inside of you as you thought harder, which was difficult due to the loud music and constant chatter from the partygoers. ‘But buyer beware, don’t let me go hollow. Or waste away, the reaper will follow’... Empty spaces? Death? Who’s dying? The victim? No, he wouldn’t be that obvious.

Fuck! Did he seriously have to make this so complicated! ‘To overindulge would be a crime. I am limited, but I contain time.’ Time is unlimited, isn’t it? How could you possibly contain it?

Anger started coursing through you. The clock was ticking, and you still had no idea where to even start. You continued walking through the house, checking each room to see if anything would spark some sort of recognition with the riddle, but weren’t coming up with any luck. ‘Now don’t
get confused, I’ll provide you with power. Can’t find what you need- I’m here to devour. ’ How the fuck were you not supposed to get confused?

You stepped outside for a moment, enjoying the fresh air and the break from the loud noises. “Think… think… think… ‘craving’… ‘the more you take, the less you’ll decay’... Food? Kitchen!”

It was a good place to start. Sprinting towards the kitchen, you were grateful that it was fairly empty apart from Ashley and her friends taking shots in the corner. Your eyes darted around the room, wondering where the clues would lead you.

“Okay… ‘don’t let me go hollow, or waste away’... the refrigerator?” You open it up and found nothing out of the ordinary. Pushing some food and drinks aside, you still weren’t able to find anything. Not that you knew what you were looking for, but considering who Pennywise was, you were preparing yourself for the worst. He didn’t seem like a very subtle guy, so you assumed that if you were looking in the right place, you’d immediately know it.

“Hey! Are you making something?” a familiar shrill voice caught you off guard. You closed the fridge to turn around and see Ashley, clearly inebriated looking eagerly at you.

“Uhh, no. I’m just looking for something.” You brushed her off and continued to mumble to yourself. “‘I am limited, but I contain time’...”

“You need some thyme? Ooh, you must be making something good!” she exclaimed excitedly. You only briefly heard what she had said, still lost in your own thoughts. Still, you commented offhandedly, “Yeah, actually, I could use more time, but… wait, what?”

Stopping to look at her, she continued, “Thyme! I use that in basically everything. I’m sure they have a pantry around here somewhere. You should find it in there, right?”

It finally clicked. “Time?... Thyme! The herb! The Pantry! Fuck, Ashley! You’re a genius!” You hug her tightly, only for a moment before frantically continuing your search.

You look around the kitchen and see a closet-like door that resembled the entry to a pantry. You rush over to open it, but when you did, your heart skipped a beat and you felt your blood drain from your face. Someone was suddenly screaming next you to, muffled in your ear by the blood rushing through your head.

There, lying on the floor of the pantry, was a girl your age dressed as a pirate. Her chest and stomach had been ripped open, her rib cage broken apart and her entrails were sprawled out across her lap.

You had failed.

After people had rushed over to see what was causing the commotion, they started running, screaming, crying, and getting sick all around you, and all you could do was walk away in a daze. You may as well have been the one to kill that girl.

Walking outside through the crowds of people heading for their cars to escape the gruesome scene, you see Pennywise, grinning at you, his mouth dripping with blood. You glare at him and start walking towards him slowly, not knowing what was going to happen when you get to him.
When you finally reach him, you look up into those familiar swirling yellow eyes and all you can seem to say was, “Is this what you really wanted, Pennywise? For me to have the death of a girl forever on my conscious? Did her life seriously end because I didn’t finish you off the other day?”

He tilted his head in a facetious innocent manner, looking at you with mock pity. “No, no, no. She was going to die anyway, whether you solved my riddle or not, but the panic and fear that you experienced while searching for her made it all worthwhile.”

“So, what then? You’re just going to keep haunting me and killing people around me until I agree to take Sara’s place?”

“Something like that,” he teased, flashing his pointed teeth at you in a wicked smile. You swallowed hard, knowing that it would all eventually lead to this, but your body started to tremble involuntarily at the thought of actually surrendering yourself to him, knowing that it would eventually lead to your own slaughter. “Fine, Pennywise. I’ll do it. Take me instead of Sara.”

He giggled excitedly, extending his gloved hand towards you to take. You do so, not even fully comprehending what it is that you just agreed to, but you couldn’t bring yourself to focus on that, otherwise, you might have backed out.

Before you knew it, you were standing in front of the old, decrepit house on Neibolt Street once more. You turned to him and said, “No more games, Pennywise. Before I go with you, please… tell me why you took her in the first place. What did she do to deserve for you to take her and not kill her like you do everyone else?”

His upper lip sneered at the mention of it, but to your surprise, he began to explain. “Little Sara was a bad girl. She stuck her nose in a place where it didn’t belong, so I taught her a lesson.”

“What do you mean, exactly?”

“She followed my trail of victims. She discovered what I was and sought me out to expose me. I found her first and wanted to have my fun with her before I chewed on her flesh. Her fear was absolutely delicious.”

When he saw your face, he ceased his harsh description and instead he led you inside the creepy, run-down house and you started to feel your chest tighten as you entered, knowing that this might be the last time you ever saw the outside world.

When you entered the foyer, he held up his hand, motioning for you to wait there as he disappeared into another room. You held your arms around yourself, cradling your body in fear of falling apart.

She finally emerged from the dark hallway, stumbling forward weakly. When you saw her, you almost broke down completely. She had lost a significant amount of weight, which you didn’t know if it was from stress or starvation. Her skin was sickly pale and her eyes were sunken in. Her once rich, brown hair was now dirty, grimy and unkempt. She had bruises and dried blood littered throughout her skin, and when she looked at you, tears instantly filled her eyes.

“Y/N?” she asked like you were a ghost.

You ran up to her and wrapped your arms around her, relief washing over you despite how awful she looked. “You need to get to the hospital,” you instructed her.
Your throat closed up as you prepared yourself to say your goodbyes. This was it. This was probably the last time that you were ever going to see another person, but it was worth it. Knowing that she would be okay and that she would get to live her life was enough for you. You just hoped that Pennywise would end you quickly, but you already knew better.

Choking out a small sob, you opened your mouth to tell her that you loved her when you heard Pennywise speak softly from behind you, “Take her.”

“What?” Your eyes searched his as his face remained expressionless, which was uncharacteristic for him.

“Go with her.”

“But… I thought-”

“Oh, don’t worry, little human,” he taunted playfully, cutting you off. “I’ll have my time with you. You’re still mine, no matter where you are.”

Gaping at him, you still couldn’t comprehend what it was that he had just said. After everything, he was letting you go free?

What would this mean for you now? Would the torture just continue? Was he just playing more mind games with you?

Sara then fell weakly against you, pulling you from your thoughts. Without another word, you cradled your arm around her shoulder, helping her out of the house before the both of you got into your car and sped off down the road to the hospital, casting one last glance in your rearview mirror to see Pennywise smiling and waving at you with a silent promise of what was to come.

Chapter End Notes

I don't really have much to say after that. One thing I will say is that there's really nowhere left to go from here but sex. So, prepare yourselves for that.
Chapter Notes

Yay for faster updates! So, this is it, guys. The final build-up before the big sex scene that I've been promising for the past 7 chapters, haha!

As you probably know, I started this fully intending it to be no more than 3 chapters of pure, unadulterated smut, but I guess life had different plans.

Thanks again for all of the support! I hope you like this one!

Talk to me on kik: jetsetlife138
Visit me on Tumblr: jetsetlife138

Cheers xoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

No words were exchanged between the two of you as you drove erratically to the hospital. You threw concerned glances towards her here and there, just long enough to catch a few glimmers of falling tears leaving tracks on her face.

It was hard to breathe at this point. Your throat felt swollen with emotion. There was so much that you wanted to say to her, but couldn’t bring yourself to form the words. You were also still reeling over the fact that Pennywise had let the both of you go, even after you promised to trade yourself for Sara. You should have felt relieved, but instead, you were slightly terrified. There was no way that he had let you go out of the goodness of his heart. He was obviously going to expect something from you, and the thought of that was almost more frightening than if he would have just kept you there. Maybe that was what he was trying to achieve.

When you pulled up to the hospital and helped her into the urgent care, she seemed oddly calm, which you assumed was just a mix of shock and relief. The receptionist greeted the two of you kindly, though she didn’t bother looking up from whatever she was furiously typing about on her computer.
“Good evening, how can I help you?” she asked candidly, still not giving you her full attention.

Annoyed, you impatiently replied, “She’s dehydrated, malnourished, and has some sprains in her wrist and her ankle. I’m not sure if anything is broken, and she might have some internal bleeding. She needs to see a doctor. Now.”

Still rudely looking at her computer, the receptionist replied with a bored tone, “Okay, have a seat and we’ll-”

Your fists pounded loudly on the counter as anger took over your body, finally making the receptionist meet your enraged gaze with a shocked one of her own. “Did you not hear me?!” You shouted loudly for the entire waiting room to hear. “She needs help! Now!”

“Oh… oh my, of course,” the woman replied, standing up to further inspect Sara’s injuries. “What happened?”

It was then that you realized that you hadn’t come up with a valid reason for her injuries. What is it that the two of you were supposed to say? Was she going to follow through with her original story and tell the world about the demon clown that haunted Derry had kidnapped her and tortured her?

What came out of her mouth next shocked you. “I went for a walk in the woods and I got lost. It got dark and I fell down a ravine and hit my head. When I woke up, I couldn’t remember anything. My memory finally started to come back after wandering around for a few days in the woods, and Y/N found me just in time.”

You stared at her, open-mouthed at the way she smoothly explained that; as if she fully believed it herself. It was pretty far fetched, and not really believable at all… but it was probably more convincing than a story about a sadistic demon-clown.

“Okay. Just sit tight for a minute, I’ll go and grab the nurse to escort you to a room immediately.”

The two of you nodded before sitting in the corner of the waiting room, away from anyone who could overhear your conversation before you started to question her. “Sara… why didn’t you mention Pennywise at all?”

“What?” she asked, a dazed look on her face.

Sighing with awkwardness, you continued, “Listen, I’m sure it’s really hard for you to try and remember what you went through, but you’re safe now. Are you not going to tell people about him?”

She looked genuinely confused and took a moment to read your own perplexed expression before replying. “Y/N… what are you talking about? Who’s Pennywise?”

“The clown!” you began. “The one whose creepy house we just left after he had kidnapped you and tortured you for the past couple of weeks? Does none of that ring a bell?” You asked sarcastically, losing your patience, which really wasn’t fair to her at all.

Her eyes widened and she opened her mouth a few times to speak before she was actually able to verbalize her thoughts. “Are you high?”
You met her confused look with one of your own, mirroring her expression. “Sara, what is wrong with you?”

“What’s wrong with you? Y/N… you just found me in the woods literally, like, 20 minutes ago.”

You were at a loss for words. Did she honestly believe that? The experience must have been so traumatic that she created an alternate reality as to why she was so injured and malnourished. Either that or Pennywise tortured her to the point of insanity.

It was still difficult to comprehend that this was your current reality. Your cousin was alive and safe after being in the lair of the demonic clown that haunted this down. On top of that, after Pennywise finally had you in his clutches, he set you free. He could have slaughtered you both easily, but he didn’t, and that thought was still bothering you.

“Umm… I’m going to call Aunt Alyssa. Just stay here, until they come and get you, okay?”

She laughed, and pointed to her sprained ankle and said, “Where am I gonna go?” You couldn’t believe that after all that she had gone through that she was laughing. Something was off… but was it a bad thing? Maybe repressing the memories was what was best for her. What good would telling her the truth do? If she was so convinced otherwise, would she even believe you?

Aunt Alyssa was incomprehensible when you told her that Sara had been found and that she was awaiting treatment at the hospital. You barely had enough time to tell her which hospital you were at before she hung up the phone, already on her way to see her daughter.

After a couple of intense minutes later, Sara was checked in, and you thought it would be best to wait outside for Aunt Alyssa to arrive.

She arrived shortly after, Richie running in worriedly behind her. The nurse allowed them to go and be with Sara, but you still thought it would be best to hang back and let them have some time alone to catch up.

Some fresh air seemed like a good idea, so you stepped outside and inhaled some of the crisp, cool night air. It was then you sensed a sudden tingling making its way up your spine. “I know you’re out here,” you called into the darkness. “Come out, Pennywise.”

Moments later, two yellow orbs were materializing in the darkness, closely followed by his familiar clown form. You approached him timidly, not sure of what to say. Luckily, he somewhat filled the silence. “You called, my pet?”

“Are you capable of being anything more than a murderer?” you found yourself abruptly asking.

He seemed to be slightly taken aback by that, but still seemed somewhat satisfied with your question by the way his lips peeled back into a malicious grin. “I am already much more than a murderer,” he answered facetiously.

“No, I mean… Can you feel? Can you process remorse, or guilt, or even love?”

His face scrunched together in subtle disdain as if his next words tasted sour in his mouth. “Those are human emotions.”

“So, you’re saying that you’re not able to feel anything other than a need to kill?”
He didn’t reply, he only continued to stare at you with fascination, his eyes raking over your skin-tight spandex jester outfit.

You went a bit red in the face, almost forgetting that you were still dressed as Harley Quinn after the party. You found yourself impatiently snapping your fingers in front of his face to get his attention. “Pennywise, seriously. Why would you let both of us go? What’s in it for you?”

“You’re mine,” he directly stated like it was the obvious answer.

“What exactly does that even mean? If you don’t want to kill me, what do you even want with me?”

He approached you then, a hungry look in his eye as he towered over you. You braced yourself as his eyes searched yours, his breath cool on your face. Before you could react, his lips were on yours, kissing you with a fierce need. You found yourself kissing back just as hungrily, parting your lips willingly when his forked tongue prodded against you, begging for entry.

His gloved hand wrapped around the back of your head, holding you steadily in place as his tongue flicked and glided along the inside of your mouth, tasting you and savoring the flavor of your saliva. He tasted like nothing you had ever experienced before. You had kissed previously, sure, but you never really allowed yourself to revel in every part of him while you were this close together.

Something started wriggling against your leg, startling you and forcing you to pull back to nervously investigate. You gasped slightly when you saw something moving around his groin inside his tight, silk pants.

Glancing up at him, you were surprised to see him smirking knowingly at you. “Penn… i-is that…?”

He chuckled at your obvious bewilderment. “You asked what I wanted from you…” he trailed off, leaning closer to you still. “This is what I want,” he insisted, pulling you against his body so that the thick, writhing organ was rubbing against your thigh eagerly. You couldn’t stop yourself from pushing your thigh against him experimentally, earning an aroused hum from the clown.

A gasp escaped your throat as the muscle seemed to grow and move with more vigor. You then found yourself absentmindedly reaching down to rub your hand along his length tentatively, flinching when it shifted quickly against you. “Wait… this isn’t… what happened? I’ve touched you before and this isn’t…” You were at a loss for words at the foreign feeling of his genitalia rather than what you were used to regarding a regular man.

He seemed to understand your unspoken question as his smirk grew wider, along with his ego. “I was in my human form when you last touched me. This current form is not entirely human.”

“So… is this your real… uh…” you quirked your eyebrow, hoping that he’d catch on without you having to say it.

“More so than the human form, yes.”

You weren’t sure how you felt about that. This creature was clearly a foreign entity, and you couldn’t stop yourself from being intrigued by the mystery of it all, which is maybe what he was
counting on.

A thought suddenly distracted you from your absurd curious attraction. “Wait… why can’t Sara remember anything that happened? Did you hypnotize her or something?”

He chuckled at that, flashing his buck teeth at you. “I took it all away,” he rasped in a sing-song way, leaning forward to subtly rub his face in your hair.

You placed your hands on his shoulders, wanting to push him back, but not able to find the strength to do so. “What do you mean? You erased her memories?”

He hummed into your hair, sliding his face lower to graze his face against your cheek, his hands reaching around you to softly explore your body as he pressed himself against you.

If this was his way of distracting you, it was kind of working, but you were too determined to give up so easily. Finally pushing him back a bit, your curious eyes met his blown hungry ones as you asked, “Why would you do that? Why would you care if she remembered or not? Surely everyone just would have thought that she was crazy if she tried to tell anyone about a murderous clown.”

“She was broken,” he commented vaguely. “I broke her mind, but I fixed her - for you.”

Sighing heavily, you knew that was the best answer that you were going to get from him. You understood that he wasn’t capable of being sweet and considerate, so the fact that he apparently fixed her for you must have come with some sort of price, other than the fact that you had basically already agreed to be his for whatever he wanted from you.

“Thank you,” you couldn’t stop yourself from saying. He eyed you questioningly, not knowing how to respond. You doubted that anyone had ever thanked him for anything in all of his existence. “I mean, granted, you’re the asshole who kidnapped her and tortured her for days, but the fact that she’s back home and in one piece… I’m just grateful to have her back.”

He kept his expression neutral before he placed his face in the crook of your neck, inhaling deeply. You instinctually allowed your head to loll back, allowing him better access as his forked tongue darted out of his mouth to lick over your skin, sending needy shivers down your spine.

It was then that you realized how exposed you were, standing out front of a hospital, barely concealed by the shrubs on the side of the entrance. You pulled back, clearing your throat nervously. “Umm, I’m going to go and check on her.”

Before waiting for a response, you turned to leave, half expecting him to drag you back, and even worse, wishing that he would. After taking a few steps, you turned around to glance at him, only to discover that he was no longer there, having already sunken into the shadows.

After making your way up to Sara’s room, she seemed to be content and comfortable in the bed with Aunt Alyssa sobbing at her side, happy to have her daughter back. Even Richie was smiling as he chattered away, filling her in on all of the town drama she had missed while she was away. You noticed that he was careful to exclude anything regarding Pennywise, something that you knew the both of you would need to discuss later.

“I think I’m going to go home for the night,” you said, earning a nod from your Aunt.

“Are you okay?” Sara asked, giving you the urge to roll your eyes. The fact that she was more
concerned about you than herself in that moment was typical of her.

“I’m fine, but as you can see,” you motioned to your jester outfit, “I’m still dressed like Harley Quinn and I could really use a shower. You’ll see plenty of me tomorrow. I’ll be back in the morning, so if any of you need me to bring you back anything from the house, let me know.”

“Okay, sweetie. Thank you so much,” Aunt Alyssa spoke softly, tears still streaming down her face.

You hugged them all goodbye before heading home, exhaustion taking hold of you on the way there.

You trudged your way up to your room, stripping off your outfit on the way up. Heading straight for the bathroom, you turned on the scalding hot water and sighed heavily as you stepped in, allowing the water to rush over you, calming your nerves.

Scrubbing off the face paint and the party smell from your skin, you felt revived and refreshed. After taking a few more moments to enjoy the hot water, you stepped out of the shower, patted your hair dry, and wrapped the towel loosely around yourself before going back into your room.

After quickly flicking on the light, you emitted a gasp when you saw that Pennywise was there waiting for you in his human form, sprawled across your bed, a sly grin on his face.

“So seriously?” you found yourself huffing in slight annoyance, trying to diminish the spark of excitement that ignited when you saw him.

He chuckled darkly, not at all being subtle about the way his eyes raked up and down your body, covered only by the towel, your wet hair falling past your shoulders in an unkempt manner.

You didn’t miss the way his tongue darted out to lick his lips slightly before biting his bottom lip, his hungry expression sending shivers down your spine.

Turning away from him, you thought about telling him to leave, but would he listen? You had just basically traded yourself for your cousin, and you still didn’t know exactly what that had entailed. The thought of that both frightened and thrilled you. Ugh, why was this so complicated?

Searching through your closet for some loose-fitting clothing to wear to bed, your hair stood on end when you suddenly felt cold breath down the back of your neck. You didn’t have to turn around to know that he was right behind you, his tall form lurking over your own.

Moments later, his hands were snaking around your waist, pulling you towards him so that your back was against this torso. His chest was rising and falling slowly, but deeply, and you couldn’t help but want to curl into him.

Fighting the urge, you leaned forward, refusing to turn around and meet his gaze. “What do you want, Penn?” you found yourself repeatedly asking.

A low rumble escaped his throat, similar to a mix between a growl and a purr as he pulled you back towards him, ignoring the way you tried to resist.

Finally, you turned around, meeting his intense blue eyes with your own, searching his face for any indication of goodness. “I… I don’t want this,” you tried to convince him as well as yourself, but
you both knew better. Pennywise sensed what was in the minds of his victims, and he probably already knew how conflicted you were with the situation.

It was a constant battle. It was obvious that you were attracted to him, even in his clown form, but the fact that he enjoyed killing and torturing people, kids in particular, made you more than a little weary.

“Is there any good in you? I mean… do you have to be so malicious? Is killing really so essential?”

He giggled at you, fully understanding what you were getting at. “There’s nothing redeemable about me, Y/N. I know what you’re looking for, but you’re not going to find it.”

Disappointment flooded through you as your eyes fell to the floor, unable to hold his gaze. He then placed his fingers tenderly under your chin, lifting it to meet his eyes once more. “Poor little human. So torn - so guilt-ridden,” he teased, reading your tortured expression. “I don’t concern myself with those things.”

“Because you’re not human?” you questioned cautiously. “You say that you don’t feel human emotion, but you do. I’ve seen it. You’ve experienced joy, wonder, curiosity, and so many other things. I think that if you chose to, you could learn to be better. You could be less… terrorizing.”

His grin widened in response to your assumption. “Silly girl, I relish in my kills, and I don’t care who it is that I hurt. I take what I want, and enjoy the terror I inflict on my victims before stripping away their flesh with my claws and teeth. Nothing that you can ever do will change me or what I enjoy. But, you can join me,” he whispered into your ear as he leaned in to wrap his arms around you once more, bringing you closer to him.

“Penn, I-”

“Shhh,” he insisted, swaying back and forth with you, which was oddly comforting.

Just as you were about to push him away once more, he started singing that familiar eerie tune. “Down we go, down we go, to sink together as Deadlights glow…”

He trailed off, pulling back a bit to meet your eyes. His once blue crystals were now a bright, glowing yellow once more, dazzling you as he continued his song. “If you resist, the blood will flow, but submit to me, and mercy I’ll show.”

You could feel self-control crumbling, your knees going weak and your head swimming with a need that you didn’t realize that had already consumed you until that very moment. The song once again held you in a hypnotic daze, but you didn’t mind it so much this time. It was nice to actually have a break from the constant battle in your mind between giving into your urges or constantly having to stay strong.

However, the fact was, you had basically traded your freedom for Sara’s life; a choice that you would make again and again if you needed to. You were now basically his property. As much as that thought irked you and made you feel somewhat degraded, it was true.

Only when he waved his hand in front of your face did you realize that you had zoned out, probably from a mix of the song along with your own deep thoughts. He snickered when you shook off the hypnotic trance and focused on him once more.
Your heart was beating rapidly against your chest, the sound of it pumping through your ears as your throat started to close from both panic and exhilaration. You had no idea what your future had in store for you now that Pennywise was basically in charge of your life.

He leaned forward then, pressing his plump lips against your ear as he whispered, “You seem to forget that I know what’s in your mind, Y/N.”

Your eyes widened at that realization. Of course he did, that’s how he determined people’s fears. He already knew what you were thinking and feeling at all times. Fuck. Not good. Not good at all.

“Come, little human,” he urged, pulling away, cupping your cheek with one hand while running his other hand through your damp hair. “Let me use you.”

Chapter End Notes

I knowwww, I hate leaving you guys all flustered like that, but the next chapter will be worth the wait!

Let me know your thoughts!
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Ho-ly shit. We made it! I promised you lovely readers some Pennywise sex 8 chapters ago, and now, here we are.

You've all made it this far, so I dedicate this filthy, erotic chapter to all of you who have stuck with me for this fucked up roller coaster of a fic.

This has all been ridiculous. I'm ridiculous, but I have loved every minute of writing this. Thank you for the continued support!

Drumroll, please! *intense drumroll comes out of nowhere*

I present to you... SMUT!

Enjoy <3 xoxoxo

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Before you could protest, his mouth was on yours, and all insults were forgotten as you tasted him once more. Your lips moved together in perfect rhythm as he pulled you close against him, his cool chest pressed up against your warm torso.

Your hands found their way up into his silky, brunette strands as you melted into him, ignoring the tiny alarmed voice in the back of your mind, screaming at you to stop.

His dark, forked tongue prodded at your lips, subtly demanding entry before you happily opened for him, savoring the taste as he explored the caverns of your mouth, inhaling deeply as he devoured you.

It was then that you started to completely surrender yourself to him. Your mind had been going crazy, struggling with the fact that he was a killer, and had no form of conscience whatsoever. You
had no idea what he had planned after he was through seducing you, but as his hands continued to roam your body, your inhibitions went out the window, and you gave little thought to the aftermath of your actions.

Pulling away, you started to tug on his shirt as he allowed you to lift it over his head with ease. Immediately reaching for the buckle of his belt, your hands fumbled as they shook with nervousness, causing him to laugh at your needy attempt. “There’s an easier way,” he murmured seductively. Before you could comprehend his meaning, the rest of his clothes dissolved away, leaving him bare and exposed before you.

You couldn’t help but allow your eyes to drift towards his groin, where his prominent length, apart from being quite large, was surprisingly average looking. He started to chuckle darkly, and it was then that you realized that he was reading your thoughts - or emotions - or whatever the hell he did to be able to sense what was in your mind.

“Were you expecting something different?” he taunted, his lips curving subtly on the end in an enticing way.

Your throat felt swollen with embarrassment as you replied, “Honestly… yes. I mean, it felt normal when I touched you, but after earlier today at the hospital… I wasn’t sure.”

He hummed in understanding and smirked confidently. “Would you prefer my clown form?”

You couldn’t tell if he was being sincere, or if he was ridiculing you again. “Um… I-I…,” you stuttered, unable to form words, not knowing what it was that you wanted at all. You were too focused on keeping yourself from running away.

“Let me see you,” he requested gently, interrupting your thoughts before stepping back and tracing his finger along the hem of your towel, which was somehow still wrapped around you.

You were suddenly very aware of how awkward this situation was, and you were reluctant to agree to his request. “What, you’ve never seen a woman’s body before?” you asked sarcastically, which was your usual defensive mechanism.

He flashed his toothy grin at you, reading your every move. “Show me,” he demanded, ignoring your attempt at banter to stall the situation.

You were honestly surprised that he hadn’t just taken it upon himself to rip the towel from you. From what you could tell, he was used to simply taking what he wanted, with no regard for any form of consequence. Trying to comprehend why he was being so considerate of you was giving you a headache, so you pushed the troubled thoughts aside. Instead, you wrapped your shaky hands around the opening of the towel and allowed it to fall to your feet, exposing you to the cold bedroom air.

Watching him carefully, you studied him as his eyes flickered around every part of you from top to bottom. His smile widened as his tongue licked his lips, a look of unadulterated desire in his gaze.

Instead of covering yourself shyly under his stare, you stood confidently, trying to force yourself to look comfortable in your own skin. You waited patiently as he finished looking you over before he abruptly grabbed your wrist, yanking you towards him until you were flush against his torso, hitting his flesh with a subtle slap.
Without giving you a chance to process, he lifted you up and threw you over his shoulder before walking towards the bed and abruptly tossing you onto it, causing you to land with a huff. “Do you mind?” you scoffed, a bit annoyed by the unexpected roughness, but secretly enjoying it, which you were pretty sure he already knew.

He stared down at you, his tall form hovering over you while he flexed his fingers, clearly debating on what it was that he wanted to try with you first.

It wasn’t long before he decided. He crawled seductively on top of you before leaning down to kiss you roughly and sloppily. He then broke the kiss to trail his lips down your jaw before licking a thick stripe across your exposed throat, something that he liked to do often.

He continued to lick and suck at the skin there, hitting all of his favorite spots that he had previously marked on you. This caused a previous memory to spark inside of you, causing you to command, “Do not bite me.”

Looking up at you, quirking his eyebrow, he allowed his fangs to lower from his gums, tracing the sharp edges of them over your sensitive skin teasingly in response to your demand.

Struggling to stay focused, you tried your best to sound assertive. “I mean it, Penn. If you bite me, we’re done.”

“You seem to forget,” he muttered through his elongated teeth, “You belong to me. I will do with you whatever I please.” Lowering his mouth against your chest, he prodded at your skin with his fangs until blood surfaced in multiple small beads from each fang that penetrated you.

You couldn’t hold back the moan you were trying to hold back at the sensation as his tongue trailed over the injury, licking up the crimson liquid, causing him to close his eyes and release a satisfied hum. He seemed to have a way of turning pain into pleasure, and as much as it irritated you, it was ridiculously hot at the same time.

His fangs receded back into his gums as he continued to lick at your wound seductively. You found yourself reaching for one of his hands to grab it and place it on your breast, silently asking him to touch you, to which he quickly complied, squeezing the flesh experimentally and rolling your hardened nipple in between his thumb and index finger. A low groan escaped you at the sensation to which he replied with an eager purr.

He then lifted up to meet your eyes with his signature smirk as he ceased his movements. You embarrassingly found yourself whimpering at the loss of contact, begging him with a single glance to continue.

Instead, he opened his mouth widely before you heard a sickening crack, indicating that he had popped it out of place. Suddenly, his forked tongue came spilling out of his mouth at an impossible length, snaking its way down your body until it reached your most sensitive area.

Throwing your head back into the pillow, a shameless moan escaped your throat as you bucked up against him, the feeling of his rough and skilled tongue working hard against you was almost too much for you to handle at once. “O-oh my god,” you keened, too lost in bliss to form a full sentence.

He hummed happily at your response, placing his hands on your breasts once again to knead them roughly while you mewled against him. You almost lost it when his tongue went from vibrating
against your clit to penetrating forcefully inside of you, the slick muscle twisting and lapping at your inner walls. You cried out wantonly, feeling the familiar heat building up inside of you in desperate need of a release.

Just as you felt yourself on the brink of imploding, Pennywise removed his tongue, never breaking eye contact with you as he sat up, popping his jaw back into place as he grinned wickedly at your breathless form.

Slightly quivering from the intensity of his exploration, you asked with irritation, “Is this payback or something?”

“No, my pet,” he cooed softly, reaching down to brush the hair out of your face. “I have other plans for you.” Without giving you any time to prepare, he then shoved one of his long, slender fingers into you, thrusting in and out forcefully, making you choke on your own breath. He seemed to sense that he had initially been a little too rough, because his actions quickly became a bit more tender, which you were grateful for. Maybe having him read your thoughts wasn’t so bad?

After allowing you to adjust, he added a second finger, shortly followed by a third as he stretched you to prepare for his length, which you could see was prominently erect at that point, leaking fluid out of the tip. You were about to tease him about his obvious arousal when he flicked his thumb over your swollen clit as he continued to thrust in and out of your wetness. “F-fuck! Please…” you begged, knowing that he would probably enjoy that.

“Please, what?” he rasped lowly, his voice absolutely wrecked. You had never seen him like this before. You briefly wondered if this was what he was like before he slaughtered his victims. He probably got off in seeing the fear in their eyes as he ripped into them, you considering how surprised he was at the feeling he had when you touched him the last time, you doubted if he had ever taken part in any form of sexual activity for himself.

Apparently, you had taken too long to answer his question, causing him to increase his speed. “Ooh, god,” you cried, arching your back in response to his skilled fingers. “Please, more… I need you to… Ah!”

Arching his fingers, he hit your sweet spot dead on as your request got lost in your desperate cries. Forcing yourself to open your eyes to look at him, you could see that he was clearly affected by your words and the way you writhed beneath him, so needy and compliant.

You bucked widely against his fingers, your loud, hoarse moans echoing throughout the room. Through half-lidded eyes, you watched keenly as he lowered his face to your crotch, pressing his slick, wet muscle against your nub, swirling his tongue around as he continued to work inside of you.

Struggling to stay coherent, your fingers dug into the sheets as you recognized the familiar tension forming quickly in your lower half, begging to come undone. “P-Penn,” you stuttered, trying to warn him, in between your pants and mewls. “I-I’m gonna… I can’t…”

The blissful sensation was too much for you to handle. With a few final thrusts, you cried out shamelessly as the tension came undone and you lost yourself in pure pleasure, feeling your eyes roll into the back of your head as his movements never wavered, even as your inner walls convulsed around him.

You could barely make out the sound of his low laughter, clearly pleased with himself after
discovering how easily he could bring you to this state of desperate compliance.

It took you a bit to come to and remember where you were after the intensity of your orgasm. Almost too soon he removed his fingers from you and lifted them up to his mouth to lick each digit separately, savoring the taste of you.

You bit your lip in anticipation as he finished licking himself clean before he reached down to lift his swollen tip to your entrance, his eyes flicking up to relish at your facial expression.

His eyes never left yours as he pushed into you slowly, allowing you time to adjust to him, even after he had prepped you. You weren’t exactly sure how big he was, but it was enough to fill you completely - and then some.

When his hips were flush against you, you locked your legs behind him for a moment, keeping him sheathed inside of you to savor the fulfilling feeling he was giving you.

You then read his own expression, which was one of shock, and immense pleasure. His mouth was hanging open, his bottom lip trembling in a ridiculously attractive way as his chest rose and fell timidly with his deep breaths, as if he was trying to keep from spilling into you from just this simple contact.

You couldn’t help but close your eyes and allow your head to loll back against the pillow, helping to ease the tension of your current position. It was like nothing you had experienced and never knew that you needed until now. “M-move, please,” you begged breathlessly, unlocking your legs and rolling your hips against him.

Sliding out of you inch by inch, he pressed into you again with a little more force, earning a moan from the both of you. He then started to pick up the pace, creating an immense friction that was driving you absolutely crazy.

His fingers were digging harshly into your hips as he started to impale you roughly, knowing that you were no longer adjusting and instead craved to feel every thick inch of him.

Your head fell back once more as you lost yourself in the bliss of his movements. However, just as you were succumbing to the pleasure, a strange sensation on your clit had you questioning his actions. Both of his hands were on your hips while his length was still pumping in and out of you. Whatever was rubbing against your sensitive bundle of nerves was hard, fleshy, and… lubricated?

You had assumed that he had extended his tongue once more to lick against you, until you felt a similar sensation on both of your legs, sliding their way up your body, rubbing and writing against you.

You looked down expecting to see his tongue working against you, but instead, what you saw caused you to shriek loudly, abruptly pushing him off of you and crawling up towards the top of the bed in terror. “Pennywise, what the fuck!”

He was shaking with arousal at that point, a look of confusion and irritation mixed on his face at the sudden loss of contact. “What?!” he snapped back at you.

It was then that his eyes followed yours to his groin where his human-looking organ was suddenly surrounded by three other appendages, swirling and flicking around his waist, shortening in length as he pulled them back towards his body.
Though they looked similar to his strained member, they were a bit darker in color and thinner, stretching forward with ribbed edges and what appeared to be a layer of lubricant surrounding them. You had to wonder if their appearance changed with his different forms. You had never seen anything like it, and you didn’t know if it terrified you or aroused you.

“I… I-I don’t…” you stuttered, unsure of what it was that you wanted to say.

He then grabbed your ankles and forcefully pulled you towards him before semi straddling you, his large organ twitching with anticipation. You started to struggle, not wanting to be anywhere near whatever the hell was coming out of his body, when he placed a finger against your lips and whispered, “Shhh. Just relax, sweet thing. You’re going to enjoy this.”

The writhing appendages were starting to lengthen as they flicked and rubbed against your flesh, two of them wandering over your legs, wrapping themselves around your thighs to hold you in place. Panic was welling up inside your throat, not knowing where this was going to lead.

You hardly noticed the third tentacle snaking down to your opening, once again circling itself around your clit, caressing vigorously against you, causing you to squirm and moan against Pennywise, but his weight kept you down as he smirked with arrogance on top of you.

Before you could adjust to the immense pleasure, Pennywise penetrated you once more, sliding in and out of you with ease due to how wet you had become. You couldn’t believe that this was actually happening and that this was something that you found yourself wanting more of. You had never felt a sensation like this before and you felt like you were going to explode.

He was breathing heavily as he thrust roughly in and out of you, before suddenly lifting his head and opening his mouth widely as rows of sharp fangs started to protrude out of his mouth. This frightened you at first until you realized that it was probably an involuntary reaction to the pleasure that he was feeling, which was probably foreign to him.

Pulling completely out for a moment, he roughly turned you over, his lengthened appendages lifting your hips so that you were face down on the bed with your lower half raised for him so that he could take you from behind. He impaled you abruptly with a desperate need, thrusting hard and fast inside of you, earning more pleasureed cries from you.

As if you couldn’t be any more turned on, a few low groans escaped him while he was panting heavily with each thrust. He leaned forward so that his chest was flush against your back as he lifted his hand to your cheek, forcing his fingers inside of your mouth, to which you moaned wantonly. You swirled your tongue around the tips of them before closing your mouth and sucking on them harshly. He extended his tongue to lick your cheek in appreciation as he growled with arousal, causing you to feel his chest vibrate against your back.

His fingers started to creep into your hair, sending tingles throughout your body before he gathered a section in his hands and abruptly pulled back harshly, guiding you upwards as he sat up, still pounding mercilessly into you. The angle was odd but soon forgotten as his hand left your hair and reached forward to cup your breasts, kneading and massaging them in a perfect rhythm.

It wasn’t long before he realized that he wasn’t satisfied with that angle, so he pulled back a bit before twisting you around a bit more tenderly than before, which surprised you considering how lost in arousal he seemed to be.

You were once again on your back as he positioned himself between your legs. His length seemed
to swell inside of you, growing larger over time, which caused him to thrust against your g-spot with every lunge of his hips. That, in addition to one of his appendages rubbing vigorously against your clit once more while the other two continuously caressed your thighs, the feeling was almost overwhelming.

He slowly forced his sharp, jagged teeth back into his mouth before leaning down to press his lips to yours as his moves started to become sloppy and uncoordinated, indicating that he was starting to reach his peak.

Pulling back, his other appendages moved more harshly against you, bringing you closer to the edge as you cried out into the night, grateful that no one else was home because they surely would have heard you.

Your vision went white as the heat overflowed inside of you, wave after wave of pleasure crashing over you, wracking your body with absolute euphoric bliss.

The clenching of your inner walls along with the look on your face brought Pennywise over the edge as his cock twitched inside of you, spilling his seed in heavy spurts again and again as he emptied himself within your heat. His moans were almost enough to get you going again, until he fell next to you, his body trembling with the aftershocks.

After waiting a few moments to come down from your high, you couldn’t stop yourself from reaching for him, tracing the pads of your fingers along his chest, which was rising and falling quickly with the way he was trying to catch his breath. His eyes were closed, but a low purr could be heard as he seemed to relish in the touch.

Smiling at the sound, you lifted your hand to brush his hair back that had fallen into his face, which was damp with sweat. Before you could stop yourself, you were pressing your lips to his cheek before trailing down to nuzzle your nose into his neck, inhaling his scent, which was sweet and musky all at once.

In an attempt to curl yourself around him, you reached over his chest, to which he swiftly grabbed your wrist harshly, making you gasp in shock. His eyes were wide open now and staring at you with such an intensity that you thought you would melt from the heat coming off of his gaze.

He loosened his grip on your wrist and positioned his hand so that his fingers intertwined with yours as he leaned closer to you, propping himself up on his elbow so that he could hover over you. After taking a moment to inspect your face, he pressed his soft, full lips to your own to kiss you in a way that he hadn’t before. His previous kisses had been filled with desire, lust, and a carnal need. This one was far different, and uncharacteristic of him.

Far too soon, he broke the kiss and slid off of you, getting to his feet, wobbling in the process as if the act the both of you just committed was too much for his current form. “Penn… where are you going?”

He turned to give you a confused look as his clothes faded back to his body. “Are we not finished?” he asked, genuinely unsure of what you expected from him at this point.

You covered yourself haphazardly with the blanket and gave him an awkward stare. “Um… I mean, I guess? You can stay, you know. If you want.”

He took a moment to read you, probably probing your thoughts, which you were back to hating
now that he wasn’t using that gift to pleasure you.

He finally broke the tense silence with a deafening, “No.”

Before you could respond, he turned around and started walking towards your closet, which seemed to be his go-to exit.

“W-what?” You asked, anger welling up inside of you. “You stalk me for days on end, and now that you’ve gotten what you wanted, you’re done with me?”

He turned around to smirk at you in the darkness, his yellow eyes shining brightly. “Oh, we’re far from finished, Y/N,” he teased with a wink. “Sleep well. I’ll see you soon.”

And with that, he crept into the closet, leaving you to cope with what had just occurred alone in the dark.

Chapter End Notes

I don’t even really know what to say after that. This was my first time writing anything like this, so I hope it went over well? Let me know your thoughts! Do you want more of stuff like this, or do you want more fluff? Tell me what you’d like to see in the upcoming chapters!

Now, all of you, go take cold showers!
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

I'm alive!

Thank you to all of you who waited patiently for this update. You're amazing and I love you.

xoxoxo

As tired as you were, you couldn’t bring yourself to fall asleep. His haunting gaze plagued your mind as you tossed and turned in your bed, feeling somewhat empty after he had left you there alone. You really shouldn’t have expected much from the encounter. He was, after all, a selfish creature, but still, you couldn’t help but wish that he were there with you. You were in a vulnerable place after allowing him to experience the most intimate parts of you, and his presence would have helped put you at ease - or so you imagined.

Eventually, you were able to fall into a restless sleep until your phone went off the next morning. Aunt Alyssa had called and asked you to come into the restaurant early because one of the other staff members had called out sick. If you were being honest, you were grateful for the distraction and agreed to come and help.

After a quick shower and throwing on your uniform, you quickly made your way across town, anxious to get your mind off of what might have been the biggest mistake of your life last night.

Luckily, the restaurant was buzzing with people and you were kept incredibly busy during your shift. You really didn’t have time to think about the previous night or what would become of your relationship with Pennywise, which eased your stress significantly.

However, that all came to an abrupt halt when a familiar face caught your attention in the corner booth of the restaurant. You had to do a double-take to ensure that your eyes weren’t playing tricks on you. Sure enough, much to your dismay, sitting in the booth was your ex-boyfriend, who stuck
out like a sore thumb in his California attire among the modestly dressed citizens of Derry.

You sauntered over to the table, trying to keep your facial expression as neutral as possible, but probably failing. “David?” You asked as you approached the table.

He grinned awkwardly at you, lifting his hand to give a small wave. “Hey, Y/N.”

“How- um… what are you doing here?”

“Wow,” he breathed, ignoring your question, eyeing you up and down. “You look incredible. I know that it’s only been a few weeks, but fuck, you look good.”

You crossed your arms impatiently, frowning at him. You knew you looked like shit. Your hair was frayed and unkempt, due to falling out of place during your shift. Your make-up probably running from being near the hot kitchen and your apron was stained with macaroni and cheese that a bratty kid had thrown at you earlier because you didn’t have any chocolate milk available.

He clearly noticed your disapproving stare, causing him to clear his throat nervously before speaking once more. “I just really needed to see you.”

“Why?” you asked bluntly, not bothering with pleasantries. “What was so important that you had to travel across the country without giving me any sort of notice?”

“I tried!” he replied with exasperation. “I mean, you left in such a hurry, and you wouldn’t answer my calls or my texts-”

“David, we’re not dating anymore. I thought that was clear. I don’t owe you any form of explanation for why I left, and we didn’t really leave things on the best of terms, so what makes you think that I would want to talk to you anyway?”

“I know, I know,” he mumbled, looking up at you with pleading eyes. “I really needed to talk to you. Y/N. It’s important.”

You scoffed at his attempt at reasoning, making you even more irritated. “So you chose to hunt me down at my place of work to have this talk? David, this really isn’t the time or place for this-”

“Okay, yeah, I get it I just… I couldn’t wait to see you.” You fought the urge to roll your eyes, keeping your gaze as cold as possible, which didn’t appear to phase him as much as you had hoped. “Can we meet later? There’s a bar down the street called Roscoes. Meet me for a drink and hear me out?”

Pursing your lips with contemplation, you knew that it probably wasn’t a good idea to be around him again, but since he had flown all the way here, your curiosity was too much for you to turn down.

“Please, Y/N?” he asked again, the desperation apparent in his fixed stare.

Sighing softly, you nodded your head in agreement, to which he beamed in response. “Thank you. I mean it, I know how uncomfortable this situation is, but it really is so good to see you. Meet me there around 8?”

“Yeah, okay,” you agreed. “See you then.”
He left a $20 on the table even though he hadn’t ordered anything and slowly walked out the door, turning around once more to grin widely at you. You hated the way you missed his bow-legged walk and you were even more upset that a tiny smile graced your lips at the thought of meeting him later. Something about his presence made you remember a simpler time in your life. Even though it was only a few weeks ago, it felt like a lifetime away.

A shrill, demanding voice from a table nearby asking you for water pulled you from your daze, and you once again allowed your job to steal focus in your mind.

After your shift, you were eager to visit Sara in the hospital. According to Aunt Alyssa, she was doing really well, which was both comforting and shocking considering what she had been through.

She greeted you with a radiant smile when you entered her hospital room. You had always been somewhat envious of the way that she could light up a room with merely her presence. You would expect most journalists to be cold and insincere, but not her. Her kind and caring disposition never faltered.

“Hey, Sara,” you smiled as you gave her a tender hug considering she was still pretty bruised and battered.

She hugged you tightly in return before eyeing the bag in your hand. “What’s that?”

Setting the bag on her tray table, you answered giddily, “It’s your favorite soup from the restaurant. I figured you could use a pick-me-up.”

She gasped playfully to convey her excitement, beaming at you with a hopeful look. “Butternut squash?”

“Duh. Do you have another favorite soup?” you laughed with a wink.

“You’re a saint,” she praised as she opened the bag and inhaled deeply to bask in the aroma. “Oh my god, it smells amazing, thank you so much.”

You took a seat next to her bed and watched as she unwrapped her soup and started to take small sips of it. “So, how are you feeling?”

She set down the soup for a moment to let it cool before answering. “I’m doing well. The doctor said that my ankle was broken and started to heal like that, so they had to reset it, but the surgery went just as planned and it will mend just fine. I’m only still here so that they can monitor my concussion. I’m also still recovering from malnourishment and whatnot, so they want to keep an eye on me for the next couple of days, but then I can go home.”

“That’s wonderful,” you commented, trying to force a smile while guilt flooded through you. “I’m really glad that you’re okay.”

“For the most part…” she trailed off as she took a large mouthful of soup.

“What do you mean?”

She swallowed her soup, relishing in the taste before replying. “I’ve been having nightmares ever
since the night you found me. I haven’t been able to sleep much on my own, so they have to knock me out with drugs.”

You started to wring your hands nervously before replying, afraid of prodding any further in fear of what might be revealed. “Um… what kind of nightmares?”

She seemed unphased by discussing them as she proceeded to tell you between each spoonful of soup. “A creepy clown is torturing me in the darkness.”

“A creepy clown?” you reply, your body tensing up. You could swear that you almost felt your own blood thinning from the chill in the room.

“Yeah, he’s really tall and lanky, with these piercing unnatural yellow eyes. In my dreams, he keeps hurting me; torturing me to the brink of insanity, and I’m afraid that when he’s done, he’s going to eat me.” She laughed, throwing you off guard. “It’s ridiculous, I don’t know where that came from, but I can’t stop dreaming about it. I know how absurd it sounds, but when it’s happening, I’m so terrified that it gets really hard to distinguish my nightmare from reality. I wake up in a terror sweat and am convinced that he’s here, watching me. It gets bad sometimes…”

“Sara,” you choke out, holding back a remorseful sob. “I’m so sorry.”

She waved her hand at you dismissively. “It’s not your fault. I’m sure I’ll get over it, it’s probably just a reaction from the trauma of being stranded for such a prolonged length of time. I’m fine, Y/N.”

You knew better than that. You should have known that Pennywise couldn’t completely undo the damage with a simple mind cleanse. She would forever be psychologically scarred, even if she didn’t realize it. “Have you told anyone else about these dreams?”

“Other than the doctors, I’ve told Mom and Richie. Mom wasn’t too concerned, she also thinks that it’s just a side effect, but for some reason, it really had an impact on Richie. I forgot how terrified of clowns he is. I probably shouldn’t have told him.”

You inwardly cringed at the thought of Richie having to listen to all of that and have the decency to keep it to himself. You had to give him credit for keeping his mouth shut, which is something that he didn’t ever seem to be capable of doing, but you guessed when it came to Sara, he somehow managed.

Before you could comment, Aunt Alyssa and Richie walked into the room. “Oh, Y/N! I didn’t know that you would be here,” your aunt commented happily. “I thought that you’d be getting ready for your big date.”

Baffled by her statement, you asked, “First of all, it’s not a date. Secondly, how do you know about that?”

She blushed. “Well, I couldn’t help but overhear you and that man earlier. I was a bit shocked to hear that you agreed to go out with him. I thought that you were still seeing that other man, Penn.”

“Penn?” Sara blurted out questioningly. “Who is that? You’re dating someone here?”

“Um…” you trailed off, struggling to find an explanation.
“Oh, you should have seen them at dinner,” Aunt Alyssa continued gleefully. “They really were cute together. He’s a very charming young man, I was hoping to see him again. Granted, he’s a bit odd and very intense, but he seemed to treat her well.”

“Wait…” you heard Richie interject from the corner of the room, stepping forward to stare at you with disbelief. “Penn? Penn is who was with you outside of the restaurant the other night?”

The color started to drain from your face as he started to put the pieces together. “Was he the guy who was with you in the hospital last week? After you almost died?”

“Whoa, what?” Sara exclaimed, her voice hoarse with shock as she elicited a shriek. “You almost died?!”

“I…”

“Oh, so you’ve met him?” Aunt Alyssa asked Richie, causing you to panic even more. “I thought you knew, sweetie. He saved her from the accident.”

“What?!” Richie shouted, his anger boiling over. You threw a pleading look at him to stop talking, but he either didn’t notice or didn’t care. “That son of a bitch saved you?! What was he doing there in the first place?”

“Richard, watch your mouth,” your aunt scolded, giving him a disapproving look.

“Uh, hello? Is someone going to explain to me how you almost died? What, is this family cursed or something?” Sara questioned.

“Something like that,” you mumbled under your breath.

“We’re not cursed, but someone apparently cares more about getting her rocks off than protecting innocent people!” Richie shouted.

“Seriously, Richie?” you seethed, glaring at him from across the room.

Ignoring Richie’s odd accusation, your aunt addressed Sara’s concerns, saving you the trouble of doing so. “Y/N is fine, Sara. She was in an accident, but Penn saved her, and brought her to the hospital.”

Sara’s eyes were wide with confusion and bewilderment. “I’m still lost. If this Penn guy is the one that you’ve supposedly been seeing, who are you meeting tonight?”

“His name is David, right?” your aunt answered for you before you could stop her.

“David?!” Sara replied, “As in your ex-boyfriend?!”

“Oh god…” you groaned softly, lowering your head in your hands, no longer able to handle the direction this conversation was headed.

“Wait a fucking minute!” Richie shouted over the chatter, pulling everyone’s attention towards him.

He paid absolutely no attention to her as his eyes were fixated on you, glaring at you through his thick-framed glasses.

“Richie…” you pleaded quietly, begging him with your eyes not to say anything else. “Why don’t you and I get some air for a bit so that Aunt Alyssa can catch Sara up on what she’s missed. Sound good?”

Without a reply, he stomped out of the room, not waiting for you to follow him. You threw an apologetic glance at your aunt and cousin, meeting their confused stares with your own remorseful one before you followed him out into the garden area outside.

You barely caught up with him before he spun around and started shouting at you. “Are you fucking kidding me, Y/N?! Seriously?! You’ve been with him this whole time?!”

“Shhh! Richie, please, calm down, I can explain everything.”

“Oh, really?” he snarled. “You have an explanation as to why you allowed the fucking clown to be around my mom? Oh, and did Sara tell you about the nightmares? I suppose so long as she believes that they really are just nightmares, she’ll be fine, right?” he bellowed sarcastically. “And we’re all just supposed to believe that she got lost in the woods, huh?”

You were frantically looking around to make sure that no one could overhear the bizarre conversation you were having. The last thing you needed was to try and explain something as nonsensical as a murderous clown to a random passerby. “No, of course not. Pennywise wiped her memory to spare her from the trauma-”

“How fucking nice of him!” he shouted, cutting you off. “Nevermind the fact that he tortured her for weeks! So, what, he just let her go? Just like that? What happened, Y/N?!”

“Richie…” you couldn’t come up with anything else to tell him. You wanted more than anything to keep the truth from him. You didn’t want him to know that you had basically traded yourself for your cousin. That would only cause him more pain than he was already feeling. It was obvious that he felt betrayed, and he absolutely had a right to feel that way.

“What was the price, Y/N?” he asked, breaking your thought process.

“Nothing,” you lied, giving yourself away by refusing to meet his eyes. Fuck, you really needed to pull yourself together. “Just that we stop trying to kill him. That’s all. He doesn’t want to be looking over his shoulder to find you or your friends impaling him with a lead pipe.”

He eyed you suspiciously. “So we’re just supposed to let him keep on killing innocent people? Just because he spared our family, it’s okay for him to rip apart others?”

“No, of course not-”

“So what the fuck?! How are we supposed to agree to that? And if we don’t, does that mean he’s going to kill Sara? Or you? When is it going to stop, Y/N?! Until he kills everyone that we care about before finally hunting us down and gutting us?!”

“I’m working on a plan,” you stuttered, your voice losing what little confidence you had left.
“Oh, yeah, because that worked out so well last time, right?”

“Alright, Richie, knock it off,” you demanded. Your tone changed immediately from guilty to assertive, causing him to actually shut his mouth for once.

You sighed heavily, contemplating your next words carefully. “Listen, I know that this is all overwhelming. It is for me too. And maybe trying to keep you out of it was a bad decision. I was trying to protect you, but I know that you just want to help. If I’m being honest, I’m kind of making this up as I go along. He seems to always be one step ahead of me, and I don’t know what I’m doing with him.”

“Do you like him?” he asked simply, crossing his arms like a disappointed parent.

“Do I like him?” you repeated, not sure if you heard correctly.

He stared at you, waiting for a reply. “No… of course I don’t. He’s… he’s an asshole. He’s a manipulator and a murderer. He terrorized our family and he’ll continue to do so to others. No, I don’t like him, Richie.”

He snorted in response, rolling his eyes dramatically. “What?”

“Either you’re lying straight to my face again, or you’re lying to yourself.”

You were speechless. For a snarky little 14-year-old, he saw right through you and hit you where it hurt.

“I…” you didn’t have words. You didn’t know what to say to him. How did he seem so wise all of a sudden? Richie “Trashmouth” Tozier. The class clown now had a better grip on life than you did? How the fuck did that happen?

You felt shame cloud around you as the realization hit you like a truck. As much as you despised Penn, you seemed to crave his presence like an addict aching for their favorite drug. Not that it mattered anyway as you had already sort of pledged yourself to him in exchange for your cousin. There was no turning back from that, but he still hadn’t set any boundaries or rules for you, which meant that you just had to play it out as best you could.

Sighing heavily once more, you scrunched your face in thought, bringing your fingers to pinch the brink of your nose while you tried to think of a good response. “Just… please, give me time, Richie. I promise you that we’ll get this sorted out, but can we please just take a break and enjoy the fact that Sara is home? Please?”

You weren’t used to talking to him like this. At his age, you still expected Richie to be juvenile and ignorant to such a horrific situation - which, he kind of was, but he also had street smarts about him that you admired, and he was a brave little jerk. The thought of that actually made you proud.

“Whatever, fine,” he huffed. “We’re not done with the clown, though. We’re the only ones who know the truth, and if he kills any other people, it’s on you for not stopping it. You understand that, right?”

“Yes, Richie. I get it.”

“Fine. I’m going inside. Don’t you have a date to get ready for?”
“Ugh,” you huffed. “It’s not a date. It’s a… reunion of sorts.”

He tilted his head, crooking his eyebrow skeptically at you. “Whatever. Whoever he is, you’d be better off fucking him than you would be the clown.”

“Bite me,” you taunted, knowing that he was serious, but there was still a bit of teasing in his words.

He rolled his eyes once more before turning around to go back inside as you shouted after him, “Tell Sara and Aunt Alyssa that I’ll check in again tomorrow, okay?”

“Yeah, yeah,” he commented unenthusiastically behind him before he disappeared through the doors.

“Fuck,” you mumbled to yourself as you headed towards your car, a headache starting to form at how many secrets and stories you were trying to keep straight in your mind. You were never very good at covering things up, and you were surprised that you had managed to keep it all together so far. There was no telling how long that would be able to last.

When you arrived home, you trudged up the stairs, knowing that tonight was going to be stressful. You were not looking forward to having to reiterate to David once again that it was over between the two of you. The thought of him being here while everything was happening was just causing you even more stress, and you desperately needed some form of release.

Your heart skipped a beat when you reached your room and turned on your light to see Pennywise sitting casually on your bed, clearly waiting for you to arrive home. “Hello, love,” he greeted you with a wide smile, showing off his pointed teeth.

“I’m not doing this with you right now, Pennywise,” you commented tiredly, making your way to the bathroom. He caught your wrist harshly, spinning you around to force your chest against his, knocking the breath out of you. “Penn, I mean it. Stop.”

“Now, now,” he cooed as he placed a gloved finger over your lips to shush you. “Has someone had a bad day?”

“You have no idea,” you mumbled, trying to turn away from him once more before he wrapped his long arms around you. The cool, smooth silk of his outfit was sending pangs of pleasure over your skin, making you want to melt into him.

He dipped his head into the crook of your neck, inhaling deeply before pulling back just enough to give your cheek a kitten lick with his forked tongue. Suddenly, his posture turned ridged and he straightened up, casting a judgemental stare down at you. “Is there something you want to tell me?” he seethed, causing a shiver to run down your spine.

“No,” you answered a little too quickly. It wasn’t a lie, but you didn’t want to tell him about meeting up with David tonight, though you already knew that he could sense your unease about it.

He placed his lengthy index finger under your chin, lifting your face to meet his cold and calculated gaze, his eyes filled with warning. “Don’t lie to me,” he demanded.

Pulling your face away in irritation, you met his angry stare with a harsh one of your own. “Oh, so
A low growl emitted from deep within his chest at your audacity. It was easy to forget that he could slaughter you with a flick of his wrist, and you were constantly pushing your boundaries with him, which you suspected that he somewhat enjoyed, the sadistic bastard. “Thanks for last night, by the way, you ass.”

His angry demeanor seemed to calm for a moment as his facial expression turned to that of confusion. “You don’t sound pleased,” he commented candidly. “I was under the impression that last night was pleasurable for the both of us, was it not?”

“Ugh!” you scoffed, turning away from him, still trying to get away. He allowed you to escape his grasp, but you didn’t go far before turning around to snap at him again. “I’m guessing that wasn’t your first hit-and-run?”

He still looked genuinely baffled and not able to understand the reasoning for your outrage. “Did I not satisfy you? Were you wanting more?”

“Yes! Um… No! Ugh, I don’t know,” you stammered as you stomped past him and sat on your bed, throwing your head into your hands. “You shouldn’t have just left me here, Penn.”

“I didn’t realize that you were craving intimacy,” he stated calmly. You looked up to glare at him, but you noticed a smirk on his painted red lips.

You raised your middle finger at him, to which he giggled in return, sending chills up your spine. Though his wicked disposition had changed a bit from when you first met him, he was still frightening. There were so many layers to him, you never knew which Pennywise you were dealing with.

He stepped in front of you and took both of your hands in his, lifting you up from the bed so that you were standing in front of him, meeting his intense blue eyes, which you knew meant that he was composed, putting you a bit at ease. “I had to feed,” he finally answered.

Your eyes widened instinctively, causing his smirk to widen. “After mating with you, the hunger was almost unbearable. I had to leave you to feed so that I wouldn’t turn elsewhere to satiate the hunger. Do you understand?”

It was just like Richie had said. He killed yet another person, maybe even someone that you knew. This was never going to stop and you were partially responsible.

You removed your hands from his and slipped past him, not saying another word as you gathered your things to get ready for meeting David.

He grabbed your wrist once more and the same animal-like growl erupted from his throat even more viciously than before. “You’re not going,” he snarled.

“Excuse me?” you question, turning to face him with a challenging glare.

He took a step closer towards you, his blue eyes now glaring in a hypnotizing shade of yellow, indicating his change in mood. “We had a deal.”

“I haven’t broken our deal, Penn.” His lip curled in disapproval at the way you spat out the word.
“You gave me the freedom to go, and now I’m living my life, just like you told me to do. Why is that suddenly a problem?”

“I gave you permission to leave with your loved one. That doesn’t mean that you can lend yourself out to another human that you’ve previously bedded.”

You gave him a slight shove, which was probably really stupid on your part, but you couldn’t stop yourself. He stumbled back a few steps but kept his expression steady. You didn’t miss the way his fingers flexed and he crooked his neck as if he were preparing for an attack. Your body started to tremble instinctively as your fight-or-flight response kicked in. Eventually, you decided to fight. “I don’t understand you! Do you have a multi-personality disorder? I mean, I get it, you’re a manipulative, sadistic asshole, but I’ve seen another part of you, Penn. You have kindness in you, as much as you try to suppress it. I’ve already told you that I would trade myself for Sara, what more do you want from me?”

“You already know what I want,” he seethed, stepping closer to you. You heard the subtle sound of fabric tearing, causing you to look down and see black claws seeping out from behind his gloves.

Your heart was thumping rapidly against your chest as you tried to calm yourself in order to prevent what could possibly be your death due to an overreaction. You took a deep breath and forced yourself to step closer to him, showing him that you had no intention of running. “I just… I don’t understand how you can be so cruel and yet sometimes so gentle. I don’t know what part of you is real, Penn. How do you expect me to connect with you?”

He took two long strides towards you, now towering over your small form, his eyes revealing a craving that you recognized. “Let me show you,” he purred, his voice laced with a delicious malevolence. “It seems like you need reminding of who you belong to.”
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

I'M ALIVE!!!

I cannot apologize enough for how long it took me to update this time. I really hope that you all haven't forgotten about me and moved on! *sob*

I won't bore you with the details that is my trash life.

I hope that this super long chapter somewhat softens the blow.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sound of his voice sent chills down your spine as he eyed you hungrily like a lion stalking his prey. You opened your mouth to speak for but fell short as his hand lifted to your face, black claws seeping through the torn fabric on the tips of his gloved fingers. You flinched as he ran one of his sharp nails along your cheek, surprised and grateful that it didn’t break the skin.

“Such a pretty thing,” he cooed as his hand trailed lower over your neck and collarbone. “I don’t often surround myself with pretty things, but you’re my exception.”

“Uhh,” you stuttered nervously, unable to ignore the feeling of his pointed claw edging further down in between the crevice of your breasts. “Am I supposed to be flattered?”

He chuckled darkly, digging his claw into your shirt, somehow avoiding your sensitive skin to hook it underneath the fabric before ripping it harshly towards him. You stumbled forward a couple of steps due to the force of his actions as your shirt ripped opened effortlessly, revealing your bra.

Looking down to inspect the damage, you scoffed at his handiwork. “You could have just asked,” you huffed. “You owe me a new shirt.”

“Enough,” he silenced you. Gazing at him impatiently, you watched as he leaned into you, inhaling
deeply before releasing a disgusted noise. “You reek of him. Remove your clothes.”

“No happening,” you argued, attempting to turn around before he grabbed your wrist and spun you around, taking it upon himself to then scoop you up and haul you over his shoulder. “Hey!” you squeaked, not expecting to be so forcefully handled. “What the hell! Pennywise, stop!”

He carried you into the bathroom before allowing you to slide down from his shoulders and land harshly on the top of the toilet seat with a thud. He continued to look at you expectantly, waiting for you to follow his previous instructions.

You crossed your arms defiantly before addressing him. “You’re seriously doing this? I smell too much like another person and you’re trying to make me shower? This is how you expect me to connect with you? You’re being ridiculous.”

He sneered at you, taking a moment to contemplate his words. “I never said that I wanted to connect with you,” he replied harshly before a malevolent grin spread slowly across his face. “I want to use you.”

His eyes blazed as he viciously pulled you up from your sitting position and started to savagely pull off your clothing. Instead of fighting him, you realized that you were somewhat excited by his actions. Leaving you bare, he then reached into the shower to turn the water on. You couldn’t help but grin at his actions. He was being almost… normal - considering he was a demonic clown in your bathroom forcing you to wash off the smell of your ex-boyfriend. He turned around to stare at you with determination before he demanded, “Get in.”

Complying with his request without a fuss, you stepped into the shower slowly before spinning around quickly and grabbing him by his fluffy collar, pulling him into the shower with you.

He stumbled forward, surprised by the unexpected action, but said nothing as he steadied himself, staring down at you, waiting for your next move.

You couldn’t help but gawk at him as the steam surrounded his tall, lanky form; his once messy red hair was tamed by the shower as the water dripped down his form. You reached forward to rub your thumb against his cheek, expecting to smear the red and white paint that adorned his face, but furrowed your brows when you realized that the coloration was simply part of his skin, embedded beneath the surface. “That is so weird,” you breathed, which caused him to laugh softly.

“I’m still going to meet him tonight, you know,” you commented, earning a glare in response.

“Silly girl,” he taunted with false sweetness. “Wants all of her friends to be part of the circus. I’ll bet he floats. They all float down there.”

You scoffed, rolling your eyes at his vague and threatening response. “You know, I’ve got to say, I don’t miss your riddles.” He continued to stare at you, his infuriatingly attractive smirk almost distracting you from your words. “You’ve made it clear that you’re capable of speaking straightforwardly. Why do you continue to talk in riddles?”

His red lips peeled back to reveal his large buckteeth as he chuckled with amusement, still not answering you. You continued to press daringly, “I never know what’s real when it comes to you. How do you really speak? What do you even really look like?”

“Nothing is real,” he answered bluntly.
“I’m real,” you countered as you placed a hand on his chest. “You’re real.” You leaned forward, your mouth hovering over his before whispering, “This...” you speak against his lips. “This is real.”

A growl tore from his throat as he surged forward, kissing you hungrily. You would have been knocked backwards if it weren’t for his strong grip on your hips, drawing you closer.

His tongue delved into your mouth, his sweet flavor gliding over your taste buds. Your hands crept up into his hair as you pulled dully, earning a low moan from him in return.

Suddenly, you were pushed back until you fell against the tile of the shower, unprepared for the chill that went through you. His eyes never left yours as he licked and nipped down your body, stopping only when he was on his knees, his mouth salivating directly over your sex.

You bit your lip in anticipation as you watched his tongue stretch from his mouth at an impossible length as it licked a teasing strip through your folds. A whine escaped your throat as you spread your legs for him, indicating that you were ready for whatever it was he wanted to do to you.

His blackened fingers dug into your thighs as he surged forward, plunging into you, lapping at you greedily. “Mmph,” you keened, fighting the urge to roll against him.

Your breath hitched in your throat as you felt one of his hands slide towards your heat, causing you to break out of the hypnotic hold he had you in. “Penn, wait-” you gasped, scared that his claws would tear you to shreds.

He seemed to know what your hesitance was and without his tongue ever leaving you, he held up his hand briefly to show you that though the fingers were still elongated and black, the claws had been withdrawn, indicating that it was safe to use for... other purposes.

You nodded your head in approval, causing a knowing chuckle to escape him as he slipped one of his digits into your core, sliding in with ease and precision. You threw your head back against the tile, the chill of the porcelain long forgotten as he pumped in and out of you, not waiting long to add a second finger to stretch you.

“Please,” you begged, knowing how much he loved that.

He slowly withdrew his fingers and gave you a few more teasing laps of his tongue before standing up twisting you around roughly so that your back was pressed against his front. The feeling of the soaked silk on his body was oddly comforting, though you were surprised that he didn’t just remove his clothes altogether.

Placing a hand on your back, he pushed lightly, guiding you forward so that you were leaning down, placing your hands on the bottom ledge of the shower, which was just high enough to make it not so uncomfortable.

You shivered as you felt his claws rake your back lightly, not enough to break the skin, but enough to let you know that your life was literally in his hands.

A subtle noise like the movement of fabric held your focus as you waited to feel him once again. You couldn’t stop the moan that you released as you felt his thick head teasingly rub against your entrance.

As an attempt to speed things along, you tried to push yourself onto him, which made him hold your hips more tightly as he laughed darkly at your desperate state.
Groaning with impatience, you snapped, “Just do it already!” and without further hesitance, he impaled you mercilessly, almost knocking the breath out of you.

Your body was in a euphoric bliss. You didn’t remember it feeling this good. His length was thick and textured in a way that hit every needy spot within you, causing a loud moan to erupt from your throat as soon as he was completely sheathed inside of you. Yet again, he surprised you with what was hiding beneath his exterior form. You could feel that something was different. There was no way that whatever was inside of you was human. Though it should have terrified you, maybe even disgusted you, you couldn’t concentrate on anything other than how amazing it felt.

While you were crying out in bliss, he didn’t waste any time in picking up the pace. This wasn’t like before when he was cautiously experimenting with you and discovering this new pastime. He knew what he wanted, and he wanted it hard and fast, which you weren’t complaining about.

He grabbed your left arm to pull you up from your leaning position as he continued to pound into you at a relentless rate, earning more wanton cries and moans from you.

Forcing you back even more so that your face was next to his, his arm continued to hold you still, his grip becoming almost painful as his other clawed hand reached across your neck to choke you slightly. At this angle, you could hear every short, hurried breath that escaped his lips as his needy motions continued, taking you fiercely from behind.

You should have been scared. You should have been upset with the way he was treating you, but you felt the complete opposite. You somehow enjoyed it, and seeing as how he could read your thoughts and feelings, he was definitely aware of that.

If he hadn’t been supporting your weight entirely, you would have fallen. You felt yourself become boneless and weak against his thrusts, concentrating only on the euphoria coursing through your body.

You had also noticed that though you were being impaled by an inhuman organ, there was only one appendage this time rather than multiple ones, which you had assumed that Pennywise had kept hidden for your benefit. Though, to be honest, it wasn’t something that you would completely rule out in the future.

A couple of hard thrusts right into your sweet spot had you starting to come undone against him. You could also feel that he was getting close because his movements became less focused and his body began to shake against you. You could picture his teeth jetting out of his mouth as they tended to do when he was aroused.

You knew that he might lose himself before you, so you took one of your hands and held it over his hand, which was grasping your hip tightly. As you hooked your other arm up and around his neck, you guided his other hand to your bundle of nerves, using his fingers to rub against you. The moment he began to trace circles around you, you cried out and gripped onto him for dear life before you lost yourself completely. Moments later, you came undone against him, wave after wave of intensity coursing through your body.

As you wracked and writhed against him, he lost himself shortly after, hot spurts filling your core as he emptied himself inside of you.

When he was finished, he released his iron grip on you and allowed you to pull off of him before you fell back onto his chest. He held you against him as you both sank to the ground, too weak to continue standing.
The only sound surrounding you was the running water along with the both of you panting for breath. It was comforting to feel his chest rise and fall deeply against your back.

You figured that this would end just as abruptly as it did last time, so without another word, you pulled yourself up and stepped out of the shower, not bothering to look back at him as you turned off the water, grabbed a towel, and started to dry off.

After you were fairly dry, you turned around, surprised to see that Pennywise was still there, standing outside of the shower door, water dripping from his clothes onto the floor, his silk costume clinging to his skin.

You suppressed a laugh at the sight of him before approaching him and dabbing at his face delicately with the towel, wiping off the water that was dripping down.

He closed his eyes and emitted something similar to that of a purr, which calmed you as you continued to reach up and dry his wild red hair.

When you went to dry off his clothing, you realized that they were no longer wet, causing you to look up at him, perplexed. He smirked knowingly at you before reaching down and placing a gentle kiss to your lips.

When the kiss broke, you pressed your forehead to his as you asked softly, “Penn, what’s gotten into you?”

“Hmm?” he hummed questioningly in response.

As content as you were with how he was acting, something was off, and you had to know. “Why are you being so… sweet?”

“Is this not what you wanted?” he asked, nuzzling his face against yours as he made his way down to the crook of your neck, kissing and nibbling softly. That’s when you realized what it was that he was doing.

You pushed him back defensively, taking him by surprise. “You bastard!”

He looked at you quizzically, narrowing his eyes as he waited for an explanation. “You’re trying to get me to stay instead of going out with David! Oh my god, how did I not see this sooner?”

He said nothing in return. He only continued to stare at you, his face expressionless, which unnerved you further.

Not wanting to give him the satisfaction of winning, you brushed past him, irritated with how close he was to keeping you away from David. “Okay, well, thanks to you, I’m late. Thanks for… whatever that was, but I’m going.”

You started to hustle around your room, gathering your things before turning to express more of your annoyance. “And another thing, I-” but you fell short when you realized that you were alone in your room.

A twinge of guilt rang through you at the way you had treated him. Maybe he was actually being sincere? He knew how upset you were the last time after he had just left you alone after your intimate encounter. Instead of dwelling on it, you shook it off, knowing that you would have the chance to address it later as you continued to get ready to meet David.
You were feeling more nervous than expected as you pulled up to Roscoe’s, the bar where you had agreed to meet David. There was honestly no chance in hell that you would allow David to come back into your life, but still, something must have been important if he came all this way just to talk to you.

Entering the cozy bar, which was surprisingly busy considering the early hour, you saw David immediately, sitting at a small high-top table right in the center of the room. How typical. He never really had a sense of privacy.

Fighting the urge to roll your eyes, you casually made your way over to the table. When he caught sight of you, he waved sheepishly, signaling that he might be feeling just as nervous as you were.

“Hi, David,” you commented candidly, sliding into the chair across from him.

He smiled genuinely at you, which irritated you. How dare he think that he has the right to be friendly with you as if nothing happened? “Hey, Y/N. I hope you don’t mind, I already ordered us drinks.” Before you could reply, the server approached your table with a beer and a French martini.

You glared at the drink as David thanked the server before you blurted out, “Don’t do that.”

Looking taken aback, he asked, “Don’t do what?”

“That,” you answered, nodding towards the drink. “Don’t pretend that you already know what I would have ordered. You don’t know me as well as you think. You made it very clear that you don’t.”

His eyes cast down on the table as he sighed, making it apparent that something was troubling him. “I’m sorry, Y/N. I don’t mean to upset you. I just thought that you still liked those.”

“I can order my own drinks, thank you.” You motioned to the server and apologized for the incorrect drink order and asked for a beer instead, noting the shocked look on David’s face, though, to his credit, he didn’t comment further. For the entire duration of your relationship with him, you had a habit of ordering fruity, classy drinks. After you broke up, beer seemed to be the only thing that would quiet the noise in your head.

As you waited for the server to return, you decided to make yourself comfortable and remove your jacket, placing it on the back of the chair. When you turned back around to face David, his face scrunched into a disturbed expression as he glanced down at your arm. You followed his gaze to see a large bruise forming on your skin in the clear shape of a hand from Pennywise’s rough play in the shower.

You immediately went to cover it, but David was too quick and gripped your wrist, pulling your arm towards him to inspect it further. “What happened?” he asked with concern.

Ripping your arm from his grasp, you replied, “Nothing.” You knew he wouldn’t go for it, but your mind couldn’t come up with anything on the spot. How do you explain something like that?

“That’s not nothing, Y/N.” His facial expression then changed to anger as he must have put the pieces together. “Who did that to you?”

Your throat started to close as a thin layer of sweat formed on your skin. It was getting difficult to breathe as you tried to make something up, frustration welling up inside of you as you became upset that he was concerned in the first place.
“David, say what you need to say so that I can get out of here.”

“I see,” he scoffed. “You break up with me after I make one mistake, but you’ll stay with a guy who will do that to you? Your priorities need to be checked.”

“I’m not doing this with you,” you stated as you turned around, grabbed your jacket and started to stand from the table to leave.

“No, Y/N, wait! Please – I’m sorry. I know that it’s none of my business. I lost that privilege; I just couldn’t help but fall into old habits. Please, hear me out?”

You took a moment to consider before slowly sitting back down, narrowing your eyes at him suspiciously.

“I guess I’ll just get to it then. Listen, I still love you, Y/N. I don’t want to rehash the past, and I know that I made a lot of mistakes, and I will spend the rest of my life trying to make up for them, but please, don’t throw this away.”

He reached forward and lightly grabbed your hand in his. “I was scared. We were beginning to drift apart and I was looking for a way out. I hurt you, and I’ve never felt worse about anything in my life. It took me losing you to realize how much I really love you, and I won’t stop fighting for us. For god’s sake, I just flew across the country to apologize to you.”

“David, I—”

“I know the heartache I put you through, but I’ve changed in these past few months, I swear it. I wasn’t thinking clearly.”

“David.”

“And you’ve changed too, Y/N. I can see that. You’re so different, but you’re still the woman I fell in love with. Please, come home with me, I’ll do anything to make it up to you.”

“David! Stop!” He finally paused, which gave you a moment to collect your thoughts. Your cheeks flushed red with embarrassment as you looked around and noticed that some of the bar patrons were staring at you due to your outburst.

Your voice dropped to nearly a whisper as you replied, “This isn’t going to work.”

His face fell immediately. “Is it because of him?”

“Because of who?”

“The guy who did that,” he stated nodding towards the mark on your arm. “The old you would have never tolerated something like that. You must be in love with him if you’re willing to stay with him,” he scorned.

“Excuse me?” you scoffed at his audacity.

He rolled his eyes at your response. “Oh, come on, Y/N. It’s obvious. The only reason why you’re not even willing to give me another chance is that you’re in love with this guy.”

“You don’t know anything about my life anymore, David.” Your patience was wearing thinner the longer the conversation went on. This wasn’t like him. He used to be very sweet and caring. He was someone that you could see yourself spending the rest of your life with… until he ripped your
heart out.

“Oh? And whose fault is that?” he seethed, glaring at you with a judgmental stare.

“*Yours*, you asshole! How can you possibly-”

Before you could finish, a looming presence overshadowed you and your body went rigid as you felt someone suddenly taking a seat directly next to you. It took only a second for you to realize who it was and your heart skipped a beat when you saw those familiar blue eyes staring into yours only briefly before turning in David’s direction to glare sinisterly at him.

“Hello,” Pennywise commented, his voice piercing through you like ice. His face was unreadable and his eyes were fiery, sending a chill down your spine, and you were pretty sure that David had felt it too.

The tension in the air was thick as David’s confused face glanced back and forth between you and Pennywise, who was thankfully in his human form, though it didn’t make him appear any less threatening.

Once he realized that he wasn’t going to receive an explanation, he asked, “Um… can I help you with something?”

“Well, I should hope so,” Pennywise replied. “You can make yourself scarce.”

“W-what?” David stammered, looking completely taken aback and even more perplexed.

“I don’t believe that I can make myself any more clear,” Pennywise replied coldly. “But I suppose I’ll elaborate.” He nodded in my direction. “She’s spoken for. There’s no room in her life for old flames. You’re not only wasting your time, but hers as well, which subsequently wastes my time, which I will not tolerate. Do you understand?”

“Penn, I can speak for myself,” you muttered under your breath, irritated by the interruption.

“Oh, I’m well aware,” he replied, still not taking his eyes off of David.

David cleared his throat nervously before sitting up straight, trying to look less intimidated as he spoke, “This really isn’t any of your concern. I’m here to speak with Y/N. Not you.”

“I’ll tell you what, David – why don’t you and I step outside to discuss this further without the threat of prying eyes and meddling listeners, yes?”

“Uh… I-I don’t-” he stammered, clearly not expecting that response.

“Excellent,” Pennywise declared, clapping his hands together. “Take your time, I’ll be outside when you’re ready.”

In one swift movement, he stood up and glided through the crowd of people with ease, despite his tall and lanky form. It wasn’t until he exited through the back door that you turned to face David once more and noticed the heated expression on his face.

“That’s the guy you’re dating?” he accused, not bothering to hide his judgmental tone. “Comes on a bit strong, doesn’t he? I guess that somewhat explains the marks he left on you.”

It took everything you had not to slap him and leave. “Spare me the lecture, David. You’ve said what you needed to say, and I don’t need to wait to give you an answer. There’s no future for us.
Go home.”

His face scrunched bitterly as he snapped, “Well, you made damn sure of that when you moved across the country, didn’t you?”

“Don’t flatter yourself. Not that it’s any of your business, but I didn’t move back here to spite you. I have other things going on in my life that don’t revolve around you.”

He sighed, his face softening and his tone changing drastically, “Yeah, I heard about your cousin. I’m sorry, Y/N. I’m really glad that she’s okay.”

Your breath hitched, hearing him speak so genuinely. That was the David that you first fell in love with. It would have been so easy to fall back in love with him if he was like this all the time, but you knew for a fact that he wasn’t.

“I guess I was hoping that once you found her, you’d want to come home,” he urged. “How long do you plan on staying here?”

Daringly, you reached forward and hovered your hand over his, intent on giving him a reassuring touch, but you couldn’t bring yourself to do it. Instead, you retracted your hand and softened your expression as best you could. “Look, David, I know that you’re sorry for what happened between us. I am too, but you really need to accept the fact that it’s over. You’re a completely different person to me now, and I can’t even see you the same way anymore.”

He didn’t speak for several moments until he finally cleared his throat gingerly and replied, “I’m sorry you feel that way. I’ll be in town for a few more days and I really hope that you’ll reconsider. You have my number when and if you want to talk.”

He stood up then, brushing off his shirt before speaking once more. “Now, if you’ll excuse me, I have to go and talk to your abusive boyfriend.”

Baffled, you replied, “What? Seriously? That’s... not a good idea.”

“Yes, well, I have a few things that I’d like to say to him,” he spoke bitterly, making his way towards the back door.

“No!” you pleaded. “David, please don’t. It’s not worth it, I can handle him. It’s not even at all what you think it is, trust me!”

He brushed past you, not bothering to respond as he walked out the back door with you following closely behind.

As you stepped outside, you saw that Pennywise was idly leaning against the building, watching a group of teenagers walk by, probably debating on whether or not he had time for a quick snack. You had wondered if his argument with David might have saved their lives.

When he noticed your presence, he turned to face you and David, a smirk playing on his full lips as you approached. “Hello again, David,” he spoke pleasantly. “Shall we begin?”

“Dude, seriously, where the fuck do you get off?” David spoke harshly, pointing his finger at Pennywise.

“Beg your pardon?” Pennywise asked, amused by David’s threatening tone.

David edged closer, causing you to instinctively grab onto his sleeve to deter him from getting any
closer as you saw the familiar wickedly playful gleam in Pennywise’s eye.

“You think it’s okay to leave marks like that on women?” he asked, signaling to your bruised arm. Pennywise’s eyes flickered briefly towards you before settling back on him with an unfazed expression. “You’re a coward,” he spat.

“David, stop,” you insisted, feeling your breathing come to a halt as you saw the instant effect that word had on Pennywise.

His eyes flashed that terrifying yellow as a sinister smile crept up his cheeks. “Coward?” he questioned mockingly. “Little Davey wants to call people names?”

You knew this wasn’t going to be good as soon as he started speaking in riddles once more.

“What?” David asked, clearly bemused by the use of his childhood nickname.

“Tell me, Davey. I make you weak at the worst of times. I keep you close; I’ll make you mine. I make your hands sweat, and your heart grow cold. I prey on the weak, my power behold. What am I?”

David looked perplexed at Penny’s odd question. “What the hell are you talking about?”

“Answer the question, David,” he demanded, his voice filled with warning. “What am I?”

“A freak?” David answered boldly.

Pennywise’s smile grew to an unnatural length as he paused for effect before answering. “Fear.”

A blinding light suddenly forced you to turn and face away from them both. You faintly heard the sound of ripping fabric and a strange sound, similar to that of a snarl. When you turned around, the first thing you noticed was that all the blood had been drained from David’s face. You followed his line of sight until you saw what it was that he was focused on.

A large, terrifying dog was positioned where Pennywise once stood. The dog had the appearance of a St. Bernard and was foaming at the mouth, traces of blood lining his unkempt fur, which was standing on end as he stepped closer.

It was then you realized what he had done. Pennywise had searched David’s mind and transformed into Cujo, a famous killer dog in a movie that David had seen as a kid, permanently scarring him and terrifying him of all dogs for the rest of his life. It was one of his most genuine fears that you could remember.

You instinctively forced yourself between them, separating the direct line between David and Pennywise’s scare tactic. “Stop,” you demanded lowly, a warning hidden in your eyes.

Pennywise growled at you, daring to step closer to indicate that he wasn’t finished with his game.

It was then that David snapped out of his terrified daze and motioned to push you behind him. “Y/N, get back!”

“No, David, don’t. It’s okay,” you assured him.

He looked at you, baffled by your response, not able to understand that you weren’t also in danger. You could see by the look in his eye that his paralyzing fear eradicated any coherent thought, therefore, he wasn’t able to put the pieces together connecting the terrifying dog to Pennywise.
“Just trust me, David,” you stated as you gently pushed him back and stepped towards the dog, close enough so that you could whisper to him. You thought about threatening him, but that hadn’t ever really worked in the past. He was a child who liked to push your buttons. You decided to give positive reinforcement a try.

“Penn,” you cooed gently as you approached him. His growling softened as he tried to read you. “If you can really understand what’s in my head, you know that I don’t have feelings for him anymore. Can you sense that?”

He searched you for a moment, not bothering to give an indication of his answer. You edged closer still, just enough to reach your hand out to gently pat his head before whispering once more, “You don’t need to do this. I’m yours, remember?”

A moment later, his body began to quiver as it morphed from the dog into Penn’s human form once more, an unreadable expression on his face as he stood up straight and dusted off his jacket casually as if he wasn’t a giant killer dog just a moment ago.

“What the fuck just happened?!” David’s shrill shriek cut through the air, causing you to glance back and forth between the two of them speechless. How were you supposed to explain that?

Before you had a chance to come up with something, Pennywise moved past you, heading straight for David. “Pennywise, stop!” you demanded, trying to catch him, but not able to hold him back.

David started stepping back, unable to move properly from fear and confusion before Pennywise extended his lengthy arm, his large hand wrapping itself around David’s throat, lifting him into the air effortlessly as he locked eyes with him.

“Pennywise!” you cried out, lurching at him to try and pull David down from his grasp to no avail. The hand that wasn’t grasping David by the throat wrapped itself around you tightly and held you against his side, rendering you helpless.

You watched, horrified as his eyes began to roll into the back of his head as his mouth started to open to an impossible length, revealing rows and rows of sharp teeth circling all the way down his throat. It was hard to see from the angle that you were at, but you couldn’t help but stare at David’s horrified face as he looked directly at Pennywise’s open jaws.

You gasped when you saw a strange light emit from Pennywise’s throat, the light reflecting in David’s eyes before they glazed over and his body fell slack against Pennywise’s grip, no longer struggling against him.

A moment later, the light diminished and Pennywise’s face began to pull back together. Once he was whole again, he released his hold on both you and David. David fell to the ground roughly before you ripped yourself away from Pennywise and kneeled next to him on the ground. A sob escaped your throat as you hesitantly placed a hand on his cheek, his skin cold to the touch. “What did you do?” your voice shook, fearing the worst.

“Little Davey needed a break from the voices telling him to come find you. He’ll leave us alone now.”

“Enough of the riddles!” you shouted at him. “Oh my god, did you give him brain damage?!” you asked, cradling David’s head in your lap as he continued to stare into nothing, not even blinking.

“Undo this, Pennywise. Fix him. Now.” You stared daggers at him as he sneered back at you, clearly unhappy with your tone.
“You do not make demands,” he spat at you. “You are mine. You do as I say.”

“You’ve made that abundantly clear,” you snapped back at him. “But that doesn’t mean that I’m just going to sit idly by while you terrorize everyone in my life!”

A shriek escaped you as he ripped you from your kneeling position, choking you just as he did with David. You tried to speak, but his hand was wrapped too tightly around you as he held your face mere inches from his own. His eyes were a glowing yellow now and you could feel his chilled breath on your face as he whispered wickedly, “That’s exactly what it means.”

Chapter End Notes

I know if kind of ended on a weird note, but I had to choose a place to end it, otherwise it would have gone on forever.

Let me know your thoughts on Pennywise! I know I'm going back and forth a lot with him regarding the sinister Pennywise and the sentimental Pennywise, but there's a purpose to it, I promise. Which do you all prefer?

I'm going to try REALLY hard not to wait so long for the next update! Encouragement is appreciated :)

Cheers!
I'm back, bitches! Just kidding. You're not bitches. You're my amazing readers who never seem to tire of my trash writing. I love you all - you keep me going when I want to give up writing. Stay cool, my friends. I will NEVER give up on this story.

Chapter Notes

Pennywise’s eyes were cold as he held you in his grasp, mercilessly cutting off your air supply. You gasped and attempted to pull his hand away, but it was useless. His strength was unparalleled to any human’s. Hell, if he wanted to, he could probably crush your windpipe without any effort at all.

He was fully focused on you, ready to strike, until in an instant, something snapped. His gaze focused elsewhere and he looked past you, enthralled with something else entirely.

Before you could pass out from lack of oxygen, he dropped you without remorse. You thudded to the ground harshly, gasping loudly for air, coughing as you held your throat, now sore from the rough contact.

You barely registered the terrifying noise that Pennywise released as he started walking away from you towards a small group of people who had apparently been watching the interaction between you. It was hard to tell how many people there were since it was now dark outside and your vision was blurred from the tears that had filled your eyes. Whether it was from pain or fear, you didn’t know.

A faint scream held your attention as you tried to focus on what was happening. It was then that you saw who it was that Pennywise was approaching and your blood turned to ice in your veins.

“Richie?” you coughed, unable to shout at full level. You knew you’d be feeling that soreness for a few days at the very least.

Richie and his friends had weapons in their hands, all ready to attack. You immediately forced yourself into a standing position and started to run towards Pennywise who was stalking his way towards them.
Before you could even reach them, they scattered around him, each of them taking a swing when they got close, but he moved quickly out of the way.

A cold, chilling laughter echoed through the empty lot where you stood behind Roscoe’s. Pennywise turned slowly towards one of the light posts, making it a point to dramatically blow a puff of air at one of them, extinguishing it just as he had done with the lights in the alley the first night you met before he brought your assailants to their gruesome death. It had set off a chain reaction to the other lights around the lot, covering you and the Losers’ Club in a blanket of darkness.

“Pennywise!” you called out, unsure if he could hear you or if he even cared enough to stop to listen.

“Y/N!” Richie shouted out to you. “Are you okay?”

“I’m okay,” you called back, your eyes adjusting to the darkness. You had almost reached them when you heard another scream cut through the air. You weren’t sure who it belonged to, but you had feared the worst.

“Get him!” one of the other boys had shouted as they all gathered towards the middle of their group.

Just as you had reached them, a gunshot rang through the air, causing you to stop dead in your tracks. You could see that movement had stilled as they all stepped back from a large form in the center.

Suddenly, the lot lights flickered back on, and Pennywise stood among them, having changed back to his clown form. He was leaning back in an unnatural way before he slowly hunched forward into a pained standing position.

Your breath hitched as you saw a large blackened spot right in the center of his forehead. Dark liquid oozed out of the wound and instead of falling down his face, it appeared to float and dissipate into the air.

He opened his eyes then, his yellow orbs blazing, baring his elongated fangs as he glared at the kids around him, looking absolutely feral. He lifted his fingers to lightly touch the wound leaking from his forehead. The black goo stuck to his hands as he inspected it carefully before emitting a low, angry growl.

“You’re gonna fuckin’ die, clown,” Richie spat, his face scrunched in hatred. Pennywise’s eyes flickered to him, focusing like a hunter stalking his prey.

This was too much. You had to do something before he hurt Richie or any of the other kids. “Penn, don’t,” you quietly pleaded. He didn’t bother looking at you. Instead, his eyes darted around the group, silently coordinating a plan of attack in his mind.

“Get behind me,” you demanded, pulling a couple of the kids back.

“No!” Richie shouted, pushing away your arms. “We can take him! We’re not afraid!”

“I know you’re not,” you snapped, still speaking softly to not set Pennywise off. “But now’s not the time to gang up on a creature that could probably swallow you whole in public, Richie.”

Through his protests, you managed to maneuver your way in front of them, slowly pushing the kids behind you as you shielded the Losers’ Club with your own body. You were hoping that he
would think twice about hurting you to get to them rather than have easy access. Though, considering he almost just choked the life out of you, you had to wonder if it would make a difference at all.

It caught you off guard when instead of attacking, Pennywise cackled loudly, sending a chill down your spine. It was easy to forget exactly what he was capable of when he was fucking you into oblivion.

He suddenly jumped towards you, making you and the Losers’ Club stumble back. He laughed again as he retreated slightly and looked past you. You didn’t dare turn around to see what it was that he was looking at, but before you could think twice, his body started to decompose in a gruesome way. The skin fell from his face and melted to the floor, creating a puddle of white, red, and black goo.

“Ugh!” you recognized Eddie gagging from behind you. “That’s disgusting!”

“D-did we k-kill him?” Bill asked.

A couple of the kids screamed when the puddle started moving directly towards the group. You all quickly jumped out of the way as it moved nearer towards Roscoe’s, and David’s unconscious body. “No!” you roared as you started running after the puddle.

You weren’t fast enough. Pennywise had reached David and somehow in his puddle form had dragged his body to the drain behind the bar and unnaturally sucked him in, just as you had reached it. ‘Pennywise, don’t!’ you screamed down the drain. The only response you received was an empty echo of your own voice.

You got up from your kneeling position and started running towards your car. “Where are you going?!” Richie shouted after you.

“Go home, Richie! I mean it, all of you! I’ll be back!” You didn’t even give him a chance to respond as you jumped into your car and peeled out of the parking lot, speeding down the road towards your destination.

Minutes later, you pulled up to the familiar decrepit house on Neibolt Street, jetting out of your car and plowing through the unlocked front door. “Pennywise!” you howled into the stale air of the front room. “Where the hell are you?!”

You continued to walk through the creaky, dark house, listening for any indication that he was inside. Had you not been so determined to find David and save him, you would have been absolutely terrified. You never pictured yourself going back into this house of your own free will again after rescuing Sara.

An abnormally loud creak in the floorboards caused you to whip around. Your eyes met the familiar glowing yellow orbs that you were searching for. They looked threatening in the looming darkness, staring intently at you.

“Penn?” you questioned softly, stepping cautiously towards him.

He crept out of the dark room then, walking into a gleam of moonlight shining through the dirty window. Your breath hitched when you saw his current state. The wound on his forehead looked so much worse than before. It was still oozing black liquid and several cracks had splintered from it, falling down his face, making him look like a broken porcelain doll.

He lifted his hand, which was no longer gloved, but instead black and also littered with painful
looking splits in the skin. He placed the back of his hand close to his lips as his tongue darted out to lick at his wound.

Tentatively, you moved forward and placed your hand over his hurt one. You brought it closer to inspect it before glancing back to Penn, worry etched on your face. “Why aren’t you healing?”

Avoiding your eyes, he replied, “I haven’t fed.”

Only then did it finally occur to you. He was starving himself, and this was the result. He was slowly deteriorating in front of you. “Is that why you’ve been so…” you couldn’t find the right words. *Savage or cruel* didn’t seem appropriate to say, though it was true.

Luckily, he understood what you were implying and solemnly nodded his head, knowing how you felt about his diet.

You sighed deeply, finally understanding and taking a moment to let it all sink in. Killing wasn’t just a hobby for him. Sure, it was obvious that he loved it. He was a malicious creature, after all, but it was also an absolute necessity. “We have to figure something out, Penn. You can’t just waste away like this, but I can’t just sit back and let you hunt innocent people either.”

He said nothing in return, but allowed you to continue to inspect his hand until it occurred to you the reason why you were really there. You dropped his hand immediately and asked acidly, “Where’s David? Why did you take him?”

“You know why,” he snapped back, his demeanor changing instantly, baring his teeth while his yellow eyes flashed with anger.

You scoffed, scrunching your face in disgust. “You were going to *eat* him? Why?! Because we used to date? Are you really that pathetically insecure?!”

He suddenly charged forward, knocking the breath out of you as he pinned you against the paint-chipped wall, locking your arms together above you. Your head was swimming from the unexpected attack, so you just stared wordlessly at him while he growled, his body shaking with rage. “Now, now, now,” he scolded, his eerie high-pitched voice chilling you to your core. “Mind that tongue of yours before I bite it off.”

Before you could protest, he extended his tongue to lick harshly along your cheek, trailing over to your mouth. His tongue prodded at your lips hungrily seeking entry, but you kept them locked together, not out of defiance, but actual fear of what he might do. You had become way too comfortable in his presence, taking for granted the fact that he hadn’t slaughtered you like he had so many others. How easily you had forgotten that it could all change in a second when he got too hungry to deny himself what he craved most. It was the first time in awhile that you were actually terrified of him.

He sucked his tongue back into his mouth, a knowing smirk plastered on his face. “Pretty, pretty girl,” he cooed as he used the hand that wasn’t pinning your limbs above your head to play with your hair. “Maybe just a taste?”

“Young,” you choked out, your voice straining from paralyzing fear, but somehow keeping somewhat steady. “Stop it. Get off of me. Now.”

Ignoring your demands, he pressed his red lips against your own, kissing you softly at first until he began to crave more. His lips moved forcefully against yours until he managed to pull your bottom lip in between his teeth, only sucking at first until you felt a sharp pain stab at your lip, blood
trickling into your mouth and dripping to the back of your throat.

Whimpering, you tried to escape his grasp, tears falling down your face as deep sobs escaped you.

He savored the taste of your blood in his mouth while his body wracked with pleasure. He closed his eyes and relished in the moment before he pressed his lips against your ear and whispered, “Tasty, tasty, beautiful fear…”

This was it. You knew that now. You had put yourself in this situation and you didn’t have anyone to blame but yourself. You continued to weep softly as he continued to press himself against you, relishing in your terror.

“Pennywise,” you found yourself pleading. “You don’t have to do this. We’ll figure this out, I-I promise. Please, let me go.”

He didn’t bother giving a reply. Instead, his teeth started to jut out of his jaw, his eyes rolling in the back of his head while his face started to split open.

Absolute terror coursed through you. Pennywise had never been this way with you, and you could see now why others were so terrified of him.

A glow started to appear in the back of his throat, one similar to what you saw reflected in David’s eyes before he fell unconscious. Remembering the effect it had on him, you turned your head away, closing your eyes as tightly as you could to prevent being drawn into the light.

You couldn’t think right. You couldn’t even breath. A warm heat graced the skin on your face invitingly, giving you the urge to open your eyes, but you knew better. Instead, you acted on instinct, and the only thing you could manage to do was to thrust your knee forward as hard as it could go, right into Pennywise’s crotch.

The heat ceased immediately and you heard a horrifying, unhuman-like shriek as he retracted his body off of yours, allowing you to fall forward onto the dusty ground. Without stopping to look at him you started to crawl away, frightened tears still falling down your face.

A tight grip around your ankle ceased your movements and before you could brace yourself, you were being pulled back harshly. You screamed into the air to no avail and you raked at the dirty wooden floorboards, leaving trails with your nails while the old wood slipintered your fingers.

Broken sobs escaped you as you felt your life nearing its end. What little breath you had was knocked out of you when Pennywise spun you around effortlessly before throwing himself on top of you, pinning you down with his thick build.

You opened your eyes then, staring up at the unfamiliar face lurking down at you. His yellow eyes blazed as drool spilled from his red lips down onto your chest. Kicking and pushing against him did nothing as he seemed to have unparalleled strength as he kept you in place effortlessly.

As his gaze flickered to the tear tracks on your face, his tongue spilled out of his mouth to lick a thick, wet strip along your cheek, savoring the taste as he quivered against you. “So good,” he breathed before cackling eerily, keeping his clownlike demeanor.

You continued to wail in agonizing terror, causing Pennywise to lift his hands to his face in mockery, crying out, “Boo hoo!” before cackling even more.

Just as you were about to accept your fate, a random thought occurred to you. The one thing you could think of to do as a desperate attempt at surviving. You stopped trying to fight against him and
instead stared into his eyes with an intensity so great, you could swear you could feel the heat between you.

When your gaze was locked together, you started to sing softly through your crying, “D-down we go… down we g-go. To sink together as d-deadlights glow…” His smile instantly started to falter and his sinister stare softened as he listened intently. “Kill me now and you’ll be alone, but let me live and love be shown.”

You cringed at your lack of rhyming skills, but it seemed to have its effect on the rabid clown. His eyes searched yours for a moment more before he blinked a few times, seemingly awakening from his savage daze. His teeth then retracted as his form started to change from the terrifying clown to that of the handsome man he had previously been, though he was also much different. His blue eyes were sunken in, his cheeks were hallowed, and his skin looked cold and clammy. How did you not notice his exhausted appearance before?

He stumbled off of you, obviously weak from the transition and his lack of sustenance. “Y/N,” he whispered weakly. “I… I’m-

“It’s fine,” you interrupted, getting to your feet as well. Your knees buckled as you stood and your fingers were throbbing from almost getting your nails ripped off when you tried to get away from him.

After wiping away your tears and dusting off your clothes, you finally met his eyes once more. Regret and sorrow plagued his gaze as looked down in shame, knowing the damage he had just done.

Sighing, forcing yourself to remain calm, you broke the awkward silence, “You need to let David go, Penn. We’ll figure this out, but you can’t kill him.”

“He’s floating,” was all he replied, still averting your gaze.

“You say that like I’m supposed to know what that means,” you snapped, still upset with him but trying to maintain your composure.

He started to turn and walk away from you before you called after him. He halted for a moment, before replying softly, “Follow me.”

He led you down the stairs of the house and into the basement where a giant hole stood in the middle of the room. Cobblestone surrounded the opening that seemed to lead to nowhere. Your heart leapt into your throat as you cautiously leaned over it to look down into the eternal darkness. “He’s down there?” you asked nervously.

“Take my hand, and close your eyes,” he demanded, disregarding your evident unease.

You turned to face him, giving him a skeptical look. “You expect me to just blindly accept that you’re going to take me to David? After what just happened?”

Without responding, he simply held out his hand as an additional silent request for you to follow his instructions. Huffing with irritation, you knew you didn’t really have another choice, so you placed your hand in his and closed your eyes, just as he requested.

You gasped as he picked you up effortlessly and cradled you in his arms. You felt an odd pressure surrounding your body for only a moment before it stopped just as suddenly as it had begun and the smell of stale, humid air surrounded you. “Penn?” you asked, jolting slightly at the unexpected echo that followed. “Can I open my eyes now?”
“Yes,” he replied, tenderly setting you down on the ground.

Steading yourself, you hesitantly opened your eyes. You didn’t see much at first due to your dark surroundings, but it didn’t take too long for you to adjust. It was a large, empty cave, filled with strange objects and trinkets from around the world, all piled together in a messy, disorganized fashion.

The smell of blood and rot overwhelmed you as you started to take deeper breaths, hyperventilating realizing that Pennywise had somehow just transported you both through the air. You pinched your nose and turned to face him as you asked, “Why are we here, Penn?”

His gaze was hard to read as he stared back at you for a moment before lifting his head up towards the ceiling. Confused, you followed his gaze and choked on your own breath when you saw what he intended for you to see.

There, floating above you, was what appeared to be your lifeless ex-boyfriend. “Oh my god…” you gasped, not knowing what to think. “Get him down!” you shouted, hysteria taking over your self-control. “Get him down right the fuck now, Pennywise!”

Pennywise lifted his arm, which morphed from his human arm into a blackened tentacle of sorts, or at least that’s the best way you could describe it. It wasn’t at all like the ones you had previously seen that he kept hidden. It extended far above your heads until he wrapped his appendage around David’s ankle, pulling him down gently.

Once he was within reach, you hastily pulled him towards you, sinking to the ground as you cradled him in your lap. You held his face in your hands, staring into his empty, cold eyes. Your thumb brushed against his cheek as you called out timidly, “David?”

You knew you wouldn’t get a response, but you couldn’t help yourself. Your eyes started to well up once more as you realized that you were the cause of his demise. Sure, you two didn’t end on the best of terms, but he was a big part of your past, and to see his life end like this was too much for you to handle.

“He’s alive,” Pennywise stated, cutting through the thick tension in the air.

Your head snapped up to take in his expression; to see if he was being sincere or taunting you further. “What?”

He bent down to reach for David, but you held him closer to you in an iron grip. “Don’t fucking touch him,” you warned, glaring at Pennywise.

His lips tightened, and you could tell that he was fighting the urge to snap back at you, but he seemed to get a grip on himself before offering his hand and requesting cautiously, “Please.”

Glancing back and forth between Pennywise and David, you weighed your options, but in the end you knew there was no point in arguing. You lifted your hands and allowed Pennywise to take hold of David and bring him to a standing position. You got to your feet as well and watched as Pennywise’s mouth opened wide until you heard a sickening crack and his jaw came unhinged.

Instinctively, you looked away, not being able to stomach what was happening in front of you, though you couldn’t help but notice that instead of a heat like you previously felt when he did this similar action, you felt a chill in the air.

As quickly as you felt it, it was gone, and you turned around to see Pennywise’s face restored to normal, though David was still in a lifeless daze. Just as you were about to lose all hope, David
gasped for air, the light returning to his eyes.

“Oh my god,” you cried with relief as you gripped him tightly, inspecting his face to be sure he was really alive. “Are you okay?”

He coughed a couple of times before acknowledging your presence. “Y/N? What happened?” He took a moment to look around the cave, his eyes widening in terror. “Where the hell are we? How did we get here?!”

“David, it’s okay,” you soothed him. “Just relax, you’re fine.” You turned to Pennywise, who was staring at the two of you, emotionless and also clearly weak. “Penn, can you…” You didn’t know how to ask him to wipe David’s memory like he had with Sara, but you couldn’t let David go home like this.

Luckily, Pennywise seemed to know what you were asking for. He nodded his head subtly before approaching David. When David realized who it was that was walking towards him, he started to step back, throwing his hands up in defense. “Stay the fuck away from me!”

Pennywise was too quick for him. He gripped him tightly by his arm, forcing him closer and quickly placed his hand on the top of David’s head. You watched in awe as Penn closed his eyes in concentration while David’s rolled into the back of his head, his body twitching and thrashing slightly. If you hadn’t known what Pennywise was doing, you would have guessed that David was experiencing something torturous. You had hoped that wasn’t the case.

A few moments later, Pennywise released David and allowed him to drop to the ground unconscious. “It’s finished,” he stated. “He won’t remember.”

He refused to meet your eyes as he picked David up and hauled him over his shoulder. “What are you doing?” you asked, still nervous about what his intentions were.

“Stay here,” he demanded as if you had a choice. Before you could protest any further, he was gone. You wracked your brain trying to figure out how in the hell he could transport himself and other people through thin air, but you didn’t know if you could handle the answer.

Moments later, Pennywise returned, stumbling slightly when he appeared in front of you. He was looking even worse than before. “What did you do with him?” you asked, eying him suspiciously.

“He’s fine,” he assured. “He’s asleep in his hotel room. He’ll wake up with a headache, but little Davey won’t have any memory of tonight,” he replied acidly, using David’s childhood name in mockery. Clearly, he couldn’t help himself.

A moment of awkward silence passed between you. You took a moment to inspect him further, now evidently seeing how he seemed to be drained of more energy with each passing minute. “You scared me…” you found yourself speaking aloud, your voice breaking.

He didn’t respond. He kept his eyes to the ground like a child who had just misbehaved and was being scolded for it. As upset as you were about what had happened, you were oddly relieved at the same time. He didn’t kill you. There had to be a reason for that.

“Why did you stop, Penn? You could have easily killed me, fed on me and you wouldn’t be so weak anymore. You haven’t shown mercy to anyone else, so why now?”

Again, he didn’t respond. Hating awkward silences, you kept talking. “You said ‘please’. I never thought I’d hear that word come out of your mouth.”
The corner of his mouth curled slightly in amusement at your words, but he remained silent. Despite your new fear of him, you forced yourself to step closer. It’s not like you would get very far if you ran away anyway. When you reached him, you lifted your hand to his face to brush your thumb hesitantly against his cheek, causing the both of you to flinch because as soon as you touched him, his skin cracked beneath your touch, a few pieces breaking off and floating into the air.

“Oh my god,” you breathed. “You’re dying.” It wasn’t a question. It was obvious what was happening to him, and if he didn’t eat soon, he wouldn’t last much longer.

But was that a bad thing?

He was a monster. That much was clear. He killed innocent people and loved to get off on their terror and agony, but he had shown you tonight that he was capable of restraint; that he could control his urges with the right motivation, whatever that may be.

“We need to get you food,” you stated. “Do you absolutely have to eat people? Can’t you substitute something for humans? Like animals? What if I made you a burger or something?” Just saying it out loud sounded ridiculous. Clearly, that’s not what he needed, but you had to ask.

“It’s not just about the meat,” he commented weakly, his usual sassy demeanor nowhere to be found. “It has to be human. Nothing else.”

That’s when a thought occurred to you. “Penn, how far can you travel the way you do? Like, teleportation or whatever.”

He eyed you skeptically. “I don’t typically have limitations, but considering how weak I am, probably not outside of the city limits.”

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“You have the energy to take me about ten miles North of here?”

He took a moment to respond, contemplating his strength, but eventually, he nodded his head. “Good. Come on, we’re going to get you food.”

Instead of moving, he stood there and gawked at you. “Why are you helping me?” he finally asked, a disbelieving expression prominent on his face.

You tried to think of a reason that was valid enough for the both of you. Why were you helping him? What was this sick attraction that you had to him that you couldn’t break free of, regardless of how poorly he treated you? “I don’t know,” you admitted after a while. “I really don’t.”

He stepped closer to you, raising his hand towards you a little too quickly, making you flinch at the sudden movement. He paused, acknowledging your discomfort and slowly withdrew his hand, which you assumed he was going to use to show you some form of affection.

“You don’t,” you began, your voice shaking. “How do I know that you won’t lose control again?”

His face became stern and his body went rigid as he replied, “You don’t.”
Disappointment ebbed through you at his lack of reassurance regarding your safety. You outwardly scoffed at his bluntness, which confirmed that he could change into his savage state of mind at any point. “Thanks, Penn. That’s super comforting,” you replied sarcastically.

Luckily, the sarcasm wasn’t lost on him and he smirked at your response. For an ancient being, you were surprised and also grateful that he adapted well to current culture. “Would you rather me lie to spare your fragile feelings?” he teased, though his tone was serious.

“No,” you snapped back, not appreciating how weak he clearly still considered you to be. “But there’s no point in helping you if you’re going to continue on this path of destruction.”

All humor had vanished from his face at that point and his eyes flashed at you in the darkness. He began to approach you slowly with a hungry glare, making you instinctively back up into a pile of junk that he had collected, which caused some of the objects to fall loudly to the ground. When you turned to face Pennywise again, he was directly in front of you, inches from your face. “Are you afraid of me?” he breathed, his gaze flickering from your face to your body.

Your heartbeat quickened as it pounded against your chest while you decided on your answer. “I’d be stupid not to be, right? That’s what you’re going to tell me?”

“That doesn’t answer my question,” he spoke so lowly with such intimidation and captivation that you had to catch yourself from falling into a daze just staring at him, the way his full lips formed each word that fell from his lips.

You inhaled briefly, preparing yourself for the backlash of your answer. “No.”

His brows furrowed slightly as he blinked a couple of times in disbelief, still coming impossibly
closer to you. “No? You’re not afraid?”

“I’m not,” you breathed, trying to maintain your train of thought. “I’m not afraid of what you are, Pennywise. I’m afraid of what you can do.”

“Oh?” he replied, somewhat taken aback. “Do enlighten me.”

You rolled your eyes, placing your hands on his muscular shoulders and pushing slightly. “If you don’t already know what I mean by that then there’s no point in talking about it further.”

He remained unmoved, even after you pushed harder, indicating that you wanted him to back off of you. “Tell me, Y/N,” he demanded, his tone severe.

“I’m done talking about this. I’m not getting into this with you right now after you just attacked me and nearly made me your next meal. Let me go, Pennywise.”

He remained unmoved, his eyes searching yours for what seemed like an eternity until he apparently couldn’t help himself. He lifted his hand, causing you to flinch away instinctively as you had done previously in fear that he was going to attack you. Instead of pulling away this time, he tenderly brushed the hair out of your face, caressing your cheek with his thumb.

His body was pressed against yours now as he entangled his fingers into your hair, settling his face in the crook of your neck while he brushed his lips against your pulse point. You trembled beneath his touch, but you didn’t know if it was from fear or arousal. Maybe both? It was ridiculously difficult to determine your feelings about him anymore.

His voice rang through the cave then, bringing you out of your mess of thoughts. “If you don’t tell me what you’re afraid I’ll do, I’ll just have to find out myself.”

You didn’t know if he was teasing you or making an actual threat, but considering what you just experienced minutes prior, you didn’t want to take the chance. “Penn, you have to know by now that you can destroy someone without actually killing them.”

Lifting his head from your neck, he eyed you questioningly. “Maiming?”

“Yough,” you huffed. It was like speaking with a child sometimes. “No. Think of what it would have done to me if you had actually killed Sara? Or if you had killed Richie yesterday? What do you think those families go through when you eat one of their loved ones, especially a child? Life is hard enough, let alone having to go one after you lose someone who is such a big part of your life.”

Pennywise said nothing, but you could tell that he was listening intently, trying to process your words. For all you knew, he was incapable of understanding such a thing considering he had never experienced having a family for himself. Or, even love for that matter. At least, that’s what you had assumed.

“And what… what if one of these days you go too far? Not just with the biting, but with… other things?”

You could see that he wasn’t putting the pieces together, so you tried explaining further. “What if one of these days you end up losing control so much that you end up taking me against my will?”

His facial expression remained perplexed and as much as you didn’t want to spell it out for him, you knew that’s what you had to do. Sighing, you continued, “I’m afraid that one of these days you’re going to rape me, Penn.”
“Rape you?” he questioned, eyebrows raised in surprise. You said nothing in response, but nodded your head, waiting for him to process the question. Instead of answering, he laughed a cold, chilling laugh that crawled up your spine, almost taking your breath away.

When he did finally respond, his voice was rough and laced with seduction. “Why would I need to do that when you’re so willing to take me?” He smiled then, his teeth gleaming in the light as he pushed his groin against you teasingly.

His old characteristics were shining through, and you weren’t sure how you felt about it. “That’s… that’s not the point,” you began to argue, but the heat building inside of you from the intensity of his gaze was dulling your mind.

“Oh, but it is,” he snickered.

Looking away, forcing yourself to ignore his advances, you continued. “What I’m trying to say is that I’m more afraid of what you can do to me while I’m alive than when I’m dead. If I help you, and you intend to be in my life, I need to know that everything’s going to be okay. If I helped you, and you ended up killing someone I loved because I kept you in my life… it would destroy me, Penn. Do you understand?”

A slight smirk graced his dry, cracking lips as he mulled over your words. “The little human wants to make a deal?”

“Aren’t I already made enough deals with you?” you scoffed. “No, Pennywise. No more deals, no more games, no more weird mind tricks. This is it. Either you can promise me that you can contain yourself or you can’t. It’s as simple as that.”

“I can’t.”

You held your breath at that. You must not have heard him right. He was literally deteriorating in front of you, and here you were offering your help in exchange for something as small as a request to not hurt those you love, and he couldn’t abide by it?

“What?” you snapped back in response.

He stepped back, his fingers flexing like he was trying to contain whatever emotion was building up inside of him. “I’m not a trained dog,” he spat, clearly irritated. “I will not be restrained. I have given you far more than I have given any other of your kind, and still, you want more.”

You blinked in disbelief, mouth agape trying to find the right retort. “You want me to be grateful that you haven’t killed me?” you practically snarled. “Fine, Pennywise. Thank you. Thank you for tormenting me every day with your creepy clown presence and your fucked up riddles and the looming threat of death of those I love. Thank you for returning Sara only after torturing her for weeks, to the point of insanity. Thank you for hunting Richie and his friends every time- mnf.”

A finger was pressed to your lips suddenly and you realized that you had gotten so lost in your own ranting that you didn’t even notice him approaching you to the point where he was almost resting against you, his eyes once again yellow and fiery.

“Tsk, tsk, tsk,” he mocked, the skin on his hand crackling more with each passing moment. “So ungrateful. You have no idea the things that I’ve done for you, Y/N.”

“Really??” You snapped back. “Granted, Pennywise, you haven’t killed me or my family yet, but I’ve had enough of your threats. Either kill me or don’t, because I’m done playing your games.”
Turning your heel, you went to walk away, ignoring the fact that you had no idea how to get out of this literal hell-hole, but that didn’t matter to you at that moment. However, before you could take a couple of steps, a hand wrapped around your wrist and spun you around so that you were flush against his muscular chest, the chill of his skin radiating through his clothing.

“Penn, what-” His lips crashed against yours, moving with such a desperate need that you felt like you could dissolve into him completely. The kiss was intense, almost angry in the way that he gripped you tightly against him, as if he were afraid that you would try to walk away again.

Your hands slipped up his torso and around his neck, pulling him impossibly closer as you kissed him back, a need that you didn’t realize you had clawing through your subconscious to get more and more of him.

Just as you felt like you were completely lost within him, he fell back from you, stumbling and hurriedly releasing you to catch himself from falling. He looked almost ashamed as he stared back at you, surprised by his own weakness.

“We’re wasting time,” you commented, breaking the silence and licking the taste of him from your lips. “We need to go to Penobscot’s Riverfront off of Broadway and State. Can you take me there?”

He nodded weakly, probably unsure of his own strength at this point, but nonetheless, he picked you up without another word. Without him having to tell you, you closed your eyes tightly, hardly a second later feeling the same odd pressure that you had felt before surrounding your entire body. It lasted a bit longer this time, you guessed since you were traveling a greater distance, but still not for very long at all.

Seconds later, the pressure was gone and you felt the cool night air hit your face. Pennywise set you down immediately, probably because he wasn’t able to hold you any longer. You opened your eyes and looked around at the darkened area next to the riverbed. Just down a little ways was a dimly lit fenced in area.

“Do you know why we’re here?” you asked, immediately taking his hand and leading him towards the fence.

His lack of a response was enough for you to continue. “This is Holiday Park. This is a community for people who can’t find homes in other neighborhoods because they’re either convicted convicts, or they’re registered sex offenders, pedophiles, or whatever skeevy, deplorable thing you can think of.”

You looked back at Pennywise to see what he thought of that, but his expression remained puzzled and uncertain. “They’re bad people, Penn. Do you remember the men who tried to hurt me the first night we met before you stopped them? These are people who are just like that. This is probably about as good as life is going to get for them. If you’re going to murder people, at least start with those who have done something to warrant death.”

Finally reaching the edge of the fence, you stopped to look back at Pennywise, waiting for him to respond. “Well?” you questioned impatiently, not at all liking that you were even a part of this.

“You want me to kill them?” he finally asked, eyeing you suspiciously.

“No,” you sighed, crossing your arms defensively. “But I don’t want you to die.”

His eyes raked over your, contemplating something, but you didn’t know what. “These are adults,”
he finally added.

“And?”

“It’s easier to lure a child. Their fear is pure rather than an adult who is more difficult to scare and their fear is dulled. In my weakened state, it won’t be easy for me to get to them.”

You thought for a moment, trying to come up with a quick solution until an idea occurred to you. One that you didn’t like at all, but knew it had to happen. “Wait here,” you insisted.

“For what?” he questioned.

Ignoring his question, you started walking around the fence towards the opening of the park, feeling Pennywise’s eyes on you with each step. You entered through the front gate and made your way towards a group of people down the lot that you saw were chattering amongst one another.

This was so dangerous, even considering you had an ancient monster watching over you, but in his fragile state, you didn’t know what the outcome of this would be. Could he even handle himself in a fight right now if it came down to it?

When you got closer, their chatter died down and you knew that they had spotted you. “Hey there, beautiful,” one of the men called out to you. “Where are you off to?”

“Hi…” you offered uncertainly. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to interrupt. I’m just taking a walk.”

“A walk?” one of them scoffed. “Here? You lost, girl?”

“No, no, I’m perfectly fine, thanks,” you assured them, not stopping to talk more, but simply walking past, hoping that you weren’t being too obvious and that at least one of them would take the bait.

“Well now, don’t leave so soon!” another one of them slurred. “You lookin’ to party?”

A few of the other men chuckled at his advances, but you just kept walking, ignoring their catcalls. You didn’t know if any of them had chosen to follow you, but you found it odd that you hoped they would.

Once you reached the back of the lot, you found an opening in the fence in the corner beneath a group of trees. As soon as you were about to walk through, a harsh grip on your wrist pulled you back roughly. “Where are you going in such a hurry, pretty?”

You turned around to see the most muscular of them all, standing tall in front of you. He was sweaty, smelly, and clearly under the influence of something. “Let go of me,” you demanded, trying to pry his large fingers from you unsuccessfully.

“Hush now, I just wanna talk,” he insisted, unwavering in your attempts to break free. “Come back to my place. I’ll treat you real nice.”

You struggled more, trying to put as much space between you and the beefy man as possible. You looked around, waiting for Pennywise to take the hint and rescue you from his grasp. What in the hell could he be waiting for?

You started to call out for help, forgetting for a moment that this was all a ruse, but before you could remember, the man had placed one of his hands over your mouth. “Shhh. We don’t want anyone else ruining the moment, baby.”
Just as actual fear started to creep into your mind, the stranger’s facial expression changed. You followed his eyes as he looked past you to see a hoard of red balloons gathered together, drifting towards you. He chuckled to himself, not at all bothered by the fact that there were random balloons in the middle of the trailer park backlot.

The huge man focused his attention back on you, running his free hand down your side while the other was kept over your mouth. “I’ll bet you’ve never had it as rough as I’m going to give it to you,” he insisted. “You’re going to be fucking broken by the time I’m done-”

Several loud popping noises cut him off as you both jolted at the sound and looked to where the balloons had previously been, their remnants now scattered on the ground. “My, my” a haunting voice came from the shadows. “What have we here?”

The stranger dropped you instantly, afraid that he had gotten caught. “Who’s there?”

Finally, emerging from the shadows was Pennywise in his clown form, looking even worse than before. His skin was literally peeling, breaking off and scattering into the air. Blood was trickling out of his nose, eyes, and mouth, dissipating around him. His eyes were sunken in and his cheeks were unnaturally hallowed. If you didn’t think that he could look any more terrifying than he had previously been, you were wrong.

“What in the fucking hell are you supposed to be?” the man questioned in disgust.

Usually, Pennywise was one for banter and games. He relished in the fear, but this, apparently, was not one of those times. Instead, he immediately charged at the large man, his jaw opened wide while his teeth jutted out of his mouth, piercing the stranger’s jugular. Blood spurt everywhere and you could feel the droplets hit your face and arms, soaking through your clothes.

The sounds of sloshing organs and the crunching of bones along with the smell of fresh blood had you turning away, kneeling on the ground, your insides twisting and the contents of your stomach threatening to project out of you. You closed your eyes tight and held your hands over your ears, rocking back and forth trying to drown out the sounds of another human being killed right beside you.

It wasn’t long before you felt two wet hands covering your own, pulling them gently from your ears. You opened your eyes hesitantly to see Pennywise in his human form. Though he looked a hundred times more lively and refreshed, he was covered in blood. You grimaced at the sight, knowing that you yourself had blood all over you and you could feel it start to dry.

Glancing over to where Pennywise had demolished the body, there was absolutely nothing left of him apart from the smear of blood on the blades of grass where he had died. You tried not to think about it too much in fear of getting sick.

“Do you… uh… how do you feel?” you stammered, not sure of what to say after helping a monster devour a meal that was once a living human being.

“Alive,” he answered, smiling widely. He stood up, tugging on your hands to assist you into a standing position as well.

Taking a moment to inspect him, an idea occurred to you. “Come with me,” you insisted, leading him by his hand, still soaked in blood.

He allowed you to lead him to the bank of the river. You and your friends would always get in trouble swimming here when you were little because it was so close to the bad neighborhood, but it
was always crystal clear and the best place to swim.

The moonlight glared off of the surface of the water as you slipped off your shoes and dipped your toes into the water, a chill running through you at the touch. It wasn’t freezing, but it wasn’t a hot tub either. You turned around, giving Pennywise a smile, relishing the confused expression on his face before you stepped fully into the water, stepping back as the slight current brushed over your skin and clothes. “Come on,” you urged, tugging on his hand in a request to join you.

Pennywise also stepped forward, unfazed by the coolness of the water surrounding him. When you were both mostly submerged in the water, you cupped some in your hand, and started to rinse the blood off of him.

Your fingers traced over his skin, which was radiating from the light of the moon, making it look just as pale as it was when he was in clown form. His eyes searched yours as you tenderly wiped the blood from his face, brushing your thumb over his bottom lip intentionally slowly in fascination.

The occasional smirk graced his lips as you continued to rinse the blood away. “Lean back,” you instructed. He sunk down a bit and tilted his head back so that you could rinse the water through his blood-soaked hair. “Much better,” you insisted once you were confident that you had gotten it all out.

Rather than be as patient and intricate as you had been with him, you simply dunked your head under the water, scrubbing at your scalp and wiping your face. You rose to the surface, wiping the water from your eyes. “Did I get it all?” you asked him, no longer affected by his intense staring.

Instead of answering your question, he swam towards you, running his fingers through your damp hair before gently leaning forward and pressing his pillowed lips against yours. You sighed into the kiss, grateful to have this part of him back after it had been lost in his savage state.

Your lips parted for him as he began to explore your mouth with his rough tongue, savoring the familiar taste that you had come to know so well. Your arms wrapped themselves around his neck, drawing him in even closer as you continued to kiss him more roughly, the need that you had been feeling finally getting some relief.

Since you were suspended in the water, it was easy for you to lift your legs and wrap them tightly around his waist, allowing you to cling to him even more tightly than before, so much so that your heat was pressed firmly up against his manhood, which you had felt growing stiff.

A chuckle escaped you at the thought. “Clearly, you’re feeling a lot better.”

He hummed happily in response, moving his kisses from your mouth to your clavicle. “Thanks to you.”

“I owed you one,” you replied, trying to casually brush it off. “You may have made my life hell for the past few weeks, but I haven’t forgotten that you’ve also saved my life, Penn. Twice.”

He started purring then, still licking and nipping at different parts of your throat and chest, sending exhilarating vibrations through you. You hadn’t heard that sound since after you had slept together the first time. The feeling of it caused you to bite your lip as a small moan elicited from you.

Pennywise hummed again, this time in appreciation. His senses were back on track and he could read you again without you having to say what you were feeling. “Sink with me,” you heard him murmur through your daze.
“Hmm?” you asked, still unsure of what that meant from the first time he had proposed it.

He smiled then, his eyes crinkling slightly from his prominent cheekbones before pulling away from you and slowly sinking down into the water. When he re-emerged, his chest was bare and you could only assume that the rest of his clothes were removed as well.

Instinctively, you looked around nervously, wondering if anyone was watching you. Pennywise placed his hand on your cheek, tenderly encouraging you to face him as an indication that this was all that mattered at the moment. He didn’t seem to care if anyone was watching or not, though, you were sure that if anyone had been around he would have sensed it.

He kissed you briefly again before taking it upon himself to reach for the hem of your shirt and pull it up over your head, which you allowed without hesitance. You then removed your pants and threw the soaked clothing onto the edge of the river.

Deliberately slowly, you placed your hands behind your back, unhooking only one clamp of your bra strap. Pennywise could sense your teasing and he growled impatiently. It was getting easier for you to interpret his different sounds now, and what may have seemed like a terrifying threatening noise was only that of playful frustration, making you chuckle.

After finally undoing the remaining clamps, he snatched your bra from your chest and tossed it into the bushes. “Hey!” you scolded, predicting how annoying that was going to be to dig out.

He silenced your complaints by trailing down the crevice of your breasts with his long, bony finger before sliding over and taking in a handful of your chest, kneading it experimentally. You relieved a sigh, your previous worries forgotten as his hands worked magic against you.

“Sink with me,” he requested again, his eyes locking onto yours.

“I-I…” you stammered, not sure how to respond. “I don’t even know what you mean by that.”

He smirked mischievously as he ducked underneath the surface of the water once more. This time, you felt his strong hands rip your panties right off of you, which you would have been upset about, had he not plunged his face into your heat immediately after.

“O-oh, god,” you gasped, not expecting the immediate pressure. You moaned wantonly, running your fingers through Pennywise’s dark locks swaying back and forth with the current under the water. This was a whole new experience and there were a lot of new sensations happening all at once.

After losing yourself in his attentive tongue for a few moments, you noticed that Pennywise hadn’t come up for air. He didn’t seem to be struggling at all. In fact, he was pretty focused on his actions, but still, it surprised you to learn that apparently he either didn’t need to breathe at all, or could hold his breath for prolonged periods of time.

A particular flick of his tongue had you almost curling into yourself as you could barely hold out any longer. You were grateful for the suspension in the water because at this point there was no way that you could hold yourself up. No one had ever made you feel the way he did, but then again, no one had access to reading your feelings either.

With a few more strokes of his tongue, he brought you to completion, causing you to completely give way and sink down as your body wracked with bliss. You allowed yourself to drift underwater for a moment before you felt Pennywise’s arms lift you up to the surface. Your eyes locked with his and he seemed to be pleased with his work considering the proud look on his face. “How are
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Pennywise raised an eyebrow at you questioningly, knowing that this might be too much for you. After taking a moment to consider it, you nodded your head, earning a hungry growl from him in return.

His darkened limbs pulled you even closer, positioning you perfectly for him. He trailed his hands up your stomach for a moment, looking over you through the water. You weren’t sure how he could see anything considering how dark it was, but he seemed to adjust just fine.

He started to insert himself into you, stopping immediately when a tinge of pain ebbed through you at his size. It was times like this that you were grateful that he could sense what you were feeling. “J-Just… give it a minute,” you pleaded, absentmindedly digging your nails into his shoulders for support to get through the pain.

“I can take whatever form you prefer,” he assured you after a moment, his voice husky with desire, clearly not wanting to slow down, but only doing so for your benefit.

“No,” you insisted. “It’s fine. I’m good. Just go slow, please.”

Hesitantly, he pushed forward slightly, stretching you more and more while the ridges of his length hit every needy spot, giving you a sense of pleasure through the pain.

Once he finally sheathed himself inside of you completely, he took a moment for himself, placing kisses along your jawline and running his fingers through your hair gently as you adjusted to him, shifting slightly, to which his tentacles followed suit, rubbing against you reassuringly.

“Oh-Okay,” you exhaled when you were ready. Pennywise wasted no time in pulling back and inserting himself once more, quicker than before and with a little more force. You bit your lip at the sensation and tried to keep your breathing even as you concentrated on the pleasure.

After several initial thrusts later, he was gliding in and out of you with ease, thrusting into you deeply, filling you just the way you needed. Your hips started to roll against him as you straddled him, the sensations of the current surrounding you along with his other limbs writhing around you was almost too much at once.

Once he was confident that you could handle his size, two of his tentacles began to massage your breasts as one of the others moved to your bundle of nerves, vibrating quickly against it, causing you to moan loudly against him.

He kissed you then, swallowing your screams of ecstasy and you could feel his lips curve into a smile, satisfied with his performance. When he broke the kiss, you could just barely hear his own little grunts and breaths as he increased his speed, pounding into you mercilessly, which is exactly what you didn’t know you needed.

It wasn’t long until you burst, contracting tightly around him while your orgasm wracked through your entire body, igniting every nerve inside of you. Instead of slowing down to let you ride it out, Pennywise increased his speed, continuously rubbing against your g-spot as you spasmed out. You couldn’t even form words, and though you were silently begging him to slow down, he fought through it, his tentacles circling your most sensitive areas to increase the sensation.

Just as quickly as the last orgasm began, the next one flooded through you, making your eyes roll into the back of your head as you lost consciousness for a moment, falling completely slack against Pennywise as his limbs held you up from dipping underwater completely. You could hardly register the feeling of his length pulsating inside of you, releasing himself heavily into you, riding out his own orgasm.
Once he was satisfied, he gently pulled out of you and retracted his tentacles from their strong hold on you. With no strength to hold yourself up, you allowed the current to push you into Pennywise. He held you up and carried you to the bank of the river where he placed you on the grass while the both of you caught your breath.

You stared up at the moon while your body and mind came down from your post-orgasmic high. At that moment, you were completely content with life. You felt at ease and happy to be there with Pennywise.

He laid beside you on the grass, lifting your hand to his lips to place tender kisses along your damp skin, apparently still not able to get enough of you. You giggled at his actions and turned to drape your arm over his chest while you nuzzled your face into his neck.

Silence passed between you for what seemed like both an eternity and also an instant. Finally, Pennywise broke the silence with a question you hadn’t ever expected to fall from his lips.

“Will you be my mate?”
“Will you be my mate?”

The words were ringing heavily through the air, weighing you down and clouding your mind with so many questions and concerns.

“I’m sorry… what?” you blurted out, baffled. Was this an actual proposition, or proposal, or… whatever the hell he considered a commitment to be?

His blue eyes were shining prominently in the moonlight, crinkling at the edges due to your confused answer making him genuinely grin. He turned over then, gently pushing against you so that you were on your back as he hovered beside you, tracing his fingertips over the smoothness of your chest, enthralled with your skin. “You heard me correctly, Y/N. Be my mate.”

You inhaled too quickly, choking slightly on the air, feeling your heart pounding fiercely against your ribs. When you finally spoke, your mouth was dry and you were fighting to find the right words. “Um… I don’t… Penn, what exactly does that mean? What would change between us if I agreed to… to be your mate?”

His tongue darted out from behind his plush lips, wetting them briefly before nipping them softly as he intimately trailed his hand over yours, interlocking your fingers. “It will be a new experience for the both of us,” he whispered huskily against your ear.

You gawked at him, annoyance flaring up inside of you as you refused to get swept up in his mysteriously captivating demeanor as you had done so many times before. “So you’re telling me that you don’t even know what it means. You don’t know what you’re asking of me?”

His dark chuckle rumbled through him and you could feel it against you, calming you a bit. “We’ll be connected on another level,” he continued. “You’ll no longer be considered a potential food source.”

“As in... equals?” you asked, eyebrows raised with intrigue.

His body immediately became visibly rigid as soon as the words left your mouth. “No,” he scoffed, his voice laced with disgust. “I have no equals.”

“Well, here, this is why you can’t have nice things, Penn,” you scorned bluntly. “You’re still going to treat me like a lesser being and that’s not what relationships should be based on. That’s not what commitment is about.”

His upper lip curled in disdain at your response. “You are a lesser being,” he replied matter-of-factly. “Being my mate will only make you less so.”

You rolled your eyes, pushing him back from you. “Good to see you’re back to your typical asshole self.”

He sat up, his eyes turning into the familiar vehement yellow as his stare seemed to burn through you. “It’s not a matter of me treating you as my inferior. We’re of a different species. I cannot bond with you in a way that I could if we were the same.”

You had to give him credit for finally somewhat explaining it logically and not allowing his temper to get the better of him… yet. Sitting up as well, you brought your knees up, wrapping your arms
around your legs, lost in thought for a moment before finally asking, “What exactly are you?”

He hesitated for a moment, refusing to meet your eyes as his golden orbs altered to the vibrant blue you much preferred. Reaching for his hand, you grasped his tightly as you spoke tenderly, “If you really want me to consider being your mate, you have to be honest with me. I have no idea what you are, Pennywise, and if you want me to really take your offer into consideration, I need to know.”

Uh oh. His casual posture stiffened defensively as a growl threateningly rumbled beneath his chest. You knew you had said something to push him over the edge when his eyes once again instantly changed back to the radiantly fierce yellow glow. “The human needs to know?” he mocked, the sudden change in his tone making the hair on the back of your neck stand on end.

Right in front of you, the pale skin covering his body started to darken and roughen in texture. You outwardly gasped when his eyes began to roll back into his head and separate multiple times from two eyes into several smaller ones, blackening in color. He started to sprout additional spiked limbs as his body morphed into what could only be described as a giant insect.

Your brain wasn’t working properly enough to allow you to get to your feet and run away from him. Instead, your eyes were glued to his changing form as you started crawling backwards as quickly as you could away from the beast before you. Your breath was caught in your throat and you were unable to scream at the terrifying sight unfolding. What had been a sweet, tender moment between the two of you had so quickly become something from your darkest nightmares.

A few moments later, what appeared to be a monstrous sized spider stood before you, watching you intently as you shook, paralyzed in the grass, unable to move. When it started to crawl towards you, you closed your eyes for a moment, hoping that when you opened them, the creature would be gone. However, when you dared to look again, it was still there, making its way towards you, its fang protruding from beneath its mouth, venom dripping heavily onto the ground.

“Pennywise, stop!” you suddenly found yourself shouting, trying to sound firm and unafraid, but instead the fear was evident in your voice. The spider had reached you then, halting when it heard your command. “What are you trying to prove?!”

The exterior of the spider started to melt away as the creature slimmed down to that of the clown that you had become familiar with. “What’s the matter?” he sneered between his entertained cackles. “You don’t want to know the real me after all?”

You stood up then, brushing the dirt from your palms, standing prominently, though you were wishing you weren’t stark naked at the moment while Pennywise was once again fully clothed in his clown suit. After taking a deep breath, you took another step towards him before reeling your arm back and thrusting forward to firmly slap him across the face. Fuck, that felt good.

He recovered quickly, laughing at your attempt to cause him pain, which only made you more upset. You went to slap him again, but he caught your hand this time, pulling you harshly towards him so that your entire body was pressed against the silk of his suit.

You glanced up at him then, eyes blazing as his own amused ones searched yours, an infuriating smirk stretching across his lips before he leaned down to kiss you, which you angrily reciprocated in return for a moment before pulling away and shoving him back. It was almost humorous that he allowed you to be so rough with him, knowing full well that you were far too weak to cause any significant damage, but he still permitted it without too much violent reciprocation when it was in his nature to do so.
“I need my clothes,” you stated bluntly, refusing to meet his eyes and instead staring into the river. Moments ago you had been so connected with him and it had come to such an abrupt end, which unnerved you.

When you turned towards him again, he had your clothes in his arms, suddenly dry and ready for you to put on. You snatched them from his arms, glaring at him for a moment before starting to dress yourself without another word.

“Does the human regret asking me to reveal myself?” Pennywise asked, breaking the silence. You could hear the contempt in his tone, which pissed you off even more.

“The human is done with you,” you spat at him, snapping your bra in place. “The human is going home and the human wants nothing more to do with you.”

“What?” he asked, clearly taken aback.

“You heard me, clown,” you barked sharply, trying your best to sound cold and indifferent. “If you can’t manage to be open and honest with me for one fucking moment without trying to terrify me into submission, then I’m through. You can do what you want with me physically, fine. You gave Sara back to me, that was part of our deal, but I’m not your mate, and I never will be.”

Just after you pulled your shirt over your head, he grabbed your wrists, causing you to meet his gaze. “I wasn’t attempting to scare you into submission,” he assured you, his tone serious. “You asked what I was, and I answered. I’m a monster.”

Allowing the words to sink in for a moment, you noticed the almost desperate look in his eyes as he waited for you to understand his actions. In his mind, he was so used to taking things to the extreme and morphing into his prey’s biggest fears. It was his nature, and when you asked what he was, he responded in the best way he knew how.

Finally, after a few moments, you took a deep breath and spoke, “You’re right. You are a monster. I’ve seen what you’re capable of, and yet I’m still here. Does that not mean anything to you?”

You could see the gears turning in his head as he contemplated your words. “You’re not stupid, Pennywise. You know how to have a human conversation. You don’t have to turn into a fearsome creature to prove your point. You want me to actually consider being your mate? Then allow yourself to be vulnerable with me,” you all but begged.

Your hands reached for his as you brought his gloved hands to your lips as you kissed them tenderly for a moment before speaking again. “Please… tell me what you are.”

It was obvious that this was new for him. He had probably never had this conversation with any human in his entire existence from the way he was acting. Finally, after a few moments of what was probably an internal battle with himself he spoke, “I’m ancient - older than your world and your entire universe.”

He paused, gauging your reaction. To lighten the mood and encourage him to keep going, you grumbled, “Ew, so… I’ve been having sex with an old man?”

He rolled his eyes, walking back towards the riverbank, pulling you with him before he sat down next to the river, motioning for you to join him. You nestled yourself in between his legs, resting your back against his chest before he wrapped his long limbs around you, oddly making you feel safe and secure beneath his arms as he continued speaking. “I have the ability to manifest into a physical form in your world. My true form is unfathomable to humans. Your friend from the bar
received just a glimpse of my true form and it nearly drove him to madness.”

You remembered watching David stare into the intense glow emitting from Pennywise’s mouth earlier and the heat that radiated from him when he attempted to harm you in the shack before he came to his senses.

“I am the only one of my kind and have lived here among humans for centuries, learning from them and feeding off of their flesh and bones. I have learned to take the form of whatever they fear most simply because it tastes better.”

“How often do you have to feed?” you interrupted, too impatient to wait.

“I fall into a hibernative state for twenty-seven Earth years at a time. When I wake, I feed for a year before I return to my sleep. During that year I consume dozens of humans.”

“Wait… what?” you faltered. “You’re only awake for a year at a time every twenty-seven years? So… that means that you’re only conscious for like 3 years of my life?”

“For your human life, yes,” he confirmed. “Should you decide to be my mate, that will work differently.”

“How so?” you inquired.

You could feel him shifting uncomfortably, which unnerved you, but also made you internally mirthful at how human his reaction to that was. He was usually so stoic, showing discomfort like this was so… human.

“That’s a discussion for a later time,” he finally answered.

“But I-”

“A later time,” he finished firmly.

You sighed, unhappy with having to abandon the subject for the time being, but reading him well enough to know when it was time to move on. “Okay, so… you’re some sort of cosmic being. I guess I can just assume that you’re an alien.” He chuckled at that. “But Penn… I have to know… why me?”

“What do you mean?” he inquired, seemingly fascinated with your hands as he wove his fingers around your own in a constant movement.

“You’ve been alive for centuries and you’ve never taken a mate. Why after all this time have you suddenly decided that I’m what you want? You could have killed me the moment you met me in that Fun House and it wouldn’t have made any difference. So many people go missing because of you, I wouldn’t have aroused any additional suspicion, especially considering that I don’t even technically live here anymore. Why did you spare me?”

“You intrigued me,” he answered a little too quickly.

“Uh huh?” I nodded. “And?”

“And nothing. I wanted to play with you,” was all he added, expecting you to be appeased with his answer.

You huffed with impatience before replying, “Bullshit. I remember that look in your eyes. You
knew you weren’t going to eat me from the minute you saw me. It was almost like… you were expecting me.”

Your thoughts started to wander as you started to put the pieces together. You were so lost in your own memory that you barely noticed his hand snaking its way down your side, over your hip and beneath the top of your pants. “Or maybe,” he breathed against your ear. “I wanted to taste you in a way that I hadn’t ever tasted anyone before.”

Before you could protest his gloved fingers were rubbing against your bundle of nerves, causing you to keen and lean back to melt into him. You groaned wantonly, surprised that you had any sexual energy left after Pennywise had made you come three times within the last hour.

Lifting your arm to reach behind you, you wrapped yourself around his neck as you thrust your hips up into the touch, savoring the feeling of his tongue licking over the exposed skin of your neck. “Wait,” you hardly managed to get the words out. “Pennywise, stop. Don’t distract me right now,” you demanded.

Surprisingly, he instantly halted and retracted his fingers. You found yourself immediately missing his touch, but you were too curious to allow him to change the subject just to get off again.

Lifting yourself off of him, you maneuvered yourself so that you were facing him, his orange hair vibrantly shining under the moon. Your eyes poured into his as you asked, “Do you love me?”

His own eyes flicked over you - from your face, to your body and back to your eyes before finally replying, “I’m not capable of love.”

“You’re so full of shit,” you snapped, anger welling up inside of you once again. “Stop pretending that you’re above human emotions. Just because you’re not human doesn’t mean that you don’t feel as strongly as we do.”

“I never said that I don’t feel strongly,” he argued. “Love is not a concept that I am capable of feeling. I don’t love you, Y/N. I have a purpose for you, and I find myself drawn to you, but not because of love.”

“Then why?”

He was silent, thoughtful for a moment before responding. “I have not yet determined the reasoning.”

Something about this didn’t sit right with you. He was still holding back - you could feel it, but at the same time he was being more truthful with you than he had previously been, so you would just have to take what you could get for now and slowly chip away at it later. If you were being honest with yourself, you didn’t necessarily love him either. He ate children for a living, which was something you couldn’t possibly be okay with, but you couldn’t deny the fact that you were drawn to him either. Even after he had hurt you and your family time and time again, you still found yourself wanting to be with him. There had to be a reason… right?

“So, um, about your diet,” you began, shaking off your unease and noticing him immediately stiffen beneath you. “I understand that you need to feed, on humans in particular, but why children?”

“They taste better,” he simply stated as if that would satisfy your question.

You lifted yourself from him, staring at him in disbelief. “Do you really think so little of human life? I would think that you would have a little more consideration given the fact that we’re what
allows you to live. Targeting children is just... so wrong.”

He bared his teeth at you for a moment, clearly offended by your response. “Humans are vile. Your kind is destructive and filthy on this Earth. The humans in this town exist because I allow it. Should I take the lives of some of them to sustain my life, it should not matter.”

“Wow, okay,” you answered sarcastically. “First of all, you can keep insulting humans all you want, but you seem to forget that I am human, Pennywise, and you don’t seem to have a problem with vile humans when you’re sticking your dick in one,” you commented crudely.

He sneered, staring daggers at you as you continued. “Secondly, I don’t condone eating people, but I can’t just ignore the fact that you seem to favor children above anyone else, and I can’t just sit back and let you murder innocent kids.”

“Let me?” he commented, his eyes full of warning. “You don’t have a say in the matter. I will eat what I want, and if that means I want to tear the flesh from every so-called innocent child in Derry, I will do so, and I will savor every moment of it.”

Taken aback by the harshness of his statement, you lifted your hands in defeat and started to walk away once again. “Okay, I’m not doing this with you anymore,” you started to say before he gripped your arm tightly and pulled you back down into his lap.

You glared at him, flinching as he too quickly lifted his gloved hand toward your face. He paused for a moment, reading your off-put expression, a guilty look on his face before changing once more into the human version of himself, hoping to put you more at ease.

After he changed, he once again lifted his hand to your face, brushing your hair back before leaning forward and placing his pillowed lips on your own just for a moment before pulling back. “Don’t leave,” he practically begged as his face fell forward to rest on your chest.

The pleading tone in his voice made your internal walls crumble and you found yourself wanting to comfort him, even after he was so harsh with you over and over again. This wasn’t healthy. This relationship - if you could even call it that - was clearly toxic and you had an uneasy feeling in the pit of your stomach telling you to run away as fast as you could.

“Pennywise,” you began, speaking gently as you lifted him up so that his eyes met your own. “What do you want from me?”

He didn’t answer at first, his eyes filled with turmoil and dilemma. When he did finally answer, all he could say was, “I want you to be my mate.”

You sighed heavily, rubbing your thumbs over his cheeks as he waited for you to respond. “I’m sorry, Penn. My answer is no.”

So many emotions could be seen in his face all at once. Hurt, confusion, anger, and everything in between. “No?” he questioned in disbelief.

“There’s still so much that I don’t know, and you’re just beginning to learn how to interact with someone without killing them. I’m not ready to make that kind of commitment to you, especially considering I don’t even know what it fully entails, and clearly you’re not ready to tell me.”

“I know you care about me, Pennywise. As much as you want me to think that you don’t have any sort of human emotion, it’s clear that you do. It’s just... you frighten me... to the point where I don’t know if I’m going to survive the end of our conversation sometimes. Do you understand how
that affects me?”

He remained silent for a moment, clearly trying to retain his composure for your benefit. “You’re afraid I’ll eat you?”

“No,” you assured him, though, if you were being honest with yourself, that was a possibility. “I think that you have a lot of anger, and it’s in your nature to assert yourself as dominant, and I’m just worried that maybe someday you’ll accidentally take things too far. You’ve come dangerously close already…”

You could see the internal battle occurring within him as your words washed over him. He knew you were right. “That doesn’t mean that I don’t feel anything for you Pennywise. I mean, clearly I do,” you said as you gestured towards the river where you had made love moments prior. “It just means that before I consider being your mate, I’m going to need more time, and I’m going to have to get to know you better.”

“You want me to change,” he accused, his eyes narrowing. “You want me to be a docile lap dog who showers you with affection and hides my true nature to make you feel safe? You want me to be a David,” he spat, obviously not keen on the idea.

“If I wanted a David, I would still be with David,” you assured him. He snorted in disbelief, arms crossed childishly, making you grin slightly. “I’m just saying to give it time.”

After a brief pause, he roughly pushed you back, slightly knocking the breath out of you as you fell backwards onto the grass. Before you could speak, his hands snaked up your body and his fingers latched onto the hem of your pants, pulling them down abruptly so that your lower half was once again exposed to the cool night air. “Penn, what are you- mph” you found yourself at a loss for words as his tongue lapped over your folds.

Glancing up, you could see that his tongue was once again elongated past what a typical human was capable of and he was fully concentrated on the task at hand, caressing you eagerly. Your fingers wrapped themselves in his hair, pulling slightly when his tongue hit a particularly sensitive spot within you, earning a low, turned-on growl from him.

He stopped only for a moment to say, “I can give you everything, Y/N. No one else will ever make you feel this good,” he promised as his tongue continued to vibrate unnaturally against your clit.

Throwing your head back in ecstasy, you weren’t able to speak, too caught up in what he was able to do to you. “Your human need for sexual satisfaction is too much for you to deny. You can try to dismiss me, but it won’t last. You’ll be begging for my touch,” he insisted, then plunging his tongue inside of your core while his thumb worked against you.

It irritated you how right he was. He drove you mad. The things he could do to you with his body brought you sensations that you had never experienced, and probably wouldn’t again with anyone else, but that wasn’t an excuse to allow him to control you.

With every ounce of self-control you had, you started to push him away. “Pennywise, stop. Get off of me,” you demanded. Just as surprisingly as before, he stopped immediately, pulling away from you, his lips still gleaming with your essence in the moonlight.

“The sex is great, but that’s not enough,” you stated bluntly, though your breathing was uneven after his excursion in your nether regions. “I don’t know how else to explain that to you, Penn.”

He stood up then, clearly upset as he looked down at you. “I’ll never be what you want me to be;”
he snarled, teeth sharpening and protruding from his lips. “I will not reduce myself to the likeness of a pathetic human companion.”

“Well,” you began with an acidic tone, “Speaking as a fellow pathetic human companion, I’m not asking you to change everything that you are. I’m asking you to be truthful about what you expect of me as well as a slight change in your diet. If that’s not something that you can consider, then there’s really nothing left for us to talk about.”

He stared daggers at you, not at all content with where the conversation ended up. You sighed again, suddenly feeling overwhelmed with exhaustion before you spoke again. “Just… take me home, please.”

Gripping your hands tightly, he lifted you harshly from the ground, pulling you towards him so that you were pressed tightly against him. He wrapped his arms around you and you closed your eyes before you felt the familiar, uncomfortable pressure surrounding your body. Moments later, you opened your eyes and were surprised to find yourself back in your bedroom.

He released you roughly and you almost fell to the ground as your legs wobbled uncomfortably, not at all used to defying physics alongside Pennywise. You would have been pissed with the way he pushed you away from him, but you were too caught up in trying not to get sick.

“I’ll leave you now,” was all he said as he headed for your closet, his usual escape route.

“So that’s it?” you called after him, allowing your slight nausea to settle for a moment. “We’re done?”

Stopping dead in his tracks, he turned back to you, his human form melting away into the menacing clown, his yellow orbs blazing through the dark room as he smiled sinisterly at you - not at all in the way that felt sincere or genuine. “Oh, my sweet human aberration,” he mocked as he stepped closer to you before placing a long, bony finger under your chin, holding your gaze steadily with his own. “We’re not done. Far from it,” he promised.

Your body shivered as he dropped his finger, eyes lingering over you for a moment before giggling menacingly and turning around to blend into the darkness of your room.

Still shaking, you fell into your bed, not even bothering to undress. How could this night go from so fucked up, to so wonderful, back to fucked up again? It was like dating someone who threw temper tantrums whenever he didn’t get exactly what he wanted. It was infuriating and yet, even after all that he had done and after knowing full well what he was capable of, you still felt yourself drawn to him… and he knew it.

You had slept until almost noon the next day, tossing and turning, last night’s previous conversation playing over and over again in your mind, troubling you. It continued to haunt you as you eventually forced yourself to get up, shower, and get ready.

Aunt Alyssa had messaged you earlier in the day to let you know that they were allowing Sara to come home today, which should have been good news, but you were still worried. Though, to be fair, after what you had gone through to get her back, it was possible that you would never stop worrying for her or for your entire family.

Later that day, you had met up with your Aunt, Richie, and Sara at the hospital, reviewing her post-visit treatments with the doctor and offering emotional support to Aunt Alyssa who seemed on the brink of tears at every moment of the day.
After you had all gotten home and started to set Sara up comfortably in her old room, Aunt Alyssa asked if you and Richie wouldn’t mind sticking around to help her with dinner. She was going out of her way to prepare a big meal for everyone as a celebration of sorts for Sara’s return, despite Sara’s protests about wanting everything to go back to normal and not wanting her mom to go out of her way to treat her any differently.

Aunt Alyssa brushed her off and said that a little celebration wouldn’t hurt anyone and we knew that the battle was lost at that point. Even Richie “Trash-mouth” Tozier didn’t complain about having to stick around at home on a Saturday night to spend time with the family.

About an hour later, you, Aunt Alyssa, Richie, and even Sara were clamoring in the kitchen, laughing and chatting about your childhood, playing in the fields down the street when you used to chase after the feral cats. You were laughing so boisterously that you almost didn’t hear the knock at the door.

You all glanced around at each other, perplexed. “Are any of you expecting anyone?” Aunt Alyssa asked.

“No,” you answered, wiping your hands on the nearest towel, walking towards the front door. “But I’ll see who it is.”

You didn’t know who to expect, but when you finally answered the door, you definitely didn’t expect to see Pennywise in his human form, dressed in a button-down shirt and slacks, holding a bouquet of flowers, a menacing grin spread across his face. “Good evening,” he greeted with a wink.

Frozen in place, you were baffled, unable to speak or move. The only thing that managed to escape your lips was an awkward, “Uhhh…”

He chuckled at your obvious confusion. “Aren’t you going to invite me in?”

You finally managed to shake off the initial shock of having him unexpectedly turn up in your doorway and were about to turn him away before you felt a presence behind you. Pennywise’s eyes flicked past you as his smile faltered for a moment before returning even wider than before. “Hello,” he acknowledged.

Your blood turned cold when you heard Richie’s infuriated voice from behind you. “You’ve got to be fucking kidding me.”
Pennywise’s wicked smile crept across his face, his eyes locked on Richie, flaring yellow for just a brief moment. He lifted up the hand that wasn’t carrying the flowers to make a squeezing motion as he taunted softly, ‘Beep, beep, Richie.”

Richie’s eyes widened and Pennywise winked in response. “Get the fuck off of my property, clown!” Richie retorted, his face turning red with rage.

You held your arm in front of Richie, both to push him back from the door and also as an instinctual act of protection from the monster in the doorway. “Penn… what- … what are you doing here?” you stuttered, still baffled by his presence.

Before he could respond, your aunt approached you from behind, peering over your shoulder. “Hi, Penn! What a surprise!” You turned around to glance at her, immediately noticing how her eyes flickered from the bouquet of flowers that Pennywise had in his hands, then back to you, raising her eyebrows in approval, clearly impressed with him.

“Good evening, Mrs. Tozier,” he greeted with a false smile. “I’m sorry to interrupt your time with your family. I was merely hoping to drop by and speak with your niece for a moment.” Wow. He was good. He knew how to play her like a fiddle.

“Nonsense! Please, call me Alyssa,” she insisted. “We’re just making some dinner. Are you hungry?”

“Always,” he answered with a wry smirk, which you met with a glare.

“Would you like to join us?” she asked, motioning for Pennywise to come in.

“No!” Both you and Richie shouted at once. Aunt Alyssa looked taken aback while Pennywise’s knowing smirk grew wider.

“Uhh, I don’t think tonight’s a good night,” you faltered, trying to come up with some vague excuse on the spot. Richie, on the other hand, was much less subtle.

“Go crawl back in the hole you were regurgitated from, you asshole,” Richie spat, seething with hatred.
Aunt Alyssa staggered for a moment, mouth agape while slightly dumbfounded before she came to her senses and immediately scorned Richie for his outburst. “Richard! I don’t know who you think you’re talking to, but you will not speak like that in my house, and especially not to our guests! Apologize right now!”

Pennywise raised his hand in protest, “There’s no need, thank you, Alyssa. He’s just being protective of what’s his. Isn’t that right, Richie?” he asked, looking down at him once more, his height suddenly much more threatening. Richie seemed unfazed as he puffed out his chest, refusing to look away. “I can understand wanting to protect what’s yours. After all, I’d do anything to protect what’s mine.” His eyes darted from Richie to you, and then back to Richie. His warning was clear, but Richie wasn’t budging.

Time seemed to halt as they scowled at each other for what seemed like eons. You stood between them, still stunned into silence, unable to interject until Aunt Alyssa spoke up.

“Alright, boys. Enough. Richie, you will behave, and Penn, I insist that you join us.”

“But-!” Richie protested, pushing his glasses up the bridge of his nose after they had slipped from whipping around so quickly to argue with his mom.

“Richard,” Aunt Alyssa cautioned, frowning at him.

Richie’s pleading eyes met your still shocked ones as he silently begged you for help, but you both already knew that Pennywise was going to get what he wanted. If you didn’t let him in and play his game, he could easily slaughter you all. You shook your head subtly at Richie, indicating that he shouldn’t argue and just let things play out.

“Well,” his villainous grin split across his handsome face. “If you insist, then I really cannot protest.” He stepped forward, extending his arm to hand you the flowers. You hesitantly reached out to take them, making a point to lock eyes with him in an unspoken plea to behave.

He made no implication that he had noticed as he brushed past you and walked inside. “What a lovely home you have,” he complimented, looking around with curiosity. It was then you realized that he had never really been in any other part of their house apart from your bedroom.

“Thank you, Penn,” Aunt Alyssa answered, blushing. “Please join us in the kitchen.”

A thick tension filled the air as you all shuffled down the hall, toward the kitchen. The atmosphere was nothing like the light-heartedness you had all been experiencing before Pennywise showed up.

Once you entered the kitchen, you saw Sara hovering over the stove, stirring the boiling potatoes. “Penn,” Aunt Alyssa began. “This is my daughter, Sara. Sara, this is Penn. He’s-” she stopped short, looking embarrassed, clearly not wanting to assume your relationship. “He’s a friend of Y/N’s.”

You held your breath as Sara turned her attention away from the stove and observed Pennywise. You weren’t sure what to expect, but you anticipated the worst.

As she turned around, she smiled as her eyes rested on Pennywise. “It’s nice to meet you, Penn.” There was no hint in her expression that she had recognized him at all, which was oddly comforting.
He approached her, his footsteps eerily silent as he crept towards her, extending his hand to reach for hers before he held it gently to his lips in a short peck. “It’s truly a pleasure to meet you, Sara. I’ve heard so much about you from Y/N.”

Sara giggled, clearly not used to such gentlemanly customs, which had honestly surprised you as well. That is, until you realized that Pennywise had been around when that sort of thing was a common practice, and he probably just added it to his manipulation catalogue to woo people. “All good things, I hope?” she questioned, quirking an eyebrow at you from across the room.

You did your best to smile through your grimace as you watched him lay his hands on her. Seeing him with her was stirring something inside of you that you hadn’t realized was there - and it wasn’t good. You looked over at Richie to see him red in the face again, doing his best to restrain himself from hurling himself at Pennywise for touching Sara. That’s when you knew you finally had to step in.

“Penn,” you interrupted, holding up your flowers. “Can you help me find a vase for these?”

He chuckled at your question, shaking his head. “I would hardly know where to find a vase in your aunt’s home, Y/N.”

You edged closer to him, making sure that his eyes met yours, hoping he’d catch the hint as you asked, “Please?”

“Y/N, you know exactly where to find a vase,” Aunt Alyssa interrupted. “Go on, let us get to know Penn a bit. They’re in the cupboard beneath the bar in the dining room.”

Pennywise couldn’t wipe the macabre smile from his face as he shrugged playfully at you, testing your patience. “I would hate to be rude,” he insisted, refusing to move away from your family.

“Fine,” you spat, throwing Richie a glance that told him to keep an eye out while you went to grab the vase.

Moments later when you returned, you saw that Pennywise had rolled up his sleeves and that Aunt Alyssa had thrown an apron over him as she and Sara continued to cook while Richie sat in the corner fuming. The scene would have actually been somewhat cute had you not known that Pennywise had something planned to get back at you for refusing to be his mate.

“What did I miss?” you asked, setting the flower-filled vase on the counter beneath the window.

“I’m showing Penn the right way to mash potatoes,” Aunt Alyssa stated. Pennywise grimaced at the human food in front of him, clearly disgusted by the contents on the counter.

“I don’t think that there is a right way, Mom,” Sara laughed, rolling her eyes in your direction.

“Of course there is,” she insisted. “It’s all about wrist movement. It makes them fluffier! Penn, would you like to give it a try?”

It looked like he was holding his breath to keep from having to smell the food, which almost made you laugh. Eventually, he replied, “I think I’ll pass. I’m content watching you work your magic,” he cooed.
It was clear to you now when Penn was being facetious and untruthful, but apparently his charms still had an effect on others since Aunt Alyssa thought nothing of it as she shrugged it off and continued to mash the potatoes.

Not long after that, dinner was finished and Aunt Alyssa had gestured for everyone to sit at the table. Pennywise had pulled out your chair for you, earning an expression of adoration from both Sara and your aunt, with a sneer of disgust from Richie. You smiled weakly at Pennywise in mock gratitude before sitting down and allowing him to push in your chair before taking a seat next to you.

Aunt Alyssa then started distributing the food, and as she went to place some potatoes on Pennywise’s plate, he declined. “No, thank you, Alyssa. Though this looks absolutely… he nearly choked on the next word, “delectable…, I’m not able to enjoy this with you.”

Richie scoffed from the other end of the table. “What’s the matter? Not fleshy or bloody enough for you? You’re looking for something a little more… young and innocent?” he hinted, staring daggers at Pennywise.

“Richard,” Aunt Alyssa warned again, looking baffled. “I’m so sorry, Penn. I had no idea that you had dietary restrictions. Can I make you something else?”

“No, no, I wouldn’t think of it. Please, do not let me keep you from enjoying your meal. I’m just thrilled for the company.” You had to fight the urge to keep from laughing, knowing how much Pennywise despised being in the company of humans, especially children, but he was pulling off the facade effortlessly.

After a few moments of argumentative back and forth between Aunt Alyssa trying to insist that she would make something else and Pennywise declining, she finally relented, and sat down to eat.

“So, Sara,” Pennywise addressed, changing the subject. “Y/N tells me that you were in the hospital for a few days. I’m glad to see that you’re feeling better. Y/N was very worried.”

“Don’t,” you whispered under your breath, gritting your teeth in anger while simultaneously keeping your eye on Richie who looked like he was about to fling himself across the table and onto Pennywise. You had to give him credit for being so restrained. Aunt Alyssa was the only one who could keep him reigned in. That, and he probably knew that if he pushed too far, Pennywise would brutally murder you all.

“That’s really nice of you, Penn,” she answered between bites of food. “I was very lucky that Y/N found me when she did. I’m not sure how much longer I would have survived out there.” She gave you a look of gratitude while Aunt Alyssa reached and held her hand, giving it a reassuring squeeze.

“You seem to be recovering well,” he continued, ignoring your request to drop the subject. “Are there any lingering effects from the trauma?”

Disregarding the fear for your life, you lifted your foot and kicked him sharply, coughing simultaneously to hide the noise. He looked over at you then, quirking a brow, clearly unaffected by your intention to cause him harm to send a message.

“Just some nightmares on occasion,” she answered. “Nothing too bad. I’m getting by,” she finished, clearly no longer wanting to remain on the subject.
He hummed in thought at her response, pursing his lips slightly. “Very interesting,” he concluded before turning to address an enraged Richie, who practically physically shaking with loathing. “How are things with you, Richie?” he asked with a taunting smile, provoking Richie further.

“Fine,” Richie spat, not wanting to make any additional conversation.

“I think I’ve seen you and your friends riding bikes around town. You should be careful. You never know what could happen. You could end up like your sister if you don’t take care,” he warned, his tone laced with venom.

“Oh, you don’t have to worry about us,” Richie insisted with false sweetness. “We’re ready for whatever comes our way.”

A tense silence hung in the air as the two of them continued to stare at each other, revulsion radiating from the both of them, which either wasn’t picked up on by Aunt Alyssa or Sara, or alternatively, they had elected to ignore it for the sake of civility.

“Y/N, you’ve been awfully quiet,” Aunt Alyssa suddenly spoke, changing the subject. “Is everything okay?”

Before you could even open your mouth to respond, Pennywise had interjected, blurting out, “Oh, she’s just feeling uncomfortable. She’s been distant ever since she denied my proposal.”

Immediate bewildered silence followed. You looked around at all of the shocked faces looking back at you while your face heated up with embarrassment. You glared at Pennywise, knowing full-well that he was only doing this to stir up trouble and give you grief.

“P-proposal?” Aunt Alyssa choked out, not able to form a full sentence. “Isn’t that—... Are you—... I didn’t realize that things were so serious between the two of you,” she finally managed to speak.

“Y/N!” was all Sara could manage to say with exasperation as she stared at you in disbelief.

Richie then laughed boisterously after the initial confusion wore off. “You’re damn right she said no!”

Aunt Alyssa was too caught up in her own thoughts to correct his rude behavior as they all waited for an explanation. You looked to Pennywise to see him smirking back at you, waiting to hear how you were going to disclose his jolting statement. Asshole.

“Listen,” you began. “Not that it’s anyone else’s business, but yes, Penn proposed… kind of,” you emphasized. “But, as I’m sure you can imagine, I decided that it was way too soon. I declined.”

“So,” Sara began, an eager smile spreading across her face. “That’s not entirely a no, right?”

Pennywise grinned at her response. “I like you, Sara. You’re intuitive and intelligent. Speaking of which, how’s that article coming along concerning the missing people of Derry? The one Y/N tells me that you were writing before you went missing?”

“Okay!” you practically shouted, jumping up from the table, startling everyone. “Um, Penn, I think I have something in my eye,” you stated, holding your hand over your eye. “Could you help me get it out, please?”
This time, without protest, Pennywise chuckled knowingly, and rose from the table, following you down the hall toward the back of the house, and into the bathroom.

“Seriously?” you snapped as soon as the door shut, whirling around to scowl at him. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing? Is this seriously your way of getting back at me for refusing to be your mate? You’re going to pout like a child and just come in here to stir up shit with my family? Why the f-” You were suddenly cut off by his lips aggressively being pressed against yours as he forcefully pinned you against the door.

An involuntary moan escaped you and spilled into his mouth as his tongue immediately penetrated your lips, exploring and tasting you as he liked to do. Your hands found their way around his neck and up into his hair, clinging to the soft brown strands.

He placed his knee in between your legs and pushed up so that you were almost lifted from the ground. Raising one of your legs to wrap around him, you used the other to balance you as you pushed yourself down onto his thigh, grinding against him and giving you friction where you needed it most.

You could feel the smirk on his lips as he felt you using his limb for your own pleasure. Keening against him, you reached up and started unbuttoning his shirt in a frenzy, no longer thinking coherently and only acting on instinct. You were barely able to get three of them undone when he instead reached down and expertly unfastened your jeans, slithering his fingers beneath them and under your panties.

Tipping your head back to rest against the door, you broke the kiss and gasped for air as he continued to lick and nibble at your skin while his fingers found your most sensitive area. His other large, strong hand held your hips firmly in place as he worked his digits against you, now knowing exactly how you liked to be touched.

Trying your hardest to be quiet, you bit your lip in an attempt to keep your wanton cries from echoing too loudly, though a few managed to release when Pennywise did a particular flick with his fingers in just the right spot.

“You need this,” he whispered huskily against your ear, pressing himself against you. “You’re desperate for it.” It wasn’t a question, but you answered with a groan of agreement anyway. He hummed happily at your response, his tongue darting out of his mouth to lick across his bottom lip as he eyed you with lust.

“I’ve told you, Y/N,” he murmured, increasing the speed of his fingers as he spoke, causing you to shake almost violently as you felt the familiar coil in your belly tightening. “No mortal can make you feel this way. This is only a fraction of what I can make you feel. Do you want more?”

You were so close. Words were unable to fully form as you continued to writhe against him, gathering the fabric of his shirt in your fists in an attempt to hold yourself up to keep from falling since his knee was no longer there to support your weakening limbs.

“Answer me,” he demanded, his authoritative voice making you shiver even more.

“Y-Yes,” you barely managed to choke out, practically sobbing.

“Good girl,” he cooed, making you whine at his praise. “Tell me that you’re mine.”
Groaning, growing more frustrated and flustered you begged, “Pennywise, please.”

“Tsk, tsk, tsk,” he scolded, slowing his fingers slightly. “Now, now, little human. Don’t be coy. Say the words, Y/N.”

“Ugh!” you practically screamed with desperation and impatience. “Fuck, Pennywise! I’m yours, okay?!”

His menacing smile widened as he relished in your response, appreciating your current state of weakness. “That’s right. You are mine. I can do with you whatever I please, and until you accept that you are irrevocably and unconditionally mine forever, I will not give you what you crave most.”

The words barely registered with you as his fingers came to a sudden halt and he withdrew his hand, leaving you a panting mess, your entire body throbbing with arousal. “W-what you are talking about?” you nearly shouted after being denied your release that had been so close. “I’ve already said that I’m yours, Pennywise, what more do-”

It was then that it occurred to you. He was going to deny you sex until you had agreed to be his mate.

“You’ve got to be kidding me,” you scoffed, pushing him back aggressively and hastily buttoning up your jeans. Anger was radiating throughout your body. What bothered you most was that you weren’t only upset due to the fact that he was denying you sex, no. It was that you were genuinely upset by it. You enjoyed how he made you feel and you had established some sort of sick need for him. “You are a fucking child.”

He laughed gleefully, clearly enjoying seeing how upset you were. To tease you further, he lifted his hand and extended his tongue beyond the means that any human could, and deliberately slowly licked your essence from his digits.

Fuming, you wracked your brain for a rebuttal. Your body was still trying to calm itself after getting worked up that quickly, so it was a bit difficult to think. Eventually, you had settled on a response.

“You like games? Fine. Let’s play a game.” He eyed you curiously, and you could tell by his expression that you already had him hooked. “Except we aren’t playing by your rules. We’re playing by mine. Got it?”

His wicked smile returned, making his beautiful human face seem terrifying. It bothered you that not only had you become almost unfazed by his menacing expressions, but at this point you had actually almost… enjoyed it? What the fuck was wrong with you?

You turned around and crooked your finger over your shoulder to motion for him to follow you. “Come on,” you urged as you opened the door and started walking back toward the dining room, fixing your unkempt appearance on the way back to mask your uncouth actions.

The other three were somewhat happily chatting away when the two of you entered and went to take your seats at the table. “Did you get it?” Sara asked, eyebrows raised facetiously.

“Get what?” you asked, confused.
“You had something in your eye, remember?” she chuckled knowingly, amused by your lack of memory.

“Oh!” you recalled as you remembered your bullshit excuse to leave the table. “Yeah, just an eyelash. All good,” you assured her.

You exchanged glances with Richie who was glaring heatedly at you. You raised your eyes at him to indicate that you had things under control… or so you hoped.

After you had sat down, you had intentionally positioned yourself closer to Pennywise, reaching for his hand under the table to hold it gently in yours. He gave you a puzzled look, almost seemingly disgusted with the affectionate gesture, but you smiled at him reassuringly to put him at ease before you revealed your intentions.

Luckily, Aunt Alyssa was badgering Richie about school and asked about his finals coming up in the next month. They were both too caught up in their own conversation to notice you unlocking your hand from Pennywise’s grasp under the table and reaching for the zipper of his pants.

You could feel his eyes on you, but you refused to visually acknowledge him as your hand unzipped his trousers and made quick work of the top button, leaving you room to reach in and gain access to his bulge, covered only by a thin layer of shorts underneath. You had to give him credit to committing to the full human form. You wondered if he would have manifested underwear at all if it weren’t for the occasion and his dedication to his role as your… boyfriend? Jesus Christ. What the fuck were you getting yourself into?

His body visibly tensed as you began to fondle his crotch, first using your nails to trace along the shaft lightly before rubbing small circles with the pads of your fingers, and then applying a little more force with your palm.

If Pennywise required air to breathe, you were fairly certain that he’d be choking on his own breath at that point. From what you had gathered, physical sexual contact with a human was a somewhat new experience for him, so it didn’t take long to get him excited. Instead, he didn’t move at all. He sat stock still as you continued to work at him, knowing that he was enjoying himself by the way his human-like cock started to harden beneath your fingers.

“What do you think, Penn?”

Aunt Alyssa’s voice snapped both of you out of your trance and you stilled your hand for a moment, afraid that you had gotten caught. However, you could tell by the look on her face that she was completely oblivious to what was happening beneath the table.

“What was that?” Pennywise stammered, straightening his posture, which had slouched while he had been concentrating on your movements. You couldn’t hide your smirk as you relished in the effect you had on him. For once he was at your mercy, and you loved it.

“Our community should be doing more to protect the children!” she began to explain passionately. “With all of these people going missing, it’s clear that something more needs to be done! Don’t you agree?”

You almost burst out laughing, not because it was funny, but because you could actually feel the abhorrence radiating from Pennywise. Tightening your lips, you tried to contain the laughter from
It was painfully obvious how hard he was trying to mask his grimace as he replied. “Oh, I’m not so sure about that,” he began. “I think it’s essential for children to get into a little mischief. It’s the only way to discover what kind of evil lurks in your own backyard.”

Aunt Alyssa looked baffled while Sara had a concerned look on her face, and Richie was still fuming. It was clear that they weren’t expecting such a morbid response from him. “Well,” Aunt Alyssa began. “I guess it’s not the same unless until you actually have children. I just think that we could be doing more to ensure that our kids are safe from whoever it is that’s causing this.”

“*What* ever it is,” Richie emphasized.

“What?” Sara asked, all eyes now on Richie.

“It’s not a who. Whatever is taking people isn’t human. It’s a pathetic piece of shit that can’t find anything better to do than destroy families, and it’s going to die for it.”

You were grateful that no one else was looking at Pennywise at the time because his eyes flashed brightly, morphing from the human blue into the monstrous yellow, lingering for a moment before he could regain his composure.

“Richie… what are you talking about?” Sara asked, clearly taken aback by his words. “You think that it’s an animal or something?”

Pennywise refused to look away from Richie, who was staring icily right back at him, ignoring Sara’s question. You removed your hand from his groin and instead grabbed his hand again as you whispered, “Penn. Let it go.”

You almost lost your shit when he externally growled, baring his teeth at your younger cousin, earning a concerned expression from your aunt. “Penn, are you feeling alright? Is it the food?”

He ignored her question, his body starting to physically shake, alerting you to how close he was to revealing his true nature, which was probably Richie’s intention. “Pennywise, please,” you whispered softly, practically begging him to keep it together and not to hurt them.

“I have to go,” he finally spoke, standing up from the table abruptly.

“Oh, is everything okay?” Aunt Alyssa asked, starting to stand as well.

“Everything is fine,” he snapped. “Alyssa, thank you for your hospitality. I hope you’ll forgive my sudden departure. Have a good evening,” he finished, already making his way out of the dining room with you immediately trailing behind, throwing an apologetic glance to your family as you followed him out.

“Pennywise, stop!” you demanded after shutting the front door behind you as he stepped onto the porch. “What the fuck was that? Since when are you so… proper?”

He was practically foaming at the mouth as he turned to face you, his eyes a piercing yellow, revealing his malevolent nature. “I’m going to eat that little brat,” he snarled, a new layer of pointed teeth adorning the inside of his mouth.
“Get a fucking grip,” you scolded. “He’s a smartass kid, Pennywise. Of course he’s going to get under your skin.”

He then lurched forward and grabbed your shoulders harshly, pushing you against the side of the house, knocking the air out of you. “I will not tolerate mockery from a disgusting human.”

It was your turn to become angry. Your patience was long gone as you commanded, “Leave, Pennywise. Let go of me, and get the fuck out.”

Much to your surprise, he released you roughly and turned around to leave without another word, disappearing into the darkness beyond your house.

You calmly walked back into the house and into the dining room where your family remained silent, awaiting an explanation.

“He’s in a mood,” was all you managed to come up with.

“He sure is a bit… strange… isn’t he?” your aunt spoke more to herself than anyone else.

“That’s seriously who you’re seeing?” Sara asked, clearly not impressed, which you were secretly grateful for.

“He’s not welcome back here,” Richie seethed.

Sara chuckled at his obvious hatred. “Richie, why do you have such a problem with him? What did he ever do to you?”

“He-!”

“Richie,” you interjected, cutting him off. “Do us all a favor, and keep your thoughts to yourself, please? For just one night. Can you manage that?”

He rolled his eyes, pushing his plate away from him. “Whatever. Can I go?” he asked Aunt Alyssa, no longer having the patience for family time.

“Yes, sweetie” she answered. “Take your plate to the sink, please.”

Moping, he got up from his seat, grabbed his plate, and sulked into the kitchen. You rubbed your eyes, the stress of the evening finally getting to you. “I’m going to bed. I’m sorry for cutting this short. I’m just not feeling well. Thank you for dinner, Aunt Alyssa,” you muttered, your energy fading quickly while you picked up your plate.

“Okay, Y/N. Let me know if you need anything,” Aunt Alyssa called after you.

“Good night!” Sara stated, suspicion thick in her voice. You would probably hear all about her poor impression of Pennywise later, but you didn’t want to hear it right now. You couldn’t handle the fuckery that was your current situation.

After cleaning your plate and slumping upstairs, you sighed with relief as soon as you shut the door behind you. What should have been a peaceful, light-hearted night with your family was ruined by Pennywise’s antics yet again. Did you honestly think that this could work? He would willingly turn into an obedient partner that you could keep around to keep you company and to have sex with
when you needed it? You knew what he was capable of, and you just allowed him to be within close proximity of your family and almost screwed him right down the hall from them. Maybe Pennywise wasn’t the real monster here… maybe it was you.

Your self-hatred was interrupted when you felt a familiar chill crawl up your spine. “Back so soon?” you sarcastically said aloud into the darkness of your room before going to flip on the light switch.

As expected, Pennywise was lurking in the corner, no longer in his human form, but instead appearing as his preferred clown form, staring at you intensely with his glowing golden orbs.

“I’m really not in the mood,” you complained, exhaustion taking over. Your body suddenly felt really weak and you just wanted to fall into bed and sleep for the next thirty years or so. Suddenly Pennywise’s obligation to sleep for twenty-seven years at a time didn’t seem so strange. You could totally relate.

He didn’t speak, but instead approached you slowly, analyzing you more carefully than he usually did. When he reached you, he grabbed the back of your hair, his nails lightly scraping your scalp, and pulled back - not roughly, but hard enough for you to tilt your head back and expose your neck. He pressed his face into the crook of your neck, inhaling deeply before releasing your hair and pressing a kiss to your forehead.

You didn’t know how to react to his affection, but you both stayed in that position for a few moments before he pulled away with a soft noise as his lips left your skin, and stepped back. It was then you realized that his actions were that of an apology. It was probably all that he was capable of.

Touched by his vulnerable state, you smiled at him before taking his hand, and walking towards the bed. “Come here,” you urged, dragging him along with you.

Before getting into bed, you removed most of your clothes, apart from your shirt and panties. You expected to hear him protesting that you weren’t stripped bare, but he remained silent as you crawled into bed and under the covers, lifting them up and nodding your head to invite him to lay down with you.

He crept into the bed to lay under the covers with you, his long legs spilling over the end of the bed. You bit your lip to stifle your laughter as you turned to face him. For a few moments, the two of you just stared into each other’s eyes, not knowing what the other was thinking. You reached up then to trace the pads of your fingers along his cheek, then over his lips, and eventually settling with carding your fingers through his hair. He closed his eyes, enjoying the feeling of your touch, and purring softly, which made you smile.

As you continued to stroke his hair, you couldn’t help but feel content. This is what you had wanted all along. You knew that Pennywise was capable of emotion and intimacy. Was there a chance that you could alter his basic instincts and make him want to be good?

It was too much for you to think about in that moment. Exhaustion was taking over, and you didn’t have the energy to contemplate such a complicated topic. You pushed the thoughts away and tried to force yourself to enjoy this time with him.

After a few more moments like that, you retracted your hand and turned over, getting into a more comfortable position for you to doze off. Pennywise caught you off guard when his long arms
wrapped themselves around you and he pressed himself against you. For fuck’s sake, he was spooning you. You never thought you’d see the day when Pennywise actually wanted to hold you like that.

If you were being honest with yourself, despite knowing what he was and having experienced genuine torture at his hands… you had never felt safer than you did at that very moment.

With that last thought, you drifted off to sleep.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

I'm back?

You woke with a stir, groggy and disoriented from a nonsensical dream that you had forgotten instantly when you regained consciousness. Looking around the dark room, you felt relieved to find that you were safe in your comfortable bed, waking only for a moment to roll over and fall back asleep. However, that plan was altered when you heard a deep, guttural growl next to you. Shifting carefully to inspect the source of the sound, you saw Pennywise in his clown form, laying on his back. His mouth was wide open while small, jagged teeth protruded through his gums, and he was breathing deeply enough to what you had assumed was his version of a snore.

An amused smile spread across your face as you watched him, so unbelievably vulnerable. You had wondered if he had been this way with anyone before. For a moment, your heart fluttered at the very sight of him. Layers of an infinitely complicated being lay before you, and what was even more unfathomable was that he cared for you. Even now, you weren’t quite sure what to make of that, or how that had happened. However, you had every intention of poking and prodding at the subject until he was eventually worn down to the point of confessing what it was that originally drew him to you, and what had made him want to keep you alive.

Memories of your time together played through your mind as you gazed at his resting body. Your initial meeting in the hall of mirrors and the curiosity that adorned his features, to the fights and the arguments, to the sex, your thoughts lingering on the feral look of longing in his captivating eyes. Your mind continued to relive your moments together until you had remembered the challenge that you had begun the day before. It wasn’t long before a wicked idea crept into your mind. Leaning closer to him, you noticed how his eyes fluttered behind his eyelids, indicating that he must be dreaming. You had briefly wondered what it was that he dreamt about. Probably biting off the heads of children, particularly your cousin, Richie. You shook the haunting image away as you concentrated on your desire to win the game.

Fully taking into consideration the potential danger of your actions, you allowed your hand to rest on his thigh, careful not to apply too much pressure that would startle and wake him. Gliding your hand lightly over the silk, your hand came to rest on the crook between his legs. Cupping slightly, you searched for his organ, not knowing what form it would currently be in. However, you were shocked to find that nothing was there. It was smooth and flat where his genitals should have been, which confused you since you had experienced his giant cock for yourself, and you knew that it existed.

“Looking for something?”

The sound of his teasing, squeaky voice startled you, making you jump. You hadn’t even realized that his snoring had ceased and his eyes had opened, peering down at you with amused curiosity.

“How?” you asked, hoping that he would understand your vague question.

He flashed a toothy smile, his fangs now hidden away and replaced by more human-like teeth,
propping himself up on his elbows to meet your eyes. “My deceitfully naive human,” he teased before he paused for a moment to lick his lips. “You’re looking for fun?”

“Fun, revenge, same difference,” you mocked in return, waiting to see if he understood what it was that you were getting at.

“Sneaking will get you nowhere,” he remained amused. “A simple plea will get you what you want.”

“Oh, but it’s not what I want,” you assured him as you seductively crawled up his body, leaning in closely to press your lips close to his ear as you skillfully rubbed your body against his. “Trust me; it’s what you want.”

Almost immediately you felt a hardened mass form below, pressing against your pelvis. You bit your lip in excitement as you placed your lips on his and whispered, “Let me show you how much fun I can really be.” You hungrily kissed him then, running your tongue along his, still not used to the rough cat-like texture of the his wet muscle working against yours.

Once again, you cupped his genital area, only this time, there was definitely something there. Your fingers wrestled with the silky material until you found the opening, pulling his already hardened member from the confines of his costume. Unsure of what you would find beneath the fabric, you were somewhat relieved to find that he had made it appear as human as possible. It was one thing to have an alien appendage inside of you, but to suck on it? No, you definitely needed more time to mentally prepare yourself for something like that.

He was such a sight when he was needy and hard. You took a moment to gaze up at him, appreciating him even in his creepy clown form before remembering the task at hand. Eyes drifting longingly to his sex, you took a moment to inspect what you were working with. Your previous encounters been rushed, clouded by nervousness or lust. You could take your time now and really take in the thick, long and curved organ that flared at the tip.

Positioning yourself at the bottom of the bed, you kneeled in between his legs, slowly pushing them apart, lowering your body to lay between his thighs. Pennywise didn’t move, irritatingly maintaining his unwavering calmness.

You didn’t bother calling him out on it. Your revenge was playing out, and you weren’t about to let him ruin it. Instead, you gently rubbed your finger over the sensitive crease just underneath the tip earning a slight shudder from him.

“Don’t move, Penn,” you warned softly, pressing his sensitive head against your bottom lip, flicking your tongue out over the slit. Finally acknowledging your actions, he stretched his chin up, his Adam’s apple bobbing as he tried to push down the anticipation that you had hoped he was feeling.

As you slipped the first inch of him into the hot cavern of your mouth, you noticed that he seemed to be holding his breath, his chest stilled of any movement. As you continued your descent, he released his hold, groaning and exhaling at the same time, producing an almost growl-like sound. Smiling to yourself, you dropped further onto his shaft until you could go no further, taking a few moments to swallow around his length before pulling back to stroke him roughly, just as he liked it.

The velvet texture of his sac tensed in your fingers as you stroked it, earning another guttural sound when you applied pressure using your thumb into the spot where his balls met the base of his cock. In your peripheral vision you could see his fingers flexing, indicating his struggle to maintain his composure and stay still like you had commanded. He wanted to take control, it was easy to tell,
but he held onto his thin rope of restraint as you kept pushing and pushing his limit.

You inhaled an excessive amount of air as you removed yourself from him minutes later, wiping the dripping fluid away from your mouth with the back of your hand, smirking at the needy expression on Pennywise’s face. “Something wrong?” you feigned innocence, eagerly awaiting his defeat.

Pennywise shifted uncomfortably before replying, his voice strained, coming in short breaths. “No. Nothing.”

Challenge accepted. “I’m going to try something with you, Penn. It might feel weird but just… just go with it, okay?”

His eyes narrowed at your choice of words, but he subtly nodded his head, granting his approval.

Returning your hands to his weeping member, you lowered yourself again, sucking one finger into your mouth and soaking it in saliva. Pressing your digit to the spot just below his sac, you slid in down, feeling his hole twitch at the first touch. Your eyes flickered to his, expecting some sort of reaction, particularly an angry one, but he remained calm, his brows furrowed in confusion.

“You’re handling this shockingly well,” you murmured in surprise. He cleared his throat uncomfortably, indicating his hesitance to allow you to continue your exploration, but you didn’t stop.

Containing your giggle, you then dipped your head to kiss his sac, gently tracing lines along his flesh with your tongue. Pennywise absentmindedly spread his legs a little more, giving you more room to move and you took that as an invitation to slip the tip of your finger into him.

A choked breath was elicited from the back of his throat, yet you could feel his cock twitch in your hand where you grasped it loosely, stroking your finger into him at a deliberately torturous pace. Pennywise’s hips shuddered and his legs spread a little further, knees pulled up to give you even more room to torture him.

Your ring finger was submerged inside him now, aided by your saliva where you licked and nibbled at his sac earnestly, noting each little noise that fell from his swollen lips. His cock was twitching in your hand, heavily leaking precum, leaving your fingers sticky.

Leaning further down, you crooked the finger inside of him and Pennywise whined loudly, the sound high-pitched and so desperate that for a moment you thought he might bust. It was then you knew that you had discovered that he did, in fact, have a prostate of some sort. To your dismay, he swallowed down the rest of his sounds, gasping and panting as you started to thrust your finger against the same needy spot, his hips grinding down for more.

His painted red lips were trembling as his eyes were glued shut, his body shaking with need as he started to lose himself. You took his length into your mouth once more, sucking him harshly. He was so close, just on the edge of his release. It was then that you decided to cease your movements completely and remove your mouth from him.

A fearsome snarl tore through his lungs as he stared daggers at you, quickly putting the pieces together of your actions. “Hey,” you began, shrugging your shoulders sardonically. “It’s your rules. No release until I agree to become your mate, right? I’m only abiding by our deal.”

He bared his teeth at you as he contemplated his next words carefully. This was now the second time that you had given this creature blue balls, and you relished in it. You could see the gears
turning in his mind as he fought with himself to relent or to hold steady and attempt to keep the upper hand.

Before he could make up his mind, you sat up, casually starting to remove your clothes while thinking aloud in a bored tone, “I think I’m going to take a shower.” His eyes notably widened at the mention of you exposing yourself to him.

Waiting for further protest, you were disappointed when he remained silent as you continued to undress and head into the adjoining bathroom. Pennywise had followed you, positioning himself on the top of the toilet as if he weighed ten pounds as his eyes raked over your bare skin while you stepped into the shower.

He remained seated on the toilet top, brooding and pouting after having been deprived of the physical touch he craved from you. It was difficult to clearly see him through the opaque glass of the shower door, but you could still see his form. You could sense his glare boring into you as you stuck your head under the running water, savoring the warmth running down your face.

After a few moments passed, you grabbed the shampoo, squired a glob into your hand, and started to lather the substance in your hair, your random thoughts surfacing to your lips. “Would you ever really eat Richie?”

Though you couldn’t see him clearly through the shower door, you could see his posture stiffen. As subtle as it was, you noticed it.

“Yes.” The brutally honest answer shook you slightly, but you weren’t surprised. His tolerance for humanity only goes so far, so you’ve discovered. It was still a miracle that you weren’t all dead yet.

As you rinsed your shampoo out, you hummed thoughtfully before airing out your inner thoughts more. “You know… you and Richie aren’t so different.”

Again, you couldn’t see his expression, but you could see movement in the profile of his face, indicating a grimace or baring his teeth at your remark. “You would compare me to that brat?” he hissed.

“I’m just saying,” you continued, seemingly unbothered by his annoyance. “He has a problem controlling his temper, too. You’re both blunt, vulgar, and he’s has a misplaced sense of authority.” Pennywise remained silent too long for your liking, causing you to recant a bit and add, “That’s not to say that you don’t share good qualities as well. You’re both protective of those you care about.”

Still, you were met with silence, but you could see his form behind the shower door, still facing you. Unable to handle the silence, you added, “I wonder if your kids will be like you. I mean… can you even have kids?”

You waited, holding your breath to determine if you had once again pushed him too far with your abrasive curiosity, something that he had never experienced. Not long after, however, he broke the silence. “I cannot breed.”

“But we-”

“Fucking and breeding are not the same thing,” he interjected crudely, proving your earlier point. When you didn’t respond, he sighed like an annoyed child before continuing, sensing your confusion. “You may compare it to that of a dog engaging in intercourse with a cat. It’s possible, but it will not result in offspring.”
You furrowed your brow while you delicately dragged your loofa over your soapy arms, not at all liking the comparison. Was he the dog and you were supposed to be the cat? Was what you were doing a crime against nature? Oh god, was this bestiality?!

“You’re displeased with my answer,” he commented candidly, bringing you back to the conversation.

“I mean… kind of? I’m more confused than anything.” He snorted, indicating that he wasn’t at all surprised by that, which irritated you. “Pennywise, why do you want me to be your mate?”

“I’ve answered this,” he replied in a bored tone.

“First of all,” you retorted. “No, you haven’t. You’ve tiptoed around it and have never given me a solid answer, but more importantly, considering the fact that we can’t have kids, I’m just surprised is all. Isn’t that the point?”

He said nothing in return as you turned off the water, grabbed your towel from the rack, and stepped out of the shower, wrapping the towel around you. You had figured that was all he was going to comment on the subject, and there was no point in pushing him further. Once he was over a topic of discussion, there really wasn’t any point in trying to prolong it.

After removing the towel and wiping the remaining water from your body, you started to wring out the water from your hair, walking around your room to start gathering an outfit. His eyes flicked to your body, which you were no longer shy about when you were around him. He followed you back into the bedroom, silently watching your every move.

It didn’t take long before you felt his hands on your sides from behind, pulling you into him. “I’m trying to get ready, Penn.” As much as you were actually tempted to fall into him, you had brushed him off as you started putting on your clothes, refusing to meet his eyes. You knew that if you did, it would be too easy to surrender to him.

Despite your reluctance, he wasn’t having it. Mere seconds after you had pulled your t-shirt over your head, he was on you, pressing his full lips urgently against yours. Instead of denying him, you instinctually moved into his body, bringing your hands up to entangle your fingers in his bright hair. A rumble echoed through his throat as you pulled on his strands slightly, needing more of him.

It wouldn’t be that big of a deal if you gave in just this once, right? You weighed your options carefully, debating on whether or not you would be able to tolerate Pennywise’s smugness knowing that he had won if you eventually submitted to him. Much to your surprise, you didn’t get the chance to decide.

“Oh!” A voice from across the room startled you, forcing you to pull back from Pennywise and stare into the eyes of your shocked aunt, standing in the doorway to your room.

Blush started to creep across both of your faces as you remained silent for a moment, wondering how the hell you were going to explain why you were kissing a clown in your room. However, when you looked back over to Pennywise, he was already in his human form, smirking.

Baffled, you turned back to your aunt to address her, “H-Hey Aunt Alyssa. We were just-”

“No need to explain,” she cut you off, clearing her throat nervously. “You’re an adult. I didn’t mean to intrude.”
You wanted to ask her what she saw - whether or not she had seen Pennywise in his clown form. She must have thought, right? He had been a clown that whole morning. You could distinctly feel his buck teeth when you kissed him. Though, who knew what Pennywise could pull off when it came to his appearances and other people. He was more powerful than you could probably even fathom, and he had mentioned previously that he can make people see what he wants them to see, so you had decided just to let it go. If she wasn’t going to say anything, you weren’t either.

You coughed awkwardly before speaking again. “Um… so… what’s up?”

Looking just as embarrassed, she replied, “I don’t mean to interrupt, but I was wondering if I could borrow you for a minute for a quick chat?” Her eyes flicked back and forth between you and Pennywise as if asking for both of your permission.

Before you could reply, Pennywise addressed her question. “I was just leaving,” he said before brushing his lips against your cheek in a hasty goodbye kiss. As he was walking towards the door he stopped for a moment to turn around, wink at you and say, “I’ll see you soon.”

It was strange for you to see Pennywise actually using the door considering he usually slithered away into the darkness of your room or into your closet. Though you knew that he wasn’t really leaving. He wanted your aunt to think that he was leaving for her own benefit, and maybe even yours, but you knew him better than that by now. You knew that he was always lurking, and always listening. What you didn’t know is whether or not that comforted you, or creeped you out.

After he left, your aunt crossed the room and sat on your bed, motioning for you to sit beside her. You sank down next to her, allowing her to take your hands into hers, meeting her eyes to see that they were brimmed with tears. “Y/N, you’ve been so helpful these past few weeks. I am so grateful to have had you to lean on for support. The fact that you came all of this way and sacrificed your time away from your home in California to be here with us… Well, I’ll never be able to thank you enough."

Immediately, you found yourself reaching out, wrapping your arms around her tightly in an embrace. You felt the sting of tears forming in your eyes as well, pushing down the lump in your throat. “I’m always here for you guys. You know that,” was all you could manage to say as she pulled away, breaking the hug.

She smiled, wiping her tears away with her manicured fingers, careful not to wipe away her make-up. Lifting her hand to your face, she lightly pinched your cheek endearingly, to which you smiled back in return. “You know you’re always welcome here,” she began, “But I guess I was just wondering what comes next for you. Are you going to stay here for awhile longer?”

You honestly hadn’t really given it much thought. You were too busy worrying about Sara and your relationship with Pennywise. You had given him your word that you sort of… belonged to him, as derogatory as that sounded, so did that mean that you couldn’t ever leave Derry again?

“You’re not sure what I’m going to do. There’s really not much of a reason to stay.” You threw that last part in there knowing full well that Pennywise was listening, and he’d probably give you hell for that later.

“Well,” your aunt began in a teasing, sing-song voice. “I couldn’t help but notice that you and Penn have been getting pretty close…”

Thankfully, a knock on the door turned your attention away from the uncomfortable subject to see Sara standing in the doorway. “Can I come in?” she asked, a slight smile on her face. You and your aunt slid away from each other to give your cousin some room in between you, where she plopped
down happily. “What’s going on in here?”

“Just girl talk,” your aunt answered, winking at you discretely.

“Oh?” Sara questioned, her eyebrows raised. “So I assume we’re talking about that guy you’ve been seeing? The weird one?”

You scoffed, playfully rolling your eyes. “Can we not get into the details of my personal life, please?”

Sara raised her hands up in surrender teasingly, a sly grin on her face. “I’m just saying. Something’s different with you, and I don’t think it’s California.”

“What, like, bad different?”

“No,” she giggled. “I can’t really explain it. Just the way you carry yourself is different. Like, you’re more confident, especially when he’s around.”

It was difficult for you to talk about Pennywise so candidly with your family, especially Sara. Little did she know, the guy that you’ve had lurking around the house had kidnapped and tortured her for weeks. The dynamics of it all still disturbed you. Honestly, it was a pretty fucked up situation. You tried to convince yourself that the only reason you were so submissive when it came to Pennywise was because you knew what he could do to your loved ones. Granted, that was a part of it, but there was also a part of you that was genuinely intrigued by him and also found him desirable. If you weren’t convinced that you needed therapy before, it was now very apparent.

“Thanks… I think,” you found yourself replying moments later after coming out of your deep thought process.

“I mean it,” she laughed, playfully hitting your shoulder. “Obviously, I don’t know him very well, but I think you like him more than you let on. I know that you have your life back in California, but there’s also no reason to rush back there, you know? Maybe see how things play out here?”

The hopeful look on her face made you feel worse than you already did. The two of you had always been so close, and when you left it crushed her, but you both knew that you needed time away. “I spent so much time trying to get away from here. I hated it here,” you found yourself thinking aloud.

Sara sighed, giving her mom a soulful look before addressing you. “I remember. Don’t get me wrong, Derry doesn’t even have half of the things that the West Coast has to offer, but there’s also things here that California doesn’t have.”

Like a killer clown? You found yourself almost laughing at your own internal joke.

“Yeah, I know. I’ll think about it,” you promised, giving them both a reassuring smile. “Now, I gotta get ready. Can you get out of here, please?” you laughed as you picked up a pillow and threw it toward Sara.

She and her mom left together, exchanging unspoken glances that didn’t sit well with you, but you didn’t want to dwell on it. You already had too much going on in your head right now, and adding more worry to that wasn’t going to do you any good.

As if on cue, Pennywise emerged from the shadows underneath your bed, his bones loudly popping and snapping into place from his spider-like crouch beneath the shallow frame. He was still in his human form, which surprised you, but holy shit if it didn’t thrill you. He was uncharacteristically
stunning in this form and sometimes the sight of him quite literally took your breath away.

You knew that something was off with him when you saw the yellow glow of his eyes staring intently at you as he crept closer, his footsteps eerily making no sound as he approached you.

“Penn?” you questioned softly, taking steps back to keep some distance between the two of you. “What’s wrong?”

You expected him to snarl at you, or to lash out in some form like he had done so many times prior. What you didn’t expect was for him to be so calm, the only indicator of his rage his glowing orbs glaring back at you. What unnerved you even more was instead of his usual harsh tone, he spoke slowly and clearly, “No reason to stay?” His voice was like molten lava, washing over every single nerve that ran through your body. This was an entirely different level of interaction that you hadn’t experienced with him yet, and you didn’t know if you should be slightly worried, or absolutely terrified.

You had backed up against the wall now, no place left to go as you watched him edge closer and closer to you, taking his sweet time, relishing in the waves of panic emitting from you. “Silly girl, a word to the wise from your friend, Pennywise…” he had reached you then and lifted his giant hand to your face, harshly digging his fingers into your cheeks as he pulled you closer to him. “Don’t. Test. Me.”
Chapter Notes

This chapter is basically just clown sex. Sorry, not sorry. I felt inspired, what can I say?

The story is starting to wrap up now. I’m envisioning maybe 3 chapters left. Thanks for sticking around for the ride!

Special thanks to youngmoneymilla for the triple-tongue recommendation >:) Check out her works while you’re at it. She’s a ridiculously talented author.

Cheers, friends!

It was dark all around you. Your body was shivering and the air was thick with a staleness that made you not want to inhale. As you started to come to, flashes of frightening images began to return to your mind. The rage behind Pennywise’s eyes as he pinned you to the wall of your bedroom was all too vivid before you could recall your consciousness fading away. His panicked expression was the last thing that you could remember before you passed out.

Reluctantly, you opened your eyes, coughing and choking on the musky air around you. Waiting for your eyes to adjust to the ill-lit surroundings, you lifted yourself from the dirty floor, struggling to swat the dust and grime from your clothes. Once your eyes acclimated to the darkness, you attempted to perceive your environment and soon realized that you were somewhere in the creepy house on Neibolt Street.

Immediately you understood why you were there. This had been Pennywise’s domain of choice, and he had brought you there for reasons that couldn’t be good, especially considering the last conversation that took place between the two of you.

“Y/N…” Your name could be heard as a whisper in the air, indicating that you were being watched and he knew that you were awake.

“Pennywise?” your voice was hoarse as you struggled to speak. “Where are you?”

“I had to be sure…” his voice trailed off as it started to get a little more clear.
You continued to look around, trying to focus your attention on where he could be hiding. “Be sure of what? What the hell are you talking about?”

Finally, you noticed a reflection in the light in a dark corner of the room. Slowly, Pennywise emerged from the shadows back in his clown form, his yellow eyes shining with an unnatural glow. His sharp, jagged teeth were already protruding from his mouth in multiple rows, making him look absolutely feral as he approached you.

“No reason to stay?” He had repeated his question from earlier in your room. You realized that your little tease had meant a lot more to him than you thought it would. This was not at all the reaction that you were expecting from him.

Forcing your voice to sound stronger, you quickly dismissed his worries. “Pennywise, that was a joke. I don’t know how many times I have to tell you that I understand the deal that I made with you in exchange for Sara. I’m not leaving, but I still have to consider the safety of my family. I can’t stay with them forever. The longer I’m around you, the more I fear for them. Do you understand?”

He edged closer to you, his crazed expression softening while his teeth began to retract into his gums. His large clown feet seemed to echo throughout the room with each step as he drew nearer to you. “You cannot leave me.”

Your forehead creased with concern as you swallowed thickly. You hadn’t yet seen this side to him. Was it fear? Desperation? Whatever it was, something was off. He was typically oozing with arrogance and indifference. Why was he suddenly so… afraid?

Regardless of your head screaming at you to give him space, you took a deep breath and closed the gap between the two of you with just a couple of strides, raising your hands hesitantly to hold his face in your hands. “Penn… I’ve told you. I’m not leaving you. I’m yours.”

“Forever,” he urged, his voice cracking a bit.

You knew what his version of forever was, and it didn’t align with yours. The price you paid for Sara was to give yourself to Pennywise until you had died, which at the time, you didn’t think would be very long considering the violent creature that he was. You had hoped for a quick, somewhat painless death when he got bored of you, but you had come to realize that he had so much more planned for you. Pennywise was never going to be satisfied until you had agreed to be his in body, mind, and soul.

He eagerly awaited your answer, his eyes boring into yours as you carefully contemplated your next words. “...Yes, Pennywise. Forever.”

Your words had an immediate effect on him. It was like a wave of elation had washed over him as his orbs swirled from yellow to the familiar bright blue and his face split into what was one of the only genuine smiles you had seen from him. Your body started to shake as you realized what you had just done, but Pennywise didn’t seem to notice as he gripped the back of your head, pulling you towards him as he crushed his painted lips against your own, little whimpers of excitement escaping him as he kissed you deeply.

Grateful that your body was on autopilot as you reciprocated the kiss, your mind became dazed as you started to panic as to whether or not you had made the right decision. What would officially becoming his mate entail for you? Would it hurt? Probably. A lot. You had worried what that would mean for your family’s safety, but you knew that in the end, this would be better for them, and probably the rest of Derry as well. Pennywise would have a constant distraction - someone
willing to share his existence with him for the remainder of eternity. It was the ultimate sacrifice. You tried to find solace in the fact that you found yourself genuinely caring for this creature. Despite all that you had been through, your fate could have been worse. You had just hoped that Pennywise would keep his savage tendencies in check.

Before you had time to further reflect on your actions, clothes were being shredded from your body, both by you and the carnivorous clown. Your movements had become almost desperate and rushed as you projected your internal worries into your physical desires as you clawed at Pennywise’s silk suit, anxious to see what was underneath.

“What form?” he asked, his voice husky with lust.

Between mouthing at his jaw, and running your fingers along his fluffy collar you didn’t catch what he had asked. “What?” you mumbled against his skin.

His chest rumbled with a deep laugh that you felt against your own as he gently forced you back to hold your attention as he asked again, his eyes blown with lust. “What form do you want me to take you in?”

Oh. He wanted to know what kind of genitals you preferred him to penetrate you with. Awkward. And slightly arousing? Christ, you had issues.

Standing on your tip-toes to lightly brush your lips against his in a gentle kiss, you pulled back, contemplating briefly before you responded. “I want your true form.”

His brows furrowed and his nostrils flared at your request. “That’s not possible. Not yet.”

You had then recalled that his true form was something that the human mind couldn’t comprehend and it would probably make your brain implode. Wait… not yet? Did that mean being his mate meant that you would no longer be human?

Now wasn’t the time to dwell on it. Pennywise didn’t seem to be in any rush for any kind of transition as he was focused on the current task at hand. “What about… just parts of you?” You didn’t know if what you were asking was possible, but the kinky side of you wanted to explore the possibilities.

Concern was etched on his face - an uncharacteristic expression as he once again denied you. “It would tear you in half.” Yikes. Way to be blunt about it. Okay, so Pennywise’s true form was well-endowed. Good to know. Not to say that he hadn’t already been previously packing, but the thought of something so big forcing its way into your body with enough strength to literally rip you apart made your whole insides clench with terror.

“What about in the shower? Or like you were in the river? What form was that?”

He moved against you, grinding down on your hips slightly as you felt a bulge emerge under his silky confinements. “That was something of my own creation. Similar to my true form, but significantly withdrawn. Is that what you prefer?”

You could only bring yourself to nod, not sure how to properly ask for a cock that was created specifically for you. The thought of that was almost too much to wrap your head around, but you had experienced so much crazy shit over the past few weeks, this didn’t faze you nearly as much as you thought it would.

He accepted your request, and immediately you could feel his genitals enlarging, moving with vigor against you. He could probably sense your curiosity since just a moment later, his silk suit
evaporated into the air, and you were able to take in his naked appearance for the first time in a whole new way.

His body was just almost as pale as his face, fading into a slightly more pigmented gray color covering the rest of his body. Your eyes scanned his lean torso, traveling down over his muscular stomach, past his hips, until you finally reached his swollen organ, jutting prominently from his pelvis. It wasn’t at all what you had pictured in your mind. It was black at the base, fading into a garnet red the closer it got to the tip, which was bulbous and flared. The shaft was by no means smooth like a regular human. It was lined with dark violet bumps and ridges that seemed to move slowly as if his entire dick was pulsing with arousal. Finally, as you continued to stare, the end of his cock split open slightly to reveal a small, wriggling appendage that looked like a tiny tendril, searching for its prey, which was about to be you.

Your entire lower half started to thrum with heat while your mind still tried to grasp what the fuck it was that you were looking at. He must have sensed your hesitance as well as your longing because he snapped his fingers, and a large mattress-size cushion appeared next to you. It was clean and welcoming, especially in comparison to the rest of the dank and dirty environment around you.

Swallowing thickly, you forced yourself to snap out of your daze, hypnotized by his body and instead approached him, reaching for his face and forcefully pulling him to you, crushing your mouth against his own. The sweetness of his breath and saliva washed over you as you tasted him, sucking on his coarse tongue, noticing the way his lips curved into a smile against your own. “Lie down,” he mumbled against your mouth before pulling away and directing you to the cushion. Without protest, you shuffled back, laying down and positioning yourself so that you were propped up on your elbows and you could see everything that he was doing. His face split into a wickedly seductive grin as his jaw unhinged and his buck teeth were replaced with the familiar fangs that appeared whenever he was in this aroused state.

A moment later, his tongue started to writhe and grow in length as it crawled out of his mouth. It was similar to what you had seen him do before, so you weren’t too shocked by the sight. However, what you didn’t expect, were two additional tongues materializing from his throat, and quickly making their way towards your heat. You bit your lip in anticipation, not fully prepared for what it was that Pennywise decided that he was going to do with you, but having a sense of calm, knowing that he had no intention of hurting you, and only to make you feel obscene pleasure.

The first tongue reached your already swollen clit and began to stroke it at a leisurely pace. Shortly after, the next tongue dipped into your dripping hole, lapping at the wetness that had already thickened a bit, and inserted itself deeper into your core, swirling around and hitting your g-spot dead on, making you gasp and tremble. The third tongue crawled in between your cheeks, searching for a hole that Pennywise hadn’t explored with you. You briefly thought to yourself that this was his retaliation for your investigation into his own back entrance, but since you had made him feel so good, you were hoping that he only wanted to return the favor. Or maybe he was just intrigued by a part of your body that he wasn’t familiar with yet. Either way, the slippery muscle wasted no time in prodding at you experimentally. You could swear that you felt it thin out a bit before wriggling inside of you, making you moan loudly into the stale air of the borderline overwhelming stimulation.

You cried out when you felt the tongues start to vibrate as Pennywise emitted something similar to a purr as he continued to eat you out. “Delicious,” you vaguely heard him praise as he licked vigorously against you. Despite his multiple tongues keeping themselves busy, you could very clearly hear his next words, almost as if they were in your head. “You’ll forever be with me -
forever inside of me. You’re mine, always. My mate and I… we will be one.”

It was difficult to concentrate on his ramblings while you started to come apart to easily against the assault from his tongues. Throwing your head back, you released several whimpers as the heat started to build in your core, causing your muscles to tense and your toes to curl. With only a few more flicks of his tongues, you gave in, crying out as your entire body spasmed with the intensity of your orgasm. Pennywise lapped at the juices spilling from your cunt, allowing your sensitive core to calm a bit after his infiltration.

His tongues retracted into his mouth, the muscles running along his lips, leaving them shiny with your essence. At that point, it was as if time stilled for a moment. His eyes bore into yours as he stared at you with a longing that you had only seen briefly before when he let his guard down only for the slightest moment. As your breathing started to still, you smiled at him and mumbled, “I never stood a chance, did I?”

He tilted his head with intrigue, not fully understanding what it was that you meant. You laughed silently to yourself as you didn’t really mean to stay that outloud. Instead of explaining to him, you thought it best to show him. “Come here,” you urged, outstretching your arm to him and beckoning him with a nod of your head.

Sliding between your legs and positioning himself on top of you, he leaned down to capture your lips in his. You noticed that his tongues had decreased to just the one again as he explored your mouth with it only for a moment before retracting it and concentrating more on sucking on your bottom lip while one of his large hands caressed your body as the other propped himself up so that he wasn’t crushing you.

The rumbling in his chest returned as he purred against you, happily exploring your body with his own. Eventually, your own desires got the better of you as you reached down to stroke his pulsating cock, enjoying the way it writhed against you eagerly as your hand slid over the sensitive bumps and ridges. After a moment of stimulating him, you could feel the small singular tendril from his tip reach out and coil itself around your fingers, flexing with excitement.

“Penn,” you huffed, suddenly overcome with the need for him to be inside of you. “Please…” He knew exactly what you wanted, and was all too eager himself to insert his monster cock into your dripping cunt.

His eyes searched your face for a moment and you wondered what it was that he was thinking. Your thoughts were interrupted when you felt a large, blunt object press itself against your core. Looking down, you realized that Pennywise didn’t have to shift himself to line up with your sex. Instead, his member grew and moved by itself, finding its own way to what it craved most, as if it had a mind of its own.

Biting your lip in anticipation yet again, you whimpered when you felt the tendril wriggle over your entrance, leaving a tingling sensation as it prodded into your core, leading the way for the rest of him to be inserted.

Leaning up, you gently pressed your lips to his, running your fingers through his bright, auburn hair before practically begging, “Fuck me, Pennywise.”

Fully expecting a painful invasion of your privates, you instead experienced a smooth transition as he pressed into you. The grooves and raised flesh of his cock filled you just right, hitting every nerve in the best possible way, causing you to keen loudly as you clenched around him. It was like he was made perfectly just for you, igniting a carnal need that you never realized that you had before experiencing this with him. Sex had never been this way with any of your previous partners,
and you feared that no one else would ever be enough for you after Pennywise.

Hesitantly, he drew himself out of you, causing even more stimulation in the best way, but still not enough as he excruciatingly slowly inserted himself once more, still trying to get a feel for your preferred speed. “Shit,” you hissed in pleasure. “Harder, Penn, please-”

With a grunt, he snapped his hips forward roughly, earning a grateful cry from you in return from the welcomed assault on your womanhood. His pace was needy and unyielding as he repetitively impaled you with a force that you felt like could break you if he lost control for even a moment, but instead he kept himself at bay, all the while chasing after his release.

Noises escaped your throat that you didn’t even realize that you were capable of making - a keening groan that you could feel throughout your entire body through the bliss of his actions of slamming into your cervix over and over again while his cock vibrated and pulsed inside of you was enough to make you wail, not having a care in the world who might hear you.

Through your moans of pleasure, you barely registered Pennywise’s voice as he spoke, his voice husky and breathless as he never wavered in his actions. “Throughout my entire existence,” he huffed, bringing a hand up to stroke your cheek as he fucked you mercilessly. “I dreamt of you.”

Whimpering at his affectionate words, you locked eyes with him, staring deeply into his sparkling blue irises as he continued. “I craved you,” he grunted, trailing his fingers from your cheek to your breasts as you noticed his fangs elongate past his lips in an intimidating way. “I’ve missed you.”

A twinge of surprise surged through you at his words. He missed you? What did that even mean? As far as you knew, you had only met Pennywise a short time ago. Whatever he meant, your concerns were soon pushed away for another time as you distinctly felt the little tendril on the head of his cock pressing up against your g-spot, igniting an entirely new continuous wave of pleasure that kept you dazed and needy.

Regardless of the euphoric sensations surging through your entire body, it wasn’t enough. You decided to try something - if Pennywise would allow it. Lifting your hands, you pressed your palms against his strong shoulders, pushing him back away from you. A look of concern adorned his face as he complied, probably worried that he hurt you. Giggling at his immediate panicked reaction, you gave him a quick peck on the lips, carding your fingers through his hair as you sat up and insisted, “Read my thoughts.”

His eyes noticeably flickered as if he were watching a movie playing out in your mind until they came to a halt and his look of concern was replaced with that of bewilderment. Laughing again, you continued to push against his shoulders and say, “Scoot back and lie down.”

Complying with your instructions, he pulled back, removing himself from your core with a wet sound. You immediately missed the feeling of him being inside you, so you didn’t waste any time in assisting him to lay on his back in the new position while you straddled him, sitting forward so that your breasts were flush against his chest.

Without waiting for further instruction, his writhing cock found its way back to your dripping entrance, inserting itself easily. Pennywise knew that this was what you wanted from this new position, and clearly he was in no mood to wait.

You moaned shamelessly as he took you over and over again, the sensations heightened from this new angle. Still pressed against his torso, you mouthed against his flesh, running your tongue along his collarbone before biting down softly - not enough to break the skin, but it was enough to get a reaction out of him.
“You wish to consume me?” he asked, his eyes blown with lust and wonder of what this new action from you could mean.

“Would you like that?” you teased, not knowing where this could possibly lead, but it was enough to intrigue you.

“Do it.”

You hesitated, perplexed by his dare. “Wait, seriously? Like… hard?”

His lips peeled back to reveal his prominent fangs as he smirked at you. “Is the human so weak that she cannot bite?”

Resisting the urge to roll your eyes, you knew that he could sense how easily provoked you were by his taunting, especially when he implied how humans, like yourself, were a lesser being than him. Though that may have been the case, you weren’t about to stroke his ego - not when there was something far better to stroke instead.

Narrowing your eyes, you glared at him, his eyes crinkling in amusement at your daring expression. Opening your jaw wide to stretch your muscles for dramatic effect, trying to emulate his own previous actions. His smirk widened into a smile at your failed imitation, but he didn’t stir as you bent forward to sink your teeth into his flesh in the crook of his neck. His vocal chords vibrated against you as he shuddered from the assault on his form, which he seemed to enjoy.

As warm liquid filled your mouth, you expected your taste buds to be met with an iron tang. Instead, it was the oddest sort of flavor. There was an initial bitterness that was sour and made your tongue retract, but it soon faded into a sweet, almost pleasant taste. It was baffling.

Pulling back, you felt some of his blood drip down your lips, so you used the back of your hand to wipe it away, relishing in Pennywise’s dazed and perplexed gaze, as if he were trying to determine if he had discovered a new kink for himself or not. However, before you had a chance to think too much about it, you were mystified at the sudden movement from his wound. The dark, almost black liquid oozing from the bite mark started to lift into the air in small droplets before dissolving into the air. You had seen this before when he had been injured by one of Richie’s friends, but you hadn’t had a chance to see it up close like this. It was absolutely captivating.

During this interaction, you had hardly noticed that he had stopped thrusting into you, too caught up in his own bewilderment, trying to decipher how he felt about being what had just happened. His eyes raked over you as you continued to gaze at the beads of blood dancing in the air in a mesmerizing way. Reaching for you, he brought your forearm up to his lips, penetrating your skin with his sharp, jagged teeth. “Ow, Pennywise!” you yelped, ripping your arm from his grasp.

“What the hell?”

Without an explanation, he lifted himself up and forced his mouth against yours, mixing your blood with whatever remnants you had of his blood left in your mouth. You felt a burning sensation trickle down your throat and into your stomach, spreading throughout your body, forcing you to separate from Pennywise as you gasped for air, unsure how to react to whatever it was that was coursing through your body.

“What… what’s happening?” you asked, fighting for breath as your chest tightened both in pain and simultaneous relief.

“Calm yourself,” Pennywise tenderly insisted, tracing feather-light touches along your hips as he tried to distract you from the physical intrusion. “Focus on me.”
“Penn,” you gasped, panic starting to well up inside of you. “I can’t… Please, what are you- ah! Shit!” Whatever question you were going to ask was quickly forgotten as he snapped his hips up and speared himself back into your core. Mewling loudly, you surrendered to him completely as the heat from inside of you started to dull into a tingling sensation that made your limbs go numb.

Pennywise held you steady, holding you up effortlessly as he pummeled into you forcefully, his jaw going slack and his eyebrows creased in ecstasy as he began to reach his high. You dug your nails into his chest, bellowing and whining as his pulsating cock thrummed inside of you, hitting your g-spot dead on again and again as your cunt continued to swallow him whole with each thrust. He stretched his tongue out, sneaking its way between the two of you until it reached your sensitive nub, earning another shameless groan from you as you rocked against him, your body still somewhat slack from the previous sensation of his blood.

“Cum for me,” you heard his voice echo through your mind. Forcing your eyes open, you almost lost yourself just by the look on his face. It was a mix of lust, adoration, and hunger, and it made you quiver. “Renounce your humanity, and give yourself to me, Y/N. Cum for your mate.”

It astonished you how much his dominating voice had affected you. A large part of you wanted to fight and be stubborn; to withhold simply because he wanted something from you, but you couldn’t fight it anymore - not when he was fulfilling every part of you that you didn’t even realize needed to be satiated. It was all too easy to relinquish control, and allow your body to accept his command as you let go.

Wave after wave it consumed you, pulling you into an overwhelming euphoric daze as you clenched around him, drawing out his own release. His face crumpled and his mouth hung open as he emptied himself into you with such a force that you swear you could feel the gush of his manhood spilling into you, lining your inner walls.

Weakness had consumed both of you as you collapsed on top of him, gasping for air as you felt the rise and fall of his own chest as he breathed unevenly, wrapping his long limbs around you to hold you steadily against him, as if letting you go would be the end of him.

Glancing up, you saw that though your bite mark was no longer bleeding, it was still prominent on his skin. You had wondered why it wasn’t healing like his wounds usually did. Before you could even bother to ask, he broke the silence. “We’re connected now.”

As you started to come to your senses, your body became rigid with concern. What in the hell did you just do? “Pennywise… was that… a-am I like you now?”

“No,” he answered quickly, a wave of relief washing over you. “You have a part of me inside of you now. This will make the transition easier.”

Oh fuck. Transition? What in the holy hell did you agree to? Was it going to be like this for the rest of eternity? If that was the case, it couldn’t be too bad… could it?

It was then another thought occurred to you. “Penn… you said that you, uhh, missed me.”

Immediately you felt the dormant muscles in his body tighten as he became rigid and on alert. “What did you mean? You missed me in the five minutes that I was talking with my aunt? Or…”

“Too many questions,” he scoffed, lifting you off of him and turning away from you as he sat up. Though he was gentle with his movements, it still hurt you that he so easily closed himself off from you after what you had just shared together.

Baffled, and also somewhat a little insulted, you stared daggers at him, fed up with sex always
leading to some kind of fight with him. “Don’t get so defensive,” you snapped. “I don’t understand why you’re so argumentative all the time - at least with me. I asked you a simple question; one singular question. The least you can do is fucking answer it without tearing my head off.”

He spun around to look at you, his eyebrow quirked and the corner of his mouth lifting slightly in amusement at your choice of words. “Figuratively,” you huffed, rolling your eyes.

He stood up then, snapping his fingers to establish his suit back onto his body. Additionally, a pile of clothes similar to what you would typically wear materialized on the cushion near your feet. His eyes flickered from you to the clothes to indicate that they were for your benefit. You were sure that he didn’t mind you walking around naked, but for your own sense of modesty, it was considerate - a characteristic you didn’t get to see from him often.

You stood up, ripping the clothes from the cushion and dressing yourself, making sure to be aggressive with your movements to emphasize your irritation as if he couldn’t already sense it. “You’re keeping something from me, Pennywise. I know it.”

He was still facing you, his eyes fixated on you, refusing to blink. When you finished dressing, you sighed heavily, stepping closer to him to lessen the gap between you. “What is it that you’re not telling me?”

His blue irises searched your own eyes for what felt like an eternity. Finally, he opened his mouth, his bottom lip trembling slightly as he began to speak.

**BOOM**

A thunderous sound came from downstairs, followed by a woman screaming and crying out to you. “Y/N! Y/N, are you in here?!”

You turned towards the sound, instantly recognizing the voice calling your name. “Sara?”

Whipping around to face Pennywise, you were startled to see that he had vanished. Refusing to hesitate and wonder where he had gone, you ran downstairs towards your cousin, taking care to avoid the grime, broken glass, and splintered wood on the floor.

When you reached the bottom of the stairs, you saw your cousin, frantically looking at you with tears streaming down her face. “Sara?” you asked softly, gently approaching her. “Are you okay? What’s wrong.”

She started sobbing, falling to her knees and wrapping her arms around herself as if she were about to fall apart. You ran to her, pulling her into an embrace as you lifted her up. Brushing the hair and tears from her face, you asked in a panic, “Sara, what’s going on? What happened?”

From the corner of your eye, you noticed movement in the doorway of the other room. You quickly turned your head to see Pennywise in his human form, though his eyes were a burning yellow, and his lip was raised in a snarl to reveal his unhuman-like fangs. Before you had a chance to signal to him to cover up the flaws, Sara ripped herself away from you and pointed her finger in his direction. “It’s him!”

Snapping your gaze back to her, your heart practically beating out of your chest, you addressed her accusation, your voice shaking, “Penn? What about him?”

“He’s a monster!” She pulled you back, making you stumble from the unexpected contact as she put herself between you and Pennywise, bellowing at him. “You can’t fucking have her!”
Instead of attacking her, Pennywise slowly stepped forward, his snarl turning into a wicked, terrifying smile. “Time to float, Sara.”
The tension in the air was so thick that you could hardly breathe. Or... maybe your lack of ability to breathe was more from the panic attack that you were on the brink of having. Either way, you were frozen - unable to utter a word as you looked back and forth from Pennywise, still in his human skin, to your cousin, who was staring daggers at him.

“It wasn’t a dream,” Sara finally spoke under her breath, breaking the silence that was ringing throughout the dusty, dirty front entrance of the creepy, old house. “It was real. It was all real. You’re real.”

The corner of Pennywise’s full lips curved on the end, resulting in his signature smirk. His eyes, which were typically blue in this form, were now a fiery yellow, blazing in the ill-lit room, sending a chill down your spine.

Sara turned to you then, her eyes red and puffy, tears threatening to spill over as she spoke. “It’s my fault. All of this. Y/N, I’m so sorry.”

Before you could even have a chance to respond, Pennywise rushed forward, lip curling as he snarled, “Shut up, you stupid girl! You’ll die if you try!” He then giggled menacingly, his face morphing into a demonic-looking creature before he shook his head aggressively and he returned to his much less terrifying human face, still showing off his pointed teeth in a malevolent grin.

“Young woman, save yourself the trouble. You’re going nowhere.”

“Penn, stop it,” you demanded before placing a comforting hand on Sara’s trembling shoulder. She was clearly affected by Pennywise’s terrifying display. At this point, you were a bit desensitized. “Sara, what are you talking about? None of this is your fault. This isn’t.”

“Yes it is!” she cut you off, continuing to sob, wiping her tears away with the back of her sleeve. “I brought you here! You’re with him because of me!”

You were even more confused than you were previously, which you didn’t think was possible.
Hesitant to press further, you opened your mouth to inquire more, but an unforeseen force knocked you back, separating you from Sara. She was suddenly suspended upward, gasping for air as her hands raked at the large limb holding her up effortlessly. Baffled by what had just happened, it was then you realized that Pennywise had darted past you in a fraction of a second and literally held her life in his hands as he started to choke her.

“No! Pennywise, stop! Put her down!” You scrambled forward, panic surging through you as you watched your cousin go blue in the face as she tried to breathe to no avail.

“I will not,” he seethed, baring his teeth at you.

Without thinking of the consequences to your actions, you tried to grab him to pry him away from Sara, but he was too quick. With a small flick of his wrist, you were knocked back, bound by an invisible restraint to keep you from trying to cause him further harm or interrupt his attack on Sara.

Opening your mouth to protest, you were suddenly at a loss for words as you watched the ends of his mouth split open as his jaw came unhinged and his head lolled back to accommodate the amount of teeth and gums revealing themselves from his face. You had seen him do this before with David, but it was a completely different perspective seeing him do this in his human form - and now he was going to condemn your cousin to the same fate.

This couldn’t be happening. All that you had been through to find her was for nothing. What you had given up - the promises you made, as well as the emotional trauma you and your family had endured was going to end with Sara’s abrupt death, and there wasn’t anything that you could do about it. You stared helplessly as Sara’s eyes started to roll in the back of her head from lack of oxygen, tears forming in your eyes as you thought of how it could have possibly come to this.

Making one last-ditch effort, you screamed at him with all you could muster before addressing him. “Pennywise!” He didn’t stop, but you knew that you had his attention by the was his body tensed. “If you don’t let her go, I won’t ever be yours! I will renounce any sort of commitment I promised you, and I will never be your mate!”

He refused to look at you, but it was evident that your words had affected him by the way his body stilled and his eyes searched Sara’s face, contemplating the consequences of his next move.

Moments later, his fangs retracted and he slowly lowered Sara to the ground, giving her throat one last squeeze for good measure before roughly releasing her from his iron grip.

She inhaled sharply as soon as she was freed, clutching her throat and rubbing it tenderly. You started to rush towards her to comfort her, but Pennywise took hold of your arm, tugging you back until you fell into him, your back against his chest as he wrapped his long limbs around you securely. Fearful of what his intentions were at first, you realized that this was his way of claiming his territory and letting Sara know that you were his. Rather than fight him, you knew that it was best to stay put and satiate his needs so that he didn’t take out his aggression on Sara as he had done before.

Holding your gaze, Sara found her voice again as she steadied herself, still visibly shaking from the interaction. “Sara, tell me what happened,” you urged, ignoring the way Pennywise’s hold tightened on your body. It was obvious that he was nervous about whatever it was that Sara was about to disclose to you.

“I-it started with my research,” she began, voice shaking. You noticed that she refused to look at Pennywise and was only addressing you, probably from absolute terror that he would swallow her whole if she looked at him the wrong way.
“I was so worried about our town, and all of the disappearances. We just seem to forget how many people actually go missing from Derry so frequently, especially kids. Every time I thought about it, I found myself forgetting about it like everyone else, so I just started writing.”

A quiet growl emitted from Pennywise, which you could feelrumbling from deep in his chest through your back, which was still held tightly against him. He dipped his head down in the crook of your neck to nuzzle you, probably trying to distract you from Sara’s words. Any other day, that probably would have worked, but you were too engrossed in what she had to say.

“Every time I had a thought about it, I’d write it down. All of the events had a pattern, and it was starting to unfold. Eventually, I had enough for a story. Whenever I would forget, I’d read what I had written down and it would all come back to me. There were so many disappearances, I knew that something was going on.”

She paused then, swallowing thickly before she continued, holding your gaze. “I researched where every person went missing and discovered that each place was near a sewage line. It couldn’t be a coincidence. I even went as far as to go down into one of the sewers and I found a shoe of one of the victims! I knew that I was stumbling upon something, so I contacted the local paper.”

“Did what?” you snapped, suddenly angry for reasons that you didn’t even understand.

“I had to do something!” she shouted in between sobs, tears continuously flowing down her cheeks. “You don’t know what it was like! You left us!”

You shouldn’t have felt hurt or guilty, but you did. Immediately upon seeing your reaction, her face softened. “I’m sorry,” she muttered. “I’m glad you got out of here, Y/N. I really am, but not everyone who disappeared got to start a new life in California, you know?”

“I get it,” you replied, brushing it off. “What happened next?”

Clearing her throat, she continued. “The paper thought I was crazy. They said that I was looking for a story that wasn’t there, and that people left Derry without notice all the time. They said that I was just being crazy and told me not to pursue the story.”

“So, naturally, you kept digging,” you continued, trying to hide your grin.

“Yeah. So much for being the smart one in the family, right?” she teased, forgetting for a moment the predicament that you were both in. “Anyway, eventually, I discovered this place. The sewers all come together under this house. So, I grabbed my gear and decided to investigate further, but when I got here…” She trailed off, finally looking towards Pennywise. It must have been painful for her to remember what had happened after that.

“He tormented you,” you finished, flinching away from Pennywise, which only made his hold on you harden underneath his strong arms.

“No.”

“No?” you questioned, not sure if you heard her right.

“No,” she confirmed. “He didn’t torture me. Well… not at first, anyway. Not before he told me his plan.”

“Enough of this,” Pennywise hissed from behind you, forcing himself in between you and Sara. “I will not allow my prey to poison the mind of my mate.”
Finding her courage, Sara started to protest. “She doesn’t have to listen to you! You’re not-!”

“Do not tell me what I am! I am *eternal*, child!” he bellowed, causing her to back down and cower beneath his heated gaze. His voice had changed from the smooth, velvety human voice to a haunting wicked snarl that carried throughout the drafty house, making your hair stand on end. “I am the eater of worlds and children. If you do not cease your rantings, you will be next!”

“Pennywise, for the last time, stop!” You stomped your foot like a child throwing a tantrum, but you were at your wits end. You need to hear what he was trying so desperately to keep from you. “I’m going to find out sooner or later. Stop threatening to kill her every time she opens her mouth!”

Ignoring the way Pennywise bared his teeth, you turned to Sara and urged her to continue. “Why didn’t he torture you when you got here? What happened?”

“I remembered,” she breathed, eyes glazing over like she was lost in a memory.

“Remembered what?”

“I remembered him,” she nodded her head towards Pennywise who kept his facial expression apathetic as she continued. “The older I became, the easier it was to forget him. He made us forget about him over time, and you had completely forgotten when you left Derry.”

You blinked at her, trying to put together what she was trying to say. “What the hell are you talking about, Sara? I’ve never met him before I moved back here to find you.”

She approached you then, placing her hands on your shoulders, locking eyes with you. “Yes, Y/N. You’ve met. Try to remember.”

Turning towards Pennywise, you furrowed your brows at him, hoping for a clue as to what she was talking about. He frowned at you with a somewhat downtrodden expression before he clenched his fist and lifted it to his face before mumbling, “Down we go, down we go. To sink together where Deadlights glow…” He then unclenched his fist, holding the palm of his hand up to his lips to blew softly in your direction.

Some sort of golden powdered substance swirled through the air from his hand aiming straight for your face. You cringed as it landed on you, circling around you, making your vision blur and the world around you fade away…

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*Flashback*

“Get off of me!” you cried, face covered in dirt as you were pinned to the filthy ground by one of your classmates.

“Say it!” the little boy on top of you demanded, digging his fingers into your arm as he refused to release his grip.

He was always hurting you. For reasons unknown to you, this boy had made you a target from day one, and he never let up. You had been minding your own business, happily walking home from school as you cut through the small wooded area like you did every day when he and his two friends got to you, bullying you with no one around to help.

“I won’t!”

“You’re not getting up until you say it,” shouted the boy.
“Alex, please…” you begged, scared and hurting. “I don’t want to…”

“Say. It.” he demanded once more.

Finally reaching your breaking point, you gave in. “Fine! I’m a loser!”

“Say it again! Louder!”

“I’m a loser!” you shouted into the air, causing his friend that were watching the embarrassing scene to cackle in response.

He released his hold on you then, standing up and leaving you on the ground before kicking a hunk of dirt at you. “Don’t you forget it, Y/N. You’re always going to be a loser.”

Forcing yourself to get up, tears brimming your eyes, you stared at him for a moment, seething with hatred. Before you could comprehend your actions, your fist made contact with his nose, causing him to stumble back and cover his face with his hands as blood started to pour through his fingers.

“You little bitch!” he snarled before he started to charge at you.

Closing your eyes and preparing for the blow, you were surprised that it never came. You cracked one eye open and peeked at Alex, only to see his eyes the size of tennis balls as he looked past you into the distance. Looking around, you saw that his friends were distracted with something that was behind you as well. When you turned around to see what he and everyone else was staring at, you saw a clown approaching, holding a bright red balloon.

“Hello,” he greeted, his face splitting into an eerie smile.

“Who are you?” Alex muttered, trying to sound brave but was clearly shaken by the stranger.

“Oh, I’m Pennywise! The Dancing Clown!” He giggled while tapping his feet, an action that was probably meant to be endearing, but instead came off as unnerving. “Will you play with me?”

Alex and his friends took a few steps back, trying to distance themselves from the clown, while you stayed put, frozen under his gaze. Pennywise’s smile turned into a frown as he feigned disappointment. “No one will play with me. I guess you’ll have to float instead!”

His face started to morph into something dark, terrifying, and heinous. You couldn’t even bring yourself to scream, instead wrapping your arms around yourself and remaining still. Alex and his friends immediately turned to run, shouting with terror at the top of their lungs as they scattered from the scene. You barely caught a glimpse of the creature as it tore through the trees after them, leaving you alone in the woods.

Your mind was screaming at you to run - to go and find help, but you couldn’t bring yourself to move. In what seemed like only seconds, the screams of the boys died out, and the sound of rustling leaves and crunching sticks approached from the dense woods behind you, alerting you to a presence.

Remaining still, you felt the creature come nearer from behind. You swallowed thickly as you felt his breath on the back of your neck, causing goosebumps to line your arms. A whimper escaped you as he sharply inhaled through his nostrils, taking in your scent. “Look at me.”

Though you didn’t want to, you obeyed the creature, slowly turning your body to face him, not at all prepared for what you saw. He was back to the eerie clown he had previously been before he
changed into the frightening creature, but the front of his silk outfit was soaked in dark red. You glanced up to see that his face was also covered in blood, which was still dripping down his chin as he loomed over you.

“Your fear…” he muttered, eyes raking over you as if he were trying to solve a puzzle. “It’s different. You smell different.” He leaned forward, extending a long tongue that ran up along your cheek, eliciting a quiet sob from the back of your throat at the intrusion. Reeling his tongue back in, he swirled his muscle along the inside of his mouth, distinguishing the flavor. “You taste different.”

He seemed indecisive for a moment before reaching forward to grip your arm, tearing it away from its position that was wrapped around you for safety. Unable to bring yourself to fight back, you watched in horror as he forced your hand open, palm up as he brought it to his painted red lips. He opened his mouth slightly as long fangs dropped from his gums, replacing his buck teeth. Without warning, he bit down on your hand, causing you to cry out in agony as he lingered there for a moment before pulling back and running his tongue along the wound to lap up the blood.

He released you then, licking at the corners of his mouth where some of your blood lingered, mixed with the other blood that had been there from his previous victim. “Oh, yes. Very different indeed.”

Finding your voice, you muttered, “A… a-are you going to eat me?”

“I might,” he answered sharply, too quick for your own comfort. “Then again… I might not.”

Your entire body was trembling as he wove in front of you, his once piercing yellow eyes now a beautiful deep shade of blue. “Do not be afraid, child. You’re mine now.”

Not at all comforted, you started to cry until he kneeled in front of you, smiling as he sang to comfort you. “Down we go, down we go. We’ll sink together as Deadlights glow. Your friend I’ll be until you’re grown, and years from now, I’ll reap your soul!”

Though his words made no sense to you whatsoever, you found yourself less afraid and when he extended his hand to you, you took it, allowing him to lead you wherever he pleased.

The scene started to fade away and was quickly replaced by flashes of other interactions you had with the clown throughout your childhood. From him escorting you home every day from school, to him sneaking into your room to lay with you at night when you had a nightmare, to him sitting patiently as you played with his hair, never again making you feel frightened or scared for your life. Over time, the bite mark he left turned to a scar in your palm, forever a reminder of your first encounter with the clown. You came to genuinely enjoy his company the more time you spent with him.

It was made clear that you were often the only one who could see him. He had later disclosed that he only allowed people to see him who he wanted to see. You thought of him more as an imaginary friend than anything else.

Kids from your school continued to disappear as the weeks went on, and though you had an inkling of what was happening to them, you never said anything to anyone, both in fear of what would come to pass if you tattled, and also to protect your friend.

Once you had realized that he had no intentions of hurting you, you had invited Sara to meet him. Pennywise wasn’t keen on the idea, but he tolerated your incessant whining, and eventually allowed Sara to see him. She was absolutely terrified of him, and often declined any sort of
invitation to play when he was around, but she never said anything to anyone either.

After several months of growing accustomed to Pennywise’s constant presence, he informed you that soon he would no longer be around. Your stomach dropped at the thought of losing your new friend, and as a tear fell down your face, he extended his gloved finger to catch it, rubbing your cheek reassuringly. Pennywise was never one to show affection, so you knew what to expect when you wrapped your arms around him in a hug. His body stiffened, and though he didn’t reciprocate your sentiment at all, you could swear you heard a soft pur emitting from his chest.

After you released him, he bent down to meet you eye-level and spoke softly, “I will see you again.” He then stood up and slinked back into the shadows, disappearing for the last time.

The older you became, the more your recollection of him started to dim. Every time you began to wonder if he was just something you made up, you looked to your hand and gazed at the scar he had left there, reminding yourself that it was real. Eventually, regardless of the scar, his existence in your life was no more than a memory long forgotten.

The images in your mind surged forward to the day you left Derry, your car packed to the brim with everything you owned as you hugged your family goodbye. You got into the car and as you drove over the town line, your scar faded as if by magic, which went completely unnoticed by you since all of your memories of Pennywise had dissipated - as if he had never existed.

*End Flashback*

Your vision cleared and you were brought back to the present. You hadn’t even noticed that tears had spilled over your eyes, rolling down your cheeks as you were dazed by the memory. Your first instinct was to lift your hand to gaze at your palm. You outwardly gasped when the previously invisible scar started to form on your skin before it revealed itself completely.

Swallowing thickly, you locked eyes with the creature who stared back at you with a remorseful expression. Finally, after what felt like an eternity for the both of you, you asked softly, “Why?”

He took a step towards you, to which you instinctively flinched back, lifting up your scarred hand in a silent plea to stay where he was. His eyes flickered to your scar and he stilled, understanding your request.

“I thought…” your voice was raspy with the threat of sobs rising from your chest. You cleared your throat and spoke again. “I thought that you only woke every 27 years or so. It hasn’t been that long. How are you awake?”

His expression became neutral - almost stoic as he replied, “I was awoken by an act of great violence. The human filth that attacked you the night of the carnival in the alley… you were not their first victim.”

“So - what? You’re attracted to that sort of thing?”

“More or less,” he muttered, knowing that wasn’t the answer you wanted.

You signed heavily, gathering your thoughts before you asked, “Were you ever going to tell me?”

“I had to be sure.”

“Sure of what?” you snapped, your anger and sense of betrayal boiling to the surface.
“That you were the same as you were as a child. I had to be sure that you were not tainted by your interactions with those beneath you. None of them were worthy.” There was an aggressive edge to his voice as he spoke, indicating an underlying bitterness that you picked up on immediately.

“Penn, what are you getting at?” you questioned, still not putting all of the pieces together.

“You were cursed, Y/N,” Sara piped up from behind you.

You turned around, furrowing your brows together as you asked, “Cursed? What are you talking about?”

Her lip trembled as she looked past you to Pennywise who was no doubt staring daggers at her, using all of his willpower not to tear her throat out in that very moment. Much to her credit, she continued anyway. “The moment you left Derry, his influence was still with you. He made it so that none of your relationships would work out. David adored you. You really think that he would have cheated on you if something didn’t get into his head? You never had a chance, Y/N. Pennywise made sure of that.”

Your gaze fell to the ground as you thought back to all of your failed relationships and how they had ended so abruptly when you thought that things were going so well. You never thought much of it, but now it started to make sense.

“That doesn’t… no. That can’t be right. H-how would you even know that?” you asked, not wanting to believe any of this.

“Because he told me,” she replied, nodding in his direction. “He made sure to fill me in on his fucked up plan before he kept me here and tortured me for weeks. He said that he had to keep me here to ensure that you found him - to make sure that you would come back to him. I was bait, Y/N.”

It was a trap. Your entire relationship with Pennywise had been the aftermath of manipulation at its finest. You had no idea how long he had planned this, and you felt played in the worst kind of way. Your entire life from the moment you met him was ultimately going to end this way, and you never had a chance. There was never an alternative for you. This was always going to be your demise.

Turning to face Pennywise, you stomped over to him and though he probably knew what you had planned, he didn’t bother to stop you as you slapped him as hard as you could across his face. He accepted the blow without a word before meeting your betrayed eyes with his own guilty ones.

“You lied to me.”

“Yes.” He didn’t bother to make an excuse like a typical person would. Then again, he was anything but typical or average.

“Why did you choose me, Pennywise? Why didn’t you eat me like you did the other kids that day in the woods?” His gaze became cold and calculated as he contemplated his next words. “No more lies,” you demanded before he had a chance to speak.

He started to circle you then, which unnerved you, but you didn’t move, following his movements with your gaze until he stopped behind you, approaching your back as he did when you first met. He inhaled deeply before licking a thick strip up the side of your neck. Leaning forward, he whispered in your ear, “You were marked.”

Spinning around to face him, you asked, “Marked? By what? You?”
Shaking his head, he replied, “There’s a mark on your soul - a rarity among humans. Impossible to find, but I did it. I found you. There is a darkness inside of you that draws me to you. It always has.”

“I don’t… what does that even mean? Am I evil?”

He took your hand in his, placing it on his chest before he answered. “I am evil. I am the embodiment of chaos. I am, and always will be a destructive force, preferring endless voids to that of light and goodness. When you were created, you were struck by the same force that lies within me. It’s a mere flicker, but I sensed it from the moment I met you. I was meant to find you.”

A lump formed in your throat. Everything you thought you knew was crashing down. Were you even human? Had you always had this dark entity? Was that why you always had a soft spot for Pennywise, even knowing how evil he truly was?

Pennywise could clearly see the conflict in your mind as you tried to contemplate what this all meant. He rubbed his thumb over your scar reassuringly before uttering, “A part of what drives me also drives you. The difference between us is that you have a goodness inside of you that I do not have, nor wish to acquire. You spend your life trying to be good, but you will never eliminate the darkness inside of you. We were meant for one another.”

“That’s a lie.”

You both turned to Sara who was casting a loathsome glare at Pennywise. “She’s not evil, and she wasn’t meant for you. You’re just a sad, pathetic, lonely creature who preyed upon an innocent child. She’s no different than the rest of your victims, you sick fuck.”

Pennywise shoved you away from him as his human face started to change once again. His eyes sunk into his skull and his mouth split open into continuous rows of sharp fangs as a loud, ear-piercing screech escaped his throat.

“I’m not afraid of you anymore,” Sara shouted back at him, standing her ground.

“You will be,” Pennywise growled, approaching her as he floated across the room unnaturally. “I am every nightmare you’ve ever had! I am your worst dream come true! I am everything you were afraid of, foolish girl!”

Slow to react, you snapped out of your daze and prepared yourself to run to your cousin’s aid until you were stopped short by the sight in front of you. Pennywise had been struck in the head by a heavy pipe, rendering him immobile from being caught off-guard. As he glanced towards the front door where the object was thrown from, you also looked to see a familiar group of kids, armed with artillery.

Richie stepped forward, cocking his BB gun dramatically before he spoke. “Welcome to the Loser’s Club, asshole!”

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaaaand there it is. Still lots more to wrap up, but at least some things were addressed? Only 2 chapters left!
Chapter 19

How in the absolute fuck could your life have possibly led to this point?

Sara was frozen next to you, shocked at the sight of her brother - your cousin - armed and ready for battle with his group of friends at his side. They didn’t look at all frightened, but instead had an expression of loathing etched on their faces as they stared daggers at the creature in front of them.

Pennywise morphed again, changing shape several times within a matter of seconds, as if he were trying to decide what form fit best for his current predicament. Eventually, he settled on his favorite, the Clown. You found yourself at a loss for words as you took an assertive stance, ready to insert yourself between Pennywise and the kids. However, to your surprise, Pennywise seemed to have an odd sense of composure, which was unexpected considering he just took a pipe to the head by a human that he despised.

“Foolish prey,” he sneered, drool spilling down his lips as his eyes narrowed at Richie. “You continuously test my patience. I am curious, why do you beg for death?”

“Fuck you!” Richie shouted in return. “You’re never going to kill anyone ever again, Clown! We’re going to make sure of that!”

Pennywise’s fangs protruded as he threw his head back in a cackle that echoed throughout the front of the house, giving you chills. “You have no power,” he scoffed, eyes blazing. “This is the power,” he motioned to himself as his voice deepened by at least two octaves and his smile split to an unnatural length across his face, making him appear even more menacing than he already had. “Feel the power, brat, and then speak again of how you’ve come to kill the Eternal.”

“Ch-ch-charge!” Bill bellowed as he ran forward, a pointed metal rod in hand and aimed at Pennywise. The other kids quickly followed suit, attacking all at once with their make-shift weapons.

You knew you had to prevent this from getting even more out of hand than it already had. Just as soon as you made a move to intercede, Sara grabbed you by the wrist and pulled you towards her. “Y/N, you have to listen to me! You need to leave! Now!”

Between the clamor of the kids and the roars of Pennywise, you snapped back at her, “Are you insane?!” Instantly you regretted your phrasing, finding your comment to be more insulting that you had initially meant for it to. You recalled that Pennywise had previously tortured her to the
brink of insanity, but to your credit, you weren’t exactly thinking clearly at that moment.

Unfazed, Sara continued, “He won’t stop until he kills you. He’s not redeemable, Y/N! If you leave, he can’t get to you anymore. You need to go and live your life as far away from here as you can.” She looked at you with such desperation that you just wanted to embrace her and comfort her in that moment, but now was not the time. In your peripheral vision you could see the kids scrambling, narrowly missing Pennywise’s attacks as he seemed to change continuously into different horrifying creatures as he lunged at them.

Though you were still distracted by the intense fight happening right in front of you, you managed to whisper to Sara, “I can’t leave you like this.” You meant that, sure, but also a part of you didn’t want to leave Pennywise either. You were bonded now, and the thought of just leaving him again made your insides ache and your stomach churn.

“We’ll be fine, I promise,” she gripped your shoulders tightly, forcing you to lock eyes with her. “It’s you that he wants. Not us.”

Tearing your eyes away from hers, you looked again to the unbelievable scene occurring next to you. Pennywise was now in the form of what appeared to be a mummy, his wrappings coiling themselves around Ben’s neck while he chomped his jaw trying to bite him. Luckily, Ben stood his ground, avoiding Pennywise’s snapping teeth until Mike cut through the wrappings with a pipe, separating the two.

“Vile! Pathetic! Ignorant species!” Pennywise seethed, now back to his clown form with his razor-sharp talons ripping through his gloves, ready to strike. “I will feast on your flesh as I feed on your fear!”

“Not today, Clown!” Stanley called out.

“We’re not afraid of you,” Beverly stated assertively as she came forward, ready to attack with Eddie by her side.

Pennywise ducked his head and started coughing aggressively, seemingly choking on something lodged in his throat. Eddie leaned forward curiously and within a fraction of a second, Pennywise had formed into some kind of decomposing leper and projectile vomited all over Eddie’s unsuspecting face.

The kids jumped back in disgust while Eddie collected himself, wiping his face before standing up straight, grinding his teeth and hollering, “I’m gonna kill you!” as he surged forward to strike at Pennywise with his weapon.

While they resumed battle, Sara snapped her fingers in front of your face to gain your attention again. “Y/N! Listen to me! We’re going to try to kill him, but in case we can’t, you need to go while you have a chance!”

You knew better than to believe anything that she was saying. He was an infinitely powerful being who had survived eons through multiple universes. There was no chance in hell that a group of children and one adult could end him. Additionally, even if you could actually find the strength to leave, he would go to absolutely any lengths to get you back in Derry. He had no issues with kidnapping and torturing Sara before - why would he hesitate to do it again? Next time, he could even hurt Richie and your aunt, too. No one was absolved when it came to Pennywise’s path of destruction, especially if they had a history of trying to kill him. You imagined that he would take that personally. .
An agonized shriek shook you from your mess of conflicting inner thoughts. Pennywise was hunched on the ground, an iron rod lodged in his throat while his blood lifted from his body and dissipated into the air. He choked on the rod for a moment before spitting it out and falling backwards onto the ground, crawling away from the kids, for the first time, true fear evident in his features.

Breaking from Sara’s hold and acting completely on instinct, you rushed forward, stepping in front of Pennywise to separate him from the mob. “Y/N! What the hell are you doing?” Richie questioned with incredulity.

Dismissing him, you turned to Pennywise who refused to meet your gaze as he remained on the ground, panting heavily while pieces of his skin broke off and floated above you, just as his blood had done. “Penn?” you uttered softly as you hovered over him. “Can you get up?”

Refusing to respond, his long limbs wobbled as he managed to slowly get to his feet. He was obviously very weak, and he seemed too tired to continue fighting, though his eyes were blazing gold - a warning to his enemies that he still had strength enough to end them with one fell swoop.

Extending your reach, you took hold of Pennywise’s gloved hand in yours as you faced Richie, your eyes brimmed with tears that were threatening to spill over at any moment. “Please, stop,” you begged quietly, choking back a sob.

Utter bewilderment fell upon them as the house grew quiet. The only sound heard was Pennywise’s labored breathing before Richie interrupted the stillness and hollered, “Are you kidding me?! You’re protecting him? After what he’s done?!”

You couldn’t bring yourself to answer, instead looking at Sara who seemed more disappointed in you at that moment than she ever had in your life. “I’m sorry,” you mouthed silently to her. Instead of reciprocating with understanding, she looked away, fighting back tears of her own.

“He brainwashed her!” Stanley insisted, not wanting to believe that you would choose Pennywise of your own volition.

“L-let her g-go,” Bill demanded, gripping the handle of his wooden bat tightly in preparation for whatever retaliation Pennywise had in mind.

You shook your head, finally allowing the tears to trail down your face. “It’s my choice. This is never going to stop unless I go with him. I can’t keep putting you all in danger.”

Swallowing thickly, trying to keep your voice even, you turned to Sara. “This was always how it was meant to be, and you know it. From the moment he found me, I belonged to him.”

“That’s bullshit,” she interjected angrily, emitting a sob on the last word. “You don’t have to go with him. We can kill him, Y/N! He won’t be a danger to anyone anymore!”

Still grasping his hand, you turned to face Pennywise, your eyes pouring into his as you came to terms with what you had already known for a long time. “I love him.”

Stunned silence once again followed your words. Even Pennywise had a somewhat astonished expression, which he quickly covered with indifference.

Without thinking of the consequences, you leaned forward to Pennywise, lifting your heels to reach his height and brushed your lips against his in a brief, tender kiss, to which you heard the kids react with disgusted mumbles of, “Ew!” and “Gross!”
Richie scoffed before lividly expressing, “Over my dead fucking body!”

Pennywise then gripped you around your waist, pulling you behind him in an instinctive effort to protect you while he crouched low to the ground, growling viciously at Richie. You touched his shoulder gently in an unspoken plea to calm himself. After a moment of internal debate, he adhered to your request and stood up, no longer in an attacking position, but if looks could kill, Richie would be done for.

Taking in their reactions, their betrayed faces were almost unbearable to look at, but you knew that this was the right move and it meant that everyone you loved would be safe.

“So, you’re choosing that thing over your family?” Richie spat, trying to sound threatening, but instead appearing forlorn.

“No, Richie,” you insisted, wanting more than anything to pull him into a tight hug, but you knew he’d never allow it. “I’m not choosing between the two of you. I’m just doing what’s best for everyone. You’ll all be safe if I leave with him.”

“How noble of you,” he retorted, rolling his eyes.

“You don’t have to do this,” Sara interjected, finally meeting your eyes. “You love him - I get that. Well, okay, no… I don’t, but you’re kidding yourself if you think that we’re all safe just because you’ve agreed to be his plaything. In case you’ve forgotten, he still has to eat.”

“I haven’t forgotten,” you confirmed as Pennywise pulled you close to him in reassurance, earning a repulsed reaction from the kids. “That’s something that we’re working on. We might have found another solution.”

“You’re saying he’s gone vegetarian?” Mike countered sarcastically.

Sheepishly, you replied, “Well… obviously not, but it doesn’t have to be kids.” You knew regardless of your reasoning, they would never accept an alternative to killing Pennywise, even in spite of his change in diet from children to guilty felons. “We’re trying to focus on predators of a different nature so to speak. It’s not perfect, but it’s a start.”

“Is he going to turn you into whatever he is? Are you going to be a monster, too?” Ben asked, both genuinely curious and also clearly terrified of the answer.

You exchanged a look with Pennywise then, not at all surprised when he remained stoic, not giving you much to go off of. He had dropped hints over the past few days regarding some kind of a transition, but to be honest, you had no idea what was in store for you regarding becoming his mate. All you knew was that you wouldn’t be the same as you were now. The thought of becoming a predator like him was not at all appealing, but you didn’t have to reveal that part.

“I… I honestly don’t know how to answer that, Ben.”

“So, basically what you’re saying is that we’re going to have to kill you, too,” Eddie speculated nervously.

“Shut up, Dickhead!” Richie snapped at him.

Eddie looked taken aback at his remark. “I’m just saying! If she becomes like him, we’ll have two of these things to deal with! It’s been hard enough trying to kill one!”

“I’m not killing my cousin,” Richie seethed, looking like he was close to hitting Eddie.
“She’s not your cousin anymore,” Stanley remarked from the back of the group. “Well, at least… she won’t be.”

“Everyone, be quiet,” Sara called out closing her eyes and pinching the bridge of her nose, her brows furrowed in deep thought. Meeting your gaze, she barely spoke above a whisper, “Y/N… do you even understand the consequences of your decision? You barely know him. What if you agree to go and he double-crosses you and kills us all anyway? Have you thought about that?”

Pennywise emitted a growl next to you, which you felt throughout your body due to the way he was holding you. You glanced up at him, pausing briefly before asking, “Penn… if I go with you, do I have your word that you’ll do everything in your power not to harm innocent people?”

Immediately you knew that this wasn’t going to go over well by the way he bared his teeth at you. “I will not be forced by these brats to feed on bitter meat, and nor will you. You have repressed your nature for far too long. It is meant to be satiated.”

Honestly, you wanted to slap him. Here you were, fighting for his life, and he was going to act like an ass. You guessed that it was ignorant of you to think anything otherwise, but damn it if you weren’t going to try.

“Pennywise, you don’t hunt for survival, you hunt for sport,” you countered, earning a glare from the clown. “You think I would ever choose to eat bland tofu over a savory steak? No, but could I? Absolutely, and you can too. I know you can.”

“I know what I am capable of,” he barked, making the kids flinch.

“Then why won’t you try?” you practically begged.

“You cannot possibly comprehend. Your humanity has masked what you truly are. You will only understand when I take you fully as my own.”

You sighed heavily, your hope for rationalizing growing thinner with each passing moment. “How can I be sure that the entity inside of me that you’re insisting is there is even real? What if I don’t want to unlock that part of me? What if I want to keep all of my humanity? I don’t want to be a monster, Penn.”

Ignoring your audience, Pennywise cupped your face in his hand, nuzzling his nose against your cheek, which was met with more verbal protests from the group. He murmured softly against your skin, “You’ve carried a part of me with you since the beginning of your existence. I’ve always felt it. You’re not a monster - you’re my mate, and I am yours.”

“So, we’re just going to figure this out as we go?” you joked, but also knew that there was truth to it, which unnerved you more than you let on. “As long as you promise me that you won’t turn me into a mindless killing machine, I think that I can live with that.”

Baring his teeth at you, he growled, clearly offended by your remark. “Is that what you think I am? A ‘mindless killing machine’?”

“Penn, you know that I don’t think that,” you disputed, ignoring his defensive stance and gently carding your fingers through his hair. “I have no idea what is going to happen to me, and maybe you don’t either, which is why you’re hesitant to give me any straight answers, but please try and see things through my point of view. I just want to make sure that no one suffers because of a decision that I made. I can’t take any more sorrow from people who have lost loved ones. Please… just don’t let me go down that path.”
He curled his lip in disdain, but much to your surprise, he didn’t outright decline your request. “I would never allow anything happen to you that you did not want to happen.”

That was about as much of a promise that you were going to get. By now you had learned that you have to read between the lines of Pennywise’s remarks, and that was good enough for you.

“Okay,” you agreed, grinning nervously. “So, uh… how do we do this?”

Luckily, he understood what you were asking. It seemed that Pennywise also learned how to interpret your words, though to be fair, he also had the advantage of having the ability to read your thoughts.

“You will need to consume a physical part of myself in addition to surviving my venom as it courses through you until you are taken by the Deadlights.”

“Whoa, wait,” you hesitated, lifting your hand. “There was a lot of fucked up stuff you just said in a short amount of time and I need to process. I need to consume what?”

He smirked, clearly amused by your reaction. “As I devour the flesh of humans, in return you will need to ingest my own flesh to begin the transition.”

“That’s so gross,” Eddie commented, gagging as he spoke, earning a jab to his side from Stanley’s elbow.

For a few moments, you had forgotten that you and Pennywise weren’t alone, and you were genuinely shocked that no one had bothered to protest further. Probably due to shock and discomfort.

“I didn’t even know that you had venom,” you commented, ignoring Eddie’s commentary. “How do I know that any of this won’t just kill me?”

“I have already injected you with my venom without your knowledge. I had to be sure my sense about your darkness was true. Each time that I have bitten you, you have taken my venom. It would be enough to kill an average human - but not you. You have also ingested my blood, which proves that your body can tolerate my flesh without destroying you.”

“So you’ve already tried to kill her?” Sara interjected, fury evident in her tone.

Without meeting her gaze, still nuzzling you, Pennywise replied candidly, “I would not have risked the life of my potential mate had I not been confident that she would survive.”

Sara scoffed at his response, not at all impressed with his answer. You still had more questions, but you thought it best to discuss the rest in private with Pennywise. It was already upsetting enough for the others to let you go, let alone having to hear what you would have to endure later.

No longer able to stall, it was time to say goodbye. You approached the group of kids, addressing Bill first. “I know that this can’t be easy for you considering what happened to your brother,” you paused, gauging his reaction. He swallowed thickly, but remained silent, giving you his attention. “I can’t bring Georgie back, but I can promise that I will dedicate the rest of my life to ensure that what happened to your brother doesn’t ever happen to anyone ever again. You have my word.”

You were sure that Pennywise didn’t appreciate you making promises on his behalf, but you were determined to change his preferred diet and preventing families from suffering the way Bill’s did.

“I—I’m holding you t-to that,” he stated, holding your gaze steadily.
Turning to the rest of the kids, you continued, “Thank you for all that you’ve done.” You wanted to
tell them more - to tell them how much it meant to you how they were willing to put their lives on
the line to save this town, but by the way they were looking at you with utter betrayal and pity, you
knew it would fall on deaf ears, so you just kept it to yourself, giving them a thankful smile and
hoping that would be enough.

Finally, it was time to say goodbye to Richie, who glared at you with tears in his eyes. “Please,
don’t be mad at me, Richie. I just want what’s best for you. I would never let anything bad happen
to you.”

“You don’t have to go with him,” he insisted, his voice cracking with emotion, which was breaking
your heart.

“Yes… I do,” you countered. “It’s not up for debate, Richie.”

“This isn’t fair,” he mumbled resentfully, lifting his glasses and wiping his tears with the back of
his hand.

Not able to bring yourself to rationalize further, you pulled him into a hug, squeezing him tightly.
“I love you so much. Take care of Aunt Alyssa and stay out of trouble, Trashmouth - or I’ll come
back here and eat you,” you teased, fully realizing that your joke was in poor taste.

You barely heard him mumble an “I love you” in return before he broke the hug, glaring at
Pennywise.

When you approached Sara, she kept herself closed off, folding her arms across her chest in
disapproval. “You’re making a mistake,” she insisted, fighting back more tears. “I won’t let him
take you. I know you think that you love him, but look at him, Y/N. He’s a repulsive monster who
has caused so much grief to so many people. He tortured me! How can you possibly have feelings
for something like him?”

You dared not look at Pennywise, feeling the tension thicken in the air and already anticipating the
frightening snarl that ripped through his throat at her remark. Instead, you pulled her into a fierce,
desperate embrace, whispering in her ear, “You have to let me go, Sara. You need to put Richie and
the rest of these kids first. Protect them.” You couldn’t bring yourself to justify Pennywise’s
actions because the fact of the matter was that there was no justifying it. He was a killer for the
thrill of it. There was no rhyme or reason to his chaotic endeavors because it was just who he was.
You couldn’t change the past, but you at least hoped that there would be a better future for Derry
so long as you had each other.

Sobs escaped her as she cried on your shoulder, dampening your shirt with her tears. It took
everything you had not to give in and just go home with them, but you had to be strong and let
them go - for their own sake. “Thank you for being the sister I never had,” you muttered into her
hair before kissing her temple. “I’ll love you always.”

She let go and refused to meet your eyes as she turned away from you and walked towards the
kids.

Pennywise was at your side instantly, tracing the skin on the back of your arm with his fingers to
put you at ease. “Tell me they’ll be okay,” you demanded, your request contradicting your soft
tone.

Nuzzling the back of your neck as he pressed himself against you, he replied, “They will all live to
grow, and thrive, and lead happy lives until old age takes them back to the weeds.”
You nodded your head, closing your eyes as a tear you hadn’t realized had formed fell down your face. Pennywise then stood back and extended his hand to you, smirking slightly in the way that made your knees buckle. “Sink with me.”

Stealing one last glance of your family, you placed your hand tenderly in his, and shut your eyes tightly as you felt the familiar pressure taking over your body and pulling you into a dark void.

When you came to, you could smell the mildew and feel the dense air surrounding you. Opening your eyes, you saw that you were in what appeared to be a cave, lit only by three small, separate piles of what appeared to be sticks along with random household items mixed together. You had briefly wondered where he had obtained those things until you were distracted by the other items in the cave.

In the middle of the cave was a large bed, which aside from its desolate surroundings appeared to be clean and unused. Next to the bed was a wooden table with a hairbrush, toothbrush, and other items that Pennywise had seen you use at home. Lastly, there was a pile of clothes on a small chair next to the table. After taking a closer look, you saw that they were your own clothes that he had apparently taken from your room at your aunts and brought back here.

Pennywise had created a nest just for you, providing things that he knew you would want. A lump formed in your throat at the thoughtfulness of it all. It was a completely unexpected gesture, and you weren’t sure how to respond, so you just kissed him deeply, wrapping your arms around his neck to pull him into you, to which he reciprocated in kind by hugging your hips with his large hands, grinding against you.

Pennywise had gotten exactly what he wanted, and instead of that thought making you nervous, you were genuinely happy. This creature had been roaming the universe since the dawn of time, supposedly - and throughout his entire existence, he had been alone. You couldn’t even imagine being on your own with no company for that long. Perhaps it was your humanity that felt for his loneliness, when to him it wasn’t a big deal. Maybe he found solace in his isolation, but you had hoped that would change with you around, despite his lack of benevolence.

Breaking the kiss, you asked, “Why did you do all of this? Why not just take me down to the sewers? Isn’t that where you… uh… lurk?” You couldn’t think of a better way to phrase it. Apart from the Neibolt house, he spent the majority of his time skulking around the sewers in search of a meal since they connected the whole town. You had figured that was where he would end up taking you.

“In time, I will take you down below,” he confirmed. “The pipes are for convenience of prey - not for a transitioning mate.”

“Thank you, Pennywise,” you murmured, pressing your lips softly to his in gratitude.

Pausing for a moment, you stared into his eyes, which were now a bright blue. You realized that you were a rare breed - one of the only people in this world to see Pennywise in this state. He looked at you as if you were the most important thing in this universe - his fragile, beautiful obsession that he would protect at all costs. He viewed you with such adoration that it almost pained you. Here was a creature who knew nothing but destruction and chaos for all his life, which was actually literally eons - a concept that you couldn’t even properly comprehend, and he had already changed so much in such a short amount of time - just for you.

“Tell me you love me,” you found yourself blurting out, not knowing how he would react.
Initially, his brows furrowed at your request. You already knew what to expect at that point. He would argue and tell you that he wasn’t capable of love. or that love was a human emotion that he wanted no part of. That’s why you were completely taken aback when his full lips curled slightly on the end in an amused grin before he uttered, “I love you, Y/N.”

You kissed him again, your lips moving hungrily and urgently against his own, which he reciprocated in kind, licking the inside of your mouth with his textured tongue, savoring the taste.

“Are you ready to begin?” he asked against your swollen lips.

Swallowing thickly, you replied, “As ready as I’ll ever be.”

Lifting his hand, his index finger extended into a blackened claw, shredding through his glove. He then brought his razor-sharp talon to his other arm as he carved out a piece of his flesh, thick, black blood pouring from the wound and rising into the air in its hauntingly beautiful way.

Puncturing the piece flesh with his nail, he brought it to your lips, nodding his head to indicate to you to take it. Hesitantly, you picked up the bloody skin between your fingers, took a deep breath before placing it in your mouth.

Resisting the urge to gag, you refused to chew and just swallowed it immediately, noting the savory-sweet flavor of his blood as it lingered on your taste buds. The moment his flesh slid down your esophagus, your insides started to burn.

You grabbed your stomach and fell forward in pain, grateful for Pennywise’s reflexes as he caught you and held you steady. “Penn… it hurts,” you muttered, clenching your insides in agony.

“It will be over soon,” he assured you, brushing your cheek with his fingers. “Stay still.” Shortly after, he dipped his head into the crook of your neck, flicking his tongue over your pulse point before biting down harshly. You elicited a choked sob as he remained in position, his teeth tearing at your sensitive flesh. This bite was a lot more brutal than his previous ones had been, and it was difficult to maintain your composure.

After a few more agonizing moments, your entire body gave out at that point, the pain too much for you to cope with. Pennywise retracted his teeth and licked at the punctured area to lap up the blood as he held you steady.

A loud noise started echoing throughout the cave, ringing in your ears. It was only after you concentrated and took a deep breath that you realized that it was your own tortured screams. You tried to concentrate on Pennywise who was holding your gaze with a troubled look on his face. You could see his mouth forming words, but your own shrieks drowned him out, rendering you unconsolable as you writhed in anguish in his arms.

He shook you briefly, growling in your face. You could barely comprehend his words as he insisted, “Do not look away from me, Y/N. No matter what, keep your eyes on me.”

Nodding your head urgently, you kept your eyes locked on him, shaken when his face started to split open. You had seen him do this before, but you had looked away each time before it was revealed what it was that he was doing.

Rows and rows of teeth emerged from inside of his face as a heat started to form. Your skin was suddenly bathed in a warm glow as you concentrated on the dancing lights lodged in the back of his throat. It was then that you realized that these must have been Pennywise’s Deadlights that he so often referenced. They were more beautiful than you could have ever imagined.
For a moment, the pain within you intensified tenfold to the point where you would have easily chosen death in order to attain any form of relief. It was too much, and your body couldn’t take anymore. Then, as soon as it began, it ceased. The pain ebbed away and your mind started to come undone in ways that you didn’t even have words to describe. It was as if you could feel your humanity slipping, seeping out of your own skin as your thoughts melted away into what could only be described as pure bliss.

The world around you faded, as did Pennywise. The only thing that mattered were those alluring lights as they held you, no longer keeping you grounded to this world, but instead guiding you into the unknown.
Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

Well, guys... this is it. It took two years, but we're finally here. Thank you to all who stuck it out for all this time, and thank you to everyone who took the time to read, review, and follow this trash to the end. You guys mean the world to me, and I hope that this last chapter doesn't disappoint.

Also, I think it's only fitting that the last chapter be posted on the release date of It: Chapter Two.

Strap in, grab some tissues, some snacks, and enjoy the ride.

We all float down here <3

You had become pure energy. There was no other way to describe it. The sensation that coursed through your mind and body was impossible to describe using any kind of verbal language. In a way, it was incomprehensible - absolutely unlike anything that you had ever felt or experienced before. It was as if your subconscious had unraveled in a way you never thought possible. If you could manage to put into words what your physical body endured, the only somewhat understandable explanation would be that every cell that you were composed of had dissolved, absorbed mystical energy, and re-formed to create an entirely new, living entity. Whatever matter you previously consisted of was now compromised and had completely altered your physical form. You were a completely different being, not of Earth, nor the universe that you knew. The Deadlights had now become your very life essence, and you were never going to be the same.

It seemed like an eternity had gone by until you were able to think clearly again. Or at least, in a familiar way that you were once used to. However, there was also a new line of inner communication that allowed you to process your thoughts. Former internal dialogue that guided your mental perception now consisted of strange senses, noises and colors. What was once your mind was now... well, to be honest, you didn’t even know. Your anatomy made absolutely no sense now, and to try and define what you were was pretty much impossible. “Indescribable” was a massive understatement. It was understandable now why Pennywise was never able to give you a straight answer when you had asked exactly what he was. His origin couldn’t possibly be described
Finally, you started to feel a little more like your familiar self. Your body started putting itself back together again in a form that felt the most fitting. Slowly you could feel bones start to take shape, followed by tissue, organs, muscle, and skin. When it felt as though you were once again complete, your eyes flickered from behind your lids, anxious to open and take in the world around you with new sight.

Finally, opening your eyes, your vision adjusted immediately to the dark, not needing any form of light or illumination whatsoever. You could see everything so vividly in the darkness, as if the world around you was pulsating with a natural glow that lit up every surface to help guide you.

A soothing touch on the back of your shoulder held your attention as you quickly changed focus. A chilled, wet appendage was lapping at your skin tenderly, placating your anxiety. Hesitantly, you turned your head to see Pennywise in your peripheral vision, cloaked in his human form. He was licking you affectionately with his long, rough tongue and eyeing you with caution. Glancing down, you had noticed that the both of you were naked. You had briefly wondered how that had happened, but it didn’t bother you in the slightest. Just the thought of wearing clothes at that moment felt constrictive and extremely unappealing.

Something felt as though it was intruding on your mind at that moment. It was odd; as if you were experiencing emotions that weren’t your own. It was a mix of fear, adoration, concern, arousal, and so much more. It was too much to handle all at once, so you concentrated on forcing the foreign emotions away, and quieted your subconscious while you focused on keeping your breathing even.

Ceasing his licks, Pennywise shifted himself upward while giving you some space to turn and face him. When you did, the movement felt effortless, as if you didn’t weigh anything at all. Your whole body felt light, as if you were... floating - for lack of a better word.

Pennywise traced your cheek with the tips of his dulled human fingers, pursing his lips slightly as his brow creased in deep thought. “How do you feel?” he finally managed to ask, his voice barely above a whisper.

If you were being honest, you weren’t even sure how you felt. An entire new range of emotion was surging through you, and you couldn’t exactly describe what was occurring. Finally, the only thing you managed to say was, “My body is tingling.”

The corner of his full lips lifted into a smirk as he held your gaze, trailing his fingers down your jaw, past your neck, and lingering on your hip. “Do I look any different?” you asked hesitantly, not sure what answer you were hoping for.

“Yes.”


His fingers moved from your hip to take your hand in his as he held it up to your line of vision. “Here,” he answered, nodding towards your palm to direct your attention to its center.

Initially, nothing appeared out of the ordinary. It was just your run-of-the-mill hand; nothing special about it. However, when you focused a little more, you noticed your skin start to vibrate and fade away while tiny beads of light and a strange spiked fluid matter began to emerge from beneath the surface, a slight glow surrounding what was once your skin.

Your gaze snapped to Pennywise who held his smirk as he relished in your bewilderment. It was
then that you noticed that his skin started to melt away as well, and a similar glow radiated around him as he changed into the prickly matter, taking your breath away with the beauty of it all.

“Am… Am I just like you now?” you mumbled, still distracted by the way your essence danced before you.

Pennywise literally pulled himself together, re-attaching his human-like skin and maintaining focus on you. “We are of a similar design, yes. We will never be of the exact same species due to our separate origins. I was created within the Macroverse, and you were created as a human within this realm. Your true form will forever be your human design, as mine is within the Deadlights.”

“Those orange lights?” you questioned with curiosity. “Do I have them? Deadlights?”

“You do,” he confirmed, though his tone was a bit reserved. “Their power within you is limited since you were not created in that realm. You will learn how to harness your own Deadlights in time.”

Before you could question anything further, you felt a spike of intense, painful discomfort throughout your body. You curled in on yourself, alarming Pennywise to your suffering to which he reacted instantly, lifting your upper half so that the both of you were in a sitting position while he maneuvered behind you to support you and press himself against you. The fact that he wrapped himself around you when you were hurting rather than distance himself and give you space was alarming until you realized that the simple contact lessened the ache significantly.

“What’s happening?” you asked, strain evident in your voice. Panic flooded through you as you worried that the transition wasn’t taking and that you were dying a slow and painful death.

“Hunger,” was all Pennywise murmured in your ear as he nuzzled his nose against your neck from behind, wrapping his long arms around you comfortingly.

Holy shit. You were hungry? Oh no…

“Pennywise… I don’t… I can’t-”

“You will feed,” he demanded, his voice rough.

Swallowing thickly, you wanted to protest until another aching spasm consumed your body. “This is what you feel when you don’t eat? Like your entire body is shutting down?”

He hummed against you, sending soothing vibrations down your spine. Hunger in this form was not at all like you were used to feeling. Instead of just a discomfort in your stomach, you felt this hunger throughout your entire being, the ache bordering on unbearable. It was no wonder Pennywise was so feral when he hunted. If this is what he felt each time, it was enough to turn anyone insane.

Pressing a kiss to your throat, he shifted away from you, guiding your upper body back down onto the bed as carefully as he could. “Stay,” he commanded softly, disappearing in an instant before your eyes. He returned within seconds. You were alerted to his presence, not by the sight of him, but by the smell of whatever delectable substance he had brought with him.

Immediately, you began to salivate at a rate that you couldn’t keep up with, the drool spilling over your lips unattractively as you sat up. A newfound energy spurred you on as you inhaled deeply, relishing in the scent. “What is that?” you asked, wiping the saliva away from your mouth with the back of your hand, only for it to be covered with spit once again in seconds. It seemed you couldn’t control your salivary glands… or whatever it was that created saliva now that you weren’t human.
“This will not satiate your hunger, but it will dull the pain,” he replied, placing the wet slab of sustenance in your hands.

Ew. It was seriously disgusting, and yet… so tempting. You could feel the warm blood of the flesh spilling down past your fingers. The moment the meat made contact with your skin, your lips peeled back and your mouth opened involuntarily as sharp fangs pierced through your gums, replacing your previously dulled teeth.

Before you could act on your instincts, you held your breath, blocking the infatuating scent from your nose as you turned to Pennywise and asked, “Where did this come from?”

His expression quickly reflected disappointment and frustration as he curled his lip in annoyance. “It does not matter. Eat it.” Similarly to what you felt when you first awoke, an intrusion of emotion spilled into your mind once again. The emotions didn’t make any sense to you as you struggled to decipher them. Anger, impatience, concern, and so much more was making its way through your mind. It was difficult to focus enough to sift through the mess of feelings and repel the ones that didn’t make any sense to you, still trying to concentrate on the situation before you.

“Is this a child?” you managed to ask, your voice shaking, not really wanting to know the answer as you lowered the meat from your lips. Every instinct was telling you to rip into it with your new fangs, but you managed to withhold.

Bewilderment briefly flicked across his face before he rolled his eyes and drew closer to you, nudging your hands closer to your mouth. “Feed. Now.”

Shoving his hands away, you found yourself growling, the noise rising involuntary from your chest, up through your throat, warning Pennywise to back off. It shocked you at first, but you held steady as he stepped back, heeding your warning. You couldn’t help feeling a sense of delight as you realized that you were now just as dangerous as Pennywise and that you could probably do some serious damage to him if he continued to push you.

Allowing yourself to inhale once again, you sniffed the meat hesitantly, drool spilling over your lips in anticipation. Before you could register your actions or maintain any kind of self-control, your teeth ripped into the tender tissue, the blood spilling down your throat soothingly as you tore off a chuck effortlessly. You chewed only for a moment before swallowing, savoring what you had expected to be the most flavorful meal that you had ever experienced. Instead, it was… underwhelming.

Much to your dismay, the flesh was bland, almost tasteless with a hint of bitterness as the meat remained on your tongue. Disappointment was evident on your face as Pennywise gauged your reaction carefully. “Without fear, there is no flavor,” he commented, answering your unspoken
question.

It was understandable now why Pennywise terrorized his victims before eating them. If he had to choose between eating boring, flavorless meat or a savory, delectable meal, it was obvious which he would choose.

Forcing yourself to ignore the bitterness, you swallowed the remainder of the bloody tissue, your hunger now satiated for the meantime and no longer causing painful tremors.

Once you licked the remaining blood from your fingers, you found yourself with replenished energy, experiencing a need to run and burn some of it off. Pennywise seemed to be able to read your desires just as well in your new body as he could in your previous one. His familiar smirk graced his lips as he waited for you to make the first move. It was then that a thought occurred to you. “Have you ever played Marco Polo?”

His face fell. Clearly, that’s not what he was expecting, which only pleased you further. “What?”

“Marco Polo! You mostly play it in swimming pools, but you can pretty much play it anywhere-”

“I know what it is,” he snapped, cutting you off.

No longer terrified of his quick temper, you bounced off of the bed and walked closer to him, only now realizing that he had clothed himself sometime during the span of time he had left to bring you food. Looking down at your own naked self, a strange sensation spilled down your spine. As if your body received an unspoken message from your brain, clothes suddenly appeared, covering you in your favorite apparel.

Smiling to yourself, pleased with how quickly your instincts were catching on, you gazed up at Pennywise, unable to hide your excitement. “Please, can we play? I have to run, or jump, or climb, or do something. We can do it in the sewers! It’s like a maze down there, right?”

His forehead creased in concern at the mention of the sewers. The same strange feeling as before washed over you, and it was then that you realized that you were sensing Pennywise’s emotions, just as he had done to you since you had known him. You now had the same ability to read him as well as he read you, and just the thought of it thrilled you. Unable to stop yourself, you lifted yourself up by your tip-toes and pressed your lips against his own pillowed ones, kissing him deeply.

Immediately the foreign emotions returned, swirling with your own and connecting the two of you as one entity as your bodies and minds made contact with one another. When you pulled back from him, despite wanting to inhale every part of him, he addressed your thoughts. “Yes, you have the capability to read me as I do you. Soon, verbal communication will not be needed.”

Instead of replying to his comment, you leaned forward, your mouth almost touching his before you paused for a moment and giggled. “Catch me if you can.”

Without waiting for a response, you turned your heel and ran down the landing and deeper into the cave, allowing your instincts to lead the way while you followed the smell of sewage, leading you to the maze beneath the town.

Pennywise’s presence became less and less strong as you allowed your feet to carry you through the twists and turns of the pipes, having no concern for where you were headed. After all, you really didn’t have anything to fear anymore. Worrying about what terrors awaited you in the darkness was a thing of the past. You were now the thing that people feared in the dark, and the
power that came with that realization was more thrilling than you could have anticipated.

Finally allowing yourself to slow down, you paused, panting slightly with both excitement and breathlessness. You quieted your movements, listening intently for any kind of activity within the sewers. Other than the bugs, small critters, and droplets of water, no sound could be heard.

Pursing your lips, you soon grew impatient and wondered if Pennywise was waiting for you to begin. Since he was the one searching for you, regardless of the fact that he neglected to call out his portion of Marco, you thought you’d help him out by shouting out, “Polo!”

The moment the word fell from your lips, Pennywise appeared at your side out of nowhere, startling you as an embarrassing yelp escaped your throat. “Damn it, Pennywise!” you fumed, slapping his shoulder in frustration. “That’s not how you play!”

Amusement flickered across his face before it was quickly covered with a different, unreadable emotion. You had intended to ask him what was wrong until a strong sense of malevolence fell over you, which you quickly realized wasn’t your own. Confusion clouded your mind as you tried to understand why his demeanor changed so suddenly to one of such malice.

That’s when it hit you.

The scent was overpowering as it flooded into your nostrils, igniting a primal flame that sparked an immediate physical reaction. Your hair stood on end while your fangs dropped down and your fingertips elongated into sharp, black talons, eager to rip into the flesh of your prey.

Your body started to shake as your eyes rolled into the back of your head and an image appeared before you. A small child - a little boy - was surrounded by giant, black spiders, crawling all over his skin, making their way into his ears, nose, and throat as he cried out in terror.

Your form was tingling, awaiting your permission to transform and copy the likeness of the terrifying spider in the little boy’s mind, but you fought against it, not wanting to hurt the defenseless child.

“Let it consume you,” Pennywise whispered into your ear, encouraging you to surrender to your vicious instincts. “You are the superior being. Take what it is that you so desperately crave.” His words were like silk running along your skin, beckoning your compliance as you fell to your knees, still fighting to resist the urge to chomp onto the throat of the kid.

Eventually, your body won out, and you knew it was going to happen. You couldn’t prolong it any further as you felt yourself shifting. Still maintaining focus, you struggled to alter your body’s interpretation of what you were shifting into. Instead of mirroring the boy’s fears exactly, you got creative.

Had you still been burdened with your human brain, there was no way that you could even begin to comprehend how your body reacted instinctively to what it needed to do to lure your prey. Your mind would surely implode trying to make sense of how you possibly knew what to do without any instruction or training from your mate. Yet, somehow, you were able to do it.

The odd sensation of your skin melting away and additional limbs sprouting from your abdomen was baffling. You started to shrink, smaller and smaller until you successfully achieved your end result. Instead of a gruesome eight-legged monster that was reflected in the boy’s subconscious, you now appeared as a tiny, furry, non-threatening spider that couldn’t possibly terrify anyone - even a child.
Hesitantly, you peered up at Pennywise with your eight beady little eyes. His expression was just as you anticipated. Even if you couldn’t see him vividly in the dark with your new visual abilities, you sure as hell could feel his emotions. They were loud - as if he was shouting at you in your head. Shock, revulsion, and annoyance assaulted your mind as you awaited some kind of retaliation from your mate. Finally, he spoke, grinding his teeth as he struggled to form the words. “Even you couldn’t be this naive.” It was an insult, sure, but it could have been much worse, so you shrugged it off, secretly proud of yourself for surviving your first physical transformation.

Before your eyes, Pennywise changed shape, his form shifting aggressively until he was a ten foot tall ghastly-looking spider with dripping fangs and bright red eyes. Obviously, that wasn’t what an actual spider looked like, and it was clear that he embellished for dramatic affect.

He urged you to follow his lead telepathically. Though he wasn’t speaking in words, you could feel his desire for you to shift into a similarly horrifying spider.

Resistance was your first instinct, and it was clear that he didn’t like your mental response from the way he shrieked with his spider-voice. All you wanted to do was to change back into your human form, but it seemed that you weren’t able to do so on command yet, which frustrated you.

Panicking, you clairvoyantly requested help, hoping that Pennywise would take pity on you and assist you through the transition. The first time had been so instinctive and effortless. Now that you were fighting against your nature to devour a child, it was a lot more difficult to do.

Sensing your distress, Pennywise relented, finally shifting back to his clown form, peering down at you from above with his radiant yellow eyes. “Calm yourself,” he insisted. “Clear your mind and envision what you want to become.”

Taking a deep breath with your tiny spider lungs, you filtered out all of your concerns, and concentrated only on your human appearance. It was the form that felt like home, and you wanted to return to it.

Flexing your limbs, you felt yourself changing back to your familiar self while the odd sensation of shifting spread throughout your body. In the blink of an eye, you were once again human. Or… so it appeared.

Turning to Pennywise, you gave him an apologetic glance, knowing that he was upset with you for not embracing your feral side. His face remained neutral, but you could still feel his disappointment in your mind. “Please… can we just go back to the cave? I don’t want to hurt him, Pennywise. I’m not ready for that. I just… I can’t.”

Relief washed over you as you felt his anger dissipate as he stared at you, not wanting to push you to do something you truly didn’t want.

His internal emotions betrayed him as he scowled at you, indicating that he was putting on a front of annoyance rather than understanding, which made you giggle, but you refrained. “You will not have the tolerance for tasteless food forever. I will not allow you to starve yourself before our long rest.”

Oh. Yeah. You had almost forgotten that Pennywise slept for twenty-seven years or so at a time. Yikes. The thought of that shook you. Imagining how much the world would change around you before you woke up was jarring and it made you anxious. Your only solace was knowing that your family and the remaining inhabitants of Derry would be safe for another three decades, allowing them to live without the looming threat of being eaten alive. You had hoped that those who knew about Pennywise would all leave Derry and find a life somewhere else where they could be happy.
“You need to hunt,” Pennywise insisted, breaking your concentration. His tone fell flat while you sensed his emotion. Clearly, he was not thrilled with what you were thinking. Crap. That was going to take some getting used to. “Come with me. I’ve lured another.”

You followed him through the pipes away from the child and deeper into the maze of sewage. You halted when you smelled another human nearby. Once again your body shook as more images popped into your head. What you were smelling was an adult man, and through his subconscious you witnessed him assaulting and murdering a woman in cold blood.

Before you even had time to process, your body was changing. You had shifted into the woman whose life he took, covered in blood, tears streaming down your face. Pennywise grinned with delight as he saw how effortless the transition was. “Feed,” was all he had to say before you tore past him with speed that you never even knew was possible.

In a matter of seconds, you had reached where the man was drunkenly stumbling through the sewage. You could easily spot him in the darkness as you lurked in the shadows, contemplating your next move. “Hello!” he called out to no one. “I fuckin’... hiccup. I need some help down here!”

“Help?” you found yourself asking aloud in an unfamiliar voice, staring daggers at the man. “You didn’t bother to help me when I was alone. Instead, you decided to rape and slaughter me. Why would I help you?”

Turning to face you, his once flushed face turned ghostly white as the blood drained from his features, sending a delicious sense of gratification up your spine. “...Mary? That’s not possible. How... how are you here?”

“You did a bad thing, Nick. I’ve come to make sure you don’t do anything like that ever again.” You tried not to snicker at your own cheesy line of dialogue. Luckily, you were too caught up in the high to break character. It almost alarmed you how easy this was - taunting the man whose life you were about to take. Not only was there no hesitation, but there was no affliction either, which should have bothered you, but it didn’t. The fear radiating off of him was intoxicating, and you wanted nothing more than to rip into his jugular and watch the life drain from his eyes.

The moment he turned to run, you made your move, crossing over to him in an instant, tearing into his back with your sharp claws. You then forcefully turned him over and gouged out his eyes before plucking them from his sockets and swallowing them whole, relishing in the flavor of fear that you hadn’t realized you so desperately craved.

The man’s cries soon died out as he choked on his own blood, leaving you to feast in peace. All of your previous inhibitions faded as you tore at the flesh and engulfed him greedily before you sensed that you were not alone. Turning swiftly, you noticed your mate peering down at your blood-soaked form, beaming with pride.

You extended your hand to him, covered in the blood of your victim, a silent invitation to join you. He grasped your hand and gladly helped you finish your meal, leaving nothing but specks of blood that lined the walls from your initial attack.

The two of you lock eyes with one another, an array of intense vibes coursing through the both of you. One sensation was vastly more prominent than the rest.

Lust.

You collided together, a mess of lips, teeth, tongue, saliva, and touches from every angle. It was
difficult to tell who was who as you both struggled to kiss, lick, and stroke every part of one another, the blood of your victim smearing all over the both of you.

Suddenly, your surroundings seemed less than appealing for this kind of thing. You gently guided him away from you, asking him with your mind to teach you how to transport back to the cave where a welcoming bed awaited you.

He smirked, cupping your cheek in his hand before licking a strip across your bloody lips animalistically. “Close your eyes,” he instructed. You immediately obeyed, feeling him maneuver around you as he wrapped his arms around your waist, pressing his lips to your ear, making you shiver. “Concentrate on where you want to go, and then feel yourself moving through space to your destination. When you see it in your mind, just... go.”

Envisioning the cave, you forced your body to transport, feeling the familiar pressure that you had felt when Pennywise had previously transported you throughout town. It wasn’t any more pleasant than it had been when you were human, but at least it didn’t leave you feeling queasy afterwards.

The moment your feet touched ground, you were scooped up and literally swept off of your feet. Pennywise had lost all patience as he carried you to the bed before tossing you roughly onto the surface. In an instant, he was covering your body with his, ripping your clothes from your body with his talons. You had wondered for a moment why he bothered to remove them from you when you could easily dissolve them away now, but judging by the look in his feral eyes, it was something that he had enjoyed.

When all the clothes were removed from the both of you, he kissed and licked down your arm and over your wrist until he reached the scar in the palm of your hand. His eyes met yours while the corners of his mouth lifted into a wicked grin as he bit down gently with his fangs, piercing your flesh.

Fully expecting to cringe from the pain, you were surprised to feel a pleasant tingling where his teeth broke the skin - no suffering at all. He lingered over the wound for a moment before retracting his fangs and lifting your hand for you to see his handiwork.

Thick, black blood started to elevate from your wound and raise into the air, just as you had seen Pennywise’s do before when he was injured. It danced before you, lingering for a moment before dissipating into nothing.

Pennywise then took the opportunity to slide one of his hands up your back to the nape of your neck, awakening your carnal desires even further. A shiver traveled down your spine as he maneuvered behind you, kissing the top of your back longingly, letting his lips linger against your skin to savor the taste of you.

A distant memory crossed your mind then - one where you were afraid of Pennywise’s urge for flesh consumption. Since you weren’t exactly alike due to your different origins, you didn’t know if you were still in danger of his insatiable appetite. Hesitantly, still distracted by his touch, you asked, “Penn... am I still a temptation for you?”

He hummed against you, still seemingly preoccupied with mouthing his way across your shoulders. Engrossed by his actions, you closed your eyes, losing yourself to his touch. The world around you started to fade into a haze, and all you wanted was to succumb to the abject pleasure.

Somehow maintaining what little composure you had left, you separated from him, stepping off of the bed and turning to face him. “I’m serious. Do you still want to eat me?”
His lips peeled back into another wicked smile as he eyed you for a moment, amused by your choice of words. He then adjusted himself so that his long legs shifted over the side of the bed as he faced you. “There’s certainly parts of you that I still want to eat,” he teased, earning an eager throb in your lower half. “But, no. I have no desire to consume your flesh and end your life.”

Relieved, you immediately moved closer and slid onto his lap, straddling him so that he could feel your heat pressing down on him. Running one of your hands down his side, he shivered as you teased around his hip.

He leaned in closer to you then, his lips practically touching your ear. “Now, it’s my turn to play a game.” Too quick for you to react, he gripped your legs and stood up, spinning around and setting you on the bed while he lingered in between your legs, towering over you with his alarming height.

Fighting the urge to roll your eyes, you raised an eyebrow at him. His games never ended well. “What exactly did you have in mind?”

“I’m going to feel you,” he insisted, trailing the pads of his fingers over your arms. “I’m going to kiss you,” he continued to inform you as he pressed his pillowed lips against your own needy ones in a brief kiss before making his way down your jaw. “And I’m going to pleasure you.” He paused, letting his tongue trail languidly over the skin of your neck as his hand reached up to playfully pinch the apex of your breast earning a groan from you. “If you make any noise… you suffer the consequences.”

Huffing, you replied, “You’re twisted, Penn.” His eyes searched yours, awaiting your permission before continuing. You then cracked a promiscuous smile as you arched into him in response. “Do it.”

Returning your smile, Pennywise slid down your body, an eager purr resonating from his throat. His lips caressed your chest, then down to your abdomen, soft and light. Your entire body started to tingle, your breath rapid as you wondered whether or not intimate interactions with Pennywise were going to feel like they did when you were human.

Distracting you, he continued to lower himself down between your legs as his lips brushed against your thigh. Even though it felt nice, you refused to make any sound of satisfaction.

With a grin, he moved higher, his tongue tracing your skin, his jagged teeth dropping down from his gums and running the sharp ends along your flesh. Heat started to build deep in your core, your stomach fluttering while your body strained with growing pleasure, but still, you managed to stay quiet.

Moving in deeper, he elongated his tongue, caressing and stroking just above where you wanted him most, bringing his hand up to trace along your inner thigh. The simple feeling of his body against yours was incredible, almost staggering. You two were connected on a significantly deeper level, and you felt it in every fiber of your being.

Finally, he dipped his tongue to circle your needy bundle of nerves, the rough texture of his rolling muscle adding the friction that you so desperately craved. Your toes curled as you sucked in a quick breath, the pleasure growing uncontrollably. Still, somehow you resisted, biting your lip hard - so hard that you began to taste blood, using every ounce of will you had not to make a sound.

At the smell of blood in the air, Pennywise’s eyes flashed up to meet yours, his sultry smile spreading widely. You then felt his thoughts enter your subconscious, silently beckoning you to open yourself to his essence so that he could infiltrate you further in a way that you couldn’t possibly have experienced when you were human. What he was asking for wasn’t a physical
alteration, but a mental one, which you were still having difficulties understanding.

Not sure if you were doing it correctly, you allowed your inner walls to crumble, removing any remaining resistance you had to Pennywise’s exploration into your mind. You could feel his essence crawling up your body from within, as if he had control over every cell that made up your new physical body. It began nesting itself in every crevice of your nerves, bathing you in warmth and sensual bliss. Just when you thought you couldn’t feel any more pleasure from his cognitive exploration, he added a stimulating physical sensation as well, vibrating his tongue against your clit while he plunged two fingers into your opening, hitting your g-spot dead on.

That did it. A moan escaped your lips, almost a scream as you succumbed to the pleasure, and Pennywise took the opportunity to strike. His head swiveled to the side as he sank his teeth deep into your thigh, ripping through your tender skin. Rather than flinch from the attack, his assault on your flesh felt euphoric. Slumping back onto the bed writhing, your body was consumed with ecstasy, pain, and bliss, all at once. Blood was trickling from the wound and floating into the air as he continued to lap at you, his fingers still hard at work inside of your heat.

“D… don’t stop… don’t…” you pleaded, digging your nails into his shoulders. The circular motion of his fingers became tighter and faster, until a pulse of ecstasy exploded across your body, crashing through you like a tidal wave and drawing out your climax. The sensation of it all was similar, and yet vastly different compared to any orgasm that you had experienced as a human. Rather than just a physical high, your mind and nerves were electrified and throbbing with satisfaction that shook you to your core. You felt as though you were drugged in the way that your consciousness was muddled and tangling itself within Pennywise’s own psyche. Unsure as to whether or not the essence inside of you was a soul, or something else entirely, it was like your inner beings had mated as well - not just your physical bodies.

Refusing to let you recover from the intensity of your orgasm, he hastily pulled himself up towards you, his mouth meeting yours and you tasted your own blood dripping from his lips. Instead of being disgusted, you grabbed him and drew him closer.

His hands roamed your body as you continued kissing, his caresses gentle against your skin. You lost yourself in his touch, falling under the warm glow of pleasure that washed over you from his essence, still lingering in your body and mind.

Sitting up, his body began to shift. At first, he appeared to be returning to his clown form, until his lips cracked open and his skull started to split, revealing continuous rows of teeth trailing down his throat into what appeared to be an endless void. Your first instinct was to look away as you had previously done as a human, seeing first-hand what it had done to others, but the lights dancing in front of you beckoned you to remain where you were, basking in the warmth they provided. Something stirred within you, awakening an urge to physically open yourself up to him as he had done. Allowing your form to follow its instincts, you opened your mouth, shocked at the way your jaw unhinged and your skin continued to peel back past its previous limits when you were only human. A similar affect that you had felt from Pennywise started to rise from your chest and up your throat as you put yourself on display to your mate, longing for him in a way you hadn’t known you could.

Suddenly, his lights started to rise from his throat and emerge out of his head into the space above him. Willing yourself to follow suit, you felt your Deadlights un hinge and levitate from your body, answering the call of Pennywise’s lights alluring your own.

Once they reached the same height, they started to circulate each other, the pace quickening until it became one ring of intensity, illuminating the darkness of the cave around you. There was no
plausible way to describe the way your Deadlights interacted with each other as they blended into one entity. It was a connection on a completely different level; something that a human mind could never possibly comprehend. It felt as though your entire being was floating and the only thing anchoring you to your life force was Pennywise. He was everything to you, and nothing else held any form of significance.

It was then that you realized what you had experienced was another kind of mating ritual. Before Pennywise could penetrate your new physical form, he had to win you over with his internal self, which you had happily accepted and reciprocated. He had exposed the most intimate part of himself to you, and not only did you see it first-hand, you touched that part of him, intertwining yourself in it, showing him that you were a part of him now - forever and always.

Unexpectedly, your physical body started to tremble beneath your lights, intensifying the need for Pennywise to physically satisfy you just as he had just satiated your soul - or whatever it was that you consisted of. A few moments later, the both of you pulled back your lights, and returned to your usual form - you in your human skin and Pennywise in his clown attire. Unable to hold yourself back after what you had just experienced, you pounced on top of him then, earning a surprised huff from your mate as he hit the bed, sprawled out beneath you.

Taking advantage of his position, you dug your talons into his chest, feeling the soft flesh tear beneath your nails, to which Pennywise growled with need, gripping your hips tightly. You grinded yourself down on him, feeling his manhood swell against you.

Before you could take further advantage, Pennywise sprouted four additional appendages, his maroon-colored tendrils wrapping themselves around you, their touch leaving a tingling and pleasant sensation on your skin.

They enveloped you as they tangled around your breasts, flicking and rubbing your nipples, adding to your pleasure. Squirming against him, you carded your fingers through his hair, tugging roughly, encouraging him.

“Does that feel good?” he asked, his voice rough with desire.

“So, so good,” you replied, your breathing staggered, rocking your hips against his.

More tendrils made their way across your thighs and towards your dripping core. “And this?” he asked as his appendages pressed against your throbbing clit, massaging at a rugged and fast pace.

You threw your head back, releasing a noise that you couldn't possibly have made as a human, which earned a chuckle from Pennywise, spurring him on further.

He thrusted his hips up, motioning for you to brace yourself to accommodate him. You clutched his arms tightly as though they were the last thing anchoring you to this world before you were consumed by passion entirely.

You pressed down, leaning in closer until your chests were against one another. The familiar sensation of the tiny tendril emerging from his leaking tip coiled against you until it burrowed itself deep into your throbbing core, leading the way for Pennywise’s blunt, flared head eagerly pressing against your entrance.

“I love you,” you murmur, staring longingly into his bright blue eyes.

He didn’t speak it back to you. Instead, you were flooded with emotion and a sense of yearning, passion, and something you couldn’t describe but felt more strongly than you were prepared for. It
flooded through you, earning a choked sob from the back of your throat as you held back tears. You never knew that Pennywise was capable of loving anyone or anything so deeply, but you could actually, literally feel it in that moment as he shared that part of himself with you.

Not one to dwell on tender moments, Pennywise gave you no time to get too emotional over his apparent devotion to you as he snapped his hips up, penetrating you brutally, filling you to the brim. You arch into him, drawing him deeper, your new body not needing any time to adjust to his size and texture.

He hunched forward, burying his face in the crook of your neck as his pace quickened. You clutched him tighter as you moved harder and faster, hips rolling as you both lost yourself in each other.

“Fuck! Pennywise, yes. Just like that…” you cried out, chasing after your high, feeling his carnal need circulate throughout your body and mind.

You fall perfectly in sync with him, mirroring his movements and melding with his body. Soon, an energy swells within you, mixing with Pennywise’s desire to envelope the both of you with euphoric bliss. You looked down and saw that your physical bodies were almost literally melting away and revealing the tiny beads of light that were cracking through your skin, threatening to burst through at any moment. The lights seemed to intertwine with one another between the two of you, forming one living entity.

Your body was consumed with utter pleasure, your thighs cramping and your claws digging into Pennywise’s muscles, shredding the surface of his skin. The old you would have felt badly and pulled back the moment you saw the damage, but you knew that you weren’t seriously injuring him, and you could tell that he liked it rough.

Bewilderment overtook you as you felt what was probably the equivalent to your cervix open up as Pennywise’s monster cock nestled at the opening, burying itself inside of you while he stilled for a moment. Your eyes met his, silently questioning why he stopped as he bared his teeth at you, holding your hips still as he trembled violently beneath you.

It was then you felt a chilled substance lining the walls of your cervix, latching onto whatever crevice inside of you that it could. Pennywise sensed your confusion as you wondered if this was what it felt like now when he climaxed. With a strained groan as he continued to empty himself into you, he muttered, “Breeding…”

Abhorrence was riddled across your features as realization hit you. Could Pennywise impregnate you now? Was this seriously now a possibility? Did they even make condoms for alien dicks? This wasn’t something that you had anticipated, and it definitely wasn’t anything that you were ready for. You had barely just begun this new life, there was no way that you could possibly tend to another helpless being when you were so desperately trying to survive yourself.

Pennywise sensed your distress as his length softened inside of you, no longer filling you with his seed. You picked up on the disappointment in his thoughts immediately upon gauging your own reaction to his infiltration on your womb. “You don’t desire offspring.” It wasn’t a question. He was verbally making an observation of your thoughts.

“I don’t know…” you stammered, still trying to comprehend what kind of offspring Pennywise would spawn. “I mean… maybe someday, but clearly I’m not ready.”

A flicker of hope trailed over his essence as you picked up on it immediately before it was masked by more consuming lust as his eyes trailed over your body. In the confusion, you had forgotten that
you hadn’t finished.

Unlike a human, Pennywise’s refractory period was non-existent. He enabled his length to swell with need once again as it sheathed itself inside of you, earning a flutter from your inner walls as he began to move once more, thrusting in and out of you violently. It only took another few moments before a flash of rapturous bliss surged throughout your form, starting from your lower half, and tangling itself in every fiber that you were now made of. The feeling was beyond ecstasy - beyond anything you’ve ever imagined. It was like there was a supernova inside of you - like you were burning into nothing from within until all that was left was a fading memory of what was.

It felt like forever until you finally came to, seemingly passing out from the intensity of your second climax/ Hunched over onto Pennywise, you were breathing rapidly as you felt him try to catch his breath beneath you as well.

Cupping his face in your hand, you kissed his lips softly, which he returned just as tenderly. “Holy shit,” you laughed, pulling back to see him smiling back at you. “That was… I don’t even have words.”

“That was an enjoyable experience for me as well,” he revealed, indicating that he had never mated in that way before.

He gripped your waist and maneuvered you so that you were nestled next to his side rather than on top of him. “It’s time,” he insisted, brushing a few stray hairs away from your face.

You wanted to argue and express your concerns, but you had absolutely no energy left, leaving you to succumb to whatever he wanted. Your limbs were heavy and you could hardly keep your eyes open any longer. The intensive mating drew every last ounce of vitality from you as you began to yield to the weakness overcoming your essence.

He kissed your temple gently, whispering against your skin, “We’ll be fine here. Our powers will prevent anyone from finding us until we wake.”

Using all of your remaining energy, you gazed up at him, coaxing him closer with your mind for another kiss. He smirked as he complied, kissing you deeply before pulling back and resting against you, relishing in your touch. He then began to purr, the vibrations soothing you as he sung softly in an eerie and familiar tune, "Down we go, down we go. To sink together as Deadlights glow. Now we rest in the cave below, and when we wake, Derry will woe."

His song concerned you, but now wasn't the time to address it. You had the rest of forever to find a way to live with Pennywise's animalistic nature, and you were determined to find the best outcome for the both of you to live in a way that wasn't destructive to the rest of the world. Instead, all you managed to say in return was, "Sink with me."

You felt his lips pull into a grin against your temple as he relished in your words. "Forever," he promised.

Much to your surprise, you started to instinctively purr as well, perfectly at ease as your world started to fade away into darkness. Fulfilled, happy, and content, you were able to rest, knowing that your mate would always be by your side. Finally, after all this time, he had shared with you what lies beneath.
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