



Their Darkest Desire

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Category: Romance, Adult, Paranormal, Horror

Description: Evelyn

All I wanted to do was help a friend out, but I should never have said yes. Now, I'm locked in this house with him. I don't know if I'll survive—but even if I do, what will be left of me?

Felix

She's my obsession and my undoing. I came here to torment her, but it turns out I'm not the only one. This thing wants us. Will it get to us, or will we get to it first?

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Prologue

There are bloody trails on the ground, leading towards an old shed.

The human's body shakes with soft sobs as it tries to claw the pins out of the wooden planks. Skin breaks and nails rip out of their beds. Blood starts dripping down on the grass below, leaving a puddle behind, but the human doesn't seem affected by it as it keeps clawing through the wood.

After a while of clawing and pulling, the boards start to crack into pieces causing the human to become more frantic, pulling hard on the wood and breaking them off until finally, the last board splinters, parts of it flying around and falling down.

Bloodstained fingerprints are left behind on the door handle as it slowly creaks open, and shadows start to grow darker and wider as if there is something or someone in there.

The human walks inside over the pins and splinters barefooted. Once it sets its last step inside, the door slams shut, and loud screaming rings through the air.

Part One: The Entanglement

Chapter 1

Evelyn

An ominous feeling rakes through my body as we walk towards the old mansion

Brittany's aunt owns. I shouldn't even be here, but she's been begging me to come and help her out. Ever since her uncle died a couple of years ago, her aunt has been meaning to clean up his stuff since just looking at it is too painful for her. But why do I have to come and help? I need to learn to say no more often, that's for sure!

And let's not forget that Felix–Brittany's eleven years older brother–is here to help out too, since, according to their aunt, women are, and I quote, 'too weak to lift the heavy items.'

I'm still surprised he went through with it; he can be such a jerk sometimes... Well, let's be honest, all the time.

"Thanks for coming, Evy, I hate going there alone. This house and my aunt honestly give me the creeps. I'm so glad to have a friend here with me!"

Brittany stares up at me with a big smile on her face. She's that typically beautiful carefree twenty-five-year-old who has the world on its knees for her, with beautiful greyish-blue eyes, straight mid-length blonde hair, and a heart-shaped face. While I look like I spent my evening sleeping in a gas station, with my messy curls and two-days-old clothes. Well, I mean, I did. I was too tired to keep driving and there were still four hours left on the way, but still.

"Yeah, it's no problem. At least we'll have a week's worth of girls' nights."

Britt giggles as she starts to run towards the door her brother is keeping open for her. Once she's inside and I get to the door, he slams it closed right in my face. Please tell me why I agreed to come again. "Ugh," I groan. God, I hate that manchild! It's like even though his body definitely got the memo of growing up, his mentality still got stuck at the age of twelve. And when I talk about his body, I mean his six-foot-five tall inked, and very masculine body, sculpted like a god of death's. Why is it always the pretty ones that end up being the biggest assholes?

Opening the door, I walk into a very old, antique-looking hallway. The first thing I notice is the large wooden staircase curving to the left, each step covered with an old red rug, and it's giving me The Conjuring vibes. And I mean that in the creepiest way possible. The room is filled with antique furniture: old golden sconces hanging on the walls, a dusty mirror with a golden frame, and a huge grandfather clock near the door. It looks like a house owned by old rich people, only they never really kept it maintained as pieces of paint peel off the walls and the furniture has scratches all over it.

Maybe they have a dog? I hope not.

I walk into the kitchen and get greeted by a smiling Britt and a scowling Felix. Not that I care what he thinks, I'm only here to help Britt anyway. At least he's good on the eye with his sharp jawline, mid-length dark hair, and scruffy, short beard. Not to forget the man is thirty-six years old and I might have a thing for older men. This sucks! Why does he have to be such a dick?

His hazel eyes are boring into me like he hates me. Why? I have no idea. I doubt that he even has a reason; from the first moment I saw him he has been cold and rude to me.

"You look like shit, not that that's new for you... though it's worse than usual," he says.

I scoff at the stupid smile that's appearing on his face. "I drove twelve hours to get here and had to sleep in the car. What's your excuse?"

His smile immediately turns into a scowl. I hear him mumbling something similar to "bitch" while I walk over to where Brittany went to sit down and plop onto the couch, dust flying around. I release a sigh of pure content. I wasn't lying—I really did have to drive for twelve hours and everything just aches. I don't even care that I'm allergic to

dust, all I want is to just sit down in peace.

“Do you want a tour of the house or would you like to get your stuff in your room?” Britt is already getting up and I sigh again, only this time it's in sadness. I really don't want to get up again,ugh.

“Um, yeah, let's just get it all upstairs and then maybe I could rest a bit too?” I look up to Britt as I silently hope she will accept my plea.

“Oh – yeah, no, sorry. I get it, it was a long drive for you.” She looks a bit disappointed but I'm too tired to care about it for now. I grab my suitcase and start stumbling on the stairs with it.

“Dammit, I should've packed lightly,” I mutter under my breath. A sudden laugh stops me in my tracks and I turn around to see Felix standing below, mockingly smiling at me. He has small dimples appearing on his cheeks and his white shirt is tight around his muscles, his tattoos visible through the thin fabric, and, oh, how I wish he wasn't wearing the shirt at all. Nope, get your shit together! He's the worst choice possible.

“If you're going to just stand there, at least you could try to be useful and help me.”

His lips turn into a tight line and he locks his jaw as his expression grows more serious, but to my surprise, he walks up and takes the suitcase from my hand, lifts it back up, and walks past me. While going up the stairs, I notice that there are old framed pictures half hanging off on the walls, and one of them even has a crack in the glass.Huh, weird, why has no one fixed it yet?

I finally reach the top of the stairs and it's making me feel like I just ran a marathon.I really need to work out more.

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“Are you coming or what?” Felix yells, standing near an old door covered in the same scratches as the furniture downstairs. The red paint on it is cracking off, and the door looks so fragile that I think if you slam it hard enough, it’ll just fall off its hinges. A small movement to my left catches my eye, but when I turn, I don’t see anything in particular. No wonder Britt said that this house gives her the creeps.

"Hey, did you see—"

“See what, princess?” I jump at the sudden intrusion that is Felix being all up in my face, looking at me in – is that...? Nooo, it's not! I’m just very, very tired. He doesn’t even know the word ‘concerned’ exists.

“Well, I thought I saw... Wait, did you just call me princess?” I look up at him and see the side of his lip curling up slightly.

“What? Are you seeing things now too? Maybe you need to visit a mental institution. I've always known there's something wrong with you.”

I mentally kick him in the nuts as I pass him by. This man will be the final nail in my coffin.

While I enter the room a chill creeps up my spine. This place truly looks like it could be in one of those horror movies and I can't wait until the week is over so I can go back home.

Felix

I watch the she-devil walk through the room, ass swaying like she just wants me to look at it. Not that I'm complaining about it. She closes her door. Well... tries to. The thing is so old, I'm surprised it's still hanging there. I walk to the area she was staring at, but whatever she thinks she saw is no longer there. I release a breath I didn't know I was holding – I never liked this place and when I heard Britt invited Evy over I got pissed. I walk back downstairs to where my very annoying sister is now screeching to the lyrics of Woman by Doja Cat. I wish she was the one needing to go rest instead of that she-devil.

Don't get me wrong, I hate Evelyn for what she does to me and I definitely don't want her here, but Britt? I don't trust a word that comes out of her. Britt always wants her way and when she doesn't get it, she'll screw you over whenever she gets the chance. Why or how they even became friends is a mystery to me: Brittany Hayes never does anything without getting something out of it.

At least it brought me Evelyn Cole. The woman is good on the eyes, with her long auburn wavy hair, high cheekbones, and a body sculpted like a Greek statue. Her bright green eyes also bring a certain pull to her appearance – I guess it's what got my attention the first time I saw her and now I'm never letting go.

The woman is a goddess by sight but she also drives me crazy. She needs to learn to be obedient. I'm sure I'll get her there soon.

“Ooh Feeelix,” Brittany sing-songs. I sigh and turn around to have her big foggy-blue eyes staring up at me. “Where's Aunt Betty? I wanna know what time we start moving the items.” I walk towards the dining table, pick up an apple from the fruit bowl, and take a bite.

“She's out, won't be back for a week or so. I'm going to start moving the stuff at seven AM. Don't. Be. Late!” I say in a stern voice, looking down at her. I know it's early and I know she hates getting up before ten, but I have certain plans for tonight

and I won't let her ruin it by sleeping in. She looks annoyed at me and opens her mouth as if she wants to say something but then thinks better of it.

She turns around to go back to her speakers, turning the volume up. I put the half-bitten apple on the table and go out into the garden towards the burned-out shed.

Chapter 2

Evelyn

Something is staring at me. I try to move, but it feels like my body is glued to the bed. I can't even move my head and all I see is a dark shadow near the door. Is it Felix standing there? No, it looks smaller than him, but I'm not sure because I can't move my head to see it properly. Whoever it is starts to walk slowly towards my bed with unsteady steps. The way it moves gives me the creeps, like something is wrong with it. What the fuck is this? The room is getting colder and my vision is getting blurry as it comes closer, until I can no longer see it but I can feel it breathing down on me. Its breath stinks like it's rotten, and then it's touching my hair, shushing me. Tears start to leak down my face and a frightful feeling starts to completely overtake me.

"Eee-V-ee. Ssshh." I try to move my body as I desperately attempt to get out of there, but I can't and my tears are now flowing freely. It brushes its cold calloused fingers over my cheeks and licks a tear off of my face. A loud cry leaves my throat.

"Shhhhh, Evy. It's okay! Evy?" I fly up, throwing my blanket on the floor as someone presses me down tightly. Is it that thing? Who's holding me? I try to break free from whoever's grip it is. "Shh it's okay, you're okay. Calm down." I look up to find Felix sitting there on the side of my bed.

"F-Felix? Wha- what are you--"

He looks up at me and pets my hair like I'm a child "Don't worry, princess. You were screaming bloody murder here. You're lucky I even felt like coming to the rescue. Gods know how long it would've taken your best friend to come, if she cared enough to, of course."

I quickly scramble out of his reach and ball a fist out of anger. I feel like I'm boiling at this point. Why was he holding me? "And so, what? You decide to come and touch me while I'm all vulnerable and sleeping?" I say loudly, not caring about waking up the house, though if what he said is true, I have woken them up already anyway.

"Relax, princess, if I wanted to do something, I wouldn't do it when you're sleeping. No, when I do it, you will be very much willing and very much awake. In fact, you will be begging me for it."

I scowl at him as I move to get more space between us. Having his body so close to mine is making me feel all kinds of things that I don't want to feel. I need space –lots of space.

"You must be delusional if you think I'd want to do anything with you, let alone beg you for anything." I'm really hoping he can't sense my unease, but the slight grin on his face tells me he knows.

"Your screeching was ruining my sleep," he blatantly states.

"Oh, sorry, I was having a nightmare."

His hand brushes the stray hairs from my face and he leans over softly pressing his lips to my forehead. "It's just a dream princess, go back to bed. Nothing will get past me." He winks. Getting up, he walks to sort of close the door and sits down on the chair next to it.

A breath I didn't know I was holding releases as I place my head back on the pillow. What the hell was that dream? I used to have a lot of nightmares as a child but never like this – it felt so real.

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THUD

I jump up at the sound and look around for what it was. It seems Felix left since I don't see his silhouette on the chair anymore. I reach out to grab my phone for some light, but it looks like it's been moved to the window sill. Did Felix do that? Maybe I just placed it there and forgot? I get up to grab it as chills go through my body. How can Britt's aunt have so much money but not even afford to get some decent heating? Once I reach the window, I pick up my phone and see a sudden movement outside. I try to take a better look at who it is, but all I see is the sweater Felix had been wearing today. I guess he went for a late-night walk. How did I not hear anyone going down the stairs? They creak so loudly you could hear it through one of Britt's karaoke sessions. Ugh, it's getting so cold. I quickly walk back to the bed, wrap myself up in the blankets, and try to get back to sleep.

BAM BAM BAM!

"Ugh!" I wake up to loud banging noises on the door. Don't let it be him again.

"Come on, get up! I don't have all day!"

Does this guy ever sleep? He better not be breaking the door.

I really wanna commit a crime right about now. Deep breaths in and—

"Evelyn, I will drag you out if I have to. Get. Up. Now!" Felix's stern voice is starting to sound angry; it almost makes me want to get up...almost.

I press the pillow over my head, hoping it will make the banging less loud.

BAMM!

I jump up and see parts of the door on the floor and a very angry Felix standing in the hole that used to be my doorway.

“WHAT THE FUCK, FELIX! You did not just break the door!”

“And you need to learn to listen! I told you to get up on time, and guess what – you're not.”

He grabs me by the arm, pulls me up, and then slings me over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes. Who does he think he is? I slam my fists into his back, trying to make him put me down or at least – if I'm lucky – break something while I'm at it.

WHACK!

A sudden sting burns my skin and a gasp leaves my throat. The embarrassment of what just happened is starting to kick in, and I can feel my face turning red and my body tingling all over. I'm not sure if that last part is because of the anger or if it's because of something else, but there's no way I'm liking the fact that he is manhandling me. It's just the shock, Evy, that's all. Even though he just fucking spanked me, and I'm feeling wetness leaking down in a certain place.

It's just because it's been a while, not because it's him doing it. Maybe if I repeat this to myself a couple of times, I'll actually start to believe it.

“Felix! Put me down. NOW!” I scream out the last part, hoping it'll do anything for the predicament I'm in, but all it does is make him slap me harder.

WHACK!

I groan as the sting hits me harder than the previous one. Trying to breathe in through my mouth and out my nose is nothelping my case and I feel like I'm dripping. A new fear strikes me and I really, really hope he doesn't notice the wetness that's starting to slide down my legs. The last thing I need is for him to find out he's turning me on.

All thoughts leave my head as he strikes me again. I try to make words or any noise other than a moan leave my mouth, but it's sooo damn hard.

"F–Felix, stop! Put me down!" I attempt to hold the tears that are trying to escape my eyes, but one of them betrays me and starts to slide down my cheek.

I hear him closing a door and in one swift movement, I get thrown onto something very soft. Is this a bed? I look around; this room looks messy and dark. A small gasp leaves me as I realise I'm in his bedroom. I gather myself as much as possible, trying to hide my legs in my oversized shirt – I never sleep with pants on. I thought no one would notice. Damn me!

Chapter 3

Felix

I look up into those big teary green eyes and know I'm completely fucked.

I know I shouldn't have brought her here. I was so pissed at her for being late, but then I saw her lying there, those beautiful toned legs partly revealed. I even saw a part of her red lace panties. That strange feeling to go grab her and show her who's in charge completely overtook me. I wasn't thinking. Well, I guess I was, although it was nothing decent. All I want to do now is own her in any way possible. Haunt her like she haunts me. I guess that's exactly what I did, what I'm planning to do.

“Felix? W—why are you looking like that?”

She looks scared and it's making me harder than I've ever been. The urge to grab her long hair, make her curls tangle between my fingers, and stuff my now very hardcock in her trembling mouth and watch her gag on it is strong. But I can't act on this. Well not yet anyway, soon...

“Open your mouth,” I grunt at her.

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She looks up at me, her eyes growing bigger. “Huh, what?”

She really is a she-devil cursing me like this.

“You heard me, princess. Open it.”

Her throat bobs and she starts to tremble even more now. Oh, how I’m loving this right now.

“N–no,” she quietly stutters out.

Well, I guess I’ll have to fuck that attitude out of her. She’s not ready yet, but soon.

I slowly walk towards the bed. I love how it’s making her squirm, how her eyes are growing wider, cheeks redder. It looks so fucking addictive. My hand comes closer to her face, brushing a stray hair behind her ear.

Slowly, I move closer to her. “It wasn’t a question. Be a good girl and open your mouth, now,” I whisper in her ear.

Her trembling lips open slightly as I grab her hair, making her head tilt up and grasp her chin, forcing it to open more. She’s staring up at me frantically, I can feel her shaking. It’s giving me all kinds of feelings, some of them I don’t want to look into right now.

I lean over her mouth and spit in it. As soon as the spit falls on her tongue I force her mouth closed.

“Swallow.”

Her throat does that cute bobbing movement again as she swallows my spit. And here I was thinking I couldn't get any harder – clearly, I was wrong. Why did I make those plans again?

At least now she'll think twice about defying me.

Evelyn

I watch him walk towards the door. He turns around, annoyance on his face as if I'm wasting his time.

“Get ready in five or else I'll make you work looking like that. No, better yet, in nothing at all.”

The moment he shuts the door, I jump up and try to take a deep breath.

“What. The. Fuck,” I whisper-yell to myself.

Okay, I'm calm. I have no idea what just happened, but I'm so not panicking. Who am I kidding? I'm definitely panicking. I'm all hot and bothered and there's a dampness between my legs that shouldn't be there. What the hell is wrong with me? I need to get a grip.

I quickly run to my room in the hopes of Brittany not seeing me. I must look like a mess now—I feel like it too. Ugh, he can't just do that, can he? I mean, it's not like I really tried to stop him but God, why act so annoyed afterward; he's the one who started it in the first place. I grab my clothes and go to the small ensuite bathroom to get ready.

I walk towards the living room to see if the others are there, but the house is so quiet as if it's keeping a secret. Oh, come on now, Evy, it's just a house, don't be ridiculous. It might look creepy, but that doesn't mean the house is suddenly alive or something.

I'm looking through the rooms for them, but I can't find anyone in here. Did they leave already? Don't tell me I got up for nothing.

I go to look at the old wooden grandfather clock that stands in the hallway, but it seems to be broken since it's stuck at three fifteen. I'll just go and check the one in the kitchen since I forgot to charge my phone after the night I had. Way to go.

Huh, weird. It's also stuck at three fifteen?

"There you are!"

I jump up at the sound and turn around to see a happy Brittany smiling up at me.

"Britt! You gave me a heart attack!" I laugh while holding my hand over my heart.

"Oops, sorry. Come on, you're late!"

Brittany pulls on my arm, making me start walking to the basement. Oh, great, a creepy old basement, just my absolute favourite place to be spending time in.

"No, not there."

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I look up to see Felix standing at the door. His half-long curls are messy, and he's dressed in black jeans and a black shirt that tightly hugs his muscles, a leather jacket over it. The outfit looks simple but that man can make anything look like he's in some kind of strip club.

He's looking at me, raising his left eyebrow.

Oh shit, I'm staring at him. Say something. "Umm, why not?" I ask while continuing to look into his hazel-brown eyes.

He walks towards us, not dropping eye contact. He places his big veiny hand on the door –get a grip you are not attracted to a hand!– and pushes it closed. "Because."

I look up at Britt, giving her a 'what the fuck' look while she shrugs at me.

We hook our arms together and quietly follow him outside.

"Will your aunt also be here to help? I haven't seen her yet and I would like to thank her for letting me stay over too."

Britt looks over at me, her eyes slightly widening over the mention of her aunt.

"Oh, Betty isn't here for the moment. Felix said she was going to be back in about a week."

I open my mouth to ask if her aunt is aware I'm here, but Brittany's sudden stop makes me bump into her before I even have a chance to. She's staring in front of her,

looking a bit annoyed. I turn to see what she's looking at, noticing Felix standing in front of us scoffing.

“Britt, go get the clothes and put them in the truck.”

He slowly turns his head towards me and I see the left side of his lip quirk up.

“You can come and help me, princess.”

The way he said that last part gives me shivers, and I’m not sure what to think of that yet.

I follow him up to the side of the house, where there is a small room filled with old dusty furniture and cobwebs. “Oh, great. If I see one spider I’m out of here!” I say louder than I intended.

Felix chuckles as he pulls me inside and closes the door.

“What th—”

He suddenly pushes me up against the wall, making the cobwebs get all over my hair, dust flying around. I try to hold a sneeze while making sense of the situation.

His hand collars my neck in a strong grip, keeping my head pushed against the wall. I try to move, but he has me pinned, and I don’t know how to react to the feeling it’s giving me right now.

His face comes closer to mine almost to the point of his nose touching my cheek and he inhales deeply.

‘Umm, are you sniffing me?’ I ask, stunned.

His head slowly turns, his nose brushing mine, and a slow smile starts to form on his beautiful face. Gods, the things I'd do to have that face in between my legs. Did I just say that?

A small grunt leaves his throat as he comes closer, his lips so close to my cheek they almost touch it. Did I die? Am I dead? Why is it so damn hot in here?

“You think you can just go and tease me like that?” he whispers against my skin while scraping his teeth over my cheek. I can feel the hairs of his beard tickle my skin with each movement.

What is he talking about? I start to open my mouth, but a sudden smooth wetness touches my cheek. The feeling of his tongue on my skin makes me jump a little and now all I can think of is the way he feels pressed up against me, how his hand is gripping my throat, how I want him to do other things with that wicked tongue of his. Gross, Evy, don't think that!

He rips the top part of my shirt open in one swift movement –dammit, I really liked that top –and works his hands up my breasts, massaging them while pinching my nipples. My body is just completely locked in its place and I feel like I have absolutely zero control over it. I feel like a deer caught in headlights.

He licks my neck and I can feel his tongue gliding down until he is at the vein where I'm sure he can feel my heart beating frantically. His lips capture my raging pulse and he bites me there, the small amount of self-control I thought I had slipping away from me as I moan out loud. Ugh, I'll never recover from this. How does he feel so good.

He smiles against my skin, the sensation of his warm breath coating me taking away any abilities I have to think straight. I feel his hand slowly going down towards my pants. I try to ease the panic rising –It's not like I don't like what he's doing, but he's so brash about it like we've done this before while I know we never have. Why is he

tormenting me like this?

His hand works on the buttons of my pants and in one swift movement it opens, giving him full access to me. His hand dips inside, brushing my core through my panties. How much torment can I handle before I actually die of anticipation?

“Fel—” I try to rasp out his name, but a moan hits me, and all I can think about is the way he is touching me.

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The feminist in me wants to slap some sense into me, but the slut in me just wants to keep going.

I can feel his lips against my breastbone turn up slightly as he goes down to the peak of my breast, licking and sucking the skin there. The bastard is probably laughing now!

His hand slips in between the fabric of my panties and his thumb slowly moves in a circular motion over my sensitive nub, and, oh, my, I don't think anything has ever felt this good, yet so wrong before.

His cold, calloused fingertips start touching my nipple and he pinches it hard. The rough feeling of his finger makes me moan in a whole different tone and I cannot stop the sounds that are coming out of me at this point.

I'd be embarrassed if I was able to think, but I'm at the point of not caring anymore as I keep moaning out his name.

He pushes multiple fingers inside my core and I explode into a million pieces, my legs shaking from the impact, and for a second I forget how to breathe.

A sudden cold hits me as his hands leave my body.

He looks up at me with intensity, his beautiful hazel eyes staring deep into me.

He lifts up his hand and licks his fingers. "See, this is what happens when you behave like a good girl," he says while smirking at me. I feel like I just got a second orgasm

from just looking at him.

He turns around and leaves the space he got us cramped up in and I feel like I can breathe a little again.

Felix

I walk back to the truck. It's almost evening and I don't want to be late. It's why I left Evy so soon too. Maybe it was also because if I'd stayed any longer there, I think I would've completely given in but it's not the time for that...yet. And I have stuff to do before I get ahead of myself.

Some things just take time and acting too rash can ruin things. I need to play it smart.

"Britt, I need to pick something up. Did you get everything in the truck?" My sister is leaning against the truck while texting some poor guy she's got her hooks in.

"Yeah, yeah. I need to make a call." She waves her hand around and starts to stomp away, placing her phone against her ear she starts to yell. Well, this guy is definitely not going to have a good day.

Opening the door of the truck, I settle in and start to drive to drop off the stuff at the charity my aunt was going to donate it to.

"Are you sure this is what they are supposed to look like?" I raise my eyebrows at my closest and, well, only friend, Ryan as he starts to place the fake pills into an empty strip.

"I'm telling you, man, my girl uses this stuff too. She won't know a thing." I snort at him and put my hand on his shoulder.

“And does ‘your girl’ actually know who you are? Or are you still stalking her?”
Ryan places his hand over his heart dramatically.

“You wound me, F. Besides, you can’t say shit – at least I don’t drug her.” He throws the now sealed strips of fake contraceptive pills at me and goes to his computer to check the cameras he installed in the girl’s house while she was working.

She’s pretty. I can definitely get why he’d get so obsessed with her, but unlike him, I’d rather not spend over two years stalking Evy without her knowing I even existed.

Ryan and I became friends after we both got detention together in high school. He hacked into the computer system and tried to steal exam answers while I had punched some asshole. At first, I just thought that he would be a handy asset, so I stayed in touch, until a few years later when I caught the bastard staring at a live feed of a girl – well this girl – undressing on his phone screen. I guess we’ve been close friends ever since.

“Well as much as I’d love to watch you creep over this chick, I got some things to do.” I grab the strips and place them into Evy’s medicine box.

“Ah, yeah, you’re replacing poor little Evelyn’s pills with fakes but I’m the creep,”
Ryan yells after me as I walk out of his room back to the truck.

At least Evy knows who she belongs to.

Chapter 4

Evelyn

After a full day of moving old junk and getting myself covered in dust – and changing clothes twice thanks to that jerk – all I want to do is just lie down in bed and

never leave again. Unless it's for food, of course; I could eat for an army right now. But because of a certain petite blond right in front of me, I will not be able to do either of those two things.

“I told Toby to get me the pink one and you know what he got me?”

My friend might be small and have an innocent look all over her but she sure is a force to be reckoned with when things don't go her way. Her big greyish eyes stare up at me while expecting me to answer her question.

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“I’m going to guess it's not the pink one?”

“You're damn right it wasn't. He got me the green one. Green, can you believe it! The colour of that puke emoji.”

Britt’s hands are flying all over the place as she keeps babbling. I don’t even know what she's talking about. She always gets upset over these dumb things and I’m so hungry I can’t even think straight, so I’ll just pretend I’m listening for both of our sakes.

As we walk towards the house, a feeling of unease strikes me. I quickly open the door. Feeling like I’m being watched and I don't like it. I turn my head to see if anyone is behind us but all I see is that old burned down shed in the garden. Why they are just keeping it there is beyond me. But then again, this whole rundown mansion gives me ‘creepy horror movie’ vibes so maybe it’s to keep the theme going?

The moment I step foot inside the house, a chill tickles down my spine. I turn towards where Brittany was standing, noticing she's gone. What?

"Brittany? Where are you?" I walk into the living room and kitchen while yelling her name, but no answer comes.

I try to see if she is still outside, but the moment I touch the door knob a harsh sting hits my fingers as if a million needles are going through them. "Ouch! What?" I whisper to myself while moving away. I pull the sleeve of my sweater over my hand to try again. Grabbing the knob, I try to pull it but it won't budge. Crap! What is this?

Am I going mad? Is that it?

TAP TAP TAPTAPTAP!

Loud stomping comes from upstairs like someone is running. Is this some kind of prank Britt is trying to pull on me? I walk towards the stairs, looking around for anyone trying to jump scare me. "This isn't funny, Britt!" The moment I step a foot on the stairs, the stomping stops and I can feel the hairs on my body rise. "What the f--"

Pure anxiety freezes me as I feel cold stinging air pass the back of my neck as if someone is breathing on it. Trying to gather as much courage as I can, I move my head to look into the mirror that's hanging on the wall. My breath gets stuck in my throat. No, this isn't real, I'm not really seeing this! A blueish pale woman is standing behind me, water leaking out of her mouth, her long wet black hair dripping down on the floor. Her eyes seem like they once had colour, but are now turning completely white. She looks like she drowned days ago, like she's been dead for a while.

Those eyes turn towards mine in the mirror and a loud gurgled wail leaves her throat.

"AAAAAAAAAAH!"

I scream so loud my throat starts burning and no more sound comes out, then run up the stairs, stumbling down as I hit my knee and a sharp pain shoots up, making me almost fall down. I grab the railing and bite through the pain while I keep running up. Shit! My door, it's still broken thanks to that heathen. I run towards the first door that I see and slam it as hard as I can.

Felix

“What the fuck is wrong with you?”

I eye Evy, who looks like she just confronted death itself. A sudden feeling of worry rises, but I quickly stomp that back. I should be the only thing scaring her!

She just stands there shaking and I don't even think she knows I'm in my room.

“Evy?”

She doesn't even lift her eyes up, it's like she's frozen. Damn it!

I slowly walk towards her, trying not to scare her more. Not that I think that's possible – she looks downright terrified! The moment I grab her, she looks up. Her eyes widen and she opens her mouth as if to speak, but nothing comes out. I'm the only one allowed to scare her – this is incredibly annoying. I push her against the door and cup her chin with my right hand, forcing her to look at me, slowly touching her cheek with my left hand. She winces a little and a flare of anger bursts through me.

Did someone hurt her? She mine to hurt, MINE no one else's!

“Evy, princess, look at me.”

Her eyes slowly rise to meet my gaze. Her mouth is trembling a little and it gives me some ideas of the things I might do with those plump lips.

She's whispering something and I can't fully understand it, but it almost sounds like she's saying ghost. She's messing with me, isn't she? She's not really this fucked up, right?

“G-ghost,” she says again, but this time with more sounds. Huh. Maybe she hit her

head falling down the stairs?

“Darling, if you wanted to get haunted, you should've just asked.”

Her eyes grow wider at my offer and her mouth makes this cute little ‘O’ shape.
“Practicing for my cock to fit? I think you should open it wider, I'm no small thing.”

“Motherfucker!”

She slams her fist into my chest, almost taking the air out of me. At least the girl has strength. Thoughts of her struggling against me harden my cock even more. What a beautiful distraction she is.

She slams against me again, but I won't budge and she screams in frustration. I'll never tire of this. I wait until she's done with her little tantrum and watch her take a deep breath in and out.

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“This house is haunted,” she breathes out.

A loud laugh leaves my throat, surprising even me.

“Haunted huh? Did you watch too much TV, princess?”

She glares at me. If looks could kill. “I’m not joking! Something was down there breathing down my neck, an—and she looked dead!”

The last part is high-pitched and she slides down on the floor rubbing her knee. “I want out, I have to get out, the door won’t open!” She keeps repeating the same words over and over again like a broken record. She has always been an odd one but never like this. Maybe I should just go and take a look.

I go to open my door, but she grabs my arm and looks frantically at me “No, please don’t go!”

Her big pleading eyes almost make me want to stay, want to hold her. But why? I don’t care about her, so why would I do so now? “What are you willing to do to make me stay?”

I lift my eyebrow while grinning down at her. Her eyes widen at my words and her throat bobs a little. What an interesting reaction.

“You know what? I don’t care! Why don’t you go take a look and if it kills you, I’ll be holding a seance so I can say I told you so.”

“Dramatic as always,” I mumble under my breath as I open the door to go take a look.

I walk out of the room hearing her mutter. “I heard that.”

Evelyn

Selfish prick! Who does he think he is? I hope that ghost gets him, at least then I won't have to deal with him anymore.

The empty room is starting to make me feel uncomfortable, but that might be because I'm alone in here now and this room looks worn out. Empty. I mean the whole house does, but there are so many scratches along the walls, more than in the other places and there is one long one leading to his built-in closet door. It almost looks like fingernails but that can't be it. I put my nails against the scratches to see if they would fit. A shudder goes through me when they do, and now I'm freaking out even more. I walk away from the door and head to the bed to grab my phone. I'm not that dumb to go open something creepy without at least some proof in case I get brutally murdered. I turn back to where the scratches are, but to my astonishment, it's all gone. What. The. Fuck. I didn't imagine this! There were scratches, I'm not crazy, right? Right? Maybe I was just tired? And now I'm losing my mind. I need sleep. Yes, that's it. Lots and lots of sleep.

I groan and fall down on the bed. No way I'm going crazy here. Maybe it's Felix that's affecting my brain? He knows how to get in my head like he somehow has full control over me and I have nothing. As if he took it from me and is now playing me like a fiddle.

It's been a while since he left, I think. I check my phone to look at the time and see that it's already been twenty-five minutes. Why is Felix still not back? What's taking him so long?

“Felix?” I wait another twenty seconds before I gather all the courage I have left and open his door.

“F–Feelix?” I take a small step out of his room and slowly step towards the stairs, looking out everywhere. No way someone is going to jump on me and murder me.

“Felix! Are you still alive?” I reach the stairs, debating if I should go down there or just spend the rest of my life living up here.

“Worried about m–”

“AAAAH! You jerk!”

I slap him on the chest and put my hand over my heart to make sure it’s still beating. He looks like he’s holding back a laugh and grins at me.

“Don’t worry princess, your imaginary ghost hasn’t gotten to me... yet.”

He wiggles his brows as he says that last part, and I’m not sure if I want to punch him or kiss him. Probably the punching! I scoff and look down the stairs again, making sure it’s not there anymore. A strong arm grabs mine and forces me to turn around. His face is so close to mine now and another type of fear strikes me.

“Love, no one's going to hurt you but me. You got that?”

For some reason his admission gives me a safer feeling. Maybe I am going crazy?

He shakes me, looking me in the eye as his face moves closer. The tip of his nose touches mine. “You got it?”

“Y–Yeah, I–I got it.” I swallow some saliva down, hoping I didn’t start drooling. Now

that would be embarrassing!He seems content with my answer and releases my arm. A feeling of sadness comes with the loss of contact.What is he doing to me?

I watch him walk back into his room and wait until he closes his door before I take a deep breath. Maybe it's time to go to bed and rest, and tomorrow I'll be as good as new.

I walk towards my room and plop down on my bed. It doesn't take long before sleep catches me.

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THUD!

I jump up at the sound of something heavy falling down and try to look around my room, but it's way too dark to see anything. I can barely see my own fingers and I haven't had a moment since I arrived here where I actually had decent sleep. At this point, I would do just about anything for some rest. What time is it anyway?

Loud stomping comes from the hallway and I hold my breath. Please don't be a ghost, please don't be—

The shadow of someone slowly creeping into my room starts to become clearer. Wait? Is that Felix?

He walks towards my bed and pulls me out in one strong grip, his fingers digging into my arm to the point of it starting to hurt. No matter how much I try to get his hand off, he just won't budge.

It wouldn't even surprise me anymore if he'd draw blood with the way his nails are pressing into my skin.

“Damnit! Let go! What's—”

“Shhh!” He pulls me to the hole that used to be my door and drags me out and into his room, locking the door. He turns around and stares down at me. His curls are messy and damp and he looks like he just got out of the shower. A feeling of heat goes through my body seeing him without a shirt, his strong muscles flexing and gleaming, drops still dripping down his inked chest up to that delicious V shape. I

look away, unsure of what to do or how to feel. He's basically naked beside the towel that's wrapped around his waist and all I want to do is pull that damn thing away. Focus, Evy! God knows what he might be planning to do to me.

But can you blame me? It's been months now, and out of all the men I've been with, he's the first one that actually made me come. And that was in a dusty room with just his fingers. I wonder how his other parts would feel, what else he could do.

"Sooo, care to explain what I'm doing here?"

He keeps looking at me, unmoving. His eyes seem darker and there's this sinister gleam in them.

"Don't act so surprised, when all you do is act like a whore."

I gulp down the saliva gathering in my mouth and feel my heartbeat skip a beat.

"E-excuse me, w-what?"

"You're excused, but not forgiven."

I start to walk backward as he strides towards me like I'm prey. My back hits the hard wall making me jump up in surprise. He sees my discomfort and looks satisfied that I'm trapped. His hands rest on either side of me, caging me in, and his head dips to the side. With his lips barely brushing my ears, I can hear him licking his lips.

"Hmm. Not wearing pants again, are we? Makes me wonder."

"W-wo-wonder what?"

I'm embarrassed at how much you can hear my breath shake as I stutter the words

out.

“Wonder if it’s because you hope to wake with my cock in between your legs.”

He presses his body against mine so I’m fully pinned against the wall. I can feel his hard length pushed against me.

“N-no!”

“No? Are you sure?” He rubs his length against my core and I hold back a moan that almost escapes my lips.

“I think my little slut is a little liar too. If I were to dip my fingers inside that tight pussy of yours, would it be wet and ready for me?”

His words are making me wetter than the Niagara Falls and all I can think about is his hands on me.

“But we have done that before, haven't we, Little Liar? No, I have another idea. Let’s have a taste shall we.”

He rips my panties off in one pull and goes down, pushing his face in between my legs as he ravages my most sensitive area with his tongue and teeth.

I moan out loud, not caring if I wake Brittany. He feels so good, too good! He bites my nub and I can’t hold the orgasm trying to escape anymore.

I scream out my pleasure as he licks off what’s left of my come.

I try to move away, but his hand on my hip won't let me go.

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“Felix, let me go!”

A dark, disturbed laugh leaves him. The sound coming out of him doesn't sound natural and my body starts to shake as I try to make sense of it.

“Just as I expected, such a whore. No wonder your parents killed themselves.”

His voice sounds old and deep and tears start to leave my eyes. Something is wrong, something is very wrong. How does he know about my parents? I never told anyone about it. I always told them it was a car accident.

He moves his head up and my body stands still in complete shock. His eyes are completely white and small black veins start to spread around his face. What the fuck is going on?

“Who are you? Let me go!”

His lips slowly move up into a smile. “I can't wait until I have my little toy. See you soon, my little liar.”

Felix's body collapses to the floor. I fall to my knees and grab his face. “Oh my god, Felix? Felix?”

His head moves from my grip as he starts to spew out black slime. Eww, gross! “Felix?”

He shakes his head and tries to sit up while the last of the black goo leaves his

stomach.

“Well, that was certainly interesting,” Felix says while brushing away some strands of his hair out of his face.

I stare up at him, unsure of what to say and dread fills my body once I realise what the fuck just happened. Panicked breaths start to take over until I feel like I can’t breathe at all anymore.

Strong arms grab my body and pull me against his chest. I focus on his heartbeat to try and get my breathing right while he keeps talking to me and brushing his hand through my hair.

“Shhh, breathe, Evy! Keep breathing.”

We stay like this for a while, even after my breathing returns to normal. He makes me feel like everything will be okay, like I’m safe.

He moves away and walks to his door trying out the knob.

“That's what I thought,” he mutters to himself.

“What? What do you mean?”

He looks down to the floor and around the room while he keeps muttering, “Where is it?” I stay still until he turns around with a serious look on his face. “We can’t get out, I can’t find the key, and I don’t have the energy right now to break down the door. We’re stuck here. So, get yourself comfortable. I’ll see what I can do tomorrow.”

He grabs an extra pillow from his closet and throws it my way. I grab it clumsily and watch him walk towards the bed and lay down on one side, pulling at the covers.

Unsure, I stand frozen over the bed while holding the pillow he gave me. “I’m not sleeping in the same bed as you!”

“Feel free to take the floor then, I’m not in the mood for your antics.”

I glare at his back, imagining all the ways I would want to suffocate him and move into the bed next to him.

Part two: The Deception

Chapter 5

Felix

I wake with a pounding headache and sore muscles. Slowly the memories of yesterday evening are starting to come back to me and I realise I’m holding something warm and soft in my arms, something that smells of flowers.

Shit! I shoot up, groaning from the sudden strain in my muscles.

My dick is hard and I feel like I need to get some release soon. Ever since she’s been here, all I seem to be doing is jerking off to the videos she doesn’t know I have of her in the shower. Just thinking of it – of the way the water drips down her perky round breasts, of the way her breath catches in her throat when she points the water stream towards her pussy – makes me have to hold back a groan.

This woman has been seducing me throughout the days since she stepped foot here. I’m so fucked!

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I look next to me, where she's still sleeping, her long messy auburn curls all over the pillows, small soft breaths leaving her plump lips.

She looks so peaceful...for now.

An idea sparks up, and maybe I should use this opportunity to my advantage. After all, she did seem to enjoy me –well, a possessed me– eating her out.

In the end, it was still my name she was screaming out. I slowly move away from the bed, trying not to wake her.

I think she's a deep sleeper, but now I can fully test that theory.

Evelyn

A moan leaves my lips, waking me from my sleep. God, I feel so wet. Did I have a sex dream? I hope Felix didn't hear. A soft breeze hits my legs, and I freeze. Wait, that's not right. I slept covered in a blanket. What the hell? I want to shoot up but a sudden sting goes through my wrists and ankles. I try to move them but can't. I hold my breath out of fear.

“Well good morning to you, princess.”

I look at the end of the bed and see Felix crouched in between my legs, smirking at me. His lips and beard are glistening as he looks up.

“WHAT THE FUCK, FELIX! Let me go! What are you doing?”

My panic grows bigger as he slowly moves closer to my pussy.

“What does it look like I’m doing? I’m enjoying my breakfast.” He grasps my hips, bruising them, and pushes his face between my legs, licking and sucking my most sensitive spot. I try to hold any sound that wants to escape me, but then his teeth start to scrape my clit and one sharp moan leaves my throat. I shouldn't enjoy this, him. I should be mad. But gods, this feels so good. This is so wrong.

“Don’t act like you don’t like it. You certainly seemed to enjoy it last night,” he says with venom in his words. Is he mad at me?

He moves one of his hands away from my hips, then under my shirt and up to my breast where he starts to pinch my nipple. I can’t control any of the sounds that leave my throat and I don’t care anymore. As long as he keeps touching me like that.

My head is spinning in the best way possible and all I can think about is how his lips and tongue feel on my core.

A tension starts to build up and I feel like exploding into a million pieces but before the orgasm can hit, he stops.

I groan out of frustration and try to wiggle my hands out of the bonds, but they are so tight that all I’m doing right now is just damaging the skin. What did he use to tie me up with? I hear him chuckle from in between my legs. That smug bastard!

“If you aren't going to make me come, the least you can do is untie me!” I yelp.

Felix gets up and walks towards a black sports bag at the far end of the room. I don’t know what he’s planning on doing and it’s making me anxious.

He takes out a big hunting knife and duct tape, then walks back to me. “F–Felix,

what?" Is he still possessed? My body is trembling uncontrollably and I'm completely frozen in fear.

His eyes soften at me. "Princess, calm down. It's me. And I'll probably end up hurting you if you don't stop shaking."

He moves closer to me, then moves his leg over so he's right above me. He grabs my shirt and uses the knife to cut it open. Parts of my shirt are still clinging to my arm while my chest is fully exposed. He brings his face closer to my left breast and starts to suck on it almost painfully. I hold back my moans as much as I can but it's so hard. I won't let him win. I might have fallen for it earlier, but I won't do it again!

"Ouch!" A sharp pinch shocks me and I try to move from the pain unsuccessfully. Did he just bite me? I'm going to kill him once these bonds are off. He laughs and moves his head towards mine until our noses almost touch. "If you want to come, you're going to have to beg for it, princess."

I gather as much saliva as I can and spit on his face.

"Fuck you!"

His face becomes as hard as stone, he doesn't even wipe the spit off his face. Maybe I shouldn't have done that, but it felt so good.

"Suit yourself."

He cuts a piece of cloth from my ripped shirt and pushes it into my mouth, then proceeds to take the tape. His face comes closer to mine while he rips the piece of tape loose with his teeth and sticks it over my lips. He looks up at me and smirks as he picks the knife back up, bringing the cool metal towards my nipple, the feeling making it harden. He presses the tip deeper, slowly making his way down my breast,

the knife never leaving my skin. I look at him, shaking, and tears are starting to leave my eyes as I mumble through the gag until a sharp pain stops me. I flinch from him and try to move my body away but the bonds and having his weight atop of me makes it almost impossible.

“Tsk-tsk, if you move too much, you’ll ruin the work, and then it’ll take longer to finish it. Now, be a good girl and sit still.”

I try to hold my shaking as he carves into the skin under my left breast. It hurts, but it also makes me feel something else, like something is burning inside me. What is wrong with me?

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“Hmm, perfect,” he mumbles to himself as he lifts the blade from my skin and starts to lick the wound, sucking on it.

Why is this so hot? He's literally sucking my blood right now after he fucking cut me.

A muffled moan leaves me. I can feel his tongue against my skin and a shiver goes through me. I think I'm losing my mind.

He lifts his gaze to mine, his eyes darkened and dangerous, looking like I'm his to use however he sees fit. Like he owns me. I'm not sure how it's making me feel. He's doing all these depraved things to me and instead of fighting him, all I seem to want to do is give him everything he wants as long as he keeps going.

“You're enjoying this too much. If I were to push my cock into your tight pussy, will I find it ready and wanting?” He doesn't wait for my reply and moves his hand down to my core, brushing his finger in between my lips, slowly dipping the tip of his finger in.

“Hmm, so wet. Ready to beg for me yet?”

I shake my head; no way I'm giving in. He is NOT winning this. He raises his eyebrow as if to challenge me and pushes his fingers fully inside me. If this is hell, I don't ever want to leave again.

I feel so full, yet not full enough –I need more of him!

His thumb starts to rub my clit and all the while he curls his fingers inside me,

moving them almost violently now. I scream it out in my gag. My body tenses as the pressure builds back up, but then he pulls his fingers away and a sudden feeling of loss floods me. I'm so frustrated! Why does he keep doing this?

I try to yell through the stupid gag. I know it won't do anything, but it feels good to get the anger out somehow.

He moves away and picks the knife back up, only this time he brings it towards my pussy. My breath hitches as he opens my lips with the tip of the blade. He moves it so precisely, so carefully not to cut me, and presses the tip on my clit.

A soft whimper leaves me and his eyes darken at the sound. This man is going to kill me from lack of orgasm. What a way to die!

He moves the blade, cutting me, and brings his mouth to suck on the wound again.

I have absolutely zero control over the animalistic noises that leave while he licks and sucks over the wound. Oh, what has become of me?

He gives my lip one last suck as he looks back up at me, the corner of his mouth lifted and he raises his brow again. I look back at him in defiance. He will not win this.

"You're not being a very good girl now, are you? Denying me and yourself the release we need. I should punish you for that." He moves his fingers over my pussy lips again and lifts them up for me to see. A mixture of blood and arousal coats them and he licks his fingers clean in front of me like it's a delicacy.

"Hmm, your arousal tastes so good, princess. Do you want more? All you need to do is beg me. I'll take good care of you."

I shake my head again, a tear leaking from my eyes down my cheek. He looks at the tear and moves over me, pushing his hard cock against my raging core. He brings his face to mine while rubbing himself on me, and licks the tear off my cheek.

“I don’t know what tastes better, your tears or your come.”

He’s deranged, but I think I might be too. I shouldn’t like this but I do. The more he does to me, the more I need. I feel like caving in, but what will become of me once I do?

Panicky short breaths are crawling up my throat and I can’t get any proper air with this gag in my mouth. Felix rips the tape from my lips and pulls the cloth out. His hand grabs my chin roughly. “Breathe, I’m not done with you yet.” His hand on my chin tightens “You know what to do.”

He looks at me with an expression that shows how much he wants to break me. It says he needs me to give in like he needs air.

“I–I can’t,” I say weakly. I can’t show him how much I need him. I’m just a toy to play with until he grows tired of it and then moves on to the next one. It’ll only hurt me in the end.

“Why not?”

Anger seeps out of him as his face contorts. He moves away from the bed and pulls out an electrical wire from the floor. Did he bind me with that?

He goes to my feet and loosens the wire around it, he then goes to the other side, releasing the other from its bonds too. A breath leaves me as hope flickers up. Is he going to release me? His hands grab both of my ankles, pushing them down into the mattress and my hope turns into dust. What is he going to do to me now?

I try to kick at him, but he's stronger as he pushes both of my feet down on the bed. He binds them together with the wire and then grabs my waist, turning me on my back. My arms are crossed and the stretching burns badly.

He leans his full weight on me so I can't move back up and ties both of my ankles to one side of the bed. I scream into the pillow my head is currently pressed against and I move it to the side so I don't die from lack of oxygen.

He removes his body from mine, lessening the feeling of suffocation and anxiety. I don't know what he is going to do, but I'm not sure I want to.

I hear some ruffling and then footsteps coming closer again. I can't see him, but I can hear him, and it's making me feel scared but at the same time alive too. And then a sharp sting burns my skin.

Chapter 6

Felix

I hate her. Why is she doing this to me? All I want is for her to give in. It's not even about the fucking anymore – I just need her to give up, to break, to do as I say when I say it.

I lift the whip back up and slam it back onto her beautiful round ass. The skin bounces from the impact and all I want to do now is shove my cock in it so hard she won't sit for days.

I know she's not a virgin, but that doesn't mean I don't want her blood on my cock while I fuck her. Anger flares up again at the thought of her bleeding over someone else's cock, so I slam the whip again and again until small welts of blood start to come up.

She's shaking and crying, and I need more. Why won't she give in to me? I put the whip away. I won't damage her too much and her crying is also giving me this odd feeling. I don't like it.

She mumbles something and I move closer to her.

“What's that, princess?”

“I—I'm begging you, please make me come. I can't take it anymore!”

A loud laugh leaves me. She's as fucked up as I am!

I walk to the area where she can't see me, then towards her feet to release her ankles from their bindings. I grab her hips, digging my nails in. Hopefully, once I'm finished, it'll leave marks on her skin. I move her ass up and push my cock into her in one hard movement, stretching her tight pussy. She moans loudly and starts to scream my name as I pound into her as hard as I can.

“You.”Thrust. “Are.”Thrust. “My.”Thrust. “Fucking.”Thrust. “Slut!” I grunt while fucking her like a wild animal. I hate the thought of this demon eating her out, of someone else entering what's mine.

She keeps yelling ‘yes’ and I don't know if it's an answer to my admission or if it's because I'm giving her what she wants. For her sake, I hope it's both.

She tightens around me, squeezing my cock, her legs shaking as she finds her release. I pound roughly into her once or twice more until my release comes too. I pull out my cock. It's glistening with her release and I've never felt more content than I do now. I wonder how it'll feel once her blood will also be over it.

Her body slumps lazily on the bed and I walk towards the ensuite to gather some antiseptics and a wet towel, then back to where she's lying and start to clean up the blood from her skin.

I then release her wrists from their bonds, pull her against my chest, and rub her now red wrists. She sighs in contentment and doesn't fight me as I keep massaging them.

She doesn't know it yet, but she already fell into the web I wove for her.

Chapter 7

Evelyn

lie still while Felix massages my sore wrists. I don't want this to end, but I know it will soon. The realisation of what happened yesterday starts to kick in and, now that I think about it, where is Britt? She went to the house with me yesterday and I haven't seen her yet. What kind of a friend am I?

She went missing yesterday and here I am fucking her brother. Who does that? A very shitty friend, that's who!

"What's going on in that head of yours?"

I look up to see Felix staring at me. I feel completely lost for words, I mean where do I even begin?

"Mmm, what do you mean?"

He stops massaging my wrists and moves his hand to brush my cheek.

"Well, whatever you were thinking about seems to have upset you. So, tell me, princess, what is going on in that pretty little head of yours?"

I try to move my head away. I don't want to look at him, but his hand grips my chin roughly, forcing me to keep holding his gaze. His eyes darken like I angered him by moving away.

"I—I was just thinking about Britt and what's going to happen now."

"And what do you think is going to happen?"

His grip strengthens, almost hurting me, and I feel a wetness starting to gather

between my thighs.What is wrong with me?

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“I don’t know.”

He hums. The hand holding my face drags me towards him, and he leans closer and kisses me deeply, madly. He sucks on my lip, biting it teasingly, and pulls away slowly.

“Don’t worry about it.”

He gets up and puts his clothes back on. Disappointment hits me – the moment is now definitely over. Good job, Evy!

He moves towards the door and grabs a chisel and hammer, starting to slam it into the side of the door where the lock is. After a few hits, he manages to damage the lock enough for the door to open and walks out towards the staircase.

“Are you coming or what?”

I quickly grab his shirt since he ripped mine. How did I sleep through him tying me up?

He looks up at me putting on his shirt with a small smile on his lips.

“What?”

“Nothing.”

He pulls me closer and we start slowly walking out of his room.

As he's checking out the stairs, I quickly walk to my room to put on some new clothes. No way am I walking around half-naked in an oversized T-shirt that belongs to Felix, especially if we come across Britt. How would I explain that to her?

I walk back to Felix, seeing him tense his jaw as he looks up, annoyed at me. He doesn't say a word as we quietly step down the stairs. There's an eerie kind of silence through the house as if something is waiting, watching us. I try to ignore the feeling, but the further downstairs we go, the more intense the feeling grows.

"Do you feel that too?"

Felix doesn't answer me right away and moves me towards the dining room. He closes the door before turning to me.

"What did you feel? Are you okay?"

I hug myself while I look at the door behind him. What if he thinks I'm crazy again? Can I trust him? What if he's still possessed and it's just playing tricks on me?

Strong hands grab my head and two beautiful hazel brown eyes look right into me. There's concern written all over his face. "Evy? Talk to me, what's wrong?"

"I felt like something or someone was watching us, even though I didn't see anyone. I just know there was someone out there."

Felix hums and lets me walk further into the room.

"I think someone or something is in here too."

I walk over to where he's standing and see a big spot of dried blood on the floor.

What the fuck! Did someone get murdered? Where's Brittany?

My breathing hitches, and a sensation like millions of pins and needles spreads through my entire body. I can't breathe! I need air! My head's getting dizzy and I think I'm going to faint.

Strong arms cover my body before I hit the ground and pull me close. His hands are tangled in my hair and he begins kissing my forehead.

"Shhhh. I'm here, calm down. You're okay."

BAMBAMBAM

Our heads turn to the door, where the sound is coming from.

I take a deep breath and get back up while Felix walks towards the area, placing his hand on the knob.

BAMBAMBAM

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“Felix, maybe don’t open it?”

He looks back at me and lifts his finger to his lips, telling me to stay quiet.

BAMBAM—

In one swift movement, he rips the door open, prepared to fight whoever is out there. But the space is completely empty. There's no one there. What the fuck!

“Maybe we should try opening the front door again and get the hell out of here,” I plead.

Felix lets go of the door and walks back to me as it loudly slams shut.

A small scream escapes my throat while Felix pushes my body behind his.

“I don’t think it wants us to leave, princess.”

Felix

I hold Evy's arm as tight as I can, and bring her body closer to mine. She’s shaking but still trying to hide her fears from me. How adorable and annoying. Her fears are supposed to be mine.

One of the glasses on the table starts to fly around the room, hitting the wall, and I can feel her body stiffen against mine. Her breath is hitching again, and I can feel her chest against me while she tries to gasp for more air. I wish it was something else

than fear choking her right now.

I walk back to the door and take Evy with me so we don't get separated.

I grab the nob but it doesn't budge. Goddamnit! What now?

Evy pulls on my arm, so I pull her closer to me. What does she think she's doing?

"What? Already want to leave me?" I snarl at her.

Her eyes grow wide and she opens her mouth a couple of times before sound comes out.

"N-no, I-I look!"

I move my head towards where she's staring and see a tall, old woman standing near the table.

Her teeth are pointy and her skin looks like she's been decomposing for a while now, her hair falling out. The room is turning ice-cold and stinks of death. What the fuck!

I push Evy behind me and start to kick in the door until the hinges give up and it falls down onto the floor.

"AAAAH!"

I turn towards Evy and see that something grabbed her hair, pulling her away from me. I run to her and cut off the strand of hair with my pocket knife. The moment she's loose from whatever grabbed her, I drag her out of the room with me.

I can't get any of the exit doors to open and the only thing I can think of is to just take

her back upstairs.

She doesn't fight me as I pull her into my room.

"Felix?"

I turn to her. She looks scared and brave at the same time. She's shaking but obviously also keeping it together as best as possible.

"What now?" I know my answer is rude, and even though the way she looks up at me gives me an uneasy feeling, I don't care. Or I try not to. Same thing.

"Can't it just get in here? I mean it's like a ghost or something, right? And where is Britt? Shouldn't we go and find her?"

"Ah, shit, I forgot about her. Do we have to?"

She crosses her arms and looks like she's ready to fight me.

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“We cannot just leave her wherever she is. I cannot.”

“Fine, then go and look, but know I won’t be there to help you once you leave the room.”

She huffs in frustration and all I want to do now is stuff my dick down her throat so she can choke on her words. She’s so intoxicating.

I move a strand of her auburn hair away from her face and tuck it behind her ear. She shivers at my touch. Her defiance is already crumbling simply by the touch of my fingers.

“You are impossible! She is your sister and my best friend.” Her arm flies in the air while she’s trying to make a point.

“Some friend you are if you haven’t even thought about it until now.”

She moves to push me and I grab her arm, twisting it so she stands with her back to me and her face against the closed door. “Of course, you were too busy enjoying my cock and hands to be able to notice. What a horrible friend but a very good slut you are.”

She stomps on my foot and pushes me away, making me fall down. Anger boils in me and I fly up to grab her throat. All she does is spit in my face. Does she really think that it will change anything?

“I w–will g–go,” she rasps out.

I let go of her throat and sigh. “Fine.”

I guess we’ll do it her way then.

Chapter 8

Evelyn

I turn around and open the door again, slowly watching both sides in the hopes of nothing coming our way. As annoyed as I am at Felix for talking to me like that, I still feel a lot safer knowing he’s coming with me. I took some self-defence lessons when I turned twenty-one, but I don’t think it will do me much good when it’s a ghost or a demon we’re dealing with.

Felix obviously isn’t happy with my decision, but I don’t care. She’s his sister. How can he be so heartless?

We walk to Britt’s room but don’t see anything, and she’s not in my room either. I grab my bag from my room before going back out. My phone and other stuff are in there. It might be useful.

I’m scared to go back downstairs, so I try to yell for her first, but there’s still nothing.

“Love, I truly think we should get back into the room and wait it out. If she’s not here, it means she’s either dead or left us.”

I sigh and take a step to go downstairs, but Felix grabs my arm and pulls me back. I almost lose my balance, but his grip on me is so tight that I don’t.

“Don’t be stupid—we just came from there. We would’ve seen her if she was downstairs.”

I hate to admit it, but he has a point. I go back with him to his room and sit down while he moves his closet in front of the door.

“Will moving it in front of the door really do anything?”

Felix stares up at me and laughs at me angrily.

“Probably not. Do you have a better idea?”

Since I don't, I stay silent and grab my bag to see if there's anything that could help us in there.

Felix

Evy empties her purse, takes a book out, and places it next to her on the bed. Curiosity gets the better of me and I grab the book, stealing it from her.

“What you got there, huh? The River of Fire by Liana Valerian? What's this? Smut?”

Evy reaches for my hand to snatch the book back, but I'm faster.

I open it up to a very peculiar scene.

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‘You love sucking your master’s cock, don't you, my filthy little whore’

I look back at her. “Is that how you want me to call you? My filthy little whore? I should hold on to this one, it might give us some ideas to try out. Don't you think so?”

Her face turns red all the way down to her chest. Don’t tell me this is already embarrassing her, especially after what we did before getting out of bed. I should’ve just stayed there and fucked her into oblivion.

She grabs the book out of my hand and sits back down.

“Shut up,” she mumbles and starts to read her smutty novel.

I smirk at her and lean down to pick her up, placing her on my lap. A high-pitched screech leaves her lips in surprise. It reminds me of the last time she made that noise. Gods, I’m hard again.

The need to sink into her comes back, and all I want now is to have her bouncing on my cock, milking me while her perfect, full breasts jump with the movement.

Chapter 9

Evelyn

Felix’s hard-on isn’t exactly making it easy for me to just stay still. I shift on his lap, trying to make myself more comfortable.

“Keep moving like that and you'll find yourself in a whole different position.”

His words have a dark, promising tone to them and all I want to do now is test him, see if he'll actually go through with it.

Moving my hips slowly, grinding against his hardened member, I can hear him groaning in my ear.

“Such a tease. You want to be my little whore?”

Felix pushes me off his lap and gets up. Standing over me, he fists my hair and pulls my face closer to his crotch. This man knows just what to say to me. I nod my head slowly staring into his lustful eyes.

“Open it. Now!”

His command makes me spring into action, my fingers fumbling over his jeans button before finally being able to open it. His grip on my hair tightens and delicious sharp stings pull at my head.

“Take. It. Out.” He growls.

My hand moves to his boxers and I pull the band down until his huge, pierced member jumps up. I reach for him, trying to find the best way possible to make him feel the same way he does me. But I don't know what he likes. I've never taken initiative before—my previous partners always just did whatever they wanted and never asked me to do anything other than ‘lie down.’

He groans the moment my fingers touch his cock, my thumb brushing the ball of the piercing that is placed on the tip. I lick my lips in anticipation, knowing he won't take it easy on me, but that's how I like him to be. Rough, like I'm not some porcelain doll

that might break any minute.

“Behaving like a slut will get you treated like one,” he grunts before pushing his cock into my mouth. I wasn’t fully prepared for the size, but I try my best to take everything he gives me. Not that he’s giving me an option with it.

Gagging, tears, and drool drip off my face as he forces his cock into my throat as deep and rough as he can. I hollow out my cheeks and try to suck him while he pounds into me relentlessly.

I’m so wet right now, I’m soaking through my panties.

He pulls his dick out to give me a chance to breathe, then smiles up at me.

“Do you want to know what I think? I think I like you more like this. Covered in tears and drool while sucking me off. What a sight you are. You like being my dirty little slut, don’t you?”

I nod my head at him as I wipe my mouth with my hand. As fucked up as it is, I love the way he talks to me in these moments.

Sticking out my tongue, I start to swirl it over the little ball on his Prince Albert piercing.

“Fuck!” he groans while I slide my tongue over his tip and take him into my mouth as deep as I can.

He’s losing the battle with his control. He pushes on my head, thrusting his cock so deep that my throat and nose touch his lower abdomen and he grunts out his release. Hot, salty spurts of come shoot my throat and he grabs my chin.

“Swallow!”

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My throat bobs while I swallow him down and open my mouth for him to see. “Good girl.” He removes his hand from my chin and goes to button his pants back up.

I beam from his praise and get up too. I don’t know how he did it, but I went from wanting to bash his head in to wanting his praises. Some feminist I am. The moment a dick— a very thick and pierced dick that hits all the right spots —gets in the picture, I lose all self-respect.

Chapter 10

Brittany

It's so dark and cold here. I don’t know where I am or what happened. First, I was just talking to Evy, going back to the house, and now I’m in some kind of creepy, damp, dark room. Drops are leaking down from the ceiling and it smells like rotten meat.

I try to get up, but I barely have the strength to move and my head is pounding like crazy.

The dark makes it hard to see anything and my vision is a bit hazy too. What the hell happened to me?

It’s so dark that I can’t see anything. Stumbling, I find the concrete wall and pull myself up. Maybe if I’m lucky, I’ll find a door or a small opening.

My hand touches something wet and slimy as I continue. “I really, really, really don’t want to know,” I whisper to no one in particular.

Where the hell am I? What if no one ever finds me and I die here? Tears start to leak down my face as I try to keep the sobs in. If there's someone out to get me, I don't want them finding out I'm awake and roaming around.

My finger finally touches something hard and it feels like a door knob. I try to push it open but it doesn't budge. I only manage to get a small beam of light through the wooden door by pushing it too hard. Maybe if I regain more strength, I'll be able to open it fully.

I sit down next to the door and put my hands into the light stream. There's blood and dirt over my fingers and arms, and it looks like a few nails are broken. Did I fight someone?

I sigh and close my eyes, waiting until I have the energy to try again.

Chapter 11

Evelyn

I feel fingers sliding down my legs and groan, knowing it's Felix again. I have never met a man with as much stamina as him. "Felix, I'm tired, can't you just let me sleep for once."

His fingers are wrapping over my ankles and I honestly just feel like kicking him right now. "Felix, come o— AHHHH!"

Someone drags me out of the bed by my feet, making me fall hard against the wooden floor. I look up to yell at them, but there's no one there. What the fuck! Where is Felix? Who the fuck did that?

I try to get up, but my legs are shaking so much that I can't. I look around the room,

trying to see if there's anyone or anything there with me right now.

Loud footsteps stomp out in the hallway towards the room, and I hold my breath hoping it's not going to kill me. The door flies open and I see Felix standing there. His clothes are drenched and he seems out of breath. "Are you okay?"

He gets to his knees and starts to pat me down like he's looking for injuries.

"I'm fine. Something grabbed my feet and pulled me out. I thought it was you, but I didn't see anyone. Where were you?"

"I was looking around for the house papers to see if I could find anything. You were still sleeping, so I left thinking it would be okay for a couple of minutes."

He helps me get up and I flatten my – well his – shirt with my hands. I might be in a crazy situation, but that doesn't mean I should look the part.

"So, uh, if you went to look for papers, which I assume would be in a dry area, why does it look like you went for a swim?"

He moves the wet strands that are hanging over his face with his hand and sighs deeply.

"I heard water running in the bathroom so I went to look. Once I was near the bathtub, something pushed me in and then I heard you screaming, so I didn't exactly have the time to dry off and change clothes first."

"Oh. Found anything? The papers, I mean."

I'm stumbling over my words from the nerves while all he does is just look at me, amusement glittering in his eyes. Great, he's never going to let that go.

He moves his hands to my hips, pulling me close. I yelp at his roughness, hoping I don't fall against him like an idiot. I've been embarrassing myself enough today.

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His hands move to my ass next, and he squeezes hard. I place my palm on his chest to keep balance and look up at him. He brings his head closer to mine, his lips touching the shell of my ear. “Would you like to see it?”

“S—see wh—what?” Damnit, there goes my ability to speak. Strong woman, my ass. How does he do that?

He places his fingers under my chin, lifting my head up to his. “The papers, of course, what else?”

Laughing, he walks out of the room.

If the ghost doesn’t kill him, I will.

We’ve been going through files for hours now and all we can find are papers from when the house was built, a map, and some doctor’s notes. The attic we’re holed up in creeps me out too. There are holes in the walls, so it’s freezing, and it’s dusty, filled with old cobwebs and dead spiders.

“Why can’t we just take the papers and go downstairs with them?”

Felix doesn’t acknowledge me and keeps going through the papers, rereading the same ones over and over again.

“Don’t tell me you’re losing what’s left of your sanity now too.” I keep staring at him, hoping for a response. “Fine! I’ll just go downstairs and let you read the same page for the tenth time.”

“You're not leaving. Sit your ass back down.”

He's still reading while speaking and it's really starting to piss me off! “Ha, fuck no!” I walk towards the stairs to go down the attic, but strong hands grab my waist and pull me back into the room, twirling me around.

“I'm sorry, what? Say that again?” He's pulling me against him and holding me in place, so I can't move away from him.

“I said. Fuck. No! Let me go!” I slam my hand into his chest and try to push my body away from his, but his grip is solid.

His eyes darken and the muscle in his jaw is moving up. He releases my waist and clicks his tongue while walking behind me.

He grabs my hair and drags me towards the table. Pain shoots up my head and I can feel a headache coming up from the way he's grabbing me. I get pushed onto the seat while he still holds my hair like it's some kind of leash. He pushes my face into the papers on the table and starts to laugh like a maniac.

“I don't think you understand it, so let me explain. When I tell you to do something, you do it without question. But since you think you can still defy me, I'll have to teach you a lesson.”

He lets go of my hair, grabs something off the table, and walks away. I hear the slamming of the door and the clicking of a lock and jump up. He did not just lock me up in here.

I run to the door and start pushing it, but the damn thing won't budge. Shit, shit, shit! “Felix, this isn't funny, open up!” I hear his footsteps going down the stairs and then a door closing, leaving me in total silence.

Felix

I ignore the sounds of her pleading and walk to the kitchen to grab something to eat.

Not that we have so much left – I didn't buy enough, thinking I could just go to the store and grab it when needed.

I didn't count on being locked in here and I definitely didn't count on being stuck in here with her alone while my sister is God knows where.

She knows how to piss me off and it's driving me crazy. She's driving me crazy. Maybe she'll be more mouldable once I release her from there. Or pissed off. I guess we'll see.

I sit down, grab the papers I gathered from the attic, and start to look at them again.

If I had internet access, I could search all of this up, but the connection fell out once this shit show started, so we're stranded here with no one to contact and one missing person. Just great.

Exhaustion is starting to pull at me and I lay down my head for a couple of minutes.

Evelyn

"Felix! Helloooo. Get. Me. Out. NOW!" No matter how much I scream and slam my hand on the door, no one comes for me, and I just feel like crying. I sit down with my back to the door and let out a deep sigh.

TING

I turn my head to where the sound came from and see a pencil rolling towards me on

the floor.

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“Just the wind, Evy, that’s it! The wind, yeah,” I nervously mutter to myself. A creaking noise from the back grabs my attention and I slowly get back up on shaking legs.

THUD THUD THUD

Footsteps are coming my way and my breathing stops. There's a dirty blueish hand with filthy long nails scraping the side of a box not too far from me “Oh, no, no, no, no, FEELIIX!”

I try to kick open the door, but it just won’t break. The footsteps stop and I feel something staring at me. Tears are flowing down my face and I think I’m going to die now. “I don’t want to know. I really, really don’t want to.” My voice is unsteady from my sobs and I try to breathe but it keeps stopping. A cold wet hand touches my shoulder and my whole body jerks. “P–please, n–n–noo!” I can’t stop the crying and screams that are coming from me, and I think I’m going to pass out soon.

“Shhh, little toy. It’s just you and me now.” Its voice is low and ragged. The hand moves my hair to the side and I can feel its foul breath against my neck. Its nose touches my skin as it breathes me in. I keep my eyes closed out of fear and don’t move an inch. I’m going to die! I can’t die like this! Why me? I keep sobbing while the words ‘no’ and ‘please’ keep leaving my lips on repeat. Slimy wetness touches my cheeks and I scream again.

“Hmm, nothing tastes better than your fears.” I can hear a banging sound and someone yelling in the background, but my fear keeps me rooted. “Here comes our so-called saviour.” It laughs while the door flies open and something – no, someone –

grabs my arm and drags me out. “Oh, shit!” a deep male voice yells.

My legs buckle and I prepare myself for the impact but nothing comes. Felix pulls my arm up so hard I think it might get ripped off and starts dragging me down the stairs in a hurry.

He pushes me onto the floor and slams the door shut. I can hear the locks clicking close while I stay on the floor crying and shaking.

I groan out in pain. It’s dark and my head is pounding. I feel like I just got run over by a bus. Wait, what happened?

“Be careful!” A smoky, woodsy scent embraces me and I can feel someone's heat against my back, keeping me warm and safe. I turn around and look up to see Felix lying there. I gulp, taking in the magnificent sight of a very hot, tattooed naked man next to me, reading my book. He smiles up at me and realisation hits me. I almost died because of this dim-witted sex god.

“You left me there. It could've killed me because of you. Left me. There!”

He pulls his jaw tight and puts the book aside. “A small misfortune on my behalf,” he states.

“Small misfortune on your behalf,” I scoff. “Are you fucking kidding me!” I slap him in his stupid face. Realising too late what I’ve done, he grabs my wrist, shoving me into the mattress, and places his entire weight on me. I can feel his hardness through the blanket. “I’m not apologizing. You deserved that.” His lipcurls up in a sinister smile, his eyes slowly roaming down. I follow his sight towards my exposed chest. “Felix?”

“Hmm?” He doesn’t lift his eyes away from my breasts.

“Why am I naked?”

He’s quiet for a while, then places his thumb on my lip and shoves it into my mouth. “I think you shouldn’t ask questions you don’t want the answer to,” he retorts, pushing his thumb in and out of my mouth.

I bite his finger. He pulls it out of my mouth, sucking the blood off. A filthy smile plays with his lips and he kisses me as roughly as he can. We’re a clash of tongues and teeth. I can’t breathe, but I don’t want it to stop either. He breaks away and opens my mouth, spitting in it. I swallow his spit down without him having to tell me to.

He looks down at me with an approving gaze and seats himself inside me in one hard thrust. I scream out in pleasure as he fucks me rough and deep.

I can feel a high pressure coming up, but he stops and turns me around on my stomach like I weigh nothing.

He takes a bag out from under the bed and fumbles through it. I feel something cold and leathery tighten around my neck. Is that a belt? “Felix?” I try to move, but he presses me back down, my chest deep in the mattress, while the belt pulls my head back, choking me.

“Don’t worry, princess. You can take it.” Something wet touches my butt cheeks. He rubs the cold liquid over my hole and trusts himself deep inside.

“AAAH!” I try to scream it out but the belt around my neck is taking too much of my airflow to make it sound like one. His cock fills me up in all the right ways, hitting all the right spots, and I’m starting to see stars from the pleasure and lack of oxygen.

He lets the belt around my neck go and grabs my ass. A bright, stinging pain shoots through my skin as he slaps it with his bare hand. Is it weird I’m hoping to have his

hand imprinted on me? Probably.

I moan out his name as loud as I can while he ruts into me from behind.

“You filthy slut, letting me do anything I want with you.” His fingers tangle in my hair and pull my head back up. “Say it!”

I moan at the stinging pain from his pull. “You can—you can do anything you want with me,” I rasp with the last bit of voice I have left.

He seems content with my answer and starts to pull on the belt once more, pounding in me again and again until I explode. Blackness enters my vision until it takes over fully.

Felix

She’s passed out cold from her orgasm and me choking her with my belt. I pull myself out of her and place her on her back so her gorgeous tits greet me.

There's something about the vulnerability of a person when they sleep.

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My cock is hard and all I want to do is use her unconscious body until my balls are empty.

She's lying peacefully and innocently on her back while I climb over her, pressing my tip to her entrance.

It's not the first time I've fucked her unconscious, not that she knows about it.

The first time was when she came to our place for a sleepover with Britt and decided to walk around in those ridiculous short shorts and a top with no bra. Even my dad was staring at her pointy nipples that were going through her shirt. Not that I can blame him. I placed some sleeping pills in her drink and went to the guestroom she was sleeping in and fucked her there for hours.

I push myself into her and use her body, sucking and biting on her full breasts until my release comes.

I remove the belt from around her neck, clean her up, and place a blanket over her.

Chapter 12

Evelyn

Streams of sunlight start to invade the room. I get up from bed and go to the ensuite to take a shower. I feel dirty and it's been way too long since the last time I properly showered.

I look in the mirror, seeing someone I don't recognise stare back. My hair is dishevelled, my eyes and lips are swollen, and I have bruises on my neck, and bitemarks on my breast. How did those get there? I don't remember Felix biting me. A faint red line under my breast takes my attention. I completely forgot Felix had cut me there. I lift my breast up to have a clearer view. I can see the letters FH – Felix Hayes – carved in deeply.

I walk into the shower and let the water wash away the one hundred years' worth of stress and anxiety I got in only a couple of days. Finding only one bottle of shampoo in the shower, I sigh – figures he only has a three-in-one body, shampoo, and conditioner bottle. How do men use this and look perfect, but I need twenty different bottles just to keep my curls in line? It's ridiculous!

Since it's the only thing I have here, I start to massage the shampoo into my scalp and hum to an old song my mother used to sing to me when I was little. It always helped me with my anxiety. I guess it makes me feel like she's still here and didn't leave me, even though I'm mad at her for what she did. Instead of trying to get their lives back on track, all they did was take the easy route and leave me with all the debts, alone.

A soft humming starts to sing the same song with me. It almost sounds like her. Am I going crazy?

"Mom?" I move the curtain of the shower and grab a towel, wrapping myself in it while leaving the room. I follow the sound to my bedroom and see a woman sitting down on the bed with her back to me, humming the song. Her hair is short and the same chestnut-brown colour my mother had. She's wearing a white dress with a rose pattern on it. It's the same one she wore when I found her hanging from the ceiling when I came back home from school. "M-Mom?" Tears are starting to drip down my cheek while I walk a little bit closer to the woman who might be my mother and place my hand on her shoulder.

“You did this to us.” She’s rocking back and forth while repeating the same sentence and I back up, not knowing if this is some demon trick or I’m just losing my mind now.

“YOU DID THIS TO US!” she screeches, turning around and running at me in one swift movement. I stumble over my feet going backwards and fall down, hitting my back against the wall. I cover my face with my arms as she flings herself at me.

“EVELYN?”

I hide my face and don’t dare open my eyes while someone keeps yelling my name and patting my face and body. Am I dead yet?

“Evelyn, look at me. Goddamnit!”

My tears keep falling down my soaked cheeks. “No, no, go away! Go away!” A hand is brushing my head while I’m being pressed against someone’s warm body.

“It’s alright, you’re okay now. I won’t let it hurt you.”

A scent of smoky wood and coffee enfolds me. Taking in his embrace and smell helps me calm down, makes me feel safer. I slowly open my eyes and bury my head deeper into his chest. “It’s my mom. She hates me.”

“She doesn’t, Evy. It’s not real. I found something I think you should see.”

The dust of the old couch in the living room keeps making my allergies act up. “Why couldn’t we just do this in the kitchen again?” I try to speak in between sneezes. He’s spreading out papers over the small coffee table and places an old photo album next to them. “There’s a small issue with the kitchen. Nothing to worry about. Here, look.” He points a finger at one of the papers. I grab the fragile, brownish parchment and

carefully hold it before me. “Where the hell did you find all of this? And what exactly am I supposed to see?”

I squeeze my eyes trying to make out what it says.

Report written by Dr M. Harris on Tuesday, 20th of February 1987

Patient: Eliza Schumer, a 37-year-old female

The patient claims to see shadows moving and talking and the area to be haunted.

Her psychosis has only worsened over her stay.

We are to perform a lobotomy on Thursday, 22nd of February 1987 at 10 AM.

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For now, keep the patient sedated and raise the dose of Halperine to 20mg.

“She’s the first one to start seeing things here. After her, the others started claiming the same things.”

I grab some of the other papers to see the reports. “Was this some kind of mental institution?”

I find the papers of a teenage girl of sixteen, Annabeth, in the pile and start reading them. She claimed someone crawled into her bed when she was sleeping and licked her cheeks, then she tried to scrub them clean so hard, she ripped open her own skin.

There's one of a fifty-year-old woman who drowned herself in the lake close by after someone whispered to her every night. There’s a picture of her on the bottom. A gasp leaves me once I realise it’s the same woman that I saw through the mirror the day we lost Britt.

“This was a women's mental facility owned by a Thomas Delaney. It was his private property and not an official hospital. I found some papers about it being closed after too many deaths. Some claimed Thomas acted like he was possessed himself and would assault his staff and patients.”

Felix takes more vellums and spreads them out on the table. “Before that, the house was owned by multiple people who all mysteriously died. Here, I found some papers on the original owner too.” Felix points towards the pile of parchment that was on his side and puts it all on my lap. The dust flying around and the musty smell are making me nauseous. “This house was built by a George Malory back in the early eighteen

hundreds. I can't find a precise date, but he was a total wacko. Believed that demons were going to take over and that to redeem yourself, you had to do some kind of blood ritual. He gathered some followers too, turned it into a full-on cult with over thirty members.”

Looking through the papers, I find some drawings in between the pages, where there's someone tied to a table with their chest cut open. “Eww. So, what? They cut someone's chest open and then cursed this place?”

A playful smile appears on Felix's face as he sits closer to me and grabs the papers from my hands. “You know, baby, it takes more than just opening someone's chest to cause the situation we're in.”

I sigh and get up from the couch. I need some air, but not even the windows open. I think I'm going mad here.

“So, what now?” I feel so tired from all of this. I shouldn't have come here. And where the fuck is their aunt?

“Well, I looked into his old grimoire and found a ritual and information about a demon he supposedly summoned.” I turn to him in shock. When did he have the time to do all of this without me?

How does he even know and find so much? I was in that same attic with him and we looked for hours and didn't find anything.

“Emm, okay? What did you find out?”

Felix gets up and sighs. I feel like whatever he's about to say won't be good news. Please, let it be good news.

“The demon is a Vurlak, a soul eater. It’s said to be the child of Raum, who knows the past, present, and future.” Well, that doesn’t sound good at all. I’d like my soul to be uneaten, thank you very much.

“The demon needs to have a vessel to be able to fully start its process. It’s how it lures its victims, by telling them things from your past, uses your connections with them, and then, once you’re fully in his thrall, takes your soul.” Wow, wait hold up. A vessel?

“Felix? Does that mean that one of us is possessed?” I start shaking and my breathing is turning haggard. I can feel another panic attack coming. What if I have this thing inside of me right now?

Felix walks closer to me and brushes my hair from my now tear-stained cheeks.

“I think we’d know it by now if one of us was possessed. It’s probably playing us right now so it can get to us. We just can’t let it happen.”

“We need to get out! What about the back door, wasn’t it a bit damaged? What if we just break it open?” I go to the kitchen door, but Felix pulls me away with one hard yank on my arm. What the fuck?

“You can’t go in there.” His face drains of emotion and he looks straight into my eyes while his hand tightens around my arm.

“Felix? You’re hurting me.” I bob my throat and my voice breaks while speaking, but I try not to show him how much he is affecting me right now. What if he’s the one possessed? He’s been acting odd since the beginning. Didn’t he puke that disgusting black stuff up? What if some stayed inside of him? His grip lessens and I pull my arm away from him. Okay, now is the time for the badass in me to come up and just go for it. I run to the kitchen door and open the handle.

“Evy, you don’t want to see what’s inside it,” Felix yells behind me while I slam the door open.

My breath catches my throat when I take in the scene before me.

There’s blood everywhere, splattered on the wall, the counter, and the table. I can see a leg on the floor, sticking out behind the counter, with pink pumps; Britt’s pink pumps. I gather the courage I have left and walk towards the body on the floor.

A gasp leaves me seeing Brittany lying there. Her skin is blue, her blonde hair matted and stained with mostly dried-up blood. There’s blood leaking out of her nose and mouth, a knife embedded in her chest, and there are bloodstains all over her like she got stabbed hundreds of times.

I back away from the corpse that used to be my best friend. She’s been there ever since I started college. She was my roommate and like a sister to me, and now she’s dead. Oh, gods, what do I do? What happened? I bump against the hard wall with my back. No, wait, that’s not a wall, I’m not close enough for that. I turn around and see Felix standing there. His eyes soften under my gaze and he reaches his arms for me. I push him away and start running.

Part Three: The Endgame

Chapter 13

Felix

I'm surprised how fast she is. At least she can't run far.

I had really hoped she'd listen to me for once, but now I'll have to punish her.

Evelyn

I hate this place, I HATE IT!

I try to hold my sobs in while I tiptoe around the bedroom and hide in his stupid built-in closet. I know it's useless and in any horror movie the person that hides in the closet dies first, but what the fuck am I supposed to do? I can't just stay there and be like, 'Oh, yeah, I give up, let's go get my soul eaten.' I hold my hand over my mouth and just hope Felix is too stupid to find me. Who am I kidding? I'm so going to die.

The door creaks open and I can feel my heart stop. Shit, shit, shit!

"Princess, you know you're getting predictable."

His footsteps grow louder until it sounds like he's in front of the closet.

"Tsk, ts, ts. What do we have here?" The door flies open and he comes at me with a speed I've never seen before. I scream as loud as I can and start kicking him like a lunatic. He flings me over his shoulder like I weigh nothing and throws me down on the bed.

“Are you done with your little tantrum?” I lift my leg and kick his kneecap. He crouches down and I get back up and start running. I'm almost at the door, but then his arm grabs my waist and he throws me back onto the bed. He grunts and lays on top of me, pinning my body between his and the mattress. I headbutt him as a last resort, but he just laughs at me, blood now pouring out of his nose. He looks calm, but in a scary way, like he lost it. The blood starts to drip onto my neck and he looks at it, and then back at me.

“That’s not very nice of you, now, is it?”

His right hand moves to hold my face and with his other hand, he pulls something out of his pocket. Before I can register what it is, a sting hits my neck and my body goes limp.

Felix

I wait until her body stops struggling and turns completely limp before releasing my grip on her.

She fucking broke my nose. I guess there's more fight in her than I thought. I grin, hanging over her now unconscious body, and wipe the blood off of my face with the back of my hand. I take my knife and cut open her shirt. As much as I love the way she struggles against me, she's acting feral now and I'd rather not lose any limbs. She looks up at me, unable to move, one tear leaving the corner of her eye. “Don’t worry, princess, I won’t do anything you don’t enjoy.”

I lick her left breast and bite her nipple. She might not be able to move, but I can feel her heart frantically pumping in her chest the moment my tongue touches her skin. I move my hand to her dripping core and pinch her swollen bud. Her breath hitches and I dip my finger into her wet heat while licking my blood off her chest. “I should be making you clean that up, it's you who made the mess after all.”

I kiss her violently, pushing my bloodstained tongue into her mouth while playing her tight pussy like a harp. I bite her lip, drawing out blood, and unbutton my pants so I can push my painfully hard cock into her.

Her whole body moves from the impact as I thrust into her. I fuck her like a possessed man until my release comes. Not waiting for hers, I pull out and grab the knife I used to shred her clothes. I look up at her face, seeing her cheeks wet and a small drop of blood falling off her lip from where I bit her. I show her the knife and smile. “An eye for an eye, don’t you agree?”

Not waiting for any reaction, I move to her thighs, grab her flesh, and start carving a skull into her skin. The same skull I carved on my lower abdomen three years ago when her parents died. Not that she needs to know about that.

Once I’m finished with my masterpiece, I kiss the wound and go to the ensuite to grab some antiseptics to clean it. She keeps staring at me. Her tears have dried up for some time now. I lie down next to her and kiss her forehead. “You did good, princess. Didn’t even flinch.” I wink at her.

Small movements grab my attention; she's slowly regaining her strength. I pick up the water bottle from the nightstand and hold her head up. The serum will probably make her throat feel dry and give her one hell of a headache. She takes small sips, some of the water leaving the corners of her mouth.

“I didn’t kill her, you know. We might not have been very close, but she was still my little sister.” Her head turns towards me, small sounds leaving her as she tries to speak. “I found her this morning. I knew you were going to freak out, so I decided to wait and give you the news until after we got out.”

“Y—you sho—should've t—told me I—I had the right t—to know.” She’s trying to sound mad, but her stuttering is only hardening my cock. If she wasn’t still recovering from

the serum, I would've already filled her up by now. Instead of giving my dick what it needs, I cover her up with the blanket, move the water next to her for when she needs it, and lie down beside her.

“Let’s start fighting after we had some rest, okay?”

She nods her head and lays it down on my chest.

Evelyn

A loud thud wakes me from my rest. It’s still dark, but not dark enough to have difficulty seeing. It’s probably five or six AM. I sit up and see that Felix is no longer next to me.

“Felix? Are you okay?” My question is only answered with silence. I can feel a chill going through me and I slowly get up from the bed to look for him. Please don’t be dead, please don’t be dead!

I slowly go down the stairs, looking everywhere I can. My mind is going crazy and I have to keep reminding myself to breathe.

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I hate this house, I really, really, really hate it here. If I survive this, I'm never doing this shit again. Creaking sounds are coming from my left and I look to see the basement door moving open. Oh, fuck no. I back away, but then I hear Felix's voice down there, yelling. Fuck, I can't just leave him there. Damn him for being so dumb to go there. Everyone knows you don't go down into the creepy fucking basement.

I sigh and walk to the door. This might be the dumbest thing I have ever done, and yet here I am, going down there because this man is an idiot. The moment my bare feet touch the cold stone of the stairs, the door slams shut and I yelp out a scream.

"Evy?" I run down to the sound of Felix yelling for me, to find him standing there next to the corpse of an older woman. She has light grey, nearly white hair, dirtied with mud and old blood. She has the same face shape as Brittany but older. Her skin is ashen grey and fragile. It looks like she's been dead for a couple of weeks now. The stench is unbearable. How did I not smell it before?

"Oh my god, Felix! You killed her!" He takes a step forward towards me and I take one back.

"Evy, I didn't do this. You've got to believe me!"

My tears are falling down my face. I hold my hand over my mouth so I don't throw up from the smell. "Stay back!" His hair is dishevelled and there's blood dripping down his right eyebrow to his cheek, falling onto the floor. "How do I know it wasn't you?" I take one more step back towards the stairs. He tries to move, but I lift my hand and he stops.

“You were the one who told us your aunt went away, you didn’t want us to go into the basement, and you hid Brittany’s death from me. To me, it’s pretty fucking clear you did it.” Felix’s expression looks pained but that could just be a trick. That’s how they do it, right? Trick you into believing they are the innocent ones.

"Evy, please!" He tries to walk to me again and I turn to run to the stairs. “Evy, watch out!”

I walk into someone. A sharp pain hits my abdomen and I look down to see a knife embedded in my stomach. A loud scream comes from somewhere in the background or maybe I’m just imagining it. I slowly look up to see Brittany staring at me, her eyes pitch black and an evil smile on her face. One that scares me. I take a few steps back with the knife inside me. Brittany’s distorted laughter is all I hear until my knees give up, and someone catches me and places me on the cold stone floor.

“You’re okay. You’re okay. I’m here.” Tears are leaving Felix’s eyes, a panicked and pained look on his face as he wails my name over and over again.

I look up at Brittany and all she does is smile at us. “Why?”

Brittany’s skin turns grey with black veins and she grows bigger. “Hmm, you mortals and your reasons.”

Felix steps in front of me as a last attempt to shield me from it. “What do you want?”

The monster that took my friend’s skin looks at us in amusement, its abnormally long pointy tongue licking its lips. “I want it all. First, I took your little sister during that funeral. Her screams were delicious, so much fear. Then I took your weak, old aunt. Too easy to my liking, but you know, old people.” It’s moving its head to the side, looking down at me on the floor. “Now, I will take her, and once I’m finished, I’ll take your skin. A body like that will get me enough... willing souls,” it laughs.

It's standing in front of Felix in a flash, slamming him into the wall.

I look around, hoping there's something I can do. Something shining underneath the corpse of his aunt takes my attention and I drag myself towards it, trying not to move the knife still stuck in me as much as I can. I know the moment the knife goes out the bleeding will start and then I'll bleed out in mere minutes.

I check on Felix and the demon and see they're still occupied with each other, no one noticing me. Good. I push the corpse aside and find an old knife with symbols on it in her hand. There's some black goo sticking to the point. What if it's demon blood? Maybe this will kill it. I don't have many options anyway; either I try and win and then die from the stab wound, or I try, it doesn't do anything, and it eats my soul after I die of the stab wound. Let's hope for the first scenario.

I turn to look at it again, its eyes now latched onto me. It looks at the knife in my hand and starts to go for me, but then gets pulled back, falling down.

Felix runs for me and I throw the knife at him. "STAB HIM! NOW!"

But the demon is faster. Suddenly, it's right behind him and grabs his shoulder, nails digging in, drawing out blood. Felix grunts in pain as it throws him on the floor, his head hitting the stone in a loud crack. Oh fuck! We're so fucked.

It's laughing again and grabs my face, pressing it against the wall with a force that makes me feel like my head might crack open. "You think you can stop me, mortal. I'll enjoy playing with you, little toy. The moment I saw you, I knew you were perfect, so much pain... So much anger." Its tongue licks my neck while its hand presses the knife deeper in.

I scream in pain. This is it; I'm going to die now. I feel the demon going away from me and open my eyes to see it turning around, shock on its face. Felix is standing

over him, his hair wet with blood.

“She’s mine! Not yours! MINE!” He pulls the dagger out of its back and stabs it over and over again until the creature screams out in pain and smoke starts to come out of its body – Brittany’s body. Her body slumps down and black liquid leaks out of her nose, mouth, and ears.

I can feel my consciousness slipping away and everything is so hazy. I try to open my mouth to say something, anything, but my lips feel glued shut.

Felix comes over to me and picks me up, then runs up the stairs, holding me.

The world is spinning around me and the last thing I see is grass and the feeling of the sun shining down on me.

Epilogue

2 Years later

I moan softly, opening my eyes to see Felix between my legs. His tongue moves over my core, sucking on my clit, while his fingers plunge into me.

How I wish I could always wake up like this, and I’m not saying that because I’m in the last stage of my pregnancy which makes me constantly horny like a bitch in heat.

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My fingers entangle with his dark curls and I moan out his name, rubbing myself against his face until I can't take it anymore and come with one loud scream.

Felix chuckles and moves next to me, kissing me deeply, making me taste myself off his lips.

“Are you okay?”

I look up at him and smile. Ever since he got us out of that house and was able to call for help, he's been different to me.

Don't get me wrong he's still a dick, but more... caring.

The doctors told him I was lucky the knife was still inside of me or I wouldn't have survived it. They had to do multiple surgeries because of internal bleeding, and after weeks of physical therapy, I was finally able to get out of the hospital.

Felix bought us a house far away and has been overly protective ever since. It's even worse now that I'm pregnant and close to giving birth. Sometimes I think it's sweet, other times I wanna smother him.

I touch the scar over his brow and give him a kiss. “Everything is perfect. Now take your dick out and fuck me.” He laughs and puts a pillow behind my back.

“Demanding, huh? I like it.” He places himself against my centre and plunges inside of me. Kneading my breast, he kisses me deeply while he thrusts into me, hitting all the right spots.

His hand reaches down until his finger touches my clit, flicking and pinching it until I scream out his name and my legs shake from the orgasm. He pulls himself out and holds this thick member over my head. "Mouth open, baby."

I open my mouth to his command, darting my tongue out. Hot, salty spurts of cum fall onto my tongue and slide down my throat.

Satisfied, I close my mouth and swallow. He looks down at me, his hand touching my cheek. I love the way he's looking at me, like I make him proud. I grab his dick with my hand and lick off the remaining cum, sucking on the tip to make sure I didn't miss anything. He moans out my name and grabs my hair, pushing his full length down my throat until my nose touches his skin.

"Such a good slut you are, cleaning me up. You want more, don't you?" He fucks my throat hard and rough and I touch myself to the feeling of him filling up my mouth. I moan around his dick, the vibration making him grunt out my name.

The cum from his second release hits my throat again and I come all over my own fingers.

I let my head fall back as he sits next to me. He grabs my hand and starts to suck on my fingers.

"You are my addiction, Mrs Hayes." I bite the side of my lip and kiss him.

"And you are mine, Mr Hayes."