

MILES AND HAVOC

Fun House of Horror

Alice Winters

Miles and Havoc's House of Horror (and Fun)

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Proofed: Courtney Bassett

***Large spoiler for the end of book 2, so it's best to be read after finishing book 2!** And one of the characters isn't introduced until book 3, but I wouldn't consider him a spoiler.

“Miles... explain to me again why we're here?” Havoc asks as he waves at a sign that says “HORROR HOUSE OF FUN! Grab your friends and get ready for a fun-tastic, fear-tastic time!” Menace, who is on my shoulder, takes one look at the sign and hisses at it. Like the idea of having fun has filled him with dread.

“Because... Marco asked us to,” I say. “He said he was too shy to ask Lachlan himself, so he asked if we could invite him.”

“Did you tell him no?” Havoc asks. “Did you tell him that his very presence is so nauseating it makes me feel like my insides are revolting against my body every time I glimpse him?”

“Weirdly... those were my exact words!” I say sarcastically. “Honestly... I did try the whole ‘Oh... we're so busy’ thing, and then he reminded me how he nearly died for me multiple time, so here we are! Be nice. There he is.” I wave toward Marco who is standing with his back to us, chatting away to... something.

“So, Havoc, I was kind of hoping you wouldn't be here, but I guess you're kind of pretty like this. I always thought that your very presence made me throw up a little in my mouth, but you've been very understanding this evening, and dare I even say... kind? You're such a good listener! I always thought you only knew how to bash heads and huff around all ‘Look at my raging biceps, they're the only reason Miles looks my way because my personality is so disgusting that it definitely didn't hook him.’”

I stare at Marco who is *one hundred percent* talking to a pigeon. It even “coos” at him a little as it cocks its head this way and that, wondering when he's going to feed it.

“Marco, that's not—”

Marco turns and then looks at Havoc in shock before looking over at the white pigeon. “Havoc! How can you be here if you’re already here? Is this your doppelganger?”

“Marco... that’s a pigeon,” I say as Havoc smacks the side of Marco’s head.

“My beautiful hair!” Marco cries. “Please, Miles, marry the pigeon. I beg of you. Look at how much nicer it is—”

And that’s when Menace shoots off my shoulder and launches himself at the pigeon. Marco screeches, Havoc laughs, and I look on in horror as Menace pins it to the bench.

“No! Menace, put it down!”

“No, fiery kitty! Miles is going to marry Havoc 2.0, so you can’t eat him!”

Menace is yowling up a storm, pleased by the turn of events until I snatch him up and free the bird that flies off.

He yowls a song of displeasure as his murder mittens engage. Quickly, I drop him on the ground to avoid getting shredded.

“Anyway, let’s... get this over with,” I say to Marco.

“Wait, wait... Miles, handsome Miles. Please, do I look pretty enough?”

I look the impeccable angel over before giving him a thumbs-up. “Adequate.”

His smolder falls. “What? No, no, no. Is my hair not perfect enough?”

“Hold on... there’s an issue with this,” Havoc says as he waves toward Marco’s entire face.

Instead of realizing that Havoc’s harassing him, Marco cries out in despair as he tears the side mirror off some unsuspecting person’s vehicle to get a better look.

“Oh damn... I look fine,” he says as he gives the face in the mirror a smoldering look.

I slowly look over at Havoc who is very much giving me a “What have you done to me?” expression. Thankfully, before anything more happens, I see Lachlan.

“Look! There’s Lachlan,” I say.

The mirror drops from Marco’s hands as he gasps. “My heart, Miles! My heart! It’s pounding wildly in my chest.”

“Maybe you’re finally dying,” Havoc says. “I might as well finish you off so you don’t suffer.”

Marco ignores that with ease. “I want to make a good impression, Miles! Let me use your body!”

And with that he wraps one arm around my waist and another between my legs, just getting a good ol’ ball grab as he flies off.

“Leave my balls *out of it*,” I growl.

“Where else do I hold?” he says, retracting his hand midair which means he now is only holding on to me with the one arm around my waist, which doesn’t prove to be enough as I immediately slide out of his grip in the process. “Whoopies.”

“Don’t fucking ‘whoops’ me when we’re thirty feet in the air!” As I slide down his body, I grab for all I can, and in my panic, I end up catching on to his pants midflight. The pants don’t prove to be tight enough to cling on to Marco’s body as they whip down his thighs that I grab in an attempt *to not die*.

“My *face* just grazed your dick,” I cry, refusing to make eye contact with it *right there*.

“But did you enjoy it?” Marco asks a moment before Havoc, as a raven, rushes up and starts beating the shit out of Marco’s face with his wings. “Stop! You know I like it when you do this! I don’t want Lachlan to see!”

“PUT ME ON THE GROUND,” I bark, well aware his dick is still *right there*. Like *right fucking there*. I swear if he twisted, it’d poke my damn eye out.

“It’s okay! I trimmed in case something like this happened!” Marco says.

“Most people trim when they think they’re going to get laid, not fucking depantsed after nearly dropping an unwilling victim!” I yell.

“LAND!”

“Look how handsome he is! With my wings and his body, we could make little Pegasus babies!” Marco announces, which... what? Like... he realizes they’re both males, right? And even if he could... somehow... accomplish that... where the fuck would the Pegasus come from?

“Just put me down!”

And just like that, he drops to the ground, but what he doesn’t expect is for me to hit first, so he ends up stumbling, but with his pants—that I’m

still clinging on to—around his ankles, he crashes to the ground right in front of Lachlan’s hooves.

I have no idea what kind of impression he was planning on giving, but him on his face on the sidewalk, pants around his ankles, and me splayed across his body, half in the grass, probably wasn’t it. But boy does he shove me off and flip onto his side, supporting his head with a hand while... somehow pulling off this sexy sprawl.

“What the fuck...” I whisper, wondering how I end up looking like an idiot with dirt from the grass I ended up smashing into smeared across my face. I swear I have grass in my teeth.

“Hey, sexy,” Marco says, like we’ve just strutted in on him seducing a man from his bed... not the sidewalk.

“Ha ha! You guys are just delightful! How fun! Are you both okay?” Lachlan asks as he picks me up off the ground and cradles me like a child. “Let’s fix that pretty face right up!” He licks his thumb, and then uses it to rub at the dirt on my cheek.

At this point, I’ve just succumbed to my fate. “Please... please don’t drop me,” I beg.

Lachlan gives a smile so beaming that it’s blinding me. “How could I drop someone as precious to me as you—”

“That is mine,” Havoc growls as he grabs for me. Issue is, Lachlan’s quite tall, which is proven as Lachlan lifts me higher than Havoc can reach.

The *look* of horror on Havoc’s face as he’s reduced to a toddler leaping up for a toy that he can’t quite reach nearly kills me.

“Do you need a hug too?” Lachlan asks as he hooks Havoc into a hug and kisses the side of his face.

“Give me Miles, *horse*,” Havoc growls. “We wouldn’t want something to happen to one those legs of yours... would we?”

“Havoc, be nice!” I say as I’m finally deposited in Havoc’s arms.

I glance over at Marco, who has realized that he’s not the main focus, and is slumped down on a bench in what looks like a depressive lump. At least his pants are back on.

Havoc is now holding me like I’m an infant, and I just really don’t know what to think about any of this. Lachlan, though, seems delighted as he trots past us and swishes his tail which whips Havoc right in the face.

“Marco! It’s such a delight to see you!” Lachlan says.

Life bursts back into Marco. “It... it is?”

Lachlan is all smiles. “It very much is! What is such a handsome face doing over here all alone?”

“I... I was a little jealous, I guess,” Marco says.

“Oh? You wanted to hold someone too! It was rather delightful! I... I guess you can try to hold me... if you’re sure I’m enough.” And so there’s Marco trying as hard as he can to pick up Lachlan.

“Do you think if we sit here long enough, his back will just snap and we can go home?” I ask as I hop out of Havoc’s arms and pick up Menace, who I put back on my shoulder.

“I can quicken the process,” Havoc growls as he gives Marco a kick into the side of Lachlan. Marco, who now has his face smashed against Lachlan’s side, doesn’t seem at all displeased by this.

“Guys, this is so much fun, but our time to go into the horror house is like... *right now*,” I say.

“How delightful!” Lachlan enthuses as he picks Marco up and carries him after us. Marco is quite thrilled, so thrilled that when Lachlan tries to put him down at the doorway, Marco refuses.

“How’d you get here, Lachlan?” I ask.

“I drove!” he says.

I scrutinize him, unable to comprehend how this man *drove* here. It’s one of the many mysteries in my life.

The woman scanning tickets looks between us. “Uh... welcome?” She’s uncertain if she *wants* to welcome us. It’s understandable.

“Marco, she needs the tickets.”

“Oh! Right,” he says. He pulls his phone out while still lounging in Lachlan’s arms. She scans them, clearly confused, but not paid enough to care.

I head inside the horror fun house, positive that this can’t be worse than what went on outside.

“If we power walk through this, we can go home, right?” Havoc asks.

“Let’s just pretend Marco’s not here and enjoy ourselves,” I say as I watch Lachlan struggle through the door, but he’s still all smiles as we head inside.

“Welcome to hell,” a woman cackles in front of us. “Please do not touch the actors. If you’re brave enough... you may enter.”

Lachlan finally puts Marco down as he paws a little nervously. “Is this a bad time to mention that I’m easily scared? I... I think I’d feel better

if I held hands.”

Marco gasps. “ME TOO!” He holds his hand out as Lachlan grabs Marco’s hand and Havoc’s unsuspecting hand.

“Miles, if you could just hold my tail, I would feel significantly better,” Lachlan says as I eye Marco.

“He hates horror, so this is where you picked?” I whisper as Havoc twists and jerks to get free, but Lachlan is quite strong.

“Google said it was a fun date spot!” Marco says. “It’s okay! I’ll protect—” Marco is whipped back as a “ghost” leaps out and Lachlan jumps, which results in him snapping Havoc and Marco back to him so he can squeeze them like little plush toys.

Menace hisses at the “ghost” as Havoc cusses up a storm trying to get away from Lachlan’s grasp.

When he finally manages to get away, he rushes over to me. “Did you seriously just watch the brutality I just faced?”

I beam at him. “I sure did. Just like you watched when that snake thing messed with me.”

Havoc pretends like he has no idea what I’m talking about as we head into the hallway. The issue with the hallway is that it’s clearly not meant for a centaur, so Lachlan is forced to walk with his human body bent over, dragging Marco along with him. It doesn’t *look* fun, but the smile of bliss of Marco’s body as he’s dragged along tells me that I’m clearly quite wrong.

“I... I very much like this hallway. I don’t have to look at anything but your beautiful face, Marco,” Lachlan says. “And if I look up, all I can see is Havoc’s ass! Ha ha!”

“It *is* a pretty nice ass,” I agree as I give Havoc’s ass a smack.

“Only Miles may look,” he says as we reach the next room. Lachlan has to let Marco go to get through the door, but he really shouldn’t have because the next room is absolutely filled with mirrors.

Marco gasps and rushes forward before slamming face-first into a mirror, but even that can’t deter him.

“Oh my heavens... are you okay?” Lachlan asks, but Marco’s too busy flexing his wings and giving himself a smoldering look.

“I... I... I look so beautiful!”

“You do!” Lachlan says. “But I hear something coming, and I think we should go... we really should go.”

“We’re leaving your ass,” I announce as we continue through the mirror maze.

“But... but I’m so pretty!” Marco says. “My face is reflected so many times that it’s hypnotizing!”

That’s when some air is shot up from beneath our feet. While it’s a pretty weak trick, Lachlan leaps through the air and I watch in *shock* as Marco manages to tear his eyes away from his own face to rush to Lachlan’s side.

Marco grabs his hand. “That was the hardest thing I’ve ever had to do, but I’ve done it for you.”

“You saved me!” Lachlan says.

“Of course I did. I am a savior. Aren’t I, Miles? I saved you many times while your lowly hunk of a man just sat around.”

Havoc turns to face him. “Do you want to see real horror as I take your body and I—”

I pat Havoc’s arm. “So funny, Havoc. Let’s keep going! Remember, the faster we walk, the faster we get through.”

Havoc just grunts. “Yeah, but none of this stuff is scary. I think we should make a horror house, you know? We could just smack Nicco right in the middle of an empty room and people would just shudder.”

“Don’t be so mean to Nicco. He’s a good guy!”

“You’re the only one who thinks so! What about Etienne and his skeleton horse and river of souls? Now that’s some horror stuff. This shit is so far from being scary,” he says as Menace meows in agreement.

“It’s plenty scary,” Lachlan says. “But I do feel better getting to hold your hand, Marco.”

“It’s no probs, my man,” Marco says, grinning like he’s been trotted off to heaven.

“Like why even put up the warning that you can’t touch the performers? Do they actually think one would be scary enough to touch?” Havoc laughs at this idea. “Let’s create our own, but we’ll aim it toward the rich, and once we’re in the room we’ll use your magic to manipulate them. We will terrify them and tell them the only way they can escape is through a hefty deposit. We’ll make bank!”

“Which part of that sounds legal to you?” I ask.

“You’re extremely powerful... who the hell is going to stop you? Oh, there’s the exit. Lame,” Havoc announces.

And that's the moment the floor cracks beneath us as a creature from the darkest pits of hell rises out. It's enough to even make me jump a little before I realize it's simply a fun illusion someone with magic is putting on.

Marco *screams*, Lachlan fucking *bolts* through the exit door while dragging Marco's screaming body after him, and Havoc punches an animatronic. But nothing prepares me for Menace who absolutely *shreds* my arm a moment before he turns into a motherfucking dragon, demolishing the far wall of the building as he busts through it, snatching me up in his clawed grip and flying me off, like he's saving me from the "Horror House of Fun."

"I'm too embarrassed to look down," I whisper as Havoc flies after me. "It was just an illusion..." I brush a bit of drywall dust off me from the wall we took out during our exit.

"*Well... in our defense, they never said anything about punching a hole in the wall,*" Havoc says then cackles, clearly pleased with the turn of events. "*Oh god, I thought this pest was annoying but that was delightful.*"

Menace finally sets us down in some random field before shifting back to a cat where he proceeds to hop and hiss and smack the shit out of a weed.

"Menace... you realize that was an illusion, right?"

Menace freezes, glances back in the general direction of our destruction, then starts grooming himself with vigor. He's clearly quite embarrassed.

Havoc has himself a good laugh. "Well, that was fun. We'll just never show our face there again."

"Our car is there."

Havoc shrugs. "Guess... I guess you have to get a new car."

With a sigh, I slowly start walking back toward the building, too horrified to face what we've done.