

REAL MONSTERS DON'T  
WEAR MASKS

A woman's face is shown in the upper half of the image, with cracked, cracked skin and a hand making a gesture. A circus scene is superimposed on her chest, featuring a red tent, a Ferris wheel, and a silhouette of an elephant. The title "Satan's Affair" is written in a yellow, brush-stroke font across the lower half of the image, with red splatters around it.

# Satan's Affair

H. D. CARLTON

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# Playlist

Dollhouse- Melanie Martinez

Carousel- Melanie Martinez

Daisy- Ashnikko

STUPID- Ashnikko

Let the Bodies Hit the Floor- Drowning Pool

Graveyard- Halsey

isaac's insects- Isaac Dunbar

mime- Isaac Dunbar



“One.” *Stab*. A grunt punctuates my next word, “Two.” *Stab*. Another grunt. “Freddy’s coming for you,” I sing, high-pitched and child-like. Blood spurts from his stab wounds, painting my face in a mosaic of red and gore.

The evil is seeping out of each hole I’ve made in his body. I can feel it, curling from the openings like smoke from the machines in nearly every corner of this house. I breathe in deep, *smelling* the evil coming out of him.

It smells like rotten egg and brimstone. It’s how I know that I made the right judgement.

“Mortis, come hold his head,” I order. My henchman listens immediately, gripping the man’s head in his red hands, rendering him still as his black talons dig into the demon’s face. His efforts to dislodge his head from Mortis’s grip are so *cute*.

Gripping my pretty knife in my hand, I lean down closely and start working the pointed tip around the edge of the man’s eyeball. It’s my favorite knife. The handle is bright pink and swirls at the end. I’ve had this knife since I was a little girl, it’s the only thing left I have of my mother’s.

The wriggling parasite's screams intensify as my knife digs deeper, cutting around the inner edges of his eyelid as if I'm cutting a cake out of a pan. Blood spurts from the orifice, nearly splattering into my own eyes.

I dig the knife down and then push up, popping the eyeball from its socket.

His eyes are such a pretty blue.

"Three, four, better lock your door," I continue, my voice more subdued and distracted as pleasure sluices through every cell in my body and makes its way to the spot between my legs. Nothing gets me off more than my mission.

I throw the eyeball, the soft plop when it hits the wooden floor swallowed by the man's screams.

Silly little thing. No one will ever hear you scream.

I shoo Mortis away, no longer needing him at the moment. Mortis steps away, reclaiming his position in the corner of the room.

The man beneath me wriggles, calling me all kinds of choice names. His words are garbled through the blood pouring in *and* out of his mouth. Must've hit a lung.

Whoopsie.

In my distraction, he manages to dislodge me from his body. I fly sideways, landing awkwardly on my side, the knife coming within inches of my face. He stumbles to his feet, while my henchman, Mortis, takes a step towards him.

"Let him go," I order, watching my victim stagger to his feet and run out of the door. "I like the chase."

I stand, and calmly walk out of the room. The house is completely barricaded. Unbeknownst to the owners of the fair, my henchmen and I painted the windows shut so demons couldn't escape, while the emergency exit points are guarded by the rest of my henchmen.

There's no chance of his escape. And I love to play games.

"Five, six, grab a crucifix," I sing loudly, knowing he can hear me. I think *I'm* the one that needs the crucifix. The entire house is being filled with his rotten egg stench. I shudder, anxious to rid the house of it.

I look down either side of the hallway first. The smoke machines are off now, but the lack of ventilation in the house allows the colorful smoke to

linger. They always dye the smoke all sorts of colors, creating a trippy effect when coupled with the strobe lights.

Now that the grounds outside of the house are empty, I turned all the flashing strobe lights back on and music filled with evil laughter, howling and zombie moans.

One of my henchmen, Jackal, stands at the very end of the hallway, the smoke concealing the majority of his body. What does poke through is his burnt face covered in boils, unnaturally wide smile stretching across his cheeks with blood dripping from his shark-like teeth and big yellow eyes. His makeup was always more grotesque than the others, which is why I make him guard the doors. His burnt skin looks and feels real to the touch, but it's all just makeup and prosthetics.

He doesn't move, instead continuing to stare at me.

He knows how much I enjoy the chase.

My eyes drop to the white hardwood floor, spotting a blood trail veering off to my left towards the staircase. He's trying to leave me.

I follow the blood trail, a smile on my face. "Seven, eight, gonna stay up late."

A thud from down the stairs resonates, right before a loud yelp. I giggle, already knowing he ran into one of my henchmen. Another loud bang and a frustrated scream. I hurry my steps, my heart pounding harder now that I know he's being a bad boy.

When I reach the bottom of the Barbie pink steps, I swing around the banister and sing, "Nine, ten, never sleep again."

"Fucking crazy ass bitch!" he screams from somewhere in the house.

I frown, hurt and angry by his words.

"I'm not crazy!" I screech. I take a deep, calming breath and arrange the smile back on my face. "I'm just passionate."

To my left and through pink double doors is the living room. More colorful smoke fills the room, but the open concept of the bottom floor thins it out, making it easier to see. On the bright robin's egg blue couch lays a mechanical pregnant woman giving birth to a demon. It feels like looking into the past, watching the birth of the current demon running rampant in my dollhouse.

The entire house is decorated in whites and pinks, with splashes of bright colors. The white stone fireplace in the corner of the living room is lined

with dolls, all their faces melted or dirty, with patches of hair ripped from their skulls. The sight always makes me happy.

Excited once more, I head down the hallway leading back to the kitchen. His blood trail leads back there. Based off the handprint smudges and streaks of blood, he must've fell in there. Probably when he ran into Cronus.

After all, Cronus is the size of a Mac truck. He must be a body builder in his free time. His neck is the size of a tree trunk, his arms even bigger. Bulging veins cover the entirety of his body, especially his cock. It looks as if he has no mouth and eyes at all, convincing prosthetics covering them, so it looks as if his face is blank. I never bothered to ask how he sees—he's a mute. I figured the eye prosthetics are see-through, as he never seems to have any problems seeing.

I walk through the kitchen and see the demon with an axe in his hands, struggling to raise the heavy axe. He's losing blood quickly, the adrenaline the only thing keeping his body functioning.

Pulsing rage has my eyes widening and lighting my insides on fire when he manages to swing the axe into the wall.

*How dare he!*

He can't get through my henchmen, so he's going to desecrate my pretty dollhouse and try to breakout through the walls.

"You're really hurting my feelings, demon," I say, announcing my arrival. He freezes at my voice. He's as pale as a ghost, the color bleached from his skin. When he turns to see me and the angry scowl on my face, he turns and attempts to swing the axe more vigorously. Desperately. But he only manages to lodge the blade into the wall once more.

He's too weak now.

"Cronus!" I screech, stomping my foot. "He's making my dollhouse ugly!"

Cronus comes walking in the room, but the demon doesn't acknowledge him. He's too focused on his escape.

I point my finger. "Get him to stop," I whine.

Cronus walks over to the man. Feeling my henchman coming for him, the guy swings his axe around wildly, a crazed gleam in his one eye. He releases a battle cry, but Cronus easily swipes the sharp weapon from the



man's grip. He grabs either end of the axe and cracks it over his knee, snapping it in two like a twig.

The man's eye widens. It used to be a pretty blue, but his pupil has completely taken over, morphing it into a nearly black eye—just like a true demon. His eye darts around the room, sliding past me as if I'm not there to find an escape route, but there is none.

You can't hide from fate. That's the funny thing about destiny, even if you try to escape it, it will always find you.

Cronus's arm snaps out faster than a whip and grabs the man by his throat. He brings him close to his face. The man thrashes in his hold, and screams in his face, a mix of fear and frustration. I join Cronus's side, but he doesn't even pay me attention. Not when there's a behemoth of a man holding you into his missing face.

"Bring him back to my room," I order, turning around without another glance. Cronus drags him behind me, ignoring the punches and kicks to his limbs. I enter my cute, pink bedroom, Mortis still waiting in the corner of the room. He leans against the wall, arms crossed over his chest with a bored look on his face. He almost looks frozen.

I don't pay him any mind yet, my attention too focused on the demon being carted in the room behind me. Adrenaline surges, and my hands nearly tremble with the desire beginning to course through my system.

Cronus throws the demon on the floor and exits the room, trusting me to finish my life's work. Even with several stab wounds and a missing eye, the demon still has fight in him. It's disgusting.

I climb back on top of his body, resuming my original position. He wriggles under me, trying his best to buck me off of him. The feel of his body squirming beneath me repulses me, but the blood coating his body makes me shiver. I love the sight, but it's not enough.

I bring my knife down with all my strength, plunging it deep into his torso. I lift up and stab a few more times. He's screaming again, his eye widening from the pain. I revel in the sound, it's like music to my ears.

He lifts up out of instinct, still screaming. Using the distraction to my advantage, I bring the knife directly down on top of his head. His body goes slack, and his nerves misfire. His body convulses as his eye rolls to the back of his head.

I rip the knife from his head and start stabbing frantically, the feeling of my pretty knife cutting through flesh and bone is making my clit pulse. I sing Freddy's song aloud again, each word punctuated by another stab. The smell of rotten egg intensifies, filling my nose and becoming stronger until it fills the room as densely as the smoke in the hallway.

At some point my eyes roll and my tired arm slackens as pure bliss shudders through my body. I grind my body against the empty vessel, high off the kill. Euphoria wracks through my spine and within seconds, I'm coming hard. I continue to grind my hips against the man, drawing out my orgasm and wringing every last drop from my pussy. I'm flooding him, my juices mixing with his blood.

I come down, shuddering and groaning as I do.

When I go to lift my knife again, a soft voice interrupts me.

"I think he's dead," Mortis comments dryly from behind me. I smile at his tone and glance over my shoulder, noting he's adorned in his costume. I smile wider. He's *always* in costume. All of my henchmen are. Always playing their part because this is what we do. This is how we eradicate evil from the world, one town at a time.

Mortis's face is painted blood red, dark black circles around his eyes, spikes glued down the middle of his bald head, and red contacts in his eyes. He wears gloves with talons for fingers. And they're really fucking sharp. I've watched those sharp little blades sink into flesh and cut bone. I've licked the blood clean from them, cutting my tongue in the process and reveling in the euphoria of doing this world real justice.

*A real service.*

Daddy always said he was the one doing this world a service, but he was wrong. He was the one corrupting this world, while I do my best to save it.

*"These people would be lost without me, Sibel. God chose me to carry out His law and I will not let Him down."*

Shaking the memory loose, I look back down at the sack of wasted flesh between my thighs. The second he came into my house, he *reeked* of evil. I could smell it on him from a mile away. His girlfriend, clinging to him like she'd slip off the edge of Earth otherwise, smelled like freshly bloomed roses. The girl didn't know the vileness she was clinging to.

I saved her.

The man below me is hardly a man now. My knife has disappeared into his face so many times that all that's left is brain matter, meat and bone. His teeth poke out from the gore. I cock my head. He has several cavities—another testament to the malevolence residing inside him. When you carry a demon in your soul, it rots you from the inside out. Black, rotting teeth is a big indicator.

I smile again. I chose well.

I stand up, my white gown dripping red onto the hardwood floor. Timothy will come in soon and clean it up for me, while Mortis properly disposes of the body. My henchmen treat me well. In return, I reward them fondly.

Waving a hand at the man, signaling Mortis to take him, my loyal henchman walks forward, lifts the dead man up from under his arms and drags him out. The guests are long gone now, the operators and food truck employees have abandoned their posts and left for the night. All staff are required to leave the grounds when the fair closes—my henchmen included, but they find ways to sneak back in once the grounds are empty.

It's safe for Mortis now. I'm not entirely sure where he puts the bodies, as our scenery is ever-changing. He always manages to figure it out, though, and I trust him to do his job well.

We've been doing this for five years and haven't gotten caught, thanks to Mortis and Timothy.

Timothy comes clambering in. With the house shut down for the night, we're all able to walk freely. All day, they're confined to their stations, going through the same old jump scares with every guest that walks through my dollhouse while I haunt from inside of the walls. My poor babies get so bored. That's why I always give them a taste when I cast my judgement.

With Satan's Affair travelling around the country during the fall months, we've become quite famous. A travelling Halloween fair, with dozens of haunted houses, small thrill rides and plenty of food to gorge yourself on. Every year, the theme of our houses change to avoid our guests walking through the same houses year after year, being scared by the same monsters.

This year, my house is called *Annie's Playhouse*. The entire house is decorated to look like a child's dollhouse. I quite like the décor this year. Pink and frills everywhere, boas and little dolls to play with when I get bored. I play dress-up with the costumes, dancing in front of the mirror and

singing my favorite song, *Ring Around the Rosey*. Sometimes, when I'm *really* bored, I'll cut the skin from whatever demon I've cast judgement on and use their skin as a dress.

My henchmen love watching me play. When I'm happy, they're happy.

Several people work in my house during operation, but only five of them are loyal to me. I assigned each of my henchmen with a specific job. They come around when their presence is needed. Mortis and Timothy are my favorite—which is why I let them dispose of the sickness after I've finished. The other three are appointed with luring the demon away after I've cast my judgment.

"Would you like me to clean you up, Sibby?" Timothy asks from below me, his muscular back on display. Timothy has the best body out of the bunch, so he doesn't wear a shirt during operation. Bloody handprints decorate his chest and stomach, along with plastic moldings of deep gouges from fingernails. They look so real.

He's kneeling before me now, cleaning up the pool of blood that's gathered beneath my feet. I slip off my ruined slippers and tiptoe over the blood, pretending its lava that will burn if it touches me.

Timothy watches me prance, a smile on his clown face. Royal blue tufts of hair sprout from the side of his otherwise bald head, a stark contrast to his white face, red lips and the red triangles decorating either side of his baby blue eyes. He's got razor sharp teeth behind his plump lips, but he's always careful not to cut me when he licks my pussy.

"Yes, please, Timothy," I respond, making my way over to the rocking chair in the corner of the room. During the day, a mannequin of a woman sits here, rocking her decapitated baby while singing a haunting lullaby.

Timothy finishes the floor first, mopping up the blood, stuffing the rags in a black garbage bag and setting the trash in the corner to take out later. Next, he brings over fresh washcloths and starts wiping the blood off my face and neck.

His touch is gentle and loving. I love when Timothy cleans me, because he stares at me as if I'm his favorite prop. When the blood is clean from my face, he works his way down to my arms and hands. Then, to my legs.

My breath hitches. This is always my favorite part.

Gently, he rubs the cloth on my feet, and works his way up my leg, massaging my calves as he does. I groan, shivers racing up my spine from

the mix of pain and pleasure. My pussy heats, juices gathering between my thighs as his hands slowly work their way towards my center.

He lifts my gown, baring my waist completely. I don't wear panties under my gown. I find them very restricting for my henchmen.

Naturally, I spread my legs wide on the rocking chair so Timothy has full access. He spares me one last glance, making sure he has my permission before darting his tongue out and gliding the wet muscle up my slit.

A gasp leaves my throat as pleasure engulfs me. My little gasp is all the encouragement he needs. He settles in deeper, covering the entirety of my pussy with his mouth and gorging himself on me. His tongue thrusts inside me, little sharp stabs that wring out pure euphoria. When he stiffens his tongue and licks at my clit, I nearly lose it.

My eyes roll and my hips grind against his face. My hand grabs the back of his head, bringing him closer and nearly suffocating the clown on my juices.

Mortis comes back in the room just as my orgasm crests. The oxygen depletes from my lungs as fireworks explode in the back of my eyes. Ecstasy wracks my body, and I can't control the shuddering that overcomes me as I ride out the waves against Timothy's face.

Only when the orgasm begins to drift, do I sag against the rocking chair, my body utterly spent. Timothy pulls away, smacking his red-painted lips like he just had the best meal of his life. I smile in appreciation.

He's so cute.

Glancing up, Mortis already has his pants around his ankles and his cock gripped firmly in his fist. I lick my lips, salivating at the sight before me. Mortis doesn't bother painting the rest of his body red, just his face. My henchman is a very tall man, though extremely skinny. He has no meat to his body, but I don't mind—not when he carries all the meat between his legs.

Timothy moves aside, letting Mortis step forward, pick me up and sink in the chair beneath me. He settles me on his lap, his hard ridge cocooned perfectly in my pussy. Timothy prepared me plenty, leaving me dripping wet. I grind my hips, sliding my center up and down his shaft and pulling deep moans from both of us.

Having enough of the torture, he lifts me just enough to pose the crown of his head at my entrance, and then slams me down, lifting his bony hips in

tandem.

My head falls back, a long moan releasing from my throat, much like a wolf would howl at the moon. I let Mortis do all the work, basking in his attention and need to take control. Loving the way he owns my body as he pounds into me. The sound of skin slapping, and grunts fill the room as Timothy leaves to dispose of the trash.

I tip my head back, a long moan releasing from my throat. The coil in my stomach tightens. It feels like a rope fraying at the seams, a heavy weight pulling it apart until it just... *snaps*.

I let loose a scream as another orgasm crashes through me. Mortis grunts from below me, pistoning his hips faster, sloppier, chasing his own orgasm. Soon, he finds what he's searching for, stilling beneath me and letting out a long groan as his cum fills me up.

A wide smile breaks across my pale face.

I don't do the jump scares like my henchmen, but I still dress the part in the case I'm seen. I make my face up to look like a dolly with a broken face, cracks and fissures running through my skin. Only at night, do I wipe the makeup clean.

Without it, I'm just a plain jane. Brown hair, brown eyes and an unremarkable face. I'm not ugly, but I won't be featured on any magazines in my lifetime.

That's okay. I don't need to be beautiful when I'm doing exactly what I was created to do.

Not a single soul passes through the threshold of this house without me casting judgment—determining if evil resides in their soul. As they make their way through the maze of my dollhouse, I watch from inside the walls.

They're *all* judged. Every single one of them.

If one fails, I sing my songs and my henchmen will lead them away—separate them from family or friends. And when they're well and truly alone, I strike.

They're never to be seen again, and I've cleansed this world of one less demon.