

A T<sub>3</sub>DDYTALK SHORT STORY

TRICK OR

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TREAT

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HEART

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BEAT

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TEDDY GUTIERREZ



Trick or  
Treat  
Heartbeat

Teddy Gutierrez

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First Edition

First printing: 2020

Published by: T3ddyTalk

[www.T3ddyTalk.com](http://www.T3ddyTalk.com)

## Trick or Treat Heartbeat

“How old are you supposed to be? Fifteen or five?” My mum asks, a mocking tone in her voice.

“You’ve gone trick-or-treating while I’ve been alive, and before you say it was with me, it wasn’t. You and Dad went around the entire neighbourhood collecting sweets, which you then proceeded to not share with me. So, don’t blame me for that. I am going trick-or-treating with my friends, I’m going to be back by 10:30pm, and I will even give you some candy when I get back.” I grin as I head toward the gate.

“Fine, but make sure to get one *Crunchy* for your Dad.” I look back at her, finding her

smiling at me as I walk down the path to the gate.

“I’ll try my best, Mum.”

I turn back to the gate, unlocking it, shutting it behind me and making my way toward my friends who are gathered across the street. “Hey, Bennet. You ready to get your pants scared off ya?” Brandon chuckles.

“What do you mean?” I question, my brows narrowing.

“We’re going up to the mansion. Apparently, the owner has just come back. He’s never been here during Halloween before. Thought we’d see what we could get out of the rich prick,” Lucy giggles as she runs up the road, towards the turning toward the mansion.

I jog after her, Brandon following close behind. As we start to walk up the dirt road toward the mansion, the sky darkens as the

light pollution fades. “I guess I was the smart one, for once,” Brandon mumbles from behind Lucy and me, we turn to look at him and get a blinding light shone in our eyes. “Sorry,” he says, pointing the flashlight to the group.

I turn back toward the mansion, finding lights turning on. “I think he’s seen us...” I continue walking, the open fields allowing the wind to chill me to the bone.

“I’ll race ya.” Lucy runs off. We follow her, laughing and giggling as we go.

When we finally arrive at the mansion, the creepiness of it impacts me a little more. The windows have their curtains drawn, allowing the candlelight from the inside to seep out. “Why is he still using candles? Does he not know what electricity is?” Brandon murmurs, as he continues to walk towards the building with Lucy.

I stop, taking in the sight. The old, Yorkshire slab making the mansions

brickwork, the ivy hanging off the side of said brickwork, causing shadows on the ground to look like claws, trying to grasp for my feet. The man opens the door, he's middle-aged, tall with a slight hunch to his back. "Here you go, kiddies. Enjoy." He smiles, his teeth looking crooked and slightly yellow from what I can see from this distance.

Brandan and Lucy come back over to me. "I wonder what was in the third bowl," Lucy mutters.

The man stands in the door, staring at me, holding the three bowls. Brandan nudges me to go forward. I walk over, and look up at the man. "Pierce the film and get your trick-or-treat." He smirks, a sinister look in his eyes. I pierce the black film of the third bowl, peeling it back slightly so I can get my hand in. I reach in, and instantly I feel like vomiting. I grab hold of the item in the bowl, pulling it out, the squishy, slimy texture being explained

as I pull it out and find it to be a human heart. I drop it and step back, screaming.  
“You’re coming with me, kiddie.”