



My Masked Stalker (Hollowbrook Haunted House #1)

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Category: Dark Erotica

Description: Her desire is dangerous, but his obsession is even deadlier.

Luna knows she shouldn't be attracted to him. The masked man who lurks in the shadows, watching her every move, is dangerous. But the thrill of his gaze sets her blood on fire. Every time she steps into the Hollowbrook Haunted House, she knows he'll be there—silent, looming, and utterly irresistible. She doesn't know his name, but she can't stop craving his attention.

Ivan's obsession with Luna has grown beyond the walls of the haunted house. He watches her from the darkness, consumed by his need to possess her. Her every move draws him in deeper, and he's done hiding his desire. Luna welcomes the idea of being stalked, her pulse quickening at the thought of what could happen next. She's ready to push the boundaries, to let him claim her in ways that are as dangerous as they are thrilling.

But how far is too far when it's not just excitement, but an all-consuming hunger they both feel? One thing is certain—neither of them will walk away unscathed.

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Luna

Beneath every mask hides a secret, but when I find myself pulled to the dark allure of a man who never takes it off, I never thought he'd turn into my obsession—and the root of my fantasies.

It's a spooky October evening, and the rain hammers against my face. I duck, trying to avoid the worst of the downpour, as I make my way to the haunted house.

Every year, Hollowbrook hosts a haunted house for us spooky girls. Sure, a man will come along once in a while, but the main attractions are geared toward women. It's a big hit with tourists too.

It's Monday night, so the line isn't as long as it usually is. I sway impatiently, braving the rain as I rub my arms, trying to keep my teeth from chattering. Two women in front of me, probably no older than twenty, giggled together as they whispered and pointed at the masked host.

I bit my lip as I glanced at him. I always had a thing for masked men, and every year, one of them caught my eye.

He was at least a foot taller than my five-foot-three frame, with light blonde hair and deep grey eyes. Tattoos peeked from his collar under his costume, and his gas mask hid most of his face.

The host wasn't the man that haunted my dreams, so I kept my eyes straight as the line grew shorter.

I thought of all my ex-boyfriends, and how they refused to wear a mask for me in bed. No matter what else they tried, nothing got me off like picturing a masked man having his way with me. I was mocked, ridiculed, and even called disgusting and deranged.

Here, I could admire my masked man in peace. No one would judge me and I can get all the mental pictures I need to fuel my fantasies for another year. It's a win-win.

The ladies in front of me disappear into the haunted house, and I see a woman and her boyfriend stumble out the exit, their eyes wide with terror. I smirk as the host ushers me inside, and chills run through my entire body.

It's showtime.

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Ivan

I can smell her perfume before she even enters the room. Heat spreads throughout my body and my skin tingles with awareness, and I crouch behind the rickety old door. Dim red lights illuminate the room, dry ice filters through, and a flashing white light occasionally mimics lightning. I can hear the shrill screams of other visitors as my co-actors roar, and I suppress a chuckle. When you've worked here as long as I have, nothing scares you anymore.

She giggles as my co-worker shouts at her to run, not falling for the jump-scare. She used to apologize to them for not reacting the way the others did until she stopped caring. A few of the actors stopped bothering when they saw her come through, recognizing her from all the other years she came through.

The soft thump of her footsteps echoes through my haunted room, and I slowly stand, obscured by the shadows. Maybe she hears me or feels the shift in the air, but she stops in the middle of the room. The door slams shut behind her as my coworker lets out a bellowing laugh. I'm alone in this dark room with this woman, and she closes her eyes with a smile on her lips.

I step from my hiding spot, slowly making my way to her. I hear her breath catch as I inch closer. I smirk inside my mask; if she was reacting to me already, how would she fare when I touch her? Would she scream so loud, that everyone would think I frightened her?

My breath puffs in front of me, visible due to the chilly night air regularly let in with the swinging front door. I slow my steps the closer I get to her until I can feel the

stray strands of her hair tickle my skin. She's so vibrant, heat radiating from her body like she's my sun and I'm a planet helpless to her pull.

I turn, circling her like my prey, fighting to keep my breath slow, calm, and controlled. I can't let her know how bad she affects me. I have to keep the mystery and stay in our allotted roles. I am her predator, and she is mine.

As I round her again, she opens her eyes tentatively, peeking at me through her lashes. She bites her lower lip, the tension easing from her muscles as her posture changes. She's fucking melting for me already.

I reach forward, tucking a stray strand of hair behind her ear. Her breath stutters, and I tilt my head to the side, mesmerized by her. I chuckle, dragging my fingers along her face and to her mouth, untucking that pouty bottom lip from her teeth. Her skin is so warm and soft, it takes everything in me to drag my hand away from her.

I lean forward, almost crouching down to meet her eyes. I take a deep breath before I level her heated gaze.

"Run," I murmured. "Because once I get my hands on you, Luna Morris, I'm never letting you go."

Her eyes widened, her mouth falling open in shock. I pulled away, backing up a few steps.

"You have until I count to ten. One..."

Seemingly remembering how to breathe, Luna gasps before she turns, bolting for the door that springs open to the next room.

"Two...three...four," I trail off, turning to watch her flee. My muscles ache, straining

to take off after her right away. I want to claim her, and it was torture to wait longer than these past several years I spent watching her. But I knew she'd be most receptive on Halloween, during the times when her eyes glazed with arousal and her little nipples pebbled under her skimpy costume.

"Five...six...seven..." I continue, my eyes glued to that round, juicy ass jiggling as she runs, her skirt flailing as she tugs urgently at the doorknobs. I know this place like the back of my hand, there was nowhere she could hide from me.

"Eight...nine...ten. Ready or not, baby girl, here I come."

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Luna

By the time he reached ten, I could only hope that I was hidden well enough. I duck into one of the hidden rooms, hoping the bookcase-like door fools him. My breaths came hard and fast, and I clamp my hand on my mouth to try to muffle the sounds.

How did he know my full name? No one ever asked for a name when they let clients in here, we just paid for our ticket and went on with the fun. Who the hell was he?

Heat spread all over me as a dull throb began between my legs. The thrill of the chase was another fantasy of mine, but the fact he knew my name added a real element of terror. It's one thing to have this play out as a roleplay, but this is getting real.

But...is it too real?

I suppress a gasp as the man bangs against the doors, letting me know he's getting closer. I place my second hand against my mouth, peering through the crack of the door. Does he know where I am? I turn, looking for a way out so I can keep running, but it's a dead end. I'm trapped.

I hold my breath as I turn around, and my hands drop as I scream. There he was, right in front of me, glaring down at me with those grey eyes. I dart past him, pushing open the door as I dash through the hall.

I hear his footsteps echo behind me until I feel a sharp pain in my scalp. I howl, clutching at my hair as he yanks me back, pinning me between him and the nearest wall.

His breath is hot against my neck, and my pussy throbs with need. I whimper as he balls the hair at the base of my neck and tugs it deliciously. How does he know exactly what I crave?

His other hand drags along my collarbone and wraps around my neck, squeezing as I whimper under his touch. I feel light-headed, and my entire body relaxes against him. He knows just how to handle me.

“You’re mine now, baby girl,” he rasps, releasing my hair as his fingers drag down my body, zipping down my costume until it falls, pooling around my feet. “I need to see what’s mine.”

His hand drags up my body, finding my breasts and tugging at the nipples, pinching and slapping them as I whine with need. My panties grow damp as my nipples harden into tight buds, the stimulation bordering on pain.

His nails drag against my stomach and lower, and I gasp as he runs his fingers under my panties and through my arousal. I could barely feel him, I was so wet. He dragged his fingers to his mouth and sucked, and my knees buckled. He groaned as he tasted me, and I heard him slip his mask back into place as he tore off my panties, discarding them on the floor in scraps. His hand found my pussy again, and this time, he plunges two fingers inside me as I cry out.

“So wet for me,” he husks, his voice deep, delicious, and full of lust as he curls his fingers, hitting my g-spot as my toes curled. “You love this, don’t you, Luna? You like being taken by a stranger in public, where anyone could walk in and see you?”

I tremble as I nod, reaching behind me to fist his hair as my other hand grips the wall. I moaned as he picked up the pace, the squelching sounds coming from me both naughty and filthy.

“Please,” I cried, circling my hips greedily against his hand.

“What’s that, baby girl?” he taunts, his thumb grazing my swollen clit. “Do you need something?”

“I...I need to come...please!” I shout, gyrating against him, desperate for release.

“You need to ask permission,” he grunts, his grip tightening around my throat as I lean my head back against his chest, my breath hitching. “You belong to me, baby girl. You don’t get to come without me ever again, you understand?”

I nod frantically, willing to do anything, say anything for him to give me what I desperately want, what I need.

“Say it,” he hisses, spinning me around, and looking into my eyes. “Say you belong to me.”

“I’m yours!” I cry, my nipples scraping against his naked torso, shuddering as I neared the edge. “Please, Sir, can I please come? Please? I need it. Please, Sir, I need you!”

He chuckles darkly as his eyes roam over my body, taking in every inch of my writhing, pleasure-ridden body before meeting my gaze again. “Yes, baby girl, you can come.”

The pressure increases against my clit, this masked man adding delicious friction, starting a fire within me. The searing heat rips through me, and my vision goes black as I scream, bucking against his hand my eyes squeezed shut.

“Look at me!” he roars. “Look at me and remember who makes you come this hard.”

My eyes spring open, and the look in his eyes makes me even hotter for him, his gaze smoldering as he watches me come undone for him, and only him.

By the time my orgasm wanes, he pulls his fingers from me, his eyes crinkling with a hidden smile behind his mask. He brings his fingers between us, gleaming with my wetness.

“Look at the mess you made,” he tsks. “You need to clean up after yourself.” He reaches forward, smearing my cum all over my lips. I open my mouth and let him coat my tongue with my juices, and I suck his fingers dry as he groans.

He pulls his fingers free with a wet plop! Backing away, he looks me up and down before he turns and strides away, back to the room where I first saw him.

I hear the door open, and I scramble to pull up my costume, zipping it up the front before anyone catches me. I don't bother looking behind me before I scurry from the room on wobbly legs, a permanent smile plastered on my face.

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Ivan

Her taste is all I can think of for the following days. The way she jerked and moaned with enthusiasm was as if no one ever made her feel this good before. It makes me angry for her, that her previous lovers were so lousy, but it also makes pride swell in my chest. She's addicted to me now, and she'll want to feel this way again.

But she didn't have a way to reach me again unless she came back to the haunted house, and it was almost time to close it up for the year.

I walk through the dark streets of Hollowbrook, my black hoodie obscuring my face as I keep my gas mask on. It was late at night, and hardly anyone populated these rainy streets. I walk with purpose, turning down an alley before I reach my destination.

Luna's place.

I notice she still keeps her bedroom window open to let in the cool night air, and it makes things much easier for me. I hoist myself up, pushing through the screen as I let myself into her home. I look behind me to make sure no one saw me, and then I place the screen back where it was. I close the window and lock it, I don't want her neighbors to hear what I'm about to do to her.

Luna sleeps peacefully in her bed, in a thin white satin nightgown, only the top sheet on top of her delicious body. Her breathing is even and deep, and I know she's fast asleep.

I walk toward her, stopping at the side of the bed she's closest to, and watch her sleep. I palm my growing erection, already rock-hard for my girl. Her chest rises and falls with each breath, and as if she senses my presence, her nipples puckering under her thin gown.

I remove my boots and my hoodie, dressing down to just my mask, boxers, and jeans. I lean forward, slipping the sheet from her body slowly. She stirred slightly, goosebumps rising on her skin, her body curling toward mine in search of warmth. I smirk, pushing up her nightgown, growling when I see she's wearing panties. I push them to the side before I place a hand over her mouth, and start slowly circling her clit.

Her eyes flutter open, and she gasps under my hand as she takes me in, her eyes bleary from sleep. Her whole body tenses as she looks around, disoriented before she finally settles on me. I can feel her clit throbbing against my fingers as I press harder, rubbing her just the way she likes it as she melts under me, moaning.

She grows wet under my touch as I slide my hand down her neck, gripping her tight.

"Don't scream unless it's my name," I growl, shoving my fingers inside her as she mewls. "It's Ivan, and I'm the one who owns you now. Got it?"

"Y-yes," she moans, her legs spreading, hips undulating against my hand.

I smirk under my mask and crawl over her body, holding myself up by her throat as I reach down, tugging down my jeans and boxers just past my hips.

"You're my naughty baby girl, and I claim what's mine," I grit, placing the head of my cock against her needy pussy. "You'll never get away from me after this."

She whimpered, arching her back, her breasts spilling from that tiny nightgown. I

groan at the sight, tempted to pull my mask off to suck them. Another time , I told myself as I rolled my hips, smearing my cock with her wetness.

“Fuck,” she moaned, high-pitched and breathy, and I nearly lost control right there.

I surged forward, burying myself to the hilt inside her.

“You’re so fucking tight,” I breathed, pulling out slightly before thrusting inside her again. “So fucking wet for me, Luna. Look at you, taking my cock for the first time.”

“You’re so big,” she whined, wrapping her legs around my hips as I drove into her, her pussy throbbing around me. “Oh, fuck, I’m gonna come!”

“Not yet,” I ordered, pulling out and flipping her over, dragging her ass in the air.

She squeals as I shove my cock deep inside her, reaching my hand around as I rub her clit. She braces herself on her headboard as I fuck her raw, my grip bruising on her hips. I grab her hair and tug, forcing her mouth up as I press my mask to her lips, and she licks at it greedily.

“Close your eyes,” I grunt, and she obeys. I lift my mask a bit so I can taste her, plunging my tongue inside her mouth as she moans, meeting my thrusts with greedy intent.

She pulls away with a gasp as I drag my mask back down. “Please, please let me come,” she pleads.

“You want to come, baby girl? You want to come all over my cock before I pull out?” I tease, thrusting inside her faster, harder.

“I’m on the pill,” she moans. “Come in me. Please, Ivan! Come inside me. I need to

feel you take me.”

“Fuck, you drive me crazy, Luna,” I groan as I rub her clit, applying more pressure. “I’ve watched you all these years, baby girl, through that bedroom window of yours every chance I got. You make me lose control, Luna, you know that? Now take me, and take all of me, and come all over my cock.”

She screams as her pussy squeezes me so tight before rippling, spasming around my cock as her channel grows wetter by the second. Her clit jumps against my fingers, and I can’t hold back any longer. With a shout and her name on my lips, the tingling in my spine gives way as I come, shooting my load deep inside her wet heat.

Throbbing as my vision blurs, my grip on her hair easing as she collapses beneath me. I pull her body to mine as I fall to the side, dragging her with me.

“I’ll let you rest for now,” I smirk. “But I’ve waited years for this. We’re not done just yet.”

I can feel the smile in her voice as she sighs, “Yes, Sir.”

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Luna

Ivan is the name of the man I lusted after for so many years. Ivan is the man who made me come so hard I nearly passed out, and whose long, thick cock plowed through my well-used pussy.

His cum is what leaked out of my swollen, throbbing cunt every day for weeks.

He made my fantasies come to life, and I knew for sure that I couldn't live without a masked man in my life.

I wonder if his removing the mask would remove the mystery and if the magic would disappear once I knew his name and face.

But one day, lying in bed, curiosity got the better of me as I tugged on his mask.

He is a sight to behold. I recognize his grey eyes anywhere, and his shaggy blonde strands framing his clean-shaven face perfectly.

Ivan has a gorgeous angular jaw, high cheekbones, and full lips. I can never dream of anyone more beautiful than him.

"So this is the man who owns me," I murmured as I leaned in to kiss him.

He smirked, and fuck, was he sexy. Just that smile made me raring to go again, ready to explore other ways he could make me come.

“And this is the woman about to sit on my face,” he crooned, dragging me against him as I squealed, swatting him playfully.

And I did, and fuck, was it amazing.