

ROTTENHEARTS

Mr Niceguy

First published by Rottenhearts Publishing 2026

Copyright © 2026 by Rottenhearts

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, scanning, or otherwise without written permission from the publisher. It is illegal to copy this book, post it to a website, or distribute it by any other means without permission.

Rottenhearts asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.

FOR MATURE AUDIENCES ONLY

First edition

This book was professionally typeset on Reedsy.

Find out more at reedsy.com

*This books is dedicated to The Rottenheart Girlies, for entering the
forbidden. For taking my hand and following me into my Dark
Twisted Fantasies.*

Contents

<i>Preface</i>	ii
<i>Trigger list</i>	viii
1 The Struggle	1
2 The Funeral	5
3 The Golden Key	10
4 The Homecoming	19
5 The Closet	26
6 The Deal	33
7 The Watcher	42
8 The Next Day	49
9 The Ultimatum	55
10 The Show	59
11 The Headliner	67
12 The Dollface	73
13 The Big Stage	79
14 The Dressing Room	85
15 The Fan	89
16 The Black Bird and the Mistress	96
17 The Final Test	102
<i>The Black Book Chapters</i>	107
<i>Evandra Lost Chapter</i>	109
<i>The Birth of Mr. Niceguy</i>	114
<i>EXTENDED ENDING</i>	120
<i>WANT MORE ?</i>	124

Preface

December 24

The night that changed my life forever.

As a boy, Christmas was a time of passion. Family.

My mother would cook, making sure every inch of the dinner room table was perfect. I'd help her glaze the ham, dice the pineapples. We never had much family. I was an only child.

The night came.

The snow reigned with fury. Roads blurred into white. The wind screamed against the windows like it wanted inside.

My mother... waiting. Quiet. A wineglass in her hand.

My father... nowhere to be found.

The ham laid there.

Cold.

As silence blessed the table.

I ate quietly. Reading my mother's thoughts without her saying a word.

My knife sliced against the plate—sharp, scraping—while she stared down at hers like it might answer something.

Steam rose between us. Slow. Ghost-like.

Her cheekbones clenched. A flame snapped from her match. She lit a cigarette, exhaling smoke—or her problems—into the warm air.

A smile hung from her face.
Fake.
Her eyes gloomed into mine.
She took my hand. Warm. Soft. Shaking just enough for me
to feel it.
She pulled the cookies from the oven. Poured a glass of milk.
Then told me—
“Santa will be here tonight. I’m sure he’ll love the chocolate
chips.”
I smiled.
She kissed my forehead.
Warm. Nurturing.
And sent me to sleep.

The door flung open.
Hard.
Knocking toys from the shelf.
My mother crying from downstairs.
My father.
A cookie in one hand. A glass of milk in the other.
I jumped to my feet.
He stumbled.
Reeking of vodka.
Eyes bloodshot. Yellowed.
Pupils darker than usual—like something behind them was
watching me instead.
My heart pulsed.
Blood turned ice cold.
“Santa Claus isn’t real, you fucking moron.”
Crumbs spit from his mouth. Eyes bulging.
He grabbed my arm.

Tight.

Hard.

Too hard.

His fingers dug into my skin like he wanted to leave something there.

And then—

He threw me in the closet.

The lock shifted.

I banged.

Cried.

Yelled.

Nothing.

My voice came back to me... smaller each time.

Hoping a neighbor heard.

Hoping anyone heard.

But nothing.

Just darkness in every corner.

Eating me alive.

The air turned thick. Wet. Hard to breathe.

Coats brushed against my face when I moved—soft at first... then suffocating.

My fingers scratched the wood.

Splinters drove under my nails.

I tried to scream again—

But it came out quieter.

Like the closet was learning my voice.

My chest tightened.

Breath shortening.

In...

Not enough.

Out...
Still not enough.
My heartbeat got louder.
Too loud.
Like someone knocking from the inside.
Or something answering back.
The more I cried...
The more my eyes closed.

Dec 25

The next morning—
The closet door was open.
Not broken.
Not forced.
Just...
Open.
Wasn't locked.
As if I made it up.

I crept downstairs. Slow.
The wooden steps cracked like bones beneath my feet.
Every step louder than the last.
My mother...
Hadn't slept.
Bags hanging from her eyes.
My father—
Smiling.
Reading the newspaper.
My heart sank.

And in a voice that felt... wrong—
Too calm.
Too clean.
He announced:
“Santa must’ve came last night... Merry Christmas, son.”
Pointing at the tree.
Time slowed.
The room felt like the walls were folding inward.
Like the house remembered something I didn’t.

I opened presents.
And he watched.
Reading his newspaper like I was insane.
Like it never happened.
Like I never screamed.

My mother held me.
Tight.
Crying like she finally had permission to.
Her tears soaked into my shirt.
Warm.
Real.
Unlike everything else in that house.

That was the moment something changed.
I watched him become someone I no longer loved.
No longer respected.
No longer saw as a hero.

But that same night—
He received a gift.

Wrapped in newspaper.
A wooden box.
Rough.
Splintered.
Nails digging out from the sides like it didn't want to stay
closed.
He didn't open it in front of us.
He just stared at it.
Too long.
Like it was staring back.

He left that night.
Him...
And the box.

That was the night everything started.
That was the night my father became someone else.

That was the night—
He became Adam the Ventriloquist.
And Mr. Niceguy.

Trigger list

EXTENDED CONTENT ADVISORY

MR. NICEGUY contains mature, graphic, disturbing, and potentially triggering material including:

1. Psychological Horror
2. Supernatural Horror
3. Occult Themes
4. Cult Activity
5. Religious Corruption
6. Demonic Imagery
7. Possession
8. Spiritual Manipulation
9. Family Trauma
10. Childhood Trauma
11. Emotional Abuse
12. Verbal Abuse
13. Domestic Conflict
14. Toxic Relationships
15. Infidelity
16. Betrayal
17. Gaslighting
18. Obsession
19. Addiction
20. Alcoholism

21. Grief
22. Loss of Loved Ones
23. Death
24. Murder
25. Serial Violence
26. Graphic Violence
27. Gore
28. Body Horror
29. Mutilation
30. Blood
31. Corpse Imagery
32. Human Decomposition
33. Disturbing Transformations
34. Undead Imagery
35. Claustrophobia
36. Confinement
37. Imprisonment Themes
38. Childhood Fears
39. Nightmares
40. Hallucinations
41. Delusions
42. Anxiety
43. Panic Responses
44. Mental Deterioration
45. Paranoia
46. Stalking Themes
47. Voyeurism
48. Sexual Content
49. Explicit Sexual Situations
50. Sexual Obsession
51. Fetish Themes

52. Power Imbalances
53. Sexual Manipulation
54. Degradation Themes
55. Sexual Coercion References
56. Disturbing Sexual Imagery
57. Adult Language
58. Crude Humor
59. Dark Comedy
60. Suicide References
61. Self-Destructive Behavior
62. Disease References
63. Terminal Illness References
64. Bodily Fluids
65. Vomit Imagery
66. Graphic Injury
67. Fear of Losing Control
68. Reality Distortion
69. Existential Dread
70. Unsettling and Disturbing Themes Throughout

This novel is intended for mature readers only. Reader discretion is strongly advised.

The Struggle

The night finally passed.

But I never slept.

The sun peeked through the curtains—thin and weak against the walls. The air still smelled of sex. White sheets twisted around her thigh, damp and clinging.

Naked.

Feral.

Still in heat.

I watched her like I was infatuated.

And I was.

The love I had for her was unexplainable.

A crow cawed outside—then collided against the window with a sharp crack.

She jolted awake, startled.

“What are you still doing up, Adamier?”

She squinted toward the window, then back at me.

“I hope you’re not worried about that old creep. We’ll pay him his rent, babe.”

She folded her hands between her thighs, sinking perfectly

into the mattress. My eyes moved to hers—beautiful eyes—then to her smile stretching across her face.

My heart calmed.

“You think too much, babe. Everything will be alright. I’ll pick up more hours in the meantime.” She paused, brushing hair from her face. “You just keep working on your next amazing fucking book. I love you, and you know I’ll do anything I have to for us... and I know you will too.”

Her words soothed me.

Tamed my thoughts—for the moment.

I slid my hands slowly behind her thighs.

“Get your beauty rest,” I whispered. “I’ll never let anything happen to you, Evandra.”

Her breathing softened again.

Sleep reclaimed her.

15 voicemails.

27 texts.

35 missed calls.

All from my landlord.

My heart dropped into my gut as I scrolled.

The one person I shouldn’t be avoiding.

The phone glowed.

Then vibrated in my hands.

Another call.

Not him.

Frank.

“Adamier White,” he barked. “Tell me what’s going on, man. You know, as your agent, you can give me a fucking call once in a while.”

He didn’t wait.

“How’s the new book? Something... anything... tell me fucking something.”

My voice cleared. My chest deflated.

Bills piled like bodies on the counter. Scattered. Towering. Pots stuffed in the sink. Mop water sour with mildew. Coffee brewed louder than it should have—bubbling like it had something to say.

“Frank... not yet. But I’m going to have something. Just need to not overthink it and let it come. This book needs to come.”

He exhaled heavily.

“Adamier... do whatever you have to. Keep me posted. Just know sales are dropping. And when they drop... your agent won’t be there to save your ass.”

Silence.

“I put my neck on the line for you.”

Click.

The call ended before the words could escape my throat.

I stared at the phone.

His words bounced off the walls of my skull.

Was it depression...

Or failure?

I looked at the screen like it didn’t belong to me. Like it had been misplaced into the wrong life.

Waiting for my fingers to move.

To type.

To create.

But nothing came.

Just memories.

I closed the laptop slowly—like I didn’t want it looking at me anymore.

Like it pitied me.

My pocket vibrated again.

Mother.

I answered.

Three words.

"Your father passed."

I dropped the phone.

The words sank into me like an anchor.

Heavy.

Cold.

Final.

And for the first time that morning—

I couldn't breathe.

The Funeral

The rain fell like tears from the heavens.

Clouds coiled charcoal above us while eulogies were spoken into the wind. The air reeked of damp soil, wilted flowers, and misfortune.

Love was buried with my father.

Then I saw the black bird.

Perched on a tombstone.

Watching.

Its coat of feathers gleamed blue beneath the gray sky. Fury nested deep inside my chest as the preacher sealed my father's fate with hollow prayers.

All I could hear—

"You mistake..."

His cognac-infested words.

Still slicing me.

Still.

Still... to this very day.

The day I watched his casket disappear into the dirt...

I didn't cry.

A slit of a smile cracked across my cheeks.

Nothing made sense. The world felt frozen while my relatives grieved around me like ghosts clinging to memories I never wanted.

I looked up.

Hollow inside my chest.

The crow was gone.

I licked my chapped lips slowly, trying to kill my father's voice echoing inside my skull.

The door slamming when he got home from work.

His footsteps...

Godlike thunder chanting up the wooden stairs.

The closet.

Always the closet.

Wind whipped behind my ears. The hairs along my neck stiffened as sobbing swallowed the silence around me.

My mother carried it differently.

Buried it deep.

So deep that pretending became survival.

She cried as if she forgot what kind of man he truly was. But maybe life was easier that way—rewriting the past until it felt softer than truth.

I knew her words before she spoke them.

"Your father wasn't the best man... but show some respect. He was your father."

Black tears smeared beneath her eyelids as she wiped her face with trembling fingers.

I cringed.

Cleared my throat.

THE FUNERAL

Gazed through the fog rolling across the graves.

"I need you home," she whispered. "I don't know how much more I can take, Adamier..."

Her voice died inside regret.

The words pulled themselves out of me before I could stop them.

"Mother... you've had a long day. Get some rest. Go home. I love you."

The lie tasted bitter.

Rain tinkled against my shoulders like needles tapping glass.

Then I saw her.

Dressed in black.

Perfectly black.

Black gloves. Black dress. Dark lipstick stretched across pale lips.

Waiting for my eyes to meet hers.

She stepped forward carefully, heels pressing into soaked earth.

"Your father was a very good man," she said politely. "And I'm sorry for your loss. My condolences to you and your family."

I snapped out of the fog.

"Have we met before? Who are you?"

Something familiar about her cheekbones. Hair.

I loosened the top button of my collar, breath tightening in my chest.

She tilted her head slightly.

"Your father and I... knew each other."

A pause.

"We knew each other very well."

My stomach tightened.

She reached into her purse with slow, deliberate movement.
Her blackened gloves wrapped around something fragile.

Then she handed it to me.

An envelope.

Tarnished.

Weathered.

Heavy.

My name written across the front.

Adamier Jr.

I stared at the letter like I wanted to burn holes through it
with my eyes.

The cursive.

The handwriting.

My father's.

The woman in black inhaled slowly.

"Your father told me a lot about you, Adamier."

Her words made no sense.

Didn't belong.

Didn't feel real.

Then she leaned slightly closer.

"Don't make the same mistake your father did."

Something inside me snapped.

"Mistakes...?" I barked.

"What mistakes?"

Her face didn't change.

Nothing.

She simply zipped her purse closed.

"I wish you and your family nothing but prosperity, Adamier."

A faint smile.

Cold.

THE FUNERAL

Controlled.
“Good day.”
And then—
She vanished into the fog like she had never existed.

The weight of the earth settled into my hands.
Formed into an envelope.
My gut froze solid.
Rain intensified, slamming against the ground harder now.
The ride home was silent.
The envelope rested on the passenger seat beside me.
The cursive letters...
Begging me to open them.
My father wasn't dead.
Not really.
He still lived—
Inside my mind.
Inside my bones.
Inside the memories I tried to bury.
I slammed my fist against the steering wheel.
“FUCKKKKKKKKKK!!!!”
Traffic rushed past me.
Uncaring.
Unmoving.
Alive.
While something inside me...
Stayed buried.

3

The Golden Key

I pulled into the crowded lot, engine ticking as it cooled.

The fire escape loomed above me like a rusted spine bolted to brick.

I climbed.

One step.

Then another.

The flight of stairs felt never-ending. Three hours on the road hollowed me out, left my legs aching and my nerves scraped raw. The envelope pressed against my chest inside my jacket pocket.

But louder than the rain...

Louder than my breathing...

Was my father's voice.

Looping.

Playing.

Over and over inside my burning skull.

I threw the building door open and slipped inside, tiptoeing down the piss-scented hallway.

Not fast enough.

“Adamier... Adamier.”

My blood ran cold.

Too familiar.

My landlord.

I froze mid-step.

“Adamier... I’ll give you another month,” William said, leaning against the peeling wall like he had been waiting. “Let’s just say a little angel told me not to kick your ass out, but word of advice, get a real fucking job. Your books, they better start selling because if you miss one more month. You and your pretty little girlfriend. Will be outside in the fucking streets.” A smile gloomed from his cheekbones.

His shoulders loosened as he stepped closer. His eyes landed heavy on mine.

Too heavy.

Too comfortable.

I swallowed hard.

“Well... thank you. I will get the past rent. I promise. Thank you... thank you, William.”

I jammed the key into the lock, twisting fast, slamming the door shut behind me like I was sealing out something worse than him.

The apartment was clean.

Dishes stacked neatly inside the cabinet.

The faint smell of her shampoo lingered in the air like comfort bottled into memory.

Safe.

For now.

“I missed you.”

Her voice melted into me.

“How did the funeral go, babe?”

Her lips pressed against mine—warm, soft, alive.

“Let’s just say... I’m glad it’s over,” I sighed as she wrapped her arms around me.

I hesitated.

Then reached into my jacket.

“I met a woman,” I said slowly. “She knew my father.”

The words felt wrong in my mouth.

“She gave me this.”

I pulled the envelope free.

We both stared at it like it was some ancient relic pulled from cursed ground.

Her eyes lifted from the envelope to mine.

“Did you open it?”

I froze.

My heart slammed against my chest.

“Not yet...”

The envelope trembled between my fingers.

Then—

His voice returned.

Roaring.

Echoing.

Like an intercom wired into my skull.

You ungrateful son of a bitch...

You’re nothing...

I should’ve fucking flushed you...

His bloodshot eyes burned across my memory like posters stapled inside my brain.

The closet door slamming shut.

Darkness swallowing light.

“Adamier... Adamier... babe, are you okay?”

Her voice dragged me back.

My eye twitched.

“Did you hear anything I said?” she whispered, worry cracking her voice.

“Sorry, baby... long drive. I’m just tired.”

I scratched at my face like I could peel memory off skin.

She rested her cheek against my chest.

“Open it,” she whispered. “You can’t run from him forever. He’s gone now.”

A pause.

“How much can he really do now?”

My hands trembled as I peeled the envelope open.

Slowly.

Carefully.

Like something inside might bite.

I reached in.

Pulled out the letter.

And something else.

Metal.

Cold.

Heavy.

A key.

Golden.

I lifted it into the air—

And froze.

Recognition struck like lightning splitting bone.

The key.

The same key.

The one my father used to lock me inside the closet.
I jumped back.
The key slipped from my fingers—
Clink.
It struck the wooden floor.
Bounced once.
Then landed flat.
Still.
My chest heaved.
In.
Out.
Heat flooded my body as anxiety locked my muscles tight.
The key reflected dim light across the floor like it was
watching me.
Waiting.
“Babe... what is it? What’s wrong?”
Her voice sounded distant.
Muted.
Like it was coming from underwater.
The world around me dissolved.
And I was back inside the closet.
Small.
Helpless.
Locked in.

The smell hit first.
Old wood.
Dust.
Mildew soaked deep into the walls.
The air tasted stale—thick—like breathing through wet cloth.

My fingers scratched at the inside panels.
Tiny grooves carved into splintered wood.
Marks I didn't remember making.
Or maybe I did.
My knees pressed against the floorboards, rough against skin.
No light.
No air.
Just darkness swallowing sound.
And footsteps outside.
Heavy.
Slow.
Waiting.
Always waiting.
I tried to breathe—
But the air never felt like enough.
Never enough.
Never enough.
SMACK.
Her hand struck my cheek.
Sharp.
Real.
“BABE, WHAT THE FUCK IS WRONG WITH YOU?!”
My legs collapsed beneath me.
I hit the floor hard.
Words crawled from my throat in broken pieces.
“That... key...”
My chest shuddered violently.
“Was... my father's...”
Silence swallowed the room.
She dropped beside me, wrapping her arms around my shaking body.

Holding me.

Holding the pieces of me I didn't know how to hold myself.

She held me that night.

Until sleep dragged me under.

Heavy.

Dreamless.

Black.

When I woke...

Morning light bled through the curtains.

Cold and pale.

The key—

Still sat in the same place.

Exactly where it fell.

Waiting.

I reached for it slowly.

Carefully.

Watching it...

Like it might move.

Like it might breathe.

Like it remembered everything.

Just like I did.

Sheets shifted behind me.

Soft movement.

A quiet yawn.

Evandra stirred awake, stretching slowly beneath the covers.

“Morning...” she murmured, voice still thick with sleep.
She rubbed her eyes, glancing toward me sitting at the edge of the bed.

“You want coffee?” she asked softly.

Normal.

Too normal.

I stared at the key in my palm.

Cold.

Unforgiving.

“Yeah...” I muttered quietly. “Coffee sounds good.”

She smiled faintly, sliding from the bed and wrapping a loose shirt around her body.

Then she paused in the doorway.

“Oh... by the way,” she said casually, like it meant nothing. “I saw William downstairs last night when I grabbed the mail.”

My grip tightened around the key.

“He said not to worry about the rent right now.”

A pause.

“He seemed... nicer than usual. Like the old fuck finally got some pussy.”

I swallowed.

Forced a nod.

“He gave us an extra month.”

The words sat heavy in the air.

Unsettled.

Wrong.

Because nothing in my life—

Nothing—

Had ever come free.

And as she walked into the kitchen...

Coffee beginning to brew...

I stared down at the golden key resting in my hand.
Waiting. Waiting like the answer was being told.

Buzz...Buzz...Buzz..

My mothers named appeared. Then her text message.

Ill see you tomorrow.. Right . Dinner will be ready at 6:30
and please bring a glass of wine. The contractors are here and
the sounds of drilling been screaming in my head all dawm day.

Love you - Mother

The Homecoming

The next morning came like the first day of school.

Nervous.

Restless.

Tossing all night, as if my mother were my classroom teacher waiting to call my name.

I dreaded it.

I drove through the state signs like it was the highway to hell.

But my mother needed me.

My father was all she had.

The house was all he left.

Memories.

Old wedding pictures.

Ghosts.

I stepped harder on the gas pedal.

My palms sweated against the leather steering wheel. The seat belt pressed tight across my chest. My mind raced as fast as the car.

Triggered.

Impulsive.

Raging thoughts.
Blood boiling from my heart.
My stomach folded into knots.
Then I arrived.
The old brick house on the corner.
Boards missing from the picket fence.
Garbage bags piled along the side.
My mother's truck parked in the driveway.
Waiting.
I hesitated before opening the door.
Already regretting my decision.
Then—
The front door swung open.
My mother rushed out.
So excited she looked frantic.
Thinner.
Hollow.
Like she hadn't eaten in days.
Her arms wrapped around me before I could speak.
Tears soaked into my sweater.
She cried.
I held her.
Then I saw it.
The black bird.
Basking in the sun.
Like a black rose.
Its claws clung to my bedroom window ledge.
My breath caught.
Eyes wide.
Hands twitching against my mother's back.
The sun bled down on us.

My heartbeat thundered so loudly in my chest that my mother pulled back, confused.

“What’s wrong?” she asked.

I forced my face still.

“Nothing,” I answered.

I handed her the bottle of Moscato.

Time collapsed.

She buried her face into my chest again.

Held me tighter.

Closer.

“I’m sorry I was never the mother you wanted,” she whispered.
“But I’ll always be here for you, Adamier.”

Her words hit deeper than she knew.

She snatched the bottle from my hand, tucking her robe tighter against her chest, then turned and walked back into the house.

I stayed where I stood.

Sizing up the house.

Staring at the bedroom window like something might appear.

Like something was waiting.

Trembling.

My feet felt glued to the ground.

A voice in my head screamed at me to get back into the car.

Leave.

Run.

Instead—

I stepped forward.

And entered my childhood prison.

The smell of sage hit first.

Sharp.
Bitter.
Then the meatloaf.
Gravy.
Just like when I was a child.
Every Sunday.
I hung my coat on the rack near the door.
My mother wiped her tears, then moved into the kitchen.
“Go wash your hands,” she called. “Dinner will be ready in a few.”
Her voice sounded motherly.
Caring.
Too normal.
I turned toward the wall of pictures.
Photographs of me and my father.
Baseball cap tilted on my head.
Smiling.
His arm wrapped around my shoulder.
Buried inside his wingspan.
I remembered him striking out to my curveball.
For a moment—
He looked like a hero.
Then...
I looked up the staircase.
It stretched upward like it went on forever.
The walls vibrated.
My head filled with sound—
Heavy footsteps.
His footsteps.
Like a giant charging up the same stairs.
Coming for me.

Always coming.

My phone buzzed.

A call.

Evandra.

I fumbled the phone in my hands like a hot potato.

Almost dropped it.

Caught it.

Then pressed the screen.

“Hey baby,” her voice flowed through the speaker. “Is everything okay? How’s time with your mom going? I miss you.”

I swallowed hard, still staring up the staircase.

The gold railing gleamed in my peripheral vision.

“Everything’s okay, my love,” I said, forcing calm into my voice. “I just got here. Traffic wasn’t too bad.”

I cleared my throat.

It felt like a bowling ball was lodged inside it.

Whos that in the background.

I quietly whispered. Evandria voices rinsed my thoughts away.

Nobody, thats probably the movie im watching.

“Oh ok baby...” I laughed—fake and hollow. “Still can’t believe William gave us an extra month.”

I stepped into the kitchen.

My mother stood at the table, apron tied around her waist, arranging dishes.

Perfect.

Meticulous.

“Yeah, that’s pretty crazy,” Evandra laughed. “Maybe he has a

crush on me.”

Her laughter cracked a smile across my face.

Funny.

Warm.

Normal.

“Well,” I said softly, “I’m about to have dinner. I should be home tomorrow—no worries.”

My mother shouted from across the room:

“Tell Evandra I said hugs and kisses!”

“Mom says hi,” I said into the phone. “I love you. Miss you. I’ll be there around three tomorrow.”

The smell of meatloaf wrapped around my senses.

Comforting.

Dangerous.

“I love you too,” Evandra whispered. “Tell your mother I said I wish I could’ve been there.”

Then—

Silence.

The phone went quiet.

Like her voice had been cut off mid-air.

My mother sat at the table.

Hands folded.

Napkin resting across her thighs.

“Sit down,” she said softly. “Let’s say grace.”

We ate.

We talked.

Marriage ideas.

Honeymoons.

Plans for the future.

Wine spilled across the table.

THE HOMECOMING

Mom cried.
Then laughed.
Then cried again.
I soaked in every second.
Every moment with her.
Like my father never existed.
Like this—
This fragile peace—
Was the way life was always supposed to be.

5

The Closet

Deflated inside the couch.

Still drunk.

Drool dangling from the corner of my lips. Back sweating through my shirt, sticking to my skin like it didn't want to let go. I untangled myself from the couch. Limbs heavy. Slow.

Phone on the ground.

Next to my pants.

3:24 a.m.

Late-night infomercials playing. The glow flickering across the walls, turning everything blue and dead looking.

The smell of sage gone in the night air.

Swallowing down the remains of Wine sitting thick in my taste buds, sour and warm in the back of my throat.

I buttoned my pants up.

And heard a sound above.

Like something fell.

Heavy.

I gulped. Looked up.

Heard it again.

A dull thud.
Something shifting.
I fell into the corner of the couch. Frozen.
Piss falling inside my thighs.
Hot.
Running down slow.
Then it stopped.
Silence.
Dead silence.
I looked over.
The staircase.
I didn't want to move.
Didn't want to breathe.
But something made me.
Maybe my father's voice.
Maybe one I hid deep down inside myself.
I didn't want to know what it was.
My mind burned through the thoughts.
Like files burned in a fireplace.
Edges curling. Turning black.
I looked down at the step.
Brown.
Wooden.
Almost vacant.
Staring like I was getting shoved out of place.
The stairs grew in length.
Halls zoomed out.
Like the house was stretching itself wider.
Clamping the golden rail.
Cold.
Too cold.

Creak...

Creak...

Creak...

I leaned into each step.

Breathing.

Controlling my heartbeat.

Trying to tip toe.

Soft as possible.

But voices played in my mind.

My father's.

Yelling.

The belt... clinking.

Metal tapping leather.

Stomping up the stairs.

Fast.

Heavy.

Coming for me.

I quickly threw myself up the top 3 stairs.

A mirror.

Still there.

At the top of the hallway.

Gold trim.

Watching me back.

My mother's door creaked open.

Then—

Mine.

White.

Closed.

Like it was holding spirits inside it.

Like something was breathing behind it.

I took one last breath.

My chest deflated.
Empty.
The cold doorknob twisted.
Sticky in my hand.
Door hinges creaked open.
Slow.
Dragging.

Glowing stars on the ceiling.
Still there.
Faded.
The orange lava lamp sitting in the corner.
Dust-covered.
Pornstars in the wallpaper.
Still smiling.
Still watching.
Trophies on the shelf.
Small victories from a childhood that never felt like winning.
The darkness consumed me whole.
But moonlight healed the room just enough to see.
I picked up the same mitt from the picture downstairs.
Worn.
Dusty.
Cracked leather folding under my fingers.
The hat on the desk next to the old computer monitor.
Still sitting where I left it.
The spinning chair still warm.
Like it always been.
Like somebody just got up.
I slung down the metal cord to a small lamp.

Light snapped on.
Sharp.
Too bright.
I spun the chair.
Once.
Twice.
Like I was a kid in a candy store again.
Stopping.
Right in front of the closet.
My heart dropped like a nuke to the pits of my stomach.
Ribs smashing together.
Breath becoming unsteady.
Uneven.
Short.
Screams playing in my head like they used to when I was a
kid.
Before he locked me in.
Before the darkness swallowed me.
I snapped out of it.
Dug inside my shirt.
Lips dried.
Alcohol staining every breath.
The key.
Buried in my hand.
Cold.
Heavy.
Flashback of my father.
Swiping it from around his neck.
The locket swinging.
Lock clicking.
Punching at the door until my knuckles bled.

Skin splitting.
Blood running down my fingers.
Bruised walking to school like it never happened.
My father waking up the next morning.
Truck.
Dropping me off at school.
Like nothing happened.
Like nothing ever did.
I ripped the key free.
Then slowly.
Cautiously.
Wiggled the key into the lock.
Cringing.
Metal scraping metal.
The smell of piss still fresh in my jeans.
Sticky.
Cold.
The lock turned.
Click.
The smell of mildew poured out.
Heavy.
Strong.
Like must.
Like rot.
Like something sealed too long.
That's when—
My brain didn't even think.
My eyes already knew exactly where he was.
Sitting there.
On a stack of books.
The top shelf.

Legs dangling from the corner of darkness.

Still.

Waiting.

I slammed the doors shut.

Locked the doors.

Hands shaking.

Heart convulsing in my chest.

I ran down 6 steps—

Missed the next—

Fell down the rest.

Wood slamming against my back.

Pain bursting through my shoulder.

I crashed into the floor.

Scrambled.

Crawled.

Fell into the couch.

Breathing hard.

Shaking.

I grabbed my phone.

Looked at my home screen.

Evandra.

Her face staring back at me.

Smiling.

Alive.

Normal.

Then stared at the ceiling.

Eyes wide.

Unblinking.

Hoping—

Praying—

That this was just a dream.

The Deal

My eyelids peeled open slowly.

As if they were glued shut overnight.

Rays from the sun streaming in through the living room window. Bacon sizzling. Maple syrup rubbing off in the air. The neighbors mowing on the other side of the street.

Normal sounds.

Too normal.

My elbows cracked as I reached higher, releasing one final yawn before the day began.

My shirt on the carpet next to my phone.

11:36 a.m.

My jeans.

Stained.

Like I wet myself the night before.

Then my mother's voice.

Like a lead singer warming up.

"Rise and shine, pumpkin pie."

Sipping her tall glass of wine.

"Come on, I made breakfast. I want to feed you before

you leave. Chop chop.”

Leaving like she deserved a standing ovation.

I licked my dried lips.

Parched.

Stomach empty.

Then stared up at the ceiling.

As if someone was living above.

Like the sounds I heard were real.

Like reality was unfolding before my eyes.

I changed my jeans.

Lodged them into the washer.

And sat at the table.

Like everything was fine.

“Oh hunny, I had such a great time. I wish you could stay longer.
I really enjoyed myself.”

Lipstick staining her wine glass.

Fork tapping against the plates.

“I did too, believe it or not. I’m glad I came. I wish I could stay,
Mother... but work hasn’t been going well and my landlord is
down my back.”

I gasped before blowing on the black coffee.

“I’m sorry to hear that honey. Enjoy your food. I’m sure it
will be a long ride home. I am so thankful you came.”

She smiled.

I smiled back.

Then—

“Before you leave... there is one last thing.”

She swirled her finger around the wineglass.

Collecting her thoughts.

"Since the funeral I've been getting rid of your father's belongings. I can't hoard his things anymore."

I kept chewing.

Slower.

Listening.

"There is one more thing I need to get rid of... but I can't. It was your father's favorite. And the more I keep it in this house... the more I miss him."

I coughed.

Chewed louder.

"What would that be, Mom."

Already regretting asking.

My tone darkened without me meaning it to.

"Mr. Niceguy."

She said it like a curse she was tired of holding.

"Your father's beloved dummy. Take it. Get it out of my house. Besides the pictures on the wall... that's the last of his stuff."

I swallowed hard.

My stomach dropped.

Hands trembled.

Coffee sloshing inside the cup.

The next words shot out like a cannonball.

"NO."

"I'm sorry mom, but I can't do that. That fucking doll freaks me out."

I grabbed the napkin from my lap.

The chair scratched against the floor as I shoved it back.

I stood.

Walking my plate to the sink.

She followed.

"Please hunny... I'm finally moving on from your father. This

is the last piece of him.”

Her eyes melted into mine.

Her voice—

Tender.

Peaceful.

Her hands wrapped around mine.

“Please.”

I cracked a smile.

Hugged her.

But inside my head—

Something detonated.

Like C4 wired to memory.

Memories turning into soup.

Boiling inside my skull.

She released me.

“Thank you. I love you so much Adamier... your father would be proud of the man you became.”

Her palms rested on my cheeks.

Warm.

Soft.

I leaned into them.

Her love.

Been years since I felt it.

I marched up the steps.

Head high.

Walking past the mirror.

Light dazzling off the gold trimming.

The golden key in one hand.

I quickly unlocked the closet.

My father's voice—
Dying.
Becoming an echo inside my mind.
I swung the door open.
Pushed the hanging clothes to the right.
Snatched Mr. Niceguy by his leg.
Out of the darkness.
Dust particles filled the air.
Floating.
Thick.
The weight of his wooden body—
Heavier than I ever remembered.
His face—
Parched grey.
Eyes turquoise like marbles.
His jaw detached.
Hanging.
Loose.
Dressed in a suit.
Like he was my father's best man.
I cringed dragging him down each step.
Thud.
Thud.
Thud.
Out the front door.
Then into the backseat.
He laid there.
Eyes drifting.
Paint peeling from his head.
Body limp.
I slammed the door.

Pulled out the driveway.
Stronger.
Like leaving the house meant leaving childhood.
My mother waved from the front window.
I smiled.
Heading to the landfill.
To drop him off like a dead body.
I couldn't get there fast enough.
Eyeing him inside the dash window.
Arm limp.
Hanging over the seat.
Legs tangled.
I quickly unrolled the window.
Scrolled the volume up.
Country music blasting.
Tapping my fingers against the steering wheel.
Trying to feel normal.
Trying to feel alive.

I pulled up to an old landfill.
The smell greeted me a mile back.
Rot.
Heat.
Mountains of garbage piled high.
Bulldozers shoveling.
Grinding.
I parked.
Then looked out the windshield.
It was the black bird.
Strutting on a telephone pole.

Beautiful.
Blue blending into black feathers.
Cawing from above.
Like it was telling me something.
Then—
It flew away.
I glanced into the rearview mirror.
And froze.
There he was.
His marble eyes locked into mine.
Standing there.
Legs crossed.
Face aged.
Like he turned younger.
Hair jet black.
Paint looking fresh.
His body stiff.
Like he had bones.
His jaw dropped open.
Then—
“Adamier... my boy... it’s been a long time.”
Italian voice.
Smooth.
Cold.
I searched for the handle.
Shoved the door open.
Fell to the ground.
Heart pounding next to me.
Slowly stood.
Looked into the backseat window.
He was still there.

Looking straight ahead.

Then—

His head snapped.

Shifted.

Smooth.

Like an owl.

The window slid down halfway.

Cracked open.

He spoke again.

“Get back in the car.”

“Don’t worry Adamier... we’re friends.”

“Let’s talk.”

The window shut.

He laughed.

Dramatically.

Body shifting in the seat.

I climbed back into the front.

Hands shaking.

Heart racing too fast.

Too heavy.

I locked eyes in the rearview mirror.

Then he leaned forward.

“Adamier... this is how it’s going to go.”

“You’re going to get me far away from this fucking landfill.”

His accent too real.

Too human.

Like meeting a mob boss.

“And what I’m going to do... is propose a business offer.”

Folding his hands on his knees.

Twiddling his wooden thumbs.

"If you put me in front of a stage... I'll do the rest."

"I'll make money. We'll be fucking superstars."

"I've been waiting a long time for you to come home."

"I can make your problems go away."

**"Put me in front of a crowd... shut your fucking mouth...
and let me do the rest."**

He leaned closer.

Voice sharp.

Confident.

"I don't just talk."

"I talk money, baby."

He laughed.

Wild.

Too familiar.

I pressed my head deeper into the headrest.

Eyes scanning his wooden body.

Trying to understand.

Trying to breathe.

Trying to wake up.

I pulled off.

Listening to his stories.

The drive felt forever.

Still asking myself if it was a dream.

But deep down—

I knew it wasn't.

The Watcher

I parked in the crowded lot.

Hands stuck to the steering wheel.

Eyes glued to the rearview mirror.

His body fell. Went limp.

I quickly pulled him out by one arm. Ran up the fire escape.
Up the flight of stairs. His head bobbling as I dragged his
wooden frame behind me.

Got to my floor.

And there William was.

As if he knew I was on the way home.

As if he'd been waiting.

Like he just left my house.

He adjusted his jeans, then laughed.

"That's a creep fucking doll."

He was dying in laughter. Sweat pasted to his forehead.

Cheap gold necklace with a cross hanging from his neck.
Green stain around it like an infection.

I laughed.

"Yeah... it was my dad's. Mr. Niceguy."

Scratching my head. Like I had lice.

Then Evandra burst out the door.

“Babe!”

Throwing her body into my chest.

Warmth.

I didn’t want to let go.

When I opened my eyes, William was silent. Uncomfortable.

He walked off.

“You two lovebirds... enjoy your night.”

Avoiding eye contact.

Evandra’s smile glowed through the awkwardness. His door shut.

“Babe... what the fuck is that? He is so... creepy.”

She squeezed her robe closer to her chest.

“This...”

I slowly presented him.

“This is Mr. Niceguy.”

I waved his arm. His hand flopped in the air.

Waiting for the bad joke to end.

Holding up a smile like it weighed tons.

But... she laughed.

Moved the strand of hair from her vision. Her voice softened.

“Well... a friend of your family is always welcome in our home... apartment... shithole.”

She laughed.

I chuckled, hoping she would never ask me what was wrong.

Her lips smashed against mine. Then she ran into the house.

I gasped. Deep. Conflicted.

“Not exactly a friend of the family...”

Mr. Niceguy whispered from below.

“Watch it, smart ass...”

In a New Yorker tone.
Then played dead.
I locked the door behind me.
Home felt safe.
Home felt like peace.
Just me and Evandra. Like I always wanted.
I ran into the bedroom. Placed his dead body on the TV stand.. Arms hanging over the edge. Head crooked like he was broken. Like a rag doll his body laid. Next to her accessories flipped the light switch. Shut the door.
Looked at the door like it was the gates of hell.
Like I trapped something inside.
Something wicked.
My hand trembled on the doorknob.
Finally... I released it.
Turned around.
Evandra.
Feral.
Shaved.
Already wet.
She dropped her silk robe to the floor.
Fishnets carving into her legs. Clipped to her panties.
Her lips swollen. Marked. Pressed tight behind lace.
My mouth dropped.
Then salivated like a starving lion.
First, she released her breasts.
Then the clips from her underwear.
My dick pushed against my jeans.
The smell of her wetness smothered the air.
I bit my bottom lip.
She licked hers slowly.

Waiting for me to break.
Reading my mind perfectly.
Naked.
She left her garments where she stood. On her tiptoes.
I waited for her lips to meet mine.
I pulled my dick out. Blood filled. Swollen in my hand.
We pushed each other through the door. Landed on the bed.
The frame squeaked. The room turned warm.
Her breasts pressed against my chest.
She bit my lip. Hard enough to fucking love it.
Didn't ask.
Didn't beg.
She dipped her fingers into her mouth.
Then into her pussy.
Clamped my cock still.
Then her lips split.
Gushed open.
She tightened.
Then began riding.
Hair swung over her shoulder.
My thumbs stabbed into her love handles. Deep. Controlling.
The more I smacked her ass... the more she screamed.
Yelled.
Her eyes rolled back.
Pelvis flexing down.
My dick beating inside her.
Milking me with her walls.
Up...
Down...
My dick pumped.
My balls aching.

Snatching the sheets like I was being electrocuted.
Her pussy drooled.
Swallowed my cock.
I could feel myself preparing.
My legs tensed.
Teeth digging into my bottom lip.
Her boobs swinging back and forth.
"Ride that fucking dick!"
I yelled through her moans.
Flexing her pussy.
Holding herself together.
Smearing her cum across me.
Leaking from her.
My balls wet from her juices.
I pulled her hair.
Her neck snapped back.
She dropped.
Then pulled away.
My cock popped out.
Her pussy slushed open.
Dripping.
Skin flushed.
My toes curled like shrimp.
I snatched the sheets one last time.
A moan cracked from her throat.
Spraying across my stomach.
Grinding her nails into my chest.
I burst.
Cum shooting from my cock.
Nonstop.
Then dripping down.

My body convulsed.
Fingers digging deeper into the sheets.
Her nails stabbing further into my chest.
Squirting from her pussy.
Smacking her clit.

Smack.

Smack.

Smack.

She emptied herself.
Then fell into the sheets.
The room stained in our scent.
We fucked for hours.
Pictures shifted on the walls.
I know the neighbors heard.
Exhausted.
The sheets still damp beneath us.
Wrapped into her inner thighs.
Her skin flawless.
I kissed her back.
Her shampooed hair.
Held her until she snored.
She was all I needed.
All I ever wanted.
I closed my eyes.
Just for a minute.
Then—
A feeling came.
Before I even opened them.
A force.
Unnatural.
Controlling.

As if something was watching me.
As if someone was there.
I jolted upright.
Evandra... asleep.
Silent.
There he was.
The dark swallowed half his body.
Moonlight claimed the other.
Legs folded on the TV stand.
Hands resting neatly on his knees.
Watching.
Waiting.
Still.
I clutched the pillow over my head.
And waited...
For the birds to chirp. Or to see the black one. Waiting for
the world to reset.
Before my eyes closed.
Was I going crazy...
Or was I the dummy.

The Next Day

Startled... I woke.

Flies taking flight from my forehead.

Mr. Niceguy — hanging smile. Jaws clucking. Legs in the air like he took his own life.

The rope dug into the cracked varnish around his neck, flaking like dry skin.

His wooden jaw knocked softly against itself — hollow... like old furniture tapping in an empty room.

Then her words...

“Is it me... or does it feel like this fucking doll is creepy?”

My chest tightened.

“My grandmother used to give me old dolls for my birthdays. Creeped the fuck out of me.”

She hung his body in front of her pupils. Observing. Critiquing.

Her fingers brushed dust from his shoulder — leaving streaks across the faded wood.

The paint around his grin was chipped, curling at the edges like something peeling away.

“This morning... I felt like he was watching me.”

She slowly pushed the words out of her mouth.

Placing him on the bookshelf full of dust.

His back scraped the wood — rough — leaving a thin trail through the gray powder like something had been dragged there before.

My jaw clenched.

My eyes pinched.

As if the sunlight was blinding my sight.

Then her smile.

Then her lips.

I started my day.

My book wasn't going to write itself.

I quickly showered.

Grabbed my laptop. Charger.

Ran out the door — eager to let my agent figure out my problems.

4 hours passed.

Then 5.

The sky bleached into darkness.

The sun vanished.

The night arrived.

Frank yapping.

Writer's block... I thought that wasn't an actual thing.

Frustrated. Losing the patience he had left.

Deep down I knew he meant well.

I knew he didn't understand.

All I could keep thinking about was Mr. Niceguy.

Last night.

Him.

Watching.

Glass marble eyes — like a picture burned into the walls of my brain.

Deep inside. Almost attaching to my soul.

I cringed.

His legs crossed like a kingpin.

Sitting in the dark.

Like he would in the closet.

Frank's words like bullets.

Every word felt like a shot.

"I put everything I had into you — for one book. Now you have fucking writer's block?"

Spitting. Turning red. Chain smoking.

I could smell the coffee in his every breath. Harsh. Hot. Bitter.

The wind fought against the window.

Like it wanted to let something in.

Howling.

Anxiety folding the walls inward.

Then biting the skin from my fingernails — like I hated myself.

Frank laughed.

Hard.

Then harder.

Then his lips tightened.

He unwrinkled a paper.

"And on top of your bullshit... my wife... I think she's having an affair."

His eyes scanned the paper.

"I found this in her coat pocket this morning."

He handed it to me like it was a murder weapon.

I read it while Frank zippered his coat. Fixed his glasses.
Walked to the door.

“Call me when you have something... I need a drink.”

The door closed after his words.

Then my pupils dilated.

Large.

Ricky's Comedy Club

6pm to 10pm

Bar and Food

The words turned into prophecy.

My neck hair stood still.

The saliva in my mouth turning into poison.

I could taste Mr. Niceguy's very words.

My veins fueling. Fear pulling me in deeper.

Then—

It struck me.

A LED light turned on in my skull.

Mr. Niceguy's infamous words playing backward in my head.

In my mind.

“I can make your problems go away.”

“Put me in front of a crowd... shut your fucking mouth... and
let me do the rest.”

I crumbled up the paper.

Stumbled out of the computer chair.

Closed my laptop.

And waited.

Waited for Evandra to sleep.

Mr. Niceguy also...

Waiting for her rest to consume her.

I waited.

As the darkness clouded the room.

The moonlight on him like a spotlight.

His glass marble eyes swallowed the light — shining wet,
almost alive.

Fine cracks webbed across his cheeks — tiny fractures
spreading from his grin like stress lines in glass.

In the corner of the bookshelf.

Books stacked under him.

My stomach dropped...

But something that night...

I knew since a child.

I wasn't crazy.

But who would believe me.

I slowly removed the blankets.

Evandra shifted... rolled over...

I placed one leg out of the bed.

Then the next one.

Mr. Niceguy's eyes rolled.

Then still.

Glass.

Marble.

Turquoise.

His limbs cracked in place.

Dry wooden snaps — stiff joints resisting before giving way.

Cold. Heavier than wood should feel.

His body hanging from my grip.

Legs dangling in the air.

The faint smell of old varnish rising from him — dust... age...
something buried in childhood closets.

I sat him at the kitchen table.

His wooden legs knocked the surface.

Hollow.

Echoing through the quiet apartment.
And he sat there...

.

The Ultimatum

His jaw clicked. Snapped.

His eyes caught the light—glassy, sparkling in a way that didn't feel right. His hand twitched like something inside him was pulling the strings. Not him. Something else. His hair reflected the dim light in thin streaks while his face—grey—began shifting. Renewing. Right in front of me.

He twitched again. His eyes flipped... then locked back into place.

"That's a beautiful piece of ass you got there..." he said, voice dragging across the room. "I wish I had a wooden cock."

He grinned. Splinters lined his lips like they belonged there.

My fist tightened like he was a man. Like I could hurt him. Like I could make this stop.

"Take your panties out of your ass," he chuckled. "I'm a fucking dummy, for crying out loud. I'm nobody to worry about, wiseguy..."

His jaw clacked over and over, the sound echoing in the room like something loose inside him kept snapping back into place.

I unraveled the paper and slammed it on the table. My head

snapped toward the bedroom. Evandra. Still quiet. Still asleep.

His eyes shifted. Then locked onto the paper. They bounced slightly in their sockets, not sitting right. The white reflection burned inside his glass pupils as his wooden fingers wrapped around it—tight. Too tight.

“All too real...” I muttered.

Then the dummy spoke.

“You got a deal, kid...”

He straightened his body, crossing one leg over the other. His thumbs twisted together smoothly, confidently—like he had done this before. Like this was normal to him.

“Just remember the plan,” he said. “I talk... you grin... you nod... and you shut your mouth. I’ll do the rest.”

He cleared his throat. Too human. His fingers folded together neatly, proper, controlled—like he had manners. Like he belonged in a room full of real people.

“But... I do have an ultimatum.”

The word sat heavy in the air. Cold.

“In my line of work, one hand washes the other,” he continued slowly, his tone shifting into something slick. Calculated. “And if I need a favor or two... I shouldn’t have to beg, understand?”

He leaned forward slightly, his eyebrows pressing downward into something permanent. Sharp.

“Do you understand, kid?”

My throat tightened.

“All those nights in the closet...” His voice dropped lower, closer. “You think you were alone?”

My chest caved inward.

“Don’t forget... who was there.”

Silence swallowed the room.

Then he laughed. Hard. Too hard. His body jerked as the

sound ripped out of him, coughing, shaking, like something inside him was enjoying it too much.

"I remember everything," he rasped. "Every second you tried to bury."

My heart dropped into my stomach. Words clogged in the back of my throat, useless, stuck there like they didn't belong to me anymore.

I nodded. Barely. Pinned in place.

"Relax, kid," he laughed again. "You're not a cop or something, right?"

His head bobbed loosely, limbs hanging like nothing mattered. Like everything did.

I forced a laugh. Dry. Fake. Just to hear something human. Just to feel like I wasn't losing my mind.

But the world answered differently.

The air turned dry. Thin. Anxiety crawled over my skin like fire ants.

I paced. Back and forth. Back and forth.

Then he stopped. Completely.

His head snapped ninety degrees, neck crooked, unnatural—still.

The wind outside turned into a low cry. Rain flickered, then tapped against the glass. Slow at first. Then faster.

My sanity blurred. I picked at my fingers—nails, skin, anything—still pacing in circles like I couldn't stop. Like I didn't know how to stop.

His words poured into my mind like gasoline.

"Get your car keys, kid."

I froze.

"We're going to Ricky's Comedy Club."

His voice smoothed out again—controlled, confident, like

nothing had just happened.

“As long as you remember the plan... we’ll be just fine.”

A pause.

“Just fine.”

Everything after that moved too fast. Too easy. Too real.

Next thing I knew, I was booked.

Thirty minutes. On stage.

Featuring—

Mr. Niceguy.

The Show

Lights blazed back and forth, then locked into place — framing our bodies like a portrait.

His wooden buttocks planted on my knee like some sick Santa-Claus fetish.

My heartbeat screamed inside my chest.

Roaring against my ribs.

Pounding.

Relentless.

Sweat fell from my forehead — dripping — puddling from my palms onto his tiny blazer.

I faced him.

In a whisper, he said:

“Just go along with it. Smile... and nod.”

The words — certain. Sure.

I readjusted him on my thigh.

Pulled the stool closer.

Pushed the mic toward his mouth.

The band played jazz.

The audience watched.

Waiting.

Women in cheap dresses.

Men without enough money to take them somewhere real.

People sipping drinks like they were buying courage.

Then silence.

I smirked as the backlights dropped — sliding down like a trombone note sinking into smoke.

Clinks of glasses.

People murmuring.

Hushing.

My eyes felt like they blasted from their sockets.

Holding a fake smile.

Eyebrows raised.

His marble eyes shifted from side to side.

The weight of his body—

Suddenly heavier.

Forced.

Possessive.

I felt it crawl down my spine — like something entered him.

I stood still.

Then words left his mouth like poetry.

“Thank you for having me tonight...

My name is Mr. Niceguy.

The Italian from Staten Island.”

Pause.

“Have you ever had sex with a wooden doll?”

Beat.

“Don’t. I leave splinters.”

Chin tapping to his words.

Smiles spreading.

Chuckles growing into laughter.

“What’s the difference between me and R. Kelly?”

Pause.

“We both were in a closet... but only one of us got a bad bladder.”

His words — cunning. Charming. Too real.

The jokes landed.

The building watched him.

Waiting.

Hungry.

I held my breath as long as I could.

Hand on his wooden back.

Nodding slowly.

Like I wanted to be there.

“I know what you’re all thinking...”

His head turned toward a heavyset woman in the front row.

“My ventriloquist holding me is handsome...”

Beat.

“But don’t underestimate me either.”

His legs flopped over my knee.

“Yeah, he’s handsome... young...”

Pause.

“But I got a lot more wood, darling.”

The woman broke into laughter — tears falling like shell casings from a loaded weapon.

She squeezed her husband’s shirt tight.

Mr. Niceguy — flawless. Effortless.

His head tilted. Crooked.

He stared straight at the husband.

Italian tone — sharp. Godfather cold.

“Hey fella...”

Pause.

“Why don’t Italians pull out?”

Pause.

Beat.

“...Forget about it.”

The man and his wife cried laughing.

The crowd — alive now.

Electric.

The building under his control.

Watching him like a diamond sitting in a pawnshop window.

The jazz played.

His jokes kept coming.

Hands folded on his lap.

Legs swinging.

“You know how mob guys like their women?”

Pause.

“Naked... plastic lips... double-G titties...”

Beat.

“...and covered in garlic butter.”

My eyes widened — not from laughter.

From the audience.

Convulsing in their chairs.

Laughing so hard they grabbed themselves like it hurt.

Then—

Mr. Niceguy's voice slowed.
Simmered.
The jazz followed.
The audience leaned forward.
Waiting for the closer.

"Let me tell you a story about my childhood..."

Pause.

"Not a long story... very short."

Silence.

Controlled.

Like me.

Like them.

"My previous ventriloquist... very kind man..."

Beat.

"Had a family... beautiful wife... son he loved..."

Pause.

"But what he also had..."

Beat.

"...was a problem putting the whiskey down."

The room tightened.

"After our shows..."

Slow.

"...he tossed me into a five-by-six closet."

Beat.

"Like a cell."

Silence.

"Left me there for days... until the next show."

Pause.

"I grew up in a closet so long..."

Beat.

“...I started wondering if I was gay.”

Laughter flickered.

“Stayed in there so long...”

Pause.

“...watching coats rub against each other...”

Beat.

“...felt like watching lesbian porn.”

The crowd exploded.

Hooked.

Owned.

“Watching shadows through the cracks...”

Slow.

“I got real good at looking through keyholes.”

Beat.

Smile.

Toyful tone.

“And one day...”

Pause.

“...I got exactly what I wished for.”

Silence.

Tight.

“A best friend.”

Pause.

The crowd leaned forward.

Held hostage.

His marble eyes locked into mine.

The closet doors opened—

“...and there it was...”

Pause.

Beat.

“...another coat.”

The crowd lost it.

People standing.

Throwing dollar bills.

Screaming his name.

Clapping like he wasn't a dummy.

Like he was alive.

I stood.

Bowed.

Bras flew across the stage.

Dollar bills rained.

The red curtains folded shut—

But the laughter never stopped.

Mr. Niceguy went limp again.

Braindead.

Weight lighter.

Empty.

The club owner — Ricky — rushed forward.

“Holy shit... they fucking loved that creepy little thing.”

He reached into his pocket.

Ten hundred-dollar bills.

Counted slow.

My eyes locked on the money.

But deep inside—

I felt it.

This was the beginning of something...

I wasn't sure I wanted.

Then tossed him in the air , facing him... Waiting for him to
do something supernatural

But just a slight.

Wink.

Jaw hanging from his sockets

A glimpse of the sparkle in his eyes.

The Headliner

The nights passed like bodies in a senior home.

Weeks. Then months.

Nothing was the same after Ricky's.

Mr. Niceguy and The Ventriloquist.

Selling out.

Every city.

The money came—and kept printing. The screams. The fans wrapped around corners, spilling into streets. Laughter filled the rooms... but somewhere along the way, it stopped feeling funny.

The spotlight. The clubs. The jokes.

They didn't just make us a living—

They made us the headliner.

Rent? No issue.

But the writer's block still sat in my chest like a weight I couldn't move.

I stayed still long enough to weigh every option before leaving on the road. Days locked in the office, staring into the abyss of the computer screen.

Just me.
And nothing in my head to write.

Evandra changed.
Less warmth. Less laughter.
More distance.
She moved like something was always behind her. Watching.
She cursed at the blank face of the doll.
She despised him.
Felt something—close to what I felt.
But I couldn't tell her the truth.
She wasn't crazy.
Neither was I.
Mr. Niceguy was alive.
Breathing.
Active.
Like something that waited for the dark.
Evandra didn't see it the same. She paced more. Questioned
less. But tonight...
Tonight wasn't about him being a puppet.
It was about me.
The one holding the strings.
Or the one being pulled.
I didn't know anymore.

The headliner was sold out.
Roses lined the stage like he was something holy. Something
bigger than life.
I signed posters. Took pictures. Smiled until my eyes burned.

Mr. Niceguy smiled wider.

Better.

Like a celebrity built for the spotlight.

His wooden forehead gleamed under the lights. His black hair slicked back perfectly. His suit—clean. Untouched.

Not a speck of dust.

Something inside him had shifted.

Grown.

The venue began to clear.

The owner stood off to the side, grin stretched across his face, counting money slowly. A cigarette burned between his fingers, ash hanging heavy from the tip.

The laughter faded.

The spotlight died.

The room returned to something normal—but it didn't feel normal anymore.

Women clutched their purses.

Husbands still chuckled under their breath.

My heartbeat slowed... then sharpened.

Because I felt it.

Him.

His eyes locked onto a woman across the room.

Still.

Focused.

Like a predator waiting.

I felt his weight shift in my arms.

Subtle.

But real.

Then he spoke.

"You owe me a favor, kid..."

His voice slid into my ear like something sharp.

"And tonight..."

A pause.

"...it's going to be a long night."

He chuckled.

People walked past me like nothing was happening. Like I wasn't standing there losing my grip on reality.

"I performed," he continued. "Now it's your turn."

My heart dropped.

Hard.

Thoughts blurred.

Everything went quiet except him.

"Her," he whispered. "Right there."

His accent sharpened. New York. Colder.

"Remember the plan... shut your mouth."

My legs locked—then moved.

I watched her.

Early thirties. Brown hair.

A royal blue dress that fit like it was carved onto her body.

I approached slowly.

The music dimmed behind my heartbeat.

Our eyes met.

And I froze.

Mr. Niceguy hung at my side.
Dead weight.
I got lost in her face—blank, unreadable.
Then—
His leg nudged mine.
Sharp.
I snapped out of it.

I tightened my grip on his collar. Lifted him slightly.
He felt heavier.
Like he wanted to be held.

“Hey, dollface...” his voice cut through me.
“Why don’t we get out of here... get a room?”
His jaw snapped shut.

She blinked.
Then smiled.
Small at first. Then wider.
Her eyes moved from him... to me.
Dark lashes. Red lips.
“Are you serious?” she laughed softly, lifting her drink. The
strap of her dress slipped slightly off her shoulder.

His head turned slowly—unnatural—eyes catching the light
again.
I forced a smile.
Caught my breath.
Voices murmured nearby. Chairs scraping.

Normal sounds.

Nothing felt normal.

Then his head snapped back.

Jaws clacking.

“Let’s just say...” he continued smoothly,

“...me and this guy know how to treat a woman like you.”

Her cheeks flushed slightly.

She stepped closer.

Linked her arm into mine.

Her grip was firm.

Confident.

Her fingers brushed my jaw—lifting my chin slightly.

Testing.

Reading me.

And in that moment—

I didn’t know if I was leading...

Or being led.

The Dollface

The elevator doors unfolded. The hallway stunk of expensive perfume and fresh paint. Mr Niceguy tucked under one arm, her wrapped around the other. Room 1009. Top floor. Luxury suite. The city below us stretched forever as the curtains slowly unpeeled from the windows. Neon lights bled across the glass. Cars crawled beneath us like veins pumping through the streets. For a second, I felt above it all. Above bills. Above fear. Above myself.

Old portraits hung on every wall. Men with hollow eyes. Women frozen in fake smiles. Carpet soft enough to drown your feet in. I was lost for words. So was she. But not Mr Niceguy.

I sat him down near the window. His legs dangled lifelessly. Wooden fingers resting neatly on his knees. Marble eyes draining something from me every second I looked too long. The woman smiled softly. "I'm gonna go freshen up." She bit her lip, holding my chin in her grip before disappearing into the immaculate bathroom. Soap untouched. Mirror spotless. Everything inside that suite felt too clean for what was about

to happen.

My eyes drifted from the bathroom door back to him.

Mr Niceguy shifted.

One leg crossed over the other. Hands folded like a kingpin waiting on a drop-off.

"Here's the plan, kid," he whispered, jaw clucking with every word. "I did my part. Now it's time you do yours. Capisce?"

My stomach tightened. "What?"

His smile vanished instantly. Jaw stiff. Eyebrows lowering.

"You paint her fucking face. What are you, fucking deaf?"

His Italian accent deepened into something darker. Less playful. Like another voice lived beneath his own. Older. Meaner. The room suddenly felt colder.

"And if not..." His marble eyes rolled slowly inside the sockets. "You can kiss this good life goodbye."

I swallowed hard. My hands shook as I slowly unzipped my pants beneath his stare. His eyes rolled through his wooden skull like loose marbles trapped in wet cement. Watching me. Studying me. Hungry. I laid back against the mattress waiting for his sick little game to end.

Then the bathroom door creaked open.

There she was.

No bra.

Just G-string barely covering swollen lips. Skin glowing gold beneath the hotel lights. She crossed the room slowly without saying a word. Just watching me harden in my own hand. I pushed myself upright with one arm while the other gripped myself tighter, pulse throbbing through my palm.

She dropped to her knees.

Feral.

Without warning she pulled the gum from her mouth and

pressed it into mine with her tongue before lowering herself onto me slowly. Warm. Devouring. My hands instantly twisted into the sheets. A heavy moan dragged itself from deep inside my chest.

Mr Niceguy sat near the window.

Watching.

Smiling.

Waiting.

Spit glistened down my skin, dripping lower onto the sheets beneath me. She pulled back just enough to breathe before sinking deeper again. Tongue swirling. Hands pumping slowly at the same time. I clenched so hard my ribs hurt. My head slammed backward into the mattress. Her hand slid lower. Then lower still.

Her eyes never left mine.

The room's air shifted colder the more pleasure built inside me. Like a presence entered the suite and wrapped itself around my spine. The city lights flickered against Mr Niceguy's face while his shadow stretched massive against the wall behind him. Bigger than he should've been. Bigger than the room itself.

Pressure built heavier inside me. Violent. Burning. The more she choked, the more spit slipped from the corners of her lips, the more my body lost control. I could feel release building fast. Brutal. My eyes shut tight trying to fight it back while the sounds filled the suite.

Slurp.

Slurp.

Slurp.

Then my vision flashed white.

For one split second—

I seen myself sitting beside the window instead of him.

Legs crossed. Hands folded. Smiling.

Watching.

My eyes flashed white. Then marble. White. Then marble again.

I shot upright violently, throwing her backward onto the carpet. Silver strings hung between us. My chest heaved. I looked toward Mr Niceguy.

He didn't say a word.

Just winked.

That crooked smile stretching wider across his wooden face. His eyes no longer turquoise.

Brown now.

Human.

Something inside me snapped.

I grabbed her hair tighter than I meant to and pulled her back toward me. My body tightening. Convulsing. Fighting itself. Then—

"FUCK—"

The orgasm ripped through me so hard my knees weakened. Every muscle locked. Release burst from me violently, then kept going. Shooting. Dripping. Running down her forehead, cheeks, chin. Strings hanging from her lashes while she closed her eyes enjoying every second of it.

My body convulsed harder.

Grunting. Moaning.

Like something else had climbed inside my skin and taken control of my nervous system completely.

She smiled lazily, rubbing it deeper into her skin with slow fingertips like lotion before sucking the rest from them. The smell inside the suite thickened. Hotter. Rotten. I stared at her face and realized something else had left me too.

Not just release.

Something human.

I collapsed backward onto the mattress gasping like I'd run for miles. Still trembling. Still leaking slowly onto my stomach. Then the words escaped my mouth without thought.

"See yourself out. Money's on the table."

She dressed quietly. Never washing her face. Just stuffing the money into her purse before leaving the suite without saying goodbye.

Silence swallowed the room.

I tried to sleep.

But something inside me felt different now. Wooden. Hollow. Wrong.

I looked at my own hands. Didn't recognize them for a second.

My eyes caught the mirror across the room.

Marble.

Then normal again.

I turned slowly.

There he was beside me in the bed.

Dead. Limp. Staring upward.

"Get some rest, kid," his jaw clucked softly. "Tomorrow we got a big day."

I shot upright instantly and called Evandra.

No answer.

Mr Niceguy laughed quietly to himself like he knew I was sinking deeper into something beyond fiction. Beyond reason. Beyond myself.

I packed my suitcase silently and walked toward the hotel room door, heart pounding louder than ever. My hand wrapped around the metal knob.

Then his voice stopped me cold.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you."

My body froze.

"We made a deal."

Wood tapped softly against the floor behind me.

Clack.

Clack.

Clack.

"And a man who don't honor his word..." another step echoed closer, "...is just a dead man walking."

The suitcase slipped from my hand.

I turned slowly.

There he stood.

Watching me.

Not dangling anymore. Not limp.

Standing.

His shadow stretched across the suite longer than any human body should've been able to cast. I backed away from him without thinking. Back toward the dampened sheets. Back toward the bed. Like prey walking itself into a cage.

Mr Niceguy climbed onto the window ledge overlooking the city. Legs hanging over the lights below. His face hidden inside darkness except for those marble eyes catching pieces of moonlight.

Watching.

Always watching.

That was the moment I finally understood.

He was never the puppet.

He was the puppet master.

The Big Stage

The morning came.

I was still balled up in fear.

Defeated.

And him—

Still.

Like a stuffed animal tossed beside the bed.

His eyes shut like blinds over a glass door.

Cedar rested in the corners of my mouth. My eyes squinted through the sunlight bleeding into the apartment. Last night's ritual still burned inside me like hot embers refusing to die.

Something was forming within me.

Claiming me from the inside out.

Festering.

Violently.

The migraines came first.

Then the taste of cedar.

Resonating across my tastebuds like smoke trapped inside my lungs.

I sat in front of my laptop for hours.

Staring at the screen until words finally birthed.

Nothing.

Just an email.

A fan from Washington, D.C..

I leaned closer.

Then read her words out loud.

"I came to your last show. Heard the words from Mr Niceguy and felt something deep. Real. I'll be heading to your next show with a request. With a proposal. Not for Mr Niceguy. For the man behind it. I felt something inside of you dead. Waiting to come awake. Unfortunately my time is coming to an end. I'm 45 with leukemia. Dead inside. But not on the outside. I laugh, but not at jokes. Then I met Mr Niceguy and Adamier. And I'm hoping we meet.

— Betty."

My eyes twitched until the words finally made sense.

I read it again.

Then a cold breeze stole my attention.

Mr Niceguy.

Standing.

Stiff.

Alive.

Click.

Clack.

Then his voice.

"It's time, kid. Don't blow this. You know the rules. Let me talk. Shut the fuck up. Blah blah."

His tone smoothed into something playful.

"It's showtime."

I gulped.

Showered.

Shaved.

Spiraling.

The stage faded into black before the velvet curtains slowly peeled apart.

Lights flickered across the theater.

The crowd—

Thousands.

Bodies packed together like waves in an ocean.

My chest tightened instantly. Breathing turned uneven. I gagged quietly behind my smile.

Then his whisper crawled into my ear.

“DON’T BLOW THIS, KID.”

A stained smile smeared across my face.

The crowd screamed my name.

His too.

“MR NICEGUY!”

I held my breath and sat on the stool like the audience were judges deciding whether I deserved to live another day.

Mr Niceguy landed on my lap.

My lips tucked inward.

Then his head slowly turned into the spotlight.

The crowd silenced instantly.

“I’ve heard the jokes about P. Diddy and baby oil...”

He paused.

“But if you wanna toss an Italian’s salad... all you need is olive oil.”

The theater erupted.

Laughter slammed against the walls.

He coughed dramatically before continuing.

“I like my women like a fresh cannoli...”

His jaw clacked open wider.

“A little rough around the edges... and extra cream.”

The crowd folded into themselves laughing.
His head snapped sharply side to side. Jaw flapping. Wood tapping together every time he spoke.
And they loved every second of it.
As if the jokes belonged to me.
I stared awkwardly into the crowd, shrugging my shoulders while sweat gathered beneath my collar.
Then the lights dimmed.
Darkness swallowed the audience whole.
The jazz band stopped playing.
The room waited.
Mr Niceguy lifted a tiny glass toward the crowd.
“To my favorite joke.”
Then pretended drinking from it like life itself stressed him out.
The audience leaned closer.
Waiting.
Then his voice changed.
Slower.
Smoother.
Darker.
“Let me tell you the story of my life.”
His jaw relaxed.
His marble eyes shook inside the sockets.
Suddenly his body felt heavier on my knee.
The air thickened.
Colder.
I tapped my leg anxiously beneath the stage lights like I was calling for help nobody could hear. A cigarette burned between his wooden fingers. Smoke spiraled upward into the darkness.
“I remember the days I used to babysit...”

His eyes scanned the crowd.

"Watching my owner's son."

He paused.

"Not creepy. Just enough to earn a go-to-jail-now card."

The audience burst into laughter.

Then his head slowly turned toward me.

Eyes pinning into mine.

"What happens when you watch a boy grow into a man?"

My stomach dropped instantly.

"He starts having urges..."

Smoke leaked from his mouth.

"Urges I couldn't teach. Urges his father was opposed to."

My pulse began hammering.

Harder.

Harder.

"I remember watching that boy turn into a man. Jerking his meat like it owed him twenty grand."

My fingers tightened around him.

The stool tapped beneath my foot uncontrollably.

Then he delivered the line.

"I would say... if you can't afford a room..."

His marble eyes locked into mine.

"PUT A SOCK IN IT."

Silence.

I shot upward from the stool so fast it nearly crashed backward.

The crowd froze for half a second—

Then exploded.

Laughter.

Clapping.

Screaming.

But I couldn't hear any of it anymore.

The memories were already eating through my skull like fire ants swarming rotten fruit.

The curtains closed.

The screams faded.

And suddenly—

I was back in the closet.

Pitch black.

Flashlight hanging from my teeth.

Casting light across my father's hidden pictures shoved behind old coats.

Socks stuffed in my mouth.

Hands shaking.

Jackets swaying from hangers like bodies.

And his voice towering from somewhere above me.

"Put a sock in it."

I stood there frozen backstage.

Unable to breathe.

Unable to tell if the crowd was laughing at the joke—

Or at me.

The Dressing Room

First my mouth flooded with saliva. Then something brewed deep in my stomach. Sweat fueled from my forehead. Then I began heaving. Chest collapsing inward. Mr. Niceguy's body hit the floor like a suicide attempt.

Then I vomited.

The smell turned rotten in the air. Spoiled. Expiring into something gruesome. It kept leaving my body. Puke pouring from me like gasoline. Suffocating like socks were jammed down my throat.

I ran into the dressing room.

Slammed the door.

Threw Mr. Niceguy onto the dressing table.

Yellow strings dangling from my chin. The funk rising from my shirt. Pacing. Holding my stomach tight.

Every thought.

Closet.

Sock.

Gagging.

Masturbating.

Tears still running down my cheeks.

I snapped.

“You motherfucker. How dare you humiliate me. Embarrass me. Make my story your fucking sick joke.”

My heart slammed against my ribs. Fists balled shut.

“What do you want from me?!”

He didn’t move.

Remained limp.

Jaw hanging open.

Marble eyes half-shut.

Emotionless.

Numb.

Dead.

My phone vibrated.

Five missed calls.

Evandra.

I quickly dialed—

But—

He rose.

Clack.

Clack.

CLACK.

Wood reconnecting itself like snapping bones.

Cold air touched a place inside my soul.

Then his presence filled the room.

“First of all, kid... if you ever yell at me again, I’ll cut your dick off and feed it to your broad.”

His jaw clacked slower.

“And second of all... don’t take it so personal. It’s show business.”

He walked toward the dressing mirror. Climbed onto the

chair. Groomed himself in the reflection.

“And to clear things up...”

His marble eyes shifted toward mine through the mirror.

“You’re the sick fuck who jerked off to his fathers hot mistress picture.”

The dressing room lights bled against his wooden skull.

“I didn’t actually mean put a sock in it. I was just tired of hearing you moan like a whiny little bitch.”

I froze.

My lungs forgot how to breathe.

“We made a deal. And I expect you to honor it.”

His head slowly twisted backward.

Three hundred and sixty degrees.

Body still facing the mirror.

“And if I don’t?”

The silence died.

He laughed.

Insane.

Violent.

His head snapped forward again.

“Then I never tell you the truth about your broad.”

The walls listened.

Mirror bulbs buzzing hot enough to melt skin.

I quickly zippered the suitcase. Moved toward the door.

Going crazier by the second.

“Let me tell you something, kid...”

His accent thickened. Darker. Wetter.

“While you’re locked away in your shitty little office trying to write your next bestseller that’s never gonna happen...”

His jaw clicked.

“She’s fucking your landlord.”

My stomach folded inward.

“Sucking his cock for rent money ever since your last book stopped selling.”

Every word stabbed deeper.

“And trust me...”

His neck ticked sideways.

Eyes shifting directly into mine.

“I seen it with my own two eyes.”

The room shrank.

Walls tightening around me.

“And if you don’t believe me...”

His smile widened.

“I’ll tell your girlfriend every filthy little thing you’ve been doing.”

My thoughts scattered like bats trapped inside my skull.

Was William fucking Evandra?

Was Mr. Niceguy lying?

Was this another game?

Was she cheating?

My hands crushed against my temples.

I dropped to my knees.

Breathing hard.

Then—

A knock.

Three soft taps against the dressing room door.

The Fan

I jumped away from the door.

Wiped my face.

Reality focused back in.

Changed my shirt.

Knock.

Knock...

I snatched Mr. Niceguy off the chair. Forced my arm inside him.

He clucked.

"Watch it, wise guy..."

Then I yelled—

"OPEN—"

A woman stood there. Older. Maybe in her fifties. Trench coat dripping wet. Hair bleached gray from years of chemicals and sadness.

"Hello... I've been following you, Adamier. Since your last show."

Rainwater dripped from her sleeves onto the carpet.

"I wrote you. And somehow managed to survive a life nobody

would ever choose.”

Her eyes wandered around the room like ghosts lived in the corners.

“A few years ago... I lost my daughter. Alice.”

Her lips trembled.

“Some say lost. Missing. Gone. But deep down... I know exactly where she is.”

She smiled.

The kind that only broken people smile with.

“Even if I told you the place... you wouldn’t believe me.”

Mr. Niceguy stayed still in my grip.

Silent.

Watching.

“A place where your darkest fantasies come true.”

The room felt colder.

“We share something alike, Adamier. You were trapped in a closet as a child...”

Her eyes softened.

“Such a poor soul.”

She slowly licked her red lips.

“During my darkest moments... I used to see a man. Not as a little girl. As a young woman leaving for college.”

She stepped closer.

“The visions became stronger over the years. A man cloaked in leather.”

My stomach tightened.

“A few months ago... he visited me again.”

Her thighs pressed together delicately.

“He told me death was the doorway into Fantasyland.”

Lightning flashed through the hotel curtains.

“It’s been years since I’ve felt alive. I laugh... but never because

something's funny."

Her eyes locked into mine.

"But then I saw you on television. You... and Mr. Niceguy."

Her voice lowered.

"And for the first time in years... I smiled."

She reached into her purse.

"I lied about the leukemia. I'm sorry. But I knew it would catch your attention."

I broke through her words.

"You're Betty?"

The room silenced.

"Yes. I'm Betty."

She slowly pulled out a check.

"I want to make you an offer."

My chest tightened.

"What I'm about to ask... is a choice I made because I believe you can help me leave this planet peacefully."

She handed me the check.

Fifty thousand dollars.

My pupils stretched.

"My house finally sold. This is everything I have left."

Her fingers shook.

"Take it. Take me away from my misery."

The paper felt heavier than stone in my hand.

I stared at it like it was Medusa herself.

Then Mr. Niceguy killed the silence.

"Look, toots... we got the perfect solution, baby."

His jaw clacked.

"Money is exactly what we talk."

His marble eyes drifted into mine.

Dreaming.

Then his neck clicked toward her.

Her coat slowly slipped from her shoulders.

My breathing stopped.

The side of her body unveiled first. Pale skin. Curves softened by age. Her chest heavy beneath black lace. Her thighs thick. Real. Human.

She didn't speak.

Just walked toward the couch.

Then laid back slowly.

Naked beneath the dripping trench coat.

One designer pillow pressed against her chest.

Waiting.

Feral.

The smell of her perfume mixed with rainwater and heat. Thickening the air around me.

Pulling me in.

Her eyes never left mine.

I couldn't think.

I raised Mr. Niceguy from my lap. Placed him on the edge of the desk.

Watching.

Always fucking watching.

My pants dropped to my ankles like dead weight.

Hard instantly.

Like she pulled something evil out of me.

The room lost all warmth.

Only cold remained.

I climbed over her.

Then drove inside her.

Instantly.

She convulsed beneath me.

Her nails dug into my throat.
I thrust harder.
Fast.
Then slow.
Like we'd done this before in another life.
Her walls clamped around me.
Milking me tighter every second.
Wet sounds filled the suite.
Her breathing became animalistic.
Mine worse.
The city lights outside blurred together behind the rain.
Then—
Something entered me.
My body went numb.
My eyes rolled white.
Then marble.
Cedar flooded my taste buds.
Wood cracking together inside my skull.
Growing.
Forming around me.
Then suddenly—
I wasn't inside myself anymore.
I was watching from the desk.
My legs dangling in the air.
Limp.
Wooden.
My fingers stiff planks resting on my knees.
My neck cracked sideways.
And there I was—
Still fucking her raw.
But different.

Wrong.

A pillow pressed violently over her face.

My marble eyes looked dead. Hollow. Shattered.

Still thrusting.

Still pounding into her.

The muffled sounds beneath the pillow became weaker.

Her legs kicked wildly against the cushions.

My hips never stopped.

Smacking sounds distorted through the suite.

Violent.

Wet.

Animal.

Then I came.

Deep inside her.

My body jerking harder with every pulse.

While hers took what looked like its final orgasm...

or final breath.

I pulled out slowly.

Cum leaking down my thigh.

The pillow still clenched in my hand.

Her body naked beneath me.

Still. Dead.

My soul screamed somewhere deep inside myself.

Metal.

Wood.

Cedar.

Rot.

All mixed together in the back of my gums.

I salivated.

Mr. Niceguy laughed hysterically from the desk.

I ran.

Didn't stop.
People stared at me in the hallway like I'd seen a ghost.
Maybe I had.
The walls closed tighter the farther I ran.
I shoved through the metal hotel doors.
Rain crashed over me like the fucking rapture.
Cum still sticky on my hand.
Her scent still burned into my skin.
Scorching something deep inside me.
Something festering , growing. Yelling to be released.
And took the first flight. Back home.

The Black Bird and the Mistress

Still trembling.

Still visualizing everything as if it had just happened. As if I'd been condemned by my own hands.

Mr. Niceguy's eyes blinked through my mind like a red warning light.

On.

Off.

On.

Off.

I arrived at my apartment building.

The hallway walls were bleached in the smell of piss. Bums scattered from the stairwell as I dragged myself up each step. Heavy. Uneasy. Like something was waiting for me at the top.

Evandra.

My love.

My everything.

Waiting for me.

I pushed harder.

Then threw myself through the front door.

Nobody.

Only the smell of marijuana drifting through the apartment.

I rushed to the bathroom.

Then the living room.

"Evandra?"

Silence.

I sniffed the air.

Almost tasting her nearby.

Too eager.

Too desperate.

I swung open the bedroom door.

The stench hit me first.

Urine.

Evandra...

on her knees.

Naked.

Like she was praying.

William stood over her.

Hard.

Pissing.

Showering her in it.

She snapped out of the sick ritual instantly.

"Adamier— it's not what you think!"

I stumbled backward.

No fight left inside me.

The world folded like wet paper.

I pushed myself out into the hallway and screamed at the top
of my lungs.

Chains unlatching.

Doors cracking open.

Neighbors I hadn't seen in years peeking through the dark-

ness.

Then—

To my left.

Down the spiraling hallway.

The black bird.

Pecking at the floor.

Waiting.

Watching.

Then walking away.

I followed it.

Out of the apartment.

Across the sidewalk like a madman.

Rainwater splashing beneath my shoes.

The bird stopped outside a pawnshop.

Old.

Rotting.

Lights flickering on and off like dying thoughts.

Sketchy.

Wrong.

I stepped inside.

Then I saw her.

Familiar.

Then it hit me.

The funeral.

The photograph.

My father's mistress.

Standing in front of me.

Waiting.

I slowly removed my hat. Finally uncovering my face.

My hands trembled inside my pockets.

I was done.

Done running.

Done performing.

Ready to disappear.

Ready to die.

Then her voice.

Soft.

Almost holy.

"If you want to destroy him... break your family curse... now you finally understand your father's story."

She pressed her cigarette deeper into the glass ashtray.

"He never had a choice."

Smoke drifted between us.

"Your father killed himself trying to escape Mr. Niceguy."

The words hollowed me out.

"But you can change it. Permanently."

My voice cracked trying to speak.

Every word hurt coming out.

"How do I kill that son of a bitch?"

She stepped closer.

Wiped tears from beneath my eyes with her thumb.

Then walked me toward a small wooden box sitting beneath a dusty shelf.

Tiny.

Ancient.

Covered in scratches.

The wood looked swollen with age.

Almost breathing.

"The man who built Mr. Niceguy died long before this place became a pawnshop."

Her fingers traced the lid carefully.

"Before this was a store... it was a workshop. They made

dolls here. Puppets. Relics. Cursed things.”

The lights buzzed overhead.

“The owner before your father sold him inside this box.”

My stomach tightened.

“Mr. Niceguy must be buried inside it.”

She placed both hands around mine.

Forced me to hold it.

The cedar smell hit instantly.

Rotten.

Familiar.

Like childhood.

“Bury the box... and bury him with it.”

I froze.

Letting her words settle into every empty place inside me.

Then she reached upward.

Lifted the wooden coffin made for Mr. Niceguy himself.

And kissed my cheek.

“Follow the black bird. And always remember , sometimes in life you have to grab it and bury it behind you.”

I left the store abruptly.

Frantic.

Detached from the world around me.

Like I no longer belonged to it.

The wooden box pressed tightly against my ribs the entire walk.

I never went home.

Didn’t love Evandra anymore.

Didn’t love myself either.

I bought a bus ticket to my mother’s house.

Ready to end what my father created.

Outside the window the sky turned gray.

The world glitched around me.

And the flashbacks began.

The Final Test

I called my mother.

Begging for her to answer. Pleading for her voice to appear.
Begging that something in my life was still real.

I killed a woman. By now, I was sure her body had been found. My world was collapsing. Piece by piece. Torn from me.

All I could think about was how Mr. Niceguy would beg for his own life.

Then—

My mother's voice.

"Hello?"

"Mom... I—I wanted to come see you. Are you home?"

Bingo members screamed in the background. Coins clanged.
Someone cursed over a bad card.

"I'm at bingo tonight. I'll be home late. I'm on a hot streak,
and after this the girls wanna hit the casino. I feel lucky tonight."

She laughed.

A normal laugh.

One that hurt to hear.

“Okay, Mom...”

I swallowed hard.

“Key still under the angel statue by the front door?”

“Yep. And there’s leftovers in the refrigerator. I’ll see you soon. I can’t wait to hear about you and Evandra.”

Then—

Click.

Her voice vanished.

I arrived at the house shortly after.

The crow stood on the ledge outside my bedroom window.
A worm dangling from its beak in the morning light.

Watching me.

The house breathed before me.

The memories crawled into every corner of my mind.

I barged through the front door. Trotted upstairs. Didn’t think.

Kicked my bedroom door open.

Threw the wooden box onto the superhero blankets folded
at the foot of my bed.

Then ripped the closet doors apart.

Old coats swayed.

Dust floated through the beams of sunlight.

I dug through jackets. Sweaters. Forgotten winters.

Blood boiling.

Heart drowning in pain.

Then—

I felt it.

Cold air.

His presence.

His jaw clamped together slowly.

Legs swinging from a stack of old encyclopedia books inside

the closet darkness.

I fell backward.

His body dropped to the floor.

THUD.

Click.

Clack.

Clack.

Closer.

Stepping from the dark.

Then he paused.

And suddenly—

Shot toward me on all fours.

Like a starving dog.

Mouth flapping against the wood.

Marble eyes glowing blue like broken lightbulbs.

I screamed.

Tussled.

Fought.

His limbs cracked wildly as he clawed at me.

Then I pinned him against the hardwood floor.

His accent vanished into something deeper.

Something ancient.

His legs kicked violently in the air while I lifted him from the ground.

His weight shifted instantly.

Heavy.

Impossible.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?!”

His jaw snapped harder.

“Fighting me?! Kicking me around like some mutt?!”

Then he roared.

Not human.
Not wood.
Something beneath both.
Something hellish.
Unspeakable.
Unforgettable.
I lowered him into the box.
He screamed louder.
I hammered the nails through the thin wood.
BANG.
BANG.
BANG.
His voice kept changing.
Italian.
Demonic.
Childlike.
Then monstrous again.
Reality warped around the room.
The closet darkened.
The walls bent inward.
Like the house itself was trying to swallow us whole.
"DON'T YOU FUCKING DO THIS TO ME—"
BANG.
"AFTER EVERYTHING I GAVE YOU—"
BANG.
The box shook violently beneath my hands.
"ADAMIER—"
BANG.
Then the final nail.
Bottom left corner.
I slammed it shut.

And buried him.
Buried his screams.
His begging.
His laughter.
Everything.
That night, I dug the grave myself.
The crow landed beside the hole. Wings folding at its sides.
Watching.
As if fate had guided me there from the beginning.
Six feet under.
But even after the dirt covered him—
I could still hear him.
Faint.
Scratching.
Laughing somewhere behind my thoughts.

The Black Book Chapters



Evandra Lost Chapter

There I was...

On my knees.

Naked.

Like I was praying to God.

William stood over me.

Hard.

Pissing.

Showering me in it.

Bathing me in it.

I shielded myself from William's piss, hands blocking the spray.

Then my heart shattered.

"Adamier—it's not what you think!"

My last words to him.

Urine conditioning my hair.

Drenched.

William still urinating.

Ammonia exhausting into the air like a murder scene.

My stomach formed into knots.

I ran.

Didn't even take the money on the nightstand.

William's yells died behind me.

"Adamier!" I screamed.

Neighbors watched as I went crazy.

I ran down the fire escape.
Nearly killing myself on the way down.
Shame planting sinful roots in the core of my brain.
Guilt shifting something inside my heart.
The door flung open.

“ADAMIER!”

I yelled.
He was gone.
His car leaving skid marks from his parking space out of the
lot.

I collapsed onto the blacktop.
Urine still clung to my skin.
Half naked.
Makeup running down my cheeks in streaks.
The world tilted.
The earth cried tears of rain.
Hailing from the night sky.
I cried.
Sobbed on my knees, waiting for Adamier’s touch.
Trembling in the rain.
Anxiety holding me at gunpoint.
Hostage.
Still.
Then the trash can rustled.
Bags shifting.
Rats running past my feet.
I swiveled.
And there he was.
Adamier.
Eyes blazing green.
Pupils black as melted tar.

Bite marks deteriorating from his ribs.
Naked.
Skin pale.
Deteriorated.
Mouth foaming white.
Green liquid leaking from the hole of his cock.
Dripping like a blood trail.
Walking crippled.
Limping.
Growling.
Arms hung in the air.
Rain rinsing the foam from his face away.
He snarled.
Approached.
I yanked myself upright.
Eyes hanging from my skull.
Heart frozen.
Guts in my stomach telling me to run.
I hesitated.
The metal door swung open.
William.
Out of breath.
Sweating.
Belt unbuckled.
The rain hit the ground louder.
The world slowed.
William stepped in front of me.
Hands on my shoulders.
“Are you okay?”
Like the brave man he never was.
Covering me from the rain.

Adamier spun him around.

Heathing.

Like he was possessed by something unspeakable.

Drove his yellow teeth into the side of his neck.

A chunk of him peeled away.

Blood pouring like a burgundy waterfall.

Streaming through his hands.

He dropped him to the pavement.

His body convulsed.

Eyes twitching.

Black to neon green.

And begin sucking his dangling cock. Slurping him alive. Jerking him . Forcing his dick down his throat foaming at the same time. My stomach bubbled into vomit. Puke shot from my nose as I watched. Watched Adamier sucking him hard as he died on the black pavement. His body convulsed , tightening . Eyes twitched, black to neon green. Then orgasmed .

He sank Adamier's head between his legs.

Resting his hands behind Adamier's skull.

Green cum emptying from the corners of Adamier's lips.

They stood.

Like something dead in a horror movie. Something that belonged in a graveyard. Wilson twitched. Neck cracked. Bones harnessed back together. Walking towards me Green cum hanging from his chin. Streaming down his chest.

And William.

Dead.

Snarling.

Foaming clouds of green from his mouth.

Leaking cum.

I fell back.

Then a woman dragged me into a sewer hole.

My heart exploded.

My life flashed.

Then she told me everything was alright.

Unveiling a cloak from her face.

Softly.

Nurturing.

She removed herself from the dark.

"I'm Heaven. And yours?"

Lost in her beautiful eyes, I stuttered, controlling my nerves.

"Evandra... but everyone calls me Eve."

The Birth of Mr. Niceguy

The room shook.

The walls sweated like human skin.

The floors trembled as they claimed another life.

The maid.

Now part of the house's vessels.

I wasn't like most girls in high school.

Dating.

Sports events.

Prom.

For years, I grew up on these grounds believing this house was full of ghosts.

But I was wrong.

This house was alive.

The air tasted rotten.

The ceiling tiles dripped.

The closets watched.

I didn't have the luxury of public school.

I was home schooled.

Her name was Agatha.

Ms. Agatha.

A Black woman. Beautiful. Built like a stallion. Skin smooth as fresh paint.

Religious.

Full of knowledge.

The first Black woman I'd ever truly known.

We would talk for hours about calculus, history, and my mother.

She wouldn't speak much on her.

She'd avoid the subject like what I knew wasn't important enough.

I'd study while pretending the screams were muted.

She'd remind me how important my education was.

Ignoring the smell lingering through the hallways.

My mother flushed and exhausted.

Men leaving like they'd seen a ghost.

I'd toss and turn beneath my sheets.

Wondering if I was insane.

Or perfectly sane.

Moaning echoed through the walls.

Chandeliers vibrated to sounds hidden behind wallpaper.

I knew Agatha felt it too.

When she'd make my lunch as a teenager, she'd ignore the fog gathering on the kitchen windows.

The appliances trembling on the counters.

The begging.

The pleading upstairs.

The canvas in the foyer shifting every time I walked past.

I felt something unexplainable.

Waited for the statue in the lobby to move.

Stared at my mother's wardrobe like something lived inside it.

Every night for years.

The sound beneath my bed.

Breathing.

Scratching nails against old wooden floors.

I'd wake soaked in tears.
"My mother..."
"Monsters aren't real."
The same smile on her face.
The same tilt in her cheeks.
But everything changed once Agatha vanished.
I turned twenty-four.
And the house knew.
I felt it.
The statues.
The family portraits.
The Naked Man standing outside my window.
Watching.
Waiting.
When I woke up, there was no birthday cake.
No birthday card.
No birthday kisses.
Only droplets leading toward the attic.
Up the staircase.
Down the East Wing.
Past the master bedroom.
And then it stopped.
A rope dangled from the ceiling.
Hanging like a corpse from a noose.
I hesitated.
The walls seemed to tighten around me.
My heart buried somewhere deep inside my stomach.
I pulled the rope.
A seal in the ceiling cracked open.
Stairs unfolded downward.
I climbed.

Slowly.
Following the trail.
The smell hit first.
Burnt wood.
Rotting flesh.
Sweat.
Decay suspended in the cold air.
My palms became slick.
Voices chanted in perfect unison.
I froze at the top step.
My hands gripping the wood.
My eyes widened.
My mother.
White porcelain pearls hanging from her neck.
A red dress glittering beneath candlelight.
A book rested before her.
Wrapped in skin.
Stapled together.
Pages yellowed with age.
The Book of Flesh.
Her tongue formed words I didn't recognize.
Not English.
Not Spanish.
Not Chinese.
Something older.
Something cursed.
Candles floated in the air.
Cold suffocated the warmth from the room.
Women arched over a wooden table.
A doll rested inside a pine coffin.
Blood dripping from between their legs onto the figure below.

Drips of blood splattering across the wooden board. Staining
there cunts red.

Four of them.

Eyes completely white.

Moaning as my mother read louder.

The wooden floor shifted.

Nails burst from the boards.

Felmer stood beside her, holding her upright.

The room shook harder.

I fell backward.

Tumbling down the ladder.

Panic became survival.

I didn't pack.

I didn't think.

I ran.

Down the hallway.

Down the stairs.

The railings slick beneath my hands.

The chimney groaning.

The ceiling beginning to crack.

The statue at the bottom of the staircase stood guard over
the foyer.

I crashed into the floor.

Then I saw it.

Agatha.

Her face painted inside a wooden frame.

Hanging on the wall.

Screaming inside my head.

I didn't stop to understand.

I cried.

Ran faster.

Through the kitchen.
Out the back door.
Into the rain.
And I never saw that house again.

EXTENDED ENDING

I ran barefoot to the office.

Words formed in my brain like a tumor.

I thrust through the door and opened the laptop so fast that dust dispersed into the air.

My eyes locked onto the screen.

Words stretched into paragraphs.

My fingers typed like never before, dancing across the keys. Thoughts flickered through my mind—Mr. Niceguy, my father, the closet. It all snapped into place, dumping words out of me. My fingertips tapped across the keyboard relentlessly. Writer's block was nonexistent. The room buried me in darkness, the glow of the screen narrowing my focus.

I couldn't stop typing.

I couldn't stop crying.

The wind turned to rain. The front door creaked on its hinges, slamming against the wall.

Then came scratching at the windows.

Footsteps.

A feminine moan.

Heavy breathing.

Then—

I spun around in the chair.

The smell hit me first.

Raw flesh.

Her body was peeled, damp, and pale.
Frank's wife.
Green phlegm hung from her face.
Splatters stained her chest like a tattoo.
She stood naked, tainting the air with a foul smell. Green
fluid coated her parted lips.
I jumped out of the chair.
Pus leaked down her arms. A bite mark scarred her skin.
I quickly knocked her to the floor.
She fell.
Laughed.
Growled louder.
Then leapt forward on all fours, sinking her teeth into my
neck.
We crashed to the floor together.
My eyes slowly closed.
The world melted into a closet.
The woman forced my cock inside her while I clutched my
neck. Blood turned green. I begged for my life, screaming for
someone to hear.
Then I felt death.
White lights.
A rush.
My head snapped back.
My eyes rolled into the back of my skull.
My body convulsed as though strapped into an electric chair.
A sensation.
A blissful high surged through my veins.
A closet.
Darkness.
The woman from the picture.

Naked.

Feral.

Whispering.

She shoved an old sock deep into my mouth and told me to hush. I could feel the fabric against my gums, saliva drying in the threads. My hand moved instinctively as she moaned my name. Crows cawing above me. Flocking on the shelf.

The closet compressed inward around me.

My hand jerking my cock. My cock beating in my hand. Balls in the other. Watching her as she moaned my name. Cum fountained out of me. The closet compressed in. Thick globs of cum hanging from my fist. Dripping down my knuckles.

Then she kneeled to her knees.

Didn't ask or question.

Began jerking my cock until my toes bent. Cracked.

Her hand jerking, forcing everything out of me. The cum kept leaving my body until it turned neon green.

Then it went black.

My body trembled as the pressure built higher and higher. The feeling consumed me completely.

Then everything changed.

The color shifted. The world darkened. And then it all went black. I returned to the world. But not as a man.

I stood to my feet.

Naked.

Swollen.

Dripping beneath me.

Sniffing the air like a K9. Brain dead unable to speak. But aware of where I died

Growling.

Hungry.

EXTENDED ENDING

Craving nothing in this world but sex.

WANT MORE ?

WANT MORE ?

THE BANNED FROM AMAZON BOX

WHAT YOU GET

- ✓ 6 Physical Books
- ✓ 1 Signed Copy
- ✓ Rottenverse Map Poster
- ✓ Hidden Story Inside The Books-The Woman Who Screamed Wolf
- ✓ Black Book Chapters
- ✓ Forbidden Files Archives
- ✓ Confidential Documents
- ✓ Manifesto Roster
- ✓ NSFW Cards
- ✓ Digital NSFW Book Access
- ✓ Bookmarks

THE BANNED FROM AMAZON COLLECTION

“Do Not Open”

Rottenhearts

GET THE COLLECTION HERE

<https://rottenhearts.club/collection/all>

