

**It was fun trying to write from Lala's perspective with overly flowery and serious vocabulary. But don't worry, it stops after a few paragraphs if you find it annoying.**

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The orange setting sun fell behind the ebon horizon. It was the time for monsters to freely walk amongst the humans. The witching hour had begun and All Hallows Eve wast upon the island of Japan.

She could hear the call of the soul, uncaring of the silhouetted windows of goblins and ghouls and friar's lights illuminating the cucurbita corpses. Her weary traveler was not far, the cries of their spirit echoing on the whispers of the wind. Finding her way as an emissary of the beyond, duty called for her to reap on such a night. Before the waxing moon hadst finished its voyage in the sea of stars, a human would no longer draw breath.

The monsters left their lodgings, countless different spawn from the vestiges of hell ravaging the streets and causing chaos. Their war cry coming out from every to be raided homestead; "Trick or Treat." The ringing of the evening bell sounding off throughout the township, the number of those ravaged would be incalculable.

Reaching the man who was not long for the mortal coil, he had donned an appearance in a way to protect himself from the horde, the garb of a man of the cloth. Yet rather than reciting scripture and psalms to drive away the beasts of burden, he gave payment in a different form. The sign 'Haunted Maze' hung before the driveway, his horseless carriage on the street while a square of tarps and tape held horrors beyond comprehension within.

Taking a breath, Lala stopped and looked over the man who was still putting the last touches on his project for the community. She never relished in taking a life, but order had to be retained, and this man had been able to live a full life. His age was apparent from the moment she set eyes on him, the man having shrunk to nearly half her height, his eyes narrow and seemingly distant, the small amount of hair left on the sides of his head made of grays and whites.

"Hark oh poor soul, for I have come to thee in usherance of maintaining the balance of the land beyond the veil, to prevent the stream of endless life to overwhelm and overcome the world that-"

"Heh, you kids sure are going to extremes just for some candy. While I didn't have a bowl out, I suppose I could go and get you some from the pantry." The man didn't seem to care about her words.

"What? Wait, hey now, Sir!" As he walked into the home through the Haunted Maze, Lala called out to him and tried to get him to pay attention. "I'm not a child, I have been around for ages immemorial."

"Sure you have." He nodded as he walked through the darkened halls and split paths with surprising speed for his age.

"No, I'm here to-" "RAAAAGGGHHHH!!!!" Stepping on something, a cutout flung forward and the real life audio of a werewolf snarling played through a speaker.

Lala hadn't been scared, not at all, she just... needed a moment to compose herself and calm her heartbeat while the savage, drool dripping wolfman cutout reclined back against the wall. In that time, the man had escaped her sight.

Letting out a sigh of annoyance, the Dullahan went forward and had to endure the labyrinth that had been crafted to confuse and misdirect the monsters swarming the night. Dead ends with bloody handprints and scrawled messages for help that wouldn't come, the cackles of witches and howls of wolves echoing through the darkness with only small pumpkin lanterns giving a poor orange light.

She had been alive for generations, such simple things couldn't possibly scare her. The hairs on her body were simply on edge because of the cold, and her girlish squeals were... messages to ward off any *real* terrifying monsters.

She didn't know how long she had been wandering the shifting maze, but hugging the wall, she discovered a small curtain to the tarp. Pushing it apart, a white light came through and revealed the well kept garage, with the door into the house covered by a green goopy sign that "Keep Out" was emblazoned on.

But something as trivial as that wouldn't stop a devoted dullahan like her. Walking into the man's home, she moved down the hall with a washer and dryer before turning another corner.

A towering figure stood in the hall, shadows framing their form that was nearly twice her own size, a white mask covering their face, and a blood dripping knife in their hand.

Screaming her head off, Lala scrambled backwards and quite literally lost her head while her body ran down the hall and wound up caught in some massive web that she didn't see while her life was too busy flashing before her eyes.

With her body struggling in webs and her head on the floor, the dullahan was terrified of what was about to happen... then the looming figure was lifted off the ground and pushed to the side.

"Hehehe, I thought that I'd just be using this guy to scare off any kids who didn't read the sign. Didn't expect to actually catch a Dullahan." The old man dressed as a priest was chuckling to himself at the ridiculous sight before him.

"Wait, so you knew what I was back at the front of your house? Why'd you go and punk me like this?" The terror she had felt was replaced by outrage and embarrassment.

"Hey now, if you're coming here to reap my soul, I don't think you have any ground to stand on. Plus I figure you'd have just used that scythe of yours on it and not run into the web." A smile cracked his face at Lala's body struggling against the webbing and her scythe being equally stuck.

Her blue skin growing flusher, Lala bit back while trying to roll herself upright. "I am a creature of the night, my methods are for me alone to understand." The look on his face showed how he didn't buy her mystic speak for even a moment. "And why am I trapped in fake cotton cobwebs as if they're Arachnera's webs?" She could feel her body pushing to try and free itself.

"Well, that's because I bought the real thing. I wasn't sure about it, but the TV ads convinced me, and I can see that it's worth the price." He walked up and twinged the web to show it reverberating before returning to normal.

She took a deep breath before sighing. "Very well, human, you have captured a collector of souls, a ferryman of death, what is it that you seek from doing so?"

"Heh, all I wanted to do was to scare you to death like you nearly did me." The man laughed before a look came over his face. "So I can ask you for something just because I caught you?"

"I do not possess the powers of the occult to perform sorceries, however, you have trapped me... and I'd really like to get out of this." Her body heaved back and forth to try and break free.

"I wasn't going to ask for anything with magic, I get that I've got to go, but you can think of it as a last request." Bending over, he picked up Lala's head. "I just want to spend my last night with a beautiful woman."

"I see, then I'll do my best to help you find someo-" The dullahan only put two and two together in what he was asking for when his lips pressed against hers. His tongue showed incredible skill and talent, making her head foggy and body charged.

"Wha- how?" She was never left so breathless before.

"So you didn't know anything about the target you were whisking away?" The old man held her with one hand while he used the other for something else. "I might be retired now, but I spent decades as a premier adult video star." His pants came off and Lala's hair stood on end when she saw how his shortened height with age didn't affect the size of his growing shaft. "And with less than twelve hours to live, I'm going to make the most of them."

"Are you sure that you want me? I think I could find you another woman in no time flat, someone who-" Her mouth rattled off in a blur until she was cut off again, though this time in a far more sloppy manner.

Her mouth was spread open, the semi erect cock pressing against her tongue and the salty flavor invading her mind. Her dark eyes were opened wide as she felt him grow harder in her mouth and pick up the pace. Her face was getting fucked harder and harder each time he thrust inside her lewd mouth until his hips blurred, his balls slapping against her chin and pre-cum flooding her mouth.

Being a Dullahan, Lala didn't have to worry about breathing, but that didn't mean that she could shrug off having a log slam down her throat at every other moment.

Not being aware of her actions, Lala didn't know when she started to actually greedily suck and use her tongue on the fat cock that was burning itself into her mind. Trailing along his veins while toying with his slit and head in the brief seconds when he was getting ready to plunge back into her tight throat. While inexperienced, Lala was putting a shocking amount of gusto into this, even though she was being used as an onahole.

The look in her eyes that locked with his seemed to trigger something in the man as he let out a grunt and his dick swelled, cum blasting its way into the blue skinned woman's mouth and making her cheeks bulge as she tried to swallow every drop.

Just as she could feel everything happening to her body, the same was true in reverse. Her body was burning and her nipples poked against her black lace bra. She was trembling and dripping with sweat and arousal from just a simple blowjob. How did this man nearly make her climax from giving him head?

When he pulled his rock hard cock out of the dullahan's mouth, cum spewed past her lips and fell to the floor. The cock drunk smile plastered over Lala's face let the man know that he still had his touch.

Trying to catch her breath, Lala was only half aware of how she was being moved until she was placed onto a wooden table next to some spray bottle. The old man wanted to give her the best view of what was about to come.

With how she ran away, her front side was trapped against the web, but that didn't deter the man. His surprisingly rough hands groped her ass and made Lala realize just how short her skirt was with the bottom of her butt just barely being visible.

Pulling her panties down her long legs and thigh high heels, Lala bit her lip at seeing the short man lining himself up. A fire burning through her body when she felt the wide head of his fat cock pressing against her lower lips. She was drooling and he hadn't even put it in.

In just one thrust, her body was arching and trying to press against him while her head was flooding with white nothingness and she nearly rolled off the table.

But he wasn't stopping there.

His hips were a blur that left Lala screaming all over again. She'd never felt something fill her so completely or give so much pleasure in her endless life.

She already felt as if she was melting, and that was before he started to slap her ass. Kneading her blue flesh into a darker hue and making squeaks and squeals come out of her mouth between the moaning and gasping.

Here she was, a proud dullahan wailing and crying out loud enough to make a banshee jealous. Her body wasn't able to do anything besides grip the webs with white-knuckles and yank on them to try and keep some semblance of sanity while her own insides were being split apart just the same.

She couldn't take it, he was too much, the webbing held her whole body weight as she felt her legs give out beneath her. A wave of euphoria slammed through her being, Lala's body squirted over the floor and while she watched it happen, though with the look on her face, she might have been blinded by the haze of pleasure.

But she did feel a massive shock to her system when a burning hot blast of cum flooded her cunt. Surge after surge from his cock unleashing his essence inside of her nearly made the woman white out from so much stimulation, his own seed dripping out of her honeypot as well and staining the floor alongside her.

Wafting around on cloud nine, Lala couldn't keep her mind from wondering; if this is what her partner was like now, then how was he during his prime?

"If I didn't know any better..." He took a breath as he reached over to the spray bottle beside Lala's head. "I'd think you were a succubus instead of a dullahan." Spritzing the formula on the web, the material began to dissolve where it was directly applied. So while her torso and legs were freed, Lala's arms still dangled from the webbing attached to the ceiling.

Pulling open her coat, the man easily undid the white button up she wore and revealed her laced black bra, but he pulled that down to expose what he was really after. Toying and treating her breasts like milk would come out, Lala felt her whole body shiver again at his touch, being completely aware with how his cock was still hard and sheathed inside her.

Without a moment's rest or his age showing any impact on his stamina, the retired man grabbed Lala's thick thigh and turned her body to the side, one leg above his shoulder, one leg on the ground, and her speared cunt completely visible to her watching head.

This position made the white haired girl realize just how much of him had to be left out for him to fuck her from behind, and how now he was letting every inch invade her body.

His hips moved with unceasing fervor, the sounds of their slapping skin echoing through the house alongside Lala's stream of moans. The hand that wasn't holding her leg steady reached forward and toyed with her breast, teasing and tweaking her nipples before he leaned forward to suck and graze his teeth against her sensitive peaks.

If she could see straight, Lala would swear that she saw her stomach bulging from how he was reshaping her insides. Her mind was nothing but mush as his cum continued to seep out of her tight pussy and trail down her heavy thighs. His cock, his hands, his mouth, every part of him had learned and mastered how to pleasure any woman throughout his long career, and Lala would be the last girl to have her world blown away by this man.

This time Lala thought she could hold on, take him for longer before falling to pieces and cumming first. That was, until he moved his hand from her tit to her clit. It was like lightning coursing through her body, leaving her to squirt once again while her head was melting. Drool, cum, and sweat covered her face and made the way it twisted in pleasure all the more enticing and gratifying for the man who sent this legendary monster woman into such a vulnerable and intimate state.

Her cunt just felt too good and milked him for every drop he could give her, the human couldn't possibly hope to hold himself back long against a monster girl's incredible cunt. With a deep groan, another load of his cum flooded her insides and forced his previous batch to spill out while hot spunk left Lala's mind to break apart worse than it already had. His hips going for as long as he could to keep their orgasms going, even Lala's own body joining in and trying to grind against his crotch.

She was so lost in her latest orgasm that she didn't even realize when her arms had been freed from the webs. Though she did take notice when he finally pulled out, her body nearly collapsed onto the floor, too flooded with euphoria to even keep itself standing without the man's help.

Being picked up off the table and placed back onto her body, Lala still didn't have much of her reason back, but she was more than happy to follow her partner down the hall on unsteady legs and with a trail of cum following behind her as he lead the beautiful blue-skinned woman into his bedroom. Everything turned into a blur for her with how her body was touched and cradled, this old man spending every last second he could enjoying his life to the fullest.

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The next day, an anonymous call came in to report the passing of an 87 year old resident of a small town. The old man had passed peacefully in his sleep, a smile on his face. Or at least that's what everyone was left to believe. The only person who knew the truth was hiding their hickey ridden body with their black coat, and leaning heavily on their scythe to help offset the limp they were left with after going through such an intense 'workout' the night before.

Exhausted after having gone through the roughest and best night of her life, Lala couldn't help but feel a little sad about her job, but it had to be done. Though who knows, maybe he'd find some way to visit her. After all, Halloween was when the barrier between the human and spirit world was at its weakest. Maybe next year they could meet again. She'd have to reap his soul once more to the land of the dead, but there's nothing stopping her from enjoying one more night.