Summary

In running from the skeletons in her closet, Samantha Mack encounters a much bigger problem: Pennywise, another monster in a long line of monsters she has all ready encountered. Will a inhuman monster prove to be worse than a human one, and will Sammy become just another missing person?
99 red balloons

In what seemed like a very long eighteen years of life, Samantha "Sammy" Mack had made some very poor life choices. Shit life choices, really. Life had never been that kind to her, but recently it had gone from seriously messed up, and taken a nose dive into FUBAR territory. Seriously. When she was 10 years old, Sammy's abusive father shot her mother, shot Sammy, then turned the gun on himself, eating a bullet. Sam had played dead, her mother not needing to, passing quickly. Having no family, no god mothers or god fathers, Sammy went into the foster system, never stayed in one house long, until she ended up in what seemed like a dream home.

Turned out she was saddled with another abusive cretin parading around in the guise of an upstanding member of society. What he did to her was new brand of abuse for Sammy, the "show me on the bear where he touched you," kind of abuse. And so Sammy was fucked up even more.

That wasn't even the cherry on the FUBAR sundae. No, the cherry on the fucked up sundae was that on her ding-dang eighteenth birthday, Sammy had snapped on her abuser when he attacked her, saying enough was enough as she drove a knife into his stomach several times. She lost count after the sixth time, all the anger, the pain, the fear she kept bottled up exploding out with homicidal consequences. She killed her abuser, stole his car, went on the run and ended up crashing said stolen car into a tree in...Town-she-had-never-heard-of, Maine.

Though the sign she had past earlier read Derry, Maine.

Stumbling from the car, Sammy considered her options as she assessed the damage to herself: Glass in her hair, face cut all to shit, her body hurting like hell, though she was pretty sure she hadn't broken anything. She knew what broken bones felt like. No, what she was dealing with currently were mere flesh wounds, besides further shattering her broken fucking soul, yaaaay. Well what didn't kill you, made you stronger, that was her mantra. She stumbled down from the road, into the wooded area that flanked the road where she had hydroplaned and unintentionally introduced her stolen car to a tree.

She was soaking wet, and the pouring rain that had come out of no where when she entered the town limits gave no sign of letting up, lightning and thunder coming to join the party. Shelter was on her mind, but she didn't want to go into town, as she had no idea if the cops were looking for her yet. She'd find a big tree to hunker down under, or maybe some kid's old forest fort.

Sammy's stumblings took her through the woods and down to a stream, where she happened upon the entrance of some massive drainage pipe, which oddly wasn't gushing water despite the storm. She told herself good enough, seeking shelter inside of the pipe. She stayed near enough to the entrance that she could stay dry without being in complete darkness.

Leaning against the concrete curved wall, Sammy started picking glass out of her thick, dark brown hair, listening to the rain and trying to ignore the smells in the pipe, that "oh this is definitely part of the sewer system," funk. The kind of smells that would take up residence in your nostrils and stay even after a scorching shower and scrubbing skin raw. Her mind focused on the warming thought of a hot shower.

She could really go for one of those right now.

At least it was the tail end of July, so her chill from being soaked through was minimum, but she felt sticky and gross. On top of that, everything ached, so a shower was a nice fantasy. Bottle of vodka, maybe a vicodin or two...Or ten. Though in that case, maybe a bath instead of a shower.
"Just float away..." Sammy muttered to herself, dropping glass shards onto the ground.

"We all float down here."

Sammy pushed away from the wall fast as a bat outta hell, turning her attention to the darkness down the pipe where she swore she just heard a guttural whisper echo to her. She stood still as could be, holding her breath as she listened for another sign that she wasn't alone. The fine hairs on the back of her neck and arms drifted up, goose bumps rose as she perceived something moving in the darkness, drifting and floating. She narrowed her eyes, squinting as she tried to make out what it was.

It was a balloon. A red balloon.

That alone wouldn't freak her out, but the balloon coupled with the whispering she'd heard a few moments prior did freak her the freak out, and now she swore she heard laughter, high and silly, like a clown's, before it grew low and guttural, sounding more and more deranged. Feral, she told herself. The laughter sounded feral, like some wild animal had just learned to laugh and was giving it a go.

A normal person would have ran, but Sammy wasn't exactly normal, her fight or flight response fifty shades of fucked up. She didn't run, she tugged up her purse and pulled out two things: Pocket knife and flashlight, dropping her purse when she had her trusty knife and mini flashlight in hand. Holding her knife up beside her head, Sammy turned on her flashlight, illuminating the balloon and the pipe beyond, no one there.

Humming 99 red balloons, Sammy ventured deeper into the pipe, closer to the balloon as she held her knife at the ready. If there was some freaky hobo seeking shelter further down the pipe, they'd just have share the space. Pipes were long! Plenty of room for messed up assholes! She wasn't going back out in that storm. Knowing her luck, she'd get struck by lightning out there. Oh with her track record, she'd survive, but it would suck. She'd be found, taken to the hospital, some nurse would see her picture on TV, and then she'd be arrested. Funtimes.

Stopping about three feet from the balloon, Sammy watched as it drifted closer and stopped about a foot away from her face. The balloon floated there harmlessly a moment, before it popped, so loud it hurt her ears. Sammy yelped in alarm initially, but her yelp turned into a blood curdling scream, because someone was suddenly right where the balloon had been. Sammy's mind registered clown, razor sharp teeth and claws in rapid succession, before it lunged at her.

With a scream, Sammy dropped her flashlight and lunged back. Was this someone's sick idea of a joke? Or was she dealing with a serial killer with a lot of time on their hands? She suspected the serial killer bit, cause this person was hurting her. They slashed at her, bit at her, all the while laughing wildly. Those teeth, those claws...Sammy had thought surgery and some kind of gloves, but no, this wasn't a person. What she was fighting, it wasn't human, that became obvious pretty damn quickly. It was something wearing the guise of a human and doing a piss poor job of it.

Sammy bit back as best she could, clawed with her nails, slashed and stabbed with her knife. She wasn't doing much damage, because whatever she was fighting, it just continued to attack and laugh, that mix of high and silly, then low and guttural, crazed, feral. What she was fighting, it was something beyond her comprehension, something ancient and hungry.

Eldritch shark, do do do do.

As Sammy fought, grim realization and acceptance took the place of her fear and anger: She was fighting a loosing battle, and this thing wasn't even bringing its A game, just toying with her, the scratches and bites it inflicted not life threatening, not yet. Eventually though, it was going to kill her, because people just didn't walk away from this kind of thing, that's why that world didn't -hear-
about this type of thing. So she called a time out. Literally.

"TIME OUT!" Sammy dropped to the ground, sitting criss cross apple sauce in the stagnant grey water that had collected in the bottom of the pipe. Gross. "Can I make a last request before you...eat me, I'm guessing?"

"Time out! OhhHhhhhhh, time out!" Chuckles the eldritch clown taunted in a high pitched whine, grabbing her shoulders and shaking her violently, rattling her brain and making her pounding headache about a thousand times worse.

It smacked at her head and arms as she struggled to get its hands away from her, mocking her growls and cries, before It stepped around and crouched before her, eye to eye, costume jingling. Sammy could make out bone white skin, red nose, crazy red hair. Yellow-orange glowing eyes, like a nocturnal beast, thin red lines of paint down its cheeks. It tilted its massive head, and Sammy saw the shine of a mouthful of needle sharp teeth in the odd dim light casted by the flashlight that had fallen in the grey water.

She found the creature to be beautiful and frightening, disgusting too. Like a train wreck, she wanted to look away, but she couldn't, she had to keep looking, had to examine with her gaze. The smell it gave off overpowered everything else, it smelled of cotton candy, hotdogs, peanuts and popcorn.

"Stuuuupid girl, there's no time outs, and I don't take last requests." It giggled, gripping her by the neck.

"Fuck. Well then...Whatever, bon apple tea." Sammy shoved her wrist in the general direction of Its grinning maw.

Grinning maw turned down in a disdainful grimace, and it pushed her arm away. "It's bon appétit." It corrected in annoyance.

"Fine, what you said. Make with the chomp chomp. I don't want to drag this out, i'm ready to shuffle off from this mortal coil." Sammy shoved her hand in It's mouth, screeching and tugging her hand away when It bit her briefly. She cradled her hand against her chest, a few hot tears escaping from her eyes. "Fuck! What's the problem?! Am I too shitty to eat now that i'm seasoned in shit water?!"

She splashed at the creature, stopping when it tightened its grip upon her neck.

"You're not seasoned in fear any longer, that's the problem." It leaned closer, took a deep whiff of her, then laughed mockingly, releasing her neck and somersaulting backwards, leaping to its feet. "You smell terrible, fucked up girl, living in a fucked up world." It hopped from one foot to the other, sang the last few words of its sentence like some underworld Billy Joel.

"I feed on both flesh and fear. While I do prefer my prey to be afraid, it is not necessary." It...He said. At least that was the pronoun Sammy was leaning towards. Reaching with a white gloved hand that dark brown claws had ripped through, he pick at a glass shard in her hair, pressing the shard in deeper and drawing blood from her scalp.

"Then why aren't you eating me?" Sammy demanded, smacking his hand away.

"Curiousity." He swatted back.
"That killed the cat." Sammy countered with a snarl, the two of them having a slappy war before he
over powered her, pushing her backwards into the water. He laughed wildly and danced around her,
kicking her several times before he let her have a breather. Sammy sat up gingerly with a groan of
pain, glaring up at him.

"Oh ho, but a cat I am not. I am a hunter that spills far more blood than a feline, with far more then
nine lives, girlie." He gloated. "You know a thing or two about spilling blood, you reveled in it. You
wanted to lick your blade clean, after you finally stopped plunging it into Mark's belly. Why didn't
you?" He sneered, speaking the name of her slain abuser.

"So you read minds?" Sammy asked, curiosity the strongest thing in the emotion cocktail she was
currently mixing within herself.

"Why ask questions you all ready know the answer to?" He countered.

"Could ask you the same thing." Sammy pointed out.

"You were appalled by your savage impulse." He tutted, grabbing her wrist and lifting her onto her
feet. Through it all Sammy had kept hold of her knife, managed to keep it above the shit water. "You
spilt my blood. Not many can say that they have. Your life is all ready appalling, what's a few more
appalling acts?" He asked as he guided her hand, making her tap the knife against her lips.

Sammy eyed the knife. Huh, so this thing could bleed? Didn't mean she had any hope of living
through this. Still, she felt a sudden thrill over the fact that she had hurt some ancient eldritch terror.
A ravenous, violent need to do more damage to him churned deep inside her as she licked the knife
clean.

He released her hand, grinning the most unsettling smile Sammy had ever seen in her life as he
watched her, his lower lip pouting out and upper lip curling up to reveal razor sharp buck teeth.
Sammy stared a moment, then lunged, plunging the knife into his chest. She yanked the knife out,
plunged it in again as he screeched at her. She hurt, just wanted to piss him off and push him into
attacking her, shredding her, bleeding her dry. She wanted this to be done, cause honestly? It felt like
he was just playing with his food, and Sammy wasn't about that life.

She really wasn't about any life anymore.

Her plan worked, for he grabbed her by the neck, lifting her clear off the ground and throwing her
against the wall with a snarl, everything going dark.
This isn't the Ritz

Chapter Summary

Sammy awakes to trouble.

When Sammy awoke, she didn't feel like she had just been through a car crash and attacked by an eldritch terror clown. She felt fairly all right, warm and comfortable, though quite a bit thirsty and hungry. She was laying on something soft, cocooned in a blanket. Breaking free of her cocoon, she sat up sleepily, alarmed to find herself in her bedroom back at Mark's house. There was no mistaking that dated brown shag carpet. Sammy hated the feel of that carpet, some days she just wanted to rip it out or burn it, burn the whole damn place down.

So what, had it all been a nightmare? Killing Mark, running, the crash, the not-really-a-clown clown? Sammy had endured demented dreams before, but this really took the cake by a mile. Her gut churned with disappointment, and she thought it said a lot about herself that the nightmare had been preferable to this, being back home in bed. There was a knock on her door, it opened before she could say anything, Mark sticking his head in.

"Hey honey, that was some nightmare last night, huh? Took a long time to calm you down. You doing okay?" He leaned against the door frame, to all appearances looking like a down to earth, trustworthy guy. Flannel, jeans, blonde and well trimmed beard, good looking in a lumberjack sort of way. The kind of guy that mowed his elderly neighbor's lawn and stopped to help stranded motorists change a tire. Unfortunately, he was also the type of man who liked to rape people.

Sammy shook her head as she got out of bed. "Nah, I'm fine. Just going to get ready and head to band practice."

"Sam...See, you're not fine. You don't even know what day it is. No band practice today." Mark sighed, stepping in and closing the door behind him. "Come here, a hug will make you feel better."

That was always his excuse, always how it started. Calming her down, making her feel better, feel good. It wasn't wrong if it made them feel good, only it never made her feel good, not ever.

"I don't want a hug." Sammy gritted out. She thought about the pocket knife under her pillow, the one she was sure she had killed him with, the one she had thought of using time and time again. The one she swore she would use if he hurt her one more time.

He had been decent, in the beginning. His wife Karen and he were ready to tackle Sammy's pain, her anger issues, her mistrust and her lack of respect for authority figures. They were patient, they found out what positive things she had a passion for and encouraged that passion. Basketball, track and field, drumming. Mark had even sound proofed the basement and got a drum set, said she was going to be a star someday.

Things had been fine till she had gotten caught with a boy under the bleachers freshmen year of highschool, cock in her mouth, not the first time or the last. Sex had been a way to cope, way to distract herself and find comfort since seventh grade. Karen had been out of town visiting her folks, and Mark had come into Sammy's room that night, saying he could make her feel better than any boy could.
What happened after, Sammy didn't like to think about. She went somewhere else during those moments, let her mind drift far away. She thought maybe it was something that just had to be endured, the price to pay for a good home, and that perhaps all men hurt the girls in their lives, bitterness and anger taking root and growing more and more after each attack.

"We've talked about this, Sam. I know what's best, I know how to relax you, made you feel good." On the surface, it seemed Mark's tone was trying to pacify her, but there was an underlying threat as he stepped closer. He always hurt her, nothing felt good about what he did.

She thought she had gotten away from this. He was supposed to be gone, dead. It had felt so real, the fear, the pain, the anger and adrenaline, and that thrill of the kill that had left her horrified with herself. Sammy stepped back, the back of her knees hitting her bed, and she reached behind, feeling under her pillow for her knife. "I don't want to."

"You always say that, but I know you enjoy it." Mark accused, closing the space between them and gripping her hips.

Not again, never again.

Sammy moved, slashed, blade of her knife cutting across Mark's throat. Blood sprayed out, so much more than what had flowed from his stomach in her dream, shooting out now like a geyser. It covered her, Mark choking, gurgling as he clutched his neck and fell to his knees, slumping forward. Sammy rushed sideways to avoid being touched by him. Panting and clutching her knife, she watched as the life slowly left his eyes, as his hand slipped from around his neck, landing upon that horrible carpet.

She took a step back, then another. Get out, her mind screamed. Go, run, get as far away as you can. Then suddenly, Mark was screaming, bolting up and rushing at her. Sammy screamed, trying to plunge her knife into his chest, but he caught her by the wrist, screaming and screaming in her face as she struggled, kicking at him, slapping and punching at him with her free hand. Around them, the room started to shake, started to crumble.

The room crumbled away to nothing, and Sammy found they were in a massive, cylindrical underground chamber, a tower of junk in the middle of it. Mark was changing too, growing taller, his skin, hair and clothing crumbling away to reveal bone white face paint, yellow-orange eyes rimmed with red, sharp buck teeth. Sammy hadn't imagined the clown, for there he was, grinning at her, grabbing her other wrist and squeezing hard, forcing her to her knees.

"Felt so nice when you killed him twice, didn't it?!? Monster monster monster, you're a monster!!" He laughed, crouching in front of her and shaking her violently.

Sammy's pain returned, her wounds from the crash, those from the clown's earlier attack too. Enraged by what he had made her see and feel, she lunged, sinking her teeth into his neck. Maybe she was a monster, but the monsters who had hurt her were all dead, and she wanted him to be next. She tried to tear a chunk out of his neck, but he clawed and gripped at her cheeks, forcing her to release, laughing and backflipping away. He landed on the tower of junk that took up the middle of the chamber, crawling across it like a spider and dissapearing around to the back.

Where the hell was she? Part of the sewers? There were drainage pipes, water spilling from a few into deep wells, puddles, tunnels, the junk pile. Sammy couldn't help but notice that among all that junk was a great deal of decayed circus props, along with an alarming number of moldering children's toys and ripped clothing. Bones, too. She was pretty sure there was a human baby skull shoved on the body of an American Girls doll, the one from the 1700's with the red hair. Felicia?
Bye, Felicia.

High, high above her was a grate, where she could see night, moonlight, the rain had stopped. How long had she been out?? She turned her attention back to the junk tower, saw at the base of it was a...Shack? Crack house? Circus wagon? All of the above???

"Whaaat the fuck?" Sammy groaned.

"Oh, as if you were staying at the Ritz Carlton before fate brought you to me." The monster clown's voice sneered from behind the junk pile, and then Sammy heard the squeak of metal as he came peddaling around the tower on a red children's tricycle, ringing the bell on it several times. Sammy just stared, at him, then the junk pile, then back to him.

"Your house is shit." Sammy frowned. Widening her eyes, she dove out of the way as the clown lunged off his tricycle and hurled it at her. She managed to dodge it, but then he was there, having leapt and cleared the ten fucking feet between them in one go, grabbing her by the neck and hoisting her clear off the ground as he had in the pipe, hauling her face to face.

"You're shit." He grit out lowly.

"Yeah," Sammy choked out, clawing at his wrist, "but so is your house, and so are you! That shit you pulled with that illusion earlier, that was shit!! You're a piece of shit!!" She growled, kicking at him, trying to peel his hands off her neck, claw at his face with her nails.

"You think you can manipulate me into killing you, girlie? Fan the flames of my ire and I shall snap, shred you? Bleed you dry and devour you? Oh no no no, you die when I wish, not a moment before." He growled.

He was wrong, she didn't want to die, no longer wanted to shuffle off this mortal coil, too pissed off now. She wanted to sink her teeth into this monster's neck again, wanted to claw him like he had clawed her.

"Oh ho, so you no longer have a death wish. You crave vengence and bloody satisfaction. Too bad!" He cackled, before hurling her away. "Yeeeeeet!"

Sammy landed on a somewhat padded chair, thankfully. Once she caught her breath, she had to sit a few moments to try and get over the fact that she had just been yeeted by an eldritch terror parading as a clown.

"Why the fuck are you keeping me alive?" She demanded finally, adrenaline wearing off, leaving her too tired and pained to get out of the chair. Not that it was that comfortable, it was lumpy, damp, and she was pretty sure a spring had poked out of the cushion and was digging into her ass cheek, but she couldn't manage to care that much.

"You amuse me. You were right, I am playing with my food." He grinned at her, that damn deranged grin again.

"How long do you plan to play with your food?" Sammy asked.

"Who can say? Minutes? Hours? Days? Yeeeerarssssss? When you cease to be amusing, I will rip the meat from your bones, devour it, then I shall chew your bones to dust, so nothing remains of you." He growled.

"Can you make an exception in your no granting last requests rule then?? Get me a drink? I mean you'll need to give me food and drink if I'm going to amuse you for more then a few days." Sammy
ventured.

"Your kind can survive far longer without eating." He plucked a bicycle horn out of the junk tower, honking it a few times before he tossed it over his shoulder, then pulled what looked like three baby skulls from another spot, starting to juggle them.

"Need to drink though pretty soon." Sammy pointed out, so very disturbed by the way this thing flip-flopped between playful and murderous. Though also a bit charming as well. She tried to push that thought away.

A bottle of water fell on her head from the upper depths of the junk tower, then rolled into her lap. "Not the drink I was hoping for, but thanks. Jackass." Sammy muttered, rubbing her head then opening the full bottle, downing it all greedily in one go, breathing deep afterwards. Another fell, landing in her lap this time, and Sammy drank deep of it, though didn't finish.

"Your kind need water to live, not booze." He sneered, tossing a skull at her.

"Some would argue that." Sammy set the water bottle beside her on the chair, ducking to avoid the skull with a look of disdain. "You're so fucked up."

"Pot calling the kettle, and I don't give one sweet fuck all." He sang-songed, cartwheeling up to the chair Sammy occupied, crouching before it. "By the by, before when you thought you wanted to die, you truly did not." He patted her knees, then dug his claws in briefly, making her hiss in pain before he sprang up and back flipped to the ground.

"Really? Don't think so, I've resigned myself to death again." Sammy frowned, finishing the second bottle of water.

"Wrong-o!" Her host giggled as he soft-shoed around. "You think that you have, but that's not what you are. You're a fighter. You're just tired. Laaazy." He accused.

Sammy scowled at him, and took a moment to get a better look at him. There was more light here then there had been in the pipe, a reddish orange light coming from his shit-shack. He was towering and thin, though nothing about him said weak, he radiated strength. He wore a silvery, old fashioned clown costume adorned with red braid, big floofy ruff around his neck, puffed sleeves at the shoulders and upper arms, the sleeves going tight below that, ruffles at his wrists. Three reddish orange pom poms down his chest, and one atop each shoe.

"I might have a concussion." Sammy offered as explanation.

"You don't. Your spirit is the badly broken thing, not your body. That's just slightly broken." He told her.

"You sure? Pretty sure I'm going to pass out soon." Sammy shifted her position, resting her head upon the arm of the chair.

"Due to exuastion, not wounds." He countered, sniffing at her. "Besides, is this a face that would lie to you?" That twisted grin again.

"Yes. Yes it is. What even are you?" Sammy stared, appalled and fascinated.

"You've guessed all ready. Not human. Ancient, eldritch, -ravenous-. Beyond your comprehension. Also known as Pennywise, the dancing clown!" He gave a bow, then kicked up his feet, doing a jig. Damn, he had some high kicks.
"Have you always been here, lurking in the darkness?" She asked. How the hell were there no reports of this thing? Or maybe he was behind a majority of the world's unsolved missing persons cases, and no one who saw him lived to tell the tale.

"Always been here? No, not here. I've been here a long time, though. A very long time indeed." He frowned, waving a hand. His claws had slipped back into his gloves at some point. "Enough questions. Sleep now, for you need rest, and I must go hunt, or you may prove to be too tempting a morsel to resist."

"Try it and see what happens. I'll rip out your fucking jugular." Sammy challenged.

Pennywise didn't look threatened at all, merely grinning. "Cease your posturing and go to sleep."

"Fine...Fucking stubborn ass." Sammy growled sleepily, drifting off before she saw him leave.
This might be the Ritz.

Chapter Summary

Sammy is accused of teratophilia and coulrophilia.

Ravenous hunger drew Sammy from slumber, along with the smell of food, glorious food. She wasn't on a somewhat soft, somewhat lumpy surface anymore, but something flat, hard and smooth. Wood floor? Concrete? Sammy pulled herself into a sitting position, spying the source of the delicious smells: A bucket of KFC in front of her. There was also a grocery bag, but she was far more interested in the greasy goodness the bucket contained. Sammy reached, grabbing the bucket and dragging it over, fishing out a breast piece and ripping into it with her teeth. It was still warm! She couldn't recall anything tasting so fucking good. When was the last time she ate? At least twelve hours ago.

Most likely more.

As she devoured the chicken, silently praising her new God Colonel Sanders, Sammy took in her new surroundings. Only...Her surroundings weren't new, they were very, very familiar, and something she had been trying hard to forget: The bedroom of her childhood home. No, all the nope. She didn't know which was worse, being back in Mark's house, or being back here. She just knew she never wanted to see either place ever again.

"Can you just...not do this? Can we go back to the sewer? If you want to make an illusion, make a hellscape, anything but this or Mark's place. Please?" Sammy asked. She didn't see Pennywise, but that didn't mean he couldn't hear her. Honestly, she wasn't expecting him to do anything but taunt her, but it was worth a try.

To her surprise, the room started to crumble around her, revealing a new room beneath, the nicest damn room Sammy had ever been in. She felt out of place, a dirty speck that was going to spoil the whole esthetic, some pin on someone's decoration goals Pinterest board. In fact, Sammy was pretty sure she had seen this exact room on Pinterest. Dark stained hickory in a herringbone pattern upon the floor, taupe colored walls, save for a blood red accent wall that held a fireplace of brown brown jagged stone. The high cathedral ceiling had dark brown wooden beams decorating it.

Blood red curtains, a massive slate gray lounge in one corner near the fire place. Against the opposite wall, facing the fireplace was a bed: Simple bronze frame, but massive, with slate gray covers. Flanking the fireplace were two ornate, bronze colored metal cylinders, one holding wood, the other holding a poker and shovel. A fire was all ready blazing in the hearth, the only source of light in the room. A chandelier hung from the ceiling, made up of three large bronze tiers, each covered with unlit candles.

A very fancy cage, but still a cage.

Pennywise had just plucked this and the other rooms out of her memories and made them, just like that? Bippity boppity boogeyman boo? What else could he do?? He had said enough questions before sleep claimed her, but hopefully he just meant right at that moment, and when he appeared again, Sammy could ask more questions. She had so many damn questions! Did he only eat humans? Was there more of his kind? She really hoped not. One was enough!
Finishing her piece of chicken, Sammy dropped the picked clean bone back into the bucket, then fetched the grocery bag. Inspecting, she found a plastic box of sliced fruit in the bag, along with a loaf of bread, iced tea, and a snickers bar. She grabbed the tea first, opening it and drinking deep. Was it an illusion? If not, how'd Pennywise even get it? Rode his tricycle to the local five and dime? Somehow she doubted that. Most likely his latest victim had just gotten groceries and KFC.

As she stood, Sammy found she barely even ached, which okay, strange. Was Pennywise doing that again? Why? She stunk, was dirty as hell, but as she looked down at herself to assess the damage, she saw there was no damage at all anymore, at least to her fawn colored skin. There were rips in her clothing where Pennywise had clawed and chomped at her, but the wounds beneath were gone. She felt her face, her head, and found that the wounds from her crash were also MIA.

She wondered if Pennywise was affecting her mind again, or if he could actually heal people. Okay, that seemed a legit thing for an eldritch terror to do. How many times had he mauled someone, only to heal them, rinse and repeat? Sammy shook the thought from her head, because hell of a way for a beast to play with its prey, and she was disturbed that she found it fascinating, impressive even. Then again, she had always enjoyed nature shows explaining how animals hunted.

Clutching the bottle of tea, Sammy moved to the curtains and drew one back to find a bay window. Beyond the window she could see the underground chamber she had been in, which meant she was in the junk heap house. All right then. She let the curtain fall back into place, drinking the rest of the tea as she tried a doorway, finding it led to a bathroom. She flipped on the light, illuminating another room plucked from her memory, another pin on a board: marble floors, gigantic rectangular tube, stone shower that was as long as a car wash, with one of those rain ceiling showerheads, two large showerheads on the sides too.

Marble vanity, glass bowl sink, a toilet closet. Sammy put the empty tea bottle on the vanity, and tried a door that led to a walk in closet, the closet full of clothing in her taste and size, along with towels. She grabbed one and went right back into the bathroom, turning on all the shower heads. She didn't care if Pennywise got an eye full if he wandered in soon, she was having a shower.

Would he even want an eye full? Sammy didn't get the feeling that was something she had to worry about. Then again, what the hell did she know about him? Very little. Maybe he liked fucking his prey, maybe he didn't and did it anyway to make them afraid. Sammy scrunched up her nose as she imagined that painted, demented face above her, grunting and slobbering whilst he went to town on her. What would his O face look like? Did his dick look like a one of those twisty lollipop sticks? Why the fuck did these thoughts have to intrude?

"Because your depraved!" Came Pennywise's taunting voice from the bedroom.

Ugh.

Sammy tried to ignore him as she stripped and stepped into the shower, but curiosity got the better of her.

"Do you fuck your prey sometimes?" She called.

"No." He called back. "Ewww."

"So no attraction there? Don't find humans alluring?" Sammy stepped into the warm spray, shoulders slumping in satisfaction from the nearly scalding waters, and she sighed in pleasure. She liked her showers 'boil a lobster' hot, and after everything, the hot water felt amazing.

"Your kind find deer beautiful, does that mean you fuck them?" Pennywise countered.
"Well no, not me personally, but I can guarantee that a human out there somewhere is a deer fucker. Bestiality is a thing." Sammy found some shampoo and lathered up. It felt so good to wash her hair.

"So is Teratophilia and Coulrophilia." Pennywise laughed.

"What?!" Sammy blanched. Was he trying to call her out? Lies and slander! She didn't want to fuck monsters, or clowns, couldn't help the morbid thoughts that popped into her head. "Hey! No, no no, I don't want to fuck you!"

"Oh really? Are you sure about that?" He jingled. Was he dancing in there? Doing calisthenics? Somersaulting around?

Sammy narrowed her eyes in thought. Just cause she had thought about it, didn't mean she wanted to do it, right?

"Wroooooong." Pennywise drawled in a low, guttural octave.

Long pause and contemplation. Okay, so Sammy wanted to fuck the monster clown. She blamed morbid, depraved curiosity, and the fact that she usually could go for some dick. For a long time now, sex had been an escape, a distraction, the only way she felt close to someone. She had always sought it out with ravenous appetite, except where Mark was concerned.

"I don't want to talk about me, I wanna talk about you. So never have you ever fucked a human?" She asked, washing the shampoo from her hair.

"No, I have never mated with your kind. I hunt, I feed, I sleep." He answered.

"You know, there's a first time for everything." Sammy ventured as she worked conditioner into her hair.

"I am fairly certain my first time with your kind would be your first and last with mine, girlie. It would end you. I'm built to cause pain, not bring pleasure." She heard drumming, like claws tip-tapping against the wall.

"Could'n show a little self control?" She asked as she looked around for soap. She found some rose scented body wash and a loofa, making good use of both.

She was answered with a giggle, then a snort. "I never do."

"Okaaaay, I guess fucking is off the table." Sammy really didn't want perish via getting mauled whilst getting dicked down, nor live with the mental trauma if he did that to her and then healed her. The thought frightened her, and from the other room she heard a deep sniff, then a pleased sound that was half deep growl, half deep moan.

"Theeeeeere it is. Tasty, tasty fear." He spoke in hungry tone.

Sammy felt her blood run cold. "Shit."
Chapter Summary

A revelation, and Sammy rains on Pennywise's parade.

Slathering herself in conditioner and bolting from the shower, Sammy tried to maneuver around Pennywise as he barreled into the room, sending the door flying against the wall with a loud crack as he did. He lunged, getting a hold of her upper arms, but operation slippery bitch was a go and a success, Sammy slipping from his clutches. She flipped him off, Pennywise roaring his displeasure as she sprinted into the bedroom. Sammy made for the fireplace, goal to get her hands on the poker.

She went down hard as Pennywise tackled her over before she reached her goal. Sammy screamed as sharp teeth sunk into her shoulder, claws gripping her hips, digging in. Behind her, Pennywise laughed wildly, snarling as he shook his head back and forth like a rabid dog. Releasing Sammy's shoulder from his maw, Pennywise licked up the blood he had drawn.

No way she was going out like this, she wouldn't allow it to happen. Grippped by a feverish need to spill his blood, to slash and bite as he did to her, Sammy fought. She snarled, struggled and rolled onto her back beneath him, clawed at his face with her nails, alarmed when Pennywise recoiled and stumbled back with a howl of pain, deep gashes across his face.

Sammy scurried backwards and pulled herself up, panting and perplexed as she looked upon him. How the hell had her nails done that much damage? Pennywise looked like a bear had taken a swipe at his face. Sammy looked down at her hands, finding she no longer had nails, but claws, thick and black. She recoiled, shuffled back on her palms and heels before she stumbled to her feet. "What the fuck?! What the fuck did you do to me?!? What did you do?!?"

Pennywise only laughed, high and then low, and then back to high. Sammy's whirlwind of emotions narrowed to ire. She wanted to sink her claws into him, tear at his flesh, rip out his neck with gnashing teeth for doing this to her, show him what she did to monster's that crossed her. She had tasted his blood, and now she wanted more. Was that it, his blood? Had it brought about this change in her, infected her?

"Fucking answer me!" Sammy advanced, lunged and reached for him. She got Pennywise by the neck and lifted him from the ground as he had done to her, shook him violently before she hurled him away. He landed against the wall in a crouch, staying there and grinning at her.

"Not me. You you yooooou, all you!" He pointed, bells in the ruffles of his cuffs jingling as he shook his hand. "This is not my doing. Mommy dearest was mother, but the one you called father, the one who hurt, who beat, father he was not. Oh no, you were sired by something else. Little human...Thaaaat's not entirely accurate." He sang-songed. "Little human, you're only half." He sneered.

Sammy felt sick to her stomach, and sunk to the ground, fighting the wave of nausea that had washed over her with Pennywise's confession. Her father wasn't her father? What the hell was, and what the hell was she?! "What...What am I?"

"Half human, half something else. Something old and ravenous too." Pennywise stood, strolling up
the side of wall. When he reached the ceiling, he jumped onto the wooden beam across the center, strolling upside down upon it.

"Your kind??" Sammy watched him warily, rising to her feet.

Pennywise glared down at her, scoffing. "I am the only one of my kind here. No, you were sired by a different kind. Spoken of in sweeeeeet fairytales, but sweet they are not. Mecurial, tricksters. Humankind please them, they bring human's luck, make their crops flourish...But cross them, they can be as cruel as I."

Sammy thought back to the fairytales her mother read to her when she was a tiny tot. "...Fae?" She ventured after a moment.

Pennywise grinned and tapped his nose, which made a sound like a bicycle horn. "That's one name for them, yes." He flipped from the ceiling, floating down to land on his feet before her.

"Why am I just now learning about this? Why have I haven't I changed before?!" The fucking claws and strength would have come in handy in many earlier points in her life.

"You half-breeds don't come into your powers till you come of age. Sometimes the powers blast out like popcorn popping, pop pop pop POP. Other times...They need to be drawn out." Pennywise explained, yanking a blanket off the bed and tossing it over her. "Cover up."

Yeah, she was still nude. Sammy wrapped up in the blanket, frowning at him. "Is that what you were doing? Drawing out my powers?"

"Yes. I was curious how much it would take." He shrugged.

Sammy pulled the blanket tighter around herself, wondering if her nakedness had disgusted him, or distracted. "Were you really about to fuck me for a bit of fear and curiosity's sake?" She demanded.

"Oh thaaaaat. I wasn't going to mate with you, silly half-breed. I was just going to bite and claw for a while, taste of your blood whilst savoring your fear, see if I could push you into transforming." He smiled coyly, before gnashing his teeth in a grimacing frown. "Your fear is fleeting, it never stays long, I hardly got to taste your blood, and you changed so quickly."

"Oh boo friggin' hoo." Sammy glowered. "I have more questions. Do know many Fae??" She asked as she moved to grab the grocery bag she had left on the floor. She fished out the snickers bar, ripping it open and devouring it in record time.

Pennywise wrinkled his nose in disdain, shaking his head vigorously. "I have had very few dealings with them. I am a solitary creature, and the majority of fae kind are social, pompous, peacocking, vexing braaaaaats. One does hear things, though. Immortal things tend to learn all they can about other such beings."

"Is it true human's never should run from anything immortal??" Sammy asked.

Gleaming yellow-orange eyes rolled. "Sure fire way of becoming prey." Pennywise waved a hand.

"Am I immortal?? Did I heal myself, or was that you? What else can I do? Besides the claws?" She stared down at them, only to find they had shifted back into nails. She narrowed her eyes, focusing and giving a pleased hoot when her nails grew back into claws. Back on that Wolverine bullshit!!

"Fangs, you had fangs briefly." Pennywise leaned closer and inhaled deep of her scent. "You half-breeds aren't all the same, you know. Not cookie-cutter. Abilities vary from abomination to
abomination. Yes, you healed yourself," he sniffed again, "you have immortality, but do not confuse that for indestructible. You can be wounded, can be killed, though it would take a great deal of effort. Sickness will not find you though, and you will not age much more."

"...Soooo would fucking you kill me, or were you lying about that?" Sammy asked after a moment, sucking chocolate from her fingers. "Because I'm torn between wanting to rip your face off, and wanting to ride your dick. If you have one." Her gaze flicked between his legs, and she tilted her head. Hard to tell.

Pennywise frowned deeply, snapping his fingers around his face. "Eyes up here. As to your question, debatable. I honestly do not know. Humans, half-breeds and fae, they've never wanted to mate with me before."

"Believe me, if the whole world knew about you, there'd be people lining up to fuck you. You said it yourself, Teratophilia and Coulrophilia are a thing, and you're sort of cute." Sammy told him with a come-hither stare, stepping closer.

Pennywise looked somewhat alarmed by her bedroom eyes. "As if I would subject myself to coitus with cattle. Or you, you wretched little-"

"You're just being a dick because I slashed your stupid face-FUCK!" Sammy stumbled back, snarling and clutching her cheek where Pennywise had slashed it with his claws.

"Do not insult me in my domain, girlie. You may be a force to be reckoned with now, but equal to me that does not make you." He taunted.

"We'll see about that, motherfucker!" Sammy tossed off her blanket and lunged, clawing, ripping through his costume and piercing the bone white flesh beneath. Her attack was met with snarling laughter, with claws and teeth, and she paid in kind.

Like two lions locked in battle, they rolled around the room. Sammy sunk her teeth into Pennywise's neck, his claws dug into her sides, neither yielding. The pain was sharp, but the thrill of the fight surpassed the pain. This had been locked away inside her for years, fighting for freedom against her bones, her organs. She was a beast among another beast now. Sammy didn't know how to be this new creature she was now, but Pennywise would show her, whether he wanted the role of teacher or not.

Sammy released her teeth's hold of him, licked, latched on again and drank his blood. His blood tasted sweet and savory, foreign, not like her blood at all. She liked the taste, felt almost drunk from it, sunk her teeth in deeper. In response, Pennywise sunk his claws in deeper, letting out a warning growl. Sammy whined, withdrawing.

"You need to go hunt, I'm no food for you." Pennywise scowled, withdrawing too and standing, both their wounds healing. "You're too hungry, the food you are used to will no longer sustain you. You need to hunt, need a fresh kill."

"You said you wanted to drink of my blood. Do it." Sammy dug her claws against the skin beneath her clavicle, drawing blood. She saw Pennywise eye more than the wounds, temptation flickering in his gaze. Huh, interesting. "You munch on me, I munch on you, funtimes." Sammy enticed.

"Perhaps later." Pennywise decided after a moment, taking a step back.

"But you taste good." Sammy crept after him, reaching for him. Pennywise batted her hands away in annoyance, slappy fight 2.0 happening for a few moments, before with a snarl, Sammy gave up and
stalked away towards the door. "Fine! I'm going to go hunt a deer!"

"Don't fuck it." Pennywise called after her, she could hear the sneer in his voice. "And you can't go like that."

"Hardy fucking haaar. I'll go however the fuck I want!" Sammy shot back.

"You can shapeshift, dipshit." Pennywise stated flatly.

"...Oh." Sammy frowned, turning back to glance at him with wide eyes. "I can?"

"Oooohhh!" He mocked in a petulant falsetto, nodding.

"I don't sound like that!" Sammy grabbed the grocery bag and hurled it at him, bread and fruit box flying from it, Pennywise batting both away easily.

"Meh meh meeeeh." He taunted. "You can change, though unlike me, who can take any form I please, you can take only one other."

"Well la-de-fucking-daaaaa, aren't you fancy?" Sammy scowled, trying to sound flippant and not show she was seething with jealousy. He could read her mind though, so what was the point? Unless...Unless that was something her new found powers could help with. Shut him the fuck out of her mind. She focused, imagined a wall rising up around her mind.

Pennywise's taunting grin dropped, and he scowled at her, doing the most annoyed slow clap Sammy had ever seen. Well well well, that took the wind out of his sails, rained on his parade. "See how long you can keep me out of your thoughts, half-breed." He grunted.

"Challenge accepted. And hey, if you can shapeshift into anything, why a clown?" She asked curiously. "There are way more terrifying things."

"The clown is my preferred form, and a lure. Children are my favorite food, and clowns amuse them. Amuse me too." He played with the ruffles at his wrists, making the bells that adorned them jingle. "While I lure them, I look into their minds, discover their deeeeeepest, daaaarkest fear, and then take the shape of whatever it is. Fear floods the body and seasons the meat, makes it so very veeeeeeery tasty. Humans taste horrid without it. Bleah." He stuck out his tongue.

So that's why the fear was needed, turned cardboard tasting meat into filet mignon. Made sense. "Why haven't you taken the shape of my deepest, darkest fear?"

"Your greatest fear is not a thing. It's actions, feelings." Pennywise answered. Sammy thought about that, and found she had no argument to give.

"What was your preferred form before clowns were a thing??" She inquired.

"Too many questions, inquisitive thing! Change and go hunt!" Pennywise made a shooing motion.

"That's not fair! I have so many questions!" Sammy argued.

"Life is not fair! Ask later! Now change and go!" Pennywise pointed at the door.

Sammy huffed her damp hair out of her eyes, closing them and focusing. Change? Into what? And how?? Did she have to say some magic words? Magic dance?? Imagine what she wanted to be and become it? While she pondered that all, she felt her body start to change. Bones shifted, same with her skin, her organs, muscles, all. She lost all her hair, grew fur. Shifted until she was a woman no
longer, but a beast. Four legs, long tail and snout. Sharp teeth. She bounded into the bathroom to behold herself in the mirror, see what she had become.

A massive black wolf with gleaming golden eyes. Her eyes had always been a dark brown, had they changed permanently?? Would they stay like that when she was back in the form of a woman???

"Stop gawking at yourself, conceited thing!" Pennywise called. "Go to the woods, seek out your meal and return when you've finished it. If you do not, you shall be the one hunted. I will find you, and I will make you sorry for not minding me." He warned.

"Yeah yeah." Sammy tested to see if she could speak in her new form, and lo, she could! She padded back out into the bedroom. "Is Pennywise really your name??"

"It is what my prey knows me as." He answered.

"...Anything else? Come on, I don't want to call you what the scared little kids call you." Sammy whined.

"Tough shit." Pennywise smirked.

"Come on, pleeease?" Sammy padded over to him and pawed at the pom-poms on his shoes.

"Fiinee!" Pennywise kicked at her. "I sometimes refer to myself as Robert “Bob” Gray." He offered up as alternative.

"Can I call you Pennybob?" Sammy grinned a sharp toothed grin.

Pennybob frowned deeply, shaking his head and pointing at the door. Sammy huffed, padding out the door without another word. Following her now very skillful nose, she found her way out of the sewers and bounded into the night.
Howl at the moon.

Chapter Summary

Sammy runs wild, at least for a little while.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Out in the night, Sammy howled at the full moon, ran under its light. She luxuriated in the feel of the wind in her fur, lifted her nose to the breeze. She caught scent of a deer, and with ravenous appetite she hunted it, took down her prey and devoured its meat.

Still hungry, she sniffed at the night air once more, catching scent of another deer. She hunted the animal down, appetite sated after that second kill. She licked her maw clean, her fur and claws. She stretched, howled, and considered what to do now.

She could go any where she wished, live in any wilderness she wanted. Find some cave to lay claim to and live as a wolf, saunter into towns in her humanoid form every so often when she got lonely. The only problem was Pennywise. Would he make good on his threat if she ran away?

Did she even want to run away from him? That was the question of the day.

She still had so many other questions, so much to learn, and if she was being honest with herself, being around Pennywise was exciting. Sammy had never felt so alive before. He made her feel so many things, fascinated her just as much as he infuriated her.

Being a prisoner was a problem, though. She didn't like being trapped, didn't like being ordered around. She thought of his threat, and wondered if he truly was as strong as he thought, as he wanted her to believe. She wondered if he could still overpower her, or if she could hold her own now.

Sammy bet she could fight him off, maybe even beat him. She was strong! If Pennywise wanted to keep her, he would have to hunt her down and drag her back to the sewers, prove he was still stronger than her.

The thought of playing cat and mouse with him was thrilling.

Still in the form of a wolf, Sammy ran back to the pipe this had all started in, looking for her purse. She spotted it, picking it up carefully in her maw and then off into the night she ran. Running until dawn, she curled up with the rising of the sun, beneath a tree in a wooded area outside of a new town. There she drifted off to sleep, a deep, dreamless sleep from which she did not awaken till late afternoon.

Shifting back into a woman, Sammy focused, finding that she could make clothing appear on her half human form. She chose a tulip yellow, knee length sundress with spaghetti straps. Around her waist she cinched a chunky brown leather belt, and on her feet she wore bronze gladiator sandals.

Floppy brown hat, round sunglasses. She left her curly, elbow length hair down beneath the hat, picked up her brown leather messenger bag and strutted into town. She got herself a large iced chai at the corner coffee shop, thinking her basic bitch guise was complete.
A quick trip to the library and use of one of their computers revealed that Mark's body hadn't been discovered yet. Karen wasn't due back from her 'just us girls' vacay with her friends for another day, and the woman hardly ever checked in when she was gone. Karen probably didn't even suspect anything was wrong.

Good, one less thing to worry about, Sammy told herself. She was sure Karen would get over the loss of Mark quickly. Karen would soak up all the sympathy, post some long-winded 'my heart is breaking, but I must be strong, Mark would want me to move on' post on social media, take some finding herself trip to somewhere exotic, then be married again within a year. Karen had been nice enough, but Sammy always had the impression her foster mom had been doing the foster thing for appearances, to look good.

Had she known what Mark had done? If she did, Karen sure as hell hid it well. Maybe she did know, and just didn't care. That woman wore so many fake faces that Sammy had no idea who she really was. She wouldn't miss her, not at all. The only person Sammy had ever missed was her mother.

Her not-actually-her-father father had always accused her mother of infidelity. Sammy had never seen another guy sniffing around her mom, but turned out there had been at least one other man in her mother's life. Sammy wondered what he was like, her real father. She wondered if he knew about her. She wondered if maybe she could find him someday, see if he gave a damn.

Planning to cross into Canada, Sammy decided she would stick to her wolf form and travel by night after she left the town she had wandered into. She doubted she'd have to worry about Pennywise until she was somewhere more secluded. At least she hoped that would be the case.

Sammy did a bit of window shopping, then actual shopping. Mark had always kept a stash of cash in his nightstand, and she had made off with it, a little over five hundred bucks in all. She bought some nice boots, a coat, jeans and a super soft cozy sweater. Preparation for life in a much colder climate, on the off chance Pennywise didn't come after her.

Afterwards, her stomach told her it was time to eat. Sammy took herself to a nice little cafe, checking in with the hostess. She got seated out on the patio, settling down to people watch as she enjoyed an iced tea and a cheese plate, reuben sandwich to follow.

Would she miss this, she wondered? Civilized life?? What good had it ever done her? She felt ready for a simple life, felt roughing it in the wild had a lot of appeal. When she wanted company, she could slink into some town and find it, or maybe she'd find others like herself. There were others out there, it was just a matter of finding them.

When her sandwich arrived, Sammy couldn't help but notice a man that got seated near her. She liked guys taller than her, so she always noticed a tall fella, but this guy was also one of the most gorgeous men Sammy had ever seen. He looked like he could be a model.

He was pale, and looked about six foot four, mid-twenties. Slim, but not super thin. Willowy, Sammy decided, and damn she wanted to climb that willow tree. Fairly short brown hair that fell across his forehead, high deep cheekbones. Pretty lush lips, and deep set, large blue eyes. He was dressed in a blue button down t-shirt, with khaki shorts and hiking sandals. He sat neatly, perusing the menu.

Sammy turned her attention back to her sandwich, taking another bite before she ventured a glance back at the cutie. He was reading now, waitress bringing him an iced tea. He looked around a moment without lifting his head, and when their gazes met, he smiled a boyish, bashful smile, then ducked his gaze back to his book. Was he blushing?! Sammy thought she saw a bit of color high on
his cheeks.

Awww, she'd break the poor guy. Big puppy.

She'd just admire him from afar, she told herself. To do more would endanger him, and while Sammy wasn't as horrified as she probably should be over the fact Pennywise ate people, she really didn't want to be the cause of Pennywise eating someone. There was a strong chance this cute cafe dude would end up getting killed if he got mixed up with her.

Hell, whose to say she wouldn't get carried away and rip out his jugular if she slunk off with him and tried to fuck him?

Riding and biting him was a damn appealing thought though. Sammy pushed the thought down, because no, she didn't actually want to harm the big puppy dog looking man, right? Right. Finishing her cheese plate, Sammy flagged down her waitress for the check.

Sammy paid with cash, tipping generously and getting the hell out of there. She didn't want to be like Pennywise, hunting humans. She wanted to stick with animals, didn't want to stick around some handsome cafe guy and see if lust turned into bloodlust.

Fate had other ideas though, because in a bookstore down the street about an hour later, Sammy literally bumped into handsome cafe guy. Both of them rounded the same corner, colliding with each other, the stack of travel books the man held clattering to the floor.

"Sorry about that!" Sammy apologized, bending to help him pick up the books.

"It's okay, I should have been watching where I was going." The man gave her a coy smile, face so close to hers. He smelled good, and moved with an effortless grace as he gathered up some books, then took the ones she offered. "Thank you. Can't say I'm sad I ran into you, though. I might have noticed you at the cafe." He admitted as they both stood.

"Might have?" Sammy gave him a flirtatious smile. "I think you definitely noticed."

He laughed softly, cradling his books against his chest as he tucked his hair behind his ear. "Okay, definitely did." He nodded. "Are you new here? It's just that I've never seen you around town before."

Ohhhh, he was so damned adorable, Sammy thought with a smile. So adorable, and in so much danger. She should've just told him to piss off, but she couldn't. That would be like kicking a puppy. While she was many not-so-good things, a puppy kicker she was not.

"Just passing through. I'm Sammy." She introduced herself, holding out a hand. "Planning on doing some traveling?" She nodded to the books he held.

"Yeah, I want to get out and see the world. It's good to meet you, Sammy." That sweet smile again as he took her hand, shaking it gently. "I'm Bob," he hauled her closer, grip turning vice like as his lips curled into a familiar, disturbing grin, "Bob Gray."

Chapter End Notes

Just some quick notes!
A friend asked if I had a face claim for Sammy, and I do! Nadia Hilker.

I made a Spotify playlist for this, so if anyone wants some tunes whilst reading this, here you go:
https://open.spotify.com/user/mooneyedgirlie/playlist/19O2pLF65u43e3Rk1jjIlU?
si=loS0-Eo5T2WkteZMzRDPe

That's all! Sex starts in the next chapter, which will be posted on April 23rd.
Sammy gets dragged back to Derry, and decides fucking an eldritch terror is a great idea. Will she regret it? Read on!

Things get pretty violent. There's gore, and then sex during which there's also a little gore. Be thee warned.

Well this was unexpected. Such was life.

Sammy hadn't expected Pennywise to show up quite so soon, or that he'd hunt her down in a different guise. Bob tightened his grip on her hand, grip so brutal that human bones would have crunched and cracked, but Sammy's remained intact. Bob was a tricky fucking beast, luring her like this. Clever girl.

"I thought I'd made myself clear. You are in big, biiiiig trouble." He leaned closer in, murmuring against her ear.

Sammy didn't know whether to feel threatened or aroused, so she went with a mix of the two. Throused. She felt goosebumps rise on her skin, the fine hairs on her skin stood up, pussy got a bit wet.

"Debatable." Sammy murmured back, and since it was in such convenient proximity to her mouth, she bit the shell of his ear. Before she kneed him in the groin as hard as she could. Bob grunted in pain, eyes bulging as he crumpled to his knees, books dropping.

Seemed like he took his disguises very seriously, balls and all. Sammy yanked free of his grip, sprinting out of the shop and across the street. She rounded a corner, making a break for the woods. She didn't want to have a showdown in the middle of town, and she definitely wanted to make him chase her. If he wanted to keep her, she wasn't going to make it easy.

She looked over her shoulder, couldn't see him in pursuit. She knew that didn't mean she was safe, so she pushed herself harder as she passed the tree line, running faster than she ever had before, not even out of breath yet. Weaving around the trees as she ran, Sammy ventured a glance behind every so often.

She should have watched for an attack from above. Above is where Bob came from, dropping down from a branch like a damn vulture and landing on her. He knocked her to the ground, and for a moment Sammy felt soft grass beneath her, then nothing at all.

For a few seconds, Sammy was free-falling in complete darkness. No...Not falling, she was floating.
Floating in some vast darkness before she was on solid ground once more, cold damp concrete.

Back in Pennywise's lair, in the depths of the Derry sewers. Sammy cried out as his claws dug into her sides, then pulled out and slashed at her back, again and again. She writhed in pain as her dress and skin were shredded, back growing wet with her blood.

Bucking Bob off, Sammy twisted and pounced, sinking her teeth into his neck. She pierced his chest with her claws, dug them in deep as she violently ripped a chunk of flesh from his neck with a snarl. Not a fight to the death, but a fight for dominance, one Sammy desperately wanted to win. She went in for another bite, but Bob threw her off.

Sammy collided with the junk heap and rolled down it, landing hard on the concrete, Bob looming over her before she had a chance to pull herself up. She slashed at him, but he caught her wrist, hauling her up by her arm. He sunk his now razor sharp teeth deep into her shoulder, and with a violent tug of inhuman strength, he ripped her arm from its socket, blood gushing.

Shit! Shit, fuck, and all profanity Sammy had ever heard became white noise in her mind as she screamed, trying to slash with her remaining hand. It hurt so bad, she felt nauseous and cold, growing weaker by the moment. Worse than getting shot, this was worse than having a fucking bullet tear through her.

The immense pain caused her to black out, though her reprieve was short-lived. Pain tugged her back into the waking world as a chunk of her neck was ripped out.

She knew her opponent was making a point, but damn. Overkill. This really sucked.

Blood flowing from her wounds, Sammy weakly slashed at Bob's blood soaked face. Her claws tore away skin and muscle, exposing bone. Snarling, Bob caught her hand in his maw, biting it off with very little effort. Sammy howled in pain, wondering if this was it for her as the darkness of unconsciousness took her once more.

Today wasn't her last, at least not yet.

When Sammy awoke, it was to a hunger greater than any she had experienced before in her life, stomach feeling like it might grow teeth and act on its own accord if she didn't sate her appetite soon. She ached a little, but was very much relieved to find her arm had grown back, same with her hand, all other wounds healed too.

Thank goodness for fae blood.

The grate high above her displayed early morning, and in that dim blue pre-dawn light, Sammy saw a sheep wandering the chamber. She didn't even bother changing into a wolf, just let her claws slip out and her teeth sharpen. Ravenous, she fell upon the animal, its terrified bleats falling on ears deaf to its pain. She didn't prolong the kill, ripping out the sheep's neck, dispatching it quickly and feeding upon her kill.

Sniffing out clean water, Sammy drank deep from a puddle of rain water that had pooled during the storm. After quenching her thirst, she took in her reflection. Eyes not golden as they had been when she was a wolf, but back to brown.

She looked the same, save for the claws and sharp teeth. Well...No, her hair looked thicker too. Shinier? Maybe fae had great hair, she mused as she licked her maw clean, then decided to search out Pennywise, or whatever his current guise was. Fucking eldritch asshole.

She saw that her shopping bags had been added to the junk heap, filed that information away, then
spotted Bob lounging across the chair she had napped in earlier. He was blood soaked and picking at his teeth with one of his claws. He peered down at her, eyes gleaming yellow-orange a moment before shifting back to blue.

"Should have believed me. Equals we are not." He sneered down at her.

Well fuck you too, buddy.

"Yeah, I know better now." Sammy admitted grudgingly. "Did you have to take my hand? I mean ripping off my arm sort if got the point across."

"You would have done the same to me, were you able." He accused, standing and striding down his tower like a king descending from his throne.

"Yeah, true." Sammy sighed. Truth be told, she probably would have taken the carnage a step further. "Thanks for the sheep." She took a page out of his book and picked at her teeth with a claw.

Bob waved a hand dismissively. "I can be a good host. Try to be a good guest."

Patronizing eldritch shit.

Sammy took a deep breath and counted to ten in her mind, fighting the damn near over-powering urge to attack him. "The word you want is warden, not host. I'm a prisoner, not a guest." She finally hissed through clenched teeth.

"You should be thanking me. The outside world has never been kind to you." Bob pointed out.

Yeah, and at least down here Sammy knew she was dealing with a monster. Up there, you couldn't always tell until it was too late.

No, don't be okay with this! Don't placidly accept a cage! She wasn't going to give him a gold star just because her life had been shitty thus far and he got her one fucking meal!

"Do me a favor and hold your breath waiting for that particular thank you." Sammy grunted scathingly. Not wanting to look at his infuriatingly smug face, she turned her attention to the junk tower, inspecting it. A mix of children's things, circus props and equipment, some of which looked pretty ancient.

The aerial hoop was tempting though. Maybe later she'd ask him to set it up.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Bob saunter up beside her, regarding his tower with folded arms and a great deal of pride. "Do you like it?"

Sammy debated ignoring him, but didn't want to loose another damned limb.

"It..Sure is something." She stared at the tower a few moments, before huffing and turning to him, hands on her hips. "How are you here? How have you been here so long, collecting all that junk, hunting kids, and no one has done jack shit about you? There should be a mob! Pitchforks and torches!!"

"The majority of adults here are weak willed little sheeple. I have a considerable amount of influence over them, influence that makes them compliant. Influence that prevents them from investigating disappearances and odd occurrences too deeply." He smiled, before the expression twisted into a sinister scowl. "And it's not junk, those are treasures."
"Agree to disagree. And that's fucked up." Sammy frowned. Great, so he'd hit the town with some kind of mind control whammy. Delightful.

"Don't like it? Why don't you do something about it?" He challenged, stepping closer and playing with one of her curls. "My brown eyed girl." He added, singing the words.

"No thanks, lost enough limbs for one day." Sammy glared up at him, but didn't try to stop him from touching her, pissed at her body's reaction to his petting and damn singing. Hard to be furious when your pussy took an interest.

"I feel like I should be more torn up about that, the losing limbs thing. No pun intended." She'd been mauled! Some next level Tarantino bullshit. Why was she feeling only a bit offended and a touch salty for not winning their brawl? What the hell? Was it something he was doing, or something her fae blood caused?

Bob made a sad trumpet noise, twirling Sammy's hair around his finger. "Fae kind deal with pain far better than human kind. All I did was ruffle your feathers a bit. Though if you keep looking at me with that surly gaze, I'm ripping out your eyes." He warned with a saccharine grin. "Smiiile."

Since Bob couldn't keep his hands to himself, Sammy reached up to brush his hair back behind his ears, mirroring his sickly-sweet smile. "You're lonely, aren't you? That's why you took me, why you're keeping me. Am I another treasure you're adding to the collection?"

Bob recoiled, releasing her hair. "Don't mistake my amusement for fondness." He warned, waving a finger at her and shaking his head.

"I think someone's got a widdle crush on a half-breed and doesn't know how to deal. Denile ain't just a river in Egypt, buddy." Sammy grinned a cheshire cat grin.

"A farmer may be amused by a chicken, but it still ends up on the plate. Believe what you like." Bob sneered. "You're a mess, you should clean yourself up." He nodded towards his circus wagon.

"Pot calling the kettle." Sammy pointed out, because Bob looked a hot gory mess too. "Want to scrub my back?" She doubted he'd agree, but might as well give it a go, because she was certain he was a hell of a lot more than just amused by her.

Ohhh, she saw the conflict in his gaze. She expected him to fight temptation, but to her surprise, he nodded after mulling it over a moment.

"You're just full of surprises." Sammy murmured, removing her clothing and making her way into his circus wagon. Yeah she was pissed, but also horny, and if she could the eldritch terror to fuck her, it would take her mind off the fact that said eldritch terror was holding her captive.

"Surprises are a big part of my shtick, you know." He answered.

Behind her, Sammy heard the rustle of fabric as Bob shed his clothing, near silent footfalls as he followed her. The inside of the wagon hadn't changed since the last time she left it. Sammy made her way to the shower, turning on all the showerheads. Waiting until there was a cloud of steam, she stepped into the stall and under the spray of the ceiling showerhead.

"What does it look like in here normally?" She asked, scrubbing blood from her hair and body vigorously.

"Whatever I want." Bob replied, mirroring her actions, washing the gore away. "But usually something that flows with the outside of the wagon."
"Was there a real Pennywise? I mean an actual human performer you were inspired by?" Sammy asked, letting her gaze wander over his current guise as she lathered up her hair. He was so svelte, so beautiful. She couldn't help but glance between his legs, to his cock, thick, uncut and long.

She really wanted to wrap her lips around it.

"Inspired by performers, but I am the only Pennywise, the only Bob." He bragged. "You're staring." He drawled, Sammy looking up to find him watching her.

"You're beautiful." She shrugged, rinsing her hair. "Why are you still in that form though? I thought you preferred Pennywise??"

Bob shrugged a shoulder, leaning to grab the shampoo and lather up his own hair. Though she didn't know how the hell she knew it, Sammy knew he was lying. He had a reason he was still Bob.

"Come on, spill." She urged.

He looked at her in annoyance, eyes shifting to yellow-orange a moment. "Must you always pester?" He demanded before he rinsed his hair.

"Yeah. I mean you should know that by now. Pesterin is part of my shtick." Sammy countered. "You going to tell me or not?"

"It has just been some time since I've taken this form. I like to bring it out on occasion." He waved a hand, but that wasn't the whole truth. "Turn around. You wanted me to scrub your back." He made a little twirly gesture with his finger.

Sammy did as he asked, but like a dog with a bone, she wasn't letting this go. "There's more to it." She ventured as he scrubbed at her back with a washcloth drenched in body wash.

"That doesn't mean I have to tell you." He huffed.

"Sure would be nice." Sammy countered.

"You think I do nice?" He laughed behind her.

"I'm used to people who don't." She reached for another washcloth, lathering it up and getting her front clean.

"So I can see." Bob scratched at the scar of a cigarette burn on Sammy's shoulder with his nail, then the scar her not-really-father father had left when he tried to kill her. "But a person I am not."

Sure as hell had that right.

"Could tell me in a not nice way." Sammy suggested.

Bob heaved a sigh behind her. "I knew this form would work as a lure, but the way you look at it..." He trailed off, searching for the right words.

"Amuses you?" Sammy asked flatly.

"Pleases me." Bob finally admitted, the words not spoken, but growled. His tone was seething, peppered with just a tiny bit of bewilderment.

He didn't understand why he felt the way he did.
"Pleases me, and I want you here. Here, among -my- things. This isn't what I am, not what I was
meant for. I am made to consume. You are not my kind, I should not wish to join with you. I am not
supposed to feel this way about cattle!" He nearly spat the words out, the washcloth he held falling to
the floor. He gripped her hips tightly a moment, claws out and digging in, before he released her,
stepping backwards.

Tread carefully, Sammy told herself.

Setting her washcloth aside, Sammy turned slowly to face the creature behind her. Not a man, she
reminded herself. An eldritch predator that was not used to wanting to fuck its prey.

She could work with that.

Carefully but confidently, Sammy stepped closer, placing her hands on his hips. She had expected
him to be cold to the touch, even after scrubbing down in the hot water, but he wasn't. His skin felt
hot, nearly too hot to touch.

Nearly.

Bob watched her, a mixture of repulsion and desire in his gleaming eyes, which were yellow-orange
once more. He let out a warning growl, bared his teeth as she ran her hands up and down his sides,
but didn't move to stop her. Sammy reached up with one hand, letting her claws slip out, dragging
them across the tops of her breasts, drawing blood.

Bob stared a moment, and while Sammy could clearly see desire burning in his gaze, resistance
flickered there as well. Stubborness. His nostrils flared, pupils blown wide as the scent of her blood
hit him. With a snarl, he curled his fingers around her hips to haul her closer, bowing his head to lick
the blood from her skin with a groan of satisfaction.

Moaning softly, Sammy ran her claws through his hair, then gripped the dark strands and forced his
head up.

So much for treading carefully.

She kissed him, not caring about the blood upon his full lips, it belonged to her after all. Bob stood
there stiffly as Sammy slipped her tongue between his plump lips, exploring his mouth a moment
before she withdrew. Biting his lower lip roughly, Sammy drew blood which she sucked away. With
the hand that had remained at his hip, she moved to his cock, running the tips of her claws lightly
against the hardening shaft.

That spurred him into action. Snarling, Bob pinned her against the slick stone wall, body pressed
against hers as he kissed her ravenously, approaching it with the same hunger and feriosity he held
for hunting. It wasn't gentle, nor nice. Sloppy, but quickly improving. He gripped her wrists,
slamming them above her head and keeping them there.

He bit her lips, her tongue, drawing blood from both, sucking the red liquid down with a ragged
moan. He kissed her again, a strong undercurrent of anger there. Releasing her wrists, a clawed hand
tangled in Sammy's hair, yanked so her neck was offered up to him, and he kissed the fawn colored
collum, teeth sinking in soon after.

Sammy hissed in pain, but she took it all, his favour, his anger and desire. Welcomed it, pressing into
every point of contact. Bob let go of her hair, his hands exploring everywhere they could reach,
gripping, scratching, coming to stop at her breasts which he fondled roughly. His mouth soon joined
his hands, licking and biting.
Sammy moaned in pain and pleasure both, grinding up against him, seeking friction and finding it in the form of his knee roughly pressed between her legs. She fumbled blindly a moment, finding his cock once more.

She drew her claws back, wrapping her fingers around his cock and stroked it roughly. Bob snarled, thrusting into her fist for about half a second before he withdrew suddenly, Sammy whining and trying to pull him back, but he stalked back out of reach, baring his teeth again.

"This has a possibly life-ending conclusion, and I'm not ready to kill you." He panted, shaking his head as he licked the mixture of their blood from his lips. He stepped out of the shower, grabbing a towel and drying himself.

"You can't try to be gentle?" Sammy groaned, shutting off the shower and following him, toweling off as well after she grabbed a towel.

"Gentle's not in my wheelhouse, Samantha." He warned.

"What if...We try, and if it seems like you're killing me, stop so I can heal?" Sammy suggested, grasping at straws in her desperation.

The thirst was strong.

"I think at that point I'd be too far gone to stop. My kind...Both parties don't usually survive fornication." Bob dropped his towel, drumming his claws against the vanity before he shook his head with a snarl, clawing the stone in frustration before turning and striding away into the bedroom. "Too risky."

"Why is it up to you?! I'm the one that'd be taking the risk, you should leave it up to me!!" Sammy stormed after him. "I can take it, don't be a chicken shit!" She challenged, balling her towel up and hurling it at his back. "You're not even in your true form, just fuck me all ready!!"

Bob froze, giving a guttural chuckle as he shook his head. "You really do make poor life choices, Sammy." He turned slowly, kicking the towel out of the way and prowled back to her. He gripped her wrist, hauling her close and kissing her, rough and hungry.

Determined to see this through to the end, Sammy shoved him backwards until he fell back against the mattress. Bob let the weaker wild thing have her way, indulged her for now. Sammy sunk down beside him, leaned and ran her claws down his chest, drawing thin lines of blood.

Bending, she licked the blood away, then sat up and soaked in the sight of him, laid out before her. She only looked a few moments, because he looked far too tasty to wait any longer. She leaned and traced his adonis belt with the tip of her tongue, then she slid between his legs, making herself comfortable.

Holding his gaze with her brown eyes, Sammy wrapped her fingers around his heated cock, swirling her tongue against the tip, then licked and kissed all over the rest of it. She worked the slicked shaft with her hand as she tilted her head to lick and suck at his balls. She smirked at how his cock twitched in her grasp, at his snarling moan, the way he bucked his hips up, seeking more.

She gave him more, wrapping her lips around his cock and hallowed her cheeks as she worked her way down. She heard and felt a guttural moan as she undulated her tongue against the underside of his dick. He gripped her hair tightly, bucking up with a snarl, making her gag.

Fine, this was fine. Eyes watering, Sammy relaxed her throat, breathed through her nose. What was that thing she had read about squeezing her thumb helping with gag reflex? She tried it, and hey-
presto, it helped. She let him fuck her face, thinking this wasn't bad at all, she could handle this!

But it wasn't enough for Horny Eldritch Terror.

"Come here." He growled after a few minutes of going to town on her throat, gripping her upper arms and tugging. Sammy went, releasing his cock with an obscene wet sound, long cord of saliva left behind.

Scrubbing the heel of her palm against her lips, Sammy sat astride Bob's hips and ground down against him, moaning. He gripped her breasts, which seemed to fit just perfectly in his palms, claws drawing blood, leaving indents. Sammy hissed out in pleasured pain, bending to kiss him again as she ground against his cock, letting it slide between the lips of her cunt.

Seemed Bob was sick of foreplay though.

He tore away the illusion that she was running the show, he was the ringleader of this circus as he lurched up and tipped her backwards onto the mattress. He flipped her onto her stomach, yanking her up onto her knees. He shoved his knee between her legs to part them with a roughness that was both thrilling and frightening. Bob hummed out an approving note at her fear, claws digging into her hip as he moved a bit behind her.

Sammy felt Bob's cock nudge against her cunt, holding her breath in anticipation, but a cry was shoved out through her gritted her teeth as Bob pushed inside her with a snarl of pleasure, fully sheathed with one hard snap of his hips. Arousal wasn't an issue, but his force left her grimacing. Just breath she told herself as the creature behind her started fucking her hard, no preamble and absolutely zero finesse, bed frame smacking against the wall with each punishing thrust.

This wasn't about her pleasure, it was about his and this new found itch that had to be scratched. He was chasing his pleasure with ravenous appetite, and while Sammy didn't get the feeling it was his goal to hurt her right now, he wasn't avoiding it either.

He had warned her.

His grunts, growls, and moans behind her grew in volume and frequency. Sammy thought he might loose the frenzied, punishing pace he had started out with, that he couldn't possibly keep going at that rate, but he did. In fact, his movements only grew harder and faster.

Sammy dropped down to one shoulder, slipping a hand back to stroke at her clit. Better. She panted, a cry or moan shoved out of her with each thrust. It wasn't all pain, but some was unavoidable, getting fucked by what felt like a freight train going through a sexual awakening.

It was all consuming, his need and desperation for release. His claws dug deeper into her hip, reminding her that they were there, other hand gripping her shoulder, claws sinking in as he yanked her back into each thrust. He was beyond words, only feral sounds tumbling from his lips now. He bent over her back and sunk his teeth in deep against her shoulderblade.

Sammy's breath caught in her throat, then puffed out in a wrecked grunt. She reached further back, dragging a claw lightly against Bob's balls.

His hips stuttered, then Bob went rigid as he shoved deep as he could into her, roaring out his completion. Sammy felt his cock lengthen and pulse inside her, felt his cum fill her, nearly scalding hot. Bob collapsed against her back, panting heavily.

Rude. She hadn't even come yet!
"If you fall asleep, i'm going to flip the fuck out." Sammy panted.

All she got in reply was a breathy chuckle. Bob withdrew his claws, his teeth, but his cock remained, not softening yet. Sammy felt his tongue on her back, licking at her wounds, then he licked a path to her shoulder, savoring sounds coming from his lips as he licked at the blood there.

"Sleep? Oh no no no, I'm not done with you yet." He finally spoke, biting the shell of her ear. "Not anywhere near done. Don't say I didn't warn you."

Chapter End Notes

I did say it would be porn with plot! The next chapter is nothing but porn, so stay tuned. Updates Tuesdays and Fridays.
Is finesse in your wheelhouse?

Chapter Summary

Sammy ponders about the stamina of eldritch shape shifting beasts.

Chapter Notes

Nothing but smut! Somewhat violent smut.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Sammy was thinking she might have made a mistake, but she was determined to see this through to the end. Wasn't going to tap out. She said she could take it, though this all would really suck if her companion didn't give one ounce of a damn about making her orgasm.

Wouldn't be the first time.

And what did he mean, not done with her yet? How much fucking was he planning on doing? How much stamina did an eldritch beast have? Five rounds worth? Ten? She really should have asked these questions before they started, though he probably couldn't answer them.

Did he even sleep? He had mentioned all he did was hunt, eat, and sleep, but Sammy had yet to see him take so much as a nap. She'd have to ask him about that.

Later. She had more important things to focus on at the moment.

Bob withdrew with a grunt, prowling off the bed. He stood, gripping Sammy's hips and dragging her down the bed, bending her over it. He crowded in behind her, cock nudging against her thigh.

"You need to ease up a bit." Sammy grunted as he joined with her once more.

"I don't need to do anything. You wanted this," he ground against her, pushing in as deep as he could, "said you could take it." He reminded her, striking up a rhythm that was just as punishing as before.

"Look, could you please ease up a bit?" Sammy grunted, trying to maneuver a hand between her legs so she could stroke her clit.

She didn't think she was being unreasonable, but the eldritch asshole behind her obviously did, making her scream as his claws scraped deep across her back. She tried to crawl away across the bed, but he hooked his hands around her shoulders, hauling her back.

"I told you, gentle is not in my wheelhouse." He gritted out.

"Is a little finesse in your fucking wheelhouse?!?" Sammy snarled, fighting out of his grip and twisting to slash at his chest, enough to draw blood, but the cuts were shallow.
Bob stumbled back, then straightened with a snarl, ready to fight but looking a bit ridiculous with his cock bobbing away. Sammy prowled after him, lunging and tackling him over onto the wood floor. Mounting him, she gripped his neck and pinned him in place as she sunk down on his cock.

Sammy glided up and down, rolling her hips as she rose and fell, trying to show him there was more to this than just going at it hard and fast as possible. She stroked her clit with her free hand, letting her head fall back and eyes slide shut as pleasure finally, FINALLY overrode the pain. Better, so much better.

Releasing his neck, she leaned back and reached for his balls. She drew her claws against his sack with a feather light touch, because unlike some, she was a giver. Kind of.

She figured Bob would be less inclined to take control back when he felt how good she could make him feel. Feel how her way was better. The guttural moan she got in response almost took all her anger away, and she squeezed his balls gently.

Careful of her claws, Sammy fondled his balls, watching Bob with half-mast eyes. She grinned when he clenched his teeth and groaned raggedly, his hands sliding up her legs to grip her hips tightly. Thaaaat's right, easy there monster dude.

Sammy wasn't surprised when her partner sat up and kissed her roughly, but was surprised that his kiss also seemed almost...Apologetic?

Huh, who knew that was in his wheelhouse?

Pushing away the hand she had been stroking her clit with, Bob took over. He pinched the swollen pearl of flesh, making Sammy gasp at the sharp jolt of pleasure his actions brought, his free hand tangling in her hair. His touch was painful, but the kind of pain that just heightened the pleasure, not steamrolled over it.

He drew blood again, from her lip, then her neck when he made his way down it, kissing and biting. He turned his attention to her breasts, captured one of her nipples between his teeth. Bringing another hand up from her hip, he cupped her breast firmly. A little scrape of his pearly whites was fine, but when it seemed like he was aiming to bite her nipple off, Sammy tightened her grip on his balls.

"If you bite off my nipple, I'm ripping off your balls." She warned.

Bob growled at her, but dialed back the nipple biting to an eight instead of eleven. He released it after a moment, licking and sucking on it afterwards. Sammy could jive with that, gripping his hair again and moving him so she could capture his mouth with her own, shoving her tongue in and curling it against his.

He bucked up into her like hard and fast was his only mode, but the touch of his mouth and hands was making it so much better this second round.

Sammy explored his mouth, stroking the ridges of his hard palette with the tip of her tongue. Bob seemed to like that, really really liked that, moaning and rolling with her, trapping her between the wood floor and his body, fucking her hard. Sammy wrapped her legs around him, rolling her hips up to meet his thrusts, giving as good as she got.

When Sammy felt a claw scrape at her clit, she gave him a warning glare.

"Relaaax." Bob leered at her, not piercing her skin. He experimented with how much pressure he could apply to the sensitive area without drawing blood. Sammy felt a throbbing flutter building there, squirmed and chased the feeling, focusing on it.
Good, great, but she felt they could do better.

"Here, can you just..." Sammy gripped his hips, trying to slow him down.

With a frustrated growl, Bob indulged her, let her guide his hips to a slower, sensual roll instead of the jack-hammering he had been doing. He watched the nuances of her changing expressions, humming an approving note deep in his throat when Sammy's breath caught and her head tipped backwards, her back curving like a drawn bow.

"It's better this way, yeah?" Sammy managed to pant out.

"I quite enjoyed my way, but yes, this is better." He answered grudgingly, moving his hand from her breast to her lips, tapping a claw against the pillowy pout of her bottom lip. He grinned when she opened her mouth, letting him slide his claw in, sucking on it.

"I understand now why your kind is always frantically humping. Poor half-breed, no wonder you're always game to jump on some dick. Humans are a lusty bunch, but have nothing on the fae." He taunted, slashing her tongue lightly with his claw, swooping in to suck the blood away.

Sammy's cries of pain were muffled, and she dug one pair of claws into his back, other hand sliding between them to fondle his balls again. Bob gripped her hip with his free hand, sinking his claws in. They pierced each other as they sought their own completion, both greedy, both ravenous.

Not all take, they gave a little too, helped push each other closer to the edge. They both came this time, Sammy first. She clung and cried out, body fluttering around his cock as she came so hard her legs trembled. Bob lasted only a few thrusts more before he joined her. Their howls of pleasure and pain mingled together, echoing against the walls.

As Sammy lay there panting, she was struck by a sudden worry as Bob pulled out, his semen oozing from her body.

"Do I have to worry about getting knocked up?" She asked, sitting up as Bob stood. Sammy was a bit distracted by his cock, still rock hard, but it didn't make her forget her question entirely. "I don't, right? We're different species. There's no way."

"Fae are a different species from human kind, yet here you are." Bob grinned an unsettling grin at her.

Shit.

Chapter End Notes

More smut to come in the next chapter, and Pennywise returns! Sammy's going to have sexuals with that clown.
Method Acting

Chapter Summary

Sammy has many questions, one of them being if Pennywise's spunk tastes like popcorn.

Chapter Notes

More smut! Part of Pennywise's anatomy honks like a bicycle horn, but which part?! The answer may surprise you!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

There was no way in hell Sammy was going to risk having a half eldritch beast spawnling. No way. Her mind boarded a nope train to Nopeville, whilst her panic spurred her to her feet. She had been getting contraceptive shots since she was sixteen, but was due for one, so there was a risk she could get knocked up.

"SHIT I need to get to a pharmacy right the fuck now." Sammy hissed as she moved towards the bathroom. She was tugged back by her upper arm, looked over her shoulder to see Bob shaking his head.

"No you don't. I made sure I was shooting with blanks." He admitted with a grin.

Sammy stared a moment before she wrapped her brain around his words and spoke. "You can do that? Of course you fucking can. Better question is what can't you do." She took a deep breath, scrubbing a hand over her face. "Thank you. Fuuuuck, that's a relief. One of you running around is enough."

"If I did knock you up, the child wouldn't be my kind. It would be half whatever guise I was in, and half," He paused to eye her with a smirk, gesturing over her, "mutt."

Sammy let the mutt thing slide, though she narrowed her eyes."Okaaaay...And just so we're on the same page, you're not going to try to get me pregnant, right?" She really needed clarification on that. "Terrible idea. Worst idea ever."

"I have no desire to make a child with you." Bob drawled, wrinkling his nose.

"Have you before? Do you have little spawnlings?" Sammy asked curiously, not the least bit offended by his words. Motherhood was not something she wanted to experience right now. She wouldn't want to make a kid with her either.

She wondered if he had a family back home, wondered where home was for him. Why did he leave? Did his home even still exist? Maybe he was like some evil Superman, his home went kaboom and he crashed on Earth.
"That's the only reason my kind mate, for procreation. It isn't like it was with you, there's no pleasure in it. It's violent, just pain. As I said before, casualties are expected." He sighed, leaning against the bed.

She'd struck a nerve, Sammy could see that. Shit, maybe he'd left home because some gal he fucked tried to bite his head off, or feed him to the kids. Sammy noted he didn't answer if he had kids or not, and decided not to ask again. He looked like his mind was drifting miles away for a moment, to a time long past. A very disturbing time long past, judging by the twisting of his brow and snarl on his lips, his intense stare that was focused upon nothing.

"Is that why you're here? Your mate tried to kill you, so you left?" Sammy ventured a bit tentatively, sitting beside him. She was aware this could be opening a can of worms she very much did not want opened, but curiosity got the better of her, overrode 'bad idea' mode.

Bob laughed, long and hard as he shook his head. "No, that's not the reason. Besides, the last time I mated with one of my kind, I'm the one that did the killing. I consumed my partner afterwards." He laughed even more at her horrified face. "Oh don't worry, I'm not planning on doing the same to you, not for a while at least."

"So you're like....A praying mantis? But the males eat the females?" Sammy blanched. "How do any babies get born if you guys are eating your women?! Unless you're like seahorses and you-"

"Who said I'm a male of my species? I certainly never said so." Bob grumbled, quirking a brow at her.

Well that was the biggest bomb drop of all time.

"You...Aren't??" Sammy was so confused now, staring in wide eyed shock at him. "You're female??"

Bob grunted out a frustrated sound from low in his throat. "I am whatever I wish to be. Currently, and pretty much damn near all the fucking time, I wish to be male." He pushed away from the bed with a low growl, turning to her. "Do you understand?"

Sammy nodded hurriedly. "Yeah, I get it. Sorry." She felt she succeeded in sounding sincere. She really was sorry, sometimes though her tone made her sound like a sarcastic bitch. She totally was, she owned that, but didn't want to come off that way at the moment. He'd obviously been through some shit, and this was a touchy subject.

"I don't want your apologies, or your pity. They grate upon my nerves. Just don't bring it up again." He took a deep breath, sliding his claws through his hair. "What I do want is to fuck you again, though not like this." He pushed her backwards onto the bed, and before her eyes he shifted into Pennywise.

He rolled his shoulders, cracked his neck and shook out his arms, watching her the whole time. Upper lip twisting up as his bottom pouted out, he grinned that disturbing grin at her. "That's better! So much better, oh yes! My turn with you now, little morsel!" He jumped onto the bed, landing on his hands and knees over her, palms framing her face.

"Okay, your turn." Sammy nodded. She wanted to talk more, try to learn more about him, but that had to be put on the back burner. She knew he wouldn't cooperate with questions right now.

He was drooling on her, so she reached up to wipe at his mouth, trying not to make a face because honestly, she felt a bit of self loathing at being so attracted to a fucking clown. Despite his
accusations, coulrophilia hadn't been a thing she had experienced before meeting him. What made Pennywise so damned special?

Was it the eyes? Sharp buck teeth? Who the hell knew, she just knew she wanted him to rearrange her guts. As he loomed over her, Sammy looked down between them to see what Pennywise was working with. She wondered if his cock was any different from Bob's.

Whooooo-boy, was it ever. Not the spiral lollipop stick she had imagined.

No, Pennywise's dick looked...Intimidating. Alien. It slithered out from a slit between his legs, thick and long. So big that Sammy was questioning the logistics. It looked serpentine in the way it curved, and was the same red as the lines upon his face. The tip was tappered, shaft growing thicker from there. There were nubs along the shaft, and a knot at the base, balls beyond that. Sammy glared at it, then shifted her gaze to Pennywise's amused scrutiny.

"You look nervous, girlie." He cackled, stroking her cheek with a claw. "No take backsies. You agreed it was my turn, don't dissapoint. Don't worry, Pennywise will make you float." He promised, leaning down to kiss at her neck. "We'll float together, you and I. Such fun we'll have!" He murmured deeply against her skin, and Sammy felt a warm wetness as he licked up to her earlobe, biting at it.

"Can you make your dick a bit smaller? I'm worried about it destroying my cervix. Why'd it even change?" Sammy tilted her head back, giving him better access to her neck, though she crossed her legs. She was really having doubts about that cock going inside her.

Pennywise rattled out a frustrated growl. "Why would Bob and Pennywise have the same cock? Makes no sense." He scoffed, propping himself up on his elbows to frown down at her.

"-That- makes no sense!!!" Sammy countered.

"Yes it does! It's called methoooooood acting! Can't get into character without the right accessories!" He stated as if it were a no-brainer.

"Why do you even have dicks for different guises if you don't normally use them?!!?" Sammy flipped out, squirming beneath him.

"Ughhhh." Pennywise growled deep in his throat, then snorted and sat up, moving to straddle her hips. "Why wouldn't I?? Human men have dicks, male monster clowns are imagined to have dicks!" He huffed out, before he motioned to his dick. "Ergo, Pennywise and Bob have dicks. I take my guises very seriously, you know. I'm not some second rate performer. I'm a professional! An artist."

"You need to adjust that dick or it's not pounding my pussy." Sammy warned as she sat up, pointing at said dick.

Pennywise cackled, shaking his head viciously, then leaned close, face inches from hers as his gaze shifted from amused to sinister. "Funny you think you have a choice in the matter."

Sammy groaned, putting her palm against his face and pushing him away a bit. "What felt better, when I really enjoyed it, or only kind of did?" She asked flatly as she poked his red nose, which honked like a bicycle horn.

Oh lord.

Did his cock honk too? Fuck.
If he had been trying to get a fearful rise out of her, it didn't work. Very disappointed looking, Pennywise leaned back and pouted, actually fucking pouted, lower lip stuck way out.

"Well fuck." He grumped, climbing off her and moving to sulk beside her, folding his arms and sitting cross legged.

For being old as dirt balls, he sure acted immature sometimes.

"Look, I can suck your cock at that size, but vaginal sex is off the table." Sammy tried to compromise. "It would just hurt too much, all pain and no pleasure. I don't want that, and don't think you do either. At least I hope not."

"HmmmmMmmmmmm..." Pennywise drummed his claws against the bed. "No, I do not want that. Oral is tempting, very tempting. It felt so good when you sucked Bob's cock, buuut...Butt! What about anal?" He asked excitedly, rising up to his knees.

"Nope. That needs to start out gentle at least, and you said gentle isn't in your wheelhouse." Sammy reminded him.

Pennywise scowled at her like she had just popped his balloon. "Stick in the mud. I could slick up my cock, you bite your knuckles and soldier through until you're used to it." He suggested with that disturbing grin of his. "What fuuuun that would be."

"Yeah, after I get a strap on that size and you let me pound your ass, then we'll see." Sammy hissed.

"Thaaaat can be arranged, but another time. At the moment I want to be the one doing the pounding." Pennywise frowned, one eye wandering as he bit at his bottom lip in thought. He heaved a sigh, then lounged back on his palms, spreading his knees wide. "All right, suck it."

"Will you eat me out while I do?" Sammy asked hopefully.

"Miiiiight want to rethink that phrase, given who you're talking to." He giggled. "Or I really will take a bite out of you, morsel." He added with a guttural growl.

"Ughhhhhhhh will you lick my pussy while I suck your freaky cock? Better?" Sammy rephrased.

"No, you're rude. My cock is a beautiful work of art, not freaky." He scoffed, but laid back anyway. "Though yes I will, now sit on my face."

"Don't need to tell me twice." Sammy moved over him, doing what he asked, though she groaned when his nose did that gosh damn bicycle honk again. "That is ridiculous."

"Oh? So sad. I find it very amusing." He ran his hands over her ass, raking her skin lightly with his claws. "I could make my dick honk, too."

"Please don't." Sammy requested, moaning softly because she was a fan of butt scratchies. She leaned down, propping herself up on one arm, other hand gripping the knot at the base of his cock. She licked at the tip, then mouthed at it, slowly taking it in.

She hallowed her cheeks, sucking what she could take in, working the rest of his shaft with her fist. His cock tasted like popcorn, and she wondered if his cum would be the same, or like...Cotton candy or something else circus related.

The ridiculousness of the situation wasn't lost on Sammy. In the back of her mind, she wondered if maybe she was in a coma from the crash, and this was all some crazy dream. Then Pennywise's
claws pierced her skin, and nope, she was one hundred percent sure it wasn't a dream at all. She was sucking a monster's cock. This was happening.

She felt and heard Pennywise moan, then he licked at her cunt experimentally, painting a slow wet stripe against her sensitive skin. Sammy moaned around his cock, gripping it harder. Pennywise must have liked what he tasted, because he gave a guttural moan, gripping her hips harder. He mouthed at her cunt like she was a juicy peach and he wanted not one drop wasted.

Sammy's breath caught as Pennywise's tongue pushed inside her, long and thick. Flicking his tongue down against her sweet spot, he caressed it firmly, making her cry out at the keen pleasure his actions caused. He answered with a pleased grunt, which just made Sammy more aroused.

She gave a whining moan, having trouble focusing on what she was doing, but Pennywise's dug his claws deeper into her skin, got her head back in the game of giving head. She sucked harder, saliva pooling at the base of his cock. She worked that over the knot at the base, then his balls beyond that, fondling them and enjoying the sounds and vibrations of his grunts and moans.

Sammy usually found it damn near impossible to come without clitoral stimulation, but Pennywise's tongue inside her was some kind of magical. She was fairly certain she could get to where she wanted to go just from him tongue fucking her. Then Pennywise went back to her clit, pressing curlicues against it with the tip of his tongues. He slid two fingers into her, thrusting away.

Fuck, it wasn't fair that he was so damned good at this.

Moaning, Sammy tried to focus. She was a hot and bothered mess, not used to this. In her experience, dudes normally needed a bit more guidance at oral and fingering, but Pennywise was catching on damn quickly. She couldn't see his face, but she was positive he looked like a smug shit right now.

Feeling she could do better with her own actions, Sammy gripped Pennywise's cock with both hands, jerking him off whilst sucking what she could. The obscene noises he was making were growing louder and more frequent, desperate, so Sammy tried to take his cock in deeper, managed about an inch more.

When Pennywise sucked on her clit, that was it, done. Signed, sealed, delivered. Sammy came with a muffled cry, sucking his cock even harder, grip vice like as she worked his cock. Pennywise came a few seconds after, his shout of ecstasy high and fittingly ridiculous, muffled against her skin.

Surprise surprise, his spunk tasted like popcorn. There was waaay too much of it, Sammy gagged and sputtered, making a mess. When Pennywise was finished, Sammy licked her lips clean of the pearlescent liquid, then her hands and his cock, which twitched and still did not go flaccid. Could he just...Go as long as he wanted??

Was he going to fuck her till she passed out? Fuck.

Thighs trembling, Sammy tried to climb off him, but Pennywise held tight, keeping her in place.

"You taste so good, so sweet." He moaned deeply, gripping her hips, claws sinking in deeper as he lapped up ever last drop of her juices he could. He thrust his tongue deep inside her, swirled it about greedily. Sammy didn't even care about the claws digging into her flesh, certain her all ready high pain tolerance had grown substantially.

"Fuuuuck!" Sammy moaned, trembling from the aftershocks of her orgasm and hypersensitivity, feeling light and almost boneless. Like she was floating. Oversensitive, but wanting more.
Pennywise's claws slipped from her, skatting slowly against her back, pressure light enough to leave marks, but not draw blood. Sammy kissed and licked at his cock as he tongue fucked her, gasping when he withdrew his tongue and sat up, jostling her from atop his body.

"Fine fine, I'm getting up." Sammy murmured, scooting off the bed and getting to her feet, a bit wobbly.

Pennywise stood as well, reaching for her hand. Once he had it, he led her outside, Sammy stumbling along after him. She wanted to know where the heck they were going, and what he was planning. She was about to ask, but saw his bobbing cock shrink down slightly.

"Again?!!" She demanded as he pressed her against the wall of his lair. She'd created a monster out of a monster, turned him into a sex fiend. She was never going to get any rest now!

"Again." He grinned. "Again and again and again!" He sang, turning her so her back was to him. "Again and again till I say we're done. Now be a gooood girl and bend over, palms on the wall. Spread your legs wide." He demanded, running a claw up and down her back.

"I'll need a break after this." Sammy warned as she did what he asked.

"Poor little half-breed, no endurance. None at all!" Pennywise taunted, sinking into her with a guttural moan, gripping one of her breasts roughly as he started to fuck her, other hand sliding in front of her and down to stroke her clit. "So warm, so soft. So tasty." He licked up the line of her spine. "Lucky for you, I'll need to hunt after this."

Sammy didn't answer right away, breath shoved out of her as he pounded into her. She did nod, pushing back against the hammering of his hips, welcoming the roughness now that he was focused on more than just getting himself off. The stone beneath her hands was stained a dark reddish brown color, and she wondered if it was old blood.

"Are you...Sure you should put off hunting?" She panted.

"No, perhaps not, but I think I can manage." He panted back. "I'll try my best not to devour you, brown eyed girl." He chuckled, licking at her back again.

"Thanks." Sammy moaned, and she had meant to sound sarcastic, but only succeeded in sounding completely wrecked, because damn those nubs felt good, and the knot...Fuck, she really didn't know how she was still standing. She felt very weak in the knees.

"Your legs are shaking." Pennywise taunted.

"Soldiering through." Sammy managed to moan.

"Ooooh? Is that what you're doing?" He laughed, dragging a claw across the puckered ring of her asshole. Hell naaaaw, to the naw naw naw, hell naaaaw.

"No claws in the ass." Sammy warned him.

"What about a balloon animal?" Pennywise asked innocently.

"...Please don't tell me that's what you call your dick in that form." Sammy groaned.

"...Well it is -now-." He cackled. "Maybe we should take this to the ground. Poor, poookool half-breed. Don't want you to collapse." He slapped her ass, Sammy crying out and leaning heavily against the wall.
"Or you could hold me and lean me back against the wall." Sammy suggested.

Behind her, Pennywise hummed thoughtfully before he pulled out, spinning her roughly and lifting her. He gripped tightly beneath her thighs, which he spread wide. With her legs draped over his arms, he leaned her back against the wall and joined with her once more.

Better, much better, at least feeling wise, but Sammy wasn't sure about the view. Pennywise was both beautiful and appalling to look at. He was drooling on her, and one gleaming yellow-orange eye kept wandering off, which she was pretty sure he was doing just to unsettle her. She reached up, trying to wipe the drool from his mouth, but he caught her hand in his teeth and growled.

Sammy grabbed a fistful of his red-orange hair and pulled in retaliation. His hair smelled like cotton candy, but felt like wool. He released her hand, but she continued to pull, yanking him down and kissing him roughly. He growled against her lips, but gave as good as he got, keeping the biting to a minimum.

Until he kissed down to her neck and sunk his teeth in, hard enough to draw blood.

Sammy must have been growing more twisted, either from his influence or the changes she was going through, cause that bite pushed her so close to the edge. She whined softly, trying to get a hand between them to stroke her clit. Reaching her goal, Sammy got in a few strokes before she tumbled over the edge.

Back arching, Sammy came hard around his cock, head knocking back violently against the wall as she howled out her pleasure. One hand still in his hair, she used that as leverage to slide herself back and forth on his cock as she rode out her orgasm. It felt good, so fucking good. She closed her eyes in ecstasy and saw stars behind her eyelids, fucking galaxies as the pleasure shook her.

Pennywise wasn't far behind, snarling and sinking his teeth deeper into her flesh as he came, thrusting through most of his orgasm, though at the last moment he pulled out and leaned back, his semen streaking against Sammy's breasts and neck.

"Money shot!" He laughed.

Sammy sagged against the wall in shock a few moments, before she scratched at his big dumb grinning face, getting dropped roughly onto the ground because of it.

"How do you even know terms like that? Do you watch porn?" Sammy grunted as she pulled herself up, rubbing her ass. She wiped at the pearl necklace he'd given her, scooping up what she could on her fingertips and licking it off. Seemed a waste to just leave it there. She liked popcorn.

"No, but teenagers are among my preferred prey, and they watch a great, greeeeeeeat deal. One sees things." He glowered. "Disgusting miscreants with their crusted socks. UghhhHhHh." He shook his head, shook his whole body, making disdainful noises.

"Are humans a required part of your diet? I mean...Could you survive on animals?" Sammy inquired.

"Humans -are- animals, genius." Pennywise smirked, tapping at her temple.

"You know what I meant, asshole!" Sammy kicked at him.

"Fiiiine. And to answer your questions, no and yes, but I'm not going to stop eating humans. Humans are the tasiest food, when they're afraid." He cackled, grabbing her foot and hauling her closer.
Sammy held out her arms, hopping and trying to keep her balance, grunting as Pennywise fell back gracefully onto the ground, tugging her down with him. She scraped up her knees a bit, but the pain hardly bothered her.

"You get three more questions for today." He held up three fingers, wiggling them in her face before he started playing with her breasts, gripping them and squishing them together with a fascinated expression.

"What do you really look like?" Sammy asked after a moment, catching his hands and holding them. She grinded slowly against his cock, not trying to instigate round 5, but it was there and she really couldn't help it.

"You cannot fathom it, and it isn't possible to see in this dimension. If I were to show you a glimpse, you'd go mad. Mad mad maaaaaaaad, you'd go mad!" He cackled, rolling and pinning her beneath him, pressing her hands above her head.

"I thought you were going to go hunt?" Sammy asked when she felt his cock nudge against her inner thigh.

"Once more before I go." Pennywise told her. He kissed her, swallowing the sounds of her protest as he pushed inside her.

"Don't you ever get tired?" Sammy gasped out when he released her from his kiss, licking down to her neck. "I mean you mentioned you hunt, eat, and sleep, but I've yet to see you sleep. How often do you need to?" She asked, though she realized he very well could have slept when she had been unconscious or sleeping.

Pennywise released her hands as he rose up to his knees, guiding her legs up to rest against his shoulders as he fucked her.

"So inquisitive! But questions three I did give you. Pennywise will answer. I hunt, feed, hunt and feed, then hibernate for long stretches. Many, many years. I was a creature of habit until you came along." He grunted, leaning and framing her head with his hands, nearly bending her in half.

Sammy gasped from the pleasure, though she narrowed her eyes slightly. Who the fuck did he think he was, accusing her of ruining his routine when he's the one that brought it on himself? "If you don't want me messing up your routine, let me go. And did you forget that I wanted to take a break?" She panted.

"No. Oh no no no, you're not going anywhere. Not until I say. I didn't forget, but you don't look too bothered about your current predicament." He pointed out with a moan.

"Not very bothered, no. Probably won't walk straight after this though." Sammy panted. She was a little upset he just disregarded her request for a break, but she could stress over that later. She didn't want him to stop.

"Walk straight? Ohhh I doubt you'll even be able to stand when i'm done with you." Pennywise giggled wildly, rising back up and running his claws down her body, drawing blood until he reached the point where they were joined. He retracted his claws on one hand to stroke at her clit, other hand sliding back up to grip one of her breasts roughly.

He tweaked one of her nipples between his claws. Sammy cried out, back arching briefly away from the ground. She wanted to say she'd be able to stand just fine, but only managed to moan a few incoherent noises in reply, moving eagerly towards his touch.
He might be right about the standing thing.

"Fooooocus." Pennywise chuckled, slowing down a little. "You used up alllllll your questions, went over your limit in fact, but Pennywise is feeling generous, very generous indeed. You can ask one more." He declared magnanimously, pinching her clit.

"If...If you intend to keep me, what the hell am I supposed to do when you hibernate?" Sammy gasped after a few moments.

"Don't know! Haven't decided yet. Need to think it over, yes. I may decide to eat you by that time." He released her breast, waving his hand flippantly. "My pretty morsel." He stroked a claw against her cheek.

"Or maybe I'll have become strong enough to kick your ass and I'll just leave." Sammy glared, though she felt there wasn't much oomph behind it, so close to the edge.

Pennywise laughed, curling his fingers around her neck as he sneered down at her. "Ooooh will you? How charming, how cute. How delusional. Huff and puff, little half-breed. It's difficult to take you seriously when you're so close to coming around my cock. Oh yes, going to make you come again, make you float." His laughter turned to a growl, claws digging in as Sammy fell over the edge, choking out a moan, then a ragged cry as she came.

Pennywise lasted longer this time, nearly pushing her into another orgasm before he came, roaring in satisfaction and squeezing her neck so hard Sammy nearly blacked out. He released her neck before she did, stroking his claws against her cheek. Sammy turned his head, riding the euphoria as she kissed his claws, then his palm. She watched him through heavy eyelids, saw him tilt his head slightly, confusion flickering in his gaze.

Then he pulled back, the motion almost like a recoil as he pulled out and stood. "I must go hunt, must feed. Hunt too if you wish, but you'd best be here when I return." He warned, conjuring up his costume, smoothing his hands over it and fussing over the ruffles.

"I'm just gunna...Lay here a while." Sammy panted, scrubbing a hand over her face. Get it together, girl.

Pennywise just chuckled, and she heard the soft jingle of his costume as he prowled away.

Chapter End Notes

No smut in the next chapter, but drama, lots of drama. And more gore.
After a power nap, Sammy prowled back into Pennywise's circus wagon, heading straight for the shower. She needing another shower badly, because dried popcorn smelling jizz wasn't the greatest of smells. Once under the spray of hot water, Sammy scrubbed at her skin. She couldn't help it as her mind wandered, drifting to some very disturbing shower thoughts.

What if Pennywise truly decided to eat her someday?? Would she be able stop him, or would she be the latest in a probably very long line of victims? What if he didn't decide to eat her, what then? He'd either let her go, or keep her. They'd be sewer roommates.

Except she wasn't his roommate, she was his fucking prisoner. It didn't matter if the sex was incredible, that he excited her, enthralled and enraged her all at the same time, that she was drawn to him, wanted to be close to him. She was still his prisoner, and she couldn't fucking stand that. Alone now, insidious resentment started to fester. Eventually she'd be miserable, hate him for keeping her.

She didn't hate him all ready? She pondered that question. No, she didn't hate him, and felt a little ashamed for feeling that way. Wrong, messed up. Just like he had said, a fucked up girl living in a fucked up world. A normal person would have hated him, a normal person would be horrified by all this. They'd be terrified, none of this would be even remotely okay.

And a normal person definitely wouldn't have fucked him.

They'd also be dead, Sammy told herself grimly. Probably would have been dead the first five fucking minutes of meeting Pennywise.

In folklore, Fae were always pretty depraved, debauchery abound. That had to explain why she was so chill about all this. He delighted that part of her, ensnared. That didn't mean what he was doing was acceptable.

What would have happened had she not crashed in Derry? How long would it have taken for her fae abilities to surface? She didn't want to think about that, about getting caught and going to jail. She had Pennywise to thank for awakening her fae blood, and thought perhaps she had awoken something in him too, more than just sexual desire.

Problem was, this thing that was blooming between them, it would never be right unless she was
free.

The ideal situation would be for him to let her go and occasionally drop in to rearrange her guts, or even just hang out. If she could leave, she'd venture all over the world, find others like her, half-breeds or full fae. They could form a club, wear matching jackets. That was her plan, seek out others like her if Pennywise let her go.

Key word there being if.

He had to. He didn't want her to hate him, or at least Sammy didn't think so. She fucking hoped so. He was fond of her, and she knew something was brewing there beyond just lust and amusement. Pennywise had to get that keeping her wasn't in his best interest. If he didn't, she had to make him realize that. Butter him up with sex and then lay the facts down on him. Great plan.

After a very long shower, Sammy prowled into the closet, picking out something to wear. She had just pulled on a ACDC t-shirt and denim shorts when the high pitched scream of a child made her jump. Sammy's breath caught in her throat, and she felt like her blood had been replaced by ice water. Outside the wagon, she heard sobbing, high pitched and terrified.

Fuck. That asshole had brought his prey here.

Sammy didn't know why she had assumed Pennywise would do her the courtesy of eating elsewhere, but she had. While she wasn't going to go out and try to stop him from hunting, that didn't mean she wanted to hear him eat a kid. Another scream sounded out, which Sammy tried to ignore, clenching her fists and gritting her teeth.

Just ignore it, she told herself as something twisted and hateful bubbled up inside her. Why should she intervene? No one had ever tried to save her when she was sobbing and terrified. Life was cruel and full of monsters, that's just the way things were. Maybe the kid was a little shit, maybe it drowned kittens, threw puppies off of overpasses and hurt kids weaker than them.

Another scream rang out.

"Fuuuuck." Sammy groaned. The shrill sound grated on her nerves like nails on a chalkboard, but tugged at her heartstrings too. She took a deep breath, before punching the wall and turning to run outside.

Cowering in the corner of the chamber was a sobbing little blonde girl who couldn't have been more then six. One look at the kid and Sammy knew that little girl didn't have a mean bone in her body. The kid didn't deserve to die like this, alone and afraid, terrorized before she was mauled and devoured.

Floating towards the little girl, banging the bottom of a cane upon the cold concrete, was an impossibly tall, gaunt man wearing a black bowler hat, black suit and long dark coat.

Damn kid, one hell of a fear.

The floating tall man looked to Sammy briefly, sunken eyes and jaundiced skin stretched across a thin, wide mouth. He tilted his head, grinning a yellow toothed grin at her. All of a sudden, Sammy knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that this was a test.

A test she was going to fail.

For a moment, Sammy couldn't move, couldn't even breath, because she knew there would be a reckoning of terrible proportion if she tried to stop this. Hell, she didn't even know if she could stop
Pennywise, but she knew she had to try. She was invested now, couldn't turn a blind eye and run away where she couldn't see or hear this.

Willing her feet to move, Sammy ran faster than she ever had before, one moment right outside the wagon, next right in front of the girl. Scooping the sobbing child up, Sammy meant to run, but as she heard Pennywise's livid roar, her mind screamed for her to get away, and then Sammy was away. Suddenly she wasn't in the sewers any longer.

She remembered how her mother would hold her close and stroke her hair when she was afraid. Somehow nothing ever seemed too bad in those moments of maternal comfort. Sammy held the trembling child close, stroked her hair.

"It's going to be all right, it's going to be all right." Sammy tried to assure herself as much as she did the girl.

Blinking and squinting in the orange glow of sunset, Sammy found herself clutching the little girl beneath the cover of a tree. She was standing in a park that lay in the middle of Derry. She saw the police station across the street, puffed out a breath of relief. She had done it, actually got the kid out.

"Run to the station, go." Sammy told the little girl as she set her down. The tiny tot didn't need to be told twice, crying and running away fast as her little legs could carry her.

So...Teleportation was in her wheelhouse now. Funny, Pennywise hadn't mention that. Of course he fucking hadn't, that ancient piece of shit. Sammy thought about running, but no, Pennywise would come after her. Best face him now and not put off the fallout. Just go deal with it, like ripping off a bandaid.

This was going to fucking suck.

Sammy closed her eyes, rolling her shoulders and taking a deep breath as she thought of Pennywise's lair. A second later, his lair is where she stood.

Back in the guise of a clown, Pennywise wasted no time, rushing her from out of the shadows. He grabbed Sammy by the neck, slamming her down against the cold, damp concrete. He pinned her there as he crouched over her, claws digging into her neck, his eyes seeming to burn with fury. His mouth was full of needle like teeth, saliva dripping from them onto Sammy's face. She'd never seen him look so angry, so feral.

"You would not take a fish from a hawk, a hare from a fox, nor gazelle from a lion!! Why then do you take my prey from me?!?!!" He demanded, his voice a guttural screech. Sammy gritted her teeth as he shook her violently, letting her claws slip out. She clawed at his face and arms until he was forced to release her, Pennywise stumbling back with a snarl.

"I've lived as a human all my life! I'm still half human!! I can't see shit like that and not feel some type of way!!" Sammy yelled as she got to her feet. "I have no intention of stopping you from hunting, but I don't want to hear you kill a child, don't want to see it! If I do, I'm shutting that shit down!" She snarled at him as they began to circle each other.

"Don't want to see it! OHHhh, don't want to see it, noooo!" He taunted in a simpering cry, clutching at his face and shaking his head, tugging at his hair. He stopped suddenly, pointing at her with disdain, clawed finger shaking. "You are weweeekak, fucking pathetic! What care I for what makes you squeamish?!! This is my domain, I will consume whatever I wish, when I wish! I am not some beast you can fucking domesticate! You cannot tame me, do not seek to try!"
"I'm not trying to! If you want to eat wherever the hell you want, than let me go!" Sammy slashed at his accusing finger. "You can come to me whenever you want, or I'll come to you, just let me go! Please!"

"Oh you'll go." Pennywise yanked his hand out of reach. "Goooooo go go, you will go and you will bring me back a child to feast upon! It does not have to be the same child, buuuut a child you must bring me, or it will be your flesh that nourishes me." He warned.

Never had it been more apparent to Sammy what Pennywise was then in this moment. Some alien, old ravenous entity who could not understand what she felt, could not fathom her distress. He shook with a barely contained fury, Sammy knew he was showing a great deal of restraint not to just tear her apart right now. She should have been afraid, terrified, but she wasn't.

She was just pissed.

"Do it." Sammy opened her arms.

Pennywise straightened in alarm, before he bared his teeth, taking on a more predatorial stance once more, hunched over. "Think that I will not?!" He advanced, almost too fast to see, standing mere inches away. "I am in no mood to play, and far too hungry for self discipline. Your discomfort means nothing to me. -You- mean nothing to me. You're not even a pet, you're a toy that is quickly loosing its amusement." He snarled lowly.

"THEN KILL ME!" Sammy roared, voice echoing as she pushed him backwards, the chamber shaking briefly, a few things tumbling down from Pennywise's junk tower. He stumbled back, eyeing his fallen treasures in alarm and dismay before he snapped his gaze back to Sammy, an enraged roar tearing from his mouth as he charged her.

He was very touchy about his things.

They ripped into each other with fangs and claws, becoming quickly bloodied, both beasts desperate for victory. Either Pennywise would make good on his threat, or Sammy would emerge the victor, would have to decide if she wanted to kill him, devour him, or leave him licking his wounds and risk him coming after her.

Would she even be able to kill him, Sammy wondered as she fought. Was his true form something that couldn't be destroyed, only weakened? He had said he couldn't even reveal his true form here. Destroy the shell, what happened to what was controlling it? Perhaps it would lurk in the shadows, building strength until he could take shape once more, far more ravenous than before. Sammy would always be looking over her shoulder.

Fuuuuuck, why couldn't he just be fucking reasonable?

She didn't know. All Sammy knew is that she had to get away. If she wounded him bad enough, she could. She'd get away and go so fucking far away that retrieving her wouldn't be worth the effort.

Sammy didn't tire, didn't yield one inch. She had to win this, had to win her freedom. In her mind, there was no other option, victory had to be the outcome. Soldier through, she told herself.

There was pain in her determination. She had been getting attached, caught feelings, and now to learn how little she mattered to him hurt, hurt so fucking much. Why did there have this pain and complications with every fucking important man in her life? She felt tears blurring her vision, but still she fought.

Sammy doubted now that Pennywise was even capable of forming a genuine fondness for another
living creature. All he cared for was himself. She was stupid, so fucking stupid for allowing herself
to get attached, for thinking he was capable of feeling the same. She should have fought him every
fucking second he had kept her.

Pennywise fought just as hard. He managed to get her by the neck with both hands, lifted her high as
his opened his maw wide. Wider and wider, the painted lines upon his face splitting to reveal a deep
cavern of teeth, a twisting pit of ravenous appetite. As his maw opened wider, a glow appeared at the
bottom. Sammy perceived three yellow lights, twisting and turning in an endless darkness.

She heard screams, the harrowing cries of thousands that had been consumed in years past. She felt
weightless, realized it wasn't just Pennywise's hands holding her off the ground any longer. She was
floating, couldn't move her limbs. Where was he? She couldn't see him, all she could see were those
horrible lights. She felt his grasp on her neck though, felt it loosen, felt his claws trail down her skin
in an angry caress.

Did she hear something through the screaming?

"You should have listened to me. You'll float until you can." Anger and pain she heard.

She heard him. His intent wasn't to eat her, or kill her. He meant to keep her, restrain her till she bent
to his will. She wouldn't, couldn't let this happen. Among the countless screams, she heard her own,
quiet at first, barely audible, but it grew louder and louder. Deafening in its protest and rage, in her
head and then echoing in the chamber.

She saw again, saw more than those terrible lights that made her eyes burn and water, her insides
twist and churn in distress. She saw Pennywise snap his maw shut in bewildered rage, eyes wide.
Sammy was still floating, but not by Pennywise's means any longer. No, by her own power she was
floating, and with a scream she hurled herself at him, using his shock to her advantage, sinking in
claws and teeth.

She was horrified by what he had attempted, to leave her a mindless husk, floating in the darkness
until he deemed it time to free her. Stronger though was her anger and pain. Get away, she had to get
away from him.

With tears in her eyes and an anguished roar, it was Sammy that ripped limbs away this time. Both of
Pennywise's arms, tendons, muscle and veins tearing, bone breaking. Blood gushed and floated
around them as the creature beneath her writhed and howled in fury and agony. Sammy sunk her
teeth deep into his neck, ripping out a large chunk. She tore so deep she exposed spine, spitting the
bloody tissue away.

Panting atop him, Sammy stilled as Pennywise stilled, and for the first time, she saw a flicker of fear
in his gaze, pupils blown so wide she could hardly see the yellow-orange of his eyes. The thrill of
triumph faded at what she beheld in his eyes, and she took no satisfaction in her victory. Pennywise
glared up at her, teeth bared in a snarl as he raised the thin lines of his brow to silently ask what she
planned to do now that she had the upper hand.

Sammy had to ask herself the same question. What the hell was she going to do now?

End him and eat him? No, even in her rage and pain, she couldn't bring herself to take his life. She
doubted she even truly could, didn't want that question answered. She just wanted to leave, wanted
to be free. She wished it hadn't come to this, but if this bloody fallout was the only way, so be it.
Sammy leaned down, so close that their noses almost touched.

"Don't ever call me fucking weak again." She hissed out before she climbed off him, standing. "I'm
leaving. If and when you're ready to play nice, come find me. If not...Better bring your fucking A-game and hope you win round two.” She went to grab her shopping bags he had added to his tower earlier, and then she was gone.

Chapter End Notes

Obviously Pennywise lied about his deadlights driving Sammy mad, but he was hoping he could make her float a while. That plan back-fired, whoops! Never a good idea to try to force a grown ass angry half-fae into a time out.
Where the wild things are

Chapter Summary

Sammy meets the Eldritch Funky Bunch.

Sammy didn't know if her teleportation had a certain range, but she took a risk and just focused on as fucking far away as she could think of. Ending up beside the ocean, Sammy was pretty sure she had hit her mark of New Zealand. Good, another continent was good. What, like 9,000 miles away from Maine? Fucking fantastic. Panting as her adrenalin faded, she sunk to her knees.

She screamed, yelled out until her lungs burned from the strain, then curled up small as possible. Hugging herself, Sammy began to weep, tremors shaking her body from the force of her cries. She couldn't remember the last time she cried, really cried. Like full on ugly cry, snot a-flowing. Her mother-father dad had hated the sound, made her mother hold a cup over her mouth whenever she cried, usually after hitting her. She'd learned damn quick to hold it in.

She hadn't cried when her mother died, couldn't recall ever crying over what Mark had done to her.

It felt so fucking good. The release of the anger, the pain. She cried not just for what happened with Pennywise, but for every damn thing that had gone wrong in her life. Pennywise was the catalyst that brought it all out, the straw that broke the fucking camel's back.

Even then, she wanted to go back. Run back to him and fucking apologize. She didn't know how to navigate the world as this new thing she was. She wanted to bury her face against the satin of his costume, dig her claws into his chest. She felt if she clawed deep enough, she'd find a heart with feelings beyond hunger and malice, prove that she hadn't just been imagining Pennywise felt more than lust and amusement where she was concerned.

She didn't want to be alone.

I don't have to be alone, Sammy reminded herself, nor did she have to go crawling back and let Pennywise further fuck up her heart. There was no way she was the only one of her kind out there, and she knew Pennywise wasn't the only eldritch beast stomping around earth. She'd find others, had to.

Just had to get cleaned up first.

Dark clouds hovered overhead, and with a flash of lightning followed by rolling thunder, rain started to fall. Pulling herself up, Sammy stripped out of her clothing, ripped them away. She walked into the sea, letting the rain and the waves wash away the gore. She felt like the last grime of her old life was washing away.

This was a new start.

When she was clean, her skin scrubbed raw, Sammy floated in the water, trying to calm her breathing as she watched lightning streak across the sky. She wasn't afraid of hitting hit, it couldn't feel any worse then what she had all ready been through. As the rain picked up, she closed her eyes against the heavy drops. Everything would be all right, she told herself. Somehow it would be.
"Fine night for a dip." A refined, feminine voice greeted.

Sammy snapped her eyes open with a gasp, treading water as she looked up to see a woman standing beside her. The stranger was standing on top of the water, some next level Christ shit. The woman was tall, even taller than Sammy...Though not quite so tall as Pennywise.

Fuck, couldn't she go more than a fucking hour without thinking about that damn clown?

The woman smiled, giving a little wave of her thin fingers. She had a regal air about her, seemed posh. Her features were sharp and androgynous: Thin arched brows, a tall thin nose. Her lips were narrow though well defined, the line of her mouth a bit wide. She was incredibly slender and pale, rather long limbed. Her hair was strawberry blonde and short, cut in a style Sammy just adored on men and women alike: Shaved sides and longer in the middle. Not quite a mohawk, but close.

The stranger had gleaming green eyes, smelled of pine, red wine, leather and woodsmoke. She wore a tailored three piece velvet suit of dark forest green, a high necked silk blouse of black beneath it. She reached out a hand, offering to help Sammy up.

Sammy took the woman's hand, feeling an odd pull to her, feeling comforted by the stranger's presence, which was definitely a first for her. She felt both wary and curious about her, and it suddenly occurred to Sammy that she didn't need to search out her kind, for one of her kind had found her.

"I'm Sammy." She told the woman as she stood, a little wobbly, but she managed to stand upon the water too, looking down in wonder. "That's fucking awesome." She laughed nervously, looking back to the stranger.

"Tallulah. It's a pleasure to meet you, Sammy." Tallulah smiled, shaking her hand. "I'm so glad I decided to visit this beach today. You have your father's eyes, you know."

Holy shit.

"I...WHAT?!" Sammy stumbled, falling through the water.

This was one hell of an emotional rollercoaster she was riding today. Sammy kinda wanted to jump off, call it a day and pass out somewhere, but she decided to ride a bit longer.

"I knew that old wolf. He was a scoundrel, but fun at parties. I'm sorry to say he passed from this world five years back." Tallulah explained as she helped Sammy from the water to the shore. "Have you been looking for him?"

"No." Sammy croaked. "I never knew him, just found out about him recently, just found out I was half-fae. I also just escaped from a clown." She was having trouble processing everything at the moment, didn't know whether she wanted to find out how Tallulah knew her father or save those questions for later.

"Figuratively or literally?" Tallulah inquired, a touch of worry in her tone.

"Literally. A not-really-a-clown clown of the eldritch, shape-shifting variety." Sammy explained as she created a robe from her powers, wrapping up in it.

"Ah...I take it you just arrived from Derry, Maine?" Tallulah asked after a moment, looking deeply troubled.

"That's right." Sammy sighed.
"You're very lucky you escaped, you know. That one's not to be trifled with." Tallulah ventured with a sigh

"Yeeeeeah, mistakes were made." Sammy admitted. That was putting it fucking mildly. "I fucked him." She blurted out as an afterthought, thinking it was best to tell the whole truth.

Tallulah laughed, looking to Sammy as if she were joking, looking mildly disturbed when Sammy just stared back. "...God's teeth." She took a deep breath, rubbing the bridge of her nose. "That's certainly something I've never heard before, nor ever expected to. How did you find yourself in such a predicament??"

"Long story. Abridged version is I killed my abuser, went on the run, crashed in Derry and ran into Pennywise. We fucked, we fought, I kicked his ass now here I am." Sammy explained, motioning around them.

"Dear me, you'll have to tell me the long version over some tea. That old sinner might come looking for you, so best get you somewhere safer. I come from a community of inhuman beings, and we take care of our own. Would you like to come with me, meet the others?" Tallulah asked.

Sammy thought it over a moment. What the hell did she have to loose? She doubted this was an 'out of the frying pan, into the fire' situation. She just didn't get a bad vibe from Tallulah. Well...At least she didn't feel that Talullah was going to hurt her. The older woman might have been in the wicked category of fae, what were they called? Unseelie, Sammy was pretty sure.

Sammy was also pretty sure she'd get sorted into the unseelie category herself if sorting was a thing.

"Yeah, I'd like that. Really would like that, actually. Thank you." Sammy gave an exuasted, grateful smile. Tallulah was friend shaped and felt like a friend, felt like someone Sammy could trust. Sammy just wanted to belong somewhere, where she'd be protected and treated well. She didn't want to run anymore.

Tallulah offered her arm, and Sammy took it without hesitation. Then they were gone from New Zealand, traveling in the blink of an eye to the wilds of Siberia. Only the sounds of the woods surrounded them for a long breath, then inhuman calls sounded out: Welcoming, beckoning. Sammy perked up eagerly, looking to Tallulah who gave an encouraging wave of her hand. Running, Sammy went to the others, eager and anxious.

Nocturnal hunters all, they howled, hooted and yowled at the moon. They rolled and played in the moonlight, Tallulah soon joining them. Among them, Sammy felt a profound sense of solace and belonging that she had never before experienced. This was right, this was where she was meant to be. She followed them, to the most remote wilderness of The Putorana Mountains, and it was there she settled, in their small secluded village.

Quite a motley bunch, the group was composed of six neighbors, now including Sammy. Mayor of Tiny Eldritch town was Tallulah, who was a type of fae called an each-uisge, though she had been called a kelpie or glashtyn before. She had her humanoid shape, but she could also take the form of a horse and once a human touched her, there was no escape.

Her prey would stick to her mane or body, and Tallulah's benign looking horse form would shift into something monstrous. She'd gallop into whatever body of water she'd been grazing near, dragging her screaming victim beneath the water's surface. Once her victim was drowned, she'd feast upon their organs. She liked livers best.

Tallulah had lost track of exactly how old she was, but estimated she her age to be several millennia
at least.

There was also Rowan, a two hundred year old, massive seven foot tall troll whose skin had the texture and color of dark grey slate. A gentle giant, his passions included gardening, cooking, and convincing his companions to try new recipes. He'd once eaten a human that attacked him, but hated the taste and never again munched a human.

The oldest of the bunch was Ciro, an eccentric blacksmith who also happened to be a dragon. In humanoid form, he was a lanky maypole of a fellow, with large amber eyes and impossibly white teeth that were a bright contrast to his russet colored skin and black hair. As a dragon, he was about as long and wide as a greyhound bus, black scaled and four legged, with a long snout full of razor sharp teeth. He had two horns like a gazelle, along with a rhino looking horn that sat upon the end of his snout, and frills for ears.

Ciro had claimed he made the sword Excalibur, but no could actually confirm that. Like Tallulah, he'd lost track of his age, but seeing as he had witnessed the fall of Atlantis, he was pretty fucking old. The old dragon had seen some shit, sometimes his mind wandered to the past and he went all thousand yard stare. Sammy learned it was best to just pour him a brandy when this happened and give him a gentle hug. Ciro liked making sculptures, and like any dragon worth his mettle, he had a hoard. His hoard wasn't of gold, but of tea, especially Darjeeling.

He was known to munch a human on occasion.

Tallulah might have been their unofficial leader, but Calendula, or Cally as she liked to be called, was definitely the mother hen of the group. A goblin, Cally was a stout little lady with gleaming yellow eyes and sienna colored skin, similiar in texture to pummice stone. She had long pointed ears and a mouth full of shark like teeth in a beguiling round face with a button nose. Two rams horn poked out from her umber colored curls, with she usually kept in two buns.

Cally was forever making sure everyone was comfortable. Often she'd turn up with some little treat or trinket, be it some of her homemade soap, lamb stew or fresh cheese (quite the shepardess, she had a small herd of sheep), or a shiny pebble she'd found while herding her sheep.

When Sammy asked Cally if she ate humans, the fifty year old goblin grinned, showing all her teeth as she answered. "Only if they're rude."

Last, but certainly not least in Sammy's eyes, was Xochi. Xochi was a sweet, small cinnamon roll of a vampire who could definitely kill you, but didn't want to. She strictly hunted animals, and had lived a grand total of five hundred, sixteen years. She was slender and short, with tawny skin and long, straight black hair. The vampire also had a little cleft in her chin that Sammy was always very tempted to boop. Xochi loved to knit, embroider, and cross stitch. She also liked to watch Rowan garden, but had to carry an umbrella and wear a welder's helmet if she sat with him during daylight hours.

Xochi often went hunting with Sammy, in fact there were very few times they didn't go together. Xochi could transform into a monstrous bat creature, and together they could easily take down a fully grown grizzly bear. Xochi would drain its blood, Sammy would feast a bit upon the meat and then they would take the rest home to share.

Sammy never got the urge to feast upon human flesh. Her companions that did partake in human flesh never ate humans in front of her, nor did they hunt anywhere near their home. Sammy didn't ask them to change their ways, nor did they try to convince her to see the merits of eating humans.

Life was simple, but good. They hunted, tended their gardens, herded their sheep. They spoke for
hours, or sat in comfortable silence for just as long, each doing their own thing but enjoying the companionship. Sometimes they ventured into human towns, Tally casting glamours upon Rowan and Cally to make them appear human, but they didn't go often.

Sammy went a few times on her own, but after the third, she found the companionship back home was enough.

Well...Almost enough.

Every so often, Sammy thought about her father, her real father. Tallulah had known him, had smelled that Sammy was his, saw his eyes looking back at her when she beheld Sammy. He had passed on, Tallulah told her, killed five years prior when he crossed a being older and far more powerful than he. Sammy wouldn't have been surprised if it was Pennywise that offed her old man, that'd be the cherry on the sundae, but it wasn't him.

Daddy dearest had tried to steal a dragon's gold.

He sounded like he had been reckless as fuck, and Sammy knew she had inherited that trait from him.

Sammy was a little bummed she never got to meet her old man, but didn't loose any sleep over it. She had a family, not one of blood, but one she had chosen, which was infinitely better in her mind.

Her thoughts drifted to Pennywise often, and she'd shift from rage, amusement, and longing in rapid succession. She doubted she'd ever see him again. Sammy suspected the wounding of his pride was far worse than the wounds she had inflicted upon his body. Handing his ass to him wasn't something he'd soon forgive, if ever he did. Sammy was a threat now, and she imagined Pennywise would be terribly territorial if she ever stepped foot in Derry again.

She didn't plan to.

True she had invited him to come find her if he ever intended to play nice, but she doubted that was in his wheelhouse. No, she was pretty sure if she ever saw him again, he'd be there to kill her. Or at least make an attempt on her life. She wasn't naive enough to think that wasn't a possibility, him showing up one day to try and settle the score.

While he had been ravenous in his lust for her, Pennywise had also been very annoyed by it, angry even. Sammy was pretty sure he wouldn't come sniffing around for a booty call. No, he'd be petty and try to live without sex, or find some other being to stick his dick in. If he hadn't all ready.

Jealousy reared its green eyed head at that thought. Sammy ignored it, told herself it was best if she never saw Pennywise again, but would have been lying to herself if she said that's what she truly wanted. He had been fascinating, and while what they had done to each other was completely messed up, how he treated her was fucked up, she had been drawn to him in a way she never had been with anyone. He got under her skin in a big way.

She wished things could have turned out differently. Wished he could have understood and let her go. Maybe he could have belonged with her new family too.

In those first days of her new family welcoming her into their community, Sammy had asked them about Pennywise, to see if any of them besides Tallulah knew about him. Ciro knew of him, but had never had dealings with him. Too territorial, he said, too anti-social and far too much of a threat to play with. Don't seek him out again, he warned. She had been lucky to survive him, he said.

One evening at the beginning of September, roughly a month after escaping the sewers, Sammy
swore she heard the jingle of tiny bells as she was swimming in a pond near her home. On high alert, Sammy rushed to the shore and tugged on her clothes, scanning the surrounding woods as she did. She saw nothing, but that didn't mean she had imagined the sound, didn't mean she wasn't being watched. She prowled into the woods, hunting.

Heart hammering in her chest, Sammy's breath caught when all she she found was a single red balloon tied to a tree branch.

For a moment, she considered shredding the balloon to pieces, but she just couldn't bring herself to do so. Carefully she untied the silver ribbon the balloon was attached to from the tree, holding the ribbon as she made her way home. Half way home, she saw Tallulah ahead. The taller woman caught sight of Sammy, moving quickly to join her.

"The clown was here. I saw him at a distance, among the trees. He left before I could get near." Tallulah sighed, nodding to the balloon. "He left that?"

"Yeah. What should I do?" Sammy asked worriedly. She didn't want her friends getting roped into this, didn't want them getting hurt.

Or Pennywise getting hurt by them.

"What will -we- do, you mean?" Tallulah corrected fondly. "This is not your problem to face alone. As of right now, we do nothing. This was merely reconnaissance, he wanted to see where you were, if you were alone." Tallulah mused. "He didn't intrude upon any of our dwellings, nor did he attempt to harm any of us. If or when that changes, so shall our response."

"Do you think he'll be trouble?" Sammy asked apprehensively as Tallulah took the balloon to inspect.

"Oh no, I don't think so. Be rather daft, wouldn't it? Six against one and all. Ciro himself would be challenge enough, never mind the rest of us. And you've all ready proven you can hold your own against him." She tapped her long, slender fingers against the balloon. "No...I think he's trying to get you to come to him. Get you back to his domain. To what purpose, I cannot say. Don't take the bait, my dear." She advised as she handed the balloon back.

Sammy wanted to take the damn bait, stupid as that was. Fucking reckless! But so was Pennywise! Yeah he was a threat to them, but they were just as much of a threat to hin! He came into their territory, creeping around leaving balloons, and they were just going to let that slide? She wanted to to cuss him out, wanted to slash his fucking face down to the bone.

She resisted the urge to go to him, taking a deep breath and nodding, appreciating Tally's counsel, the way the older woman had her back without Sammy even asking. It made her feel all warm and fuzzy. "Okay, I won't take the bait, that'd be a very dumb idea, but...Could I sleep over tonight? Safety in numbers and all." She wouldn't put it past Pennywise to try and snatch her in her sleep.

Not that she was afraid of him, she just really didn't want to deal with his shit tonight.

"Of course. I always enjoy our slumber parties." Tallulah smiled, curling an arm around Sammy's shoulders as they walked back to their little town.

"Couldn't find our visitor, you have any luck?" Rowan called as he lumbered into the large commons area: A circle of grass and cobblestones in front of the houses, some lounge chairs and tables scattered about. Xochi floated along beside him, clutching a garden hoe.
"No, he's taken his leave." Tallulah answered.

"He gave me the heebie jeebies, I'm glad he's gone. Was going to take a hoe to that ho!" Xochi frowned, landing silently upon her feet. "You okay, Sammy??"

Sweet little blood sucking butterfly, Sammy thought as she gave Xochi's shoulder a pat. "I'm fine, don't worry. Sorry he's creeping around."

"Hopefully this'll be the first and last time he comes around. If he makes trouble, we'll kick his ass!" Xochi shook her little fist as she hissed and bared her fangs, hazel eyes gleaming.

"He'll be terrified, hon." Rowan patted his little vampire's head fondly. "You think he'll be a problem, Tally?" He turned his attention to their leader.

"Ooooooh he better fucking not be!" Ciro skipped up from the darkness of the surrounding woods, joining the others. A few twigs and leaves decorated his short, wavy black hair. Nature's accessories, he called them. "I'll roast him, burn him to ash." He slung an arm around Sammy's shoulders, giving her a squeeze. "I doubt he'll be back, too much trouble. I think self preservation is at the top of that old glamor's priorities. He's lucky Cally's still out with her sheep, she would have shredded his ass."

"My thoughts exactly. You've nothing to worry about, Sam." Tallulah assured.

Later when Tallulah and Sammm were settling into the older woman's bed, getting all cozy beneath the covers, the balloon floated in from the living room where Sammy had left it. The balloon bobbed about a moment before popping loudly, blood splattering everywhere.

"...Are we still not doing anything?" Sammy asked after a long silence, seeing Tallulah's lips pressed together in a thin line of rage.

"We do not feed trolls, unless it's our Rowan." Tallulah remarked primly, taking a deep breath and closing her eyes. She reached out a slender hand, the blood slowly floating up and collecting in a ball that hovered in the middle of the room. Tallulah stood, moving gracefully to her window. She opened it, and with a wave of her hand the blood floated out and dropped to the ground with a splatter.

"But now he's messing with you too!" Sammy groaned.

"Because he knows it will get a rise out of you. The best thing you can do is ignore him." Tallulah turned to Sammy, kissing her forehead.

Tallulah was right, but damn if Sammy didn't want to go tear Pennywise a new one at that moment.

Life went on, there were no more incidents until the end of October. The whole gang had been eagerly preparing for some big shindig, an eldritch gathering of epic proportion up in Norway. As Sammy understood it, the party was basically a ye olde eldritch harvest festival. She was excited, it not a wee bit apprehensive. Parties were generally things she made poor life choices at. Dance, drink, dance, drink way too much, hurl in someone's mother's antique vase.

She was going to stay away from the booze at this shindig.

"Is there going to be like...Human sacrifices and running naked through the woods?" Sammy asked Xochi as they got ready, the little vampire pinning Sammy's curls up carefully.

"No, silly!! There's not human sacrifices at these things anymore, and it's too cold to run naked through the woods. We do that on Beltane." Xochi giggled.
"Good to know." Sammy mused, putting on some dark purple lipstick.

Dressed to the nines, the intrepid sextet set forth to their destination. They traveled to Norway via Tallulah's teleportation transportation, arriving in a heavy fog. Ciro and Tallulah seemed to know where to go, leading the group through the dense fog down a hill. When they broke free of it, Sammy's breath caught in her throat.

"Holy shit." She managed to breath out in awe.

They were overlooking a valley which appeared to be filled with millions of fireflies. Upon closer inspection, Sammy saw they weren't fireflies, but tiny flickering lights that drifted about on no set path, though none of them collided. Laughter, conversation and music flowed through the air, though Sammy couldn't spot any musicians, try as she might.

There were at least fifty bonfires that burned different colors, and trestle tables laden with food and drink. Sammy saw creatures of all type playing games and dancing. She swore she saw Medusa across the crowd, wearing a pair of John Lennon shades. As a miniatuer trotted past, Sammy looked to Tallulah with wide eyes, the rest of their gang branching out to do their own thing.

"This is incredible!" Sammy laughed, spinning to soak everything in, see all her peepers could manage to see.

"It always is a joy to watch a first timer." Tallulah chuckled, placing her hands upon Sammy's shoulders. "Want to dance?"

"Fuck yessss!" Sammy hooted in delight, turning and grabbing her friend's hand, then she rushed towards the dancing. Tallulah had been teaching her to dance in preparation for this, beyond the vertical dry-humping Sammy was used to doing when the need to dance arouse.

They joined the throng of dancers, Tallulah leading Sammy in a waltz. It felt good to be in Tally's arm, comfortable and safe. Warm, and when Tallulah gave her an encouraging smile, Sammy felt desire curl low in her belly. She'd only been with a gal once, some awkward fumbling in the back seat of a car. There had been many other times she wanted to have a romance with a gal, but said gals didn't swing that way or weren't interested.

Tallulah hadn't made a move as of yet, but there was potential, sparks. She flirted a whole heck of a lot. Sammy asked herself why not go for it? They could be happy, have fun. If Sammy was wrong, if she had been reading the signals incorrectly, well that'd be fine too. Nothing was stopping her from trying.

Except that there was.

Fucking Pennywise.

Sammy couldn't get him out of her mind, try as she might. She missed him, wanted to feel his touch again, hear his stupid voice. Here she had a bewitching, wonderful woman right in front of her and she was thirsting for that clown.

She was so messed up.

"Where'd you go?" Tallulah asked kindly as she dipped her, pulling Sammy's thoughts back to the here and now. "Your thoughts were miles away for a moment there."

"Sorry. Was thinking about the damn clown again. I miss him." Sammy admitted, trying and failing to keep the shame from her voice.
"It'll pass, just give it time." Tallulah encouraged. "Till then, try to enjoy yourself and chin up." She moved her hand from Sammy's waist, caressing under her chin.

Sammy laughed softly, but her laughter faded when something caught her attention past Tallulah's shoulder. In the glow of one of the bonfires, Sammy saw Bob Gray across the crowd, staring straight at her.

Shit.
I've got you under my skin.

Chapter Summary

Bob Gray is a party crasher.

Chapter Notes

I hope y'all like this one, I certainly do. If you have my Spotify playlist for this, please give Ben L'Oncle Soul's cover of "I got you under my skin" A listen while reading this chapter.

Party crashing was in Bob's wheelhouse. Good to know! Though if this was an open invitation eldritch being shindig, was he really party crashing?? No one seemed bothered by his presence. Maybe they were waiting to see if he was going to be trouble.

Was he there to make trouble? Maybe it was to lure Sammy into a false sense of security, but she didn't think he'd come in the guise of Bob if his intent was to kill her.

Trap, her mind hissed at her.

Bob tilted his head slightly as he locked eyes with her, his own expression a melting pot of emotions at the moment: Malice, anger, frustration, lust and something else Sammy hadn't seen in his gaze before. Was it jealousy she was seeing??

"What is it?" Tallulah asked as she slowed to a stop, turning to track what Sammy was looking at. When the strawberry blond spotted Bob, his gaze moved to her, shifting to nothing but malice. "Oh my, if looks could kill I'd be six feet under. Is that the clown?" Tally asked cheerfully as Sammy saw her grin out of the corner of her eyes.

"Yeah, that's one of his guises." Sammy sighed. What did he want? This stare down shit wouldn't do.

"He's ballsy." Ciro declared as he popped up beside them. "Or he isn't aware that with one word the whole congregation could be upon him." He mused as he danced from foot to foot.

Sammy was sure he was aware and didn't give a fuck.

Tally gripped Sammy's chin gently, turning her head. "Do you want us to try and make him leave?" Tally asked softly, her gaze tender.

"Maybe he's just here to have fun." Ciro supplied as he moonwalked around them. "We could have a dance off. I hear he's pretty good."

"I'm going to go talk to him." Sammy decided after a moment. She could see Tallulah and Ciro exchange worried looks before they glanced back to her.
"Want back up?" Ciro strutted and snapped like he was a gang member in a Broadway musical.

"Thanks, but I'll do this solo." Sammy decided. She didn't feel like she needed back-up, but having the option was nice.

"Holler if you need us." Ciro told her seriously.

"We'll come running." Tallulah assured her.

"I'll call if I need you." Sammy promised them. She wouldn't actually scream out if she needed them, that's not how it worked. If they thought hard enough of each other, they'd feel that. Supernatural summons.

"Best of luck. On the off chance he's sorry, don't hop on his dick right away. Make him work for it!" Ciro suggested with a depraved grin.

"Ciro! I doubt I'm going to do any dick hopping tonight!" Sammy frowned. Then again, never say never. She knew herself and her sex drive. That she hadn't fucked any of her companions yet was a miracle.

"You doubt, but you didn't say definitely not." Ciro shot back with a grin. "Come Tally, let's boogie!" He grabbed the taller being's hand and shimmied away with her.

"Make good choices, sweetling!" Tallulah called over her shoulder.

Sammy watched as her friend dissapeared into the crowd, then turned back to Bob.

He was gone. Of course he fucking was.

Groaning, Sammy searched through the crowds, but she couldn't catch sight of him, not till she had nearly given up. She finally spotted him standing at the tree line of the forest surrounding the valley. He locked eyes with her, tilting his head slightly before he nodded to the trees, turning and dissapearing among them.

Sammy groaned again, looking back towards the party one last time before she followed Bob. Venturing further and further from the lights and sounds of the festival, Sammy chanted in her head that she was a big dumb dumb. What was she thinking, what was she walking into? Was his plan to lure her away then snatch her back to Derry?

This was a fucking bad idea.

When she was barely able to hear the festival any longer, Sammy caught up with Bob. He was leaning against a tree, scratching at with a claw.

"Here to kill me?" Sammy didn't beat around the bush, wanting to know his intent.

"No." Bob shook his head as he pushed away from the tree, gaze so heated she almost felt scalded.

Sammy took in his outfit, immediately recognizing it as something she had seen before and liked a lot. Dark slate blue button up t-shirt with jewel toned flowers and mushrooms on it, dark wash blue jeans. It suddenly struck her that he wanted to look appealing to her.

This might be a fucking booty call.

Or a trap.
By the way he was looking at her, longing mixed in with anger, she guessed booty call. She wasn't going to give him what he wanted.

Ok, she might give him what he wanted, but she was going to follow Ciro's advice and make him work for it. Make him fucking beg! And he sure as hell was going to acknowledge some things before she gave in. Or maybe she'd find the strength to resist and tell him to leave her the fuck alone.

Or maybe it was a trap. Fuck!

"You here to play nice?" Sammy ventured, skepticism heavy in her tone.

"I don't do nice, you know that." Bob scoffed. "I'm not here to drag you back to Derry, if that's a concern. Keeping you...Was a mistake." He admitted dryly.

"You're not wrong there. Glad you came to that conclusion, though I wish it would have happened sooner." Like when she had fucking asked him to let her go! Folding her arms, Sammy narrowed her eyes. "What do you want than?"

"You escaped my deadlights and left me bleeding. Wrecked some of my things. I want an apology." Bob hissed, teeth bared and tone stone cold.

Was he fucking serious? Sammy barked out a humorless laugh in disbelief. He was serious!

"Yeeeaaah, that's not happening. You told me I meant nothing, tried to put me in some fucked up stasis. You wrecked my heart, I kicked your ass and wrecked some of your things. You're lucky I didn't wreck your whole fucking tower. I think we're fucking even." She hissed.

"Wrecked your heart? Little half breed, spare me the dramatics. It wasn't love between us." Bob sneered.

"But there was something!" Sammy shot back. "Something besides lust and amusement. At least for me, you fucking know that! So I'll say it again, we're fucking even! If not, if you're salty and have a score to settle, then come on! Just don't waste my time with fucking chit chat if you're planning to try and rip my throat out." She challenged, letting her claws slip out.

Sammy saw in his eyes that it was there, the temptation to fight. He wanted to bleed her dry, was so close to making an attempt but bloodlust wasn't all she saw. She saw hesitation, frustration, and though Bob tried to hide it, Sammy swore she saw fondness there along-side lust.

After a moment, Bob stepped back with a roll of his eyes. "Fine, we're even." He made an annoyed clicking sound, curling his lip. His gaze traveled over her body slowly, then drifted back up to end at her eyes. "You look well. Happy." He grudgingly remarked. "You smell like that donkey you were dancing with."

"I am happy, fucking ecstatic." Sammy bared her teeth at him, feeling fiercely protective of Tallulah. "You live in a sewer, you don't get to bitch about how people smell. And don't call my friend a donkey or I'll slash your fucking mouth. I finally found where I belong, not going to let you mess it up."

"How nice for you." He drawled. "I bet you fit right in. I'm not going to mess up your picture perfect little life. You'll do that all on your own."

"You know what? No I won't, so fuck you and goodnight." Sammy turned, storming away from him. She wasn't doing this, wasn't going to take his shit.

She felt his fingers curl around her wrist, yanking her back. She turned to slash at his face but he
caught her hand, slamming her back against a tree. He crowded in close, kissing her roughly. There was so much hunger, so much heat and need in his kiss.

Sammy gave nothing back.

Nothing except pain, sinking her teeth into his bottom lip until he was forced to release her, recoiling back. A chunk of his lip remained behind in her teeth and Sammy spat it at him, snarling.

"You can't do this!" He snarled, blood sliding down his chin as he batted away the chunk, lip all ready healing. "You can't awaken this desire in me, give yourself to me then take that all away!"

"Oh yes the fuck I can!" Sammy snarled back. "If I don't matter, you shouldn't have any problem sticking your dick in someone else. Go!! Find someone else who'll be your little doll and leave me the fuck alone!!"

"I tried." Bob hissed. "As Bob, as Pennywise. Found sluts just as willing as you, women and men both! But it wasn't the same. None of it was the same!!!" He slashed at her, but Sammy recoiled back, narrowly avoiding his claws.

She stiffened, then laughed long and hard. She had been right, there had been something, it hadn't been one sided or all in her head. He was just lying to himself. Bob rattled out frustred growl, warning her to stop laughing. When she didn't, he got her by the neck, slamming her against the tree again.

"What's so fucking amusing?!" He demanded.

"You and your fucking denile. I do matter, you got it fucking bad for me. You've got me under you skin." Sammy sneered, reaching and palming his cock through his jeans. "Thought you'd show up looking all gorgeous and what? I'd just fall into your arms? Hop on your cock and do whatever you wanted?"

Bob groaned as she gripped his hardening cock, his grip on her neck tightening a moment before it loosened. Glaring at her, Bob shook his head, looking so fucking devastated when Sammy pulled her hand away. "Don't stop." He growled.

"Not till you tell me that I matter." She murmured. "Not fucking you till you say it either." She warned. "You're lonely, admit it."

Bob laughed, grip upon Sammy's neck tightening once more. "Wrong. I didn't just eat my mate, I consumed my whole species, every fucking last one of them because I hated them, because I wanted to be alone. Because of hunger, because of a need. I am not lonely, and you matter in the sense that you fill a need. That's all. You want me to lie? You need to hear some pretty little lies before you'll let me fuck you?"

"You're all ready lying. Lying to yourself, saying that's all I am." Sammy challenged. "It's not just about the sex. I want you to acknowledge that. Acknowledge that you care about me."

Bob snarled, looking like he was ready to bolt. In fact he pushed her away, turning to move from her.

"You go, you better not come back." Sammy hissed after him.

That stopped him. He went rigid and then slowly turned, raising his brows at her. "Or what? You'll kill me?" He laughed, then showed his teeth in a snarl. "Better scorch the earth afterwards, fucking salt it. Make sure there's nothing left. And even then, you will always wonder if I am truly gone." He
warned, tone icy.

"No," Sammy shook her head. "I don't want you dead, and I don't want to hurt you like I did when I left. But if you leave, you don't ever get me. You come back, I'm not going to acknowledge you, not unless you attack me. Not going to look at you, not going to say one word to you, and your fucking ego won't be able to take that. Because much as you say you like being alone, you loooove being acknowledged. Feeling like the biggest bad in all the stars. So stay, tell me that you care, that I matter...And I'll make you feel so fucking big."

Right now, their dynamic wasn't healthy. Sammy knew that, and maybe that's something that wouldn't ever change. She was aware she was playing with a fire that could very well burn her to ash someday. Maybe it would be best if he left and never came back, but Sammy wanted to see if they could do better. She felt it was worth trying, at least. She needed to hear that she mattered though, needed him to admit that he felt something more than just lust and amusement.

Needed to know he'd listen to her sometimes.

"You left!" Bob snarled at her, closing the distance between them, grabbing her by her shoulders and shaking her. "You left, did not look back! You ask me to tell you that you matter, to disregard my nature, yet I hardly matter to you! Why should I say it, when you do not feel the same?"

"I thought of you every damned day! I fucking cried because of you! But I wasn't going to stay there and be your prisoner, let you disregard my feelings!" Sammy hissed up at him. "But you do matter. I missed you, and had to fight the urge to go back every day, every fucking day! I'm not looking for an apology, I just want to hear two words."

Bob snarled, claws digging in as his grip tightened. He tilted his head down and pressed his forehead against hers. "I am made for consumption, Samantha. For violence. You want me to be something I am not, want me to feel things that are utterly foreign to me. You're so fucking infuriating."

"Pot calling the kettle fucking black." Sammy grit back. She curled her hands around his hips, piercing him like he did her.

"I'm not asking you to be something you're not, to be kind, be gentle. I don't even expect you to play nice, I know that's impossible. Just fucking acknowledge what you feel. If you feeling these things, they're in your fucking wheelhouse." She growled, though she slid her nose against his, then moved to slide her cheek against his, sighing softly at the feel of his heated skin against hers. She heard him make a low, needy sound.

Then he recoiled back with a ragged growl, claws still sunk deep in her shoulders. Pain, but pain Sammy could handle, pain she welcomed even. Bob searched her face, his own twisted in ire. He was deciding, Sammy realized. To fight these unwelcomed feelings intruding within him and try to end her, or give in. What if he didn't give in? What if she had just gotten lucky last time and he won round two?

Doubt and fear set in, but Sammy held his gaze. Her fear must have reached him, for his eyes rolled back and he moaned, hauling her closer. He licked the side of her face, then returned his gaze to hers.

"You do matter to me, and I missed you. Burned from want of you. You're right, I cannot do nice, but I'll try to be...Understanding of your feelings. Fucking maddening as they are." He growled, moving his hand to grip her hair, claiming her lips with a ravenous kiss.

His words were more than she had expected, far more. This time, Sammy kissed him back, rough
and desperate. There were growls, snarls of satisfaction as kisses turned to bites. Their claws ripped clothing away, and Bob backed Sammy up against the tree once more.

Sammy caught him by the neck, stilling him as she shook her head. "I want you to beg."

Bob smirked at her, though his smirk quickly twisting into grin as he laughed. He grabbed her wrists, wrenching her hand from his neck and slamming her hands up above her head. "Beg you? Did you forget who you are dealing with, morsel?" He shifted her wrists to one hand, other sliding between her legs. "You're the one who is going to fucking beg."

This plan backfired spectacularly, Sammy thought with a moan as Bob found her clit, stroking it firmly. Claws gone, he dipped his fingers inside her, keeping his thumb against her clit as he worked the other digits deep in the slick heat of her cunt. Sammy moaned as Bob bowed his head, flicking his tongue against her pebbled, dusky nipple then practically devoured it.

"Ask nicely for me to fuck you." He growled between her breasts. He hooked his fingers inside her, making a beckoning motion. Thumb pressing firm circles against her clit, he licked up to her neck, biting against her jugular.

Sammy would have said any damn thing he wanted to hear at that moment, so his request was no problem. "Please, please will you fuck me?" She moaned out, pressing eagerly against the thrust of his fingers.

"Again." He demanded.

"Please fuck me, I want you so bad. Want your cock to fill my cunt, want to come around it." Sammy panted out.

"Good, very good." Bob laughed, withdrawing his fingers and sucking her juices from them. He grabbed her, claws coming out and digging into the flesh of her hips.

Bark scraped the skin of her back, but Sammy didn't care. The pleasure was worth the pain as Bob hauled her up, positioning his cock so he could thrust into her. They both moaned as they joined, Sammy's legs curling around the creature before her. She gripped the branches above her, pulled herself up and down on his cock.

She felt her back grow wet with her own blood, but Sammy didn't give one ounce of a fuck. She'd missed this too much, welcomed the pain as she dug her crossed heels into the small of his back, drew him in closer. Bob grunted, chuckling against her neck as he fucked her harder. He peppered her neck with kisses and bites, drew blood and licked it away, claws piercing the skin of her thighs.

Wanting to touch him more, Sammy released the tree and uncurled her legs from around him. She pressed her feet against the tree and pushed off it, tackling Bob over onto the forest floor. He obviously didn't want to relinquish control, wrestling with her a moment before he flipped her over and pinned her roughly upon her back.

They'd come apart, and Sammy was too impatient and far too worked up to fight for control. She spread her legs for him, digging her claws into his back as he sunk his fangs into her shoulder. They both growled in satisfaction as they joined once more, Bob thrusting deep as he could.

Creature of habit who didn't have gentle in his wheelhouse, Bob resumed pounding into her with a frenzied pace. Tender wasn't in his wheelhouse either, but it was in Sammy's, rarely used but there. When Bob lapped up the blood drawn from her shoulder and licked his way up to her lips, Sammy kissed him tenderly. She smeared blood all over his back as she withdrew her claws and swept her
hands up and down.

Bob pulled his head back to look at her curiously, expression changing to confusion when Sammy cupped his face in her hands. He slowed, looking so bewildered. Sammy just smiled at him, caressing his cheek. Just a taste of tenderness, that's all she wanted to give him.

Before going back to rough.

She slid her hand into his hair, gripped the dark strands and yanked him down for a demanding kiss. She bit down hard on his bottom lip, Bob laughing as she drew blood. He returned the gesture then peppered her skin everywhere he could reach with bite marks and claw marks, Sammy repaying in kind.

Their fucking reached a fevered pitch, both sinking their teeth into the others shoulder as they came in tandem, howls of ecstasy muffled. They licked and sucked their blood off each other afterwards, Sammy twisting onto her belly beneath him.

"I want Pennywise now." She told him, wiggling her ass.

"There's nothing I'd like more, but that's no way to ask. Say please." Bob growled behind her as he moved to slap her ass, making her yelp. He made a happy, approving noise before he rubbed the stinging spot.

"Please, I want Pennywise to take me to pound town." Sammy pleaded.

"Good manners. I do so love good manners." It was Pennywise, not Bob who answered.

Sammy glanced over her shoulder to see that he had changed. Fuck, she'd missed that demented face. "Pretty please, won't you fuck me?" She grinned.

"Oh yes indeed I will, since you asked so nicely. Nice little half-breeds get rewards. Very big rewards." He grinned his disturbing grin at her, drool dribbling down his bottom lip as he gripped her hips to yank her up onto her knees. Sammy propped herself up on her palms too.

Licking up the line of her spine, he positioned his cock and pushed inside her cunt, moaning deep in his throat. "So lovely and warm, so soft. Like velvet wrapped tight around my cock." Gripping her shoulder with one hand, he pulled her back into his punishing thrusts. He slid his other hand around to her front, stroking at her clit.

Sammy just nodded, because stringing together words wasn't really a thing she could do at the moment, especially not when Pennywise pinched her clit like he currently was doing. Crying out, Sammy clenched hard around his cock, glad kegels were a thing she was aware of and did. She panted out a laugh when Pennywise groaned behind her, thrusts stuttering a moment.

"She laughs! Think you're funny, hm? So funny with your little tricks! I have tricks too, little morsel." Pennywise cackled, before Sammy heard a buzzing noise, jolting and moaning in surprised pleasure when she felt something buzz against her clit.

Pennywise had turned the tip of his finger into a damned vibrator.

"Do you like my trick?" He asked with a cackle, pressing swirling patterns against her clit with his buzzing finger.

"Mmhm. It's...It's a great trick, best trick ever in fact." Sammy moaned.
"Flatterer. Such good praise, but I think I can do better. Oh yes, so much better!" He mused, dragging his claws down her back, drawing blood. He slid his hand around to her breasts, pinching one of her nipples. As he moved inside her, Sammy felt his cock change, felt it curve so that with each thrust, he was hitting her sweet spot.

Everything became a blur after that. Sammy vaguely remembered sinking down to rest her cheek against the forest floor, crying out as she came soon after that.

"So loud! So loud you are, my brown eyed girl. Hush, don't want your friends to come running, think you're being killed." Pennywise grunted, curling his hand around her face, shoving his fingers in her mouth to muffle her moans.

Sammy sucked on his fingers, moaning around them. Pennywise growled through gritted teeth, the sound just making her come even harder. Pennywise followed her, pressing heavily against her back as he snarled through his orgasm.

That wasn't the last time they joined that night, nor was the third, fourth, or even the fifth. They made use of every surface the forest had to offer, though at one point Sammy realized they were both floating as she rode him. She had laughed, hauling him closer and kissing as she floated with him, clinging to him as they came.

After the sixth time, Sammy tapped out for the night.

Morning. It was early morning and she was tapping the fuck out.

"I don't have your endurance." She panted, on her back against the forest floor, legs up in the air, Pennywise grasping her ankles.

"Pity. I thought we'd mange more than six rounds, but you just don't have it in you. Poor, poor little half-breed." He taunted, guiding her legs down and pulling out of her with a guttural groan. He moved to lounge beside her on the grass, hands behind his head as he stared up at the pre-dawn sky.

"That's not very nice." Sammy yawned, moving to lay on her side, facing him.

"You know..."

"Lemme guess, nice isn't in your wheelhouse?" Sammy yawned.

"Ding ding ding! She wins a prize! It's my dick!" Pennywise slung an arm around her, pulling her closer.

"I'll have to take a raincheck." Sammy murmured sleepily.

"Tomorrow. You come to me, I don't like leaving my town." He grumped, pressing his face against her neck. He nibbled, not drawing blood, but making pleased little noises at the taste of her skin.

"Ask nicely." Sammy wrapped an arm around him, scratching his back.

Pennywise groaned. "Come back to Derry." He requested after a few minutes of silence. "You could stay above ground, I have a house. Come back with me, I won't eat in front of you."

Sammy sat up, expecting to see a jester's grin spread across his lips. She thought he was joshing, pulling her leg. He only eyed her curiously, raising his brows as he waited for an answer. He was serious, she realized. He really wanted her to come back with him, but not as a prisoner.
Sammy felt a pang of guilt. Going out on a limb like this was a lot for him, she knew that. She also knew she had to say no, and that fucking sucked.

"I can't, this is home now. I belong here, I feel safe here. If I went back to Derry, it wouldn't be right." She sighed.

Pennywise scowled, rolling to turn his back on her. "I could keep you safe." He grunted after a moment.

"I know you could," Sammy scratched his back lightly, tracing figure-eights with her claws, "but it still wouldn't be home. I'll come visit you, but I'm not staying. I mean if I asked you to live here, you wouldn't, and that's okay. Though if that ever changed, you could belong here.

Pennywise grunted again.

Petulant shit.

Sammy laid down beside him, wrapping an arm around him and kissing his shoulder. "Come on, don't be a grouch."

"You spurn me. You want to matter, but deny me when I try to show that you do." He growled. "Vexing thing."

Nipping at his shoulder, Sammy traced swirling patterns against the skin of his chest and stomach. "I'm not spurning you. I just don't want to live in Derry. I'll come visit whenever you want. Come on, you're going to sleep soon, don't waste time being pissy. How much longer do I get you before you hit the hay, anyhow?"

That cooled his ire some. Pennywise rolled to face her, smoothing a hand down her back, resting it upon her rear. "A few weeks. Yes, a few weeks more before I take my long rest. Though perhaps not so long as usual." He mused, squeezing her ass.

"How long do you usually sleep?" Sammy asked, and because what was good for the gander was good for the goose, she squeezed his ass too, dug her claws in.

Pennywise grunted, pulling her closer. "Don't start things you cannot finish, little beastie."

"Answer the question and I will finish things. Got my second wind. Well...Seventh wind." Sammy grinned at him, nipping at his bottom lip and dragging it through her teeth before she released it.

"Twenty seven years." Pennywise chuckled, hoisting her leg up and scooting in closer.

Sammy gaped at him. Twenty seven fucking years?! "Hell of a nap." She moaned as he lined his dick up and pushed slowly inside her.

"Which is why I said it may not be as long. Now hush, enough talk." He pressed a finger to her lips, grinning when Sammy sucked it in.

Later, when the sun was rising, Sammy made herself comfortable, plastered against Pennywise's side, an arm and a leg draped over him.

"Must you nestle? Too sweet! Far too sweet, these cuddles!" Pennywise hissed.

"We cuddled earlier." Sammy yawned.

"Clung and caressed. That was different. This is demeaning." He snorted in reply.
"Indulge me and you can fuck my ass next time." Sammy offered.

"I suppose I can tolerate this." Pennywise gave a long suffering sigh, sliding an arm around her.

"How about meeting my friends?" Now Sammy was just being a brat.

"Outrageous demand. Pushing your luck, pushing it very far. Meet my friends, she asks! Hah, I don't want to meet your little band of miscreants. Meet the eldritch funky bunch, paaaah. That is the last thing I want to do with my time. Count yourself lucky that I tolerate you." He huffed.

"Have I been added into your routine, creature of habit? Hunt, eat, spend time with Sammy, sleep?" She sat up, grinning down at him.

"For now, yes." He reached up, playing with her hair.

"Then I'll see you tomorrow. Now fuck off," Sammy pointed through the trees.

"Nooow whose not playing nice?" Pennywise gripped her hair and yanked her down, kissing her hard and biting her, but eventually he did as she asked, releasing her and pulling himself up.

"Oh hey!" Sammy leapt to her feet and caught his wrist. "That aerial hoop in your pile, think you could have it set up by tomorrow?" She asked hopefully.

Pennywise's brows shot up, a grin spreading slowly across his lips as he nodded. "Oh yes. We'll have so much fun, you and I."

"Float some more." Sammy smiled. "See you tomorrow."

Pennywise blew a kiss, then turned and sauntered away into the darkness. Sammy could hear the jingle of tiny bells after a few moments, listening to them till the sound faded. She collected the pieces of her dress and stitched it back together with her powers, then sought out her friends.

Ciro was going to be such a smug ass about this.

Chapter End Notes

Back to the smut, huzzah!! We're in the endgame now, only one more chapter. There will be smut, but will there be smut on the aerial hoop? We shall just have to see.
The catastrophe of you

Chapter Summary

Pennywise and Sammy hoop it up, among other things.

Chapter Notes

Whoops this was supposed to be the last chapter, but it was getting too long and I wasn't loving the flow, so there will be another chapter after this! Anyhow, enjoy more smut! Pssst there's anal.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"You know, when I told you to make him work for it, I meant for days, possibly weeks." Ciro called to Sammy when she spotted him lounging across one of the trestle tables back at the festival. She swore he was wearing the John Lennon shades she had seen on Medusa the night before. He wasn't wearing the three piece red suit he had arrived in, sometime during the festivities he he shed it all, and was now in a crimson latex dress paired with a white fur coat.

Sammy was kind of jealous over how amazing he looked.

"I, uh...Don't have that kind of will power." Sammy admitted unapologetically. She didn't see judgement in Ciro's gaze, just concern.

"Tell me all about it." The dragon sat up and gave the table a little pat, inviting Sammy to join him.
"Or don't. Just tell me that you're okay?" He ventured hopefully.

"I am. Things are good at the moment." Sammy smiled as she sat down beside him, leaning to rest her head against his shoulder.

"You know things aren't likely to stay that way, given the creature you're dealing with?" Ciro pointed out softly, curling his arm around her shoulders. "I know you're a grown woman that can make your own decisions, take care of yourself and sleep in the bed you made in, but you are very young by our reckoning. Please be careful."

"I will be. I know things might end very badly, but there's a chance they'll stay good." Sammy replied. Most likely things would end badly, but she wasn't ready to get off this wild ride just yet.

"Optimism! That's the spirit. Of course there's a chance, where there's a will there's a way. Just don't give too much and receive nothing back. Don't let yourself be hurt beyond what you can handle. I know you're a masochistic little thing, but you're dealing with a creature whose purpose is destruction and consumption. Few things truly frighten me, but that old sinner does get under my skin." Ciro explained with a little shiver.

"Are you sure you've never crossed paths?" Sammy sat up and nudged her friend.
Ciro grinned, nudging her back. "Quite sure! But I have been here just as long as he has. One hears things, in the wind and stone. He's eaten worlds."

"He might have mentioned that. At least about his own. You think it's true?" Sammy mused.

"Whose to say? Maybe it's all talk or he isn't strong enough to do such things anymore. Perhaps he is and just finds fear too delicious a thing to consume his source in one gulp. I certainly never want to find out. My point is, proceed with caution, chickadee." Ciro cautioned as he stroked her curls.

"I will." Sammy promised with a yawn, returning her head to his shoulder. "Where are the others??" She asked as she looked around. All the bonfires had gone out and a good chunk of the congregation had left. There were still some party people who weren't ready to call it quits, dancing or playing, but mostly those that remained were sleeping or just milling about talking. Sammy was pretty sure she saw Cally's high heeled boots sticking out from underneath a nearby table. "Is that Cally over there??"

"Yes, that's our wee gob." Ciro chuckled fondly. "Got in a drinking contest with an ogre and won. I'm so proud." He beamed, swinging his legs back and forth. "Rowan and Xochi left shortly before dawn, and our dear Tallulah is over there having a cuppa." He pointed.

Sammy spotted Tally across the way at another table, sitting among some sirens who all seemed very charmed by her. Tally noticed Sammy watching and smiled, lifting her saucer to her in salute. Sammy found a pitcher of wine and an empty goblet on the table she was perched upon, pouring herself a glass so she could toast Tallulah back.

"I'm going to head home, get some sleep." She turned back to Ciro, handing over the goblet and kissing his cheek.

"Sweet dreams, Sam." Ciro kissed her forehead, before he drained the goblet and poured some more wine, laying himself out on the table. He balanced the goblet on his chest as he turned his gaze skyward.

Sammy hopped off the table and took herself home, grabbing a quick shower before she slid into bed. Sleeping all day, she jolted awake when someone banged on her front door. It was Cally, the little goblin woman demanding that Sammy come out and have something eat. The sun had set, and everyone was gathered around the largest table out in the commons area.

Like Ciro, the rest only needed to hear that Sammy was okay, told her to be careful in their own way. She appreciated their concern, but also how they were going to let her see this through to whatever conclusion lay ahead.

The next evening Sammy made her way to Derry, hoping that Pennywise hadn't forgotten to set up the aerial hoop. He didn't disappoint her, for when she arrived she saw it swinging lazily in the air. Fuck yeah! Grinning, she hoisted herself up and sat on the hoop. She swung gracefully, looking down when she heard the soft jingle of bells, her host striding in from one of the tunnels.

"Well well well, what pretty bird do we have here?" Pennywise grinned up her before he leapt up, grabbing the hoop and hoisting himself up to join her. "Do you like my hoop, pretty bird?" He asked as looking her over hungrily. "I like this, dressed up just for me." He traced a claw against the sparkly crimson sports bra she wore, down her exposed side to the matching leggings.

"I do like it. We're floating." Sammy leaned against him a moment, nipping softly at his ear. "And I'm glad you like my outfit." She grinned before she moved to hang by her knees, stretching her arms out. She really liked it, swinging in the air and feeling weightless. It was both invigorating and
They played a while, swinging through the air. Sammy pulled herself to the top of the hoop then swung down, bracing the top of her thigh against the hoop whilst the rope the hoop hung by curled around her leg. Pennywise sat on the bottom of the hoop, leaning back with a grin as Sammy clutched his neck. He suspended himself back as far as he could, arms stretched out and one leg bent around the hoop whilst the other stretched out straight.

"Enjoying yourself, little bird?" He asked with a leer.

"Immensely." Sammy answered. "I need to get one of these."

"Can't have mine! But I do have a present for you. Oh yes, a very wonderful present." He cackled, licking his teeth.

"Is it your dick?" She asked with a chipper smile.

"Dirty birdy! You get that later, oh yes you shall, but present first." Pennywise wiggled a finger at her and squirmed, pulling himself up. Sammy sat up as her companion stood, balancing on the hoop a moment before he flipped off and landed in a crouch. He spun up to stand, twirling to give her a bow before he cartwheel away into his wagon.

Sammy jumped, floating slowly down as Pennywise returned clutching a vintage ringmaster's jacket of red velvet. The jacket had wide black lapels decorated with gold braid, beads and tassels of gold braid adorning the shoulders. Sammy stared, wondering about the previous owner. Upon closer inspection she was very relieved to find it was bloodstain free.

It was a really bitchen jacket.

"Now I gotta get you something." Sammy chuckled as Pennywise helped her into the jacket.

"I know what I want, what you're going to give me, tasty thing." As he pressed against her back, Sammy could feel his squirming cock straining against the satin of his costume. "You promised me something, do you remember?" He asked, gripping her hips tightly as he licked at the shell of her ear. "Or do I need to remind you?" With a low pitched humm of pleasure he rutted against her ass.

"Don't need reminding." Sammy replied through a pleasant shiver. "I brought lube and a can-do attitude. Just need my purse." She looked around for where she had dropped it.

"Good, good good good! Such an eager thing, I'll give you what you want. Let's play! You leave the jacket on." Pennywise ordered as he scooped her up effortlessly and tossed her over his shoulder. He lumbered over to her purse, snatching it up and carrying them to his wagon.

"When this wagon's a rockin', don't come a knockin'." Sammy laughed.

"Oh it will rock. You'll rock too, shake and tremble apart." Pennywise cackled as he carried her into his wagon.

The interior had changed again, or rather reverted back to as it usually was, Sammy suspected. Worn wooden floorboards and carnival nick-nacks scattered about, a few old latterns as well. In one corner was an old woodburning stove connected to a narrow chimney. In the opposite corner lay a mattress with red and white striped covers. There was a doorway through which Sammy saw access to a folded up stage.

None-too-gently, Pennywise tossed her onto his bed. He swooped down to peel her leggings off,
then humming to himself, he rummaged through her purse. He retrieved the aforementioned bottle of lube, tossing the rest of over his shoulder.

"Hey! You can't just- come on, be careful with my things!" Sammy protested, her attempt at standing thwarted when Pennywise pushed her back down.

"You didn't have anything else in there but a makeup bag." He huffed.

"Still, treat my stuff good." Sammy scowled.

"Ohhhhhh I plan to, tasty thing." He leered, drool all ready drifting down his chin.

"I bet. How do you want me?" Sammy asked as she propped herself up on her elbows.

"Like you are. Just how you are, tasty treat. Want to watch your face while I fuck your ass. Want you to look at me while I claim you, fill you. Make you squirm." He grinned at her, stepping over and setting the lube down on the bed beside her. He gripped her legs, pushing them back against her chest. "Be a helpful little beastie and hold these for me."

Sammy obliged, gripping her feet. She was very glad she had done some prep work and had slipped a butt plug in before leaving to visit him. She doubted he'd be the best at that part of it.

Pennywise patted her head, then ran his claws over her thighs, stopping and eyeing her jeweled plug with a curious tilt of his head. He smirked, tapping a claw against it. "Pretty." He complimented, before slowly drawing the plug out.

Sammy's breath caught then she exhaled sharply, watching as Pennywise set the plug aside and grabbed the lube, pouring copious amounts onto his fingers and claws. "No claws." Sammy reminded him.

Pennywise glared down at her. "No fun at all. Scared of a little pain, morsel? Silly thing, pain is what you like, what you need. Pleasure and pain hand in hand, that's what gets you off. Buuuuuuut if you want to be boring, so be it." He chided, claws slipping away. Bending over her, Pennywise kissed her roughly as he worked two fingers into her ass, far too fast and hard.

Sammy took a deep breath and focused on the kiss, the sting of his teeth grazing her bottom lip. She gave a muffled, surprised cry when she felt him start to stroke her clit with his other hand.

"Thought it would be unpleasant? No no no sweetling, I'll make it good. Sooooo good." Pennywise laughed against her cheek before he moved to kiss and bite at her neck.

"Well you're just a peach." Sammy grunted, tilting her head back to give him better access, moaning softly as he nibbled at her neck. She felt his tongue caress her skin, inhaled sharply as it slid down the middle of her body. Down down down his tongue traveled until he reached her clit, thumb moving aside to make way for his tongue.

"You taste like a peach. So sweet, so juicy. So juicy for me." He groaned approvingly, pushing his tongue inside her cunt. His tongue filled Sammy like a cock, curling up to stroke her sweet spot as it moved inside her. Moaning and squirming, Sammy was unable to stay still. She almost forgot about the fingers thrusting in her ass until Pennywise scissored his long digits, making her gasp and grit her teeth. He worked a third finger in, thrusting deep.

Sammy looked down and saw him staring up her body, his eyes glowing in the dim like two red hot coals. His free hand had been clutching her hip, but he slid it up her body to grip her breast in a rough caress before he tweaked her nipple, making her arch away from the bed with a cry.
He was building her up just to make her come crashing down. She pressed her body up eagerly to meet the thrust of his tongue and fingers, wanting to be filled, chasing the fall she knew was coming. He moved to her other breast, squeezing possessively.

When he slid his hand down to rub circles against her clit with the tip of his index finger, Sammy came with a high-pitched moan. She writhed in ecstasy, trying to pull away when she became oversensitive with pleasure. Her ravenous lover was having none of that, clutching at her hip tightly to keep her right where he wanted her, greedily tasting her till he had his fill.

"Sooo wet. So juicy for Pennywise, you depraved little thing." His mouth was glistening with the evidence of her arousal as he stood, drawing his fingers from her. He licked his lips as his claws slid forth once more. He slashed at his costume, making a slit over his groin large enough for his cock to slither through. As he bent over her, Sammy felt his cock tease at her asshole before he pushed inside. A guttural groan escaped through his clenched teeth as he filled her to the knot at the base of his cock. With a snarl and a snap of his hips, the knot filled her as well.

Sammy's breath was shoved out of her in a high pitched cry. There wasn't pain, it was just...It was a lot, a whole hell of a lot. This wasn't something she had done before, though research had been done out of curiosity, because she wanted to eventually try. It was overwhelming, nearly painful but not quite, skating the line of discomfort. Pennywise looked almost pained as he pulled slowly back, nearly all the way out only to push back in, teeth bared and eyes winced shut.

"Poor thing, you...Ah, you need a minute? Take a deep breath." Sammy suggested tauntingly, managing not to sound as overwhelmed as she felt.

Pennywise's eyes snapped open, wide pupils narrowing to tiny pinpricks. Mouth twisting up into a grin, he shook his head as he started to pound into her, bells on his costume jingling away. He didn't answer her back, reduced to feral snarls and grunts as he fucked her ass.

Crying out, Sammy doubted she could have formed a reply even if he had said something, so good. She rested her legs against his shoulders, reached down to stroke her clit. Pennywise gripped the tops of her thighs, turning his head to bite at her leg. His tongue coiled out, caressing her skin. Pennywise lasted about five minutes before he nearly bended her in half as he leaned to sink his teeth into her shoulder, snarling against her skin as he came. Feeling his cock lengthen and throb inside her, feeling his scalding release against her sensitive skin, Sammy came with a cry as she frantically rubbed her clit.

"Good?" She asked once she could manage the whole speaking thing again, her partner collapsed against her. Thin as he was, Pennywise was a gigantic alabaster tower of a being, not a slight weight against her. Sammy didn't mind though, she liked his solid form against her. She heard and felt him rumble out a pleased humm of agreement.

"Good, very good. So good, such intense heat and squeezing." He moved to lick at her neck. "You enjoyed it too, little morsel? Will do it again with me sometime?"

"Hell yes." Sammy chuckled. "Up, I wanna clean up a bit."

Pennywise gave a few shallow thrusts before he pulled out of her with a grunt, climbing off her only to kneel before her, hauling her closer with a wicked grin. "Allow me."

- =much later that night=-

"Why is my hair in your mouth? I told you, I am no food for you." Pennywise huffed at Sammy.
The absurdity of the situation wasn't lost on her: Buck naked save for a ringmaster's jacket, sitting in a circus wagon with an eldritch beast's cotton candy smelling hair in her mouth. Sammy released the red-orange strands from her maw, and resumed rubbing the shoulders of the bone white creature before her. Somewhere along the course of the night she had ripped Pennywise's costume from him.

"I wanted to see if it tasted like cotton candy." Sammy answered, a bit dissappointed her companion's hair wasn't made out of cotton candy. She pushed aside her crushing dissapointment, digging her thumbs into some problematic knots in Pennywise's trapezius. "Your back is a mess."

"I was in a doll-house earlier." Pennywise chuckled, tipping his head backwards to give her an upside-down grin.

Sammy tried to imagine the contortionist bullshit he would have to pull to fit into a doll-house. The mental picture was both hilarious and frightening, though she was sure it didn't do the real thing justice. "You'll have to give me a demonstration."

"Have to? Have to, she says!" Her eerie companion giggled, turning and pushing her back against the mattress. "I have to do nothing. Besides," he traced a dark brown claw down her toned stomach, "why bend me, when I can bend you?" He inquired, claw breaking the skin below Sammy navel.

Hissing softly from the sting of the cut, Sammy let her own claws slip out, black nails growing into black claws. She meant to mark him back, slide her claws across his back, but Pennywise bent and licked away the blood he had drawn. Gripping beneath her knees, he pressed her legs up against her chest. He really seemed to like bending her like this.

What had she wanted to do??

"Play nice, brown eyed girl." Pennywise sing-songed, tongue tracing a scorching path downwards.

Sammy's breath caught in her throat a moment, before puffing out between gritted teeth as sharp teeth pierced the skin of her inner thigh. "I thought I'm here because I don't play nice?" She asked.

"Oh no no no, silly thing! That's not the game, that's not how I want to play right now." He chided playfully, ochre eyes meeting Sammy's as he looked up at her. "You keep your claws sheathed," he licked a slow stripe against her core, "unless you want me to stop? Then we can claw and bite, oh what fun we'll have, but not thiiiiis kind of fun." He warned, tip of his tongue pressing swirling patterns against the pearl of flesh nestled there above her cunt.

Sammy arched and squirmed, let out a growling moan as she tried not to shread the sheets beneath her or the creature lounging between her legs. She took a deep breath, trying for a little serenity as she let her claws dissapear. When an eldritch beast whose true form you couldn't comprehend told you to play nice, a girl had to try her best.

Sammy nearly howled when Pennywise dug his own claws into her fawn colored skin, tongue curling inside of her. He wasn't going to make this easy.

He never did.

Then again, she kind of loved that about him.

He made her come quickly, quick as he ever had. He didn't waste time, didn't give her time to come down as he moved over her, keeping her legs pressed against her chest as he joined with her, both of them moaning deep in their throats. He drooled on her, Sammy could smell herself in his saliva, but she didn't care. Didn't care when he bent to kiss her roughly and she tasted herself on his lips. He drew blood only to suck it away, Sammy doing the same.
Bitting and clawing as they moved together in a primal dance old as stone, they painting each other with their blood, swirling designs and nonsense smears. Sammy wrestled control from him, flipping him over to straddle his hips and ride his cock. Laughing, Pennywise raked his claws down her stomach, her back. More more more, she wanted more.

Was she asking for more? Words were tumbling from her lips, or maybe just nonsense in pleading tones. Pennywise caught their meaning, whatever they were, bucking into her with reckless abandon as he rubbed her clit, other hand gripping her breast.

Sammy curled her fingers around his neck, clutched it with both hands as she rode his cock desperately, Pennywise giving as good as he got, bucking up wildly. She came, cunt fluttering around his cock like a wild bird beating its wings against a cage. She growled out a high pitched cry, Pennywise answering in kind through gritted teeth, breath ragged and choked off as he spilled his release inside her.

Releasing his neck, Sammy caught her breath against his chest as she more or less collapsed atop him.

"Such a cock hungry little morsel." Pennywise giggled, running his claws up and down her back. "Rode me so hard, couldn't get enough. Heard you, yes I did. More you begged, more more more! I gave it to you." He ran his hands down to squeeze her ass, cock still hard inside her. "Not enough though, oh no. You need more, so much more." His grip tightened and he started to move her, lifting her up and down on his cock as he rolled his hips up.

"Fuuuuck...!" Sammy whined, pressing her face against his neck.

"That's what I'm doing, silly half-breed. Fucking you good and thorough. Completely." He snarled, snapping his hips up as his claws pierced her skin. "Making you mine, making up for lost time. Those weeks away, did you fuck yourself to the thought of me?" He demanded as he lurched up, forcing her onto her hands and knees. Gone from her body for only a moment, he got behind her and joined their bodies together once more with a rough shove of his hips.

His thrusts were brutal, even more so than usual. He gripped her shoulders and pulled her back into each punishing thrust, the mixture of their earlier release easing his passage. Sammy went down to brace herself on one arm, manuvering her other hand back to stroke at her clit with a ragged and wrecked moan.

"Asked you a question, morsel. Give me an answer." He swiped his claws against her back, the fucking jackass.

Sammy snarled in pleasured pain, shaking her head. "Fuck no, had...Had better things to do!" She panted out.

Reckless, she was fucking reckless as hell.

"Lies. Liar liar, you're a liar little morsel, and liars must be punished." Pennywise laughed wildly, pulling out and flipping her onto her back. He climbed onto her, straddling her head. He tapped a claw against her lips, tip of his cock slithering near them.

Sammy pressed her lips together and shook her head, a challenging glint in her eyes. She felt like being a difficult bitch.

Pennywise sneered down at her, running his claws down her cheek before he pulled his hand back, claws retracting before he smacked her across the face. Sammy jolted from shock and the sting of it.
Had he just smacked her?! He fucking did! She slashed his chest, leaving jagged trails in her wake, thrashing a little as he dug his fingers into her cheeks and forced her mouth open, shoving his cock inside.

"Take it, take allllll of it." He grunted, gripping her hair as he thrusted deep. Her eyes watered and saliva rushed forth as she felt him in her fucking throat. Her teeth scraped against his cock, she didn't try to tuck them back, but Pennywise only snarled and bore the pain. His other hand buried in her hair and he was brutal as he used her. Sammy let him, digging her claws into his thighs, her throat abused and raw by the time Pennywise pulled out.

He hadn't come but he was close, gripping his cock and working it almost violently, going rigid and aiming at her face with a guttural chorus of grunts as he came. He painted her face with his release and then to Sammy's shock, he bent to lick her face clean.

Really though, she shouldn't have been surprised by the depraved shit he was into.

He kissed her afterwards, slipping his tongue past her lips, a few bursts of his release left on the thick length of it.

"Maybe I did twiddle my skittle to the thought of you every so often." Sammy admitted when he let her up for air, voice hoarse. "What about you? Or were you too busy fucking other people, trying to get me out of your head? And how'd you even get someone to fuck Pennywise? I mean I know that'd be a hard sell to most."

"Hookers." Pennywise snorted after a moment. Sammy had to bite back a laugh at the thought of him calling to some streetwalker from the depths of the sewer. "What about you? Who did you fuck to try and forget me?" His eyes narrowed, teeth bared as he asked.

Sammy considered lying to mess with him, but decided the truth was best. "No one. I really wasn't looking to tangle with anyone after the catastrophe of you." She reached up to play with his hair, rolling her eyes as he grinned down at her.

"Good. You would have been severely dissapointed." He leered with a smug twist of his mouth. "My throat is severely dissapointed." Sammy rubbed it, hoarse voice improving as her body healed.

"Dance." Sammy decided, standing up. "I want to dance with you. I mean you are Pennywise the -dancing- clown. Show me what you've got."

Pennywise looked delighted, laughing wildly as he grabbed her hand and bounded outside his wagon with her. His costume appeared as he ran, seeming to grow out of his alabaster skin. He released her hand, twirling to regard her with narrow eyed scrutiny. He shook his head, bells ringing. "Won't do, won't do at all. Under dressed!" He bounded back into his wagon with a laugh, skipping out a few moments later with a crimson dress slung over his arm. "Wear it." He held the frock out to her.

Sammy took it, inspecting it briefly. Spaghetti straps, plunging v-neck and handkerchief hem on the skirt. She took off her ringmaster's jacket, sliding the dress on over her head before she shrugged into the jacket once more. She looked to Pennywise and did a little twirl, skirt flaring out. "You I like?"

"Very much. Good, very good. Perfect!" He clapped, bouncing excitedly. "Now we dance, little morsel. Hope you can keep up." He cackled as he curled a hand around her waist, pulling her close.
Sammy didn't know what to expect as she placed one hand on his shoulder and gripped his with the other. Pennywise dancing her around like he was Fred Astaire and she was Ginger Rogers as 'Cheek to cheek' played from some unseen record player wouldn't have been her first guess, but that's exactly what happened.

Afterwards, Pennywise wanted to show off his collection of circus and clown memorabilia. After watching Pennywise play with an old Jack-in-the-box, something caught Sammy's attention: A water stained little paper boat. Smudged but still legible, she saw SS Georgie written in black marker on the side of the boat. Bending, Sammy picked up the SS Georgie.

The moment she had the boat in hand, Sammy went rigid with a ragged gasp, felt as if a current of electricity was flowing through her.

Shit.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry y'all, I couldn't resist one last Sammy thinking "shit!" Cliffhanger. Check back Tuesday for the last chapter, though I may have it up sooner. Can't make any promises though!
Memories that belonged to someone else drifted through Sammy's mind like a movie playing inside her head. She saw a little boy in a yellow raincoat running through a downpour as he chased the boat his brother Billy made for him, crying out in dismay as it washed down a storm drain. She saw as the child met Pennywise, the little boy wary but curious of the clown.

Georgie, the boy's name was Georgie.

Georgie wanted to leave, Pennywise's attempts at charm short-lived when frustration and ire seeped through his guise, frightening the little boy. Pennywise had the boat, used Georgie's fear of disappointing Billy to keep the child from leaving. Pennywise offered the folded paper creation to the worried child, but kept it just out of reach. Georgie stretched a hand into the sewers, trying to retrieve his treasured little toy.

There came a flash of teeth, then ripping flesh and gushing blood. Screaming, the little boy tried to escape, his pain and fear so immense that he couldn't comprehend what was happening, only that he had to get away. Terrified, Georgie screamed for his brother Billy as he was dragged down into the sewers.

With a horrified scream, Sammy hurled the boat away. She stumbled back a few feet and went down, her legs like jelly. She was in a horror over what she had seen, sweat beading on her forehead and breath ripping from her chest in sharp pants. That poor little boy, she couldn't get his screams out of her head, the way he had called for his brother in his last moments.

Pennywise was watching her, the animated being oddly still. He seemed confused and irked by her distress, head cocked to one side and ochre eyes narrowed. He looked to the boat then back to Sammy, puffing out a frustrated sound through his nose. "Horror, little morsel? You know what I do, what I am. Don't act so shocked and shaken when you see it." He hissed at her.

"He was just a baby. He didn't do anything wrong and you-"

"Devoured him. Yes, oh yes I did! I consumed him and enjoyed it immensely!! Savored his fear and his flesh. So tasty he was, his cries music to my ears! I told you I was made for consumption. For distruction!" He reminded her. "Oh you can handle knowing, but actually seeing? Oh no! No no no, everything falls apart then! What care you for the brats I eat? You don't know them, pay them no mind."

"Hard when your damn mementos show me what the fuck happened! You don't need to eat kids!! Why don't you go out and eat the fucking trash of humanity?!" Sammy spat. "Do something fucking useful instead of horrendous!!"
"Don't want to. I don't care if you think children should be spared such horrors. I am a predator, and they are prey. Merely a food source, my favorite food. You know this. Put it from your mind if it unnerved you so." He prowled closer to try and touch her cheek, but Sammy smacked his hand away and recoiled back a few feet.

Pennywise actually looked bothered by her disgust. Good! Fucking good, he should be! For the span of a heartbeat he looked distraught, then disgust and anger twisted his features as he whirled away with a snarl. He stalked to his tower, muttering to himself the whole way. "Soft, soft soft soft! toooooooo soft. Weeeek."

Violently he yanked something from his junk tower: A baseball bat. For a moment Sammy thought he was going to attack her and let her claws slip out in preparation as Pennywise stalked towards her. Shit, she really didn't feel like fighting for once. She wanted him to get it through his head that he was making very shitty life choices.

Pennywise surprised her, stopping a few feet away to crouch down and roll the bat to her. "Take it...There's more to the story, perhaps knowing it all will soothe your ruffled feathers." He hissed.

The moment she wrapped her fingers around the bat, Sammy's mind again filled with memories not her own. Memories of this very chamber, of seven children fighting for their lives.

Welcome to the losers club, asshole. He thrusts his fists against the posts, and still insists he sees the ghosts.

Defeat.

Fear. Pennywise falling into darkness, his guise crumbling and floating to pieces.

Sammy saw big brother Billy clutching Georgie's raincoat as he cried plaintively, his friends all gathered around to comfort him.

"Was that the first time you've ever felt fear?" Sammy asked after a long silence, her voice barely above a whisper as she dropped the bat and looked to Pennywise.

The eldritch beast snarled, looking away. For a long time silence stretched between them, so much that Sammy didn't think he was going to answer her but then slowly Pennywise nodded his head. "The brats got lucky," he hissed out through clenched teeth, voice barely above a whisper before it suddenly rose in volume, "Mistakes were made, but never again. Oh no no no, not ever again! If they ever return, I will win. I will hear their screams before I consume every last shred so nothing of them may return to the weeds!" He grit out, staring out at nothing with an insurmountable rage burning in his eyes, hands and arms shaking.

"They'll be back. You're awake again, they're going to find out and come back." Sammy warned as she rose to her feet. She felt so fucking conflicted. Horrified by his actions yet wanting to comfort him. She was distraught by the memories she had seen. His hurt had been hard to see, but those kids...The losers club, they deserved their victory. Won one battle, but the war was still raging and they didn't even know it.

You could tell them, Sammy's mind hissed. She could track them down and tell them all, but no...This wasn't her fight to start again, she didn't want to. She wouldn't stop it, either.

Pennywise spun to face her once more. "Good! Goooooood, I want them to return! Yes! Want to see them again, must see them again! Finish what I started." He rattled out through a deranged grin.

"Or they'll finish what they started." Sammy pointed out grimly.
Pennywise lurched forward, catching her by the upper arms. "They won't! Little beastie has so little
faith in me?? Or maybe you wish they would. Yesssss! That's it, isn't it? Cannot stomach what I am
now that you've seen what I do." His claws pierced her skin, spittle flying from his mouth.

"I don't want them to hurt you, but I wouldn't stop them. What you do is wrong Pen, so fucking
wrong! It's terrible, and it comes with risks, risks you gotta deal with or fucking reevaluate your way
of life!" Sammy snarled as she smacked his hands from her and pushed him away, floating up out of
his reach.

Pennywise could have followed, but he remained on the ground, pacing and huffing like a caged
beast. "Risks? Risks?!!? Don't make me laugh! There are no fucking risks! They got lucky, a fluke
that will never happen again. You think I cannot handle them?!!" The laughter that spilled from deep
in his throat was course and unhinged, rage filled and humorless.

"I think when you terrorize humans, eventually they're going to terrorize back. When you do
horrendous things, someone's going to shut that shit down!" She yelled down at him. This was a
conversation she would have had with Tallulah and Ciro if their human eating went beyond the
wicked cretins of the world. "You should have gotten the hell out of Derry when you woke up and
made some changes, but you're just back on the same shit!"

The creature prowling below clawed at his ears, shaking his head violently. "Derry is mine! My
town, I will not leave! I have nothing to fear, you're foolish to suggest otherwise!"

"Stop being so fucking stubborn! You underestimated them once and you could again if they ever
came back. You're giving them a reason to come back! Just...Think about changing how you do
things. Stop hunting children! Hunt the bad people, maybe leave Derry and come stay with me.
Don't hunt near your home! Look I doubt they could actually kill you, but do you really want them
to force you into hibernation again?" Sammy asked him.

Pennywise stopped his pacing to glare up at her. "So sweet, sooooo concerned. Such a kind offer.
Don't hold your breath." He sneered. "Soft. You are soft, Samantha. Outside, inside. Everywhere." He
snorted in disdain, looking away from her.

"Only compared to you. There's a lot I can take, but I'm never going to be okay with you eating
kids." Sammy sighed, floating back down.

"Then we don't talk about it." Pennywise told her. "I speak not a word of it, you do not ask me. You
want to make me soft like you, but I cannot be. I'm all sharp edges. Hunger, teeth and claws." He
glowered.

"I think there's a lot of things you're capable of feeling, you just haven't yet." Sammy countered. "I'm
proof of that."

Pennywise bared his teeth at her. "And I hate it! I should have left well enough alone! Should have
left you undisturbed in the pipe."

"But you didn't! Now here we are, pissa as hell over the situation, but neither of us can let go."
Sammy snapped back.

"No...Must see this through to whatever conclusion it may have." Pennywise muttered, his
expression surly. "You need to be careful of what you touch in my home. Things hold
memories...Fae can see those memories, and as you've proven to have that talent...These are
memories you won't want to see."
"I'm not going to come back here," Sammy shook her head as she landed silently upon her feet. "I can feel it now, all the horrible things that happened here. Like a ringing in my ears, bad taste in my mouth." She saw Pennywise's face contort to extreme rage so she tried to do damage control. "I didn't mean I'm ending things! I just meant you'll have to come to me."

"And what if I don't?" He demanded.

"Then it's been a wild ride. I don't want it to be over yet though, do you? I want to try for...Ah I don't know, friendship." Sammy ventured.

Pennywise didn't look too thrilled over the notion. "I've never had a friend."

Sammy sighed, stepping closer to curl her hand around the back of his neck. He let her, allowed her to pull him down for a kiss. She was still appalled at what she had seen him do, but it was an undercurrent now, pushed to the back of her mind. Stronger was the ever present need to be near him, fucked up as it was. "Never fucked a half fae before either, but here we are." She murmured against his lips before she released him and stepped back. "Just think about it. I need to get going, go hunt and...Process things."

"We could hunt. How do you know you don't like human unless you try it?" Pennywise folded his arms, looking like a tower of petulance.

"Some things you just know. Why don't you come with me, keep me company?" She offered.

Pennywise curled his lip in disdain as he shook his head, bells jingling away.

"Hard pass, huh?" Sammy managed a small smile. "I'm busy tomorrow, but same time day after?" She ventured.

"Busy doing what? Make time!" Pennywise huffed.

"No! Lady's night!" Sammy shot back. "It's sacred."

Pennywise rattled out a guttural groan, pulling her close. "Very well, vexing thing. Day after tomorrow, same time."

"Remember there's a time difference." Sammy reminded him.

"I wasn't born yesterday, little morsel. I remember." He drawled back.

"Well you never leave your damn town so had to be sure." Sammy shot back, kissing him once more. "See you soon."

Waving as she sucked her bottom lip gingerly, Sammy made her way back home. As she looked up to the moon, still visible in the morning sky, she sang softly to herself. "I'll be looking at the moon, but I'll be seeing you."
And thus concludes this tale! I will be writing a sequel, but that's some ways in the future. Before that I'll be posting some oneshots with these two, prompts and stuff. Thanks so much for reading!

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