

# **There is No Trick**

t'Sade



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# There is No Trick

# 1

Sarah Kissmen nibbled on her fingernails as she leaned against the fake zombie rising dramatically from a rubberized hole pinned to the ground with tacky metal spikes. The entire thing screamed twenty dollars from Walmart and it looked identical to the one three houses down. At least this one didn't have the price tag still on it or the box in the garbage by the curve.

A strand of her brunette hair, with the ends dyed black, slapped against her face with a wind that rose up and she pulled it from her lips before tucking it back behind one ear. She breathed in the smell of fake rubber, burning leaves, and the cool scents of Halloween at the same time. She could also enjoy the smell of her perfume, Obsession, but it was the smells of fall that brought the smile to her lips.

Her eyes, the color of polished maple leaves, scanned the front yard with the rest of the Walmart decorations and stopped at the front door. Her smile faltered as she watched a young girl stumble up to the door.

Gloria, also known as the "Holy Terror Who Insists on Ruining Sarah's Night," had just planted herself right in front of the door. Her witch outfit, complete with a plastic broom and a bucket hanging off the end, waved over her head as she gripped the child-safe middle with both hands. The bright orange pumpkin bucket swung hazardously for a moment and came to a stop as the door creaked open.

Another pudgy man, Sarah thought and looked down the street. In part of her mind, she knew that her body, trim and athletic from hours of swim meets, will eventually swell into horrid and

unthinkable proportions. She pushed that thought back for a more enjoyable one. She was eighteen and in the prime of her life. Her body flexed slightly as she enjoying the feel of hers swimmer's body. Hours of swim meets and training had given her the shape that most teenage boy's jerked off to in the night. She grinned to amend herself: most teenage boy's and their fathers.

A cool wind of October rose up and she shivered. Pulling up her letter jacket, she felt the zipper resisting as it rolled over the swell of her breasts. They were small, to her, but not too small. Pert, she liked to call them. Her nipples hardened at the thought of feeling what the cool air would do to them and she pushed that thought down as she let her mind drift to what she could have been doing.

"I could have been fucking Thomas right now," she sighed.

Gloria's voice spoke up, "What?"

Blushing, Sarah waved her hand in dismissal as the girl came skipping back.

"Nothing! What ya' get?"

"Two Snickers bars!"

Sarah smiled, "Congratulations. That makes like twelve, right?"

"Fifteen!" said the little girl with the confidence of someone who thought about it every step of this long night. Sarah could only think about everything she was missing. Jeff, the party, and maybe a bit of making out. She warmed up at the thought and tore her thoughts away as they stopped in front of the next walk.

Seeing the lights out gave her a brief moment of hope, but the house after that tore it away as Gloria and the old bag who lived there talked for close to ten minutes about how wonderful Gloria's outfit and how beautiful Gloria was. Sarah almost threw up listening to the older woman pouring syrupy compliments. Her patience snapped and Sarah stormed up the walk to pull Gloria away. The older woman showered her with three handfuls of peanut butter cups. Gloria squealed happily, gave her a hug, and trotted happily down the walk.

Sarah followed, then stopped with a giggle as she saw the next house. The one at the end of the street was trashed. Toilet paper hung from every branch and every part of the fence. Long streamers of white criss-crossed the lawn and half-finished rolls rocked back and forth in the wind.

She caught up to Gloria, watching the little witch gaping in surprise. She patted her on the shoulder with a chuckle.

“Now, this is why you don’t try to suspend the football team for having porn in their lockers.”

“What’s porn?”

Sarah giggled, “Just a TV show, but you’ll see it when you get older.”

She didn’t mention that she bought some of those videos, to give her boyfriend ideas. The girl blissfully pointed to the papered house.

“Who’s house is this?”

“The high school dean, he’s an asshole.”

“Oh.”

A pause, then Sarah heard the greed resonating in Gloria’s voice.

“Next?”

They turned around and crossed the street. Sarah slowed down as they stepped over the curb, frowning at the perfectly normal-looking home that sat in a lawn that desperately needed to be mowed. Leaves rolled across the grass, catching on the weeds that rose out of the grass like tiny trees. Mist streamed through the cracks, kicking up tiny whirlwinds of icy fog. Sarah felt a shiver down her spine as she regarded the house.

“I...,” Gloria looked up at her as she stumbled on her words, “I don’t remember this place.”

She tried to figure out what she was missing. She simply didn’t remember the house at all. Her eyes focused on the door. Even from the curb, it looked slightly open. It was green, one day, but now it looked like peeling paint and sun-bleached wood. A small, rickety table stood next to the door with a pile of candy resting on it. Above, a single naked light bulb lit the entire porch. It swung back and forth in the wind and occasionally tiny sparks out fall out from a bare wire touching something inside the house.

The feeling of wrongness rose up as Gloria turned back to the house and headed down the sidewalk. Sarah’s hand snapped out, grabbing her by the shoulder. The witch’s toe brushed against a horseshoe embedded in the concrete and she looked back at Sarah.

“What?”

“Look, why don’t we go somewhere else?”

Gloria peered at her with an expression of growing joy.

“Are you frightened?”

Sarah started to say no, then she heard the house creaking, settling into place. The windows rattled loudly as they groaned and she felt like a hundred eyes were watching her. Shivering at the feeling, she nodded.

“Um, yeah. Let’s go.”

Gloria resisted her for a moment, then let the teenager pushed her down the street. The next two houses were dark but Sarah’s mood lifted with every step away from the strange home she didn’t remember. By the time they got to a lit house, she had recovered most of her mood and watched Gloria bouncing down the sidewalk to gather up her goodies.

Forty-five minutes later, they finally returned to Gloria’s house. The young girl’s mother opened the door as she kicked off her high heels.

“Perfect timing, Sarah.”

Gloria ran in, dripping her broom in the hallway as she threw herself into the living room.

“Daddy!”

Her mother shook her head, “Always daddy’s little girl, right?”

“Sometimes, Mrs. Sitanic.”

Gloria’s mother pulled an envelope out of her purse.

“Thank you so very much, Sarah. Your mother said you had plans,” Sarah felt her jaw tightening but Mrs. Sitanic kept on speaking, “And I appreciate a girl like you babysitting my little love. I put a bit of extra in here, I hope it helps.”

Sarah took the offered envelope, surprised at its weight, and thanked her. A few meaningless promises later and Sarah returned to the street, alone and forty dollars richer. The wind grabbed her hair, tugging on it to pull her back. Hissing with annoyance, she tucked into the back of her jacket and held her arms over her chest to keep warm.

Clouds boiled across the sky as she walked down the street. Except for a couple treaters a few blocks away, she was completely alone. She felt a shiver of fear and stepped quickly between the pools of yellowed light from aging streetlights.

She toyed with the small vial of mace in her pocket, one of those things her mother insisted on. She exhaled hard, watching her



breath fogging in front of her. The path home took her close to the dean's house and she made the detour just to laugh at the toilet paper covering everything. Since they passed, someone added a few new rolls to the mess. She grinned, watching an empty bag rolling across the lawn. Looking in both directions, she sneaked along the edge of the grass and snatched up a fresh roll. The damp and humidity had already taken its toll on the roll, she decided as she hefted it, but it would do.

On the corner of her eye, she spotted the strange house again. It didn't feel as scary as before, but she wanted to know why it felt strange. Carefully, she stepped across the street and stopped in front of the house. The tip of her toe tapped against the horseshoe, staring at the peeling paint and darkened windows. The only light on the entire lot swung back and forth from the porch roof. Even from down the walk, she could hear the light bulb buzzing as it circled around. Every circuit sent crazy shadows across the lawn, bushes, and porch.

"Like a fucking horror movie set," Sarah said with annoyance, "And there is absolutely nothing wrong."

Part of her wanted to step forward, to prove that it was nothing but an impressive job of Halloween decorations, but the pit in her stomach screamed out wordless warnings. Biting her lip, she forced herself to take a step. As her foot touched the sidewalk, a cold wind rose up, sending leaves to cut against her and mist to swirl around her toes. She shivered but stepped forward again. The wind rose to a high-pitch scream and she huddled against it. Her eyes tears from the icy grip that battered her and she froze in place.

Just as the pitch turned into a shrill shriek, it stopped.

Bracing herself against the wind, the sudden lack of pressure unbalanced Sarah and she stumbled forward, cutting through the grass. Cold moisture cling to her legs, soaking through her tight jeans before she caught herself. She looked up at the house, heart pounding in her chest. The suddenly still night rang silent in her ears and she felt a prickle climbing up the small of her back.

She turned away from the house and started back. At the horseshoe, she stopped again.

"Well, fuck this."

Spinning around, she stormed up the sidewalk with toilet paper roll in one hand and her mace in the other. Her sneakers cracked loudly on the stairs as she stepped up both of them. Up close, the door was decidedly shut. Nailed shut, actually. She stood at the top of the stairs, looking at the rusted ends of nails that punched through the door and its frame. It looked old, not some half-done decoration for the holidays. Facing the door, she circled around it and peered down into the basket of candies.

“Jolly Ranchers!?! All this mind-fucking for a bunch of nasty hard candy?”

Seething in disgust, she slapped the basket and sent the candy scattering across the porch. They clattered as they slid off the wood, thumping softly as they hit the moist ground below. Tiny puffs of mist rise up from the impact, then settled down.

Upset with herself, she flipped off the house and slammed her way down the stairs to the porch. The bottom step cracked and she hopped off before it collapsed from the force of her blow. Swearing loudly to herself, she stormed her way down the sidewalk.

Right in front of the horseshoe, she spun around.

“Fuck you!”

With all her strength, she threw the toilet paper high into the air, aiming for the roof. It was a brilliant throw as it arced through the sky, billowing a streamer of white behind it. She watched with a self-satisfied grin on her face, thankful that no one watched her paranoid-induced fear. She followed it down, the smile stretching across her face.

That smile froze as she saw the roll hit the roof of the porch with a dull thump. Her eyes were no longer on it as it rolled over, leaving a white line into the thick bushes to one side of the stairs. Sarah found herself staring at the house with a new light. Two to be precise, one in each corner of the second floor. Her eyes roamed back and forth, fearful that someone saw her, but the windows looked empty. She blinked and for a moment, the house seemed to change in front of her. The glint of light in the windows looked like eyes. The curve to the porch looked like a mouth and she felt her mouth grow suddenly dry as she stared at it. There was a groaning noise and the mist along the grass rushed away from the house, slamming into her with the icy wind that hit her before. It rose to a

high-pitched screaming before fading away. As the noise faded, she watched as the house seemed to flex, the wood beneath the porch bending in as if the house could breath.

She started to shake as she watched as the house drew in the wind and mist, streaming it through the uncut grass and filling the yard with the still silence of something terrible. The house inhaled even further before a rumbling rose up from deep inside the house. Wood creaked as one window fluttered for a moment, then a booming voice tore out through the silence, blowing the mist in all direction as the words pummeled Sarah.

“There is no trick!”

A whimper escaped her throat. Sarah stepped away from the echoing voice. She tried to find speakers or a microphone, something that would tell her that it wasn't the house itself speaking. Deep inside, she knew what was true. Wide with fright, her eyes glanced up to see the two lit windows of the house bending into a frown, glaring at her as they focused on her very being. A scream rose in her throat as she shot out across the street. She felt her heart pounding her chest and her breasts jerking with every movement, but the blind panic drove her to race to the dean's home, praying that someone would answer the door.

Behind her, she heard wood groaning then the screaming wind rising up. Mist streamed past her for a mere second, pushing back the very trees in the lot across the street. With a groan, the house inhaled as she felt the wind pulling at her. Fingers yanked at her and dragged her hair out from her jacket. She felt an invisible hand wrapping its fingers around her mane, pulling her back and she stumbled. Streamers of toilet paper and leaves blew past her, sucked into the animate home's unnatural breath.

Her feet pounded on the asphalt, but the furthest curb refuse to move closer. Instead, the wind grabbed at her arms and legs, pulling her back with supernatural strength. She felt her toes leaving the ground and never landing again, her entire body falling but never hitting the ground. A scream echoed shrilly down the street as the wind sucked her backwards.

Fingernails dug into the uncut grass, but nothing stopped her as she was flung high into the air. She spun around, eyes streaming with tears and she let out another scream as she saw the black

opening of the door. The door itself swung violently back and forth, nails sticking in every direction. The wind drew her in and Sarah wrapped her arms tightly around her as she plunged into the darkness.

“THERE IS NO TRICK!”

Sarah hit the ground hard. She scrambled to her feet and lurched for the door. It swung shut. Not sideways like a door, but slamming like a mouth. Nails slid into the wood and she heard the screech of metal as they twisted into place. She screamed frantically as she hit the door, pounding on it with her fists as she begged to be let out. Her pounding slowed, then stopped as she looked around the house.

It was dark, but not too dark to see light streaming through the windows and down the stairs. She felt cold air surrounding her, as cold as winter and the feel of it prickled her nipples. Hot tears dripped down her cheeks as she pressed her back against the door.

“Please, please, let me out!”

Sarah spoke to the house as a person, hoping someone would listen.

“There is no trick,” came the booming voice.

The noise crashed into her, pummeling with its incredible volume. She whimpered and clutched her ears. Sliding down the door, she screamed out blindly.

“Please! Not so loud!”

The house inhaled, then a low grumbling noise rose up from the depths. A furnace ignited to life and she felt heat wafting from a radiator next to her. The rumbling growl vibrated through the floor, shaking the door behind her but no killer creature, flashing blades, or even flowing spheres from horror movies. Instead, the voice came back as a loud rumble, but not more than any booming voice.

“There is no trick.”

She gasped at the sudden control of volume. Her heart pounded a thousand beats a second, but she let her hands come off her ears. They trembled as she looked at the darkness of the house, trying to find the source of the voice.

“H-Hello? Is someone here. It’s a neat trick but I want to go home.”

A heavy breath answered her and she felt the house shift. The wood planks underneath her legs rippled with the movement. She

whimpered and clutched herself, holding her knees tightly to her chest as she looked around.

“P-Please don’t hurt me.”

Another growl, low and powerful. It beat against her skin. Next to her, hot winds blew across her face.

“You ruined... my treats.”

She whimpered, “I-I’ll put them back, I swear. I’ll get you all the Jolly Ranchers you want.”

“Ruined,” came the rumbling reply.

The walls buckled as she watched. She stammered for a moment. She felt tears burning her eyes and she wiped them with the back of her hand.

“Look, I’m sorry. I promise, I won’t do it again.”

“Ruined!”

Sarah winced, jumping at the booming voice.

“I’ll replace them!”

“RUINED!”

It bellowed at her, immensely powerful and booming once again. The voice hurt her ears and she slapped her hands against them again, desperately trying to block out the voice that slammed into her. The growl that followed pummeled her skin, crushing her with the force of the house’s supernatural voice.

“IT IS ALL RUINED!”

Sarah screamed out as loudly as she could.

“I got the fucking idea!”

Instantly, the house silenced. The rumbling turned to hissing and the heat rose up again from the radiator. She felt a prickling of fear and something else inside her as she looked around, trying to keep calm and escape.

The house spoke again, in its normal booming voice.

“You must repay.”

Sarah gaped for a heartbeat, then pulled the envelope from her back pocket.

“I-I got forty dollars. That’s all the Jolly Ranchers that you want.”

“You must repay, but not in money.”

She sputtered, the envelope falling from her fingers.

“What?”

“A hundred years and a hundred lives. Many have ruined my candies and many more will try. The price is the same for every one. A hundred years or a hundred lives.”

Using the back of her hand, she wiped the tears from her eyes.

“I-I don’t understand.”

The house rumbled and she felt the floor twitching underneath her again.

“A hundred years or a hundred lives. There are only two ways to repay what you have destroyed.”

“I-I can pay.”

“A hundred years or-”

“I get the point, what do you mean.”

The house silenced for a moment, the heated air billowing out of the radiator. She felt the presence of the house focusing on her again and she shivered at the thought. Her eyes lifted up to see two gas lights above the stairs. They looked like eyes, so she regarded them.

“What do I have to do?”

“Choose.”

“Choose what?”

“A hundred-”

“I get the fucking phrase, what does it mean?”

The house grumbled before speaking.

“The first is simple, one hundred years within these walls.”

“Doing what?”

For a long moment, the house didn’t response. She watched the gas lamp eyes regarding her and felt a shiver from the gaze. Her hands clutched tighter to her chest. She felt naked before the house and her body warmed to the thought. She felt her nipples harden against her shirt, pressing against her arms and she squeezed her thighs together.

To tear away her thoughts, she repeated herself.

“Doing what?”

“Bringing me pleasure.”

Sarah shivered, both from fear but also a flare of heat that rose up in her stomach, flaring out to spread through her body. Every pulse of her heart felt slick and heat as she looked up at the burning eyes of the house.

“P-Pleasure?”

A rumble filled the house and Sarah felt the floors moving underneath her. They rippled like claws then settled down. She held herself tightly, feeling a flush rising up on her cheeks.

“What kind of pleasure?”

Between the two gas lights, the wall suddenly bulged out. She jumped slightly as she focused on it, watching as a woman pressed against the wall from the other side. The wallpaper clung to her curves and Sarah could see every detail from the shadow of her nipples to the cleft between her legs. Sarah’s flush rose up as she stared at the woman, watching as she stretched out through the wall, stretching it like latex. Hands clutched the two gas lights as she jerked forward, her mouth opening widely. A moan rose up from the ventilation but Sarah continued to stare at her, watching as two hands reached out to cup her breasts. Sara felt a moan escaping her own lips as the woman jerked forward, moving in time to an obvious lover behind her. Sarah could see every jerk and gasp, every moan that ripped through the woman and for a brief moment, she wondered what it felt like.

To the right of the gas light, another body pressed against the wall. Like the first, the wall seemed like plastic as the body pressed against it. It was a man, with chiseled features and a cock-

Sarah gasped, “Fuck, that’s huge!”

Another man pressed through the wall next to him, the wall stretching as he crawled around to take the first man’s immense thickness into her mouth.

Sarah’s skin felt on fire as she watched, opened mouth and gaping. More figures pressed out along the walls, touching and stroking, sucking and pumping. Her heart pounded in her chest as the heat grew inside her body. All of her fantasies, and a few she didn’t even know about, stretched out along the walls, moving with the muted moans and gasps of dozens.

“My god,” she gasped.

Her fingers twitched, watching to press against a sudden flames in her own sex, searing as she felt moisture soaking into her pants.

The house rumbled, the gas light eyes blinking.

“One hundred years or one hundred lives.”

Sarah tore her eyes away from the lovers, “Lives? You kill them?”

“No,” came the rumbling reply, “but yes. The little death, I wish to feel it against my wood, I wish to feel it against my stone. I want to feel every little death you feel in my embrace.”

“Little death,” she gaped, then blushed as she remembered her French.

“You mean orgasm?”

The house laughed loudly.

“Yes, one hundred years or one hundred little deaths.”

Sarah felt on fire as she trembled, trying to think about a hundred orgasms. Her eyes lifted up to the lovers, watching as they cried out, hands clutching air as they constantly fucked each other. There was no love, only lust, in the figures' movement.

“A hundred years?”

“One orgasm for every year in my walls. If you find no pleasure, you'll suffer with time, time in this house, in these walls.”

She shivered at the thought of being caught in the walls, wondering if she would be bound. Her breath came out in a soft gasp as she felt the fires in her loins rising, burning through her skin.

“I-I can't, I need to go home.”

“One hundred lives.”

Sarah's gaze roamed down the hall, watching the various figures and positions.

“I-I can do that. One hundred orgasms?”

It was ninety-nine more than she ever had in a single night, but the door behind her felt as solid as the wall. Her eyes drifted back to the first figure, the woman now bent over the chair rail. Her skin shone with the sweat of her sex, a man behind her driving into her with hard, powerful thrusts. A soft whimper escaped her lips, silently begging to feel that position and to feel the pleasure that burned through the woman's face.

“I, I want to go home.”

“One hundred lives.”

Trembling, Sarah pushed herself to her feet, feeling naked beneath the gaze of the gas lights. Her hand tested the door one more time, but the knob refused to twist. She took a deep breath and fought down the heat rising deep inside her.

The woman between the lights let out a scream, shuddering violently as a light flickered along her skin. The wallpaper peeled



away from her, revealing pale flesh as she collapsed to the ground. Sarah gasped, watching the cock of her lover holding still as droplets of their juices splashed down. The woman gasped and crawled to her knees. She looked at her hands, then sat up, kneeling to reveal her naked body. A smile stretched across her lips as she looked around, then down at Sarah.

“Well, ‘elo there.”

She had an Cockney accent, the type of old-style accent more appropriate for orphans and thieves. She couldn’t have been more than seventeen or eighteen, but there was an age in her bright blue eyes. Sarah felt her body burning as she stepped forward.

The woman lithely stood to her feet and came down the stairs. Cum dribbled down her inner thigh as she reached out for Sarah. Sarah didn’t know what to do, so she reached out herself and took the woman by the hand. The grip was hot and slick.

Surprising her, the English teenager pulled her into a kiss, wrapping her arms around her as her lips found Sarah’s. Sarah flushed brightly as soft lips pressed against hers. A moan escaped the woman’s lips as she passionately kissed Sarah, lips parting slightly and tongue teasing. Sarah kept her own lips closed and pulled away from the kiss.

She blushed as she felt a tugging on her shirt. Looking down, she saw the English teenager’s fingers on her buttons, opening them to brush fingers against her bra.

Sarah could only whisper.

“What are you doing?”

“One hundred years or one hundred lives, yes?”

The English girl grinned at Sarah’s expression.

“We all are paying that price. I’m Giselle and I’ll take care of ya.”

Sarah gasped, “Everyone?”

“One hundred orgasms, luv.”

Giselle’s hands didn’t stop removing her shirt. Sarah wanted to struggle, but let the English girl slip her jacket and shirt off her shoulders. She felt naked, wearing her bra, but there was something in the blue eyes that held her still as delicate hands removed her bra and cupped her pert breasts. Sarah gasped at the feeling.

“I-I’m not into girls.”

Thumbs stroked her hard nipples.

“Your body lies, um...”

“Sarah, Sarah Kissmen.”

Giselle smiled wryly, “Don’t mind if I do.”

She stepped into her and kissed Sarah again. Sarah gasped but didn’t resist. As Giselle parted her lips, this time she let the English woman tease her with her tongue. Delicate hands worked at Sarah’s jeans, unzipping them and pushing them along her hips. Sarah ground her body up against Giselle, flush with lust and heat, not really sure of her very action.

At the first touch of a finger against her pussy, fingernails trailing through the pubic hair and pressure sliding along her clit, Sarah let out a gasp. She closed her eyes tightly, losing herself in the feeling of fingers rubbing back and forth, sliding into the opening of her sex until she felt an orgasm burning up through her body. Searing hot and powerful, it grabbed her and slammed her into a wave of pleasure until sparks swam across her vision.

Sarah whimpers as she slumped against the door. Somewhere deep inside the house, she heard the rumbling force speak out loudly.

“One!”

Giselle leaned forward, pressing her slick breasts against Sarah’s heaving ones.

“Your body lies, Sarah,” she continued to slide her fingers in and out. Sarah gasped, then whimpered as Giselle lowered herself to her knees, pushing the rest of her jeans off before pressing her lips up between Sarah’s legs. The teenager let out a shuddering breath as she felt lips against her labia, a tongue parting her lips and working at the pleasure of her begin.

“No, no, I can’t.”

Her words trailed off as Giselle lapped between her legs, hands spreading her thighs as she did. Sarah looked down to see the auburn hair of her English lover, then her hands clutched the hair as she felt another orgasm rising up inside her. She whimpered and pulled Giselle close, grinding her hips against as she let out a scream of pleasure.

“Two!” rumbled the house but she ignored it.

Giselle looked up with her face glistening with Sarah’s juices. Her smile was playful but her eyes burned seriously.

“Ninety-eight to go.”

“I-I can’t do this.”

“You have to, luv. Every little spark you have tonight, takes off one year of the rest of it.”

“Every,” she swallowed hard, “every orgasm?”

“Yes, have ten and you are here for ninety. Have a hundred and you leave forever.”

Fingers worked their way up Sarah’s legs. She moaned and looked down. Giselle’s hands held up with a grin and Sarah gasped. Peering between her legs, she saw hands stretching out of the walls, pleasuring her with thick digits of some man. Sarah started to pull off, but Giselle pressed her hands against her hips, holding her still.

“No, no, enjoy, take pleasure. Let him.”

Sarah struggled for a moment to the new feelings. Giselle leaned forward, kissing the patch of hair between Sarah’s legs. Sarah clutched her fingers around the auburn hair, holding it tightly as she leaned into the fingers and kissing, her breasts heaving as she felt another crest of pleasure rising.

“Just ride it,” came the muffled English voice. Giselle’s tongue teased her and Sarah held her tight as she felt the orgasm rising up inside her, slow from the rapid ones before it. It finally spiked inside her with the force of a punch and she threw back her head to scream. In the distance, the house called it off but Giselle was already standing up, pulling her close as Sarah felt more fingers reaching out from the door, stretching the wood as they clutched her from all angles. Dozens of hands pressing against her body, feeling their fingers probing and touching and exploring. Sarah let out a whimper. Giselle stood in front of her, her own hands and mouth working as fast as the hands. Fingers probed her buttocks and she clenched them tightly but the fingers wiggled deep, circling around the tiny rosebud and she only felt pleasure as they slickly invaded it.

Giselle whispered in her ear, “No pain, luv, only pleasure. Only have to let go.”

Fingers probed and tongues lapped, keeping her on a constant high as her body strained to keep up with the pleasures. She felt every orgasm tearing through her, tiny but brutal. One right after the other.

Too soon, she found herself slowing. The fingers no longer bringing the pleasure she needed, she started to crave. She couldn't hear the house anymore but didn't care either. Giselle, gasping and panting, pressed tight against her.

"Slowing down, are we?"

Sarah whimpered and nodded.

"Then we try something new."

Giselle pulled her away from the door. Sarah followed her, watching as the hands clutched at her. Her afterglow burned through her veins but she let Giselle take her to the stairs. Giselle drew her down, stretching out along the wood and pulling Sarah against her. Sarah fell into her, kissing her as she felt fingers between her legs. It was pleasurable, but not the searing rising of an orgasm.

Then, she felt hands on her hips. She gasped, trying to sit up but Giselle held her down, pulling her into a kiss as she felt a cock press up against the swollen lips of her being.

"Oh fuck!"

"He will, luv, he will."

Sarah came hard as the first cock slipped into her pussy, filling her with an aching hardness that seemed to stretch her very soul. She clutched tightly to Giselle as her unseen lover buried his entire length into her, pinning her between Giselle and himself. He began to pump, burying his length in and out of her soaked pussy. Sarah felt another explosion of pleasure bursting inside her when he flooded her insides, soaking her with his seed.

He pulled out of her, but Giselle held her down. Sarah frowned with surprise, then let out another gasp of pleasure as a second cock replaced the first. This one was thick and powerful, driving hard into her with brutal thrusts that left her gasping for air. She lowered herself down on Giselle, riding the pumping shaft and kissed her, losing herself in the growing pleasures.

When the endless driving cock started to fade, women with strap-ons took their place. Too soon, they faded away and were quickly replaced by a hard cock that slipping into her back door, penetrating through the tight ring. Sarah burst into orgasm after orgasm, unable to count them and unable to find the ability to listen to the house. Each time, Giselle guided her into more pleasures,

fingering and touching her, pulling her up the stairs into the bedroom where two men were waiting for her. She sank between them, her tight body glistening with sweat and excitement as they both entered her, filling her mouth and pussy with their hard cocks. As pleasures of their body came and faded, it was Giselle who moved her into a new position. First a different cock in her mouth, then one hard shaft in her pussy and rectum before finally bringing a third into to pump her from all directions, letting her lose her world in pleasure.

And the orgasms came and faded.

Sarah struggled near the end, trying to feel each burst of pleasure. Each one made it harder to reach the next until she was straining to find that storm of ecstasy burning in her veins. Giselle touched her but even the English girl's fingers weren't enough.

Soon, she found herself on a bed, feeling two cocks stuffed into her teenage pussy and she couldn't come. Tears started to pour down her cheeks as she tried, grinding down, feeling the pleasure but unable to feel it bursting inside her. Her hands clutched tightly as she sobbed.

"I-I can't!"

Giselle bent over her bed, another woman with a strap-on driving into her.

"What's wrong, luv?"

"I-I can't," she gasp as her lovers thrust hard into her, "come!"

Giselle started to speak, then clutched the sheets as she experienced her own orgasm. It ended with Sarah still unable to find her pleasure, then Giselle slipped up on the bed, straddling the face of one of Sarah's lovers and holding her tightly.

"What? Why?"

Sarah sobbed, "I'm trying, I'm trying so hard, but it won't come."

Giselle let out a soft laugh, then kissed her.

"Stop trying."

"I-I can't!"

Giselle kissed her again.

"Then we'll make you stop trying."

Sarah sniffed and wiped the tears from her face.

"H-How?"

Giselle grinned and pulled out a strip of cloth. Sarah felt a burst of pleasure inside her, igniting flames as Giselle wrapped it around her face, covering her eyes. A few moments later, she was blind. Everything took on a different touch as she felt Giselle's mouth on her nipples and fingers slipping around the two hard cocks buried inside her. She felt the searing pleasure rising up once again in her and everything changed once again.

New pleasures, new orgasms, new positions with her being blind. Everything felt intense as she was sucked, touched, and fucked until her head swam. She threw herself into it, not feeling the ache of her positions or anything but pure pleasure coursing through her veins.

Every part of her body was swimming in pleasure when she started to struggle again. The thought of some timer counting down, orgasms or years, intruded on her pleasure and she faltered. Even the talented mouth of Giselle couldn't bring an orgasm to her blinded body. Nothing she could do until Giselle wrapped ropes around her wrists, tying her wrists behind her back. Bound, the pleasure spiked again, surging through her in countless orgasms.

Too soon, she began to sputter. Giselle guided her into new pleasures by tying ropes around her breasts, wrapping her tightly and bringing new sensations coursing through her veins. When they faded, she was bound into place and taken, the helplessness enhancing her pleasure until her throat gave out from screaming.

The night stretched on until Sarah felt every minute bearing down on her. She was pinned between two lovers: wrists and elbows bound behind her back, cloth wrapped around her eyes and a gag in her mouth. Her lips felt bruised around the hard sphere in her mouth, but the muted gasps that escaped it were a drug to her pleasures. Every thrust inside her filled her to the brim. The lover beneath her was female, with her entire hand plunging in and out of her pussy, stretching her to the limits the night gave her. She felt the mouth working at her other lover, a male with an immense cock that sunk his cock into her ass until his balls slapped against her skin. Fingers clutched at her breasts, squeezing and twisting. She writhed with sensations, lost in the world as she felt an orgasm just out of reach.

Giselle's voice whispered in her ear, sucking on her earlobe.

“Come on, luv, just one more. Just one more and in the morning’s light will be on you.”

Sarah ground down on her lovers, feeling impaled and filled to her limits and it still wouldn’t come. An orgasm of incredible intensity stood just out of reach and she tried to clutch at it. Her body heaved, breasts dripping with sweat and cum, her body straining but it still refused to come off. Giselle eased off her blindfold and she blinked at the sudden light. She almost came, looking at the bright blue eyes of her strange English lover, then reached out for a kiss. Her hands balled into fists, helpless and useless and Giselle grabbed her head with both hands and pressed her lips tightly against Sarah’s, kissing her and thrusting her tongue deep.

Sarah felt the pleasure finally cresting, rising up with the intensity of a flood, stealing her breath as she tensed up to find it.

Over Giselle’s shoulder, she saw the first morning light burst through the window. She drove down as hard as she could, impaling herself with all her strength, but her movement slowed as she did, the pleasure freezing in her veins as her body seemed to slow to a halt in mid-thrust. She screamed, feeling her final orgasm bubbling inside her, picoseconds away from tearing through her.

And the world froze.

Dust hovered in hair. Bodies stopped in their lust-driven movements. She saw a droplet of sweat from Giselle’s brow hanging in the air. She couldn’t do anything but stare at Giselle.

Suddenly, Giselle wasn’t there. Like disappearing between blinks that Sarah couldn’t make, her lover who may have been a friend, the teenager who helped her eek out almost a hundred haunted orgasms from her body was gone. Sara would have wailed in horror, but she couldn’t move. She tried to reach out for her, but her body wouldn’t move.

She held there for an eternity, right at a cusp of an orgasm that refused to explode inside her.

Then time snapped into place and she came. Sarah came harder and faster than she knew possible. It tore through her veins, searing through her senses with the white-hot intensity of a nuclear explosion. She threw back her head and screamed out in pleasure, her voice echoing shrilly against the walls. Stars exploded across

her vision as an eternity of cusp finally collapsed into a singularity of absolute pleasure.

Unable to control her body, Sarah slumped forward. Hands caught her, holding her still as she pressed her knees against the lover below her, holding herself shaking. Slowly, she lifted her eyes, then froze as she looked at someone else holding her up. A man. A strange man.

She managed to stagger, feeling cum dripping off her face as she spoke.

“W-Where is Giselle?”

The house rumbled, deep and powerful.

“Gone.”

“G-Gone, where?”

Around her, the mass of humanity had already thrown themselves back into their supernatural orgy. Bodies moaning and thrusting. She pulled herself off the immense dildo and watched as her lovers pulled themselves away, disappearing into the wall as they joined a new group.

“W-What is happening?”

The gas lights of the house focused on her. She felt tired but filled an afterglow of epic proportions. It burned in her body like a smoldering star, ready to ignite once again. The house rumbled as the floors rippled.

“You have paid for your candies.”

The front door creaked open and she turned to look outside. It was a warm October night, with leaves covering every square inch of the unkempt lawn. Sarah stepped toward the door, wanting to leave as soon as she could. She stopped at the frame.

“W-What happened to the morning?”

“Gone.”

She turned around, pleading to the house.

“W-What? How? I made it, right?”

“One year given and ninety-nine lives taken.”

“One year... I didn't make it?”

Her voice came out as a squeak.

“One year given.”



She felt betrayed. Betrayed by her body, betrayed by the house. She almost felt betrayed by Giselle, but she remember how hard the English teenager helped her.

“I lost a year?”

She looked back into the yard, seeing how it was completely different than before. Everything seemed wrong as she took a step forward and out of the house. She ignored her naked body. Her feet made wet splats as cum dripped down her thighs. She held her breath as her footsteps hit the stairs, then the warm concrete of the walk.

At the base of the stair, still broken from the year before, she turned to look into the house.

The gas lights stared at her, shapes of people fucking in the walls around it. A rumbling came up, blowing wind and mist around her feet.

“There is no trick.”

The door closed, sealing her away from the haunted house and leaving her alone in the front. Her eyes drifted to the side door, where a basket of Jolly Ranchers once again stood waiting for treaters. A trap for those who didn't respect the house's offer.

For a moment, she considered knocking it over again, throwing herself into a hundred years of oblivion and sex. Instead, she turned on her heels and walked down the path. The warm air felt good against her naked skin and she felt strangely content.

She reached the horseshoe in the walk just as a car pulled up. It stopped in front of her. She made no effort to hide. There was nothing to hide behind, even if she wanted to.

Giselle stepped out with a smile.

“Sarah!”

Sarah froze, staring at the now dressed English woman. She had a stunning dress on, with deep-cut cleavage and a sexy smile on her lips. Sarah felt a double image, one of the woman in front of her and the other of the naked lover that lapped between her legs.

“G-Giselle?”

Giselle came around, sweeping Sarah up into a tight hug. The juices on Sarah's body stained the expensive fabric, but Giselle didn't seem to notice. Instead, she just held her tight. Sarah wrapped her arms around her, tears burning in her eyes.

"I didn't make it."

"I know, luv, you almost did. But you only had to suffer one year in there."

Giselle pushed back to kiss Sarah tenderly on the lips. Sarah moaned softly, kissing her back.

Tears burned as they ran down her cheeks, "W-What about my parents? They must have been devastated."

"Aye, they were. But I might have spun them a yarn to make them feel better."

Sarah leaned back to regard the sheepishly grinning woman. A car drove by, honking its horn. Sarah ignored it.

"What did you do?"

"Well, I kinda faked letters about you running off with your new lover. Every week or so, long stories about traveling across Europe."

Sarah's mouth opened, "W-Why?"

Giselle grinned and stroke a hand along Sarah's slick breast, stopping at the nipple with a grin.

"Old Giselle said she take care of you, yes? I knew you'd get out and it was the only thing I could think of to keep the coppers off ya. Even if they could find you—that house only exists one day a year."

She paused and cocked her head with a grin, "And I went back to the old country to find my family. Made it easier to 'plain why you didn't hang around."

"I-I don't know what to say."

Giselle looked around, then slid one hand down Sarah's stomach, curling her fingers to brush delicate fingertips along her slick sex. Sarah gasped and leaned into it, her mouth opening in pleasure. Giselle caught her with a kiss, fingers plunging in and out until Sarah shuddered against her.

Breaking the kiss, Giselle whispered to her.

"I was hoping you'd stay my lover like your letters said, even after you return home to your parents. A lot has happened in the last ninety year since I was here and I might be a tad lost."

Sarah's mind spun as she tried to handle the rush of information. She felt herself being guided by Giselle and surrendered to her. Giselle set her down into the leather seat of the passenger side. Sarah's body squelched against the leather, but the blue eyes of her lover didn't seem to notice. Reaching over her, Giselle grabbed the

seat belt and buckled her in. Another kiss on the lips and Giselle started to close the door.

“Don’t worry, luv, Giselle is going to take very good care of you.”

*t'Sade*

# About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, [tsade.com](http://tsade.com). Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

*t'Sade*

# About the Publisher

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