

Regret clings to me like damp rot, a weight I can't shake. Every day, it's the same: I stumble through my apartment, dodging memories of what I did—something ugly, something that broke someone I loved, or maybe just broke me. The details are a blur I don't dare touch, not yet. My life's a gray smear, and tonight, it's no different. Or so I thought. I'm pacing my cluttered living room, but I notice something strange: there's a door where my bookshelf should be—a gnarled, red-painted slab that pulses like a heartbeat. No door belongs here. Never has. Its brass knob winks at me, daring me to turn it.

I step closer, my pulse hammering. The air hums, heavy with static and a cloying sweetness, like candy left to rot. I crack the door open, just a sliver, and the world lurches. A force sucks me in, tumbling me through a void that reeks of sulfur and something... muskier. My scream drowns in a howl of wind.

I hit the ground, sprawled on damp, moss-covered earth, the air thick with the scent of pine and rotting leaves. Twisted trees loom around me, their gnarled branches clawing at a sky swallowed by inky blackness, punctuated by the distant cackle of unseen crows.

I don't know how long I lay there—minutes, hours, maybe even days. My butt aches from the fall, but that's not what unsettles me. It's the scent in the air. Like burnt sugar and something feral. Like a carnival gone to rot.

I push myself up on trembling arms. The world tilts and snaps into focus.

Then, suddenly, the night erupts.

*Boom.*

I flinch and glance up.

Fireworks bloom in the sky above me—reds, blues, golds, even pale pink. They burst in perfect arcs, trailing sparks that drift down like falling stars. They're too

clean, too cheerful for a place like this. But they keep coming, each one more brilliant than the last, casting the twisted landscape in fleeting colors.

The dark forest softens under the glow. The night sky becomes a canvas. For a moment, it almost looks beautiful. Almost. Thanks to the fireworks lighting up the forest, I am able to walk in one direction, hoping to make it out of this creepy forest. Luckily, it didn't take too long to arrive at a path lined with glowing pumpkins, their carved grins leering.

A sudden giggle snaps me back to reality.

"Welcome, welcome, fresh face!" trills a voice, bright and bubbly like a theme park announcer on a sugar high.

I flinch and scramble halfway to my feet and spin toward the voice. She's already close—too close. She struts like a runway model, hips swaying, her grin wide and mischievous, as if she's about to unveil the ride of a lifetime. Tall black boots click against the path, her striped stockings—black and white—clinging to thick thighs framed by red garters that bite into her flesh. Her ruffled top barely contains her bouncing cleavage, the fabric straining against her corset, a weapon of mass distraction that draws my eyes. Her face is doll-like, painted with a classic clown look—white base, blushing cheeks, a heart delicately brushed under one eye in a playful tease. "Looks like you wandered into my neck of the woods!" she chirps, twirling a lollipop with a wink. "I'm Candy, your VIP guide. Ready for the Midnight Carnival's wildest attractions?"

I blink. "The what?"

"Mid-night Car-ni-val~!" Candy trills, throwing her arms wide like she's unveiling the star attraction of a theme park. Her voice dances with exaggerated cheer, a hostess hyping the crowd. "Where the fun never stops, the nights stretch on forever, and your soul is probably forfeit—tee-hee!" She winks, her tone light but laced with a playful tease, as if she's in on a secret.

“...What?” I mumble, my head spinning from the fireworks still bursting overhead.

She giggles, a bright, bubbly sound, and presses a folded paper into my hand.

“Ta-da! Your complimentary map, thrill-seeker! Explore, enjoy, and maybe catch a ride back home—though, no pressure either way, the show’s always on!” The paper’s warm, slightly damp, like it’s been tucked against her skin, and I unfold it to see a loopy carnival font marking spots like “Game Show,” “Arcade,” and “Clown Girl Bar.” At the center, circled in red glitter pen, is “The Big Top—Home of Binky the Clown.” My chest tightens.

Before I can ask, she gestures grandly toward a massive blow-up castle rising from the path ahead. Its blue and orange turrets twist like candy canes, adorned with fluttering flags, and a giant jack-o'-lantern face grins at the entrance, its carved eyes glowing with an eerie life. A long red carpet unfurls from the maw like a serpent’s tongue, leading into the neon-lit heart of the Midnight Carnival. “That’s your gateway, cutie!” Candy chirps, twirling her lollipop. “Binky’s grand palace of fun!”

Something tightens in my chest. “Who’s... Binky?”

“Oh, you’ll find out soon enough,” the girl says, licking her lollipop in an almost flirtatious way. “*You’ll see*. She’s been *dying* to meet you.”

My stomach twists. “No, thanks... I’d rather go home.”

Candy leans in, her spun sugar and musk scent overwhelming, and wags a finger like a playful park guide scolding a rule-breaker. “No-no, no refunds, no exits! You opened the door, and now you’re VIP—front-row seat to the spookiest, sexiest show around!” She beams, stepping back with a twirl.

I mutter, “I’m leaving,” and bolt, sneakers pounding the mossy path lined with glowing pumpkins. My lungs burn as I weave past twisted trees and a silent

carousel, the air thick with damp earth and sweet rot. I run in panic, this whole situation just doesn't seem to make any sense to me. Minutes blur, my legs scream until I skid to a stop, only to find that the blow-up castle looms again, its jack-o'-lantern face smirking, the red carpet mocking my effort.

Candy's perched on a fancy fountain. Her legs dangle, crossed playfully, the lollipop twirling between her fingers. "Ooh, back so soon, thrill-seeker?" she coos, hopping down with a bounce. Her tall black boots click as she speaks: "This dimension's a loop-de-loop—no outs, just ins! You're in Binky's playground now!"

"But... I can't stay here," I stammer, backing up.

"Aw, don't be shy!" she trills, closing the gap with a sway. Her stockings brush my leg, her scent—spun sugar and musk—clouding my head. "You're our VIP guest! So let's kick off with a little complimentary fun before the main event!" She winks, stepping closer, her voice dropping to a flirty whisper. "Wanna enjoy our VIP perk—some pre-show excitement, just for you?" Candy teases, her voice a lilting promise as she leans in, her cleavage brushing my chest, soft and warm through my shirt. The contact sends a jolt through me, her ruffled top straining against her curves, the corset accentuating every bounce. She smells like spun sugar and musk, a scent that clings to my senses, and her lollipop twirls between her fingers like a hypnotic lure. "Every VIP deserves a little warm-up before the main event!" she chirps, her heart-painted cheek glowing under the castle's neon light, her eyes glinting with mischief.

I hesitate, my heart pounding against my ribs. I said I wanted to leave, but part of me wants to escape... escape from the regret gnawing at me. My regrets claw at my mind, but this place... it's twisting me. My skin burns, a feverish heat spreading from where her body grazes mine, and my cock stirs, a traitor waking to her scent, her closeness. Buried desires—filthy, shameful—surge like they've been unlocked, amplified by this cursed dimension. I clench my fists, fighting it, but the image of her garters biting her thighs, the way her stockings hug her legs, it's all I can see.

Candy notices, her grin widening as she steps closer, invading my space with a hostess's confidence. "Ooh, someone's ready for the VIP treatment!" she coos, her tone bright yet dripping with intent. Her soft hand hovers near my jeans, then slides over the fabric, cupping my crotch with precision that feels rehearsed, like she's welcoming me to a ride I can't refuse. Her touch is electric, stroking gently, and I'm hard instantly—painfully so—my erection straining against the denim, as if this place has cranked my lust to a fever pitch. My breath hitches, a groan escaping despite myself. It's wrong—my shame roars, but the heat flooding me drowns it out. I want to pull away, to run again, but my body leans into her, craving more, and I hate how weak I feel.

I nod, a weak jerk of my head, my resolve crumbling under the heat of her gaze, and Candy giggles, her voice a bright, gleeful chime that dances with hostess flair. "Good boy, our VIP guest deserves the best!" she trills, her fingers dancing to my jeans with a playful flick. She unzips me slowly, the sound a tease in itself, her gloved hand brushing my skin before wrapping around my cock. Her touch is warm, firm, the fabric of her glove smooth yet textured, sending a shiver up my spine. She starts slow, her grip a gentle torment, stroking with a rhythm that mimics a carnival ride's rise and fall, her thumb tracing the vein along my length with maddening precision.

Her ruffled top slips as she leans in, revealing a nipple—pink, hard, and begging for attention—bouncing slightly with her movements. She discards her lollipop with a dramatic toss, her lips brushing my ear, hot and soft. "This place makes you want, doesn't it?" she murmurs, her breath tickling, her tongue flicking the lobe just enough to make me gasp. Her hand speeds up, then slows, a deliberate tease, her fingers tightening around my shaft, slick with precum as she circles my tip. The sensation is electric, a pulse that spreads through me, and I groan, my hips bucking involuntarily, chasing her touch.

The world narrows—her scent, spun sugar and musk, fills my lungs; her cleavage presses against my chest, soft and warm; the blow-up castle's jack-o'-lantern face

leers from the corner of my vision, its red carpet pulsing like a heartbeat. My mind reels, regret clawing at me—the betrayal that shattered a trust I can't reclaim—but it's drowning in this haze of need. I fight it, clenching my fists, telling myself to pull away, but my body betrays me, leaning into her, craving more. Candy senses it, her giggle turning husky. "Ooh, look at you, VIP—getting the full experience!" she coos, her strokes growing bolder, her glove sliding from base to tip with a twist that makes my vision blur.

She leans closer, her nipple grazing my arm, her free hand sliding up my chest, nails scraping lightly. The pleasure builds, a tight coil in my gut, each stroke pushing me higher, my cock throbbing in her grip. I'm panting now, my hips rocking, the shame fading under waves of heat. It takes minutes—agonizing, exquisite minutes—before I can't hold back. I cum hard, a guttural cry tearing from me, my release splattering her glove in thick spurts, my body shuddering with the force. But it's not over—my cock stays rigid, pulsing, as if this cursed place refuses to let me soften, the pleasure lingering like a trap.

Candy pulls back, licking her glove clean with a slow, deliberate swipe, her eyes locked on mine. "Mmm, tasty," she says, her voice a sultry taunt. She sways, boobs bouncing: "Wanna go further, lover boy?" She straddles me, her shorts riding up, revealing the curve of her ass. I'm lost, my hands gripping her hips as she grinds against me, her heat searing through the thin fabric. "Fuck it," I gasp, and she laughs, guiding my cock to her slick entrance. She's tight, wet, and impossibly warm, riding me with a rhythm that's pure sin. Her moans mix with giggles, her nails digging into my shoulders as we move.

She's tight, wet, and impossibly warm, riding me with a rhythm that's pure sin. Her moans mix with giggles, her nails digging into my shoulders as we move. Candy's thighs, thick and soft, clamp around me, her striped stockings rub against my skin with every thrust. Her ruffled top has slipped, breasts free, her nipples pink and hard, bouncing as she grinds down, her doll-like face flushed, the heart painted under her

eye smudged with sweat. Her lips, glossy and parted, let out breathy gasps, each one a taunt, a dare, her eyes glinting with something feral.

This place—it's doing something to me. My cock throbs inside her, every nerve screaming, pleasure amplified like I'm plugged into the carnival's neon heart. My hands grip her ass, fingers sinking into the plush curve barely covered by her tiny shorts, now pushed aside, slick with her arousal. She's so wet it's obscene, her juices coating me, dripping down my thighs as she rocks faster, her walls clenching tight, milking me with every roll of her hips. "Fuck, you're good," I groan, my voice raw, and she laughs, a high-pitched giggle that cuts through the haze. Her nails rake my chest, leaving red trails, and she leans forward, her tongue flicking my earlobe, then sucking it, her breath hot and sweet like melted sugar.

"Like that, lover boy?" she purrs, slowing her pace to a torturous grind, circling her hips so my cock hits every spot inside her. I'm drowning in it—her heat, her scent, the way her cleavage presses against my chest, the ruffled top scratching my skin. My head spins, regret buried under a tidal wave of need. The face of someone I betrayed—nearly gone, burned away by this dimension's curse. I thrust up, desperate, matching her pace, my cock slamming into her, each impact sending a jolt through me, pleasure so intense it's almost pain. Her moans turn sharp, her giggles frantic, and she clenches harder, her body trembling as she rides the edge.

I can't hold back. The pressure builds, a white-hot surge, and I cum with a guttural cry, my release flooding her, hot and thick, my hips jerking as I empty myself. Candy keeps moving, her tight, wet heat pulsing around me, drawing out every shudder, her walls milking me with a rhythm that's pure torment. My body trembles, the pleasure crashing through me, and yet my cock stays hard, rigid and aching, as if this encounter has awakened something I can't shake. I gasp, still catching my breath, and Candy pulls back with a playful giggle, her lollipop reappearing as she twirls it between her fingers. Her ruffled top remains slipped, her bare breast

glistening with sweat, and she adjusts her shorts with a wink, her heart-painted cheek glowing under the castle's neon light.

"Whew, you sure know how to kick off the fun!" she chirps, hopping to her feet with a bounce. Before I can fully pull my pants back on, she says energetically: "But no lounging around—only way out is through the carnival, and that starts right here!" She grabs my hand, her touch warm and firm, and tugs me toward the blow-up castle's gaping maw. The red carpet feels soft under my unsteady feet as we step inside, the interior impossibly vast, its blue and orange turrets stretching upward like a cartoonish cathedral. The air hums with a festive buzz, and Candy gestures around. "This doubles as our resting area—take a breather, freshen up! Public restrooms are over there," she adds with a nod toward a row of brightly painted stalls, their doors adorned with grinning pumpkin faces.

I stumble along, my mind reeling from the encounter. Candy leads me deeper, the castle's walls giving way to a sprawling carnival beyond. Circus tents rise in a riot of red, black, and gold, their flaps fluttering, filled with the distant laughter of unseen revelers. The air thickens with spun sugar and musk, and before I can process it, a spotlight blazes, illuminating the path.

"Wowie, looks like she's here!" Candy suddenly announces.

"Huh?"

Candy doesn't answer, she just claps while stepping aside with a flourish. From the largest tent emerges a beautiful clown girl, a vision that stops me cold. Her lavender hair cascades past her waist, shimmering under moonlight, her green eyes glowing with chaotic charm. A jester's hat—half orange, half purple—jingles with star-tipped bells, a jack-o'-lantern charm swinging ominously. Her dark violet top, with a heart-shaped cutout, clings to her curves, tiny shorts paired with a spooky orange bowtie and a pumpkin brooch. Mismatched thigh-high stockings—vivid orange and deep purple—sport red bows and grinning pumpkins, her white gloves exaggerating

her circus temptress pose. “Welcome... to the Midnight Carnival!” she booms, winking at the air like she’s breaking the fourth wall: “I am everyone’s favorite clown girl, Binky!”

Candy giggles, giving me a pat on the back. “Enjoy the main event! I’ll be back at my post if you need me!” She saunters off toward the ticket booth, her giggle fading into the hum of the carnival. I’m left standing under the spotlight, my breath still uneven from the encounter. The circus tents around me—red, black, and gold—flutter like living things, their neon signs casting a kaleidoscope of light across the damp ground. Then Binky steps forward, and the air shifts.

“Step right up, Evan!” Binky the Clown calls, her voice a melodic chime that slices through the tented chaos, brimming with playful authority. “Wait—how do you know my name?” I ask, my voice shaky, suspicion creeping in. How could she know? Come to think of it, I never even told Candy my name, even if I did, there wasn’t any time for them to exchange information.

Binky’s grin widens, her eyes glinting with a dark humor. “Oh, I peeked at your soul on the way in—fresh meat always gets a special tag!”

“!!!” I freeze up a bit, I have no idea how to respond to that.

“Kidding, kidding!” she says, waving a hand dismissively, her laugh tinged with something sinister. “I know every guest who stumbles into my carnival, Evan. It’s my little party trick!” She winks at the air, as if addressing an invisible audience, her fourth-wall break adding to her chaotic charm.

She strides forward, her presence a radiant storm—she’s a vision of wild beauty, her every move a hypnotic sway that locks my gaze, leaving me breathless and disoriented amid the tent’s glow. Then, she extends a white-gloved hand with a big smile, greeting me.

I reach out, still reeling, and Binky grasps my hand with a big, theatrical shake. A loud, absurd farting sound erupts from her glove, and she bursts into laughter—a wild, cackling roar that bounces off the tent walls. “Haha! Got you, Evan! That was my oldest prank, yet you still fell for it, LOL!” she chokes out, doubling over, her jester’s hat jingling with every giggle. Her green eyes gleam with mischievous delight, and I feel my face flush, embarrassment burning my cheeks. I’ve been pranked, and she knows it, her joy is infectious... yet a bit humiliating.

“Aw, look at you, all red!” she teases, straightening up with a grin, her voice dripping with mock sympathy. “First-timer jitters, huh? Don’t worry, cutie—I’ve got something that’ll make ya feel better!” She opens her arms wide, offering a hug.. My eyes subconsciously lock onto her chest, those big, inviting breasts barely contained, and I gulp, my throat dry, my reasoning fades under a surge of awkward desire. I lean in, my face inches from her soft flesh, heart pounding, when a sudden splat hits me. A flower pinned to her chest squirts a jet of cold water, soaking my shirt and snapping me back.

Binky howls with laughter, clapping her hands. “Ah ha! You fell for another one! That’s a relatively new trick of mine, gotta love a good splash!” she cackles, wiping a tear. “Someone who takes jokes as well as Daniel are hard to come by, ya know.” She winks at the air, her fourth-wall break lingering, but offers no clue about this “Daniel,” leaving me curious and off-balance. Her beauty—wild, dazzling—shines through her pranks, her every move a chaotic dance that keeps me hooked, even as I stand there, face dripping and flustered.

Before I can say anything, Binky suddenly loops her arm through mine, her glove silky smooth, and tugs me forward with a skip in her step. “C’mon, Evan, let’s dive into the fun!” she chirps, her voice a melodic tease.

[Chapter 1 END, to be continued...]