



HELL

course
Halloween

DAKOTA WILDE

Hell House Halloween

Dakota Wilde

Copyright © 2022 Dakota Wilde

All rights reserved

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

No part of this book may be reproduced, or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without express written permission of the publisher.

ISBN-13: 9781234567890

ISBN-10: 1477123456

Cover design by: Dakota Wilde

Graphics done by Canva

Library of Congress Control Number: 2018675309

Printed in the United States of America

Contents

[Title Page](#)

[Copyright](#)

[Garrison](#)

[Walker](#)

[Emmet](#)

[Sloan](#)

[Graham](#)

[Pierce](#)

[Skye](#)

[Lukas](#)

[Salem](#)

[The Headmaster](#)

[Acknowledgements](#)

[About The Author](#)

[Books In This Series](#)

Author's Note

Happy Halloween my little Hellions! I know you've been begging me for more of our favorite characters from Hell House, so I made this short story that gives us a peek into what else transpired on Halloween. Please only read this if you've already read Hell House.

I hope you enjoy it. As always, my work is intended for mature audiences only.

Sexually explicit content, profanity, underage drinking, dubcon, breath play, and FMMM scenes present.

Garrison

I check off ‘hang decorations’ from my checklist. I feel a sense of satisfaction every time I remove one more item from my list. The planning of house events usually falls on my shoulders, but I don’t mind. I know it will be chaos if I let one of the other guys take the reins for once. I crack my knuckles in irritation at the thought.

I loathe chaos.

The house looks every bit of a typical college Halloween party, despite the more refined theme I longed to go with. Not everyone shares my taste. Since I was out-voted, I made sure that every pumpkin was carved to perfection, and every twinkling light shone without a flicker.

I’m at my most content when things are structured. Order gives me a sense of calm in a world that has given me nothing but unpredictable curveballs. Especially the one I received when I pledged myself to this fraternity. I’d gone in thinking it was a normal initiation, and I’d left with a fucking demon in my chest. Wearing my skin like he was living out his Buffalo Bill fantasies.

I ready my costume for the evening, taking care to push all that bullshit of demons and oaths to the back of my mind. I’m dressing up as The Duke of Hastings from Bridgerton. I’d had too many people tell me I looked like him to not lean into it.

I tie up this floof looking thing around my neck, adding to the duke aesthetic. I might have been staying up in this tiny tower room for the time being, but I found I enjoy being removed from the rest of the house and their constant nonsense.

I sit on the creaky bed and open my financial apps, checking all the zeros in my accounts. Once I assure myself that all are accounted for, I pull up the cameras I have stationed outside my multiple residences and count my vehicles. Even though the rational part of me is aware I would have received an alert if something was amiss, this Greed

inside of me will not be satisfied until I assure myself that all my worldly possessions are in pristine condition. I feel the pressure to acquire *more, more, more*, like a constant thrum in my brain.

I clear my throat and adjust the tie at my neck.

I check the time on my designer watch, one of three hundred that I own, noting that I have fifteen minutes before our rowdy guests will begin to arrive. I'd clocked their patterns over the last two years. If I set a party for 7, I could guarantee people would show up at 6:30 like clockwork, under the guise of 'helping' set up the party. Usually, they were looking to get with Lukas, or one of my other fraternity brothers. Some girls made it their mission to coax Walker out of his stand-offish behavior, only to regret it later. It was a miracle that he was giving Salem any attention.

I run down the crooked spiral staircase and stride into the shared bathroom. I dig my toothbrush out of the sanitizer that I store it in, and brush every tooth, counting the required two minutes to ensure optimal teeth health. I run my tongue over my sparkling white teeth, taking in my appearance.

Damn. I did look the part of a handsome duke tonight.

I quirk my eyebrow up, wondering how the night is going to go.

No matter how meticulously I plan, things always went askew. I prepare myself for the inevitable disappointment and attempt to rein in my gloomy mood. This was a night to celebrate and forget the woes that plagued me as much as this demon I'd been saddled with.

I hear the beginning murmurings of guests already filtering in downstairs. I check my watch, noting they were slightly earlier. Interesting.

I stash my toothbrush, and head down to greet the scantily clad guests who are already in search of a dick to ride. I'm more than happy to oblige, feeling a smirk fall over my face. I can easily add them to my collection. Another notch on my

belt is just the thing I need to get over this melancholy funk I'd found myself in.

Tonight, I would let loose. I slide between the girls, eyebrow quirked into a smolder. They visibly melt under my attention. Yes, it looked like tonight's party would indeed be epic.

Walker

Normally, I'd spend a night like this avoiding the fray, but I'm drawn to Salem in a way that has me pushing against her backside like I own it. Letting her feel my length as she grinds against me. Letting her know exactly what she does to me. I'm drunk enough to not care that she was originally dancing with Pierce.

Fuck it. She can dance with us both.

One look at Pierce confirms we're on the same page, letting her decide which of us she wants.

And that's just what she does. Grinding her ass into my rock-hard front, while straddling Pierce's leg rocking her hips in a perfect rhythm against us.

Fuck it, if my little wildcat wants both of us, I can share.

I lose myself in the feel of her, forgetting why this is a bad idea for once and give into my desires.

The lights flash against her luminescent skin, giving her sweaty body a neon sheen while I trace my fingers down her arms, settling my hands against her voluminous hips.

Fuck, I love the feeling of my fingers digging into her supple flesh, bending against my will.

I lose track of everyone and everything around us, my focus solely on this little hellion in my arms. Her little moans I was eliciting from her went straight to my dick, making it twitch, demanding more.

More than this delicious friction between us.

It wants out.

It needs to be inside of her.

I feel her fingers tangle around the hair at the nape of my neck, sending a shiver down my spine as I arch up into her harder.

Pierce stifles her moan with a kiss, and I feel a flicker of jealousy wrapping around my chest and licking against my Wrath.

It's quickly squashed as I feel Salem's round ass stroke against my length, her hand still wrapped around the back of my neck.

"Jesus Christ." I growl between my clenched teeth.

I was seconds away from shoving her tempting little skirt up and pushing my cock straight into her pussy right fucking here. I feel my need for her in a way that went deeper than primal. Like it resides in my bones- this need to claim her.

I'm head over heels for this girl I barely know, but it feels right every time I'm with her. I tried to stay away. I tried to tame my Wrath, so I didn't hurt her, but not being with her hurts in a way I didn't expect. I'm enough drinks in to let myself forget all the reasons why I pushed her away. It feels so good that I hardly remember why I was distancing myself in the first place.

Salem rolls her hips again making me bite down on my bottom lip. I run my hand up her back, careful not to hit her recently healed wounds. Just thinking about how she was hurt makes my Wrath bubble back up to the surface.

Fuck.

I crack my neck side to side and let out a breath, trying to shove it back down. Thankfully it listens, letting me continue my perusal of her magnificent body beneath my fingers.

When Pierce suggests we should take what's happening to a more private location, it doesn't take much for me to agree. I'm more than ready to ravage my little wildcat. Audience or not.

Emmet

“Are you ready for tomorrow?” The headmaster draws, churning a cup of tea and honey. His old man façade covers up the evil that lurks beneath the surface. He’s fooled so many into thinking he’s trustworthy. Most students outside of our fraternity have no idea that our beloved headmaster is possessed by one of the worst demons Hell had the misfortune of hosting. Ones even worse than our sins.

“I have everything in place.” I reassure him, sliding out the USB that would block the island’s signal.

“Good. You’ve done well, Envy.” He sips his tea, the smoke unfurling around his jowls. His dark eyes reflect the fire burning in his living room and I can’t help but note the irony.

“I want you to head back to the party. I need everyone distracted if we’re to succeed with our plans.”

I nod. We’ve gone over it before. I’m to get Salem alone and take her down to the cave to meet with the headmaster and put an end to this charade I’d had to play. I was ready- willing to do whatever it took to ensure the success of this plan.

“Stay close to Salem. We can’t have her running off spontaneously.”

I scratch at my chin and check the GPS location of her phone. She’s still at the party.

I get up and hand over the USB. “We need to destroy this once the veil is opened. I don’t need this leading back to me or my family.”

The headmaster gives me a Cheshire Cat smile as he clasps his boney fingers around the file. It sends a shudder down my spine and for the first time that I agreed to this, I find myself wondering if I made the right decision.

I trudge through the foliage, scrolling on my phone to appear like I’m not paying attention. I send Graham a video I know he’ll hate, keeping up the farce that I’ve been living.

It was exhausting, honestly.

It doesn't take long to receive a message back that has me chuckling. He was entirely too easy to rile up.

As I walk, I find my thoughts drifting to my mission tonight and the promise of tomorrow. No matter how drawn I feel to Salem, I've made sure to keep my distance. But now? Tonight, I'd been given an order to stay close to her, and I wasn't sure how that would play out. I had found myself on more than one occasion, fantasizing about her. Every ping on her phone had me enthralled with knowing I would see her sassy response. She's someone that has me guessing on what's going to pop out her mouth next. She was fascinating.

I feel my Envy flare to life as I think about the easy way she is with Pierce and Walker. How they could let themselves get close to her and have her in a way that I wanted for myself.

If I had to stay close to Salem tonight, maybe I'd let myself indulge in my fantasies before I ripped the world out from under her.

I jump up the steps of the house, my body humming with energy. The party is in full swing, and I know I need to find Salem before the night ends.

After, asking around, my voice feeling hoarse from having to talk over the music, I find out that some people saw her go to Pierce's room. With both Pierce and Walker. Great.

I feel Envy coursing through my veins, making itself known. I hardly knew the difference between us anymore but hearing that Salem had gone off with those two, has it purring in a way that was borderline dangerous. I rein it back in so I can insert myself into whatever the hell they're up to. I stride up to the room, my stomach churning with anticipation. I just hope I'm able to pull this off because everything I've wanted hangs on it.

If that makes me evil, so be it.

Sloan

My costume was an easy one. I'd seen Moonstruck hundreds of times since my mother claimed it brought my father and her together. They had a mutual love for Nicolas Cage. Maybe I was more homesick than I realized having picked this costume for the night. The theme was to come dressed as someone famous, dead or alive, and he was the first one that popped into my head. I missed my family fiercely. Especially my brothers. Fuck being stuck on this cursed island with these motherfucking sins while they leeches us of our life. I take a punishing swig of beer, letting it coat my bitter insides.

I'd lost my fake hand prop sometime after my second drink, the alcohol hitting me hard and fast. My hair swings loose around my head as I sway to the thumping music as my classmates surround me in their equally ridiculous costumes.

I'm pretty sure the two Lady Gaga's had gotten into a fight earlier, sending a blonde wig flying into the crowd, the same one that Graham was now wearing as he eats a sandwich off in the kitchen. I have no idea how that man stays as fit as he does. My gaze lands on Skye tucked away in the corner daintily leaning herself against the wall.

Fuck, she looks gorgeous. She always does, but there was something especially tempting in seeing her look so disheveled. I take a swig of my room temperature beer to steady my nerves.

It was a crying shame that she was looking so sad and alone, especially given how delectable she looks in her Marilyn Monroe costume, her purple tipped hair pinned up in a tangled mess that gives her a freshly fucked look that has my cock stirring to life behind my too tight jeans. Damn that 80's fashion trend. How did dudes deal with this shit back then? Thankfully, the skinny jean era had missed my generation, because this shit was uncomfortable.

I catch Skye looking at me and I raise my red cup at her with a smirk, my chest feeling tight.

Was she inviting me to follow her?

I watch as Skye slinks around the room, holding onto the wall for support. My swaying motion is less enthusiastic now that I'm tracking Skye as she heads off into the billiard room. I feel a surge of adrenaline overtake me, spurring me on to go after her. My foot trips over someone's sprawled out legs as I check to make sure they're okay, I see Skye close the door behind her. I see Graham sans wig, dancing with a brunette between him and Garrison. Damn, he moved fast. I blink hard and focus on the pair of legs that had slowed me down.

The girl I tripped over shrugs me off flinging her pointy middle finger at me and nearly gouging my eyeball. I let out an exasperated sigh, shrugging off the interaction. The lights switch from disco to a steady white blinking that slightly blinds me.

I move slowly through the crowd, following Skye's direction while dodging errant elbows that swing in the air, the strobe lights making them seem almost robotic.

I spot Garrison grinding up against the Lady Gaga that still has her wig on noting the new partner change with a chuckle. My fingers grasp the handle to the billiard room clumsily. I go to open the door, but hear a moan that sounds like Skye, piercing my ears through the song change. *Bad Romance* by Halestorm, pulses around me as my heart hammers against my chest.

I peek through the pulled curtains and see Lukas pulling off her halter and exposing Skye's luscious breasts. I let out a strangled sound at the sight of them, knowing I should look away.

Once again, I'm too slow to get what I want. Even though going after anyone in the state I'm in is a bad idea, I can't help but feel drawn to Skye's bubbly energy.

When we played all those games together the night of the Alumni Ball, I couldn't stop staring at the way she scrunched up her nose every time she hit the buttons, accentuating the cutest little bump that sat in the middle of her bridge.

I wasn't blind. I saw the way the other guys in the house looked at her. But knowing Lukas, he'd be done with her faster than it takes to sneeze. I feel a frown pulling down at my eyebrows. She deserved better than that. Better than all of us really, considering we were fucking possessed, but I couldn't find it in me to push away the thought of her being with me.

I rub at my chest, wrenching myself away from looking in at the two of them going at it. I feel the cold sting of jealousy settling in my stomach as I walk towards a group of women who are crooking their fingers at me to join them.

Fuck it. I was going to enjoy myself tonight. Who knows what tomorrow would bring and I certainly wasn't going to waste a perfectly good buzz.

Graham

This might be the best sandwich I've ever made. I bite into the oversized Italian sub, letting the flavors coat my tongue careful not to get this stupid blonde wig in my food.

I'd placed these layers of salami perfectly between thick slices of provolone. It sits surrounded by some oils, seasonings, and the amount of lettuce I used doesn't overpower the rest of the flavors that envelop my mouth. I'd even added some banana peppers because I needed to use them up before they went bad. For some reason the guys didn't care for them as much as I did. Their loss.

I take another delicious bite, proud of how I'd finally taught Jan, the deli worker, the exact measurements I wanted for my lunch meats. She'd fought me over the past two years, never wanting to change her slice thickness, but I managed to wear the stubborn woman down.

My phone goes off in my pocket and I swipe it out, fingers dripping with sauce. Whoops.

I press the incoming message from Emmet and see my screen fill with some sort of cooking monstrosity. I watch in horror, my eyeballs glued to my phone as a video of a woman baking places sliced pickles on top of a cheesecake.

"Che Cazzo?" I mumble, mouth full of sandwich. Pickles on a fucking cheesecake?

Fucking Emmet.

I type out a reply threatening to withhold my coveted hot sauce should he continue sending such offensive content. I see the read receipt and smirk with satisfaction. Asshole.

I swallow the last bite down with disgust clawing at me. Pickles on a motherfucking cake! Some people.

I let out a sigh of frustration and clock the snack bowls, noting a few were low. I make a mental note to fill them up later.

My second dinner of the evening did nothing to quell this insatiable need inside of me, leaving me feeling just as empty as before I ate anything. My fingers drip with grease while juices drip down my chin, staining my Elvis costume leaving evidence of my Gluttony. Shame threatens to settle around my heart where it usually resides, but I shove it away. Not tonight. I was tired of being controlled by this thing inside of me. Tonight, was for me.

My eyes scan the crowd for the little blonde that had been tempting me all year. I'd had fun getting close with her since she'd moved in, but I never missed the looks Lukas threw at me whenever I got too close. Especially the times I'd wrapped myself around her body showing her around my kitchen while her bright blue eyes lit up at me, looking at me like I'd given her the most precious gift. I felt Lukas's eyes on me, ready to rip me to pieces, and not in a fun way.

That, in and of itself, felt like a knife to my chest. When we first were initiated, I thought Lukas and I had something together. Little did I know he was just in the throes of his Lust, while I was falling hard and fast for the tattooed bad boy of my dreams.

I shove my wandering thoughts away, determined to forget about my twisted feelings, even though I tend to be a glutton for punishment.

I want a break from it all.

I grab the itchy wig from my head, that I'm not even sure how I ended up with and toss the tangled blonde mess at a passing Freshman.

"Aye, stay out of my refrigerator!" I scold the same Freshman, who startles backwards knocking into the counter dropping the sad abused wig, which he promptly slips on like it's a banana peel. His arms windmill to stop him from going down, but only propel him faster towards the tiles.

I arch an eyebrow up as I look down at his sprawled-out body.

“You good?” I ask, trying to stifle my laughter. That shit looked hilarious.

He nods, brushing himself off like nothing ever happened. I nod at him and wipe my greasy fingers down my already ruined outfit. I stumble out onto the dance floor and join the fray of sweaty inebriated bodies.

I’m not even aware of who I’m surrounded by, I just want to forget.

I need to forget.

I can’t keep having my thoughts so preoccupied by Lukas and Skye.

Fuck.

The amount of time I’ve spent with the two of them in my fantasies is becoming embarrassing. The things I crave to do to them have haunt me every time I’m near them.

It hurts to even imagine, especially since I wasn’t sure that either of them thought of me as anything but he quirky cute chef. But I was so much more than that.

If only they’d look deeper.

Pierce

I'm completely sprawled out beneath Salem as her dark hair surrounds my face, her lips mere centimeters from my own. Fuck, she's so goddamn gorgeous. I stick my tongue out, catching her bottom lip and earning me a heady moan. Her moans were driving me crazy. I didn't even care that we had an audience. I didn't care that I was sharing her. I only cared that I had her, here in this moment. Forgetting everything else.

The curse, the fire, the headmaster.

I forget everything but her. I'd made a call when we all went for water earlier ensuring we would have a ride off this cursed island. I have to get her out of here before things go to shit tomorrow night, but for now I was going to enjoy the fuck out of her pussy. All that mattered was us in this moment. My cock strains against the condom sheathing my length, as Salem teases my tip against her clit.

I'm aching to be back inside of her, even though I've already cum twice tonight. I need more. More of her in anyway she'll give me. "You ready for another round, witch?" I ask. Her green eyes flash with desire, a far cry from when she looked at me with pure hatred. She doesn't give me time to prepare for her as she slams herself down my length, sheathing myself completely inside. We both let out a loud moan.

I hear the door open and close, but I'm too lost in the feel of her to give a fuck to see who the hell it is. Salem turns her head to look, and I grab her face, keeping her eyes on me as I arch off the bed into her. I run my hand down her face, confident that she got the message to keep her fucking eyes on me while I'm inside her. I slip my fingers down her neck, squeezing lightly as she works me over. I can feel the flutter of her heart beneath the pads of my fingers as I squeeze. Her eyes dilate as she begins to gasp for air. "You're my little witch now, do you hear me?" I pick up the pace with a groan watching as my words settle. She gives me a sultry smile of defiance and fuck me does it make me want to claim her

harder. She'll know who she belongs to at the end of this night. I must have really lost my mind for her, because here I was willingly sharing her, even though my Pride writhed at the idea of it. I'd fought it down for her, just to make her happy. Just to have this moment with her. I'll take whatever scraps of attention she could offer me.

It's so fucking worth it.

I can feel her tightening around my cock the harder I clamp down around her throat. She slams her palm down onto my chest and twists my nipple, making me yelp out and release her throat. She takes a deep breath with her luscious lips quirking up into a smile. This vixen knows exactly how to work me over. I'm about to cum when I see movement out of the corner of my eye.

"You're driving me crazy, wildcat." Fucking Walker.

"Give me your cock." Salem demands, grabbing at him without losing her rhythm.

Fuck this girl was good. She bends over to take him in her mouth, running her tongue up and down his shaft. He immediately snakes his hand through her tangled dark locks as he tips his head back his eyes squeezing shut at how good she feels.

She looks so hot taking both of us at the same time. I feel my balls squeeze with the need to release, but I temper it down, entranced at the way she sucks Walker's cock. Shit, I might like this more than I thought I would.

Maybe sharing wasn't so bad.

I find her clit with my fingers, aware of an extra body in the room, probably Emmet. I rub her clit as she clamps down on my cock. She releases Walker's cock with a loud pop.

She immediately meets my eyes and I feel my lips tug up into a smile. "Good girl."

She practically glows the minute I say that, her eyes dilating with need. I can practically feel the envy wash over me, and I want to scream at Emmet to reel that shit in. Thankfully, it only lasts a minute before I catch Salem pulling

her plump lip in between her teeth. She looks so effortlessly sultry. I feel my heart clench knowing that I'm making her mine tonight.

Fuck, the thought of her as mine does me in. I feel myself shoot my cum into her hot pussy as she reaches her release at the same time. She grinds down onto me, whimpering through her orgasm. "Such a good fucking girl for me." I murmur into her hair as she sprawls her entire body over mine.

She chuckles. "Fuck you, Ledger."

"You just did, baby. Did you forget already?" She shoves me straight in the chest, my Pride puffing up as I watch her roll away. I remove the condom tossing it into the trash. Shit, this thing was filling up with more semen than a sperm bank.

What an epic fucking night. I never want it to end.

Skye

My legs are jelly. Lukas was a freaking god, and I was definitely willing to worship whatever he gave me. He pulls me into our shared room, my feet feeling unsteady from him pounding into me on the pool table. My mind snags on the pool stick that he'd used, and I wince. I hope no one finds that.

I feel Lukas's hands snaking down my body, settling on my hips as he kisses down my neck.

"Fuck, I love how you respond to me." His voice sounds gruff and needy. It makes me feel desired in a way I've never experienced before.

I'm aware of all the jealous looks that were tossed our way as we stumbled our way here. Lukas is coveted by almost everyone on campus. A walking legend, and here he was wanting me.

I'd been scared of it before, but now that his feelings for me hadn't changed? I'm ready to plunge headfirst into whatever this is.

If he wants to bring my fantasies to life, who am I to stop him? I know in my gut that I want it. I want him, and here is being mine.

He turns me around so that I'm flush against him, dragging his hand to the back of my neck and making me look up at him.

His eyes burn with passion and a hint of fear. Like he's scared I'm going to push him away again.

I close the distance between us, taking his lips with mine. I pour my soul into that kiss, letting him know I'm not going anywhere. That I'm his.

I feel his fingers dig into the nape of my neck, his kiss turning rough. His hands slide down my body to the hem of my dress. He yanks the material up hard, slipping the fabric over me. I break the kiss so he can tug off my costume. It takes him less than a second before I'm standing there bare,

feeling a deep ache in my chest as my heart hammers against my ribs. He drags his thumb across my cheek, looking down at me in wonder.

God, I was really falling for him.

I find my hands moving on their own accord, grabbing at his pants.

His breathing becomes labored as I unbutton him, unzipping his zipper. I can already feel his cock growing hard through the material that separates us.

“Skye.” He breathes out, and the way he says my name almost breaks me. Pain, desire, longing, all of those emotions come through on that one word.

“Lukas.” I rip off his pants, letting his cock spring free. I drop down to my knees, my face level with his impressive length. The room is mildly dark, but I can see his piercings glistening in the moonlight. It makes my mouth water.

I find myself wanting to play with each of those piercings.

I want to lick every single one.

He looks down at me as his pants pool at his feet. I run my hands up his strong thighs, wondering how much I’ll be able to take in my mouth.

I steady myself, shifting on my knees as I grab his balls in the palm of my hand. He immediately stiffens, cock growing even longer.

“Jesus.” I murmur.

He chuckles. “Did you forget my name already, baby?”

I roll my eyes and decide to shut him up by licking the tip of his weeping cock.

“Fuck.” He curses, glaring down at me while he flexes his hands into two twin fists. I swirl my tongue around the tip, tasting his salty pre-cum. I let out a tiny moan, feeling myself drip between my legs. A mixture of his cum leaking out of me, and my own desire slickening my skin.

I flick my tongue out around the closest piercing, and I feel Lukas shudder against me. I let myself smirk, feeling powerful.

I lick the next one, letting my tongue linger a little longer on this one. I catch Lukas's jaw twitch as I move onto the next piercing on his Jacob's Ladder.

"Fuck, you're killing me, Skye."

I chuckle, taking in his tip again, sucking hard around his girth. I feel the moment his control snaps as he slams his entire length into the back of my throat, making me choke around him. Drool drips down my chin as I open my mouth wider to fit him in as deep as he wants to go.

"You take my cock so good, baby. Look at how pretty you are down on your knees for me."

I gag, sputtering out spit all down my front.

"You want me to stop?" He asks, grabbing my hair up into his hands.

I pull away, letting him see me. "No. I want you. I want you to cum in my mouth" I croak out.

He prods my bruised lips with his tip, and I open eagerly, relaxing my jaw as I lick him, sucking him down while I play with his balls. I feel them tighten as I work my mouth up and down him, my teeth skating over the metallic barbs that dot his huge dick.

"Oh fuck... fuck Skye, baby. I'm going to cum." He thrusts into my mouth, his rhythm becoming wild. I choke but keep going. Taking every thrust as he pulls at my hair. My scalp burns with each tug, but I love the sting of pain while I dish out his pleasure.

"Baby, push your finger up into me, please." He begs. I don't hesitate.

I take my pointer finger and slide it up into his hole, while still taking him in my mouth. I push into him and feel an insane level of desire slide over my skin. Holy shit, I need him

to cum. I push harder, sucking him in with everything I have. Desperate for him.

He screams out my name as he releases a thick hot stream of cum down my throat. I pull out my finger and focus on swallowing down what I can, but there's so much. Some drips down my face, and he falls to his knees next to me, wiping the excess off with his thumb. His eyes sparkling with approval.

“You did so good, baby. So fucking good.” He kisses me straight on my mouth, tasting himself against my lips.

“Stay right there, I'll get you a towel to clean up.” He grabs a pair of discarded pajama pants and leaves the room, winking at me before leaving. I slide down, laying splayed out on the floor like a worn-out starfish. I felt that wink smack right in my chest.

Crap. I was in trouble.

Lukas Ledger had definitely wormed his way into my heart.

Lukas

I wet the washcloth in the sink, making sure the water temperature is warm enough and add some soap. I squeeze out the excess water and catch my reflection in the mirror. My dark hair is thoroughly tussled, and my chest is sporting a few red welts from Skye's nails. I feel my Lust revving up in my chest at seeing those scratch marks. My Lust seems happy to be out and playing with the girl who'd tortured us the last few months. I felt it coat her entire body when I lost control while she was sucking me off.

Fuck, that felt amazing.

But even more amazing was this desire that was wholly separate from the Lust that so often drove me. This was every inch my own decision. My own need to be with her.

Everything about Skye has captured my attention from the first moment I saw her. The more I've gotten to know her over the last few months has solidified this feeling. She's exactly what I've been looking for, awakening a part of me that I thought was gone.

For the first time, in I don't even know how long, I feel happy.

I jog back to our room, washcloth in hand and see Skye sprawled out on the floor completely naked.

"Too tired for another round?" I ask, crouching down between her spread legs. I lick her pussy and grab her arm, bringing her hand down to me as I wipe her clean. She lets out a moan as I continue to lick her, circling her clit with the tip of my tongue.

"Lukas." She moans. I'll never get tired of hearing my name fall from those beautiful lips of hers.

I toss the washcloth, feeling myself harden again against my pajama pants.

If being trapped with the demon of Lust was good for anything, it was the ability to go all night long. And that's just

what I planned on doing, if Skye was up for it. I'd give her anything she asked for.

Skye's skin pimples as I drag my lips down her dimpled legs. Fuck, I love how soft she is beneath me. I nibble at her inner thigh, watching as she wiggles under me. I let out a deep chuckle, loving that she's so needy for me. I'm just as needy for her, and decide I'll let my Lust out to play.

Hopefully, I can keep it contained between the two of us, but in all honesty, I don't give a fuck if it saturates the entire house. As long as I'm making Skye cum on my cock until she's walking funny tomorrow, I couldn't give a flying fuck about who my Lust might affect in this moment. I'm too far gone in the haze of needing to satisfy her.

I let my Lust take control, filling her every pore with pure desire. She sucks in a deep gasp at the sensation. I feel Lust move down her breasts as they pucker beneath its attention. Her body quivers against mine. I crawl up her body, noting that her pupils are blown wide, almost eating up the blue that I love so much.

“Lukas, oh my God. I need you right now. Please.”

“I love when you beg for me, baby. I'll give you anything you want.”

She widens her legs ready for me to plunge inside.

I arch my back, sliding my hard cock against her hot entrance. I can feel Lust building this need between us, my cock practically vibrating with how intense it feels. My knees buckle as I feel the frenzy to take her right the fuck now claims me. Lust continues pushing at us, turning the desire up so high that it explodes out of me the moment I slide into her.

Every thrust is heightened. Every sensation is magnified as I piston my hips, fucking her on the floor. I reach down and hitch her knees up higher so I can get even deeper. She cries out, tears leaking from her eyes as she meets my hips with hard thrusts of her own. I feel my orgasm rip out of me, filling her, but I can't stop.

I feel my cum leak out of her as I continue fucking her tight, wet pussy. Her head lolls back with a moan. I grab her by the neck and bite down hard. She lets out a shriek, clawing at my already marked up back, reopening the wounds.

I can't find it in me to give a fuck that I'm bleeding... it feels too damn good. Too damn perfect to care about anything but this moment.

"See what you do to me, baby? See how much I need you?" I ask, pulling her ear in between my teeth.

She surprises me by using her hooked legs to switch positions. I find myself on my back, dick sheathed deep inside of Skye as I look up to her perfect tits bouncing right in my face.

"Holy fuck." I murmur looking at this goddess above me. I look down at where our bodies connect and almost lose it inside of her again, but am thankfully able to rein it in. I want to make her explode her release onto me. I smack her ass as she rides me, making her yelp with surprise as she clenches down onto me. I feel my eyes cross as I try not to cum.

I smack her again. This time harder.

She screams out, "Oh my god, again. Please. Yes." Her bouncing on my cock becomes harder as she slams down onto me. Her breathing is labored as she takes what she wants from me, and I fucking love it.

I do as she asks and smack her perfect ass, feeling her clench down over my piercings as she cums so hard that she squirts. I join her in releasing another orgasm, my entire body shuddering in tandem with hers.

"Oh my God! Did that come out of me?" She shrieks, eyes wide and limbs trembling.

I feel my Lust settle into my chest finally sated. I tuck Skye into my chest as she falls over me in a sweaty mess, but I don't mind one bit. I'll take every bit of her mess if it means I can keep her.

I kiss her misted forehead.

“That was... amazing. I don't think I can feel my legs.” She says tracing the marks on my chest from earlier.

“There's more where that came from, sweetheart.” She smiles sleepily, her lashes leaving smudges under her eyes. She looks fucking stunning. I hold her, wishing I could bottle up this moment. I'm already thinking of recreating it in one of my drawings, because it definitely bares repeating.

“I like you, Lukas.”

I feel my chest heave with happiness.

“I like you too.” I murmur back, but her eyes are closed, and a soft snore whistles out of her cute nose.

I bite on my bottom lip, feeling like I just told her a lie. Like is too small a word for what I feel for her.

I know in my gut that this is far greater than just like, but I don't know how to tell her that. So, I hold her instead, letting her snore away on my chest as I rake my fingers down her hair.

Salem

“I don’t know how much more I can take!” I whine as Walker presses into my ass while I ride Emmet’s cock. They’re both huge and I’m starting to feel like a stuffed turkey.

An incredibly satisfied stuffed turkey.

Pierce looks at me like I just laid down a challenge and fuck me, I know that cocky bastard can’t resist a good challenge. He quirks his brow while he strokes his length. I have no idea how we’re all still going. I’m grateful for the water bottles they all brought back for me, because this is taking every ounce of my energy to balance between these two hot sweaty bodies. I’ll definitely need to rehydrate. Fuck.

Why haven’t we been doing this the whole time I’ve lived here?

We need to remedy that immediately, because now that I know how they feel inside of me, I didn’t want to stop. Not with any of them.

Pierce comes closer, coaxing my mouth open with his hard cock.

Goddamn this man is huge.

I open for him, sucking him down as far as I can. My jaw feeling sore as hell.

Emmet picks up his pace, hitting my clit as he slides in and out of me.

“Oh shit, keep doing that.” Walker growls from behind me. His dick stretching me as we all move together. Walker’s calloused fingers dig into my hips, keeping me steady as my orgasm builds. I feel it shoot down my spine, making Walker and Emmet tip over the edge one after the other. Pierce grabs my hair and shoves his cock down my throat in two hard thrusts before he’s spilling his cum into me. I sputter, feeling too exhausted to swallow his full load down.

Emmet curses beneath me, as some falls onto his face. That's the risk he took though, so I don't feel too bad about it, laughing at how fucking messy we all are again.

"I need a shower." I moan, cum still dripping from my mouth.

Walker and Pierce look at each other in some sort of agreement. I raise my eyebrow wondering what the hell those two just communicated as I roll off Emmet. My legs practically buckle beneath me. I didn't realize that my toes had gone numb, but I'm aware now as they stab me with tiny pins and needles as I scoop up some clothes. My back cramps with the effort.

"Let's get you to the showers, wildcat." Walker says, catching me as I stumble into him. I'm thankful for his quick reflexes, because that would have been a face plant to the floor moment had he been a second later. He makes sure I'm steady on my feet before hooking a towel around my body.

"I can't go out there like this!" I protest.

"I'll gouge anyone's eyes out that even looks at you." Pierce grumbles. "Besides, everyone's still partying."

I hear the continuous thumping and realize I have no idea what time it is, or how long we've been up here together. I nod my agreement, too tired to argue. Walker and Pierce form a wall behind me as I shuffle into the showers. Emmet stays behind, saying he's too tired to move. I can't fault him for that, because I don't even know how my legs are working right now.

Thankfully the bathroom is empty, and I find myself corralled into a stall with both boys who look like they're not going to leave my side any time soon.

I let out an exasperated sigh and turn the dial up to the hottest setting. I let it pelt my skin, ducking my head completely under.

I rub my face, massaging my jaw as Pierce grabs my loofa and squirts the body wash onto it. He gently washes my skin, while Walker rubs my shoulders. It's cramped and they knock

shoulders more than once, but the fact that they're dotting on me has my insides singing with happiness.

I turn around and take a look at these two head strong men that I know I'm falling for. I grab the loofa from Pierce and take turns cleaning them both up. Walker massages my shampoo into my hair, and it feels like heaven.

I let out a moan, only to have Pierce snap at me. "Don't be making noises like that unless you want a repeat." I smirk, my eyes feeling heavy with sleep.

"Don't threaten me with a good time, Ledger."

Walker chuckles behind me as he leans down, right next to my ear, his gravelly voice sending a jolt of desire straight to my clit. "That can be arranged, wildcat." His hand slips down my wet skin and he grabs my ass. Goddamn this libido. I ache, but still want more.

"Fuck, you're so delicious, but you need sleep. You can have more of our cocks once you're awake enough to take it."

I nod my agreement, leaning my body against his. My eyes are fully closed, but I feel Pierce leave a kiss on my cheek, before they lead me out of the shower.

They take care to dry me off, wrapping me up in a comfortable fluffy towel. I feel my heart crack a bit at how attentive they're being with me. I've never experienced that before and it makes my insides feel all gooey. Fuck.

They walk me back to the room and tuck me in. Thankfully, no one saw me walking around the house in just a towel, but I probably could have pulled it off saying it's my costume or something if they had seen me.

They each settle in the bed with me. Emmet is already passed out.

I have no idea how this is all going to work out, but I know I've never felt happier than I do right now. I let myself settle completely, feeling a sense of safety and contentment. I fall asleep with a smile plastered to my face while I'm snuggled between three of the hottest men I've ever seen.

Life was finally being kind to me.

The Headmaster

I watch as my grandfather clock in the corner inches closer to midnight. The monotonous ticking fills up my otherwise deathly quiet residence. All my meticulous plotting and planning had led to this moment. It wouldn't be long now until I would be reunited with those that had been unjustly locked away into purgatory.

The flames from my fire die down, and I let it. I head to my safe, spinning the lock right, left, right until the mechanism inside snaps. I open the heavy door and remove my gun, loading it with the bullets I hope I won't need. My power was waning as this body slipped closer to the grave. I'd stupidly used too much trying to rein in Pride, choking him with my essence.

Between that and drawing the pentagram in preparation, I was feeling the effects of using too much power. I test the weight of the gun in my hand, angry that I even need it to help carry out my plans.

Intimidation was key.

I amble back into my living room, placing the gun on the mantel.

The grandfather clock lets out twelve sharp chimes. I feel myself smile with relief.

Samhain was today, and everything was about to fall into place.

To Be Continued...

Acknowledgements

Thank you for reading this Hell House Halloween Special. I hope you enjoyed revisiting these characters. Most will be back in Queens of Hell House, which releases February 7th, 2023, and is available for pre-order.

Be sure to join my [Discord](#), [Facebook group page](#), or my [newsletter](#) to be kept up to date on my upcoming releases and projects.

I appreciate every single one of you.

Thank you to my husband for encouraging me as I wrote this. You're amazing and there would be no Hell House without you.

Thank you to those of you who have taken the time to leave your rave reviews on Amazon and Goodreads, they give me encouragement more than you know.

Thank you to Issa, Krystal, Cassie, April, Tabitha, and all the Bookish Girls for being so supportive and helpful always.

Thank you to Lanii and Ashlyn for your thirst traps. You inspire me, my darlings.

Also, a huge thank you to BookTok for running off with Hell House and embracing these characters. It's meant the world to me to see your videos. I geek out every time.

About The Author

Dakota Wilde is an avid reader, writer, and painter. She lives in the US with her three kids, husband, and their husky. In her free time, she likes to binge watch shows on Netflix with her husband. She also enjoys taking trips with her family to new and exciting destinations.

Follow Dakota on [Tik Tok](#), [Instagram](#), and [Goodreads](#).

www.dakotawildeauthor.com

Books In This Series

Kildale Academy

Hell House

Queens of Hell House