



Their Darkest Desire

Author: *Amaya Jax*

Category: Dark Erotica

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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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.

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Evelyn

A n 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.

“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.

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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. Sssshh." 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.

"Shhhh, 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.

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 not helping 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!

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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 hard cock 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.

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.

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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.

“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.

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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!

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.

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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.

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Evelyn

I 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?

“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

"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.”

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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.

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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!”

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.

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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.

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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— AHFFF!"

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.

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.

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 bite marks 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.

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.