

CHAPTER 15

Eternal Dwellers

It was a slow rainy night in late January. The creepy dramatic horror music outside playing outside the attraction seemed to call out to no one tonight. Zoey was inside the ticket window as a creepy prom girl in a blood-covered 1970's prom dress with stringy blood-drenched hair. It had been about half an hour since she last sold anybody a ticket. It was a good night to catch up on educational reading. Alice 'N Chains grunge rock blasted over her portable radio while she thumbed through a popular woman's magazine with articles such as "Don't Scare him with THE TALK too soon," "Top Ten Ways to Drive Him Crazy in Bed," and "How to Know When Your Period is Coming Early." A bloody bead of sweat dripped from her brow and she looked up, and was immediately entranced by the view outside.

Jordan, again dressed as the sexiest creepy mortician to ever grace the halls of the attraction, stood in the middle of the street in the pouring rain. He pulled down his ponytail and shook out his wet hair. He tilted his face toward the sky smiling, arms extended, letting the rain wash over him, laughing like a madman, reveling in this moment of time in his life. Zoey couldn't help but let her mind wander....

As she walked down the sidewalk her thoughts turned to him as she saw couples walking happily hand in hand past her. She hungered from the memory of his mouth on hers, and again suffered the ache of desire at the thought of him. She wondered if she would ever know the feeling of his lovemaking. Just then, she glanced up and noticed him standing against the wall of the building on her left, sheltering himself from the chilly night drizzle. He lifted his chin and noticed her openly studying him, and started up the sidewalk toward her. Her heart beat erratically as he approached her in long, deliberate strides. He came to an abrupt halt in front of her and snarled. Eyeing her up and down with his sharp blue eyes, his stare was bold and assessed her frankly. He

gave a slight nod of approval, then his large hand seized her wrist and pulled her roughly, almost violently, to him in front of the parked car to her right. She was shocked at his behavior and a startled gasp escaped her lips. As his hands slipped down her back their eyes locked, and he leaned his tall frame over her, forcing her to lie back onto the silver hood of the car behind her. She obeyed, and he pushed her legs apart with his knees. Reaching up, she pulled his ponytail down, and his wet tousled black hair fell to his shoulders. Brushing his lips across hers as he spoke, he whispered, "I want to fuck you until you're numb." He searched her eyes, pressing himself against her, while a delicious shudder heated her body. She shivered as his cold hands skimmed her thighs, lifting her dress up to her waist, then quickly, skillfully slid her panties off. Leaning over her, he traced his index finger gently across her lips, then down over her chin, down her neck, down further, not taking his eyes off hers for even an instant as she cried out in pleasure. He hurriedly unzipped his pants and she impatiently pushed them halfway down his thighs and urged him closer. Her eyes froze on his lips, aching for them to touch hers again, like they had so many months ago. Arching her body yet closer to his, she wrapped her legs around his hips and he caught her thighs in his hands, pressing them close against his moist skin. Again, his lips recaptured hers, breathing his passion into her as he combed his fingers through her long wet hair.

All of a sudden Jordan turned to the ticket window. *Why is he looking over here? How long have I been staring at him?* Zoey quickly averted her gaze, flipped to a page with the title, "How to Enslave a Man and Make Him Yours for Life." Her reading was interrupted by a tourist with her husband and two teenagers behind her. Standing in front of the window. Zoey put down the magazine. Learning the secret to obtaining great sex and everlasting love with her soulmate would have to wait.

The lady outside her window looked around and back to her, confused. "Is this a haunted house?" she asked. The sound of a chainsaw revving loud enough for both to hear followed by screams from a group being chased out of the attraction were heard.

"No. It's a laundromat," Zoey replied dryly in a Southern accent.

The lady laughed as well as her husband. "I told you it was a haunted house Julie!" he teased.

"You're going in first, Doug!" she snapped back. She turned back to Zoey, "Four tickets please."

"That will be forty-eight dollars."

Zoey rang up the transaction and handed the lady the tickets, "Good luck!"

Zoey was just about to resume her reading to discover the key to a great love life when Gary entered. "Break!" he told her.

Zoey closed the magazine, put it aside and stood up.

"Tell Jordan this is Break Group. Eddie's following a group that lit the graveyard cobwebs on fire," Gary instructed.

"Okay."

As Zoey went to pass him a blotter paper sheet of acid fell from Gary's pocket to the floor. Zoey picked it up and handed it to him, "Here, you dropped this."

Gary took the sheet and put it back in his pocket, "Thanks."

Zoey left and Gary sat down. Eddie's voice came over the walkie talkie, "Show Support to M.O.D."

Gary answered, "M.O.D. Go ahead Eagle Eye."

"I took the little fire starter out. Carl's filling out a report. We need a fan in zombie, the smell of burnt cobwebs is pretty bad."

"Copy that."

A moment later Zoey waited just outside the door to the mortician set in the pitch black backstage area referred to as 'The Black Hole.' She listened closely for Jordan to finish his spiel.

Inside the set Jordan addressed the tourists and the rest of the group, "Hello. I'm Mister Graves, the Mortician and I'll be--"

"Your dick is like a tic-tac!" one of the teenage boys heckled him.

Jordan *lived* for these types of moments. Without hesitation he swiftly walked over to and stopped in front of the heckler, lowering his face inches from his. Slow, deliberate, and threatening, while over-enunciating the words for emphasis, Jordan fired back, "That would explain your minty.....fresh....breath!"

Others in the group pointed and laughed at the heckler. The tourist lady smiled, and her husband playfully whacked his heckler son in the back of the head.

Jordan continued his spiel, "As I was saying, I'll be your mortician unless you pay very close attention to our *painfully* simple rules. You are about to journey through a very dark labyrinth, and the things inside..."

Zoey listened at the door as he finished his spiel. After she heard him say, "Knock three times. *It* will come for you!" followed by his maniacal laughter she slowly pushed the door open.

As the group left the room Zoey popped her head into the mortician set, and hollered to him, "That's Break Group!"

"Cool, Thanks!" Jordan responded as he turned to follow them, but Zoey stopped him as she stepped inside the room.

"I have to tell you-you look like a madman out there in the rain."

Jordan smiled and stepped closer to her, "I love the rain, especially on the beach, at night."

Zoey pictured him in the rain at night on the beach. Naked. "That sounds nice," she told him, "I know a secluded spot near a light house." She really didn't. She knew where a lighthouse was. There was bound to be a secluded spot near it at night.

Jordan appeared to visualize it and they shared a like-minded look.

All of a sudden the monastery door swung open and Will entered, dressed as a creepy monk. "Jordan, was that Break Group?" he asked.

"Yeah, sorry man," Jordan apologized, "Eddie's following a group. I'm on it."

"Well hurry, they're almost at graveyard."

Moments later as Zoey walked down the hallway past the Zombie set to the restroom Jordan turned a corner and approached her direction. They held a knowing glance as they slowly passed as she reached her destination. Zoey smiled, holding his gaze and ducked into the private restroom, silently inviting him to join her. She closed the door behind her.

She stood in front of the mirror, pulled a tube of lip gloss out from her bra and applied it. She fluffed her bloodied hair a bit, then leaned against the wall in the sexiest pose she could muster, waiting for Jordan. After a minute she realized they had not been thinking the same thing after all. She knew she was stupid and felt a twinge of guilt that she would have helped him cheat on Nikki if he had followed her into the restroom. But though only brief, she was with Jordan first and Nikki had no problem with Jordan dropping Zoey for her, so her guilt quickly subsided. *Oh well.* Regardless, it seemed as though Jordan and Nikki would continue to be one of the golden couples at the haunt for the time being.

As she sadly surrendered to that reality she figured she may as well pee since she was already in there. She went over to the toilet and lifted her dress enough to pull down her panties and sat down on the cold seat. No sooner had she started peeing the door burst open and Kyle appeared as a zombie, startling her. Zoey screamed and her bladder froze mid-stream and she pulled her dress to cover herself.

“Oh my God! I’m so sorry! The door was unlocked!” Kyle apologized profusely before running back out the door.

Zoey collapsed in embarrassment, knowing this visual wasn’t going to put sexy thoughts of her in Kyle’s head either. “Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Oh my God!” she muttered with her face in her hands. She gave herself a moment, then sat up as she finally regained some semblance of composure and tore off some toilet paper.

