



THE BRUTES SERIES

MY FAVORITE GRIM REAPER
RUX'S BIRTHDAY
SURPRISE FOR
SELENE

BONUS CHAPTER



SELENE

I've expected anything from Rux. Anything. But not this.

How could he do it? The man who once told me he would worship me for eternity... forgot my birthday.

Okay, maybe, just maybe, I'm being a little overdramatic. Fine, I definitely am. But things have been insane these past few months.

I'm a writer now. A real writer. People actually read my book and enjoy it. And to think it all started as a simple poetry journal inspired by The Grim Reaper. I never even considered publishing it. But that motherfucker, my fiancé, took it, handed it over to someone, and somehow, a publishing house discovered me.

It's amazing. Unreal. Yet, deep down, I can't shake the fear that one day I'll wake up and it will all disappear like a dream.

And as if that wasn't enough, life has been chaotic between my book and the unhinged

adventures I have with The Brutes. I try to steal every free second I can with Rux, and just today, when I finally clear my schedule... God, I have a schedule now, that sounds so fancy... he is nowhere to be found.

He woke up this morning clueless as fuck, kissed me, and left.

“I have a few errands to run today,” he said. Like it’s just any other day.

Not that I usually do anything special for my birthday. I kind of hate it. But at the very least, I wanted my man to be with me. Could he really have forgotten?

It’s September 1st. It’s not exactly a complicated date to remember. And Rux has an excellent fucking memory.

Maybe I’m missing something. Maybe something important happened, and he can’t be with me. But if that were the case, why wouldn’t he just tell me?

I huff audibly, absentmindedly stroking Trixie’s sleek black fur. She purrs, on the verge of falling asleep.

Maybe I should just celebrate alone. Yeah. Get very drunk and forget the fact that he forgot.

Or not.

Because the last time I got drunk, I ended up three hundred miles away from home, kidnapped by The Grim Reaper. And who knows what the hell could happen this time?

Frustration won't let me sit still, so I regretfully move Trixie aside and get up. I don't really want to go out, but I do want to do something fun. My brain works through the options until I remember the basement.

Yes. That's it.

I'll make myself a giant bowl of popcorn, sink into one of the puffs, and start a horror movie from Rux's disturbing collection. That should do for now.

Excited by the idea, I quickly set everything up and start making the popcorn, impatiently watching the kernels pop as the buttery aroma fills the kitchen.

A little chill runs down my spine as I walk to the underground room. I remember the first time Rux brought me here to his bachelor cave when we had the most unhinged date in history. Well, he is not a bachelor anymore, and now I use this cozy place just as much as he does.

I set the bowl on the table and move to one of the beanbags. It takes me a minute to find the most comfortable position. When my toes sink into the fuzzy rug, I sigh in delight.

Grabbing the remote, I squint at the screen, trying to pick a movie. I find two that I like, and the dilemma begins. Witches or ghosts? Or should I go for vampires this time?

My overthinking is quickly interrupted. The electricity suddenly cuts out completely.

I have no idea why, but I clutch the bowl of popcorn tightly as if someone is going to steal it from me.

I wait for a long moment, expecting the lights to turn back on. Usually, when there is a power cut, it only lasts a few seconds. But this one seems serious.

As the shadows stretch and the objects around me start to look like monsters in the dark, my self-awareness finally kicks in and makes me move.

Hitting my toe twice, I hurry out of the room. But then...

The lights in the corridor are working.

That's strange. Could the problem be only in Rux's room? Or...

"Where do you think you're going, little witch?"

Rux's voice echoes loudly around me.

I frantically look around, but I don't see him anywhere. A sudden rush of excitement and irritation surges through my veins. Is he trying to turn this back on me after the surprise I organized for his birthday?

“Rux?” I mewl, staying perfectly still.

For a brief moment, there’s only eerie silence.

Then, a scream rips from my throat as I’m yanked backward into the dark room. The door slams shut behind me, and I tumble onto one of the beanbags. The room is swallowed by complete darkness, not even the faintest sliver of light seeping through.

But I’m not even slightly scared.

Rux’s unmistakable scent engulfs me, masculine and familiar, sending a thrill down my spine. My pulse flutters with exhilaration rather than fear.

A blinding beam of light suddenly pierces the darkness, hitting me right in the eyes. I squint, momentarily disoriented, my vision taking too long to adjust. But when it does, goosebumps erupt across my skin.

Oh. My. God.

The second I heard his voice, I knew he was wearing a mask. I expected him to put on his usual one, the mask of The Grim Reaper.

But no.

This one is different.

It’s an exact replica of the mask from *A Bad Feeling About Tomorrow*, my favorite horror movie. A twisted spiral covers the entire face—no eye holes,

no mouth, nothing. Just a hypnotic, disorienting pattern, like something straight out of those creepy videos that claim to put you in a trance.

And the flashlight? That's the character's signature weapon. He uses it to blind and disorient his prey.

Fuck.

I'm the prey.

"Any last words?" Rux growls the famous line from the movie. It should sound menacing, but I can hear the amusement in his voice.

"You look hot," I blurt out, my cheeks heating.

A low chuckle rumbles from him. "You don't say things like that to a man who just locked you in a dark basement, darling."

"Well, you do if you want what happened in the movie to happen to you," I murmur, my throat going dry.

Rux goes completely still. I swear I can feel his shock in the air between us.

But hey, I'm just a girl. And he's standing there in nothing but joggers and a hot-as-hell mask. So...

The flashlight switches off.

Darkness consumes the room once again, and I hear him move, but I have no idea what he's about to do.

I don't have time to wonder.

In one swift motion, Rux flips me onto my stomach. The silky fabric of my ridiculously expensive pajamas—the ones I bought as a treat for myself when my book took off—is no match for his strong hands. The delicate material tears apart as his fingers spread my hips, making my breath hitch in anticipation.

Then he stops.

The flashlight flicks on again.

I turn my head to see him standing there, the beam of light focused... *right there*.

My mouth falls open.

"That amazing view needed to be appreciated," he says with a playful shrug before switching the light off again.

His fingers brush my skin, tracing the curve of my hips, skimming over the small of my back. The sensation sends a shiver through me, making me melt beneath his touch.

Just when I start losing myself in it, he stops.

"Rux!" I protest.

“Shh, quiet, little witch,” he murmurs. “You know I’ll take such good care of you. But let me enjoy this perfection for a moment.”

“You—”

What was I about to say?

I don’t know. It’s getting impossibly hard to think when his tongue suddenly glides over my thigh, and his fingers, like magic in the pitch-black darkness, find my most sensitive spot.

“Look at you, darling,” Rux chuckles wickedly. “On all fours in a basement, and I haven’t even touched you properly yet. But you’re already dripping for me. So wet. What’s going on in that beautiful head of yours, Selene?”

So many things. But I won’t admit any of them.

Before I can gather a single thought, he flips me onto my back. The sudden change scrambles what little braincells I have left. Then his hands push my legs up, and the moment his mouth seals over my clit, I’m gone.

Rux knows every little thing I like. Knows exactly how to give it to me in the most perfect way. Tonight, he’s decided to give me all of it at once. His tongue moves in precise, torturous circles, each movement dragging me closer to the edge.

I used to worry this thing between us would be temporary. That he'd get sick of me. Or I of him. But it doesn't work like that.

Every time Rux touches me, it's not just like the first time. It's better. Stronger. And now I wonder.. how good can it get? Where is the limit?

But I've learned not to doubt that this will last forever.

The flashlight flicks on again, and even though I try not to look, my eyes find the sinful sight on their own.

He's still wearing the mask, though he's pushed it up just enough to free his mouth. His strong hands travel up my body, fingers finding my nipples, teasing, rolling, while his tongue works relentlessly between my thighs.

He devours me like I'm his last meal.

"Now come for me, darling," he orders, his voice deep and husky, impossible to disobey.

I shatter instantly, my body wracked with tremors as I fall apart for him. My release crashes over me, leaving me trembling violently while Rux keeps sucking, licking, pushing me through the aftershocks until I'm pleading, screaming that I can't take anymore.

Finally, he stops.

He pulls off the mask completely, and at last, that stormy, greyish gaze captures mine. His lips curl just slightly, so subtly that someone would need a magnifying glass to notice. But I do.

“Happy birthday, darling.”



RUX

I've learned how to handle my little witch.

Make her come before she can start an argument.

After that, we're both very happy, and talking flows much easier.

Selene stretches beside me on the couch like a lazy cat, her caramel eyes staring directly into my soul.

“I thought you forgot my birthday,” she murmurs, frowning slightly.

“Selene,” I tilt my head, raising a brow. “How could I forget the most important day of the year?”

Her frown vanishes instantly, replaced by a grin. She's crazy for even thinking that. I've spent the last week preparing her surprise, arranging for the other three Brutes to stay in position for the entire night.

This is just the beginning.

I'm about to give my girl the best birthday ever.

"I was thinking about something, baby," she murmurs, a hint of mystery in her voice. "Before you cut the electricity."

I don't know what it is, but she just called me *baby*... which means trouble.

"What is it?"

Selene gives me a knowing side-eye. "You lied to me, Rux. When you first brought me down here."

"I haven't—"

"You told me you wanted to take me to a restaurant, but every place you called was fully booked." Her smile grows. "But The Wraith owns five restaurants. Last month, you called him, and Marlo found us the best table in five minutes. You didn't call any places back then, did you?"

Act dumb. Act dumb. Act... damn it. I'm already caught.

"There's no better way to test if your girl is crazy than taking her to a basement on the first date," I say,

fighting back a smirk. “I was very pleased to find mine is completely insane.”

“Silly me, I fell for it,” Selene giggles like the little witch she is. “Is tonight a test for my craziness too?”

“Oh, it will be in a minute,” I growl, rolling over her, relishing the sound of her surprised squeal.

“Because we’re about to recreate the second most popular scene in the movie.”

Dear Reader,

Thank you for being here and reading the bonus chapter of *My Favorite Grim Reaper*.

If you want more of The Brutes, you can find:

The full story of Rux and Selene in [*My Favorite Grim Reaper*](#)

The story of Marlo and Luna in [*My Favorite Wraith*](#)

The story of Chase and Miley in [*My Favorite Boogeyman*](#)

The story of Conor and Hazel in [*My Favorite Poltergeist*](#)

For more bonus content, visit kvkauthor.com regularly and subscribe to my newsletter, or catch me on TikTok at [@author.kvk](https://www.tiktok.com/@author.kvk), where I share updates and everything about The Brutes series.

About the author

I could write a long biography here, but I prefer to keep it simple: I just love writing. It's a big part of who I am and a huge part of my life.

If you're curious to know more, I'm Kris. I write mainly dark, intense stories with complex character journeys, and I pour a bit of myself into each one.

The idea for *The Brutes* struck me during a bout of writer's block, and ever since I haven't been able to stop thinking about those psychos.

Thank you for taking an interest in my work!