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"I'm cold, bro," Line said.

"No worries, mate. We'll start hitting 'em up soon," Aar said.

"So, what should I take?" Line asked. "Jewels, cash, jewelry, but what else?"

"Anything that's nice and shiny," said Fane. "Enjoy yourself, tonight is a fuckin' righteous night."

The Fall Brothers walked three across. The sidewalk belonged to them alone. In their hands were pillowcases they stole from other kids, an hour earlier.

"Fuck mate, it's hard to breathe in this," Fane said. He was wearing a mask of a dead pirate. He wore a red bandanna on top of it, tied in the back.

"Well, maybe you should have taken something more like Line," Aar said.

Line was wearing a royal prince's garb with a golden crown tilted on his head. "Fuckin' right, ya peasant," Line said.

It was Halloween night. The streets were dark and the children were running blind through the night. Cars passed by with their headlights on; they bumped down the roads and swerved around people. A perfect, round moon lit the sky.

Aar started coughing and then lifted his Bill Clinton mask. Fane slapped Aar in the chest and nodded toward a lit house. **“Let’s get some candy, bros.”**

Aar and Line followed Fane to the house. The Halloween decorations assured them of safe haven. They stood at the doormat, smirking to each other, and laughing at the prospects. **“Land of the brave,”** Aar said.

Line pressed the doorbell. **\*DING-DONG\***. The three brothers stood there, opening their bags for the candy. A woman opened the door with a grand smile.

**“Trick or treat!”** Aar and Line sounded.

**“Cunt,”** Fane added in a low voice.

**“My, my,”** the woman at the door said. **“What have we here....A pirate, a king, and Bill Clinton, ha-ha-ha.”** She began placing handfuls of Butterfingers and Nestle chocolate bars in their bags.

Fane smiled behind the pirate mask. A sparkle of light glanced over his eyes. His fingers clutched the steel of his silver blade and forward he leaned towards her. He grabbed the flesh of her neck, around the collarbone, and sliced quickly to the right. He exhaled a sigh of delight as her eyes rolled back and she sunk to her **knees**. **“Where you belong, bitch,” he said.**

Aar and Line entered the house and shut the door. The candy bowl the woman was holding had dropped to the carpet floor and spilled out. Line bent down and unwrapped a **Snickers’ bar**. **He shifted his eyes to Fane and Aar, who weren’t looking,** and licked the blood off the wrapper. He scrunched up his face and nodded, approving of the salty, copper taste.

Aar paced up the staircase of the house in a dash as Fane took the bottom floor with his mask still down.

Fane entered the **kitchen and opened the fridge**. **“Slag!** Just condiments, ‘the fuck?!” **He** grabbed an apple from the fruit bowl and sank **his teeth down**. **Line could hear Aar’s footstep** from above and started searching the living room for shiny things. Fane came around the hallway towards Line and stopped at the body of the woman.

Line tossed some change in his bag and joined Fane.

**“She’s old and she’s fat. Now ya see Line,” Fane started, while** putting his hand on his crotch, **“you can only spill your seed so often. So, when you have an ugly sort of chick like this at disposal, ya gotta think about the options, ya know. Will I find a hotter chick? I don’t know. Will I wish I had fucked another chick first, so I can cum on her face? These are heavy questions**

that'll hit you some day, if you live to see it. Just remember, there's options. This broad's too fat. Fuck that! I'll find somethin' better. Fuckin' right I will."

Aar came down the stairs with a heavier bag than before. "Shit's clean, not much good though, the cheap fucks," he said. "Ye boys ready for the next one?"

"Yea, let's hit this shit up," Fane said, adjusting his pirate mask. Fane led the way out the door and closed it behind them.

"Bro, I'm dyin' for some good pussy," Fane said. "We gotta hit a house that could be home to some hot fuckin' Goth brunette chick that cuts herself. What ya think that sort of house looks like?"

"Fuck if I know...Let's try this one here," Aar said, pointing to a great, big house. "Don't forget the words, bros," he said, followed with laughter.

Line rang the doorbell and tapped his scepter against his hand. A tall man opened the door; his eyes were slanted. "Trick or treat!" The brothers said together.

"Fuckin Chink," Fane said under his breath.

"I don't have any candy," the man said flatly.

"You gotta daughter?" Fane asked.

The man's face remained the same. He said nothing.

"Sorry to bother you, mate," Aar said and turned around. Fane stood there looking at the man for a minute longer, then turned and met up with Aar.

"Fuckin' guy's boring, who wants to rob a fuckin' boring piece of shit like that," Aar said.

"I want more candy!" Line said.

"We'll get ye some candy, mate. And we'll get me some of the candy I want, too," Fane said.

"Next house, boys," Fane said, marching down the late night street. The soft jingle sound of Fane's knife in his pocket could be heard. Aar held a wooden-handled hammer, swinging from a loop in his pants, covered by his presidential jacket.

A Halloween soundtrack echoed from the house on the corner. RIP headstones covered the front lawn. "This'll do," Aar said. The three of them stepped up to the doormat and rang the bell. Line was holding his bag open. Fane was ready to charge down the unfortunate.

"Hello," the woman said who opened the door.

"Trick or treat, stupid cunt," Fane said, dashing up to her neck with a clean slice. She toppled backwards with Fane atop her. He plunged the knife in her chest repeatedly. Blood flopped out in rapid progression, reminding Fane of a fountain he saw the other night.

"Such a sweet sound," he said. Then he sank the knife into each of her eyes, twisting when the hilt was nearest in.

Footsteps could be heard from farther in the house. Aar paced toward them.

"Trick or treat," he said, accelerating his pace. The hammer's neck in his hand slowly pumped the air, adjusting to a rhythm. "Trick or treat."

"Who are you?" **A man's voice bellowed.** "Christ!" A sound echoed, \*GRISHX\*, throughout the house. Aar had struck the man flat in the forehead.

"Where's our fuckin' treats," he asked, smashing the man's head. Each blow disfigured the man's features more. He rested the hammer's claw on the man's nose. Teeth were broken and sticking out of the flesh. The nose caved inward, and the eyes seemed to be lower than they were prior.

"Do you hear music?" Fane asked. Line stopped shoving trinkets in his pillow case once the last one dropped with a clunk; he looked at Fane, then both their eyes rose up to the ceiling. A constant blare of a bass was evident.

Fane jumped off the woman full of holes and splattered with blood, and clasped onto the banister of the staircase heading upwards. The stairs creaked and shifted loosely under Fane's heavy steps.

He arrived at the top, spotting two adjacent open doors and one closed door with yellow light leaking out from all the edges. He quickly pushed open the darker doors to find them empty. Then he slowly approached the lit, yellow door.

He stuck his left hand down his pants and started whacking his dick against his leg.

"Please God in Heaven; grant me a beautiful Goth girl with long luscious hair, fuckin' slim waist, tasty ass, and a tight untouched pussy." His dick hard, he kicked the door down, ripping the hinge from the wall.

Inside laid a cute, skinny girl in a witch costume with a flowering dress and green makeup covering her visible skin. She wore a black wig with strands of fluffy hair sticking out like her dress. The music was loud and more coherent now; it was DJ Jack Lucifer playing 96 Knights. She looked up at Fane, who had on his pirate mask. He tore it off and showed his overbearing smile. The girl kicked her legs and tried to grab something from beneath her bed. Fane clutched her shoulders and threw her onto the bed. He cut through her panties with his knife and rammed his cock up her before she had a chance to scream. Her eyes shot open wide. He fucked her hard, with the knife at her throat, cutting deeper into her flesh with every push.

Line stood on the kitchen table, his royal garb influenced his personality. He held his

small prick in his hand while gesturing his dismissal to everything in the room. Spinning in a circle, he sprayed everything within eight foot radius with warm, yellow piss.

Aar had finished pulling drawers from all the cabinets and went to find Fane.

Fane shot his load between her legs. "Splattered me well, babe," he said. Her blood had sprayed him red. Her eyes were staring upward to the ceiling. Her neck was cut severely open. "This...is something to remember," he said, gripping the flesh of her left breast and cutting a square of skin off her. "Green," he said, folding the torn bit and shoving it into his back pocket.

Aar popped the door open with his hammer and nodded to Fane. "Fall Brothers, heading out." Fane jumped off the bed to his feet and paused to buckle his belt.

"Holy Shit," Aar said, "I'll meet you downstairs in a minute."

"She likes it when you pull her tits," Fane said walking out.