



Myers: A Dark, Taboo Horror Romance Novella

Author: *Zepphora*

Category: Dark Erotica

Description: Fourteen years ago, I killed sixteen people and I'd do it again. Were you expecting something different? Did you think I would be remorseful? No. Each and every one of them deserved to die. Now, I'm back to reclaim what was always supposed to be mine and destroy everyone who has wronged me or her. Those who took her from me will pay with their lives and I'll smile like the psychopath I am as I deliver my own twisted form of justice. After all, it's Halloween. The craziest things happen on All Hallows' Eve. . Myers is a dark, taboo horror romance retelling of Michael Myers. This book is graphic in nature so please check the warning on the author's website before diving into this twisted tale. Welcome to Chippewa Falls where Damien King is the one name everyone fears.

Total Pages (Source): 23

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

They say the system fails everyone in one way or another. Everyone is traumatized by people as they grow up. It's a part of life, of being human. It's something older generations were more accepting of and my generation is intolerant to.

Everyone makes mistakes, even when those mistakes leave them dripping in the blood of others. Blood isn't too bad though. I'm drawn to it in an unexplainable way. The crimson hue grows in my vision with each passing day.

There's something inside me that I can't identify, but every second, it grows.

I pass the mountains of trash bags in the hall and force myself to breathe through the scent of rotting food before making it to one of the only clean rooms in the house.

As soon as I step inside, I tear open the zipper of my backpack—barely held together by the seams—and pull out the air freshener refill I stole from the store on my walk home.

Mom would be so disappointed, but she's dead so she can't say much. It's not like Samantha is going to put out the money to make this room more bearable for our guest. She stands up in the little gated pen she spends her days in and giggles when she sees me.

Bellatrix Rothchild. My only guess is that her parents are huge Harry Potter fans and decided to take one of those weird names and give it to their only daughter. I call her Trixie though.

Samantha is an extended-stay babysitter, but Trixie is the only one who stays for

more than a few days at a time. Samantha only has one rule for the parents. They aren't allowed in the house for obvious reasons. It's insane that people actually trust her to take care of their kids. Mom never would've left me with Samantha if she hadn't died in that plane crash seven years ago.

Samantha, the legal guardian in question, is my much older step-sister. Rodney, Samantha's dad, and Mom married shortly after I was born and I was told the only condition was that Samantha never be left alone with me. I didn't understand why, but I do now. Samantha is in her late twenties and she's always on something and in a foul mood.

"Hey, Trixie," I say as I plug in the air freshener before dropping my backpack. She claps her hands with joy before flashing a toothy grin my way.

I try to remind myself that babies are like dogs. They love you as long as you're the one feeding them. However, every time I try to keep that in perspective—that Trixie doesn't actually care that it's me who came into the living room—it feels wrong. She doesn't smile like that for her parents when they pick her up once every couple weeks for a few days.

I do everything for Trixie even though it's Samantha who is supposed to be taking care of her. If I left it up to my evil step-sister to tend to Trixie, she would starve and live in her own feces. Trixie is a well behaved little girl. Before I leave for school, I give her breakfast, leave her with three cups of water, change her clothes, and empty her potty chair. I leave school during lunch time to do the same things as I did in the morning except for changing her clothes. When I get home, it's another repeat, except I tend to bring her with me to my room while I do homework or whatever else Samantha makes me do. That's usually only when we leave the house though. Good thing Samantha brought Mom's bike here when she died. It's one of those bikes with a little playpen attached to the back so I can take Trixie with me.

I don't feel right leaving her here with Samantha. She doesn't do anything and, when she does, it's not good.

"Damien!" Samantha calls from across the house as I rub my stomach, feeling the ache of the bruises along the muscles. "Are you home?"

I grimace before reaching into the pen and I lift up Trixie who quickly hugs me. "Dame dame!" Her arms tighten around my neck and I get the sense that this little girl wants to protect me from the monster in the next room. No one else sees it, but she does because she's here all the time. She clings to me and gets so upset when her parents come for her. In some way, she knows that when she leaves, I'm alone with pure evil.

I should be counting down the days until I can leave, but I'm not. Leaving means abandoning Trixie and I don't want to do that. I could tell her parents the truth, but they won't care. No one does as long as evil puts on a mask and pretends to be something it isn't. A person can be kind, but people are too wrapped up in themselves to see someone crying out for help. I've been crying for years, but everyone ignores it. As long as Trixie is taken care of, I don't mind taking the abuse.

At least, that's what I tell myself.

"Are you hungry?" I ask before I set her on the floor outside her pen and squat down. Samantha doesn't like it, but I keep all of Trixie's snacks in here, so her friends don't eat them all. I can only steal so much with my backpack and I can't steal from the same places or they might notice a pattern.

Trixie sits on her knees and claps as I open the cabinet doors in the entertainment center and pull out a box of graham crackers. Flipping open the top, I pull out two sheets before handing them to her. Trixie shoves one in her mouth before she extends the other out to me, pleading in her doe eyes. She wants me to eat, too. I'll eat later.

This is her food.

“That’s yours,” I say, but she shakes her head and thrusts the graham cracker sheet at me again, adamantly.

I sigh in defeat before I take a small bite off the end. She mimics the move as if to say keep going. My stomach rumbles in agreement with her so I follow her unspoken request until the cracker is completely gone.

“Thank you,” I whisper to her before I press a kiss to her cheek. Then, she shoves an entire graham cracker in her mouth, but it’s too big. Half of it falls out of her lips as she chews with a big smile across her face.

“Damien,” Samantha chastises as she stumbles into the room, clutching her robe around her body. The way she moves tells me everything I need to know. She’s halfway to passed out on the floor. It’s barely three. “I was calling your name,” she slurs as she drops onto the sofa, groaning from the lumpy surface.

“I was taking care of Trixie.” I grab her cup from inside the pen and hand it to the toddler as she grins up at me like I’m her favorite person in the world.

“Fucking brat has been making too much noise. I had a migraine all day.” Samantha presses a hand to her forehead with a groan, but I ignore her antics. A headache is no excuse for ignoring Trixie. She’s basically a baby. She can’t take care of herself.

“I’ll make some food,” I offer before lifting Trixie into my arms. “You’ll feel better after you eat.”

Samantha sends me one of those smiles that tells me she’s thinking of something truly evil. “Such a good boy.”

I duck my head and carry Trixie to the kitchen. I don't have very many cooking skills, but I can make due with the basics. Trixie doesn't stop clinging to me until we're away from Samantha and in the kitchen. I place Trixie in her high chair before I get to work on cleaning up the mess Samantha has made today. Then, I start making food. Once I sit a plate on the kitchen table, I take Trixie and my plate of food up to my room before locking the door.

* * *

Trixie breathes softly as she lays in her playpen set up in my room. We use it as a bed since Samantha can't seem to put enough money aside to get Trixie a toddler bed. Standing up from my desk, I grab Trixie's blanket and lay it over her sleeping form. The child snuggles into the fleece, but doesn't wake back up. Her nightly bath always puts her to sleep.

I rub my eyes before yawning then I hear her calling my name from downstairs. The needles prick up my spine as I stiffen. The last thing I want is to go downstairs, but if I don't, Samantha will come up here and I don't want Trixie to see what she does. It's bad enough that she witnesses the beatings.

Grudgingly climbing out of bed, I switch off the light before turning on the box fan in the corner. I don't want her to hear it either.

Stepping out of my room, I head down the hall and down the stairs. "Coming," I mutter with anxiety creeping up the back of my neck. It's going to happen again. I just know it. It's the only reason she ever calls me down here after Trixie has fallen asleep.

I don't want it to happen. I hate it. Everytime she does this, I get sick and lose everything I ate for dinner. I can already feel the bile rising as I make my way down the halls with trash bags stacked along the wall.

“Yes?” I say as I stand in the threshold of Samantha’s room and she sits on the edge of her bed in that robe I hate so much. It’s bubble gum pink with magenta flowers all over it. It’s her unspoken sign. That dang robe. It’s meant to tell me what she’s going to do to me.

“Come here,” she says with that strange look on her face.

“I should take the trash out.” Anything to escape this, but I try this excuse every time she does this and it always makes her mad.

“You can do that tomorrow. Come here, Damien,” she demands, that rage in her eyes. “You know I need your help.” She tries to look innocent. She is anything but.

Swallowing down the rising bile, I take a step inside her room and nearly trip over the trash and dirty clothes littering the floor.

She grins like the cat from Alice In Wonderland. “Good boy. Now, come sit with me.” Biting my tongue, I move over to the edge of her bed and take a hesitant seat beside the evil witch that controls my existence.

She stands and moves in front of me before pushing me back on the bed and pushes her robe over her shoulders and down her body. Samantha moves her filthy fingers to the elastic band of my shorts and tugs them down. Slamming my eyes shut, I try to imagine I’m somewhere else, anywhere else. As long as it’s not this hell. Still, I feel her climb on top of me and force me inside her.

My stomach rolls as my arms shake and I’m so thankful Trixie is asleep upstairs. She doesn’t know this is happening. She doesn’t know the worst part of my sentence in this house. The worst part isn’t the trash, the beating, or having to take care of everyone that comes through the front door. No, it’s the thing Samantha does in the dead of night.

“Such a good boy,” the beast purrs in my ear as she moves against me and I refuse to open my eyes.

It will all be over soon, like it is every time she makes me do this. It never lasts long, only until she is satisfied, and then I can go puke, shower, and go to bed. Just for it all to start over again.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

I made a promise to Trixie, even though I'm sure she doesn't remember it. I promised to take her Trick-Or-Treating and that alone gives me a reason to be out of the house on this holiday. I don't want to be there. It's bad enough that Samantha made me take off school yesterday to clean the house and get rid of all the trash just so she could have a Halloween party with her loser friends.

I was able to steal a flower child costume for Trixie. I think it's rather fitting of her all-around happy spirit. She loves the costume. I can tell from the smile as she twirls in front of the mirror in my room. The dress waves in the air as she spins and the giggles that escape from her are contagious.

I pull down my mask over my face. It's one of those glow in the dark masks with X's over the eyes and a glowing stitch over the mouth. As soon as the mask settles on my face, a shift happens and it's almost as if something is unlocked inside my soul. Something dark and unnatural.

No one has to know who I am, what I look like, and I could be anyone other than myself as long as I have this mask on. Grabbing the kitchen knife I stole from the store as a prop for my costume, I put it in my hoodie pocket.

I tug the hood over my head before I reach down and extend my hand to Trixie. She excitedly bounces over to me before taking my hand. I give her the little Halloween bucket for her candy before I walk her out the front door and we head down the driveway.

One of Samantha's friends pulls up in their truck, five people jumping out of the bed of the truck.

“Hey, little dude.” I can never remember the name of Samantha’s boyfriend, but he’s always trying too hard like he thinks I’m her kid. Just the thought makes me want to vomit. “Fist bump, chica!” He bends down to Trixie’s level, but I just push past him.

Don’t fucking touch her. No one touches her.

“Seriously, Damien!” The idiot calls from behind me, but I ignore him as we slowly walk down the sidewalk.

I don’t want to talk. Not to him. Not to anyone.

Trixie squeezes my hand as we make our way through all the houses on our street, but she doesn’t seem tired yet. We keep going through the intersecting streets until she starts to slow down her excitement. We walk to the park and I help her onto a lone bench before pulling out a piece of candy from the bucket for her. She grins big before ripping the plastic wrap off the mini chocolate bar and takes a small bite of it.

I feel for the knife in my pocket just to make sure it didn’t fall out during our journey. I’d hate to have to explain that. I could just pretend I don’t have a tongue. Then, I wouldn’t have to lie or answer any questions. I could be just the weird mute kid instead of the isolated orphan everyone stares at.

“Wait, is that King? Damien King!” I don’t react as I sit by Trixie. You’d think nothing was happening by her focus on her chocolate bar.

From my peripheral vision, I can see three kids about my age coming over with costumes on. I don’t make an effort to learn anyone’s name. I don’t have any friends and the only companion I have can’t even say my name right because I don’t know how to teach her to talk.

I stay still and Trixie motions to the bucket like no one is around before giving me

those pleading eyes. I smirk behind my mask before grabbing her another chocolate bar.

“Aww, is this your little sister?” The three boys stop in front of us, but I don’t pay them any mind until Trixie does. She looks up at them and, for the first time, she looks uncertain, like she can sense something bad is about to happen and she doesn’t know what to do about it.

I look up at the idiots who dared to disturb her and all three of them are laughing.

“She’s such a cutie,” the one dressed up as Jack Sparrow says in a mocking tone. “Too bad she’s probably going to turn out like your other sister.”

Neither Trixie nor Samantha are my sisters. They can say anything they want about that monster, but Trixie doesn’t deserve it. She’s just a baby.

“Yeah, I heard your big sister likes to twiddle little kids. She’s a fucking pedo,” the one with clown makeup on his face says before pushing at the side of my head. Still, I don’t do or say anything. Why should I? They’re not lying. Samantha is a sicko. I’ve experienced how bad it can be first hand.

“Sammy is a psycho. You’re a freak. I bet your little sister will be the town whore growing up in a house with you two.” The one with Day of The Dead face paint leans in to taunt me with a sinister smirk on his face. “Don’t worry. I’ll be gentle when I break her in,” he sneers and red rises in my vision, but it completely snaps when Jack Sparrow grabs Trixie’s bucket and she cries.

No one makes her cry.

In a flash, I have the knife out of my pocket and I thrust it into Day of The Dead’s groin as a growl surges from my lips.

“Oh my god!” Clown Face screams in horror and falls back on his ass as Day of The Dead stares at me with pain and fear in his eyes. The fear is intoxicating. I rip the blade from his flesh and hear a thunk on the ground. I quickly look and see nothing other than his severed penis tumble from the leg of his pants.

He should’ve thought twice before talking about Trixie like that.

I kick him to the ground and he cries in agony as he cups his bleeding groin but my eyes fall on his friends. Jack Sparrow drops the bucket and is frozen in place, like he can’t believe what is happening. Without wasting a second, I whip the blade across his throat and blood spurts across my mask as he falls to the ground, clutching his neck. Clown Face is a little smarter than his buddies because he starts backing away slowly, holding up his hands.

“Man, they were just messing around with you. I didn’t say anything.”

He should’ve chose better friends. In school, they talk about suicide prevention and how you need to be careful of what you say and how you treat people because the smallest thing can send them over the edge. Jack Sparrow and Day of The Dead should’ve applied that same logic to me because they pushed me past my limit. Now, they’re bleeding out in this isolated park.

Make better choices in your next life and maybe you can avoid this.

I tilt my head at him and he turns to run, but his toe connects with a rock and he faceplants in the grass. “Please,” he cries as I wipe my knife on my pants and walk up behind him, a growl falling from my lips. “I don’t want to die!”

He tries to get to his feet, but I kick him back down to the ground. He grunts and screams a second before I plunge my knife through his back. I twist the blade as he cries and pulls it down the length of his spine until his cries stop. Then and only then

do I pull the knife from his body and wipe it off on my pants.

“Dame, Dame!” Trixie calls and my entire body stiffens. She saw that. She witnessed the whole thing. Trixie saw me completely lose it and kill those boys who were harassing us. I’m not scared of what I did or what’s going to happen to me now. What I am scared of is what I’m going to see on her face when I look at her. “Dame!” she calls again and, reluctantly, I turn to look at her. She doesn’t look frightened, even though her costume has blood splatter all around the skirt.

She points to the bucket in the grass that somehow ended up laid on its butt so none of the candy fell out during the ordeal. She points as if to say now that’s over with, feed me. I chuckle under my breath before shoving the knife back into my pocket. I grab the bucket and walk over to the bench, but I squat in front of her and pull the mask over my face just in case she forgot it was me in here. She grins at me.

“I didn’t scare you, did I?” I ask, not really expecting an answer out of her, but instead, she takes the bucket from me and presses a tight lipped kiss to my cheek, much like I always do to her. At least she doesn’t think I’m a freak.

Pulling back down my mask, I lift her off the bench and step over the fallen corpses to get back to the sidewalk. I don’t bother putting her back down. Instead, I walk with her in my arms all the way back to the house. Before we reach the driveway, she’s asleep in my arms. Even though the monster and her friends are still up and talking in the living room, I quietly carry Trixie up to my room and lay her in her playpen.

I don’t move though. I just stand there and stare down at her sleeping form. I don’t take off my mask or get cleaned up either. It feels right to keep the mask on. The mask is my guard to do what is necessary. I can protect Trixie and protect myself.

Tonight is Halloween, the night everyone gets to be someone different, someone new. Tonight I will fix everything and anyone who tries to get in my way will see what

happens when they come between me and ending the torment forever.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

I drop the knife next to Samantha's lifeless body on the ground before I turn and start for the stairs. The spooky piano music plays from the stereo as I step over all the corpses on the floor. The hardwood floor is so soaked with blood I bet they'll have to completely replace it. It even lines the floorboards.

Things will be better now that Samantha and her shitty friends are gone. Now, it can just be me and Trixie. I can take care of her. I always have anyway. The abuse is over. The war has ended.

I don't take off my mask as I march up the stairs and pull down the zipper of my hoodie, letting it fall to the floor. The sound of Trixie's giggling stops me in my tracks. Did she hear that? Did their screaming wake her?

If they weren't already dead, I'd kill them for disturbing her. I'd do anything for that little girl.

Walking into the room, Trixie stands in her playpen, trying to climb out to get to the bucket of candy. I should've known once she had a taste, she'd want more. She has a sweet tooth.

I groan as I pull my mask over my head and let it stay there like a baseball cap. "It's over now," I say before I pick her up and she wraps herself around me. When she pulls back an inch to look up at me, her entire torso is covered in blood. Shit. It must've soaked through my jacket.

She doesn't seem to notice or care.

We both bathed in blood tonight. In a truly twisted way, it binds us together. The same blood that has been on my skin, now coats hers. It's quite fitting. The color compliments her hair. I reach up to rub the chocolate off her cheek but the blood from my fingers transfers to her cheek. I run my fingers down her face, adding more to the masterpiece and she giggles before smiling up at me.

“Look what you’ve done. You need another bath,” I mumble, but she doesn’t react at all, except to lay her face against my chest. She might not want to admit it but she’s tired. A bath should put her right to sleep. I can figure something out in the morning. I’ll need to get rid of the bodies or we’ll have to leave. Trixie can’t live in a house with rotting corpses all over the place.

I’ll be able to think straight after some much needed sleep.

I start to take her to the bathroom when I hear the sirens outside. Police sirens. This is one thing I did not anticipate. Did someone see me kill those kids and know it was me? Maybe a neighbor heard the screaming and called the cops. It’s possible.

Suddenly, a door downstairs slams and I still hold Trixie close. Maybe they’ll see the bodies and go away? They might be scared. I don’t have the knife with me or I’d take care of whoever it is. I don’t care if it’s a cop or even Trixie’s parents. No one is taking her from me. I need to keep her safe. In some way, she holds the key to my sanity, to keep the darkness away and hold me up to the light. We’re bound together because of what’s happened. No one can take her from me.

Trixie holds me close and she doesn’t move. She doesn’t even breathe. Neither do I.

“Is anyone alive in here?!” Someone yells from downstairs and I don’t take a chance of them hearing me. I don’t even take a step. What if the floorboards make noise? They’ll find us up here. “Call for back-up. It’s a bloodbath in here!”

“Check upstairs! A kid lives in this house!”

“It’s Halloween. He probably isn’t home yet, Sullivan.”

I look at my window and contemplate jumping out it, but it would risk Trixie getting hurt and I’m not leaving her here. Please don’t come up here. I hold her close to me, running my fingers through her hair in a way that soothes both of us. Her breathing turns harsh. She must sense my turmoil.

“Do you want to take the risk that the kid might be dying in this house?”

Then, I hear the footsteps on the stairs. My mind runs all over the place, trying to figure out a way to escape this hell. I silently pray that they don’t come in here. The door is closed and the light is out. Maybe they’ll pass right by and figure I’m not here.

Please, don’t find us.

I can stand in this spot as long as it takes for them to leave. Hell, maybe they’ll clean up the bodies and I won’t have to do anything at all. When they leave, we can go to bed and pretend none of this happened. Just don’t take Trixie from me.

Fate is stacked against us because the door opens and light floods the room as the cop shines his flashlight in and it settles on me holding Trixie. Within a flash, his gun is drawn and I curl myself around Trixie as she squeals.

“Dame, Dame!” she cries and her words seem to calm the cop because he lowers the gun.

“Damien, is that you? Take off the mask, son.”

I'm not his son and I don't want to take off the mask. I feel fine with it on. He walks further into the room with his weapon and flashlight lowered.

"Damien, I need to make sure that's you, okay? Please, take off the mask." I don't want to stop him from taking it off because in order to do that, I'll have to take my hands off of Trixie and she needs me. He grabs the chin of my mask and lifts it over my head before letting out a sigh of relief. "Are you hurt?" he asks and I just hold Trixie tighter and she returns the squeeze. I shake my head though. "Is she hurt?" I repeat the motion. "Let's get the two of you out of here. Something...very bad has happened downstairs so I want you to keep your eyes on me until we get outside. The ambulance should be here soon."

My eyes narrow with confusion. He doesn't know it was me. Why? I'm covered in blood, yet so is Trixie. I'm not going to correct him though. I follow him outside as three police cruisers pull up to the house along with two ambulances. I'm guessing one is for the dead and the other one is for me and Trixie.

Slipping the mask back down my face, I slightly loosen my hold on her and she relaxes, but before we reach the ambulance Detective Sullivan is escorting us to, Trixie is passed out in my arms.

It's way past her bedtime and this has been a really exciting night for her.

As soon as I'm inside the ambulance, the male paramedic tries to take Trixie from me, but with a loud snarl emitted from the mask, he backs away with his hands raised. No one takes her from me, period.

Not unless they want to die.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

Idrag the black lipstick down my lips, creating this faux skeleton look. I'm always experimenting with make up for Halloween, but everything I know is self-taught. This could work for a little kid, but not a teenager. It needs to be better than this.

Every year, a week before Halloween, I always dress up as a Day of The Dead ghost. I don't know why, but I've felt attached to the costume for as long as I can remember. After a few minutes of me trying and failing to create a decent look myself, my mom walks into the bathroom and takes over the face painting.

"I don't know why you insist on this little tradition of yours. Day of The Dead is the day after Halloween, not a week before, sweetheart."

I smirk as soon as she finishes the design. "I like it. It's something fun and no one else does it. It makes me feel special."

She quirks a brow at me. "You're already special without all this makeup on." I look in the mirror at the flawless job she did. Seriously, my mom should've been a special effects makeup artist. She would've made a killing in Hollywood. "You know, Derek Fuller keeps asking about you."

It takes everything in me not to cringe. Derek is the son of my mom's best friend. We're not even friends. He's just like all the other guys around here. They assume that since I've never had a boyfriend that I must be desperate and willing to date anyone. I'm not. I've had a lot of guys ask me out and I always turn them down. Why? Maybe it makes me unstable, but I want something more. I want obsession, determination, and possession. I want someone so hell-bent on having me that he'll chase me to the ends of the Earth just to make me his. I want a man who will stop at

nothing to have me. I want a man who's toxicity knows no bounds. He'd not only die for me. No, that's too minimal. I want a man who would kill for me and take the life sentence with a smile on his face.

If he accepts me saying no laying down, he's not the one for me. And that's okay. I'm patient. I can wait until I find him.

I just won't tell anyone else that. Everyone would think I'm a freak and it would attract the wrong kind of attention.

"Mom," I groan as I tuck all of my makeup back in the bag before pulling it under the sink.

"I know, I know," she mutters before running her fingers through my silver curls. "I just want you to be happy, sweetheart."

"I know, Mom. I am happy. I don't need a man to make me happy." We leave the bathroom and head to the living room where Dad stands next to the couch, staring at the TV with a steaming cup of coffee in his hands. He looks...concerned, which is an odd thing to see on my Dad's face. "Dad?"

"Honey, what's wrong?" Mom asks as she takes note of the same thing I have.

His head snaps around to look at us before his eyes settle back on the screen. "Damien King is what," he grumbles before sipping his coffee.

I know that name. Damien King is basically the Boogeyman in Chippewa Falls. He's known as the kid that randomly snapped and killed a bunch of kids on Halloween night fourteen years ago.

"What about him?" Mom asks.

“There’s a statewide manhunt for him. He escaped late last night.”

“He was a twelve year old boy. He couldn’t have gotten far.”

Dad turns to me, looks me dead in my eyes, before saying, “Damien King isn’t a little boy anymore. He’s a twenty-six year old man who has lost his damn mind. You were just a toddler when he went on trial for those murders. You didn’t see him. I looked into his eyes. After that night, he wasn’t an innocent little boy. There’s something dark and unnatural within his soul. He’s a machine for the devil himself. He was a scrawny pre-teen who killed sixteen people, thirteen of which were full grown adults. He did it with a kitchen knife, Aurora. Don’t take his escape lightly. It very much requires a nationwide manhunt and...he’s coming back here.”

My eyes widen as his gaze moves back to the TV. “How do you know that?”

“I...I just do. When people escape, they go back to what is familiar to them. Damien King is coming back to Chippewa Falls and we need to be ready when he does.” He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a matte black taser before handing it to me. “Keep this on you.”

“Dad,” I groan. This is what I get for being the daughter of a cop. Always overprotective.

“For once, Aurora, do as I say. It’s to keep you safe if I can’t.” He presses a kiss to my cheek before moving onto Mom. “I’m going upstate to see if I can help in the search.”

“Be safe, Lieutenant Sullivan.”

He nods while grumbling about how she doesn’t need to worry about him. So typical.

“Do you need a ride to school?” he asks and I shake my head.

“I’m going to walk with Lisa and Alexis,” I say, but my attention is completely on the TV. Even though it’s muted, I watch as pictures flash across the screen of a boy a bit younger than me. Messy, dark hair, tan skin, but I can’t make out much else. His hair is in his face for every picture except for one where he’s wearing a mask. It’s a Purge mask, the one with lights all over it. He’s holding a toddler in his arms that’s also covered in blood.

“Who’s that?” I ask and grab the remote, pausing the screen on him and that small body pressed to his.

“That is Damien King,” Dad answers, like I just asked the stupidest question he’s ever heard.

“No, not him.” I point at what must be a little girl because she’s wearing a skirt. “Her. Who is she?” I’ve never asked questions about Damien King or the Halloween Murders.

Silence drags on and I turn to look at them to see my parents looking at each other like they don’t know what to say.

“What?”

Dad clears his throat before saying, “Bellatrix Rothchild. She was staying with them when the murders happened. No one could seem to figure out why, out of everyone he encountered that night, he let her live. He didn’t even want to let her go. He was rather docile before, but when she was ripped from his arms, it took seven men to contain him. He put two of them in the hospital.”

He loved her. That’s sweet and sad. Is that why Dad thinks Damien King is coming

back? Is he looking for Bellatrix Rothchild?

I open my mouth to ask what happened to her, where are her parents, but as soon as my lips part, the front door opens and closes, leaving me alone with the picture of a mass murderer and possibly the only person he gives a damn about.

* * *

As soon as school is over, I make my way to the library because apparently, I'm now obsessed with the Halloween Murders because I spent my entire lunch period doom scrolling Google for information on the killings, Damien King, and Bellatrix Rothchild. The most unsettling thing that I found is there are no pictures of Damien King, none showing his face anyway. There's nothing on Bellatrix at all. She wasn't even mentioned in any of the transcripts from the trial. Her name seems to have been scrubbed from everything online. Not even a birth certificate exists.

Maybe her parents did a name change to protect her after everything happened. That would make sense. I can picture loving parents wanting to keep the stain from what happened affecting her.

I want to know more. I don't care what any of these articles or trial transcripts say. A twelve year old boy doesn't just snap and kill sixteen people for no reason. There is always a reason, even if it seems far fetched to everyone else. I'd bet my life savings on it.

Everyone who does bad things has an explanation that is logical to them. From what I can tell, Damien King never spoke a single word to the police or during the court proceeding. It doesn't make sense. Everyone talks when they're arrested but not him.

Picking up my phone, I call Dad and he answers the phone immediately.

“Aurora, you know I don’t like talking on the phone when I’m driving,” he chides me.

“Sorry. I know. I just had a quick question. You worked on the King case, right?”

A pregnant pause passes before he clears his throat. “Yes, I did. Why do you ask?”

If I tell him the truth, he’ll think I’m crazy and won’t answer my questions so I tell a big old dark lie. “We’re in our local history section at school and I have a paper I need to write about a local event. The Halloween murders were over ten years ago so it falls under local history. With his escape, it seems relevant so I thought I’d do it on the case, but there are some things that I can’t seem to find in my research.”

He sighs with irritation before he responds, “Fine. Ask me your questions.”

“Okay, so I can’t find anything he said about the murders,” I start and he quickly takes over.

“That’s because he didn’t. He hasn’t spoken a word since that night. Before then, he was a normal kid. He went to and from school and spent a lot of time at home, but I saw him around town. He seemed like a good kid, but good kids don’t do what he did.”

I beg to differ, but don’t say it. “So there was no known motive?”

“We had speculation, but a lot of evidence was lost since we were working under the impression that he was a victim. We thought he was covered in blood because he was present for the attack and went to hide when it started. We were responding to a noise complaint and stumbled upon a bloodbath. The knife had his fingerprints on it and he had offensive cuts on his hands. There was no doubt that he was the one wielding the knife, but to motive? I don’t think he had one. It all started at a park a couple blocks

from his house where he killed three kids that were out trick-or-treating and that was hours before the bodies were discovered in his home. We knew the two were connected, but we didn't know how. We ran security footage from someone's home and were able to see him in that park with the girl."

My eyes widen. "The girl?"

"Bellatrix Rothchild. She must've witnessed the whole thing. I can only imagine the kind of damage that can do to a toddler."

I bite at my nail nervously. "What happened to her? I couldn't find any records."

"No clue. I haven't seen her since the night she came out of that house of horrors."

I can't explain how truly disappointed I am to reach this dead end. I just need to know more than what I'm being given.

"Thanks, Dad. That was it. I'll see you at home. Love you." I hang up without waiting another second and bury my face in my hands. I don't know where this obsession has come from, but I do know one thing. It's not going anywhere any time soon.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

I'm a patient man and one thing patience grants me is the ability to sit and wait for the perfect time to strike. All of my ducks need to be in a perfectly organized row before I can make my move. If I do it too soon, I'll cut down my time to get to my end goal as quickly as possible.

Everyone thinks the notorious Damien King is a mindless zombie, but it's all an act to get their guard down. They have no clue that I cheek my meds so I'm at full strength when the right time comes. I've learned to drool and drop my weight on command and none are the wiser for it. No one suspects a thing.

I am the lion laying in wait and the gazelles move around me with no idea that I'm ready to pounce.

For almost a decade, I've bounced back and forth between the general population of the prison and the psych hospital.

Escaping from a regular psychiatric hospital is hard. Escaping from a prison is impossible, but a prison psych hospital, it's the middle ground. It's the closest I've come to freedom. Since my sentencing, I've added one hundred people to my body count, hence the frequent visits to the prison psych hospital.

I don't give a shit about anyone's life, not a single person, except her. And she's not here. If she was, I wouldn't have a reason to leave.

I need to get back to her. I've been slowly dying without her. Fourteen years is too fucking long without her by my side, in my fucking arms. Still, I wait because I have no other choice. Trixie depends on me biding my time.

The door to my room opens as I stare at the floor in front of me, pretending to be completely zonked out. Med time has already come and gone. So, why is someone in my room?

“Evening, Damien.”

His voice is like nails on a chalkboard. I barely hold in a smile at his arrival. Check-fucking-mate.

He’s a security guard. His name is Luke Martin and rumor has it that he moonlights here to earn extra money for his family. Apparently, working as a cop in Chippewa Falls pays shitty so he has no choice but to work security.

Such a shame. Everyone says he’s one of the good ones.

“It’s lights out, Damien,” he mutters as he steps further into the room, but I don’t move an inch. He can come turn it out if he wants. “You know, even though it’s been fourteen years, everyone back home still remembers you. The kids call you The Boogeyman, but the adults...we remember. What the hell happened to you?”

If only you knew, Luke. A lot of fucked up shit happened to me.

“You probably don’t remember me, but we had classes together that year. You’re actually one of the reasons I requested this job. I wanted to make sure you were taken care of. A lot of people want to think you’re just evil incarnate, but I don’t think you are. I know the boy who was my classmate and I really hope he’s in there somewhere.”

Keep reminiscing, Luke. It’s just going to get your head bashed in. Might even get you skull fucked, literally.

“It would really suck if he just disappeared. Maybe he’ll come back someday.” Luke walks around the bed and I can feel his eyes on me, but I don’t move. I barely even blink. “Goodnight, Damien.”

He reaches for the light switch and I fucking pounce. Slamming him into the wall, he squeals like a dying cat. Well, he got the dying part right.

“Damien, what are you doing!” he screams, but he knows just as well as I do that these rooms are sound proof. No one will hear him scream, no matter how loud he is.

It’s nothing personal, Luke.

Grabbing a handful of his hair, I slam his face into the faux brick wall and he cries in pain. His face crashes against the wall again, blood spurting out of his mouth and bathing the wall in it. Instead of wasting more time torturing him, I wrap my arm around his throat and squeeze his throat between my bicep and forearm, tightening as much as I can as he sputters...until I hear the pop in his neck and he goes completely slack. Either he passed out or I broke his neck. Doesn’t matter to me. I’ll get what I need from him and make my escape.

Luck must be on my side because Luke is roughly the same size as me in every place. He must spend most of his time in the gym instead of with his family. Such a pity.

I’m quick to undress him and swap our clothes before grabbing his car keys, wallet, and all of the different accessories for his security guard uniform. Winding up my long hair around my hand, I shove it up into the baseball hat that says Security on it before leaving Luke bleeding on the floor.

I’ve spent over a decade preparing myself for this day—the day that I get out of this place—and nothing will stand in my way. Keeping my hand on the taser at my waist, I track my moves through the hall. I’ve been led in, out, and around this ward enough

times. I know my way through it and that was this cell's biggest mistake. Do not let your most dangerous prisoner know the way out.

"Goodnight, Luke!" some nurse calls from behind me, but considering they think I'm Officer Martin, I wave my hand behind my head to keep from drawing too much attention. I will gladly kill every motherfucker in this place, but the longer I stay in here, the more likely I'll lose time and time is not something I have a lot to give along with fucks and humanity.

I take in a deep breath as I step outside and pull the hat over my head, blocking out the freezing rain pelting down on me from above. It soaks through Luke's uniform, but it's better than being in that place. Yanking the car keys from my pocket, I click the unlock button and follow the flashing headlight through the blinding downpour. Once I unlock the forest green Jeep, I climb inside and lock the doors with a sigh before ripping the hat off my head, shaking out my hair.

I did it. I fucking did it. I got out.

Putting the key in the ignition, I turn it on and pull it out of the parking spot, speeding out of the employee lot.

* * *

I fucking remember everything, which also means I remember the way to the Rothchild house from the few times the devil and I had to pick Trixie up from her parents. It's not a big house, but it's in a better condition than the one we were living in.

That reason alone is enough for me to slit Mr. and Mrs. Rothchild's throats. They could've easily hired a nanny to take care of Trixie, but they sent her into that war zone the devil called a house. They didn't fucking care. She is their daughter and they

left her in a house for weeks at a time that should've been condemned. They don't fucking deserve her.

I pull the Jeep into the thick brush of the woods surrounding their house and look through the glove compartment until I find Luke's gun. I prefer more hands-on methods, but this will do for now. Switching out the security shirt for a hoodie from the passenger seat, I shove the gun in my pocket before climbing out.

They are going to get the shock of their fucking life when I go in there and take Trixie, but they won't be able to complain with a bullet between their eyes, can they? Fucking pricks.

I don't try to hide that I'm coming. Instead, I walk right up to the front door and knock because I'm a fucking gentleman like that. I wait patiently with my hands in my pockets as I hear the soft patter of feet and conversation on the other side of the door.

"Who could be here at this hour? It's almost two in the morning!" Mr. Rothchild mutters in aggravation.

"Calm down, Albert. It's probably just someone with car trouble."

I huff with humor. Car trouble indeed.

The door opens a crack with the chain lock in place. "Can I help you?" Mrs. Rothchild asks and rage fills me as I look at the familiar woman who would abandon her daughter regularly to travel the world with her husband. This bitch deserves to die.

Without waiting a moment, I slam my boot into the door with all the force in my body. The chain snaps and the door slams against the wall, vibrating on impact,

denting the wall from the force.

They scream in horror as I step inside and pull out the gun, pointing it between the two of them. Without taking my eyes off them, I kick the door closed and scowl at the most worthless excuse for parents I've ever had the displeasure of knowing. They did bring Trixie into the world so there must be something redeemable in them. It's the only reason I haven't pulled the trigger yet.

Trixie.

"What do you want?" Mr. Rothschild cowers like the waste of space he is and his wife holds up her hands defensively.

"We have money and you can take our car if you need. Just don't kill us, please."

This entire situation is laughable. They don't even recognize me. They have no idea who just walked into their house or how much danger they are in right now. Reaching into my back pocket, I pull out the only personal belonging I was allowed to keep while I was locked up and flash the picture of me and Trixie at them.

Mrs. Rothchild glances between me and the photograph of us together and I see the moment it all clicks. She gasps in horror. "It's you! You're that-that-that boy...Damien." She cowers beside her husband as they cry. So fucking pathetic.

I shoot the wall beside their heads and they scream as I thrust the photo at them again.

Where is Trixie?

Mr. Rothchild shakes. "Bellatrix? That's what you want, right?" he asks.

I nod once.

He stutters like an idiot before covering his head with his hands like they're bulletproof or something. It's hilarious really. "After the killings...we—we gave her up for-for adoption."

The amount of rage the boils in my blood has my entire body twitching. They fucking gave her away!

I cock the gun, so fucking pissed I want to destroy their corpses until they are unrecognizable. They put her in that bad situation then they threw her out like she was nothing. They were her parents. They were supposed to protect her.

"We had no other choice," he sobs brokenly. "Our jobs took us all over the world. Samantha was the only reason we were able to keep Bellatrix in our lives at all. Once she was gone, we couldn't keep our daughter. She has a better life now with a loving family that's always there for her."

Mrs. Rothchild has some balls because she stands up and blocks her pissant husband from view with her hands up. "We can tell you where she is. She's still in Chippewa Falls. We see her all the time."

I nod for her to continue, but she seems tongue-tied, like the words are on the tip of her tongue. My patience is wearing thin. I didn't come here expecting to find out they threw my girl away just because life got hard. I came here expecting to find her warm and comfortable in her bed upstairs, her raven hair fanning around her face. "She was adopted by the...the...the..."

"That detective," Mr Rothchild speaks up. "Sullivan. He's the lieutenant now. He and his wife adopted her and changed her name."

"That's right!" the bitch pipes up. "Aurora. They changed her name to Aurora, like Sleeping Beauty." She grins like this makes everything better.

It fixes nothing, except I now know where to find her. It just became a bit more complicated. I doubt Trixie even knows who she is. I bet the Lieutenant hasn't told her anything about what happened. I bet she doesn't remember me, but I'll make her remember.

Without another second for them to process anything, I pull the trigger and the hammer slams back, the bullet flying through the barrel. It pierces Mrs. Rothchild's skull and with a splash of blood exiting her brain, she falls lifeless to the floor. Her husband instantly starts screaming.

"Susan, no!" He turns to his wife and pulls her into his arms before glaring at me. "You're going to burn in hell. She's a cop's daughter now! You can't just kill her and get away with it. It's different than a house of junkies. They'll hunt you down then you'll burn for this!"

Maybe they will hunt me down for what I'm going to do, but I don't really care if I live or die. All I care about is getting to her.

I cock the gun and shoot him between the eyes so he can join his despicable wife in hell. Maybe we'll have adjoining rooms when this is all over. Won't that be swell?

* * *

I stay awake all night to track her down and dawn is just breaking when I squat down in the bushes outside of the Sullivan home, staring up at the house. The internal clock ticks away in my head, like my subconscious is keeping track of every second that passes until I can look at her face again and make sure I didn't make a mistake by killing the Rothchild's prematurely. Either way, I'll still find her. It will just take a little more time.

The sun rises over the house a few minutes before the doors on the top balcony swing

open and my eyes are glued to the shadows within. Who is going to come out? Will it be her or one of the assholes I'm going to put down?

Suddenly, a woman walks out in a black tank top and sleep shorts, holding a coffee mug between her fingers. Without thinking about it at all, I know it deep within my gut. It's her. Her hair is dyed silver with her dark roots poking through and she's not a little girl anymore, but I know it all the way down to my soul. It's my girl, the one who was ripped from my arms kicking and screaming.

I can still hear her crying for me, but seeing her there, it brings a peace to me I haven't felt since the last time she was in my arms.

She flips her hair over her shoulders as she presses her elbows on the balcony edge. She takes in her surroundings like an innocent baby bird ready to take flight, but then her gaze stops on me. I know she couldn't possibly see me. I'm too far away and behind a bush. I can see her just fine through the branches, but she shouldn't be able to get a clear picture of me. I'm perfectly hidden from view.

Her fingers run through her hair absentmindedly, but she must sense me because she doesn't look away. I want her to see me, to remember me. I want her to run out that door, let me take her in my arms, and be glad that I've come back for her.

Please, remember me, Trixie.

Suddenly, a car zooms down the street and the brakes squeal as they come to a quick stop in front of her house.

"Hey, Sullivan!" the driver yells before a catcalling whistle falls from his lips.

The rage that settles in my bones is unlike anything I've ever experienced. The way she seems to retreat into herself solidifies that whoever this fuckhead is, he needs to

die for making her feel any type of way.

“Morning, Derek,” she mutters with a frown on her face. “Say hi to your mom for me.” Then, she turns and goes back inside, closing the door behind her.

Come back, Trixie. Don’t let them make you uncomfortable.

“Dude! Give it up already. That Sullivan girl isn’t interested,” one of the douchebag’s friends says before the idiot laughs.

“Who gives a shit? She doesn’t need to be interested. She just needs to be there. She can complain to her Daddy all she wants afterward. No one’s going to believe the little freak anyway. Just make sure she comes to my Devil’s Night party and everything will be gravy.”

Before I can stand to my feet and bash that fucker’s face into his dashboard, burst his brains all over the place, his car races away. The blood surges through the back of my head and I fight to stay oriented to time and place even if I’ve lost the person bit along the way.

He was talking about raping her, forcing himself on her. No, not fucking happening. Over my dead body. No one fucking touches her. Not a single person, even if she wants them to.

The frat boy wannabe dies tonight, even if I have to scour all of Chippewa Falls for him, burning everything in my wake.

Lowering my hood over my head, I watch the house like a hawk until the man I recognize as a much older Officer Sullivan walks out of the house with who I can only assume is Mrs. Sullivan. They climb in their respective cars and drive away.

No matter how much I want to, I can't just burst through the door, throw her over my shoulder, and leave with her. I have a plan I have to see through so I can not only leave with her but keep her as well. It's going to take a lot of bloodshed, but that's the point of Halloween. No one ever expects anything bad to happen on Halloween and screams can easily be explained by excitement for the holiday.

Just be patient, Damien. We're almost there.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

Clutching the strap of my backpack to my shoulder, I get the sense that someone is watching me. I just don't know who, from where, or why they're doing it. It doesn't matter. I'm used to people staring. This is a very conservative area and the simple fact that my hair is a different color than everyone else's is enough of a reason for everyone to gawk at me when I walk by. Add on my Day of The Dead makeup, it's impossible to miss me.

Spooky season is my favorite time of year, but mostly because I feel like less of a weirdo with everyone else dressing up like they truly want to be someone else. I don't want to be anyone other than me and this is the real me. The real Aurora Sullivan. Black to silver balayage, exotic skirts, puffy shirts, and combat boots. This is who I was always supposed to be and my parents support my creative expression.

"Out of the way, freakazoid!" a voice yells from behind me before I'm pushed into a car parked on the side of the road. I groan as my stomach impacts with it before looking up to see none other than Tiffany and her posse of Malibu Barbie look-alikes. The bitch smirks at me over her shoulder in victory as she keeps on walking, shaking her flat ass as she goes like she thinks it's something special.

"Fucking bitch," I groan as I rub my stomach, feeling the start of a bruise. This is what Tiffany always does. It's so strange because we used to be close friends when we were in elementary school. Then, middle school started and she became the popular girl and I became the girl I am. Now, everytime she sees me, she pushes me around, literally, and because my dad is who he is, it's up to me to set a good example and not knock her teeth in. Too bad. I'd really love to see her lose her front two teeth for being such a royal bitch.

I never should've been her friend, but kids make mistakes.

I reach down to retrieve my bag, but find it missing. What the ever loving fuck? I just had it before she pushed me. I look up and freeze for a moment when I see a hand extending out the strap of my bag, but behind that I see a man with the lightest pair of striking green eyes I have ever seen in my damn life, offering me a kind smile. He doesn't speak though, just holds out my bag.

"Oh. Thank you," I say nervously as I take the bag from his outstretched hand. He nods silently and when his eyes connect with mine again, it's like he pulls me into a dream from my childhood of a little boy with dark hair like his, wearing one of those light up Halloween masks walking into a room before pulling the mask off and stares down at me with love in his eyes.

"It's over now," the boy mutters.

My very soul screams in a way I never knew was possible. It was a dream I always had growing up and I've never known the meaning of it. I still don't, but for some reason, he reminds me of it.

My eyes fall to the strap and he starts to walk away, but my heart is frantic at the possibility. I don't know who this man is, but he's someone. I must know him from somewhere.

"Wait," I shout before hurrying behind him. He quickly turns around, his hands shoved in his pockets, raising an eyebrow at me as if to say what is it? "Do I...know you?" I ask. "You look so familiar." He opens his mouth as if to speak, but it quickly shuts, like he can't talk. I stand there, staring into those striking eyes of his, waiting for him to say or do something, but before I can...

"Sullivan!" someone yells from behind me and I snap my head around to see Lisa and

Alexis jogging toward me from the soccer field. “Wait for us, loca!” I turn back in the direction I was facing to ask him again where I know him from, but when I face forward, he’s gone, completely freakin’ vanished like he never existed.

I didn’t even get his name.

My gaze dashes around as I spin in a circle, looking for the mysterious man, but he’s nowhere. Was he even really here? Maybe I’m really losing my mind and I just made him up. No, that’s not possible. He was here and he...was someone special.

“Dude, if you waited outside the library for us next time, it would be greatly appreciated,” Lisa mutters as she moves in front of me while Alexis sticks by my side.

“Did you see that guy?” I ask, looking between them frantically.

“What guy?” Alexis asks as she follows my gaze.

“He was right here.”

“Did you get enough sleep last night? You must be hallucinating from lack of sleep. I didn’t see anyone other than you.”

Lisa butts in next. “I saw him. Smoking hot guy with emo vibes. Looked like you were giving him the fuck-me eyes. Something you wanna tell us, dead girl?” She practically pants in my ear as if to emanate sex sounds and I groan.

Lisa has an unhealthy obsession with my sex life or lack of one I should say. She’s constantly trying to find a man that might tickle my fancy, but she’s been unsuccessful so far. No man meets my standards, which is a good thing for Chippewa Falls. If one did, a lot of people would be running for their lives, like that bitch

Tiffany.

“Stop it,” I mumble as I tug the strap of my bag over my shoulder.

“I bet he fucks like a God,” Lisa persists as we start walking while I keep looking around for that guy. I really wanted to hear what he had to say, ask why he reminded me of that dream.

“Nope. More like a demon,” Alexis adds on.

“Stop talking about sex for five minutes.” It gets really exhausting. Alexis and Lisa both have boyfriends in college and, since they aren’t used to going so long without being diddled by them—except Alexis who has a side piece that screws her brains out nightly—I constantly have to hear about how horny they are. Hell, I have my own sexual desires but you don’t hear me screaming about how I want to play dead and be fucked into the mud by a man covered in blood while holding a knife to my throat. They might run for the hills if they heard about that or how horror movies really get me going during the gore-filled kill scenes.

My fantasy only works with one kind of person and I have no idea where they are, but I can only hope they are out there somewhere.

“What else would we talk about?” Lisa blanches.

“How about Halloween or the fall festival tomorrow?” Alexis offers while she squeezes my arm reassuringly. At least she won’t discuss it if I ask her not to.

“But that’s so boring! Sex is so much more fun. What about Derek Fuller’s party on Devil’s Night? It’s supposed to be off the hook! You’ve gotta convince your dad to let you come.” Lisa pouts and I groan.

Devil's Night is a tradition where all of the miscreant youth pretty much wreck the town and I have no interest in attending any party thrown by Derek Fuller. It would be like flirting with danger. I have no interest in Derek, but he's been really pushy with his advances. I try to avoid him as much as I can. He's been giving me this weird feeling lately, like he legitimately wants to hurt me and not in the fun way.

"No, she's not going to that stupid party," Alexis refuses, looking absolutely furious. "What the hell is wrong with you?" Woah. This was not the reaction I was expecting.

"It's just a party. It's not a big deal," Lisa tries to brush it off, but Alexis isn't having it.

"Stupid party run by that piece of crap?"

"What is your problem, Karen?" Lisa gapes at her as we stop next to a park bench and my concerned eyes turn on Alexis. She's not usually one to jump down anyone's throat. She's normally docile.

Alexis looks between me and Lisa before she lets out a long breath. "During lunch period, Talon told me to pass it on to you not to go to Derek's party because Derek is a stereotypical frat boy wannabe. Derek has been bragging about how if you go to his party, he's going to force himself on you and that there's nothing you or your dad could do about it because no one would believe you over him."

I blink rapidly, staring at her in shock, because,

That is disturbing on so many levels. I've known Derek my whole life and I didn't know he was capable of something so gross.

"That fucking pig!" Lisa gasps and jumps to her feet. The anger on her face is completely out of the ordinary. "You know, I'm going to slash his tires and pour

concrete into his gas tank. No one talks about Aurora like that. He should be so lucky for her to entertain the idea of screwing him.” With that, she charges off like a woman on a mission. I’m not about to stop her. Fucking asshole deserves whatever is coming to him.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” I ask, keeping my voice level. I know Alexis wouldn’t do that maliciously. She had to have a good reason not to run and tell me the second she found out.

“Because I knew you didn’t want to go to his party and the last thing I wanted to do was cause you to panic. I know you have to be around him because your mom and his mom are friends. When she brought up the party, I just couldn’t take the idea of him hurting you. You have to tell your dad. I’m sure, if you need him to, Talon will back you up. He hates Derek anyway. He only hangs around him because he’s on the football team.”

Talon is Alexis’s stepbrother and, spoiler alert, the side piece I mentioned before. It’s unconventional, but it’s their business, not mine.

I’m so glad he’s looking out for me. What if Lisa had managed to convince me to go and Talon hadn’t spoken up? I shudder to think.

* * *

Henry Sullivan

I haven’t been face to face with true evil in fourteen years. I was hoping to delay that encounter, but Damien King had other plans. Maybe he planned this all along. Maybe it was that the right opportunity presented itself.

I’ve spent all day searching for him, checking security footage at different gas

stations and truck stops, but really, how do you find someone when you have no clue what they look like? We know he has long dark hair and light green eyes and he's built like a pro-wrestler. Other than that general description, we have nothing but a hospitalized cop who moonlights as a security guard, a stolen car, and a crime scene. We would have more to work with if someone knew to check King's room after Luke Martin went in there and never came out.

King got out undetected except for the security footage that caught him leaving in Luke's clothes. He climbed into the Jeep and left, but nothing has popped up on the cameras anywhere for him. He didn't even get gas.

Climbing out of the cruiser, I walk straight into the psychiatric hospital and don't bother to stop at the security desk. I just flash my badge and keep heading toward the prison ward.

The woman sitting at the nurse's station buzzes me in and I head directly to the room with the door covered in caution tape.

There has to be something here to tell me where he is.

Every day he is out there is a day my teenage daughter is in danger. I am only praying he's not going looking for her. If he is searching for her, he'll be looking for a while. The Rothchild family will be just as invested as me in keeping Aurora away from Damien King.

Walking into the room, my eyes widen in horror. It's not the blood on the wall or the stagnant pool on the floor that makes me feel like I can't breathe. It's the literal writing on the walls, on every inch of free space.

Trixie, Trixie, Trixie, Trixie, Trixie...

On and on and on. Only that one name scrawled onto the faux brick. It's even on the floor and, from what I can tell, he even wrote it under the bed.

He's fucking obsessed.

Trixie. That's what they say he called her all those years ago. Bellatrix Rothchild. Now known as Aurora Sullivan, my daughter.

This solidifies everything I already knew in my gut. He's going after her and he will stop at nothing until he has her in his grasp.

Pulling my phone out of my pocket, I dial the station, listening to it ring until someone picks up. "This is Lieutenant Henry Sullivan. I need a protective detail assigned to my daughter, Aurora Sullivan, and give them the specific orders that she is not to know they're there."

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

I see everything, including the cops stationed outside her house. They think they're clever by being in an off-duty car, but I see how their eyes remain glued on her house. They have been on her ass since right after her run in with Regina George and her followers. I doubt Trixie notices them, but I did. Anything strange I take notice of, especially when that includes people staring.

I'm trying to keep my distance for now, but it's becoming very difficult. When that bitch pushed her, I saw red and wanted nothing more than to rearrange her face to mimic that of who she seems to hate—my Trixie. For her, that would probably be a fate worse than death. Instead, I found myself walking right up to my girl and helping her with her bag. When she looked at me, I felt it—her recognition of me. I felt it long before she said it. She may not know where she knows me from, but she can sense me. I'm in her bones as much as she is in mine.

I wanted to tell her who I was and I fucking tried, but nothing would come out. The only progress I made was a squeak in the back of my throat. It's been so long since I've used my voice, I don't know if I'm capable of it.

It's easy to circumnavigate the cops stationed outside by sneaking through the brush around her house. I follow the lights inside to her second story window at the back of the house. When I back up far enough, I can see her laying in her bed. She looks so peaceful, but I'm too far away. I need to get closer.

With little effort, I climb the Easter White Pine next to her window. The pane is unlocked so I soundlessly push it open and slip inside. My girl lays in the bed, her cheek resting on her pillow, only wearing a slate gray tank top and a pair of black panties under it.

She's so beautiful, sleeping like the most dangerous predator in this state isn't feet from her, staring at her sleeping form like she's the whole fucking buffet.

Her computer sits on the bed next to her, the screen black, and a little pink bullet vibrator lays beside her head like she passed out right after getting herself off. I wonder what she thought about when bringing herself to bliss and maybe if she was thinking about me.

The predator she's been warned about or the stranger she met on the street who didn't speak a word. I'm satisfied with either conclusion, but I won't be happy at all if the one she thought about was anyone other than me. If I find out she touched herself thinking of any other man, I'll kill him and make sure she knows exactly why I did it. I'll gift wrap his cock and balls with the skin of his torso and cut off his hands to use like a little bow. It's the only way she'll have someone other than me in any capacity.

Hell, I'll kill anyone who has touched her because she's mine. No one else should be alive that knows how she tastes or the way she sounds when she gets off. No, that is something only meant for me.

Trailing my fingers up her bare leg, I groan from how much of a relief it is to feel her in any way. My cock hardens in my pants as I smooth my fingers over the swell of her ass. Trixie softly moans in her sleep and her rump pushes back against my palm. It's a temptation to touch her while she sleeps, to play with her, but that's one line I'm not crossing yet. She's the only person on this planet who is safe from my wrath.

With each moment I stand over her, my cock pulses at the possibility. She's right in my grasp, lying helplessly in her bed. I could push her panties to the side and take what belongs to me. I very well could and I bet she's tired enough that she would keep sleeping like a baby.

I'm not going to, though. I'm a patient man. I have a plan in place and I'm going to

stick to it.

Pushing the hair from her face, I press a soft kiss to her temple and the softest whisper falls from her sinful lips.

“Damien.”

I freeze like a statue. My name. She said my fucking name in her sleep. Either she knows it’s me—muscle memory and all that—or she’s dreaming of me.

My girl.

I press another kiss there before I hear footsteps outside her room. I’m quick to stand tall and look around for an escape. I’m not scared of being found, but it’s not time for this confrontation.

Her adoptive parents are far down my list and I need to go down it in chronological order. I step into her bathroom with the light off and the door open. The darkness is enough to conceal me without making a ruckus.

Her bedroom door is pushed open and a petite blond woman steps inside with a sigh.

“Oh, sweetheart,” she says as she walks over to the window and closes it. “So tired.” Mrs. Sullivan walks over to the end of the bed, grabs the comforter, and tugs it over Trixie’s sleeping form before kissing her cheek. “Goodnight, my love.” Mrs. Sullivan picks up the laptop and sets it on the desk before glancing over at my girl, sleeping warm in her bed. She taps the mouse pad, the backlight flickers on, and Mrs. Sullivan curses under her breath before closing the laptop. She’s careful as she walks out of the room and shuts the door.

What the hell did she see on Trixie’s laptop that made her react like that? Was it

porn?

I almost laugh at the thought before I walk back into her room and open the lid to the laptop again. My eyes widen in surprise and not much surprises me anymore.

She was looking at crime scene photos, specifically the photos taken of Samantha's corpse tied to that chair, the knives and needles sticking out of her cunt like a pin cushion. With her throat slit and her tongue pulled through the cut, she looks like a cartoon character, especially with how much time has passed.

Why was Trixie looking at these?

My gaze drifts back to her and my eyes fall on her vibrator. If she was using this to get off, she's into even darker things than I expected. It's kind of hot that she might be exceeding my expectations. I'm a bit impressed actually.

Closing the laptop, my gaze darts to her bedroom door. I can hear the hushed arguing coming from downstairs and my eyes narrow. Is the Lieutenant home?

I figured once he heard I was gone that he would be searching for me longer than that. It's no skin off my back. I'm completely confident that he is no threat to me. He's still going to die, but I'm not going to throw myself out the window if he is here.

I'm careful with my footsteps as I walk to her bedroom door and silently open it before slipping into the hall. I don't move past the door as I listen to the commotion.

"We need to get her out of here!" Mrs. Sullivan yells from downstairs.

"Lower your voice, Karen." Yup, that's definitely the Lieutenant. My teeth grind of their own accord at the sound of his voice. I'm itching to find a knife to dispose of him just from earning it. He's a backstabbing little cunt. He took Trixie from me. For

that sin alone, he needs to die and I'm going to make it hurt so bad he'll be praying for the death I'll deliver him. First, he needs to be tortured so he can feel the pain he put me through when he took my soul reason for living away from me. "And she's not going anywhere."

"You said it yourself. Damien King is coming here. What do you think he's going to do when he finds out that she's here?"

Plenty of things, Mrs. Sullivan. I have a very active imagination when it comes to torturing people who deserve it, like your husband.

"That is why I assigned her a protective detail. They will keep her safe until we apprehend King."

"What if you don't? You have no idea what he looks like now. He could walk right up to the front door and you wouldn't know him from Thomas Jefferson for fuck sakes. This is our daughter we're talking about. It is our job to keep her safe and there's a mass murderer on the loose."

It's true. They have no fucking clue what I look like. It makes it easier for me to move around town and there's no screaming panic.

"We need to tell her the truth, at the very least," Mrs. Sullivan adds in a softer voice and I smirk.

That would've been the smart thing to do years ago. Now it's a little too late for honesty.

"She knows everything she needs to know about that man," the Lieutenant retorts quickly.

“And what is that, Henry?”

“She knows that Damien King snapped at age twelve and killed sixteen people. She knows about Bellatrix Rothchild—”

“Yeah, but does she know that she is Bellatrix? Does she know how much danger she is in now that Damien King escaped?”

Jesus fucking Christ. These people are idiots.

“No and she doesn’t need to. It will only cause unnecessary panic.”

Mrs. Sullivan gasps in horror. “Unnecessary panic! You saw the inside of his room at that prison hospital. He wrote Trixie on every goddamn surface. He’s obsessed with her. He’s coming back to finish what he started.”

True, true, and motherfucking true. She’s only missing one piece to the puzzle.

“And she’ll be protected by the best cops in this town. He won’t get to her.”

Eeeh! Wrong. That’s not the right piece. You can do better than that, Lieutenant.

“You’ve been a cop for twenty years. You’re smarter than that, Henry. All he needs to do is a little bit of research and he’ll find her. Do you forget that he killed thirteen freaking adults in the matter of a few hours? How many more people has he killed since he went to prison when he turned eighteen?”

The Lieutenant groans. “One hundred and thirty five people.”

“Henry.”

“It’s different, okay? We’re prepared for this. We can keep her safe. She doesn’t need to know she was in that house. All I need to do is find him and everything can go back to the way it was.”

“Nothing can ever go back to the way it was. Damien King was dormant, docile, whatever the hell you want to call it, for who knows how long, then he put one of your best detectives in the hospital—”

Aw, poor Luke didn’t die. How tragic. I should’ve hit him harder. Maybe he’ll know not to jibber jabber to the wrong person. Lesson learned.

“You have five days, Henry. Then, we do this my way. Find him and put him back where he belongs, not to protect the town, but to protect Aurora. We are telling her the truth in five days—Devil’s Night. If he’s not caught by then, we’re packing her up and sending her to Susan’s place in Michigan. He won’t ever find her there. She’ll be safe and that’s all that should matter to you as her father. Leave your pride out of it.”

My eyes narrow as anger surges through me. They aren’t taking her away from me again. Not now. Not ever.

My plans have just been moved and I know just the right way to rearrange everything.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

Anyone who drives by probably doesn't look at me twice, the stranger leaning against the electricity pole with a cigarette dangling from my lips. I stare up into the second story window of the only house in the cul-de-sac and watch the three teenage girls with identical blonde hair talking animatedly.

This is going to be fun. I have a lot of good ideas of what to do with Tiffany Clark, Amanda Biel, and Jessica Dane. My girl might even enjoy the sight of it once I'm done.

I take a long puff off my smoke before letting the slate gray air fall from my lips.

I drop my smoke before crushing it under my boot then grab the police baton I took from Luke's Jeep. I tug down the mask I got earlier at the general store. It's insane that I was able to walk into a store in my hometown, buy a Halloween mask with the cash from Luke's wallet, and no one even batted an eye at it. Not even the cashier looked at me strangely for my purchase. Why? Because it's almost All Hallow's Eve and buying a mask is part of the deal. However, I did get a few weird looks at the hardware store when the cashier tried to talk to me and I didn't say a word. Clearly, it wasn't because of the rope, duct tape, or different array of saws and blades.

It must be my lucky day because I don't even need to risk using Luke's Jeep for this trip. Tiffany Clark lives directly behind the old house. Just an old hop, skip, and jump from my backyard to hers. I needed some fresh air so I took the long way around. When you're not allowed outside for fear that you might escape for as long as I have been, you take in all the fresh air you can get.

Tiffany, Amanda, and Jessica are about to take their last whiff of fresh air and it's

going to be delicious. It's been fourteen years since I've planned and executed a kill like this and I have to admit, the suspense of it is addicting.

I walk across the street to Tiffany's house and round the side. I've been stalking her place most of the day and her parents haven't made an appearance in hours. I can't be certain how long they'll be gone, but considering they were carrying duffle bags when they packed the car, I'd say they'll be gone for the night at least.

All I have to worry about is them making noise, which shouldn't be an issue with the batton.

Walking around to the back of the house, I jump over the fence, but the one thing I didn't think to do was look in the backyard.

A massive dog, brown with black spots, sits next to the back door, but it doesn't bark even when it sees me. He or she just wags their tail and waddles over to me like a four-legged penguin, panting like the walk took all their energy.

Docile watchdog.

Gently patting the dog's head, she whimpers like she's gone years without attention. The dog might be fed regularly, but isolation is a horrific and terrifying thing.

I scratch behind her ear and within a minute, she flops onto her back, exposing her floppy stomach.

Later, Chunky Monkey.

I step over the fallen dog and walk over to the fuse box before shutting off the main power supply to the house. Within half a second, I can hear the screams from inside. Jesus fucking Joseph, do they really have to do that? There are neighbors. Mrs

Harrington from across the street needs her beauty sleep.

Shoving my hand in my pocket, I check to make sure my little treat for these girls is still there and I'm glad to find that they are.

An evil smile pulls at my lips as I quietly slip through the door, being careful not to let Chunky Monkey slip in. She whines in protest and I slowly shake my head at her antics.

Bitches can be so needy, am I right?

"Just calm down, alright?" one of the girls say in the next room. "I'll check the fuse box. If the power isn't back on in five minutes, we'll go to Mandy's house. It's on a separate grid." I hide in the shadows as Tiffany walks into the kitchen and out the door with Chunky Monkey. She nudges the dog away with her leg, but instead of seeming bothered, the dog scratches at the door, whining, looking directly at me.

What a strange animal.

"Hey, Mandy," Jessica whispers a moment before Amanda screams. I peek my head around the corner to see Amanda covering her face and Jessica wearing a Ghostface mask.

"Jessie, you bitch!" Amanda yells as she corrects herself, but her friend is just laughing before pulling off the mask.

"Come on. It was funny."

"No, it wasn't!" Amanda screeches like nails on a chalkboard. "I'm freaked, okay? You do realize the King guy escaped from jail."

“Yeah, like fifty miles from here. Chillax.”

“I’m not going to relax. He killed a bunch of people right behind this house. What if he comes back here?”

Maybe Amanda isn’t as stupid as she looks.

“Yeah, right. What’s he going to do in Chippewa Falls? How’s he going to get here, anyway? He was arrested when he was twelve. He can’t drive. Is The Boogeyman going to walk fifty miles? Get real. He probably just found a nice sorority house to get his dick wet at before slaughtering the whole place. If you’re scared of the dark, just say it. I’m going to use the bathroom.” Jessica laughs maniacally. “Look out for The Boogeyman.”

She has no clue how close The Boogeyman is. I’m mere feet away. I want to just jump out there and say you summoned me just to give them a good scare, but I have a purpose. I can’t have them screaming more than they already have. I have to be sneaky so I can get them out of here before I get caught.

If I get caught, I can’t complete my plan and I’ll lose my shot of getting Trixie out of this shitty town.

I can’t risk that.

Jessica jogs up the stairs and Amanda stands there, shaking like a leaf. Poor thing. She’s scared. She should be.

She stairs up the steps, tapping her foot nervously, as I sneak up behind her. For a moment, I just stand there, enjoying the moment of stalking my prey and the scent of her fear.

“Tiff, I swear, it’s not funny. Jess already got me. Stop breathing in my ear. Let’s just go to my house already. Your house is giving me the creeps.” She rubs her arms before she turns and the second she sees me in my mask towering over her, I slam my baton into the side of her head just hard enough to knock her out before she has the chance to scream. I quickly grab her before she can hit the floor and throw her over my shoulder. I gently place her on the floor in the darkest part of the room before pulling the syringe out of my pocket.

Last night I stole a vial of horse tranquilizers from the local vet clinic, knowing it would be easier to access and less suspicious than a human hospital. I needed something quick and efficient.

I stand by Amanda’s body as I hear the toilet flush upstairs and smirk behind my mask. One down, two to go.

The light pitter patter of feet on the floor echoes through the dead silence as she makes her way down the hall, whistling to herself.

“Tiff, what is taking so damn long?” Jessica yells as she walks down the stairs, flipping her platinum hair over her shoulder, before looking around. She can’t see me. I’m cloaked in darkness and the lights on my mask are turned off. She can’t see her friend passed out on the floor either.

My dick stirs from the hunt alone.

“Give me a damn minute! I can’t see shit!” Tiffany yells from outside.

Jessica groans before running her fingers through her hair. “Mandy, let’s get our stuff together. We can wait for Tiff in the car. She’s no electrician.” She tries to joke, but she’s met with silence, looking around like a confused, lost puppy. “Mandy?” More silence echoes in the night. “Haha. Real funny, bitch. You may be a scaredy cat, but

I'm not. You can't get me back." It takes her a minute of walking around the living room and heading into the kitchen before she comes back looking frantic. "Mandy, it's not funny anymore. Let's go!"

"Give me a damn minute!" Tiffany responds from outside, probably thinking her friend is talking to her.

I'm quite enjoying this fear from the girl who claims she can't be scared.

I pull the needle out of my pocket and remove the cap before trailing behind her silently. "I swear, when I find you, I'm going to kill you. I used a mask. I didn't fucking hide from you, bitch!" She spins around and nearly runs into me, but I wrap my hand around her throat and lift her off her feet, squeezing hard enough that she can't scream, but I soak in that fear in her baby blue eyes.

She tries to kick me and claw at my arm, but I can take a hit better than she can.

She rasps. "Damien." It comes out barely audible and I grin behind my mask before giving her a swift nod. Then, I plunge the needle into her neck. She gags around my hold as her eyes slowly drift closed until she falls limp.

No one knows what I look like, but everyone in this town fears my name. Even the girl who claims she doesn't get scared.

I drag little miss Jessica to a separate dark corner of the room and place my baton next to her body before heading to the back door. I stand right inside the door in the shadow and wait for the woman of the hour, the girl who truly deserves my wrath.

Chunky Monkey continues to scratch at the door and lets out a loud bark that sounds more like a scream to let her inside. Sorry, pup.

“Shut the hell up, Betty!” Tiffany groans from outside a moment before the lights turn on. Took her long enough to figure out the breaker was flipped. Idiots like her make me want to murder people. “Keep it up and I’ll take you to the pound.”

Fucking bitch. The dog only wants attention. That’s not asking a lot.

The knob turns and the door flies open before Tiffany walks in and closes it behind her with a groan. “Let’s just smoke already,” she mutters before she turns and, before she can even register me there, I punch her right in her stupid face. With a loud gasp of pain, she falls back on her ass, her hand coming up to her jaw. Then, her eyes find me right there, but she doesn’t yell or scream. She just stares at me blankly.

My head slowly tilts as I wait for her to beg for her life, but she doesn’t.

“I swear by all that is holy, I will beat your ass into the ground if one of my teeth falls out, Sullivan.”

I didn’t think Tiffany Clark had the capacity to surprise me with her ignorance, but I still can’t wrap my head around how she could possibly think the masked figure before her is my Trixie. One, Trixie is a petite, plus-sized queen, not a tall, bulky man. Two, Trixie wouldn’t waste her time dressing up in a mask just to sneak in her bully’s house and punch her in the face.

“I have to admit,” Tiffany starts before she jumps to her feet. “I thought you completely lost your backbone years ago. Maybe I just needed to push the right button. Congrats on not being totally dead inside. Now, get the fuck out of my house before I call your dad. As a matter of fact, Lieutenant Sullivan is starting to look mighty fine.” She grins maliciously. “So leave before I fuck your daddy. I could, too. I’m legal now and men are such simple creatures.”

I don’t move. She’s one to call someone else simple.

“You heard me, bitch. I said leave.” She growls at me and the sound is so pathetic, just like her. So, I show her a real growl and the way she folds in on herself would’ve made me laugh if she wasn’t just trying to intimidate my girl. “Aurora?” She sounds so meek I grin behind my mask before I slowly shake my head then I slam my fist into her stomach and the way she struggles to breathe is music to my ears. “Jess! Mandy!” she tries to yell, but the struggle for air has her nearly as silent as me.

That was kind of the point, except I also want to make her hurt for screwing with Trixie.

Tiffany falls to her knees and tries to crawl away, but the attempt is as pitiful as her generic personality and appearance. She’s so plastic and fake it’s nauseating. Before she can get far, I pull the needle out of my pocket before grabbing a handful of her reddish blonde hair. She cries out as I pull her head back as far as I can without killing the bitch and stab the needle into her neck before pushing the tranquilizer into her. Without giving her a moment, I drop her back down. Unlike her friends, she doesn’t just drop like a ragdoll. She coughs before she screams, trying to move to her feet. Her knees buckle with one step but she keeps fighting the pull of the drugs. It’s entertaining watching her get up and fall, stand and fall on her face again. Until she turns on her back, breathing hard.

“No, no, no.” The words slowly lose their volume until her eyes close and I stare down at her, tilting my head to watch her. I need to make sure she’s out before I do anything.

I can’t risk any fuck ups.

* * *

It takes me a good half hour to get all three girls from Tiffany’s house back to the rotten crotch’s house and tied up in separate chairs in the Samantha’s room. Even as

they slept, I gagged them with their own socks and sealed it with duct tape over their mouths. It's not to keep people from hearing them scream. No, the only reason is because I don't want to hear them bitch and moan as soon as they come to. Hell, it's late enough that they might not wake up until the morning. Jessica and Amanda will probably have a massive headache, but the cunt Tiffany will be in loads of pain. I can't fucking wait.

I turn to leave the room and stop when I see that damn dog sitting in the doorway, panting softly. I blink a few times because I didn't think there was a way for her to escape that yard, but here she is. At least I think it's a she since Tiffany called her Betty.

I motion for her to go away before heading up the stairs, but the little mutt is right on my heels, even as I head to the second floor, toward my old room.

I turn to her and growl with irritation, but she just whines as she rubs her face against my leg.

I don't know what the hell you are thinking, Chunky Monkey, but I don't have food for you. I'm a fugitive. When Tiffany's parents notice their daughter missing and the dog gone, it will raise several red flags that I don't need.

I continue on to my room and drop down on the palette I made on the floor, throwing my arm behind my neck for support, but in a few seconds, that damn dog is whining and sniffing my neck before she licks my damn cheek. This dog just can't take a hint.

She curls up in the space next to me and yawns before laying her head down, closing her eyes.

Fine. The mutt can stay the night, but tomorrow she is going home if I have to drop kick her over the fence.

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

I stare at the empty whiteboard as Mr. Torrance animatedly drones on about safety in numbers. Like, seriously? This is a biology class, but he's talking about something the principal or our school counselor should be.

Right before Halloween, the teachers always give us lectures, but those are usually about teen drinking or being careful with our curfew. Not this time and the teachers all seem so jumpy about it. My gaze shifts to Amanda Biel's desk in the back and something ominous spreads through the air. I find it oddly relaxing.

No one else seems to notice that Tiffany and her posse is missing today, but I do. I notice a lot of things other people don't, like how when the full moon and Halloween fall on the same night, the sky takes on a red hue like blood pouring from the clouds.

Something is amiss and all anyone can focus on is Damien King, myself included. He has become an obsession to me. I don't know why I've never given his case more thought until recently. Everyone has heard about the Halloween massacre and no one has questioned why it happened. People assume that Damien King lost his mind. He was freaking twelve. Twelve year old boys don't just lose their minds.

Something happened to him. I know it deep within my soul and I want to know what it was. I also want to know what happened to Bellatrix Rothchild.

I know she was just a toddler, but maybe she has the answers to my questions. It would be hard to find that out. That's such an out of the ordinary name. If she went to this school, I would know. We would both be seniors.

The administration has been pulling kids out of class all day. I'm not sure why

because no one is talking about it. It has no real rhyme or reason to it. I wonder if they're going to want to talk to me or if I'm one of the few they won't.

I run my fingers through my hair as I turn my head to look out the window, but I nearly jump when I look across the street and see a familiar face staring into the window. It's him, the guy who helped me on the street yesterday.

Item number two on my list of things I can't stop thinking about. He didn't say a word to me and yet when I slept last night, I dreamed of him and those captivating eyes of his. Those striking eyes and his rough fingers...and those tattoos I saw peeking out from under his sleeve. I dreamed of the things I wanted to say and the things he could do to me without saying a word.

My skin flushes at the memory. I've had sex dreams before, but it was never anything like that and never with a face attached to the other body involved.

I throw him a smile, but I doubt he can see it before I drop my eyes to the desk. I want to talk to him, to find out more about him, but it's school hours and I doubt he'll still be there when we're let out.

I know everyone in this part of town and I don't have any idea who he is. I want to know though. I want to learn everything about this silent stranger.

"Aurora Sullivan."

Lifting my head, I gulp when the school counselor, Mrs. Rolon, looks at me with an inviting smile. Feeling a bit dazed, my gaze moves back out the window and I almost gasp when I see my stranger is already gone. I knew he wouldn't stay there all day, but I wanted more than one look.

I hope he comes back soon.

“Miss Sullivan, I’d like to speak with you for a few minutes,” Mrs. Rolon adds.

I slowly move to my feet and grab my book bag before dashing out of class. Anything to escape the carousel of be careful out there. Nothing exciting ever happens here. This town could benefit from another massacre. It might add a bit of character.

If that didn’t sound psychotic, I don’t know what does.

I’m morbid. Sue me.

“Come with me, dear,” Mrs. Rolon says as we head toward her office at the front of the school. I contemplate running out of the school and skipping the rest of the day just so I can get ready for the fall festival tonight. I love the festivities almost as much as the chaos and seeing all the costumes on Halloween.

Or, Halloweenie as my mom likes to call it.

We walk into her office and I take a seat on the sofa across from the armchair she takes up.

“What is this about?” I ask as I set down my book bag on the seat beside me.

“I just wanted to do a little check in. There’s been a lot of excitement the last few days.” She grins as she picks up her notepad from the table in front of her. She tries to look calm, but I see the way her foot bounces and her ass shifts in her seat. That chair looks too comfortable for her to be adjusting herself so much.

If she calls the past few days exciting, the inner workings of my twisted mind would freak her out.

“You’re talking about Damien King,” I say and the way her hand jolts at my words answers my question. Mrs. Rolon is spooked and not in the way associated with the season.

“What do you know about Damien?” she presses while she writes on the pad, barely looking down at the paper as she talks. That’s creepy.

“That he killed sixteen people fourteen years ago when he was twelve and no one questions it.” I cross my arms over my chest and she analyzes me with her gaze, seeming more on edge now.

“You don’t think he’s guilty?”

“No, I’m pretty sure he is. There was physical evidence to prove it was him, but no one ever tried to figure out why. A little boy kills nearly one-point-five dozen people and no one ever tried to figure out a motive or what happened that pushed him to that point.”

She’s silent for a while as her pen stops moving and she sets the pad in her lap. Mrs. Rolon is cautious as she folds her hands over the pad. “Dear, sometimes bad people do bad things and there’s no explanation that can make it better.”

“I’m not trying to make it better,” I grit the words through my teeth. “And, he was twelve. Do I really need to mention that again? That’s a little kid. Kids don’t just hurt people.”

“Aurora,” Mrs. Rolon stops me, pulling off her thick-rimmed glasses. “It sounds like you want to make excuses for Damien King’s bad behavior.”

“All I’m trying to say is I think something or a lot of something happened to him that pushed him to that point. What if someone hurt him? Why did no one look into why?

None of his doctors or the cops tried to find out why this happened. My dad always says every case has a who, a what, a why, a where, a when, and a how. We know who was responsible, where it happened, when it happened, what happened, and we know how it happened. There's still a piece to the puzzle missing and it's been fourteen years. I know Damien King is a mass murderer and sixteen people lost their lives that night. It was a big tragedy, but it's quite possible another catastrophe happened and no one knows about it because the person it involves hasn't spoken a word since that night."

She slowly nods, but I can see the accusations in her eyes. She thinks I'm completely insane for my train of thought.

"That's an interesting theory, Aurora."

It's not a theory. It's an instinct. I know it's true. I just can't prove it.

"What about Bellatrix Rothchild?" I ask.

Mrs. Rolon looks like I just slapped her. "Um, your dad told you about Bellatrix?" Her voice squeaks and I raise a brow at her sudden change in behavior.

"I asked him when I saw a picture of her and Damien on the news. She seemed important. She was the only person, besides Damien King, of course, who made it out of that house alive. Why did he let her live? As a matter of fact, where the hell is she? There is no record of her even existing. Doesn't that seem a little strange to you? All that is left of her is a picture where you can't even see her face or his."

Mrs. Rolon tilts her head quizzically. "Do you think there's some type of conspiracy going on here?"

I shrug. "Maybe. Maybe not. I can't think of any reason why her entire life would be

scrubbed from the records unless someone didn't want her to be found, but there could be a logical reason I haven't thought of."

She doesn't say anything. All she does is pick up her notepad and start writing again. All I wanted was a second to vent everything I've been feeling the last few days, but Mrs. Rolon is judging me and I'd much rather listen to Mr. Torrance go on about public safety rather than be put under a microscope.

She thinks I'm nuts. I know it. Maybe I am, but I feel enough like a freak every day without her making it clear that she thinks I am one.

I didn't ask for this meeting. She's the one who brought me in here.

"I need to get back to class," I say as I stand and grab my book bag from the sofa.

"Miss Sullivan—"

"I don't want to miss anything important." I dart out before she can say anything else and nearly run into Principal Forrester who smiles at me.

"Aurora, so good to see you." Principal Forrester used to be my dad's partner but she turned in her badge to be an educator when I was a toddler. It's not weird at all that my parents named me after her. It would've been so much easier if I was named after Sleeping Beauty, but no. It was this ray of sunshine.

There's nothing wrong with her. She's always so kind and open to talk if I need to, but she's too close to my dad for comfort. I can't confide in her unless I want my dad to hear about everything I say. That's the shitty thing about small town people. They can't keep a secret and I have a lot of them.

"Ms. Forrester, hi. I really need to get to class."

She nods. “You know my door is always open if you need to talk,” she offers and it takes everything in me not to cringe.

“Got it. Have a nice day.” Then, I dash around her like my ass is on fire and head back to class.

* * *

Lieutenant Sullivan

I stare down at my phone as I pause the security footage I’ve been combing through for hours when it flashes with Andrea’s phone number. It’s not very often when the school counselor calls me but whenever she does, I know it’s an emergency and my heart squeezes in my chest.

Without giving it another thought, I click the green answer button and put my cell on speakerphone, practically on the edge of my seat like watching the action scene of a movie.

“Mrs. Rolon,” I greet her.

“Lieutenant Sullivan, I know you’re busy trying to track down that fugitive, but there’s been a development with your daughter.” My eyes widen as I grind my molars.

“What kind of development?”

“I think we might have a problem on our hands, sir. I’ve had students in and out of my office all day, just doing mental health check ins concerning recent events, but when Aurora came in, she started talking about the fugitive in a way that’s very unhealthy and...honestly, I’m worried. I think she’s going through a mental health

crisis. She's developed an obsession with him."

My heart rate picks up as I glare at the phone. "What? No, she hasn't. Things have been hectic and she's had to research his case for a local history paper, but that's it. Aurora barely knows anything about King."

The silence on the other line rings on for what feels like hours. "Sir, there is no local history paper. The senior history classes are currently focused on infrastructure. I'm sorry to break it to you, but I believe she lied to you to get information about him. She knew more than the general public. She knew about her own involvement in the massacre. She knew the name Bellatrix Rothchild and she seemed convinced of some sort of conspiracy having to do with her whereabouts. People don't just disappear, after all."

Back when I adopted Aurora, Andrea was a social worker working with the department. She is one of very few people who know the truth about Aurora.

"Did you say anything to her? You didn't tell her the truth, did you?" Please, tell me you didn't do something so foolish.

"Of course not. I would never break your confidence, but she's asking questions she shouldn't. She's convinced that something bad happened to the fugitive and that's what pushed him over the edge fourteen years ago. I think something is very wrong. What if he contacted her?"

My eyes narrow as I take a deep breath. Maybe Aurora is right and something bad happened to Damien King when he was a pre-teen, but that does not excuse what he did. There is no excuse for killing sixteen people and who knows how many more by now.

"He doesn't want to contact her. He wants to kill her, Andrea."

“But, how do you know that? Has he made threats toward her?”

“No, but that’s only because the man hasn’t spoken since that night. He’s coming back to finish what he started. I know it. I know him. I looked into the eyes of a killer that I thought was a traumatized little boy. He fooled me once. I won’t be fooled again. I’m not going to give him the opportunity to hurt Aurora. I’ll shoot him if I have to. She is the most important thing.”

“I agree, Henry. Really, I do, but I think you should seek professional help for her. It sounded a lot like she was trying to rationalize his behavior and that scares me. I’ve seen time and time again young girls fantasize about these predators and make excuses for toxic men to behave the way they do. I don’t know what to do other than for her to seek professional help. I’d hate to see her go down this dark path. Like you said, an obsession with Damien King would be very damaging to her.”

I need to have a long, in-depth conversation with my daughter. Whatever is happening with her, it needs to stop now.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

Luckily, when I got home from school, neither Mom or Dad were there so I didn't need to break the news of what Derek has been saying. I know Dad will launch a full-fledged investigation into my accusation, but Mom...I honestly have no idea how she's going to react. Derek's mom is her best friend. They've practically been friends since they were in diapers and she's always had this weird attachment to the idea of me and Derek being something.

Not going to ever fucking happen. When I say I want someone who would do anything to have me, I don't mean a fucking rapist. That's the most disgusting behavior in the world.

"Come on, girlie bop," Lisa bounces her way into my bathroom with a big smile across her lips as I finish applying my black lipstick. "We're going to be late for the festival. By the way, you look crazy hot in this." Lisa fans herself as her gaze rakes up and down my body. I know she's just teasing me and the looks are nothing serious. She tries to say she has the mind of a lesbian but the libido of a straight woman. I have no idea what it means to be quite frank. The only thing I can assume is that she likes looking at women's bodies, but when it comes to the act of sex, she wants a man. However, I will not be asking her to confirm or deny it. It's her private business anyway.

The dress I'm wearing isn't revealing or anything. It's just different. Under it is a plain white t-shirt, but the dress itself is a black and white plaid halter dress that goes down to my knees. It gives very intense Wednesday Adams vibes, which is what sold me on it. It's not quite Halloween so I wasn't going to dress as something out of my norm for this festival, but I wanted something a little different.

“You think so?” I ask as I give her the side eye.

“Hells, yeah! You might even get the attention of that hot emo guy. What was his name?” Then, she snatches my black lipstick and uncaps it, carefully applying it on her own lips.

“I didn’t get his name, okay? He didn’t talk at all. I think he might be...mute. Either that or I weirded him out.”

Lisa snickers as she caps the lipstick once she’s finished. “Trust me. You didn’t weird him out. I saw the way he was looking at you. You two had that whole insta-lust shit going on. Besides, it’s even better if he is mute. You won’t have to worry about him saying stupid shit that throws off the vibes. I’m just hoping you at least get your first kiss tonight with Mr. Hottie.”

Me, too, bestie. Me, too.

I don’t say that though. It’s so weird to me. I have this strange connection to that guy, but I have no clue if he fits my standards. Hell, he could, but there’s no way I could know that for sure. Yet, I want him and I know that part to be true. I want to touch him and know more about him. I probably lost my mind the moment that I saw him and that’s why I thought I recognized him. Maybe it was something completely different happening in my brain and I tried to make it into something that it wasn’t.

Like desire.

“Let’s go and have some fun,” I say before I drag her out of the bathroom, really hoping to avoid both of my parents.

* * *

I wrap my arms around Alexis and Lisa as Alexis holds out her phone camera to take a picture of all three of us together. Alexis loves Halloween as much as I do, so much so that she wears a different costume every day for five days leading up until the big night and she always wears incredible costumes. Tonight, she is a sexy Plague Doctor, which is something I've never seen as a costume before. This is her year for masked costumes and I'm here for it.

Just wait until they find out I have a mask kink, too. The taunts will never end. I know it's all in good fun, but still. I prefer being the outcast. It makes it easier to hide in the shadows. I've never liked being the main attraction. Having the attention of one person or maybe three is doable, but the panic that comes from a whole group of people watching me has made me pass out multiple times. They call it social anxiety, I think. I wouldn't know for sure since I've never been diagnosed with anything. My dad has the "everything is just fine" motto with everything.

"This is going to be so much fun. I love the festival!" Lisa cheers before a pair of hands are slammed over her eyes and she pulls back from us. My gaze dashes up to the figure behind her, tall and lanky. It's none other than her boyfriend, Kevin, who went off to college at the end of summer.

Lisa freezes before a snarl covers her lips. "It is too fucking close to Halloween for scares. I swear, whoever that is, I will rip off your balls and staple them to your forehead."

She can be pretty vicious when she wants to be.

"Nah. You're too attached to my balls, babe."

Ew. Gross. The last image I need in my head is Kevin's balls.

"Kev!" Lisa gasps before she tears his hands from her face and turns to face him. She

throws herself into his arms and they make out like, well, they haven't seen each other in forever.

"Awkward," Alexis whistles and I smile at the truth in her statement. Yeah, awkward for us because we're just standing here with nothing else to do but watch.

I shift my gaze away from the display and my eyes focus toward the hayride parading down the main road, but I don't keep my eyes on the horse-drawn cart, but the figure standing below the tree they pass. Long dark hair and enchanting green eyes pull me in as he presses a lit cigarette to his lips and draws in a breath.

It's him, the guy who has been on my mind sporadically for over twenty four hours. His gaze is attached to the cart of hay and little kids laughing in the cart. He probably hasn't seen me yet and I don't know if he did, if he would even remember me. Our interaction was so brief he might not even remember it happened at all.

I'm definitely crazy because I've created this whole fantasy off of a minute long exchange where he never spoke a word. For all I know, he doesn't even meet my standards for what I want in a man, but if he doesn't, then why do I feel this pull to him?

"Aurora," Alexis says my name, but I don't look away from him in case he decides to disappear again. I don't want him to go away.

"That's him," I mutter and I feel her eyes follow mine.

"You mean the guy from yesterday?"

"Yeah, the one outside of the library." His intelligent eyes continue to follow the hay ride until it disappears around the corner.

“What are you waiting for? Go talk to him.” She nudges me playfully.

“Should I?” Maybe he doesn’t want to see me. Maybe it’s all in my head and there wasn’t really anything there. The last thing I want is to make a fool of myself.

“Aurora, look at me.” Reluctantly, I pull my gaze away from the stranger and look at Alexis who has that determined look on her face that she rarely gets. “You need to woman up. Have you looked in the mirror lately? You are a drop dead gorgeous queen amongst mortals. If he can’t see that, it’s his loss, not yours. You need to shoot your shot and, if you miss, at least you tried. Nothing compares to the fear of what could’ve been but never was.”

“But—”

“We will be fine, okay? I can handle these two lovebirds. Go find something special for yourself. I’ve got your back, boo. Be warned though. If he turns you down, I’m slashing his tires and toilet papering his house.”

I can’t help laughing at her attempts to calm down my rare bout of self-consciousness. It’s not often I get like this, but when I do, it’s always Alexis who talks me down. She knows just how to help me get my head on straight again.

She’s right. If he shoots me down, I’ll just move on. It’s not a big deal at all.

“Fine.” I turn to head in his direction when I see he’s gone from the spot he occupied. I can’t describe the level of disappointment that runs through my body when I realize I missed my chance...again.

Suddenly, I feel a tap on my shoulder and spin around, coming face to face with him, his enticing green eyes staring down at me with a small smirk across his lips.

“Hi,” I nearly shout in surprise, but manage to rein in the automatic response.

He sought me out.

“You’re here?” Seriously, I need to take something to stop the stupid word vomit. No duh he’s here. Either that or I’ve progressed to full on hallucinations.

He shrugs before pointing at the tree he was previously standing at, then shoves his hands in his pockets. I immediately pale in embarrassment.

“You saw me watching you.” Jesus Christ. He probably thinks I’m a weirdo and came over here to confront me for staring. “God, I’m sorry.”

He slowly shakes his head before he shrugs. His eyes are full of understanding and not an ounce of irritation. It’s such a relief I can’t put it in words.

“I never got to thank you for helping me yesterday,” I say, gently touching his arm to show how genuine I am. He didn’t do much. He just picked up my bag and handed it to me, but there wasn’t even a hint of an ulterior motive. He didn’t even try to make polite conversation. It was just a good deed. Nothing more.

He nods slowly.

“You can’t talk, can you?” I ask, not trying to be rude, but if it’s a conscious choice on his part not to respond, that’s a bit rude on his part. I know it’s not nice to ask people about their disabilities and just asking makes me cringe because the last thing I want is to upset him.

He isn’t upset though. He just bobs his head once as an answer.

“I guess I can’t really ask what your name is, huh?” I joke dryly and he gives me this

smoldering look. The look shoots electricity straight through my lady bits. I open my mouth to say something else, but then suddenly music blares from speakers all around the square and I jump in surprise.

It's almost Halloween. Everyone deserves one big scare, right?

Everyone around us starts jumping for joy for the popular cover band, Screwface, that is playing Rapunzel by Emlyn and I end up pressed against my stranger, looking up into his eyes. I'm transfixed. It's like he's saying everything he can't with his tongue and I understand every last word. My heart pounds away in my chest as his finger trails down my jaw before pressing his thumb against my chin.

My stomach tightens yet the rest of me turns into a puddle from the romantic touch. It's...everything.

I know it's stupid because I don't know the first thing about him, including his name, but there is this connection between us. I don't know what it is, but it's more than anything I've ever felt before. I'm addicted to just being in his presence. It's the best thing in the world. Maybe that makes me crazy, but I don't care.

Is he going to kiss me? I hope so.

However, he doesn't move any closer, just stares at my face as if my eyes hold the answers to the meaning of human existence. It's the most intense moment of my life.

"Do you...want to dance?" I ask, feeling super awkward about it, but the embarrassment doesn't hit. Instead, I'm pulled deeper into his eyes.

He smirks and tightens his arm around me as an answer to my question. I'm not much of a dancer, but this is better than standing on the street corner watching everything like the only thing you want is to join in on the fun. Everything around us fades away

until we are the only two people who exist. I feel more seen by him than I have ever felt before. No one has ever been able to make me feel like I belong, like I'm not too different for this world.

Only this man holding me and giving me his full, undivided attention.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

She grabs her order of drinks from one of the street vendors for the festival. I watch the guy working at his little pop-up bar, especially when his eyes fall down to her chest and the ample amount of cleavage nearly spilling out of her top.

I can already see how perfectly I could slit his throat and smear his blood all over his makeshift bar. I'd use his blood to write her name over every surface so everyone knows exactly why I've done it.

She's mine. Every last inch of her untainted flesh belongs to me. Her cunt is mine, too.

She offers him a kind smile as he hands her two styrofoam cups and my eyes narrow. I know she's naturally kind, but I only want her to be that way with me. I like having her attention and her giving that attention to other people is going to end in a lot of bloodshed.

That's my woman. It may not have been said, but she belongs to me and she knows it.

She walks from the vendor to the bench I'm waiting for her on. She takes a seat beside me, handing me the styrofoam cup with D.P. written on the side.

Double penetration? Drug poisoning? Donkey punch? Disabled person?

"You seem like a Dr. Pepper drinker," she says before taking a sip from her cup.

Oh, right. The soda.

I nod and take a slow sip from the cup, cautious of whatever that douchebag put in it. I'm parched so my paranoia only lasts for so long before I'm enjoying the soda. It's really fresh, more so than the cans that one of the nurses in the hospital would leave on my bedside table.

The deliciousness of the beverage brings me back to good days before my life went to shit, sitting in the park with my mom drinking soda and eating popcorn to pass the time. Life was way better before she died, but if she hadn't died and I didn't go through everything I did, I wouldn't have Trixie.

Double edged sword.

Rock meet hard spot.

My gaze moves up to her as she drinks whatever is in that cup and seems content with it. As long as I can have her, everything else that has happened in my life is irrelevant. At least I got to torture Samantha before I killed her. That's a plus.

"Are you new to town?" she asks, still living in de-lu-lu land, thinking that her mind was playing tricks on her when she thought she recognized me. She did. She's the only one who could. I was her primary caregiver for years. Even if she doesn't remember me consciously, the subconscious mind never forgets. She knows me. I just need to make her pull those memories to her conscious mind.

I shrug because it's been fourteen years since I've been back to Chippewa Falls. Am I new to town? No, I know this place. I was born and raised here. Have I been here for a while? No.

"Are you planning to stick around?" she asks another question as she turns toward me. Her attention is completely on me, exactly how I like it. She's hanging onto everything, even when I don't say a single word. We have other ways of

communicating. She absorbs everything like an eager student and there's only so much I want her to learn from me. I want her to avoid becoming as dark as me. I want to be the one doing everything to keep her safe and mine. She doesn't need to darken herself to meet what I am. She can be the angel to my demented nature. She can balance it out with her good. I can carry this burden on my own. All I need is her.

I slowly shake my head. No, I'm not going to stick around. We won't be able to do that once I'm done with everything I need to do. People will be looking for me and they'll try to take her away from me again. That can't happen. Never fucking again.

"How long are you staying?" she asks, a frown pulling at her lips.

That's a complicated question that all depends on her. Will she need time to pack after Halloween? If so, it won't be the same night.

I'm correcting my mistakes of the past and making a better future. I should've ran with Trixie all those years ago. Instead, I let myself get caught and I lost her.

I'm not a stupid kid anymore. Trixie will be leaving Chippewa Falls with me and the bloodbath left in our wake will be talked about for decades to come. This town will be shook once again by my hands and I will truly be The Boogeyman as the kids call me.

"Not long?" she adds and I nod. Her expression becomes sadder and she bites her lips. She has no poker face. I can see the thoughts racing across her face. "That sucks," she admits.

She wants me around and she has no idea who I really am. She just wants me for me.

I smirk at her, a real smile for the first time in so long, and it feels weird on my face. I'm so used to having an unaffected expression that any emotion feels wrong. It's not

though.

I tuck the silver strands behind her ear and her eyes find mine. It's like I can see straight into her soul and I hope she can read my thoughts as well as I can hers. It will all be okay, baby. I'll make sure it is. No one will ever take you from me.

A small smile rises across her angelic face as she stares at me. Leaning into her, I feel the way she stops breathing. A smugness swells inside me as my nose brushes against hers and her fingers find my hair, begging me with her touch to give her what she craves.

Me. Nothing more. Nothing less.

I want you, too, baby.

Pressing my lips to hers, she gasps into my mouth before returning the kiss with the passion she has been holding back. That's my girl. Her stiletto nails dig into my scalp and draw blood, but I crave the pain. My fingers grip her thigh harshly as her tongue connects with mine. She moans like she can't get enough of my kisses and every cell in my body begs for me to pull her into my lap and fuck her right now. I don't give a shit if we have an audience because everyone would know this sexy queen is all mine and all the wandering eyes would look away, especially if they knew exactly whose tongue is in her mouth.

Everyone who took her from me and tried to hide her are running scared. They know I'm coming and I'll show no mercy. There are no second chances, no pleas that will work. When it comes to this woman, I take no hostages. The streets of Chippewa Falls will be flooded with blood and bones and the sight itself will be fantastic.

“Aurora!”

Suddenly, she pulls back and presses her hand against my chest before snapping her head around. Gazing down the sidewalk, I barely hold back a groan.

Lieutenant fucking Sullivan. I'd recognize his face anywhere. Every night, I dream of peeling the flesh from his skull and scooping out his eyeballs before cutting out his tongue and pulling teeth. And that was even before I found out he adopted my girl. He's the one who pulled her out of my arms that night and, for that, he deserves to die.

I don't move even as Trixie jumps to her feet, seeming quite frazzled. I barely rein in my anger at the interruption and the rage building from him upsetting her.

"Dad! What's up?" she asks awkwardly and he stops in front of us. He looks at me for a moment and I wonder if he'll recognize me since he was one of the last people from this town who saw my face. On the contrary, he assesses me only for a moment before he looks back at her, his expression full of displeasure.

"You need to go home now," he demands.

"But, why? The festival just—"

"I mean it," he warns. "This isn't about the damn festival, Aurora. You lied to me. You said you had a history paper just to get information from me about a case, one I shouldn't be talking about considering recent events. You're grounded, effective immediately." My eyes narrow as I listen to their conversation and my fists ball in my lap. I'm not sure if this case has anything to do with me, but whatever it is, it can't be bad enough to warrant this sort of reaction. Even if it did, I would not be okay with him talking to her like this. If I didn't already have my plan in place, I'd kill him right where he stands.

"Dad, I'm not a child and I'm sorry for lying, but you wouldn't tell me anything and

the things you did tell me weren't making sense."

"That's because we are operating under a need-to-know basis and you don't need to know anything having to do with Damien King. I got a call from Mrs. Rolon. She says you have an unhealthy obsession and thinks you need professional help. Now, go get in my damn car. I'm taking you home." His tone leaves no room for argument. Still, my fingers are leaving bruises on my palms from how far I'm squeezing to keep from curb stomping him in front of everyone here.

"Dad—"

"Right fucking now, Aurora Page Sullivan. Grab your shit and get in the car." He scowls down at her and red teases my vision as I try like hell to keep it together. I'll deal with him soon enough. He won't ever make her feel like a child again. No one will.

Asking questions about me isn't childish. Lying to get said information isn't either. Saying she needs professional help and refusing to tell her the truth is what's truly childish. Is he afraid she'll be angry with him when she finds out what he did to keep us apart? I really hope so. I hope she is filled with so much rage she can't see straight, much like me. I'll take care of it though. Everyone who wronged us is going down and the clock is ticking.

She turns to me, grabs her wallet and phone from the bench, and offers me a sad smile. She mouths the word sorry before she turns and follows the Lieutenant down the sidewalk to his cruiser.

This night is not over, not by a long shot.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

Is it at the kitchen table, my hands folded in my lap, as I tune out the tongue lashing Dad gives me while Mom stands by, looking between me and him like she's trying to decide which side to take.

Do I feel shitty for lying to Dad to get information on Damien King? Yes, of course, I do. I regretted it as soon as I did it, but it didn't warrant all this. Something else is going on.

I've lied before, like all other people my age, but it's always about small things. Whenever I've been caught in a lie before, he never made a big deal out of it. He'd just say for me to try and be more honest in the future. I didn't ask him about an active investigation. I know better than to do that. The case is fourteen years old and I asked the same questions any reporter would. I'm sure he's received more off-the-wall questions than mine in the past. It's not fair that I'm being treated differently.

"Are you even listening to me, Aurora?" Dad bellows and Mom slaps his arm as if to tell him not to speak to her daughter that way, but he ignores her.

I tilt my chin to the side before saying, "May I speak now?"

His eyes narrow, but Mom looks at me sympathetically. "Sure, dear." He glares at her, but doesn't say anything. He is taking this too far.

My gaze drifts back to Dad before I speak. "Where is this really coming from?"

The anger on his face is palpable. "Excuse me?"

“This reaction is out of character. I’ve never been grounded or dragged home from a town event for something so trivial. Yes, I lied, but any other time I have—which hasn’t been much—you haven’t behaved like this. I lied to get information because you’re so dang secretive when it comes to the Halloween Murders, but you’ll come home and tell us every detail of any other case you work and just ask us not to tell anyone what you tell us. Why does Damien King have you so freaked out?” I keep my voice level even though I want to scream and shout from not only his reaction, but him pulling me away from the guy I’d been waiting for the opportunity to spend time with. This is Dad’s problem, not mine.

“Freaked out? I’m not freaked out, Aurora.” His voice is calm when it’s clear he’s the furthest thing from it.

“Yes, you are and I do think we need to have a family meeting because you’re the one acting strangely, not me. If you’re worried for my safety or yours or Mom’s, just say that. It’s perfectly logical to be scared, but Damien King hasn’t shown himself in Chippewa Falls and it’s been long enough. He could’ve made it here if he really wanted to. Just talk to us, Dad.”

If smoke could come from his ears, it would and I’d choke on it.

“Why the fuck wouldn’t I be worried about your safety? Do you have any idea how close it is to Halloween? We’re days away and no closer to finding the man who bathed this town in blood. Now, you have an obsession with hi—”

“I’m not obsessed just because I asked questions no one has the answers to, except a mute, mass murderer.” Well, I kind of am, but that’s besides the point. “And the holiday of Halloween shouldn’t scare you.”

He pulls out his phone and slams it on the table in front of me, a picture displayed on the front that makes the blood drain from my face. It’s the inside of a hospital room,

but the walls are decorated in a single name in dark maroon ink.

Trixie.

“That’s Damien King’s hospital room. You want to know why that is important?” He swipes on the screen and it switches to what looks like a living room with the walls mimicking the same design as the hospital room. “Do you know where this is? It’s the fucking Clark house. Tiffany Clark and two of her friends are missing. Her parents came home to find this and their dog missing. That is blood, Aurora.” The room is silent as I stare at the photograph and I have the irrational feeling that I’m being interrogated, like I knew this happened or why. “Want to tell me again how he hasn’t shown himself in Chippewa Falls?”

My heart rate picks up. No wonder Dad is freaked out. That looks...scary. Seeing that name repeated so many times, it must have freaked him out.

“Have you found them?” I ask as I look up at him.

“No, we haven’t and their parents are a wreck. I’m trying to contain a panic, but Damien King is here and he’s hiding in plain sight. Have you noticed anyone that you don’t recognize in the last few days? It could be just a guy walking down the street.”

My mind immediately goes back to the guy I was dancing and kissing earlier, but that’s impossible. He’s too young to be Damien. My guy couldn’t be older than twenty two and even that’s pushing it.

“No one that could be him,” I admit.

“What does that mean, dear? Have you seen people in town you’ve never seen before?” Mom questions, worry on her face.

“Just the guy I was with at the festival. I first saw him a few days ago when he helped me get up after...Tiffany pushed me.”

This is really making my guy sound bad. I shouldn't have said anything in the first place.

“Tiffany pushed you?” Mom gasps, but the look on Dad's face is like he's seen a ghost.

“What name did he give you?” Dad asks, his voice shaking.

“He...he didn't, but it's not him, okay? He's too young to be Damien.”

“What did he say to you?” Mom presses.

“Nothing,” I deflect.

“Aurora, tell us now!” Dad yells in outrage.

I flinch. “He didn't tell me anything. He...he's mute. Dad, it's not him. I'm sure of it. He's just passing through town. He did say he isn't staying long. He's not much older than me, okay?” I'm panicking, so scared that he is going to try to pin what Damien King has done on my guy. It's impossible. It's not Damien. It just can't be.

“We're going to the station and you're going to give as detailed of a description of this guy as you can. If he's not Damien King, fine, but we need to know for sure.”

* * *

I know Dad is pissed at me, but what else did he expect me to do? I wasn't going to give the sketch artist anything to go on, other than what I've already told Dad and

Mom. I kept my mouth shut because I refuse to be the reason he gets thrown in jail for the crimes of someone else. Even if he was Damien, I don't think I could do it. My guy has been too good for me to turn on him like that.

I have the irrational need to protect him and I can't explain where it comes from. All I know is I won't be his downfall, even if he leaves me in the next few days. I'll stay silent and keep his identity a secret.

Even if Dad keeps me locked in this interrogation room.

I lay on the floor across the room from the door with my jacket balled up under my head like a pillow. I'm not tired, but sitting in that chair has made my legs feel restless and I can't just pace this room for hours.

The door swings open and I sit up as Dad stands in the doorway, leaning against the doorframe with his arms crossed.

"Can I go home now?" I ask before pushing the hair out of my face.

He glares daggers at me. "Are you going to cooperate?"

"I told you, it's not him. Why can't you believe me?"

"I want to, but I can't risk your safety."

"And I can't risk him being arrested."

His eyes widen before he sighs in defeat. "I guess we're at an impasse. I could always have you arrested for obstruction of justice."

I glare at him. "Go ahead. I'm sure Mom would love that. Getting arrested for

exercising my right to remain silent. I wonder how the district attorney would feel about that or internal affairs. That would be a fun little adventure, father.”

We are at a true stand-off. He’s willing to do anything and so am I. He’s so determined to catch Damien King that he’s willing to destroy our relationship to do it. Fine, I’ll do the same to protect my guy.

“You’ll remain grounded until you go through with the sketch artist. Do I make myself clear?” he asks.

I smirk. “Crystal.” Now, this is a good reason to be grounded.

* * *

I watch from the rug in front of my bed as Dad removes my TV, my computer, my phone, and my mp3 player, but I’m not deterred at all by his fragile ego. I don’t need all those things. I have books and they’ll keep me plenty occupied. I still need to finish the book with the skull and roses on the cover. It’s been really popular on BookTok and I know it’s very much up my alley, but I just haven’t had time to read. Now, I do because I doubt my parents are going to let Lisa and Alexis come over.

“Enjoy your groundation,” he says before he turns and leaves.

Fuck you, Dad.

I roll my eyes before I get up and lock my door. I start for my bathroom, but then I stop from the soft sound of tapping on my balcony doors. If it were spring, I would chalk it up to a really long branch on the tree next to the balcony, but I know better.

Cautiously, I walk over to the door before the tapping continues. I really should call for my dad, but something deep inside me begs me not to do that. Instead, I undo the

lock on the doors and it slowly pulls open until a familiar figure stands before me in the blackness.

It's him, my guy, with a cheeky smile on his face as he slips inside like this is the most normal thing in the world.

"You can't be here," I whisper, but he shuts the balcony doors before moving close to me. His fingers run through my hair and this whole thing breaks me just a bit. "You have to go. My dad...he's the police lieutenant and he thinks you're this murderer who escaped from prison a few days ago. You need to leave Chippewa Falls, now." Even as I say it, my fingers run along his jaw and into his hair. I don't want him to leave, but there is no situation where we would win out. If he stays, my dad will have him arrested. If I leave with him, my dad will track me down. That's if he would let me go with him. The idea sounds a little creepy, to run off with a guy you just met, but...he's special. Someway, somehow, he's special to me. He doesn't even need to meet the criteria I set for what I want out of a partner and I'd follow him.

"Please," I whimper as he presses a soft kiss to my temple, trailing kisses down my face until he reaches my jaw. He reaches for the hem of my dress before pulling back, asking for consent with his eyes. My heart races as I let out a soft moan and say, "Yes."

If you had told me I would be doing this a week ago, I'd say you lost your damn mind, but we don't have such a thing as time to waste. I want him and I can't get to know him better before giving myself to him. This is our only chance and I'm going to take it.

He tugs my dress up my body before pulling it over my head, displaying the mountain of curves through my bra and panties. Without giving myself to second guess this, I kiss him hard and his hands greedily discover every inch of my body, tugging me against him. The hard length in his jeans rubs against my bare stomach

and I shudder with anticipation.

“We need to be quiet,” I whisper before he pushes me down on the bed. In a flash, he is on his knees before me like a praying sinner and tugs down my panties, eager to get them off. I lift my ass off the mattress and, as soon as they are off, his mouth trails up my thigh, teasing me thoroughly. With no warning, he shoves my panties in my mouth right before he trails his tongue up my pussy. I cry into the gag as I squeeze the comforter in my hands, grinding my cunt against his tongue. It feels so good, the way he teases all the right spots before even reaching my clit. I moan into my underwear as he sucks on the deprived bud and my head swims with lust. Goddamn, his tongue is like magic.

Gripping hard to my thighs, he holds me still as he feasts on me, moaning against my core like I’m the most delicious thing he has ever tasted. My fingers dig through his hair, clinging to each strand in my grasp, until my entire body seizes at thin air from the assault his delicious tongue gives me. I cry into the gag as he hums around my clit, trailing his fingers up my body until he has a handful of my tender breasts. His fingers dip under my bra and run teasing circles around my nipples as he kisses his way up my body until his lips find my own. He rips my gag out before taking me in a fire-hot kiss. My core tenses again from the taste of me on his tongue and dripping down his face. I return his passion aching deep down to my bones as I work at the button and zipper of his tight jeans, hoping he’ll give me what I really want.

Him. Every last inch of him.

He pulls back long enough to tug his shirt over his head before dropping his pants and moving over me. He holds my legs open with his strong hips as he runs the tip of his cock along my opening. With a moan, my gaze flashes down to his appendage and I think my brain short-circuits. I would say he’s massive, but he’s so thick and curved, my clit tingles and my cunt tries to set up a damn roadblock. I don’t know if my hand would fit around his girth or not.

This is going to hurt like a bitch. I've had my share of sex toys, but I was always afraid of hurting myself so they weren't ever like this.

He angles himself to press inside me and I panic. "Wait," I beg.

His captivating green eyes flash to me, waiting for me to say whatever is on my mind.

"I'm a virgin. Just be gentle at first."

His eyes darken with lust before he nods and immediately presses into me. As soon as I start to scream from the agony of being stretched so far, he shoves my panties back in my mouth.

Is he gentle? Compared to how rough he could be with me, I'd say so, but that doesn't stop from it being the worst pain I've ever experienced in my life.

He thrusts all the way in, splitting me in two with the sword between his thighs, and he pins my arms above my head as he waits. I'm just waiting to die from trying to have sex and failing because of all the guys I could've taken to my bed, I had to choose the one swinging a damn horse cock.

He trails kisses down my neck as my pussy throbs painfully until he reaches my bra. He kisses around my nipple, teasing the areola, before sucking me into his mouth. My body jolts in surprise and it doesn't hurt nearly as much as I thought moving would. As a matter of fact, it hurts less when I move.

He pulls back and thrusts into me, testing it out, and my body hums with the mixture of pleasure and pain. It's a toxic cocktail I can't get enough of.

His thrusts gain momentum as he grunts and growls into my skin, but it's different than the noises he made before. They aren't full of need, but pain. Emotional agony.

I spit out my gag before looking down at him. I open my mouth to say something, but he suddenly pushes himself off me, ripping himself out of my pussy like I stung him. I cover my naked body with my arms as I sit up and watch him make a mad dash of his clothes.

Something is very wrong. I don't know how to help him or what I can say.

"What's wrong?" I ask, but it's not like he can actually answer the question. I just want to help him and be here for him.

Instead of answering me in any capacity, he tugs on his jeans before grabbing his shirt and hoodie, making a mad dash for the balcony.

"Wait, please," I plead with him as I cover myself with my blanket and try to follow him, but before I can make it to the balcony doors, he's gone, running down the street like he can't get away from me fast enough.

I didn't even get to say goodbye.

Page 13

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

Staring in the mirror, I try like hell to push the memories away, but they won't be silenced. I keep hearing her voice, seeing her unnaturally red hair, and feeling her breath on my face. If there is one moment in my life she should've stayed the fuck out of, it was the first time Trixie and I had sex. I tried pushing it down, ignoring it, but her voice just became louder and louder until I wanted to rip out my own ears to keep from hearing Samantha's voice. She was everywhere and Trixie's perfect, untouched skin became that of my evil stepsister.

I gutted that bitch fourteen years ago so she couldn't ever hurt me or Trixie anymore, but she still manages to do damage. I know I upset Trixie by leaving like I did, but the last thing I want is for her to see me like this or see what I need to do to silence the bitch in my head.

Grabbing the butcher's knife I bought for tonight, I drag it across my chest and focus on the blood spilling and the pain slicing through my flesh.

Pain in the body quiets pain in the mind or something like that.

It's not enough. It only dulls the memories and her voice but I can still hear her whispers.

You're such a good boy, Damien. You take such good care of me, but I need something more. I bet you'd take good care of me in that way, too, wouldn't you?

With zero warning, I lean over the toilet and vomit the Dr. Pepper Trixie bought for me earlier and the soft pretzel we shared.

Just lay back and I'll do all the work...Such a big boy. You're going to love every second of this, Damien.

Another wave of nausea hits me, but instead of puking up stomach acid, I punch myself in the face. Once, twice, three times, until my head throbs for an entirely different reason. Samantha was a sick and twisted waste of space, but at least her voice is gone.

I never wanted anything she did to me and every night after she raped me, I'd puke my guts up. Luckily, that was the only thing Trixie didn't witness. I hope she forgot everything having to do with that pedophile. I don't want her to ever be haunted by the things that keep me up at night. I took everything so she wouldn't have to.

The sound of muffled screams break me out of my state as I stroke my dick through my pants. I don't know how it's possible that I'm still hard after all that, but that is what Trixie does to me. When she told me she was a virgin, I nearly lost it. She saved herself for me and when I had her virginal cunt wrapped around me, it was so hard not to fuck her into the mattress until we were both completely drenched in her blood.

My cock is still soaked with her. I just hope we don't have a repeat of this next time I'm buried balls deep in her heaven.

Standing to my feet, I rub the vomit from my mouth and grab my mask that I left on the sink before going to the festival. I knew Trixie would be there. I also knew it was a risk to go, but I couldn't pass up the chance to see her and maybe her see me, too. What I didn't expect was for the night to turn out the way it did.

I pull the mask over my head before I make my way over to Samantha's old room where Tiffany awaits me. By now, she's probably realized her friends are dead. They weren't my true target anyway so I gave them an easy way out by draining every last drop of their blood for my paintings.

I want everyone to know I'm back in Chippewa Falls and I want their fear to flow through the streets.

Walking into the room, I pull a box of matches out of my pocket and light the oil lamp to give me some light to work with. Since no one has lived here since I went to prison, the electricity isn't working. I'm mostly using this place to work and sleep, nothing else.

Chunky Monkey follows me into the room and whimpers as she rubs against my leg. Tiffany screams into her gag like she thinks the dog will save her, but she's dead wrong. Luckily for me, everyone is still at the festival or at another party in town so it doesn't matter how loud she is.

I need this to get my head back on straight. I was going to starve Tiffany for another day just to extend her agony for all the years she has tormented Trixie, but I need the bloodshed to level out the trauma I had to relive.

Bending down, I gently pat the dog on the head and she whines with joy at the simple touch before sitting in front of Tiffany like Chunky Monkey thinks Tiffany would give her attention, too. The bitch didn't even give her attention before I snatched her.

Tears flow down Tiffany's face even as I step forward and rip the gag from her mouth. "Betty!" she cries and coughs simultaneously.

I'm guessing that's what she calls Chunky Monkey. Seems too normal for such a pain in the ass.

The dog tilts her head inquisitively before panting. Without warning, Tiffany tries to kick her leg at Chunky Monkey, so I backhand the bitch so hard the chair tilts for a moment before falling back on all four. She sobs in panic. "Please, don't kill me. I won't say anything to anyone. I promise."

I should've figured she would beg for her life. So typical.

I grab the back of her chair and pull it up before turning her around so she can watch me work. A gasp leaves her lips before she lets out a loud scream. I bet the sight before her is shocking.

Her two friends' dead bodies are bound to chairs like hers, but unlike Tiffany, her friends have tubes coming from their arms leading into metal buckets. Their deaths were slow, but they should be glad I didn't make it painful. However, as soon as they passed, I got to work on making them look the same way Tiffany will soon.

The way I carved and falayed the flesh on their faces mimics Trixie's Day of The Dead makeup identically. They were the perfect test subjects for what I'm going to do to Tiffany.

"Is...Is that Mandy and Jess?" Her voice shakes as tears flow down her face.

I hum my answer before I move over to the first body and rip the tube out of her arm before dropping it to the floor. Drops of blood sprinkle the floor, but mostly the flow has stopped. Poor Mandy was such a frightened little creature and now she's dead. Such a pity. She was such a fun little prey. I really enjoyed scaring her.

I grab the bucket of her blood and walk to the wall next to the door and start with my masterpiece. This is my calling card. Sooner or later, people will figure it out. If they don't, they're idiots.

Dipping my fingers into the blood, I write her name on the wall in sporadic sizes, like the flowers on old wallpaper.

"What do you want? Why are you doing this? Mandy and Jess never hurt anybody. I've never hurt anyone," Tiffany whines as I turn to look at her. She seriously thinks

she's done nothing to deserve what's coming to her.

I point to the name on the wall and she hesitantly looks at the wall. "I don't understand. I don't know any Trixie!"

I close the door, dip my fingers in the blood, and write my Trixie's legal name on the back of the door.

Aurora Page Sullivan.

The way Tiffany immediately starts to shake lets me know that she is fully aware of what she has done that has led her to this. This isn't vengeance though. Tiffany, Amanda, and Jessica are all gifts for my Trixie. It's a dark and twisted present, but a gift nonetheless. I hope she appreciates all the hard work I put into this.

"Aurora? She's my friend!" she lies through her teeth as I pull off my mask because I want her to see the dark pools of nothingness in my pupils when she tries to spin this however she chooses. It won't work. She stops and her breath catches as I lean down in front of her, petting Chunky Monkey's head with my blood coated fingers. "We've been friends since we were little girls. Sometimes we mess around, but it's all in good fun. Why else would she give me her dog?"

I blink a few times, trying to wrap my head around what she just said. Is she saying that Chunky Monkey belongs to Trixie? I know this bitch isn't friends with Trixie so that leaves only one possibility. Tiffany stole the dog and everyone just let her get away with it. Does Trixie even know that Tiffany had her dog?

The rage that fills me has more twisted ideas forming in my mind of what to do with her. Originally, I was just going to make her look like her friends, but let her feel every second of it. It was going to hurt like hell until I slit her throat, but now I have something way worse in mind for her.

“Please,” she begs. “I’ll do anything. Just don’t kill me.” Her eyes sparkle with the frightful tears collecting in them.

A truly evil idea fills my mind as a smirk pulls at my lips. This is going to be fun.

Reaching into the pocket of my hoodie, I pull out the butcher’s knife and she cries harder, tears flowing down her dirt crusted face. “Please, please, please!”

Then, I slice through the rope holding down one arm and her crying ends immediately, shock across her face. I cut through the rope on her other arm and she falls to the floor at my feet, gasping as if I just strangled the living daylights out of her. She tilts her head back and looks up at me.

I’ve always been enticed by the hope in people’s eyes right before it is ripped out of their chest and there’s something truly mouthwatering about Tiffany’s hope.

“You—you’re letting me go?” she asks breathlessly.

I just tilt my head before sliding the knife back in my pocket and I cross my arms over my chest.

She moves to her knees in front of me as if she is praying before her god. Tiffany runs her hands up my pant legs with gratitude in her eyes.

“Thank you,” she whispers and moves to stand up but before she can full get up, I kick her right in the fucking jaw.

She’s out before her head hits the floor and I make quick work of preparing her for what I have planned. I strip her of all of her clothes before tying her hands behind her back and working a knot to bind her foot to her knee on the opposite foot. She will be perfectly incapacitated while still being conscious for everything. Once I have all my

tools laid out, I trail my fingers up and down her spine to pull her out of her little nap. She starts to softly groan but is still out. So I do the only logical thing any man would do. I reach down and slap her ass as hard as I physically can. The scream she lets out is so deliciously demented that my insides purr with delight.

“What? What’s happening?” she cries before looking at me in a panic. “I thought you were going to let me go. Where are my clothes? Please, don’t rape me!”

Why is that always the first place everyone goes when you take off their clothes against their will? I’m not going to rape her or anyone for that matter. However, I am going to do some things that investigators will argue are sexually motivated.

Even if I did have something like that planned, Tiffany Clark doesn’t do it for me. Only one woman gets me hard enough to bust through drywall and that’s my girl, my Trixie.

I still have her virginal blood coating my cock and that is the only reason my length stirs at all.

Not this Sports Illustrated model wannabe.

“Damien,” she whimpers before my eyes move back to hers. At least she has the decency to use my name. Anything else would be plain rude. “I’ll let you do what you want to me. Just...please, I don’t want to die. If you want to fuck me, I’ll fuck you and make it feel good.”

Doubtful. She is way too bony for my taste.

“Please.”

I flip her onto her back and the bitch moans like she thinks I’ll actually take her

disgusting snatch as an offering. Wrapping my hand around her throat, I press her into the ground before trailing my hand down her collarbone. Tiffany arches her chest into my hand until her barely-there breast is in my hand before moaning.

“Please, Damien. I want you. Touch me.”

I want to laugh at her antics. She really thinks she can use her body to get out of this. Well, she has another thing coming.

Stupid whore. The words feel so real in my head I swear I must’ve spoken them into existence, but she doesn’t react and I don’t think my lips moved.

Grabbing my knife from beside her, I lift it and dig the tip into the top curve of her breast. She screams as blood coats her chest. She tries to thrash, but it’s useless in the position I have her in. Even if she was untied, she’d be powerless to stop me.

Grabbing dirty tissues, I stuff them between the layers of skin and the satisfying sound of squelching flesh and blood welcomes me with each push.

“Stop! Stop, stop!”

I grab my needle and thread and begin closing up the botched titty job, finding her tits a bit more appealing this way.

She screams for someone to help her as I move onto her other breast and do the same before I add the finishing touches to both breasts. Pressing the blade down into the center of her nipple, it splits in half. I cut the bud into fourths like a tassel made of human flesh. I do the same to her other one.

Now, Tiffany is shaking with pain, her eyes nearly bulging out from the shock to her system.

Delightful.

I move down to her bikini line and dig the blade into her skin, separating the epidermis from her guts below. The blood pours around her body as she tries to fight it, but with her leg pinned under mine, all she can do is make my cuts more jagged than intended. I stuff her abdomen with tissues as much as I can until she looks like she's carrying a six month fetus in her womb. Then, I stitch her up with her pleas and screams as the soundtrack of my depravity.

Flipping onto her face, which is probably the worst pain she's experienced, I straddle the back of her legs and do the same to her flat ass. I slice and stuff, slice and stuff, again and again until it's no longer clear how her body once looked. She bathes in a pool of her own blood as I turn her back to her previous position on her back and she hisses as sweat and blood mixes across her face.

"Please," she whimpers weakly as her teeth chatter. "Kill me."

How truly fickle is the human body that just a bit of torment is needed to flip the hope for survival to a prayer for death? Tiffany's will power is that of a child. She has no emotional strength at all. Nothing to admire.

If it wasn't that I need her either dead or comatosed for the markings I need to place on her face, I wouldn't give her what she wants. She's just lucky it aligns with my plans.

I turn her back on her face and turn the butcher's knife in my hand, thinking of which way I want to do it until it pops in my head.

She did say she wanted me to fuck her. I guess she'll just have to settle for my blade.

With a clear sight of her cunt, I line up my knife and slice it straight through her,

blood gushing around it. The orchestra of cries and protests welcome me as I slice through layers of flesh and reproductive organs all the way back to her anus. I shift the knife further until it hits her tail bone as vagina starts to fall out of her bounded snatch. I rip out the blade and stand up as she hyperventilates in the pile of blood, intestines, and shit pouring from her ass.

I watch her and wait as her breathing slows until her entire body falls still.

Ding dong. The witch is dead.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

I manage to sneak out of the house before either of my parents are up and walking around. I know I'll probably get in more trouble for this, but I don't give a shit at this point. My dad is being ridiculous and letting this Damien King thing completely take over our lives. Everything was perfectly fine in our family until he escaped and now I feel like a complete outsider. That's not Damien's fault. This is all my dad's doing. I don't need the disappointed stares he's sure to give me. All I need is to make it through all of this shit I call life until Damien King is captured. Then, my dad will owe me a big apology when it comes to light that the guy I spent a few hours with at the festival was not Damien.

He was too gentle to be a psychopathic mass murderer. Well, that title might be serial killer now, especially since Tiffany, Jessica, and Mandy are missing.

And that call sign of his...Is that him trying to bring Bellatrix Rothchild out of hiding or was it his way of making sure everyone completely familiar with his case knows it was him? I still have so many questions and no one will answer them. I don't know anymore if it's me they want to protect with these secrets or the town.

I slip into the town café and order a piping hot mocha latte topped with whipped cream and chocolate shavings. Before slipping into a chair at the table me and my friends always sit at on Wednesdays and Saturdays, I take a small sip of my drink, humming at how delicious it is. While I wait for Lisa and Alexis to come, I doom scroll on Facebook and every post has something to do with Damien King. Some people swear they saw him at different places in town. One person says they saw him sleeping on top of one of the victim's graves.

That's just plain creepy.

There has been dozens of possible sightings, but I know all of them are fake. No one knows what Damien looks like.

It's so weird that all the years he was incarcerated he never had an updated mug shot or something to that effect done.

Time flies while reading all the posts. The next thing I know, Lisa and Alexis are sliding into a seat with their coffees in hand.

"Where have you been? We've been calling and texting you," Alexis asks with concern in her voice.

"Chillax. She was probably getting railed by that hottie she was all over."

I try to block out the whole situation with my stranger. I acted completely out of character and gave him my virginity, but that's not the disturbing part. He started freaking out and left. I don't even care that we didn't finish having sex no matter how good he felt. I just want to know he's okay and I don't. I don't know his name or phone number or where he's staying.

"My dad found me and made me go home," I say before sipping my coffee.

"What?" Lisa gasps. "But, you love the festival! That's so fucked up."

I know I'm not supposed to tell my friends what is happening with the Damien King debacle, but I need to talk about what I know and vent some of my frustration.

"He found out that I lied to him about a paper for history to get information about the Halloween murders."

The color drains from their faces as they stare at me silently.

“Some things just weren’t adding up and I know it was stupid, but I was frustrated. My dad is hiding things from me. We’ve never had secrets before. I don’t know what to do. Now I’m grounded for lying and other things.” I take another sip before nervously chewing on my bottom lip.

“What other things?” Lisa questions, completely captivated by what I might say.

“The guy I was with at the festival...my dad thinks he’s Damien just because he’s mute.”

“That’s insane. There is no way your hottie is Damien King. No way in hell.” Lisa rolls her eyes before drinking her coffee.

“Exactly and now I’m in trouble because I refused to do a composite sketch of him at the police station. I’m not going to let my dad throw him under the bus just because he’s in panic mode.”

Lisa rolls her eyes and huffs. “Well, that’s plain stupid. What reason does he have to believe that your hottie is that psychopath?”

“All he has to go on is that he’s mute and new to the area. Nothing else.”

Alexis looks pale. “What does being mute have to do with anything? That seems quite prejudiced.”

I know it seems suspicious, but I don’t hold back. “Because Damien King hasn’t spoken since he killed all those people.”

They’re silent for a minute as they exchange a few looks before Lisa opens her mouth. “Holy shirt balls. I don’t know how but that makes him even scarier. Imagine being chased by a guy who won’t even taunt you. Does anyone know why he stopped

talking?”

“Maybe he has nothing left to say,” Alexis mutters before sipping her drink.

“Do you know if they are any closer to catching him?”

I slowly shake my head. “That’s what makes this even worse. He’s in Chippewa Falls.”

Then, Alexis’s coffee flies from her lips as she spits it across the table in shock. She coughs as Lisa rubs her back, fear across her face.

That’s exactly what Damien King is for this town. He is fear. There’s something to be admired about that, how one person can cause such a basic emotion in everyone who hears it.

Everyone except me. I’d probably be scared if I was in his presence, but I feel like we could learn a lot from him. Something in his story is missing.

Doctors have tried to study him to try to figure out what makes the human mind break like he did, but their results were inconclusive.

“He’s...here? How do you know that?” Alexis asks brokenly once she stops coughing.

“He left his calling card at Tiffany Clark’s house. Her, Jess, and Mandy are all missing.”

The way Lisa shivers speaks volumes. Even though we all hate those girls, it doesn’t mean they deserve whatever Damien is going to do or has done to them. Do they deserve to be punished for the bullying they’ve subjected everyone to? Yes, but not

by death.

“Well, shit.”

With that, I know I’m not going to get any help with my own personal problems. My friends are fearful as they should be. Damien King doesn’t fuck around. If he wants you dead, you might as well start digging your grave. He gets what he wants and from his calling card, what he wants is Bellatrix Rothchild.

* * *

Walking down Main Street, I stop dead in my tracks with Lisa and Alexis just as frozen as me. A few feet ahead of us is police tape and beyond that is the vendor table I bought drinks from last night. The guy that worked at the table is laid over it, his neck bent back over the edge, the haunted, dead look in his eyes is something I commit to memory.

Several red cuts across his white t-shirt are visible as is the severed penis poking out between his teeth. The sheet laid over his waist blocks any view of his bottom half, but based on the huge red spot in the sheet, I’d bet the penis in his mouth belongs to him.

“Oh, my god!” Alexis cries as she covers her mouth. That vendor is Calvin Daily, Alexis’s cousin. No wonder she can’t keep it together.

I’m more in awe of the death than anything else. Something about the way his body is displayed has my thighs slick with arousal. I’m very well aware that my cunt is broken for far more than being turned on by the gruesome crime scene of someone who was a friend.

Then, I look at the side of his van that held most of the beverages last night and see

the writing in blood.

Trixie

Trixie

Trixie

It covers every inch of available space but what is most striking is the writing beside Calvin's body.

This is what happens to those who look at what belongs to me. You have been warned.

-Damien King

P.S. Happy Halloween

Tomorrow is All Hallow's Eve.

My heart jumps into my throat as I read the note over and over again. I was just here last night...and so was Damien King. We were all here, the entire town, and no one knew The Boogeyman was walking among us. What did he see that made him leave this note? I have no clue, but whatever it was, Calvin made it to his kill list.

Was Bellatrix Rothchild here, too? Is that what the note is about?

Alexis grabs my hand and squeezes it as Lisa wraps her in her arms. The way she wails hurts my heart, but I can't focus on her pain when my own mind and body are experiencing such turmoil from the sight of Damien King's latest victim.

* * *

Lisa was tasked with taking Alexis home, which left me on my own for the rest of the day. So as soon as class was done for the day, I hid in the bathroom, standing at the sink staring at myself.

What is wrong with me? How can I be so fucked up to get horny from the sight of one of my friends dead? I knew I was messed up but my body has been in knots all day over this.

It's been different before. I've always been aroused by death, but it's never been someone I knew. I'd find pictures of dead bodies and get myself off to the sight. The more gruesome, the better. However, Calvin wasn't just some random guy who was butchered. He looked out for me. I knew he liked me as more than a friend, but I never returned those feelings and he accepted that.

The other students file out of the building until everything rings silent and even the automatic lights shut off. It's Devil's Night so I bet the faculty members locked everything up as quickly as they could. I'm not locked in the building but everyone else is locked out.

There's no place safer, but unlike the rest of this town, which is in a panic, I'm not scared of Damien King. As long as you stay out of his way and keep your head down, you survive. I've lived eighteen years by doing both of those things. Everyone else thinks he's a mindless killer, but what he did to Calvin was strategic. Calvin made him mad.

I rub my thighs together as my breath catches, the images of Calvin's body running through my head. I'm so horny it's insane.

The bathroom door flies open and I spin around in shock as a hooded figure steps

inside the bathroom before pulling down their hood, revealing those captivating green eyes that have made me feel things I've never felt before.

It's my stranger.

"I told you to leave town." Then, it hits me. "Wait. How did you get into the school?" He arches a brow at me before walking over to me with such determination that my insides melt when he grabs the back of my head and kisses me like he's starving. His teeth crash against mine and he demands for me to give him all of myself with just his kisses. A loud moan escapes my lips and I fall victim to his seductive tongue. "You shouldn't be here," I rasp before he yanks my skirt up my legs and trails his kisses down my neck.

It seems my desires and his intentions line up perfectly. I'm still sore from last night and I know it's going to hurt, but I need to get off so bad that I don't care how much it hurts.

I shove my panties down my waist along with my skirt, dropping both to make this easier. He lifts me into his arms, shocking me again with how strong he is, and sets me on the sink before working on his pants. Reaching between my spread thighs, I circle my clit as I wait for him, whimpering with each swipe of my finger.

His eyes darken as he drops his jeans down to his knees before pressing against my swollen pussy. I scream for mercy and salvation as he impales me on his cock. I meet him thrust for thrust as the sink shakes beneath us and zings of pleasure and pain course through my body.

"Oh, my god! Yes!" I moan as my legs shake and he rips my shirt down my chest, revealing my bare breasts to him. His head sinks down and he sucks my nipple into his mouth. Then, he bites down hard and another scream is ripped from my throat. He doesn't take it easy on my body this time. No, he fucks me hard and unforgivingly.

It's a punishing type of fuck and my body loves it. "Please, please, please," I whimper as I'm dangled from the edge he's teasing me with. I've been barely holding it together all day and it's led to this. The image of Calvin displayed on that table flashes through my mind again and I explode around his pulsating cock, moaning like a pornstar as my hips buck in time with his thrusts.

Then, without warning, he comes with a vengeance, roaring into my ear his release. I cling to him as he thrusts along with the strings of his orgasm and clings to my body, his teeth sinking into my shoulder. His claim over me pounds down into the bone and something about it is truly satisfying.

A moment of panic hits me when I realize he didn't use a condom, but I push it to the back of my mind. I can freak out later, but for right now, I'm just glad we got this extra time together.

He trails kisses up my neck, my cheek, and to my temple as he strokes my hair in the most loving way I've ever been touched.

My heart aches knowing this must be the end. He came to say goodbye. That's it, right? I'm never going to see him again.

He pulls back and stares into my eyes like he's begging me to see something he wants to tell me. I'd give anything to hear his voice once, to hear him tell me what he's thinking, but he can't and we both know it.

"You have to go," I say brokenly as I feel the tears developing behind my eyelids. He has to go, but I don't want him to. I want him to stay forever.

He presses a brief kiss to my lips before pulling out of me and yanking his pants back in place. He smirks at me, pulls a folded piece of paper out of his pocket, and hands it to me before he leaves out the door without looking back.

My gaze moves down to the paper and I drop it in shock as if it stung me because of the name written on the outside of it.

Trixie

What. The. Fuck.

It's his handwriting, the same handwriting from the walls and Calvin's table.

I fix my clothes as my hands shake and I hesitate to grab the folded paper from the floor. It can't be, right? I'm just losing my mind.

Standing up, I unfold the paper and read the words written in the familiar font.

I can't stay in Chippewa Falls and, by now, you should know why. I want you to come with me when I leave. I've waited so long to have you, my pretty little dead girl. I won't leave you behind in this shithole.

Yours,

Damien King

The note falls from my fingers and my back impacts with the wall as I collapse to the floor. My airway constricts as I stare at the paper.

This can't be real. It has to be some kind of sick joke, right? That was not Damien King. It couldn't be.

All we have to go by is that he has green eyes and dark brown hair.

Oh my god. I've been so stupid. I vouched for him and took this punishment from my

parents to hide him and now Calvin is dead. I could've saved him by doing what my dad asked me to.

The really twisted part is if I had this information before, I still would've made the same choice. I still would be sitting here with Calvin's blood on my hands. It wasn't who he is that I've been protecting. It's who he has shown me he is with me.

I gave my virginity to the infamous Halloween killer and I'd do it again. Maybe I'm just as fucked up as he is.

Page 15

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

It's funny the kind of things you retain muscle memory from, like climbing trees as a child. I fucking remember and that's insane in itself because I haven't climbed a tree in nearly twenty years. And yet I sit behind a mass of leaves in a tree, watching the party go on in the house yards away from me. My next target is inside. He's probably drinking or in the middle of some slut sucking his cock. Either way, he has to come outside at some point.

It's Devil's Night, the night known for adolescents doing fucked up shit, but I have my own list of deeds for him.

Pulling the pack of smokes from my pocket, I lift one to my lips before flicking the lighter. The flame blazes and the end smokes as I drag in the cancerous fumes. I suck it deep into my lungs before blowing it out, feeling the calm settle over me.

There's a couple screwing a few trees away and the symphony of their pleasure reminds me of my girl and getting her off in the school bathroom. The way she screamed for me will live rent free in my brain for years to come.

The note I left for her was a test that I hope she passes. If she doesn't, I won't be able to finish the work I've started here. I've shown my dedication to her. Now, I need her to do the same by remaining silent. She is the only person in Chippewa Falls that knows what I look like. She is the only one the cops would need to take me down, but I won't be going back to jail. No, I'd go out in a blaze before I'd ever go back to that place. I won't let her be ripped from my arms again.

My cock swells and pulses against my zipper at the thought of how tight she was and how she came all over me. It was so hot seeing her lose control with me. Last night

she was in control but today, she was a wild animal begging for what she wanted.

My pretty little dead girl loved being my little fuck toy.

The party starts to thin out as the night drags on and I look down at the watch on my wrist to see the second it hits midnight.

I fucking grin.

It's Halloween. Exactly fourteen years ago, I killed sixteen people and I'm leaving an identical blood trail in my path this time. I'm just spreading it out more. I'm older and smarter than I was back then.

I stare through the trees as my target walks out of the house with a busty redhead as a bunch of the party-goers leave the house.

The overly zealous couple dresses themselves before also leaving the party and, once there is no one near me, I jump from the tree and pull my mask in place. I use the trees to create a shadow around me as I make my way to the back door.

The only people left inside are his friends and they all deserve to die. This piece of shit openly talked about raping my girl and his friends did nothing. Nobody batted an eye at his disgusting behavior. I'll teach them a lesson that will scar them straight into the afterlife.

I slip through the back door. I slowly walk down the hall, looking into each room until I make it to the living room that looks into the kitchen where one of the guys from that car stands, probably making himself a sandwich, when his phone rings. He puts down the knife he was using and pulls out his phone before pressing a button on it.

“Isn’t it way past your bedtime, Miss Sullivan?”

My entire body stiffens. Why the fuck is she calling him? He’s one of the pieces of shit that said nothing.

“Talon, I’ve told you not to call me that.”

“So sensitive,” he teases.

“Where are you?”

“Um, I’m at Derek’s stupid party. My dad made me come or, trust me, I wouldn’t be here. The last thing I want is to be associated with this dipshit.”

That gives me pause. Is he telling the truth or just saying that to calm her down?

“Your dad is an idiot. You shouldn’t be forced to be friends with that asshole.”

“I’m not friends with him. I play ball with him. There’s a difference. I’m not friends with any of these guys. They’re all just like him.”

“I didn’t get the chance to tell you earlier, but thank you for telling Alexis about what he had planned. It’s nice to know I have some people watching my back.”

My eyes widen behind my mask. My girl just took this guy off my list. The people in this house are supposed to die for not saying anything but this guy, this Talon, did exactly that.

“You don’t need to thank me, Aurora. You’re my friend and you’re Lexie’s friend. I’ll always look out for you.” He lifts up the sandwich he made and takes a big bite out of it.

“Thanks, but Alexis needs you, like now.”

His eyebrows raise in surprise. “What’s going on?”

“Did you hear about the dead body on Main Street?” she asks, her voice cautious.

“Yeah, everyone’s been talking about it. It was something about someone chopping his dick off and shoving it down his throat. Brutal. Someone pissed the wrong guy off.”

I almost laugh. I kind of like this guy and that’s not easy because I don’t like people, period.

My girl lets out an awkward laugh and I smirk. She’ll never have a more perfect chance than this to tell someone that she knows who I am. Yet, she doesn’t.

“Absolutely. Well, the body is Calvin.”

He chokes on his sandwich before forcing the bit of bread and meat down his throat. “What?” he mumbles around the food and I watch him try to swallow again before clearing his throat. “You mean Lexie’s cousin, Calvin?”

“Yup...and she saw him like that. She’s been fucked up about it all day. Lisa was with her at home during school hours and my mom temporarily took me off my grounding to be here with Alexis. Lisa ditched to go screw her boyfriend because he’s in town for the next few days. I need to get home and your parents are gone for the week. I just...you’re the only one I could think to call.”

So the pervy vendor is related to one of Trixie’s friends. That’s an unforeseen situation.

“What about her boyfriend?” He says it like the word makes him want to vomit.

“Come on, Tal. You know he’s a front. She can’t exactly go around telling everyone that she’s screwing her stepbrother, can she? The whole town would lose their shit. It’s better if everyone thinks she’s invested in her college boyfriend across the country. You’re the real deal.”

“Try telling her that,” he grumbles, irritated with the direction of the conversation.

“I know,” Trixie sighs. “When you’re done dealing with her bullshit, that’s up to you, but if you’re planning to still deal with it tomorrow, she needs you right now.”

“I’ll be there in two minutes.” The poor guy seems really defeated. I get it. If I had the same issues with my girl, I don’t know what I would do. It can be a hard situation to find yourself in.

Who gives a fuck if he’s screwing his step-sister? It’s their business alone. I’d still feel the same way if there was a blood relation. If they’re two consenting adults, that’s the only thing that matters.

It seems Talon and I have something in common, issues with our step-sisters. Mine raped and brutalized me. His pretends she doesn’t want what they have. Different issues, but issues nonetheless.

Talon hangs up his phone, drops his sandwich in the trash, and walks out the front door.

It’s a good thing he left. I don’t want one of the few spared to witness this. Then, I’d have no choice but to kill him.

I check to make sure the knife is still in my pocket. I have a weapon for the majority

of my targets in this house but the needle is for Derek Fuller. I have something special in mind for him.

I stalk through the house slowly, drawing the knife. I stand in the hall outside of a room where I hear commotion inside.

“Get the camera, man!” one of the guy’s says with excitement dripping from his tone.

“We have to get this on film.”

Then, a woman’s voice screams from inside. “Please, don’t do this! Harry, make this stop!”

“He’s not going to do shit, Priscilla. Shut up before I tape your mouth shut. This is going to make us a lot of money on the dark web.”

My eyes narrow behind the mask. It doesn’t take a genius to figure out what is happening inside that room. They probably have the woman restrained and are about to rape her on camera.

That’s one thing that has always pissed me the fuck off. Rape. It doesn’t matter who it is against—men, women, children, rape is rape. I’ve been through it.

There is never a fucking reason to rape anybody.

Without a second thought, I slam my boot into the door and the lock disengages, the door swinging open to slam against the wall. Three men stand around the room as the girl is tied to the bed completely naked, tears streaming down her gorgeous face. She’s fucking petrified and can’t be older than fourteen. Even that’s pushing it. She’s a fucking kid.

One guy is between her legs with his pants around his knees but no penetration has happened.

“Private party, dumbass!” The one holding the camera says before turning it to flash at me but I can’t be seen behind my mask.

I take a step inside the door.

“Get out,” another one moves toward me and eyes my knife warily.

Good. All four are here. No one else is on the property except Derek but he’s dealing with his whore.

I tilt my head as the girl cries. “Please, help me!” Her auburn curls fan around her face as her lip trembles.

“Shut up, you stupid bitch!” The one on top of her slaps her and her skull ricocheted off the mattress with a loud smack and my eyes narrow.

The one closest to me steps forward again and I slam my knife into his stomach, purposefully to make sure it’s as painful and paralyzing as possible. He screams and all the others jump in fear as the girl continues to cry.

Their friend drops to the floor, gasping as if he can’t believe I actually stabbed him.

“Holy shit,” one of them says before looking between me and his fallen friend who spits up a bit of blood, rasping with each breath he takes. “You’re him, aren’t you? Damien.”

At this point, it’s become a running joke. Since I left that scene on Main Street, the cops can’t hide the fact that I’m back in town and the entire place has been in a panic

ever since. Every person they see that they don't recognize off the bat instantly makes them scared. The funny thing is I'm not one of those people. I was here before the panic started and people already noticed me before that. The weird, quiet guy. They don't see me as a threat at all. The only one who has been suspicious of me at all is Lieutenant Sullivan. However, he didn't say that to my face. He only said that to Trixie. It's surprising that he didn't recognize me the way my girl did.

I wave my free arm into my chest like a half-ass curtsy. It's enough of a confirmation for two of the pedophiliac, rapist pigs to charge me while the other cries in a ball, hiding on the other side of the bed like he could use the girl as a shield.

With a single swing of my blade, I slice open both of their necks without even breaking a sweat. They stagger back clutching at the cuts as blood sprays from the artery between their fingers. They gag and cough before dropping to their knees.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry." The one remaining piece of shit repeats that sentiment over and over until he should be blue in the face. His face is the exact opposite color.

I step over his fallen comrades as he blubbers on like an idiot and I walk around the bed, where the girl still shakes and cries. I stop in my tracks when I see the implant behind her ear.

She was talking but plenty of deaf people can speak. Not only is she a little kid but she's a disabled one at that. There's nothing wrong with being deaf, but it tends to give a disadvantage to defending oneself. How can you protect yourself if you can't hear the danger coming?

These idiots are even bigger pieces of shit than I originally thought.

I let out a soft whistle and the tone of it must be enough for her implant to pick up because she turns her head to face me, more tears falling down her face.

Back in the psychiatric hospital, I was put in a class to teach the deaf to learn sign language. Even though I wasn't deaf, they wanted to give me an alternative way of communicating. I never participated but that didn't mean I wasn't paying attention.

I send her a message in sign language.

Close your eyes. I'll tell you when you can open them.

She was smart when I killed the others. She had her eyes closed for each kill.

She gazes at me hesitantly before she slams her eyes and snaps her head around so her hair shields her face. Even if she wanted to look, she couldn't.

Good girl.

Without another moment to give him to decide on his escape, I grab a handful of his hair and yank him to his feet before I slam the knife into his neck. His eyes bug out in pain and horror as his mouth flops open and closed like a fish before I rip out the blade before stabbing him through the eye, twisting the knife in his socket. His body falls slack quickly but that was the point.

That was the one who was actively trying to rape this girl. The point was to show that a few seconds can change the way you look at the world forever. The seconds drown on forever and you have no concept of time when you're a victim of such a horrible crime, like being sexually assaulted. That's why Satanists believe rape is the worst crime one can commit, worse than murder. It can destroy one's soul. It did that to mine.

I drop his body before I turn to the girl.

I have no clue what I'm going to do with her because there is one line I won't cross. I

don't kill kids.

Page 16

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

I killed three kids fourteen years ago but that was different. I was the same age as them and they fucked with Trixie.

I'll deal with the girl later, but for now, I have one more target to deal with before my anniversary massacre can truly begin. He takes priority because Trixie is my number one goal. I need her to leave town with me after today and, if she doesn't want to leave or is angry about how I tied up our loose ends, I'll make her come with me. I have plenty of rope and duct tape to last a while. I'd prefer her willing though. She feels like she doesn't belong here. She's right. She doesn't because she belongs with me, by my side, and I'll make that happen. First, a lot of people have to die.

I ready the needle in my hand as I hear a commotion in the living room, knowing that Derek has returned from sending off his whore. I wait in the darkened hall as he walks out of the kitchen to the living room, holding a black trash bag to throw away the red plastic cups thrown all over the room.

"Everything good down there?" Derek yells, but continues to clean up even as he receives no response from the hall next to this one. "Todd?" he calls out to one of his friends, but still, the house is dead silent. "Bradley? Hey, dumbshits!" The walls in this place are thin so if they were still breathing, they'd be able to hear him. "Just because you're knee deep in pussy doesn't mean you can ignore me!" he yells, completely unaffected by the lack of response before he throws down the bag in frustration. "Fucking bitch."

Which bitch is he referring to? There are a lot of possibilities.

He pulls his cell out of his pocket before tapping a few buttons and putting it to his

ear. He holds it there for a while, looking increasingly nervous. “Hey, Aurora. It’s me. I was just calling to check up on you. Talon told me you weren’t feeling well and that’s why you didn’t come to my party.”

My eyes narrow as my ears heat from what I can only assume has to be cartoonized smoke pouring out of them. My mind spins until all the pieces suddenly fall into place. That girl was tied up in that room like they planned to have a victim, but the ropes were too short for her limbs for more than the tiny knots that held her body so tight her shoulders were sore when I cut them. The ropes were cut for the right length to tie up a petite woman instead of a preteen child.

Derek planned for the girl who went in that room to be my woman, my Trixie. Not only was he planning to rape her, but he was planning for him and all of his friends to do it. They were going to record it and post it on the internet for the whole world to see what happened to her.

I’m going to make him suffer for that choice.

“Call me back,” he mutters before hanging up, shoving the phone in his pocket. “Dipshits, leave her tied up and come help me clean this stuff up!”

The silence rings through the house, close to that of tinnitus vibrating in my eardrums, and he stares down that hall. He senses the danger. It’s written across his face as he glances toward me. He can’t see me, but he knows something is happening.

“Elam!” he yells before he walks toward the other hall and I smirk.

Fucking dumbass. He would’ve had a better chance of escaping if he had run out the front door. It’s a classic horror movie mistake. Sidney Prescott said it best. He has big-breasted bimbo energy.

I follow him down the hall as he walks and I smell the fear on him when he sees the door I left open just a crack.

“Guys? Are you in there?” More silence greets him and his hand shakes as he slowly pushes open the door to find the bloodbath I left behind. A grin pulls at my lips as he lets out a surprised gasp before screaming. “Oh, my god. Bradley!” He dashes inside and drops to the floor in front of the only one still breathing only a few feet inside. “What happened? Who did this?” He presses his hands to the gaping gut wound on his friend as blood slowly leaks out of his mouth. I’m surprised he’s still breathing. He should’ve died already, but I’ll fix that before I leave.

“Da-da-Damien...King.” He manages to speak my name clear enough for him to understand and I grin as Derek’s body goes stiff. His terror intensifies and I bet you anything he has no idea I’m here for him. “Damien!” The dumbshit, Bradley, yells as Derek’s warning that I’m standing right behind him. Derek tries to turn around, but I grab his hair tight and stab the syringe into his throat before pushing the medicine in. I force him to stare at his dying friend as the tranquilizer starts to work. He fights it, clawing at my wrist and trying to kick and throw punches in my direction, but pain doesn’t affect me anymore. I’ve been through too much. He could stab me in the balls and I wouldn’t feel a thing. I’m numb to all physical feelings except pleasure and hunger.

After a minute, Derek’s body falls slack and I toss him to the side before turning my eyes on his friend, Bradley.

He failed and he knows it. He couldn’t save his friend. He can’t save his own life either. I wouldn’t have come after them in the first place if it wasn’t for them planning to rape my girl.

Taking a knee in front of the fallen Bradley, I raise my knife and stab him right through the heart, killing him instantly.

Now, for Derek's punishment.

* * *

Getting him set up in Samantha's room wasn't very hard at all, not like how I expected it would be. All I needed was to tie him to the old kitchen table and turn it on its side to where he's upside down and wait for him to come to. The entire time, I sit in the chair that once housed Tiffany, but she's now on full display with her friends and all the others I've killed in the last few days. Every one of them has a spot on the wall and soon, Derek will join them. First, I want to make it hurt. Can't do that if he isn't awake though, can I?

He groans as he starts to come to, probably roused from his slumber by the sound of me sharpening my knife with my stone. His eyes slowly open as I continue running the stone up and down my knife. I worried that stabbing that guy in the eye with it would make it dull or break it off, but this blade is stronger than I assumed. It has an incredible quality to it, perfect for butchering rapists.

"What the..." He tugs on the ropes, but it does nothing for him. I learned a lot of things from my time in prison. So many people know so many things. I had a cellmate who was a real boy scout and he was constantly making knots with his shirts, trying to make sure he still knew how to do it in case he found a way to escape that required that particular skill. He never did. He was victim number eighty-nine. That was how I found out exactly how much pressure needed to be applied for the human eye to explode. It was quite the sight. "Where am I? Let me go!" Derek screams and I smirk behind my mask before raising my chin to look at him. "Are you a fucking idiot? I said let me go!"

Not an idiot at all. Just imagining how your mangled corpse will look between Tiffany and the spot reserved for Mrs. Sullivan.

I raise my mask up my face before smirking at the piece of shit who's red in the face from being upside down. "You," he mutters as the wheels turn in his head. "You were at the festival with Aurora."

Seems like I'm not the only one who watches my woman. Good thing I'm already going to put him down.

I nod before pulling the mask down over my face. I'm not sure exactly why, but I want the pieces of shit who fucked her over to see my face before they die. I want them to know it was me and that it was all for her.

"Why?" he demands answers as I stand on my feet. Once to my full height, his entire body tenses. He knows who I am and who connects me to him so he knows what I'm capable of doing with him. I could theoretically take my time and dissect his body piece by piece, but honestly, I don't want to. I want to make it hurt so bad he wants me to kill him. Then, I want to get some sleep before the real excitement starts tomorrow. "Why are you doing this?" he asks, his voice broken with each syllable he speaks. Reaching into my pocket, I pull out the same photograph I showed Tiffany and flash it at him. His eyes narrow as he examines it, but then all the color drains from his face. The life leaves his eyes and he breaks out into a sweat as he stares at the photo. "Aurora."

Maybe he is smarter than the Malibu Barbie wannabe. I tuck the photo back in my pocket before trailing the tip of my blade across his cheek. It's not enough to cut him, but enough to scare the shit out of him.

"Fuck," he groans as my blade runs over his neck, but he freaks. "Trust me, man. She's not worth it. I've known her my whole life and she..." he trails off as I cut down the length of his shirt to make sure he is bare for what I'm about to do. "She's a fucking freak! She always has been. It's just gotten worse over the years. The bitch is obsessed with death. Did you know she fucking touches herself to crime scene

photos? She's a damn sicko!"

I did already know that, but how the fuck does he know about it?

I land a hard punch right across his face, unable to control myself. He rapes women, his friends tried to rape a kid, and he has the nerve to call Trixie a sicko? Fucking hypocrite. She's not sick. She's perfect exactly how she is. All of those things that he might think is a flaw, I see it for what it is. It makes her special, different from anyone else. That's why she's my girl and not someone else's. That and the fact that I'll cut the cock off any man who even looks at her suggestively.

"She reads the weirdest stuff, too. She reads these romance books about stalkers and kidnapping and women wanting to be raped. It's fucking disgusting."

Again, pot meet kettle.

Secondly, I did take a look at the selection of books she had in her room and, using her computer, I did a search on them. What he calls women wanting to be raped is actually consensual non-consent or dubious consent in different contexts. No woman wants to be raped, fictional or real. However, rape fantasies are a thing. It's about dominance, being so desired that the other person can't control themselves. It's also a form of trauma release for women who have been raped.

What he calls disgusting is actually an entire sub-genre of fiction. It's not just in romance, but also erotica and horror. What my girl reads is a mixture of the three genres, but from the books on her shelves, she primarily sticks with dark romance.

Personally, I find it hot as fuck that she likes to read those sorts of books. I bet they get her all worked up and wet for me. One day, I'm going to let her read her dark, dirty book while I fuck her tight cunt. I want to see how much faster she gets off from those nasty words written on the page. I want to know which scenes really make her

want to be fucked. Is it the dark smut or maybe the torture scenes that tend to be within the pages of books like those?

I'm a dark and twisted motherfucker. It only seems fitting that my woman is at least a fraction of that.

I press the blade to his throat in warning and he immediately falls silent, his Adam's Apple rolling against the sharp edge in a way that is mesmerizing. I could easily kill him right here and right now with a slight flinch. Better not. I want to make his death hurt like a bitch.

"I'm sorry," he whispers brokenly as my knife lightly nicks the skin. A dot of blood forms against the sharp edge and I smirk. He may think he's sorry but he doesn't even know the meaning of the word yet. I trail my eyes up his form and grin like the cat that ate the canary. He still hasn't realized what I did to him while he was out. "What?" he asks as I pull the blade away from his throat.

I trail my blade up his chest to his belt as his eyes follow the move. As soon as he sees the blood on his jeans, he lets out a scream that rivals the way Tiffany did when I cut open her tits.

Too bad I already relieved him of his cock. Oh, well. He'll get over it or he won't. The choice is all his.

"What did you do?" he cries as he yanks on the ropes.

I had to be really careful when cutting off his penis. I didn't want him to bleed out yet so I heated up my blade so it would cauterize it while I removed him of his prized appendage. I'm not sure what he's so freaked out about. The thing was tiny, no bigger than my pinky. I feel really bad for any women he fucked. He doesn't strike me as the type that is interested in any sort of foreplay to get the girl off. Or, maybe his only

interest of the sexual nature is raping unsuspecting women and little girls?

Perhaps the little girl diddlers were just his friends, but considering they were filming their amateur porn in Derek's house, I doubt it.

He looks up at me in horror. I want to do this in a way that will cause the maximum amount of pain with the least amount of bleeding. The less he bleeds, the longer he suffers. I know he won't be alive for long, but every second will matter.

Unlike his friends, he knows exactly why it's happening and that he could've prevented it by not being a complete piece of shit.

I sink the blade into his gut and make sure not to go too deep. He roars with pain before it morphs into a growl.

"My parents are going to see to it that you and your little whore are gutted for this. It'll make even a psycho like you cry when you see what they plan out for little Aurora."

There are a few things most don't know about me. I'm impulsive and the number one way to take my anger from zero to a hundred is to threaten my woman.

Before I can even realize what I've done, I slam the blade in down to his spine and tug it down the length of his chest until he's cut open like a pig for slaughter. Blood squirts me across my chest and my mask as he screams. Reaching into the torn skin, I grab his intestines and pull them out before wrapping them around his head. He continues to bleed and cry even as I move to my feet, kicking him in the chin again and again.

Fucking bastard. He did that on purpose. He brought Trixie into it so I'd kill him faster than I intended. He wanted a quick death because he knew he wouldn't make it

out alive.

I keep kicking him in the face. Not to kill but to inflict pain. I want it to hurt as much as possible and he just cheated me out of that.

Out of nowhere, he goes still and I step away, so much anger in me that I don't know what to do with it except to use it for more bloodshed.

Page 17

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

I don't know why, but a part of me thought my stranger would come to me last night and tell me his note was a joke. Not a funny one but still. He didn't though.

I left my balcony door unlocked just in case and the only hint I have that he was in my room is a small carved pumpkin on my night stand that wasn't there last night. My bedroom door was locked just in case my parents tried to check in on me while he was here, so it couldn't have been them.

I sit up in bed and look at the pumpkin to see it's not the only thing he left for me. A bat flower lays on the desk next to the pumpkin and my heart catches in my throat. It's a shimmering blackish purple. It's a type of orchid that doesn't grow in the area, but it's always been my favorite flower, probably because of how spooky it is. With long whisker-like strands and ear-shaped petals surrounding the smaller hydrangea shaped flowers, it's easy to see how it got its name.

How did he get one? How did he know it's my favorite or did he just take a wild guess?

Picking up the flower, I bring it to my nose to smell it. I've always wondered what they smell like.

I breathe in and have to suddenly pull it away from my face with eyes wide before I let out a loud cough. It smells like...a rotting corpse. It's rather fitting, but also maybe this is why he chose it. Is this a threat or a symbol of how well our dark souls would mingle together? I have no fucking clue.

I put the flower back on my bedside table and stare at the blank wall in front of me,

trying to wrap my brain around everything. If he really is Damien King, why the fuck am I still alive? I've been alone with him a few times. Hell, he nearly fucked me into a coma twice and other than my pussy being swollen and bleeding the first time, he hasn't injured me at all. He's been gentle and sweet, except when his cock is inside me. Then, he becomes a wild fucking animal.

Then, there's the note. On the outside, he addressed it to Trixie. Either, he thinks I'm her or he thinks I know her and the note wasn't even meant for me. I'm not her, but I never actually told him my name, so how would he know?

There's no way though. He can't be Damien King. He just can't. Maybe I'm delusional, but I just can't picture the man who danced the night away with me being the same person who has probably killed over thirty people by now. I know Calvin is dead, but I don't know if Tiffany, Jessica, or Mandy are. There could be more dead and us not realize it.

He's older than he was back when he started killing. He has to be smarter. He is probably hiding a lot of his kills and only making the ones he wants the world to know about public.

I take a deep breath to clear my mind before pushing off my blanket. I almost scream at what I see.

My bare legs are covered in dried blood, handprints covering my thighs. I slam my hand over my mouth to stop myself from making a noise.

If this is a fucking joke, it's not funny.

Reaching my hand down, I scratch at it and it flakes off. It could be paint colored to look like dried blood. Yeah, that has to be it.

It's all an elaborate prank. I swear, if he is trying to freak me out, I'm going to cut off his oversized penis and chuck it in the fireplace. This isn't cool at all.

I jump out of bed and run to the shower. I don't even remove my underwear or my cami before I jump in and turn on the water. The cold spray hits me and I try to rub off the maroon spots. I expect it to flake or peel off like paint, but it doesn't. The markings rehydrate and a trail of pink tinted water falls down my legs, like blood.

Is this him giving me a warning? Today is Halloween. Am I on his hit list somehow?

I start hyperventilating as I rub at what I can only assume now is real blood. Once it's gone, I grab my bar of soap and start scrubbing until the pink tint to my skin is gone.

I've always been told I'm paranoid and maybe that's what I'm being now, but for the first time, I'm scared of Damien King and whatever he has planned for me. I don't want to die, but I also don't want him to want to kill me.

No matter how dark and twisted it is, I want him to want me. I want him to crave me like I've always wanted to be desired. I want to be the final girl, the one in horror movies that make it out alive and become an obsession for the killer to finally get. However, in my head, the horror movie ends differently. It ends with him taking me away from this town and being content just having me.

That's unlikely though. He's probably plotting the way he's going to kill me as we speak. What he did to Calvin was brutal and I have no idea why he did it. I still believe he always has a reason, but I don't know what it is.

I nearly jump out of my skin when a figure stands outside the shower and I throw open the door.

I nearly shit myself when a masked figure stands in the doorway, the purge LED

mask is cloaked by his hoodie and his clothes are covered in blood and the knife in his hand drips it all over the white tile floor. My heart lodges in my throat as I hide behind the shower door. Like that is going to save me.

He just killed someone and came straight here afterward. The way he raggedly breathes puts me on edge and yet my cunt drips my desire down my thigh. I'm so fucked that I'm pretty sure he's about to kill me and my clit vibrates with its need for him.

"Da-da-Damien?" I ask as I try to think of some form of escape, but there is none. There is only one exit and he has it blocked.

He gives me a single nod before he steps closer to me, but I cower with fear. He stops and tilts his head, like he has no idea what I'm scared of.

"Are you going to kill me?" I sound like a meek little mouse. My voice even squeaks as I tremble.

Am I really destined to be like Sidney from *Scream*? Is the guy I gave my virginity to trying to kill me?

He groans before he shakes his head.

"Isn't that what you would say if you were trying to kill me?" I snap, but the one thing I didn't expect was for him to laugh. The mask shakes on his face before he drops the knife into the sink. I back up quickly as he steps into the shower fully clothed and reaches up to pull off his mask, but I grab his wrist, stopping him. His movement halts and he tilts his head again as I drag down the zipper of his hoodie, exposing his bare chest below. He's covered in tattoos, much like I am, but mine are all small symbols of things I found to be significant, like a box of graham crackers or a clown face. His are all random designs that blend together perfectly.

I trail soft kisses down his chest as I move to my knees in front of him and work at his belt. He shrugs out of his jacket and it falls to the floor in a heap as I trail my tongue along the line of hair leading into his pants.

He grips my hair hard and yanks my head back to look up at him with a loud moan falling from my lips. I desperately need to be fucked and I think he does, too.

He shoves down his pants until his dick springs out and slaps my breasts from how hard he is. I moan from the impact as he grabs my arms and crosses them behind my head, holding me exactly how he wants me. He pushes his cock into my waiting mouth and the groan he releases makes me even more slick between my legs. However, my mouth was not built to fit around his monstrous shaft. My lips feel like they're going to split open before he even touches my tongue and when he forces his way into my throat, I lose all ability to breathe. Still, he fucks my face with the same passion he does my pussy, digging his fingers into my wrists. The way he has my arms behind my head stabilizes my neck so he can keep fucking me after I die from asphyxiation. Drool runs down my chin as my eyes water from the lack of oxygen. My skin heats and yet I'm still turned on by all of this.

He grunts and groans with each thrust until he's had enough and pulls out. Without warning, he comes all over my face and neck and some even lands on my tits.

Releasing my arms, he grabs my hair and pulls me back to my feet before running his fingers over my bottom lip. I gasp heavily to catch my breath before I take his blood-soaked thumb into my mouth. I suck every drop from his digit and metallic liquid tastes so good on his skin.

He growls before pushing my back against the shower wall, towering over me. The mask glares down at me as his thumb pops free from my lips and I whimper for more of him.

“Damien,” I moan as he takes his finger still covered in blood and draws on my chest a pattern that I can’t decipher without breaking my staring with his mask. My head drops and I recognize the symbol of a skull and crossbones written in blood.

In his note, he called me his pretty little dead girl.

I know instantly why he wrote that and excitement courses through me as I nod enthusiastically.

He strips off the rest of his clothes except for the mask before shutting off the shower. My core weeps as he lifts me into his arms and carries me back to my room before tossing me on the bed, flipping me over onto my stomach. Without any instruction, I let my body go limp, completely lacking all life, as he moves over me. He runs his fingers over my vulnerable body before grabbing my ass in his hands, rubbing his slowly hardening cock against my slippery cunt. I swear, I’ll probably come the second he’s inside me. Goddamn I’m wound so tight.

I stay silent, barely even breathing as he adjusts my positions and uses his thighs to hold me in place as he presses inside my spasming cunt. It’s so hard not to scream or even moan as he rams his cock deeper into me before slapping his hand against my ass. Grabbing the fronts of my thighs, he thrusts harder, faster, deeper with each move, sexy as fuck grunts coming from his lips.

My insides convulse again and again, timed perfectly with every unyielding thrust he delivers until I can’t hold back anymore and I press my face into the blanket and scream as my release soaks him. It feels so good I can barely hold onto my sanity.

He pulls out and he flips me over before slapping my pussy then slips three fingers inside me. I hope to god my parents are gone because the way he’s making me feel is impossible to control.

He removes his fingers before thrusting back into me. Wrapping them around my neck, he pins me down as he fucks me and my head spins.

* * *

After he fucked me within an inch of my life, I checked my phone to find that school has been canceled for the day and a city wide curfew has been put in place until further notice. After five, everyone is expected to be in doors and to lock themselves in. No movement at all, period.

I try to call my mom and my dad since both of their cars are still here, but I get no answer in the house or on their phones. My dad wasn't happy that my mom gave me back my phone, but we were both done with his bullshit.

However, when I go to my call list, I see I have a missed call from my mom. With a hum from me, I click on the voicemail she left and put the phone to my ear.

"Aurora, dear, I know you're probably asleep and your door is locked, but we need to talk. Your father wouldn't agree with this, but you're everything to me. I can't risk your safety any longer."

My breath catches in my throat with anticipation for what this could be about.

"You're right. We have been keeping secrets from you. I'm so sorry. Your dad thought it was in your best interest that you never know the truth. He said it would cause damage to your mental health and I just wanted what was best for you. I thought by hiding the truth about where you came from that we were protecting you." She takes a deep breath and my heart seizes at the next words that she says. "Dear, you were adopted. Your dad and I tried to have children on our own, but I had fertility issues. When the Halloween murders happened and the Rothchild family said they'd have to give you up for adoption because they couldn't take care of you and

work the jobs they had, it seemed like a blessing. I suggested that we take you, but your dad...he thought the only way you would be safe is if we took the steps to make sure you couldn't be traced back to that horrible night. He was so afraid of what Damien King would do to you if he ever got out. We had every record of Bellatrix Rothchild expunged from everything. You weren't even mentioned during the trial. That's why he wrote that name all over the wall of his cell, the Clark home, and on Mr. Daily's table on Main Street. He's looking for you. He used to call you Trixie. He's come back to finish what he started fourteen years ago. You were the only one who made it out of that house alive. As soon as you wake up, you need to pack a bag, get in my car, and drive as fast and as far as you can. He's getting too close. You have to run before he finds out who you are." My fingers shake as I turn around and watch as Damien walks down the stairs fully clothed in his freshly washed clothes, except for his mask. He tilts his head at me, questions in his eyes, and honestly, I have no idea what to say. I'm in shock.

Do I think he wants to hurt me? Not anymore, I don't, but my mom does. She thinks I'm in danger and she's been holding this in. It's been a stupid, misguided notion. I wouldn't have cared if she told me the truth, but I'm so pissed because they tried to make me feel like I was crazy.

I wasn't crazy.

I was told stories growing up of me in my mom's belly and of her giving birth to me. All this time, it was a lie to cover up who I really am. The truth would've been good enough. It doesn't matter to me that I was adopted because clearly my birth parents didn't give a damn about me if they would give me away just because my babysitter was killed. I care that they didn't tell me the truth until they could no longer hold in their lies and manipulations.

I'm Bellatrix Rothchild. I'm that little girl Damien carried out of that house of horrors.

The voicemail cuts out and my phone drops from my hand as I take in a ragged breath. This is why I felt connected to him the second I saw him and that flash of a memory of the little boy in the purge mask...that was him. I should've connected it sooner, but I guess I didn't want to see what was staring right back at me.

No one could seem to figure out why, out of everyone he encountered that night, he let her live. He didn't even want to let her go. He was rather docile before, but when she was ripped from his arms, it took seven men to contain him. He put two of them in the hospital.

I remember my dad's words from the morning after Damien escaped prison and I also remember thinking he must've loved her. Is that true? Does he love me? It seems so insane now that it's me and him. He doesn't know much about me. At least I don't think he does.

"I'm her," I say.

Damien raises a brow at me, a mixture of curiosity and confusion.

"Bellatrix Rothchild. That's me, isn't it?"

There is no delay in his response, like he expected that I already knew this. The cautiousness in his eyes says as much. He quickly nods.

It hits me like a ton of bricks, like I was in shock until he confirmed what my mom said on the voicemail. "I...I didn't know. They kept the truth from me. I...I was in that house with you."

His eyes narrow with what looks like anger, the first negative emotion I've seen him show period, and oddly enough, it's sexy as fuck on his handsome face.

I know he can't answer me and I know it's not his fault. I've done research on people who suddenly stop talking without any physical trauma. What is happening to him is called selective mutism. It can be a side effect of childhood trauma, a confirmation of what I've suspected for days. Something happened to him back then, something really bad.

"Why did you come back?" I ask and his gaze darkens as his lips thin with frustration. "This is the one place you could easily be caught. You ran the risk of people recognizing you instead of going somewhere that no one knows who you are. Now, Calvin is dead. Tiffany and her friends are missing and I know you had something to do with that. The guard is in the hospital. Why did you do all of this, Damien?"

He takes a deep breath, stress clear on his face, as I move closer to him. I take his hands in mine, knowing he probably won't give me an answer. He hasn't given me many in the time that he's been back in my life, but I know how hard it must be.

He opens his mouth and my heart stops as, for the first time in fourteen years, Damien King speaks. "You," he says and my entire chest aches as tears fill my eyes. His fingers come up and trail down my cheek as love shines in his captivating eyes. His voice is the most beautiful sound I've ever heard in my life. Deep, husky, and hoarse, but I know part of that is probably from the lack of use. For all I know, he might have been using it privately where no one could hear him speak. "I... did... all... of this... for... you." He spaces out his words as he leans into me, pressing his forehead to mine, and my entire soul breaks apart, remolding into who I was always meant to be.

His.

His fingers tangle in my hair as he holds me close, a sob falling from my lips. Damien is the man I've been waiting for. He did all of this for me, to get to me, to

keep me, to make me his. He came back to Chippewa Falls for me. I didn't think this level of devotion existed. I thought it was only possible in my fantasies, but he's right here, staring at me like I hung the moon and created the stars.

“You're...mine...Trixie.”

I nod even as tears still fall down my face. I never knew I could be as happy or feel as loved as I do right now. I kind of like him calling me Trixie.

“Yours yesterday, today, tomorrow, and every day after.”

Page 18

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

I make a shortcut through backyards. It's the best way to get between houses without being spotted by the street. The sun will be coming up soon and I have one last thing to do before I go to my girl. One last person to kill before I bring her back to the house and show her everything.

I've already dealt with Mrs. Sullivan and no one is the wiser that Lieutenant Sullivan is tied up in my basement. It was so easy to drug him then kill his wife. The best part is my girl didn't wake up at all to her adoptive mother's screams. It's best that she doesn't have that echoing in her brain. She cared about Mrs. Sullivan, but she was in the way. She would never have let it go if I took Trixie in the middle of the night and ran with her. That's the issue with a few people on my list, like Lisa Ruelle, my next target. Has she done anything bad? No, not necessarily, not as far as I know, but she is someone who would go above and beyond to find Trixie once we leave. I can't have that.

She's mine and no one will ever pry her from my arms ever again.

I slip into the backyard next to the Ruelle home and hear loud grunts coming from the nearby window. I've been curious from time to time so I take a peek to see what is happening. What I see is the last thing I expect.

A man pulls at the rope around a naked woman's wrists to make sure they are as tight as possible before shoving a gag in her mouth. Picking her up by her underarms, he throws her onto the futon beside them before tying another rope around her next and knotting it around the armrest of the futon.

I recognize him. It's that guy, Talon, and Trixie's friend, Alexis. However, the way

she's fighting the ropes doesn't seem very consensual.

He leans over her and turns the knob on the end of the gag before unsnapping it behind her head, pulling it off. Alexis lets out a loud gasp before scowling at him. "Are you not happy, little devil?" he mutters before pushing her hair out of her face.

"Let me go," she growls at him.

He quickly wraps his hand around her throat and pins her down. Then, a small smile pulls at her lips and I almost chuckle. She's enjoying herself alright.

"Listen to me real good. You'll be my dirty whore or it will only get worse for you, little devil."

Then, she spits in his face with a victorious grin across her lips. It only takes him a moment to slap her across the face. The impact of his hand reverberates through the room and out the cracked window. She lets out a loud grunt before looking back at him with that smile again.

"Hit me again, Daddy. Make it hurt."

Holy shit. That's something I was not expecting out of such a meek young woman like herself.

He slaps her across the other cheek and she releases a loud moan before wiggling her hips at him. The way he has her tied up leaves her pussy exposed to him. "Come on, Daddy. Play with me." He pushes her legs further apart than the ropes want to allow before he slams himself inside her and she throws her head back, screaming. Wrapping his hand back around her throat, he chokes her until her eyes become heavy from lack of oxygen. All the while, he fucks her hard, like she really is his dirty whore.

Good luck with that, buddy.

* * *

I walk into the house with Lisa's body and decapitated head in hand, dragging her body back to Samantha's room where all of the guests to this party are waiting. Poor thing had no idea I was coming. She thought I was her boyfriend coming to visit her. It was almost too easy to kill her. This is one death I'm not sure my girl will be okay with, but even if she isn't, I have a back up plan.

Walking into the room, I drop Lisa's body and walk over to the table Derek is still attached to. I quickly cut him down, letting his body drop into a ball on the floor before setting the table right so I can use it for the job I have to do. I set down Lisa's head and fix her ponytail to keep her hair out of the way. Grabbing my knife, I try to be careful of where I hit with it. I dig around the underside of her head, trying to clear out as much of her flesh and brains as possible. This idea came to me when I saw the neighbors jack o'lanterns outside and the way I smiled would have killed anyone who saw it. It was truly evil and maybe that makes me evil because the idea of turning Lisa into a human jack o'lantern thrilled me.

The hardest part will be breaking through the skull to get out her brains without cutting off my own hand. Can I stab a blade through bones? Sure, I'm strong enough, but it's the control behind the stab that is required. If I shatter her skull, her head will be one lopsided jack o'lantern. I haven't made one since my mom died. I'm surprised I still know how to do it. Only this time I won't be cooking Lisa's brains. That's not my sort of delicacy. Blood and flesh fall out of her slack mouth as I work to get everything out. Once I reach the point where I can, I push her eyeballs out and they fall to the table before rolling off. Oh, well. Chunky Monkey can eat them if she wants. Less I have to dispose of.

I'm careful when I puncture the bottom plate and dig out her brains. I smirk to myself

before setting down her skull and my knife. The hard part is done.

* * *

I throw open the basement door and walk down the steps to hear his muffled screaming. I keep my hoodie over my head, casting a shadow across my mask, as I move down to where he is. Reaching into the corner of the room, I grab the lantern before switching it on. The Lieutenant stares up at me in horror as he continues to scream, yanking at the rope around his arms and legs, holding him to the chair. I grab the edge of the duct tape on his mouth and rip it off, giving him a moment to say his peace.

No one can hear him anyway.

“Damien!” he groans before coughing. He probably got a bunch of cotton from the sock down in his throat. That must be irritating. Big baby. I crouch down in front of him and wait. “Please, Damien. I’m begging you. Leave her alone. She’s just starting to live her life. Kill me instead. I’ll gladly take her place.”

What is his obsession with thinking I want to kill Trixie? No, I’m not going to do that. However, I do have his death mapped out to the finest detail.

I push back my hood and pull off my mask so he can see my face and I grin up at him. His eyes widen before he takes in my face. He recognizes me from the festival, but he’s not going to say anything. He has no idea that I know exactly who my Trixie is and where to find her. As a matter of fact, she’s at home, warm in her bed, waiting for me. Everything is coming together and it’s almost time to kill him. Then, we’ll leave Chippewa Falls for good.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

Damien reaches out for my hand as we walk out the front door of my house and I hurry to lock up. I don't know where he wants to take me, but we can't be gone for long. The curfew kicks in at five and the last thing he needs is for a cop to try to arrest him. He has no identification to prove he is anyone other than who he is and, if a cop figures out who he is, he'll go back to prison.

At the age of twelve, Damien was the first kid to be sentenced to life in prison without the possibility of parole. He won't ever get out if he has to go back. I'll lose him for good. I can't let that happen. I'm just as dedicated and obsessed with him as he is with me. It's not love. It's better than that. It's everything.

As we walk down the street, Alexis walks out of her house in her sexy teacher costume and waves at me. I'm surprised she's going out with how upset she was yesterday. I wave back at her before a frown settles on my features. Soon, we'll be leaving town and...I'll never see Alexis or Talon again. I love Lisa, but she's not always there for me. Alexis and Talon would drop each other to be a good friend and I'd do the same for either of them. However, I can't put them above Damien.

It's going to hurt so bad when we leave, even though we'll be leaving so we can spend the rest of our lives together.

Damien turns down a few streets until I see it and stop dead in my tracks. It's called The House of Horrors for a reason. It doesn't look worse than any other house on the street. The name comes from what Damien did inside of it and at the park two streets over. Everyone has talked about it and I've read everything there is to see on it.

"Are you...okay?" It's a struggle for him to push words out, but he seems to be

quickly getting better at it. I have no idea if it's just for me or if he'll talk to other people, but I'm glad that to some extent, he's improving.

I slowly nod as I bite my lip. "I'm just...never over here. I can't remember the last time I saw it in person."

It's clear someone has been taking care of the front yard at least, which is strange since no one has lived here in fourteen years, not since me and Damien were pulled from this place.

"We're going...around the...back." I nod and squeeze his hand before we continue walking and he leads me toward the bayou that runs between this street of houses and the backyard of the ones behind them. "I don't want....anyone to see...us go....inside."

"You don't have to keep talking," I reassure him as I squeeze his hand. "If it's too hard, I understand."

"No," he refuses before smirking down at me. "I want to...talk to you."

My heart sings with how sweet that sentiment is. Damien guides me to the backyard behind the House of Horrors and helps me through the narrow hole in the fence. I was scared I wouldn't be able to fit, but I just managed it without ripping my skirt to shreds. I'm sure he wouldn't mind though. He seems to like me without clothes on.

He makes it through the slats with ease and takes back my hand before leading me over to the back porch. We don't go inside though, which is fine by me. I'm happy staying out here with him.

"What happened fourteen years ago, Damien?" I ask the one question that has been weighing heavily on my mind and I notice him stiffen beside me.

“You really...want to know?” he asks, his voice level and calm.

“Yes.” I lean my head against his bicep before wrapping my arms around his, clinging to him for any kind of support he needs. “There had to be a reason why you killed sixteen people. I don’t know what the reason was, but I know there had to be some logic.”

He slowly nods in thought. “Yes and no.”

How is that? How can there be a reason and not be one at the same time? Even though I want to ask, I stay silent, letting him have the floor.

“The kids at...the park.” He stops and takes a deep breath. “They were fucking... with you so I... killed them. I didn’t... plan to. I just had... the knife on me as a... prop for my costume. They were pissing me off... They said Samantha was a... psycho, I was a freak, and that... you would turn out to be a whore... if you stayed with us.... Then, one of them made you...cry so I killed all of them.”

I understand that they made him mad and referring to a toddler so vulgarly is beyond fucked up, but it still doesn’t make sense. There must be something deeper than that, some deep rooted reason for him snapping.

“They all had quick deaths... except for Samantha. She deserved... to suffer.”

The hairs on my arms stand on end and I get the feeling that whatever he is going to say is going to be the true explanation for what happened that night.

“Why did she deserve to suffer?” I ask and he squeezes my finger, harnessing whatever strength I have to give.

“Because she was horrible.... She was my step-sister before my mom died... When

our parents passed away... Samantha was all I had left, but she was...fucking sick. She used to...beat on me for the smallest... inconvenience, but then you came into the picture.” He gulps heavily and my eyes fill with tears from whatever this monster put him through. “When you came to the house... it got worse. She was jealous... of you because I was always taking care of you and protecting you...from her. If she wanted to hit you... I got in the way on purpose.”

My heart squeezes, twists, and slams around my chest, completely on edge. I can't comprehend how a twelve year old little boy could be so strong to not only take care of a four year old girl, but to also keep her from being subjected to abuse. All of this while he was being abused before I even came around.

“You took care of me,” I say as my lip trembles.

He nods slowly. “To the best of my ability, but I was only a kid.” He takes a deep breath and my stomach drops when he speaks again. “When I was eight, you came to us and, within a... few days, Samantha was sexually abusing me daily.”

“Damien.” The way my heart hurts can't be put into words. There's nothing I can say to make it better and sorry is always a shitty thing to say when it's clearly something you had no fault in. It wasn't my fault that Samantha was a freakin' pedophile. It wasn't my fault she was abusing Damien or that I showed up in the first place. Still, I feel guilty that I was here with him and I couldn't help him. I couldn't save him from what she was doing, how she was irreparably changing him.

“That's why you ran off when we were having sex.” Oh my god. Everything makes so much sense now. It all does. What he did to Samantha was justified. What he did to everyone else is another question, but Samantha was his breaking point. She destroyed him and fifteen innocent people lost their lives that night because of her evil deeds.

He bows his head and slowly bobs it up and down, but I'm not sure if that's his response or just a side effect from how heavily he's breathing. There's only one thing I can say that might make him feel a little better, a small reminder.

"She can't ever hurt you again," I whisper as I press a kiss to his bicep, tightening my hold on his arm. No matter what, I'm here and I'll help him through everything that comes his way. Whether that be his trauma responses or whatever. I'm here and I'm not going anywhere. He has me and it took a lot of courage to get through telling me what really happened. He didn't even try to hide it. He just told me the truth.

Damien wraps his arms around me and pulls me to straddle his waist. His arms shake as I hold his face to my chest, not knowing at all what to do to calm him down.

"She's gone, Damien," I say as I try my best not to start crying again.

"I know," he whispers under his breath before trailing kisses up my chest to my neck before he nuzzles against me and holds me tight.

I'm not going to let go of him either.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

The second I walk in through the back door, my eyes go to the kitchen and I'm hit with a flood of memories like a tsunami. I remember the evil red-haired woman. I never liked that cunt anyway.

I remember... macaroni and cheese and snacking on graham crackers. A little boy with bright green eyes carrying me everywhere because the house was too dirty.

"Trash bags," I mutter as I step further in. Damien turns to me with confusion on his face. "I remember the walls with trash bags stacked on top of each other. I don't know if that's rea—"

"It is real," he confirms before taking my hand in his and guiding me out of the barren kitchen. I stop next to a closed door, but there's something dark and unnatural about it, something that feels as if a demented spirit resides inside the door.

"Where does that go?" I ask before looking up at him.

"Samantha's room."

No wonder the door feels evil to me. Fucking bitch. She deserved worse than what Damien did to her. I saw the crime scene photos of her corpse, the needles stabbing between her legs and her neck slit open with her tongue pulled through it. I don't know why, but all of his murders get me all hot and bothered. Maybe it's because I can feel his passion when I look at them. None of them got to me more than Calvin's.

That one was so fucking hot. I could barely stop myself from masturbating until he fucked me blind later in the school bathroom.

“It’s also where I have a surprise for you,” he whispers huskily in my ear. My entire body shudders.

I swear, if he wants us to screw in her room as a major fuck you to the bitch, I’m completely on board with that idea.

“Show me.”

He smirks before shaking his head. “Not yet. First, I want to... show you something else.” With his arm around my waist, he guides me down the hall to another door. He drops his arm and grabs the electric lantern sitting outside the door and hands it to me before he opens the door.

I walk down a single step into what has to be the basement before I hear a muffled moan. What is that? Does he have something down here? Or someone?

I lift the lantern and nearly drop it when I see my dad tied to a chair with a gash across his forehead. He screams behind the duct tape slapped over his mouth, shaking the chair violently.

“Dad!” I scream in shock and run down the stairs to him, instinct taking over. “Oh my god!” I take a close look at the cut on his forehead and almost cry, but it doesn’t look too deep, just a superficial wound. He screams louder behind the gag right before I hear a whistle from behind me.

I snap around to see Damien standing at the bottom of the stairs, his arms crossed over his chest. My heart pounds away behind my ribs like a bongo drum as my head snaps between looking at Damien and my dad.

“Damien, why is my dad down here?” I ask defensively.

My dad fights harder and I can decipher the words through the duct tape.

Run, Aurora.

He repeats it over and over as he fights the rope, but it's no use. He can't get out.

Damien nods his head toward the stairs. It's clear he doesn't feel comfortable talking in front of my dad, but he can't really expect me to leave him down here, can he?

"Damien, he's my dad. I can't just—" I stop speaking completely when he sends me a hard look. He's ending the conversation. He doesn't want to hear another word on the matter. It's a choice, possibly a test. My dad or Damien.

I have no clue why Damien kidnapped him, but I have the feeling he'll explain himself when I'm not around my dad.

I already made my choice earlier. I just didn't realize what the choice would entail. I can overlook all the people he has killed, but it can stop now. We're together. Isn't that what's most important?

I feel like such a traitor, but I don't have much of a choice here. I can't lose Damien, even if that means having to lose everyone else. At least we'll still have each other.

"I'm sorry," I whisper to my dad before I hurry back over to Damien with my dad screaming behind me, the same muffled sounds as before, only more adamant. Damien takes my hand and leads me out of the basement.

The door closes and I can't help the fit of anger that comes over me. The next thing I know, I'm hitting Damien's chest as he holds me tight against him.

"Why is he down there!"

I'm not an idiot. I know Damien didn't take me down there to show me that my dad is here. It was the exact opposite. He wanted my dad to know that Damien found me and that he's powerless to get between us.

"Answer me, dammit!" I yank myself from his hold once he reaches the living room and grab at my hair. "Why is my dad in the fucking basement, Damien?" I turn to him, my words calmer than the energy racing through my veins. Lieutenant Henry Sullivan is my dad. He raised me after the age of four. I need something to work with here.

"Pretty girl," he groans.

"No, don't you dare try to sweet talk your way around this. You have the fucking police lieutenant tied up in the goddamn basement!" I have zero chill right now and I'm pretty sure it's getting on his nerves. Let him get as pissed off as I am. Damien isn't going to hurt me. He's proven that ten times over.

That singular thought calms my rage a little, but I'm still so upset. He put me in an impossible position.

Damien takes my face in his hands and forces me to look up at his face. "Listen, you may not like it, but... this has been a part of the plan all along... He has to die. Him and everyone else who would try to find you... once we leave. We have to leave under the radar and... we can't if within a day the entire town will be looking for you. If they find you, they find me. If they find me..." he trails off for me to complete the sentence.

"You go back to prison." It feels like someone is ripping my heart out of my chest, but it's not because my dad is in the basement. No, it's because I can't function with the idea of not having Damien anymore. I don't think I'd survive it. I close my eyes as my lip trembles.

“Look at me,” he demands and I slowly open my eyes. Those bright green eyes I love so much stare back at me. “I’m not going to let that happen, okay?... I waited fourteen years to come back...to you and I’m not going to risk it...again. Do you understand?”

I nod rapidly as I run my fingers up his arms and he wipes away my tears. “How many others?” I ask, my voice weak.

“He’s the last one. Just him and then we can leave... That’s why he has to die, but that’s not why I want him dead.” His eyes darken as he stares down at me, his fingers tensing against my face. “He took you from me, pretty girl. He hid you from me. He never... wanted me to find you. Everyone who tried to... keep us apart has to die.”

It’s dark and twisted, but I completely agree with him on that. I’m biased on this matter because he’s my dad, but I know Damien is completely right. We can’t risk anyone stopping us from making our grand escape.

Since we saw Alexis on the way here, I know she’s not on his list, but I have to know something.

“Is Talon alive? He’s Alexis’s stepbrother,” I ask, really concerned. I don’t know who all is alive or who Damien saw as a threat, but I have a general idea.

“Yes.”

I’m able to breathe again knowing that. “Just promise me that you’ll leave him and Alexis alone. I can just make up something to tell them before we leave.” I know he said my dad is the last one, but I have to be certain before I can fully relax.

He pushes a stray strand of hair out of my face before smirking down at me, that loving edge in his gaze again. “You have my word.” Then, he kisses me and pulls my body flush against his. I lick my lips once he releases them before meeting his gaze

again.

“What now?”

A smile pulls at his lips as he releases my face and takes my hand in his. “Now, I will show you your surprise. After that?...We go upstairs and I fuck you until you can’t function.”

Holy hell. I like the sound of that.

Page 21

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

I'm only mildly nervous to push open the door. I squeeze her hand and throw open the door before holding it for her. I have no idea what she was expecting to find in here, but I guarantee it was nothing like this, like the bodies lined up against the wall like trophies in a glass case.

She strolls inside the room and her eyes roam across all the faces, but she doesn't say a single word. She doesn't even seem surprised to see the corpse of the vendor here instead of at the coroner's office.

However, her eyes are glued to the head on the table, Lisa's hair covering her face. Trixie swallows hard before she asks, "Who's head is that?"

My eyes narrow because I know my girl is not going to be happy about what I did to Lisa. She already chose me over the Lieutenant who is probably still screaming in the basement. So what if she's mad? I did what I had to do.

"Damien?" she presses when I don't answer, growing frustrated.

"A very shitty friend of yours," I say honestly. I've paid attention to a lot of things concerning her, including what her friends do and don't do. Alexis is always there for her. However, Lisa was too selfish to be a good friend to anyone, let alone my girl.

"Give me a name. I've had a lot of shitty friends over the years," she mutters as she crosses her arms at me, waiting for me to speak.

"Lisa Ruelle."

Her gaze quickly snaps back to the severed head on the table and her fingers shake. “Lisa?” her voice trembles as she walks closer to her friend’s head. Then, she lifts her hand and pushes the hair out of Lisa’s face, getting a good look at what I did to her. That’s the funny thing about the eyes, nose, and mouth. Without those things, you can’t tell who someone is. Lisa no longer looks like herself, which is probably a good thing for Trixie.

My instinct is to protect her from everything dark, including me and the things I have done, but my girl doesn’t shy away from it. She seems to embrace everything that resides in the shadows.

She stares at Lisa’s face for a minute before she drops her hair to cover her face.

“Who are they?” She points to the first two bodies in the corner, curiosity in her eyes.

“Your birth parents, the Rothchild’s.”

Her eyes widen before she looks at the two who sit leaning against each other. It was fitting to add them to my collection. They put themselves above their daughter too many times not to earn their place here.

“Oh” is her only reaction. The sound is monotonous as she walks in front of each body, placing every other face she sees.

“These are all the people you’ve killed since you escaped?” she asks before she turns to face me, tilting her head in question. Curious little thing.

“Yes. All of them had a reason.” That seems to be important to her—my motives. She’ll make excuses for the things I do as long as she thinks it was deserved or necessary.

“What was the reason?” she asks, but I notice the way she rubs her thighs together. She was taught to be moral, but her body enjoys how crazy I am.

She has a thing for dead bodies. She gets so horny anytime she sees one, especially one that was murdered as viciously as my victims. She can try to hide it all she wants, but I know how desperate she is to be fucked.

Soon, pretty girl.

I walk over to the line of bodies and start at the Rothchilds. “They gave you away,” I say before taking a step toward the next body on the wall.

“Andrea Rolon,” I state the bitch’s name. “Not only was she your school’s counselor, but before... that she was a social worker, the same one who... did everything to hide you from me.”

Her eyes move down to the body at my feet, the color draining from her face. “Mrs. Rolon knew. She made it sound like she thought I was crazy but...she knew the truth this whole time?”

My eyes narrow. No one should ever make her feel that way. Just hearing her say that makes me want to bring the bitch back to life just so I can kill her again.

We move onto the next body. “Aurora Forrester. She was the other cop who separated us,” I say as she moves into my side. She probably knew her principal used to be the lieutenant’s partner, but I doubt she knew about her involvement in how things went down.

I throw my arm around her shoulder as hers go around my midsection, holding me tight to her.

I go through the rest of my kills, giving her my logic behind their gruesome deaths, but when I reach Mrs. Sullivan, I stop.

“Damien,” she whispers as she squeezes me.

I sigh. “She had to die. She would’ve looked for you. Same goes for Lisa.”

She’s silent for a moment. I can almost hear her thoughts racing in the room, vibrating off the walls from how loud they are. “Okay.” She finally speaks before turning to me.

“Okay?” What is that even supposed to mean?

She smirks before a laugh falls from her lips. “I get it. I don’t like it, but I understand why you did this. You did this for me...for us.” She takes a deep breath before leaning into me, running her hands up my chest. “Can we try to dull down on the amount of dead bodies once we leave?”

I can’t help the laugh that falls from my lips. “No promises.” As long as people keep fucking with my girl, there will be a trail of bodies behind us. Get in our way and people will die. She is all that really matters.

I take her hand and lead her out of the room, but when we make it to the door leading to the basement, I smirk.

I really hope she didn’t notice the camera monitor I had set up in there. I don’t think she would agree with the first part of the lieutenant’s torture.

“Wait right here,” I say before I pull open the door and walk down into the basement. It only takes me a moment to stabilize his head and strap it in place so he can’t look away from the monitor I have set up. He screams the entire time, especially when I

grab the clamps I stole from an eye doctor's office in town just for this spectacle. I lock them in place over his eyelids to make sure he can't look away or close his eyes before glancing at the screen in front of him.

I'm so glad it runs on batteries.

My girl won't be happy if she figures out that I set up a camera in my room just so he would be forced to witness me claim what is mine.

He tried to keep her from me. Now, he has to see me take her back.

Page 22

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

Damien leads me up the stairs and as soon as we hit the top stair, I hear whimpering and scratching down the hall. “What’s that?” I ask curiously. I doubt he can show me anything more shocking than the room of dead bodies downstairs—bodies belonging to people I know.

He smirks. “A surprise for later.”

If he keeps this up, I’ll start calling him Damien “Surprise” King. It would be one hell of an MMA name.

“Do you want to see your surprise now or do you want me to fuck you first?” he asks, his voice low and husky.

My cunt has been pulsing with need since I saw all those bodies laid out, so many kills of his in one place. I can’t take this ache he’s given me. Does he realize how hot his stabiness gets me?

“Sex now,” I demand before kissing him hard. He lifts me up his body and I throw my arms around his neck to hold on for dear life.

He walks into a room and slams the door behind him, holding me, kissing me like he can’t breathe without my tongue mingling with his.

This is everything. Me and him, nothing has ever been more right. The world could see this as wrong. Damien took care of me for the first four years of my life and he’s eight years older than me. At this point, Damien is a serial killer and has thirty deaths to his name. I shouldn’t want him, but this is all I want. I want to give him the same

level of obsession and devotion he has given me.

Damien drops me to my feet and runs his fingers through my hair, both of us panting for air. His hard cock digs into my stomach through his jeans and I rub my hand over the monster that has brought me so many orgasms. I can't get enough of it.

His fingers come around my throat and force my head up to meet his gaze. "You want me, pretty girl?"

My clit pulses from his rough touch.

"Yes."

He runs his tongue over my lips, tracing the edge teasingly, before nipping my bottom lip. "Then, beg for me."

A whimper falls from my lips. "Please."

He smirks devilishly. "You call that begging?" He releases my neck and I drop to my knees from the rush of need hitting my pussy like a ten-ton truck. My knees slam against the wood floor and I drag down the zipper of his jeans, unable to control how badly I need him.

"Please, please, please," I plead as I pull out his cock and suck on the head, stroking my hand up and down his length.

"Good girl," he growls as he discards his hoodie. His stomach muscles ripple with each suck and every swipe of my tongue on the head of his cock. "Keep begging like the good little slut you are for my dick, pretty girl."

I whimper as he pops out of my mouth and I rub my thighs together. "Please,

Damien. Make me yours.”

Then, his hand is back around my throat, dragging me to my feet. “You were always mine. Do I need to remind you of that?” he growls with possessiveness and I moan from how desperate I am.

“Yes, please. Remind me, Damien.”

He walks me back to the palette on the floor and we drop to it at the same time. I hurry to undo his jeans the rest of the way and push them down his hips before I lay down on the hard surface. He nearly tears my skirt and my panties as he yanks them down my legs. He moves over me, his green eyes almost black with how full of need he is. He wants me just as bad as I need him. With zero warning, he grabs my shirt at the swell of my breasts and tears it right down the middle, leaving me completely bare for him, completely naked for him to do whatever he wants to me. At the same moment that he takes my nipple in his mouth, his cock slams inside me. The ache that vibrates from my cunt all the way up my spine hurts so good I scream for more.

“This is mine,” he growls when he comes up for air. He pulls out completely before slamming back into me. My nails drag down his back, taking skin and blood judging from the way he hisses, but he doesn’t stop me. If anything, he fucks me harder as an incentive for me to keep hurting him right back.

We are both fucked up to like the things we do, but he doesn’t judge me.

Damien reaches under the blanket and pulls out a small knife before pressing it to my throat. My air gets lodged in my windpipe, but not because I think he’ll hurt me. I know he will, but only in ways I want and like.

“Open your mouth for me,” he demands and I don’t make him wait for me to follow his command. I’ll give him whatever he wants. My jaw drops and I let my tongue fall

out so he can do whatever he wants. He sticks the knife in my mouth, letting the blade rest on my tongue. He lets it dangle on the edge of hurting me while he focuses on bringing me to orgasm.

“Come for me, my pretty little dead girl.” As if he has control over my body and hit the start button, I explode around his big cock, my moans reverberating off the blade on my tongue. Then, he cuts the very tip of my tongue intentionally. My body jerks from the sudden sharp pain, but I enjoy the metallic taste in my mouth. I don’t close my mouth because he didn’t ask me to. I leave it open so he can see the blood pooling in my mouth and starting to trail down my chin. The whole time his eyes remain locked on the blood inside my mouth.

He scratches the blade across my breasts, down my stomach, and over my bare thighs. “Do you have any idea how bad I could hurt you right now?” he asks as moves to the true danger zone of trailing the tip of the blade over my clit, teasing it with the threat of harm. All it would take is for that knife to slip in his hand and I bet my clit would never work again. A part of that is just as arousing as him slamming into my g-spot over and over again. I’m so close and the way the blade sends zings of pain and a dash of fear through my body is addicting.

“You could kill me,” I mutter before letting out a loud moan.

“Then, you would really be my dead girl.” He pulls the knife away and drops it onto the palette before he slams his mouth down on mine, pushing his tongue inside my mouth. Within seconds, both of our mouths and faces are covered in the blood that throbs as it leaks from the cut on my tongue.

It’s so hot that he’s tasting my blood. My cunt clamps around him like a constrictor as I find my release and his hand finds my throat, pinning me down as he seeks out his own release. This is perfect. Us together is beyond anything I ever hoped for or imagined. Damien has made all my dreams come true and I hope I can do the same

for him.

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 3:31 am

Damien must be exhausted from the last few days because he falls asleep quickly after we have sex and I don't have the heart to wake him. He deserves a rest before we leave. I run my fingers through his long, dark hair as I stare at his face. He's so handsome sometimes it's hard to look at him. Damien King is perfect for me. I fit into his world, no matter how small it is. I've always belonged here. It doesn't matter to me if we have to get a tent and live in the woods. As long as we're together, everything else will fall in line.

I press a soft kiss to his forehead before breathing him in. He's been through so much it hurts me to think about what that bitch Samantha put him through. Even keeping the abuse out of it, it was not his job to take care of me. It was hers and she made him feel like I wouldn't be taken care of if he didn't do it himself.

He spent fourteen years planning an escape from prison to come back for me. Knowing him, that probably means he hasn't had a decent sleep in well over a decade. Damien has true dedication, something no one else could possess. It's a gift and a curse.

"I love you," I whisper against his hairline, but he doesn't stir at all. I hope his subconscious mind picked up on it though. He doesn't need to consciously remember me saying it.

I carefully move off the palette and grab his shirt from the floor since he ruined mine. I really liked that shirt, too. I slip it over my head before sneaking out of his room. The soft whimpering and scratching echoes from down the hall and I'm tempted to sneak and see what this surprise could be, but I'll wait for Damien. That's not the point of me sneaking out of bed. I have another purpose.

I'm careful as I walk down the stairs, careful not to let it creak too loudly, before heading down the hall. I stop in front of the basement door, pick up the lantern Damien left here, and I throw open the door. Walking down the steps, I'm careful to make sure I don't step on anything that can hurt my feet. Damien would probably lose his shit if I hurt myself. Overprotective ass. I'm not going to die if I get a splinter. Yet, the man will cut my tongue himself and be completely fine with it.

He may be a weirdo, but he's all mine.

I hold up the lantern as my dad screams through the duct tape over his mouth. His eyes are held open with clamps and his head is tied to a piece of wood holding his head in place. I move in front of him and do my best to remove the clamps without hurting him before moving onto the wood around his head and finally the duct tape.

"Aurora, thank god! I'm so glad you're—"

"Shh!" I press my hand over his mouth before whispering. "Damien is asleep and these walls are thin. You need to be quiet."

He slowly nods before looking up to the floor above us. "My phone is in my pocket. He never took it off me. Take it out and call Mrs. Forrester. She'll be faster."

I frown. "She's dead, Dad."

His eyes widen and the color drains from his face. "What?"

"Damien killed her. He killed Mrs. Rolon, too."

His face falls, so many emotions passing through his expression, before he lets out a ragged breath. "Who else?"

"Mom," I add and the anger on his face is intense.

“Goddamn it. I’m so sorry, Aurora. I can’t bring them back, but I will make this right. Just cut these ropes and we’ll call in backup to take him down.” He nods toward the knife sitting on a small wooden table next to him and I pick it up, but when I don’t move to let him free, he stares at me with irritation. “Cut the ropes, Aurora. Hurry up.”

I don’t though.

“He killed the Rothchild’s, too,” I say, ignoring his request and within a heartbeat, his face shows that he knows I have no intention of releasing him.

“Honey,” he starts, but I just stand there.

“You lied to me, Dad. Every single day you hid the truth from me and made me feel like I was losing my mind. You knew exactly where I came from and, when I came to you and asked why all records of my previous life were erased, you still lied. You had Mrs. Rolon erase any connection between Aurora Sullivan and Bellatrix Rothchild.”

His head hangs in defeat. “How did you find out?”

“Mom left me a voicemail right before she died confessing everything. She apologized, too. She said she thought she was doing the right thing because you told her it was. You lied again and again and fucking again. You never listen to me or anyone else because you know what’s best, right? The great Lieutenant Henry Sullivan. You tried to make me sound and look crazy because I was obsessed with what happened to Damien and what he did. It’s not just his story, Dad. It’s mine, too. I was here that night. I watched Damien kill three people out of the sixteen that died that night. I ignored my instincts because your lies said I needed to. The moment I saw him, I knew him, but I had to be crazy, right?” There is so much pent up anger and frustration inside me and I can feel it getting close to exploding.

“I’m sorry, but do you have any idea how much emotional damage it could do to

someone to know they witnessed something like that? I just wanted you to be okay. That's why Andrea got me in contact with a doctor to fix your memory."

I blanch as I take in what he just said and my grip tightens on the knife.

"You did what?"

Regret and grief covers his face. "You kept running around the house, calling for him. You were in distress. There was nothing else I could think to do. You just kept screaming his name like you thought he was hiding in a closet or something. I did what I had to do to help you. We took you to a child hypnotist and they got rid of your memories of him so you could just focus on being a kid. I know you're mad, but I did what was best for you. If given the choice again, I'd make the same choice because you were happy. You didn't need him to be okay. He was a psychopath, Aurora. He still is. He belongs behind bars. Don't let him twist your mind into thinking he's more than what he is. He's a crazy, serial killer who will kill you if you don't release me and let me put him back where he belongs."

I lift the knife and use all my strength to slam it down into his shoulder. The scream he releases is something I never knew I needed to hear, but this isn't for me. This is for Damien. I came down here knowing what I was going to do, but Lieutenant Sullivan just made it easier. I came down here to kill the one person left on Damien's hit list, the person I tried to protect only an hour ago.

Damien King is dedicated to me. He wants to keep me with him—happy, sated, and safe. I will do the same. I don't care who I have to kill to make sure Damien and I can stay together. No one will rip us apart ever again.

"He's not what you think he is," I whisper close to his face and pain echoes down his cheeks in ripples. "He's not crazy. He's fucking traumatized. You see things too black and white to notice the difference. You ignored the signs of him crying out for help. You and every other cop in this town refused to see that he was suffering. He

was being starved,” I growl before pulling out the knife and I stab him again, this time in the leg as hard as my arms can swing it. He howls in agony. “He was being abused and trying to shield me from it.” I pull out the knife before thrusting it into his stomach, the blood spraying across the shirt covering up my nudity. “She was raping him and you let it happen. You took an oath to protect and serve. Where was that for me and Damien? He was a twelve year old boy caring for a four year old girl. I was the only thing he cared about anymore and you ripped me from his arms. Then, you turned around and fucked with my head so I wouldn’t remember him or anything he did for me.” I stab him three more times in the stomach, the blood spraying me with each thrust I deliver until he spits it on my face. I don’t care. I barely even register it.

“This is for Damien,” I whisper in his ear before I stab the blade through his heart.

“Trixie!” I hear him scream from behind me a moment before he comes into view. Damien races down the steps and stops on the third one when he sees me standing there, covered head to toe in blood. His gaze flashes between me and the body still tied to the chair. Lieutenant Henry Sullivan takes one last breath and as I turn to face him, his head lulls to the side, his vacant eyes losing all light.

For the past few days, I’ve wondered what it was like, what Damien felt when he killed someone like this. I understand now. It gives you power. Power over yourself, over the things you can’t control, and power over everyone else. When you kill someone, you hold their life in your hands. My dad knew that. He may not have known what my plan was, but he knew I held the power. Damien was asleep and couldn’t stop me from doing anything.

“What did you do?” Damien asks as he finishes his descent down the steps. I grab the handle of the knife and pull it out of my dad’s chest before I turn to face Damien.

“Don’t be mad,” I say before taking a small breath. “You killed a bunch of people to make sure we could leave together. I’m just as culpable now. I killed him for you. I wanted to show you I’m just as dedicated as you are. It’s you and me.” Then, I hold

out the bloody knife for him. He takes it from me, drops it to the floor, before he pulls me into his arms. Damien kisses me hard, not minding the blood all over my face at all. My dad's blood transfers from me to him and it mixes on our flesh, manifesting the truth within our souls. I'm just as stained as he is and vice versa.

He releases my lips for a moment to smirk at me. "My pretty little dead girl has some dirty deeds of her own."

I smile up at him. "You haven't seen anything yet."