



# Poisoned Pawns (The Gamemakers Trilogy #1)

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**Category:** Romance

**Description:** Four friends, three drinks, two boys, and one murder.

A simple text changes everything. Everyone is a suspect.

Trust is broken. Friendships are tested. Lies are told.

Hate turns into love, but is it all part of the game? No one is safe.

I've turned their college experience that should have been filled with laughter, football games, and partying into my twisted game of survival.

Buckle up for a rollercoaster ride of what ifs, where every move counts, and in this dangerous game, the next checkmate may cost them everything.

Im back, and I plan to ruin them one at a time.

**Total Pages (Source):** 40

# Page 1

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Ivy-First Frat Party of the year.

The warm night air wraps around us, leaving a sheen of sweat along our flesh as the four of us walk to our first frat party of the year.

Nervousness takes over the closer we get.

You would think the three shots of Henny would've settled my jitters, but they didn't.

I don't know what it is, but my gut is telling me something bad is going to happen tonight.

We've been to a million parties together over the years.

Me, Katie, Millie and Everly are all best friends and have been since we were kids.

Our mothers are legacies at this college, which only made our decision to stay close to home and join the same sorority they attended that much easier.

I mean, we've only heard about all the fun they had and the sisterhood of Delta Phi Nu since we were little.

We spent the summer participating in rush week and numerous meetings, ultimately receiving invitations and moving into the house.

Our mothers warned us about the hazing, which to us was a cakewalk, but they also told us to watch out even after we moved into the house because our older sisters

would continue to test us right up to the night of the pinning ceremony which was coming up soon.

We are more than prepared for everything and anything that comes our way though.

Being the only girls in all our families with nothing but older and younger brothers annoying us, we are more than capable of handling anyone's bullshit.

"Walker has been eye fucking me all week in the mess hall. He's fucking hot." Everly giggles as we continue to walk down Delta Avenue.

"Did you ever break up with John?" I ask with a raised brow, but she shakes her head.

"He's halfway across the country. He left, so I chose to do me." She smirks, high fiving me.

"You guys, I think tonight we should let loose and experience as much as we can before classes start," Katie adds, and I nod.

"Agreed. I broke it off with Matt before we left. I don't want to be tied down while we are here. Like you said, I want to experience everything."

"What does that mean, Ivy? Spread your legs for everyone?" Millie asks, and I come to a dead stop.

"Just because you're a virgin and saving yourself for Prince Charming doesn't mean I'm a slut because I enjoy having sex. So fuck you for that," I reply, and she huffs.

"Must you remind me of my virginity at every turn?" she says, and I laugh.

“Yes!” we all say, then laugh. Her upper lip turns into a snarl as she speeds up in front of us. I catch up to her, bringing my arm around her shoulder.

“Millie, it’s okay if you’re afraid of the one-eyed snake. I promise it won’t bite,” I whisper, licking the shell of her ear as she pushes me away.

“I’m kidding, Mills. You’re better than me.

Your morals are something you should be proud of.

Don’t let these frat guys say otherwise.

” Her face snaps to me with a smile, and I shake my head.

Sometimes lying to my best friend feels awful, but we give her enough shit because of her damn morals.

She's the innocent one out of all of us, but that’s okay. Someone has to keep us in line.

“I have my eyes set on Oliver Micheals. He specifically invited me here, and I hope he lives up to his name,” Katie says, and I laugh.

“Oliver, the playboy of all playboys? I don’t know what the hell you see in him, but I’d love to punch him in his smug face,” I say, and she laughs.

“You know I love the assholes. I cut Mark loose before he left for the summer. He still texts me every day begging to get back together. I don’t know how many times I need to tell him that our high school romance has run its course,” she says, rolling her eyes.

“And hey, don’t give me shit for it, ‘Miss I love the dark and broody tool bags with terrible taste in music.’” she mocks, and I shake my head.

“I do not have a type. Matt was just fucking boring and had no sustenance. Just like Mark. Typical hockey player who was all about the game and fucking. But Matt’s brother, Jordan? God damn, was he a good lay.” We laugh.

“He really is,” Everly chimes in.

“Wait, did we all get a turn with him?” Katie says, and I laugh even harder.

“I certainly didn’t, and thank God for that,” Millie says as we finally arrive at the frat house.

We walk up the cobblestone path filled with people drinking and hanging out on the grass.

I grab Katie’s hand as we go up the stairs and through the open doors, weaving between all the bodies littering this place.

The bass of the music shakes the wood floor of the house, making me want to dance already, but we hit the bar first, grabbing a few shots.

“Cheers to a night we will never forget,” I say as we clink our plastic shot glasses and shoot ‘em back. The harsh liquid flows down my throat as I swallow the warm alcohol. It immediately? courses through my veins as I look around the room. Green eyes capture mine, and I roll them. Desmond Sinclair, Millie’s twin brother, stares at me from across the room with a look of disgust and want.

I swear, ever since that one night sophomore year that we had sex and I never called him again, he’s been nothing but a thorn in my side.

It's not that the sex was bad—it was actually earth shattering—but he's my best friend's brother. It should've never happened; plus, I was still dating Matt then, and that's just a story for another day.

Katie grabs my arm, taking me out of my thoughts, and drags me to the makeshift dance floor.

She grabs my hips, running her hands up my ribs as we move to the beat of the music, slowly grinding against one another.

Out of the three girls, I'm truly the closest to Katie.

We've been through hell and back together.

Not to say we haven't with the others, but it's just different with the two of us.

Oliver comes over with a few of his friends from the football team, handing us shots. We take them and shoot 'em back, and continue dancing until we are dripping with sweat.

That's the last thing I remember before waking up in a strange bed, alone, with all of my clothes on.

My head spins as I sit up, trying to gauge where the fuck I am.

Standing, I grab onto the bedpost to steady myself before wiping the sweat from my brow.

Walking to the door, I swing it open to find the hallway empty.

Where the fuck am I? Where are the girls?

Walking out of the room and down the hallway, I notice all the doors are closed except for one.

The room spins as I look in through the cracked door, trying to get my vision to focus as I see three, or four, figures surrounding someone laying on the bed.

Is that blood? The room spins some more, and I stumble backwards, falling down a flight of stairs. I groan, then everything goes black.

Waking up in a panic, I look around and notice I'm in my room at the sorority house with no recollection of how I got here. What the fuck happened? The last thing I remember is dancing with Katie and the football team bringing us shots. Why can't I remember anything else?

Climbing out of bed, my stomach flips, and I run to the bathroom, hurling my guts into the toilet. How much did I have to drink? Jesus Christ.

After emptying my stomach, I get up off of my knees and splash water on my face, and brush my teeth while I'm at it. Once I'm finished, I leave the bathroom and go in search of the girls. Maybe one of them knows what the fuck happened last night.

Walking down the hall, I hit Millie's room first. Peeking in, I see her sitting at her computer looking freshly showered.

"Uh, hey, what the hell happened last night?" I ask as she turns to me, shrugging.

"Um, I cut out early. I told you I was leaving. How drunk were you?" she asks as my eyes widen.

"That's what I'm trying to figure out. Where's Everly?" I ask, and she shrugs again.

“I thought she was with you,” she states, and I shake my head.

“Nope, I woke up in my bed alone. What about Katie?” I ask, and she shakes her head.

“I left the three of you together,” she says, and I take a deep breath.

“Alright, I’ll go check their rooms,” I say, spinning. Stepping into the hallway, my phone pings, and I take it out, looking at the text as my sorority sister Beth comes flying up the stairs with two officers at her heels.

Unknown:

Sorry, girlie. Someone has to take one for the team. XOXO Checkmate B\*tches

Swallowing thickly, I slide my phone into the back of my jeans with shaky hands as Beth’s voice comes to the forefront. No way, no fucking way this motherfucker is back. Dead men can’t fucking text.

“Hey, Ivy, these detectives are here to speak with you,” she says as my eyes widen in confusion. They step in front of her, taking out their cuffs.

“Are you Ivanna Bloodworth?” one asks, and I nod.

“Miss Bloodworth, please put your hands behind your back,” the second one states.

“Wait, what? Why am I being arrested?” I ask in a panic as other girls start to come out of their rooms, including Millie. Is this what that text meant? This is Checkmate’s doing. How?! This doesn’t make any sense!

“What is going on?” she asks, and my head snaps towards her as the officers step in



between us.

“Ma’am, you're under arrest for the murder of Kathleen Andrews.”

My heart stops as the room spins. The murder of who? What the fuck is happening? Tears pour down my face at the realization of what the fuck the officer just said. This is a setup. I was set up!

“Call my mom, Mills. Now! I didn’t kill anyone! What the fuck!” I yell, thrashing against the officer.

“Stop resisting, ma’am. You are only making this worse,” the officer says.

“I didn’t kill her! I didn’t even know she was dead! You have the wrong person!” I yell.

“Ivy. Say nothing more until a lawyer is present. Keep your mouth shut,” Beth scolds as my entire world turns upside down.

My best friend was murdered, and I’m suspect number one. What in the actual fuck!

## Page 2

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Ivy- Saying Goodbye

One week later...

Sitting in the pews of the church with Millie on my left and Everly on my right, we listen to the priest's sermon about the life lost too soon.

Being suspect number one in Katie's murder changed everything for me.

After being arrested, they took me to the station where they swabbed under my fingernails and forced me to remove the clothes I was wearing for evidence.

It didn't take long for my mother to arrive with our family lawyer.

They had nothing solid to hold me. Her killer is still at large, and my money is on Oliver.

My gut tells me he knows something, but apparently, he's been questioned and he left us after a few dances and doesn't know what happened after that.

Thankfully, I could still attend the university and remain at the sorority house, but being accused of murder has put a target on my back.

People look at me like I'm the devil even though I came out of this as innocent.

Katie's parents didn't believe the accusations and even helped with clearing my name.

They knew how close we were. They knew I'd kill for her, not the other way around.

The secrets our families hide—ones even our brothers know about—is haunting.

Our parents think it's connected to the past, but I don't.

How could it be when he is fucking dead?

There were no witnesses years ago, nothing!

It's like history is beginning to repeat itself.

I just hope they're wrong, and this was some kind of freak accident.

According to Katie's autopsy, she wasn't raped and there was no DNA to trace, but she definitely had sex that night.

I just wish I could remember what the fuck happened.

They took my blood along with Katie's and ran a drug screen where they found a high dose of Rohypnol, the date rape drug.

Everly was dosed too and woke up in some random room completely naked.

She doesn't remember shit that night either. We've been trying to piece it together, but we've got nothing.

Millie was no fucking help since she left early and said we were still on the dance floor then.

I just can't believe Katie is gone. They did a closed casket ceremony because of how

brutally beaten she was.

It makes me irate that we were drugged and I couldn't help her.

I can hear her screams at night, and I don't know if it's my subconscious trying to tell me something or if I really heard her scream while being under the drug- induced sleep.

Tears pour down my face as Mrs. Andrews barely makes it up to the podium to speak about her daughter.

Both of my friends grab my hands as we listen to Debbie sob for her child.

I never in my life thought we would have to bury our best friend.

A girl we called our sister, who was a part of our everyday life.

There's nothing we didn't do without one another.

I can't tell you how many times we've had sex in the same room as one another.

We didn't give a fuck. All we cared about was having fun and living life on the edge.

Until now. Now, I want to find out who hurt her, who took her from us.

We stand as we watch the casket leave to head outside for her burial.

Pew by pew, family and friends follow behind one another out of the chapel and around the back to lay our girl to rest. Katie's brothers—Louis, Micheal and Caleb—place her casket down and lower it half way in.

We wait at the very end of the line with our white roses in our hands, not ready to say goodbye to our dearest friend.

“You ready?” Millie sniffles, and I shake my head, looking at Everly.

“Never!” she hiccups. Taking a deep breath, the three of us walk over as tears stream down our faces.

“This is not goodbye, it’s see you later, Katie,” Millie says, then throws her rose over the casket.

“See you later, Kate. Love you always,” Everly chokes out, letting her rose fall from her hand.

“I promise you, I will find out who did this. No one hurts my sister and gets away with it. I love you, Katie. Friends forever,” I whisper, sending the last rose down with her as the casket descends.

We walk away, never looking back as the wind picks up around us and the smell of fresh flowers hits my senses, letting me know she's still with us, even if we can't see her.

Taking a deep breath, we walk back around the chapel and wait for our parents to stop talking when our phones ping simultaneously. Taking them out, we snap our heads up and look at one another.

“Uh, did you guys get the same text?” Millie asks, lifting her phone to show us what hers says. My eyes widen, and I look at Everly, who swallows thickly.

Unknown:

Be careful who you trust. Not everyone is your friend. This is just the beginning.  
XOXO Checkmate B\*tches

“It’s happening again, isn’t it?” Millie asks, fear riddling her face. I look around, checking to see if anyone looks out of the ordinary, but there’s too many people. Katie was loved by so many. It’s hard to figure out if Checkmate is actually here or it’s another one of their games.

“I fucking hope not. I’m not sure we will survive it this time,” Everly says.

“We tell no one! We will get through this. Fuck Checkmate. We will find out who hurt our girl and end this once and for all!” I state, and they nod. I don’t tell them that Checkmate is the reason I was arrested. They don’t need to live in fear more than they do already.

“For Katie,” Everly says, and we all repeat it together, vowing to find out who did this and make sure they stay dead this time!

We’re coming, and I can’t wait to have their blood staining my hands.

## Page 3

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Desmond Sinclair- Warm Mouths I know it's a lie.

I wasn't as close to Kate as my sister and the others were, but we still spoke daily.

They just don't need to know that. Ivy and Kate were always causing trouble, and I usually had to clean up their messes.

Not being able to speak to Kate this past week hurts.

I lost a friend just as much as they did, but I can never speak of it to anyone.

No one knows the relationship I had with her, and it will remain that way.

It's not like anything was going on sexually.

They are all like sisters to me. I mean fuck, we literally grew up together, but what everyone doesn't know is that me and Kate caught her dad fucking my mom.

They knew we saw them together at Motel Nine, and we kept it to ourselves.

For years, they snuck around so we leaned on each other when things got difficult, and it bloomed into a friendship no one knew about.

So her being gone is affecting me, and I have no one to talk to about it.

Feeling lonelier than usual has forced me to do things I'm not proud of more frequently.

Nothing like begging for trauma from strangers online to make myself feel better.

Pulling up to the frat house, I put the bike in park and climb off, then I unclip my helmet and place it on my seat.

Walking up the steps and through the front door, the first thing I notice is that the house is silent.

Turning right, I walk up the steps and down the hallway to the last room on the right.

Opening the door, I step into the room and shut it behind me, locking it.

My eyes collide with grey ones that burst with lust and need.

Smirking, he walks over to me, pinning me against the door and slamming his lips onto mine.

I groan at his roughness as his hands grip the bottom of my black tee while sucking my tongue into his warm mouth.

The taste of mint with a hint of cinnamon has my dick aching to be touched.

I slide my hands down his chest, over his abs to the top of his jeans, popping the button open and sliding down his zipper, and finally pushing my hand into his boxers to grip his hard length.

“Fuck, D,” he groans as I stroke him slowly, loving the sounds I pull from his lips. He takes a step back, pulling me with him until the backs of his knees hit the mattress.

Taking my hand from his pants, I remove my tee as he works quickly to undo my



jeans, pulling them down along with my boxers. My cock bobs against my stomach as I look down at him. Gripping my dick, I slap his lips with the head of my cock.

“Open,” I command as he sticks his tongue out, allowing me to slap the pink flesh before wrapping his lips around my length and sucking me down his throat.

Gripping onto the bedpost, I thrust into his mouth, causing him to gag as he looks up at me. Using my free hand, I grip his short dirty blond hair, pushing his head further down my length, groaning at how good his mouth feels.

“Yes, just like that, you’re such a good, pretty boy. Aren’t you?” I praise as he swallows around my length, causing my thighs to quake.

“Take it, Pierce. Let me hear you choke on my cock,” I command as he gags so hard his throat tightens and tears spill from the creases of his grey eyes.

“Fuck, Pretty Boy, you’re going to make me cum,” I tell him, pulling out, only to slam back in.

He takes it like the good boy he is as my balls lift and that familiar tingle rushes up my spine.

I pull out, jerking my cock and nutting all over his lips with a growl.

“Fuckkkkkkkkkkkkkkkkk,” I groan as he licks his lips clean.

Pushing him onto his back, I remove my jeans and boxers along with his and straddle him.

“Make it hurt, Pierce,” I command as I spit on his dick, coating his head.

Bending down, I capture his lips with mine, tasting myself on him as I help him spread my cheeks and sink his hard cock into my waiting hole.

“You’re always so fucking tight, D. Fuck!” he whines as I ride his cock. He sits up, and reaches between us, gripping my dick, making me hard all over again as he meets me thrust for thrust, pounding into my ass relentlessly, causing me to shiver in his arms.

“Jesus Christ, Pretty boy. You feel so fucking good,” I whimper as he continues to jerk my cock and bite my nipples. Pulling up and slamming down onto him, his eyes roll as his free hand squeezes my hip roughly.

“This fucking ass is perfection. I love loosening you up. I wonder if you can take more than one cock for me,” he groans.

“Does that turn you on, Pierce? Thinking about your cock and someone else's pounding into me?” I growl as he swipes his thumb over my leaking tip.

“Fuck yes,” he moans, slamming into me over and over again. His body shakes, telling me he’s almost there.

“Cum for me, Pretty Boy. Let me hear it,” I command slamming my lips onto his, swallowing his moans as I tighten around him as we both cum together.

Pulling away, we both heave for air as we come down from our high.

I gently pull off of him and flop down next to him.

He rolls over, cupping my face before leaving a gentle kiss against my lips.

Before he can deepen the kiss, I pull away and climb off the bed to get dressed.

He watches me as I pull my boxers and jeans on, and I raise a brow.

“Ya know, for someone who doesn’t like to kiss. We’ve been doing a lot of that,” I say, but he doesn’t respond. He just climbs off the bed and heads straight for his bathroom. Okay then.

Picking up my shirt from the floor, I throw it over my head and leave the same way I came in. Pierce is a complicated guy, and this thing going on with us needs to just stay what it is—sex. There can’t be feelings attached. I don’t want that with him. This is fun and shit, but that’s it.

Leaving the house, I climb back onto my bike but check my phone before starting it. Opening the phone, I see I have a few missed texts.

Millie:

Wanna explain last week? You’ve been avoiding me.

Me:

Nah, I’m good.

Millie:

If that’s the story you’re sticking with! We’re going out tonight, by the way.

Me:

Don’t care.

Millie:

Sure you don't. I'll send the address later. Xo

Sliding my phone into my pocket, I start my bike and head back to the university. Looks like I got some shit to do tonight, or better yet, stalk the blonde-haired girl who rejected me three years ago.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Ivy- His Mind Games

“No, please stop. Don’t hurt me,” she begs, as they surround us, laughing, and clearly not giving a fuck that this is no longer a game.

One of them wraps his hand around her throat, squeezing so tightly as I watch her skin turn different shades of red then purple.

I scream through the gag, thrashing against the bindings.

Jolting awake from my recurring nightmares, I wipe the sweat from my brow and roll over to see Everly fast asleep next to me.

I’m glad I didn’t wake her up with my bullshit. I don’t need her questioning why I’m still having nightmares about things from years ago.

She doesn’t know what I did, and I plan on keeping it that way.

Climbing out of bed, I tap my phone, and it lights up showing me it’s damn near five in the evening.

Sitting at my desk, I log on to my computer, and a big skull with an X on it pops across my screen causing my eyes to widen in excitement.

Looking over my shoulder at Everly who is still sound asleep, I click the link which opens to a new window that prompts me to select between ‘A Killer’ or ‘To Be killed’ Clicking the first one, a masked man takes over my screen, and I ‘X’ out of

the window immediately as my phone vibrates next to me.

Picking up the phone, I swipe over to the text thread and read it.

Silas:

Hey, Poison. Miss me?

Rolling my eyes, I chuck the phone onto my bed as I walk into my closet, strip from my sweaty clothes, and head to the bathroom for a shower.

We've been given a break for the past week, but our mothers told us we need to get our heads in the game.

Kind of hard to do that when our best friend is fucking dead.

Turning the tap on, I lean against the vanity and wonder what the fuck Silas could be texting me for. I haven't seen him in months. I actually thought he was locked up or dead. Thank god he's not. Not sure how many more deaths I can handle at this point.

Opening the glass door, I step in and do my thing, making sure I shave everything since we are going out tonight.

Katie wouldn't want us to be hermits in our rooms; she'd be yelling at us to go party and celebrate her life, so that's what we're going to do.

Plus, I need to drown my sorrows in the bottom of a bottle because of what today is and to get that good vitamin D.

Turning the water off and stepping out, I grab a towel and wrap my body with it.

Walking back into my room, I see Everly sitting up in my bed with a weird look on her face.

“What’s wrong?” I ask her, but she shakes her head.

“Mark isn’t doing well. His parents are committing him. He’s already tried to take his life because of Katie,” she says as I grab her hand and sit next to her on my bed.

“Fuck! I didn’t know he was that serious about her. She made it seem like they weren’t anything more than just sex, or better yet, a high school romance that died the minute they graduated.”

“Maybe for her, but I assume it was very real for him. You know how Katie was. She never took anything serious. I’m surprised she kept us around.” She laughs as a tear drops down her cheek.

“I know. Even though we were all besties, she still kept a lot of secrets that I’m sure are going to surface, or maybe they died with her. I don’t know, but I hope Mark can get past this,” I tell her, and she nods.

“I’m going to go get ready. See you in a bit,” she says, standing from the bed and walking out of the room. Sighing, I grab my phone from my nightstand and read the next text he left me.

Silas:

Meet me tonight?

Me:

For what?

Silas:

You know what. Stop playing games and meet me at the park.

Me:

Which fucking one asshole?

Silas:

Again, you know the one!

Me:

Fine! But I got plans tonight!

Silas:

That's nice. Just do as you're told!

Me:

Yea, yea. See you in an hour.

Silas:

Yep.

Closing out my text threads, I get up from my bed and go in search of some clothes to wear tonight. Since we're going to the wrong side of town, I might as well dress the part—short denim skirt with a black crop top, fishnet stockings and my black Doc



Martens.

A half hour later, I step out of my room as I apply lip gloss over my lips and walk into Millie's room.

"Hey Milz?" I call out as she pops her head out of her closet.

"Hey, babe. You look hot," she tells me as a smile greets my face.

"Damn girl. You look sexy as fuck with those knee-high boots. You sure you're not gonna lose your V card tonight because, goddamn, I'd smash in a heartbeat."

"I mean, I'd let you, and I'd still be able to keep my card intact." She giggles as I shake my head.

"I gotta go out real quick. I'll be back to scoop you guys, then we will head to Hillside," I tell her, and she raises a brow at me.

"And where the fuck are you going?"

"Silas is in town."

"Oh shit! When the hell did he get back?" she asks.

"I'm about to find that out along with whatever else he wants to talk to me about," I tell her, and she smirks.

"When are you going to let him smash?" She laughs, wiggling her brows.

"Gag, ew. He's my step-brother and a pain in my fucking ass. Absolutely not," I lie, but she doesn't pick up on my deceit.

“But all that tension. Jesus, I could masturbate watching you both interact.”

“See ya, Milz. You and that crazy talk. Gotta go, babe,” I tell her as I spin and head out of her room, then down the stairs and out the front door.

Walking down the cobblestone pathway and beyond the white picket fence, I get into my white Range Rover.

Connecting my phone to the stereo, I blast some music as I drive the short distance past the university on the other side of Delta Avenue towards my neighborhood and to the park that sits just outside my gated community.

Parking against the curb behind Silas’s matte black Escalade.

I climb out and walk over to him as he leans against his driver's side door.

He raises a brow at me and flicks his cigarette off to the side while licking his lush lips before pouncing on me, but I push him away, punching him in the chest.

“Where the fuck have you been?” I spit, and he laughs, gripping onto my hips.

“Awe, you did miss me,” he says, smiling down at me. When the fuck did he get all these goddamn tattoos? Jesus.

“Hardly, asshole. I’m fucking pissed at you!” I growl as he brings his hand to my face, cupping it before pulling down on my bottom lip with his thumb. Bringing it to his mouth, he moans.

“Sweet as always,” he whispers as I swallow thickly, heart beating a mile a minute in my chest. I haven’t seen my step-brother in months, and I’m not even around him for a full minute and I already want to jump his fucking bones.

Taking a deep breath, I attempt to take a step back, but he pulls me closer, engulfing me in his orbit and mind-fucking me as usual.

Looking up at him, his bright blue eyes sparkle with mischief which only pisses me off.

He knows exactly what he's doing to me. It's been this way for years.

Always playing games with my mind and heart.

“You gonna stop eye-fucking me and tell me where the hell you been?”

“Sorry, I can't tell you that, but I missed you, Poison,” he rasps. Rolling my eyes, I pull away, and this time he lets me. Folding my arms over my chest, his eyes go straight to my cleavage, and I smirk.

“Whatever, Si. Always the secret keeper. Doesn't it get old?” I ask, and he laughs.

“Never, babe. Anyway, I'm sorry to hear about your friend. She was chill. How are you holding up?” he asks, and I huff.

“Did you really have me come here to ask how I'm doing after my best friend was brutally murdered? You could've just asked that in a text.”

“Nah, I just missed you and wanted to see how fast I could get that little vein on the side of your neck to beat for me.” He grins.

“I'm out of here. This was a waste of my time. I've got a party to get to,” I snap, turning away to walk back to my car, but he grabs my arm, pulling me flush against his chest. Pushing my hair from my shoulder, he runs his nose down the column of my neck, causing me to shiver.

“And what party is that?” he whispers as his lips graze the shell of my ear. Jesus, fuck this man.

“Hillside party,” I damn near pant as his fingers run down my ribs, over the dip of my stomach, and into my skirt. My breathing hitches as his fingers toy with my aching clit. “Silas!” I warn.

“That’s not a good idea, Poison. I suggest you find another party,” he rasps, flicking my clit and making me moan. “Damn, Ivy. I’ve missed that sound,” he says as he continues to toy with me, making me drench my panties.

Reaching behind me, I pull on his belt, loosening it a bit, and sliding my hand in to run my fingers over his velvety skin.

Holy shit, he’s got a ladder now. Fuck me.

He bites the shell of my ear as I grip his pierced length, stroking him slowly as he sinks a finger into my soaked core while rubbing tight circles over my clit.

“Fuck, Si. I need more,” I pant, stroking him faster.

“Tell me what you need, Poison, and maybe I’ll give it to you,” he growls as I run my thumb over the tip of his cock. “God, I missed your touch,” he groans, biting the side of my neck.

“Stretch me out. Let me feel those bars,” I whimper as he adds another finger inside me.

“Mmm, you gonna pour that poison all over my cock for me?” he asks, and I nod, tightening my grip as I jerk his length. “Words, Ivy. You know how this works,” he whispers, sucking roughly along my neck, marking me like he always does.

“Yes, Si. I want my poison to bleed all over you.”

“Such a good girl. You’re so fucking wet for me.

I can’t wait to stretch this tight cunt.

” He growls, pulling us backwards towards his truck.

I hear him use his other hand to open the door as I pick up my pace, loving the way he growls into my neck.

“Jesus, Poison,” he says, removing his hand from my skirt, flicking the button and pulling down the zipper.

Spinning us, I remove my hand from his hard cock as he lifts me by the hips, placing me on his leather seat, and then climbing in himself.

I scoot over, pulling down my stockings, panties, and skirt as he undoes his jeans, pulling them down over his hips.

“Sit on my cock and ride me, Poison, but face the front and be on the lookout,” he orders as he moves to the middle of the backseat.

Leaning over the center console, he smacks his cock against my pussy, running it up and down my slit, coating the tip of his cock with my arousal.

“Sit!” he commands as he lines his dick with my entrance, and I slowly sit back, sinking down on him as he stretches my pussy more and more the lower I get.

He reaches around, lifting my shirt and pulling my bra down, to pinch my nipples which makes me moan as I roll my hips.

“So goddamn tight, Ivy. Fuck. Your cunt strangles my cock in the best way.” He groans, pulling my nipples as I ride him.

“Your bars feel so fucking good, Si. Holy shit,” I pant, tightening around him as his other hand snakes down to my clit. “Fuckkkk,” I whimper, as he rubs my nub while thrusting up into me as I roll my hips, bouncing my ass on his dick.

“Just like that, Poison. Goddamn, this pussy is fucking soaked. Tighten that cunt, baby,” he orders as I lift up, only to slam down onto him, causing a deep moan to spill from his lips.

Picking up my pace, I bounce faster as he thrusts up into me harder and harder.

“I’m going to fucking cum, Si. Fuck!” I yell as he rubs my clit rapidly, causing my movements to become erratic as I cum on his cock, soaking his lap.

“Fuck, Ivy. Don’t fucking stop.” He growls, pulling my hair so roughly my back arches as he pounds up into me.

“Remember who fucked this pussy last or who it belongs to while you're out at this party tonight. Don’t forget whose cum will be running down your legs all night,” he growls, slamming into me brutally as he bites the side of my neck.

“Mine!” he roars as he fills me, causing another orgasm to rip through me like a freight train.

My whole body convulses as we both slow down our pace, trying to catch our breaths.

Holy fucking shit. I fucking missed this.

After a few moments, he lifts me from his lap and places me next to him.

I reach down and grab my clothes, putting them back on as he tucks his cock away and buttons his jeans.

I swing the door open, not saying a word as I climb out, grabbing my boots before slamming the door and heading back to my car.

I hear his door open, but I don't look back, not wanting him to see the look of disappointment on my face.

It's always the same thing. He says nice things, gets in my panties then discards me like yesterday's trash. Why would this time be any different?

"Hey, Ivy. Stop being like this," he shouts, but I ignore him, opening my car door and climbing in.

Starting her up, my eyes collide with his as he lights a cigarette.

All the words left unsaid show brightly on his face.

I know what he feels for me, but it's not as deep as I do for him.

This is why it's best I just stay away. It was better when he was gone—out of sight, out of mind.

But now he's back, and all this will do is fuck with my head and heart, and he fucking knows it.

I always do this, always fall for his words and end up fucking him, just to be left in the dust. All that "pussy is mine" shit is straight bullshit.

He's a smooth talker and knows exactly what to say to get what he wants, and I've always been an easy target.

He goes to take a step towards my car, but I put her in reverse and speed away from the curb. Fuck him. It's time for the tables to turn. No more being his good little girl. If he wants me, he's gonna have to chase me for a change. Fuck it.

It's Friday night, and I'm ready to get fucked up with my girls. I just wish my bestie was here to create havoc with. Fucking christ.



## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Silas Carmichael- Memories her friends will be there, and I've been scoping out that blonde girl," he says as my fists tighten. He better be talking about Everly and not Ivy.

"Yea, I knew Katie. Which one of her friends? She has a lot of friends," I say, trying not to deck this kid in the face.

"I forget her name. She was always with Katie. Short girl with blonde hair, banging little body, and a sassy mouth I'd love to sink my cock—" He doesn't get to finish that fucking sentence because I grab him by the collar of his polo shirt and slam him against the hood of his car.

"What the fuck, man?" he yells.

"If you're talking about Ivy Bloodworth, you better stay the fuck away from her. This is your only warning," I spit.

"Why? Is she your girl?" he asks, and I shake my head.

"She's my sister, so back the fuck off or the school's quarterback will be missing a fucking arm," I threaten, and he laughs.

"Okay, okay. Got it," he says, and I let him go, taking a step back. I shut my trunk as he stands, taking the duffel and throwing it into his blue Maserati, and pulling off without another word.

Taking my phone out, I shoot Desmond a text as I walk to the driver's side door,

hopping into the truck.

Me:

Yo! Party tonight in Hillside. You down?

Des:

Yep. The girls are going, so where else would I be?

Me:

Good.

Des:

Come scoop me so I don't have to take my bike.

Me:

Where you at? Home or the dorms?

Des:

Dorms.

Me:

Be there in fifteen. I gotta make a pit stop at the house.

Des:

Sounds good.

Putting my phone in my pocket, I start the truck and pull away from the curb.

Driving down the block, I make a right into the gated development, punch in my code, and wait for the gates to open.

Stepping on the gas lightly, I drive through and head the few blocks to my house in the cul-de-sac.

Luckily, no one is home. They never are lately.

Dad is always away on business and Julie is either with my father or somewhere getting drunk.

Who the fuck knows what goes on anymore.

There's so many secrets and lies within these gates. It's ridiculous.

Pulling into the driveway, I leave the truck running as I climb out and walk to the garage door. Keying in my code, the door lifts, and I duck under because I'm too impatient to wait.

Walking to the far left corner, I take a key off the hook and unlock the basement door, shutting it behind me.

The lights automatically turn on as I walk down each step, coming up to another locked door.

Pressing my thumb over the pad, the lock disengages, and I turn the knob, swinging the door open.

Screaming greets my ears, but I ignore it as I walk over to the shelves on the wall and grab a few things I might need tonight as chains scrapping along the concrete echoes through the space.

Grabbing a few knives and a pistol, I slide the knives into my ankle sheaths and tuck the pistol in the back of my jeans.

Walking deeper into the room, I grab my clear mask and head back out the same way I came in, ignoring the screaming and thrashing going on.

Maybe the next time I come down here, the asshole will have answers for me. Until then, he suffers.

Locking the doors, I shut the garage and get back into my Escalade.

Placing the mask on the passenger seat, I flip up the center console and grab a pill from the baggie inside.

Dropping it on my tongue, I pick up a water bottle, twist off the cap, and chug the warm liquid, swallowing the pill.

Placing the water bottle back in the cup holder, I grab a cigarette, light the bitch up, turn the music on, and head out of the development towards the school to pick up Des.

Tonight can go one of two ways. Either the girls behave themselves and don't get into any trouble, or someone is going to fucking die. Between me and Des, nothing is gonna happen to our girls. Katie may have slipped through the cracks, but it won't happen again.

My phone pings, and I roll my eyes, thinking it's Des being an impatient prick and

wondering what's taking me so long. Grabbing my phone from my back pocket, I look at the text and growl, taking another pull off my butt.

Unknown:

Still fucking your sister, I see. Same ol' Silas. Junkie who sells to rich kids. Tsk. Tsk. Be careful out there. You never know who's watching. Oh, and you've got the wrong guy. See you soon.XOXO-Checkmate B\*tches.

Tossing my phone next to the mask, I chuck my butt out of the window and pound my fists against the steering wheel.

Just when I thought I found him, I was wrong.

Fuck! Months of searching, years of digging, trying to put the puzzle pieces together for fucking nothing.

Whoever Checkmate is, they're smart and calculated.

Always ten steps ahead of us, and it's really pissing me off. The girls don't know what me and Des do or what we've been trying to do.

Millie spills to Des every time they get a text, and the last one they got was at Katie's funeral.

According to Des, Millie is terrified that history is repeating itself, which she's not wrong, but what we're trying to figure out is if Katie's killer is Checkmate or if her death is unrelated.

I think it's Checkmate, but I have no proof.

Pulling up to the school, I whip the truck around the parking lot until I spot Des waiting for me by his bike. He hops in and raises a brow, seemingly knowing something is wrong.

“What’s up? Why do you look more pissed off than usual?” he asks, and I pick up the mask, toss it in the back, and hand him my phone. His eyes widen as he reads the text, telling me everything I need to know. He’s just as shocked as I am.

“Fucking Checkmate! So the asshole in my basement ain’t him. He says as much! Now what?” I ask, and he growls.

“I’m so sick of this motherfucker. I can’t wait to gut him alive,” he spits, and I nod.

“Agreed,” I growl as he turns to me, lighting up a joint.

“How did you find out about the party? I thought you were busy tonight?” he asks, and I laugh.

“Oliver came to pick up and told me how he was gunning for Ivy,” I tell him as we pull out of the parking lot. His eyes widen at my words.

“I can’t stand that fucking guy.”

“Yep. I already warned him to stay away from her, but I don’t trust him!” I growl.

“Agreed. I don’t trust anyone as of late. It’s even worse that they decided to go over the tracks tonight. It is only a little safer there than being here with a killer on the loose.”

“I don’t like it, period. They need to stay at the sorority house and just chill out,” I say, and he laughs.

“You know them better than that. It ain’t in their blood to stay put, so here we are,” he says, and now it’s my turn to laugh as he passes me the joint. The pill I took finally kicks in, warming my insides. Taking a pull, I hold it before exhaling, then pass it back to him.

“Well, if anything goes down tonight. I’ve got my pistol and two knives,” I tell him as he takes a hit off the joint.

“Same!” he says as we continue to pass the joint while driving across town.

You can visibly see the change the minute we cross the tracks.

Buildings are run down. Houses look beat up and abandoned.

People walking the streets begging for money and food.

Working girls and dealers on almost every corner. Even the air is a little thicker.

“The girls better behave themselves tonight, so help me god,” he says, and I nod.

“I’m actually hoping they get into some shit just so I can get my hands bloody.” I laugh, and he shakes his head.

“I think you forgot what today is,” he says, his expression turning serious. I know good and well what today is, I just blocked it out. It hurts too fucking much, hence the pills. “Bro, it’s been three years since Jay’s been gone. That alone is going to fuck the girls up,” he reminds me.

“Shit, you’re right. I’m such a piece of shit. I’ve been so wrapped up in finding Checkmate that I forgot about Jay,” I lie.

“You’ve been distracted, but for a good reason.

Things could be so much worse.” Little does he know how much worse it really is.

I just mask it well. Checkmate is right.

I am nothing but a junkie. I know I need help, but there's no time for it. I figured if I keep my mind busy enough, I won't want the drugs nearly as bad as I used to.

Pulling up to the party takes me out of my thoughts.

Let's see what tonight brings. Hopefully, I can get Ivy to come home with me and allow me to explain a few things.

My sexy Poison Ivy better watch it tonight because I'm coming to collect what's mine.



## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

### Ivy-Hillside Parties

Everyone surrounds us, waiting with bated breath as I lift my arm into the air, and with a flick of my wrist, I send the ping-pong ball through the air and across the table, sinking it into the last red solo cup, and winning my fifth game of the night.

The crowd cheers as I yell, “Buckets, bitch!” Hip bumping Millie, we laugh as Everly rushes over to us.

“Incoming,” she warns seconds before Desmond and Silas walk into the kitchen, making their presence known.

Ramone and Quincy step into their path, blocking them from us, which was the wrong move to make.

I don’t want to witness what is going to happen next, so I grab the girls and pull them out of the kitchen and towards the living room.

These idiots will not ruin our night. Grabbing shots from the bar, I spin and raise my plastic cup.

“To Jay and Katie,” I say before shooting it back.

Three years ago, Jay, my only brother, died from a drug overdose the night after I...

“Come on, Ivy. Let’s go dance,” Everly shouts, taking me out of my thoughts.

My eyes collide with hers, and I know she sees it.

She sees the hurt and sadness that I work so very hard to hide, but my girls know me well enough that I can never really hide it from them.

“Gold” by Kiiara plays through the speakers, and my hips move of their own accord.

Closing my eyes, I let the rhythm of the beat take me away, wishing life wasn’t what it was and that the people I love were still here with us partying, and not six feet in the ground.

Fingers find my hips, and I press my ass back into some guy’s groin, and roll my hips as his hands wander my body.

Raising my arms, I wrap them around the back of his head, feeling his warm breath flow along the column of my neck.

I open my eyes, and instantly they collide with blue and green ones that look equally murderous and filled with lust. Jesus, not Desmond too.

It’s bad enough I have this pull with my step-brother, but my best friend’s brother? No. I can’t fall into that trap again.

Following their line-of-sight to right over my shoulder, I watch as Silas’s upper lip raises into a snarl.

But when I go to turn my head slightly to see who I’m dancing with, he wraps his hand around my throat, forcing me to look straight ahead.

“It doesn’t matter who I am, Ivy. What matters is how much I’m pissing those two off with my hands all over you.” He chuckles, running his nose up and down my neck.

“You must have a death wish.” I laugh as he sucks over the same spot Silas did just a few hours ago.

“I don’t care. Do you?” he asks, and I shake my head. “Then keep shaking that ass on me, and don’t take your eyes off them until I tell you too,” he orders. Goddamn, he enjoys playing with fire, which only makes me want to pour the gasoline and light this bitch up.

Pulling me tighter against him, his hands continue to wander as the song changes to “Or Nah” by The Weeknd.

I grind into him, running my hands through his short hair, and doing as I was told and never taking my eyes off Silas and Desmond.

I’m so going to pay for this shit later, I just know it.

Maybe not from Desmond, but definitely from Si.

Soft lips run along my heated flesh as his hands run up my outer thigh and over my denim skirt, up my ribs and around the curve of my breasts. Both boys take a step closer, but something happening in the kitchen breaks our eye contact as they both race to whatever is going on.

Looking around the dance floor, I spot Millie with some guy I’ve never seen before. I wonder if that’s the guy she’s been texting that we aren’t supposed to know about—when Millie gets drunk, she tells us her little secrets and then doesn’t remember telling us the next day.

The song ends, and I go to step away, but the guy behind me only pulls me closer.

“Where do you think you’re running off to?” he rasps, licking the shell of my ear.

“It’s hot. Wanna go outside for some air?” I ask.

“Do I get to taste you if I do?” he says, and shivers run through me. I could be a whole bitch and let him eat the mess Silas left—wouldn’t be the first time I’ve done it. It’s just so much fun when Si watches, but then I’d only be an accessory to murder because Silas will kill him.

“I don’t know, maybe,” I whisper as he pushes me towards the front door, which is in the opposite direction of the kitchen.

Stepping out into the night, the chilly air wraps around my body as goosebumps litter my skin.

Soft hands continue to guide me down the steps and into the grass, and around the side of the house, putting us into complete darkness.

He spins me, pressing me up against the cold brick.

Looking up at him, I can’t make out his features other than his hazel eyes, which are sparkling against the dull street light.

“You’re so beautiful, Ivy,” he whispers against my lips, brushing them ever so gently.

My phone vibrates in my skirt, but I ignore it as he presses those same soft lips against mine, kissing me slowly.

The taste of the punch on his tongue has me moaning into his open mouth.

Swirling my tongue with his, I suck it into mine, biting the tip as his hand slides between my thighs and up my already soaked panties.

“Already drenched for me?” he groans, pulling at my bottom lip with his teeth. “I wonder if you taste sweeter than Katie?” he purrs, and my body goes still, and I shove him away.

“Excuse me?” I yell, and he laughs.

“Awe, come on, Ivy. It was just a joke.” I shove him again, causing him to stumble back.

“That’s not fucking funny, you prick,” I yell again as he continues to laugh.

“I bet you can scream louder than she did,” he mutters, and I see red.

Lifting my arm, I rear back, and punch him in the eye with one fist as my other hits him in the throat, causing him to choke.

Grabbing him by the collar, I pull him towards me, spitting in his face before lifting my knee and connecting it with his nuts.

Pushing him away, he falls to his knees.

No one talks about my best friend like that.

Rearing back again, my fists connect with his jaw over and over again until strong arms rip me from him, and I scream.

“Get the fuck off of me!”

“Chill out, Spitfire. It’s just me,” Desmond whispers, pulling me away and walking deeper into the yard. Silas comes into view and comes right for me with Millie and Everly on his heels. He cups my face.

“What happened, Poison?” he growls, looking me over for any damage.

“That prick was running his fucking mouth. Who even is he?” I ask, but the boys ignore me.

“I caught her kicking his ass with no stopping in sight.” Desmond tells him, as I thrash in his arms.

“You can let go now, asshole,” I spit, but he growls in my ear.

“Not a chance.”

“Fucking christ. I’m not going to do anything,” I say, but he doesn’t let me go.

“Millie, get your damn brother before I break his nose,” I spit, ready to headbutt him.

“Dessy, let her go. She’s in control. Chill out,” Milz tells him, and he loosens his grip but doesn’t let me go completely.

“Take the girls home. Ivy, you’re with me,” Silas orders, and I roll my eyes.

“I drove them,” I tell him, and he rolls his eyes.

“Give Des the keys and he will take your car and leave it at the sorority house,” he says, and I reluctantly hand over my keys, shoving them into Desmond’s chest.

“Good girl,” Desmond whispers, and chills race up my spine. Jesus christ, get it together, Ivy. Giving both girls a hug, I walk over to Silas and walk past the asshole I just fucked up.

“You’ll pay for this, you little bitch!” he threatens, and I go to lunge for him, but

Silas lifts me by my hips and throws me over his shoulder, carrying me out of the yard towards his truck. I pound my fists on his back, but all he does is laugh and slap my ass.

“Calm the fuck down before I do it for you,” he threatens, and I stop. I know what that means, and I’m not in the mood to be tied to his fucking bed as he edges me to tears. I’ll save that shit for another night.

He opens the truck door, and throws me into the passenger seat before shutting the door behind him.

Rounding the front, he climbs into the driver’s seat, pressing the ‘push to start’ button, bringing his truck to life.

He takes out a cigarette, lighting it up with shaky hands, which tells me he’s still struggling with drugs.

Fuck my life. I guess the shit with Jay still haunts him.

I don’t know how many times he needs to be told that it wasn’t his fault.

Bringing the cigarette to his mouth, he takes a deep pull before passing it to me. I take it, and take a pull as he puts the truck into drive, pulling away from the curb, and heading towards the highway. Passing the butt back to him, he takes it, and I stare daggers into the side of his head.

“You know, I can take care of myself. I didn’t need you or Desmond to come swooping in,” I growl.

“You and I both know that’s bullshit. You may throw a mean punch but you don’t know when enough is enough, and tonight I don’t feel like calling in the lawyer to

bail your ass out for killing a rich kid on the wrong side of the tracks,” he says, raising a brow. I fold my hands over my chest and huff.

“I do know when to stop, but you didn’t hear what the fuck he said to me,” I retort.

“Doesn’t really matter, now does it? You put on a show and left with him. Seems to me you were being the tease that you are and didn’t want to follow through with what you were doing on that dance floor,” he accuses, and my mouth drops.

“How fucking dare you insinuate I led him on? You fucking piece of shit!” I yell, and he laughs.

“Then why are you getting so mad if it isn’t true?” he says calmly.

“I’m getting mad because I know what the fuck he said, and it had nothing to do with me being a tease and everything to do with Katie,” I say, and his head whips around.

“What do you mean Katie? Why didn’t you lead with that?” he asks, and now it’s my turn to laugh.

“You know everything, Si. You assumed the worst of me, rather than just letting me speak,” I yell as he takes another pull from his butt.

“Well, your track record says otherwise.” He chuckles, and I huff. I’m done with this conversation.

For the rest of the car ride home, we sit in silence as my eyes get heavy, but I refuse to fall asleep until I’m in my bed with Cornelius purring next to me.

“We’re home,” he says, nudging my arm. Damn, I must’ve fallen asleep.



Wiping the sleep from my eyes, I yawn and climb out of the truck, then going through the garage and up the stairs to the door.

Keying in the code, the lock disengages, and I swing the door open and go through the kitchen and up the stairs to my room.

Opening Si's bedroom door, I let Cornie out, and he follows me across the hall to my room.

Stepping inside, I strip out of my clothes, pull my blankets down, and climb into bed.

Cornie hops up and nudges his head against my hand to pet him.

Running my fingers through his orange fur, he purrs, snuggling up next to me.

The bed dips just as sleep is taking over, and Cornie hisses, making me chuckle.

"She's my girl too, Cornelius. Get over yourself," Si scolds, and I laugh even harder.

"Shut up and go to sleep," he tells me, pulling me against his chest and laying his chin on the top of my head.

Sleep takes over as a low whisper of "I love you, Ivy. You're mine" is heard in the distance, but I'm too far gone as Katie's face, all full of blood, comes into view.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Oliver Michaels- Revenge Is So Damn Sweet

Watching those bitches walk away with Silas and Desmond, I narrow my eyes and snarl as I get to my feet, brushing off my knees.

Taking a deep breath, I start walking towards the house but footsteps suddenly charge at me, and before I can do anything, cold metal presses against my neck, causing me to fall still.

“Feel that vein beating rapidly beneath my blade, quarterback?” he whispers, but I say nothing, too afraid to move a muscle.

“All I have to do is just nick it,” he growls, licking the shell of my ear.

“Then watch as your blood seeps from your pulsating artery. How sweet would that be? You really don’t want to push me to those lengths.

I don’t wanna have to explain to your mommy why her precious son is dead for touching what is fucking mine!

” he growls, pressing the blade deeper into my skin.

“Stay the fuck away from Ivy. Nod if you understand?” he spits, and I nod.

Slowly, he removes the knife from my neck, then shoves me away as he walks back to the white Range Rover.

I don't take my eyes off of it until I see nothing but its tail lights.

Shrugging off the embarrassment I feel for letting some towny prick threaten me, I walk over to the front of the house and decide to call it a night and head back to the dorms.

Getting into my Maserati, I gun it down the streets of Hillside until I get to the highway, then I cruise the rest of the way back to Summerhills. My phone rings and my mother's name comes across my dash. Pressing the green button on my steering wheel, I answer the call.

"Good evening, Mother."

"Oliver Eugene Michaels, why are you not at the dorms at this hour of the night? You have practice to attend tomorrow morning. This is unacceptable behavior," she yaps through the line.

I roll my eyes, knowing she would fucking track me, but hoped that she was too preoccupied on a Friday night to do so.

"I couldn't sleep, so I went for a drive," I lie, and she huffs.

"Next time, find a girl and get your dick sucked. I've told you time and time again I will take that car away from you if you can't follow simple rules," she yells.

"Alright, Mother, I'm pulling into the parking lot of St. Vincent's. Thanks for the wonderful chat."

"Don't be smart with me. Do as you're told," she scolds, ending the call.

Thank god. I can't even get laid without her breathing down my neck.

Shutting the car off, I grab the duffel from the passenger seat and exit the car.

Walking up the path towards the dorms, I run into Colby who's sitting on a bench making out with some girl.

He puts his fist out for me to bump, and I shake my head, laughing.

Fuck, it hurts to laugh. That cunt really got me good.

Walking into the dorms, I take the stairs a few at a time instead of taking the elevators.

Getting to my floor, I take my key card out of my wallet and press it against the reader until it turns green.

Pulling down the door handle, I push open the door and step into my quiet room, heading for my closet first. Setting the duffel down in the deepest part of the room, I move things around and hide it under a bunch of football equipment.

Then, I strip out of my clothes, grab a pair of gray sweats from the shelf, and pull them on.

Stepping out of the closet, I kill the lights and climb into bed, thinking about how I'm going to hurt Ivy Bloodworth.

Waking up early for Saturday practice, I feel like I was hit by a Mack truck.

Oh, that's right, I was. Little Ivy Bloodworth kicked my ass last night.

Why I thought bringing up her dead friend while in the throes of passion on the side of some house was a good idea is beyond me. Some girls are into it, but not her.

Climbing out of bed, I stumble to the bathroom and take a leak.

After I finish, I stare at myself in the mirror, getting madder by the minute.

A nice shiner adorns my face, making it impossible to hide.

Coach is going to kick my ass, never mind a tiny girl doing it.

She handed me my ass and now I'm fucked!

Stepping out of the bathroom, I grab my gear and head out of my dorm room to practice. I can already feel my blood boiling. I know what's going to happen the minute Coach sees my face, and telling him the truth will only make him laugh.

Deciding to skip breakfast and the mess hall altogether, I slam open the double doors of the building as the chilly morning air hits my face.

Taking a deep breath, I continue to walk toward the sports center as the sun rises over the trees.

One thing New York has is amazing sunrises and sunsets.

I've spent many mornings and nights over at Bluffpoint just laying on the hood of my car watching the sky change different colors.

It's the only place that calms me. You would think football was my center of gravity, but it's not.

I fucking hate being a quarterback. I hate the game altogether, but I must follow my mother's orders or I won't get any of my inheritance from my grandfather. The deal has always been: get honor roll, graduate high school with a scholarship to play ball,

and finish college with a business degree. The moment my diploma hits my hands, then I get my money, and I'm out of here.

No more rules, no more mommy up my ass. I'm over it.

Sometimes I feel like I should've been the one who died, not my father.

I hate being around my mother. I hate the person she's forced me to be.

As I look around the university, all this elite shit is a farce.

I can't stand being something I'm not. It's not like anyone has truly tried to get to know me.

The team is the team. We play the game, fuck bitches, and get drunk.

There's no depth to it. I have no one, not one friend that I can tell anything about myself to.

No one cares. It's all about money and what you can offer.

Even the girls only want me for my money and status.

I just want to be normal. I want someone to see me as the real me and not this 'Elite Jock' shit.

There's more to me than the persona I put on. I just wish someone would see it.

Opening the doors to the sports center, I enter and head straight for the locker rooms. Swinging the door open, I'm greeted with silence—just how I like it. Stripping off my clothes, I gear up and head out to the field.

Practice was brutal, and Billy, the assistant coach, sent me to the coach's office. He wanted to bench me, but I told him to suck my dick. He's not the boss, so now I'm stuck waiting for Coach to get here. Clicking of heels has my neck snapping to my right as I sit in Coach's office.

Low and behold, my mother is walking towards me dressed in a long tight black dress with her hair wrapped in a bun on top of her head.

Coach walks in and stands behind his desk as she steps in front of me with a snarl on her face.

Rearing back, she slaps me across the face.

My head whips to the side as I narrow my eyes at her.

"Don't look at me like that. You're a fucking liar, like your worthless father," she spits, but I take it. I always fucking take it.

"Son, you're benched for the next two games for misconduct. I don't care that it happened off school property, but the marks on your face are unacceptable," he scolds.

"What? That's not fair. I caused no harm to anyone. A girl beat me!" I yell, and he laughs as my fists tighten against the arms of the chair.

"I don't want to hear your excuses. You listen to the coach, and practices for you are now twice a day.

One more infraction from you and you can kiss that inheritance goodbye," she tells me, and I internally fume.

I'm only biding my time like the good boy I am to get that fucking inheritance so I can take care of myself without her pawing at my skin.

"Fine! Whatever you say, Mother," I mutter.

"Good, now escort me to my car," she commands, turning to the coach and giving him a wink, making me want to puke. Getting up from my seat, Coach slams his hand on my shoulder and gives it a rough squeeze.

"It's for your own good, son." I roll my eyes and shrug him off as my mother sticks her hand out for me to grab and walk her out of the office and locker room.

"Oliver, I'm getting sick and tired of your disobedience. Have you done the job I asked of you yet?" she asks, raising a brow at me as I open the double doors and exit the sports center into the parking lot where her waiting SUV is parked along the curb.

"Yes, it's done."

"Good boy," she says, placing a kiss on my face as Paul, her driver, opens the door for her.

"See you soon, Ollie. Remember what I said," I nod, spinning on my heels to head back to the dorms. I'm sick of the constant embarrassment by women I can't fucking stand.

Now I'm benched for two games because of this blonde bimbo.

Revenge is nothing compared to the storm I'm going to rain down on her perfect life—destroying every piece of happiness she has. She is mine to ruin; leaving her pieces spread upon the asphalt, rotting away as piece by piece turns to molten.



## Page 8

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

### Ivy-Swim Meets & Grey Eyes

Getting a text from Everly this morning telling me to get my ass back to the sorority house, had me groaning and the minute I realized the boy next to me snoring was Silas I got out of there quickly.

I did not want to hear his shit. By the time I got back to the sorority house Everly had already given me the details on the plans for this day.

Her and Millie want to go to the swim meet at noon.

Drool over some guys then hopefully a party.

Now, sitting in the stands of the aquatics center sweating my ass off from how hot it is in here, I shoulder bump Millie who turns to me with a raised brow. I wonder if the guy Millie was sucking face with last night is the reason for this little rendezvous.

“That guy you were hooking up with last night, is he on the team?” I ask, and her face goes red. Bingo!

“If you must know, yes. Yes, he is. His name is Warren Mitchell, and he’s the captain of the team.” She smiles. Damn, little virgin Mary is blushing over this dude. Sliding my arm in hers, I smile.

“I can’t wait to meet him.”

“You better not embarrass me, so help me god, Ivy,” she scolds, and Everly chuckles.

“Listen, I need you to introduce me to Warren's friend, the one with the dark hair and ripped body,” Evs says, and I laugh, looking down at the guys stretching before the meet starts. One of them looks up at me, and I gasp as his grey eyes collide with mine. He winks, causing my cheeks to heat, then smiles and looks away, but I can't help but stare. Why am I so drawn to him? Fuck.

“She's right!” I say to Millie. “Introduce us to his friends. What are our plans tonight?” Millie looks up at me with the biggest grin on her face.

“Hillsboro.” She smirks

“Oh, hell yes,” Everly chimes in, and I grin.

Hillsboro is where the mentally insane used to be kept long before we were born.

There's so many stories as to what happened there, but most are bullshit.

No one really knows the truth except for a few people whose parents spent some time there.

The place is creepy as fuck, and too many people are afraid to even step foot on the grounds, which makes it the perfect spot to chill out.

I particularly love the place, and we might as well have our fun before we have to go back to attending classes along with the events the sorority is doing next week.

The starting pistol going off takes me out of my thoughts as Warren dives into the pool, gliding his body through the water, racing to get to the other side and back.

Once his hands touch the side, the guy who winked at me dives into the water as the crowd cheers in excitement.

My phone vibrates in my pocket. I take it out and read the message waiting for me.

Silas:

You left without saying goodbye.

I roll my eyes and focus my attention on the hot guy gliding through the water, but my phone vibrates again. Looking down, my body goes rigid, seeing that it's not from Silas. Clicking the message open with shaky hands as the crowd cheers., my body shivers as I read the words on my screen.

Unknown:

What would Mommy say if she found out her princess is sleeping with her own brother? Multimedia Video-Click to open.

Clicking it open, I immediately cover my mouth and trap the gasp that was ready to break free. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Closing the video of me and Silas last night, I reply to this motherfucker.

Me:

What do you want?

Unknown:

I'm glad I have your attention. You chose "A killer." Are you ready to play the game? The rules are really simple.

Me:

And what is that?

Unknown:

You will see tonight.

Me:

Wonderful!

Putting my phone in my pocket, Everly turns to me with a raised brow, and I bump her shoulder.

“Just Silas being his asshole self,” I lie as she shakes her head, turning back towards the pool. I can only imagine what kind of bullshit tonight is going to bring.

I thought it was Checkmate, seeing as he’s extremely ruthless and gives no fucks about consequences.

But this person, the one behind the computer screen orchestrating this game, is very different from Checkmate.

I’m both terrified and intrigued to see what my first task is tonight.

I just hope it doesn’t turn into what happened already.

I’m glad this isn’t Checkmate again, Everly wouldn’t survive that.

She’s barely hanging on as it is and is very co-dependent, needing someone to sleep next to her every night.

Trauma of the past haunts all of us in different ways every single day, and now the prick is back.

Maybe they never truly left and were just biding their time, waiting for the perfect moment to strike.

I don't know, but it's fucking maddening.

The crowd cheering causes me to jump. I didn't realize how deep in my head I was until I look up and see the bleachers emptying and Millie is grabbing my hand, pulling me up to go see Warren and his friends.

Stepping off the bleachers, chilly hands grip my waist, hauling me over and down the last set of bleachers.

"Hey there, I don't mean to be presumptuous, but I don't want you to slip," he says, but I look down and see a dry floor. I blush, thinking he's either super smooth or he really just wanted to touch me.

"Thanks for looking out. What's your name?" I ask as he sets me down on my feet, his hands lingering on my hips. Running my fingers up his biceps, I take him in, staring at his strong jawline, leading up to his high cheekbones and deep grey eyes. Is that a blush crawling up his cheeks?

"You're so beautiful." He smiles, bringing his hand up to tuck a piece of hair behind my ear.

"Is that what you tell all the girls? But never give your name before leaving them high and dry." I smirk, backing away as the coach calls them over. Millie grabs my arm, but my eyes never leave his as I walk backwards with my girls.

“It’s Pierce. See you tonight, Vee.” He winks then turns away, heading towards the others waiting for him. My eyes rake down his back, right to his ass. Fucking biteable. Giggling, I spin and catch up with the others.

“Damn, Ivy. I’ve never seen you look at anyone like that,” Millie states, and I laugh as butterflies fill my stomach. I have no idea why he’s pulled such a reaction from me, but I don’t want it to stop.

“I know, and it’s weird,” I reply.

“Well, we are chillin’ with them tonight. What’s our poison for tonight? I’m going to meet up with Embry later,” she says, and Everly chimes in.

“One of her uncles would be great to play with tonight.” She laughs, and I shake my head.

“Thirsty much?” I wink.

“Listen, Maverick and Braxton are fucking hot as shit. Embry’s mom is so fucking lucky. I need a damn harem of men in my life,” she states, and we all laugh.

“We really do. One is just not enough,” Millie says, and I laugh even harder.

“Don’t you fucking say it. I know.” She rolls her eyes as we get to Everly’s silver Evo.

Climbing in, she starts her up and blasts our playlist as we drive back to the sorority house to get a nap in before tonight’s festivities.

Millie peeks her head in between us from the backseat.

“The same order as usual?” she asks, and I look over at Evs and we both nod. “Alright. You two go nap, and I’ll go meet up with Embry,” she tells us as we park along the curb at the house.

Getting out, me and Everly walk into the house, and I go right up the stairs and into my room, plopping onto my bed. Sleep comes fast, but the nightmares come quicker.

Panting as I run through the forest of trees just outside our development, trying to get home as quickly as possible.

My hands are soaked with blood, splatters of it along my face and in my blonde hair.

I don’t feel bad about what I did. I’m just terrified of what’s to come.

What will be the consequences if I’m caught?

Fuck! I can see the fence of my backyard and my treehouse just beyond it. I smile, knowing I’m almost safe.

“Ivy, Ivy,” a voice calls in the distance. I turn to look behind me and I see multiple people dressed in all black wearing masks that smile at me.

“Ivy, Ivy. Wake up!” the voice yells.

Gasping, I jolt up, trying to catch my breath.

My eyes go wide when I see Everly’s frightened face looking at me.

“W-what happened?” I pant, still trying to catch my breath.

Why are my nightmares replaying the past but different versions of it?

All the trauma I hide is ready to burst at the seams. It's like the past is forcing me to confront my buried issues through my dreams.

"You were moaning for help in your sleep. Yelling for someone to stop touching you," she says, and my eyes go wide. What the fuck is going on with me? That doesn't make any sense.

"Just a nightmare. I'll be fine. What time is it?" I ask, trying to change the subject.

"They started again, didn't they?" she asks, and I nod, keeping the fact that they never truly left to myself.

"Yes, Evs. What time is it?" I ask again, and she pulls out her phone before smiling.

"Time for us to wash our asses and get ready for the night. Millie is showering now. Let's move it along," she tells me, bouncing up and down on the bed.

"Listen, I plan on getting laid tonight, so easy access attire is what it is." I grin, and she nods.

"Slut it up baby," she cheers, and I shake my head. My phone vibrates and I take it out, seeing the skull with the X icon blinking with an incoming message. Clicking it, I read it and smile.

Oh, this is going to be so much fun. Let the games begin.



## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Pierce Darington-Ecstasy & Unknown

Leaving the sports center, I throw my bag into the trunk of my white Beemer, climb in, and head off campus to grab some shit for tonight.

Driving down the highway, strumming my thumbs to Morgan Wallen's 'I'm the Problem' blasting through the speakers as I get off at the exit for Daggerspoint.

Making a left at the light, I pull into Cyprus Auto and flick my headlights twice.

Two men step out of the shop that I've never seen before.

One has long black hair with a scar on his face and the other has white hair, and both are filled with tattoos.

I swallow thickly as they shake hands, staring at me with narrowed eyes.

Finally, Bishop comes out, patting the white-haired man on the shoulder.

Rolling down my window, as he approaches, I reach in my pocket for the cash I need to hand to him.

"Hey, Bish. You coming tonight?" I ask him as he slides a baggie into my lap and takes the money from my hand.

"Nah, not tonight. I gotta meet up with this girl." He smiles, and I shake my head.

“Ah, I see. Who is the lucky lady of the week?” He looks back at the man with the scar as he walks to his Audi.

“His daughter, Hazel Roselli-Rivers,” he whispers.

“Oh, shit. The King’s daughter? Are you insane?” I whisper- shout.

“I might be. Our families go way back, practically grew up with her and her three brothers,” he says, and my eyes go wide.

“You are definitely insane, but hey, if you need backup, you got my number.” I laugh.

“Yeah, yeah. See you soon, Waterboy.” He smirks, and I roll my eyes.

Putting my car in gear and backing out of the shop.

I get back on the highway and text Warren to let him know I got the goods and I’m heading towards the institution.

I’m actually excited about hanging out with Vee tonight.

I don’t know what it is about her that has me drawn to her, but I’m dying to figure it out.

Warren has been wanting to introduce me to her, but every time he gets around Millie, they are so enamored with one another that the outside world becomes invisible.

Last time I saw her was at the frat party a couple of weeks ago.

She was there dancing with the football pricks one minute and gone the next.

It was like she was never there. Tonight, though, I'm scooping her sexy ass up before anyone else can and will show her a good time—show her I'm not like the other guys around this school.

My phone pings and I take it out, seeing it's a message from Desmond. Clicking it open, I read it.

Desmond:

You going tonight?

Me:

I am

Desmond:

Good.

Me:

Why?

Desmond:

Just asking.

Me:

Interesting.

Desmond:

Why is that?

Me:

No reason.

Desmond:

Mhm. Well, let me know if you want to play, Pretty Boy.

That nickname gets me hard every time he uses it.

My relationship with him is complicated.

I want more and he doesn't. Does it hurt that we have to sneak around when we want to be together?

Yes, it does. I'm secure with my sexuality.

I love men and women equally, and don't need to hide that fact about me.

Do I flaunt it? No, no, I don't. It's none of anyone's business, and I like my life to be private.

Pulling off the highway, I turn down the completely darkened dirt road that leads to the institution.

Word on the street is that a girl who was locked up there lost her mind and blew up every single doctor, nurse and guard that worked here with a red balloon filled with some shit that blew up in their faces and caused their deaths, then she let all the patients free.

She got away with it for a long time. I'm not sure what happened beyond that.

Some say she moved on and lives in the area.

Some say she died along with the nurses and doctors.

What I do know is that this place is creepy as fuck, and sometimes when the wind hits the right way, you can hear giggling down the halls.

Chills race up my spine just thinking of it as I finally make it to the front of the rundown asylum and park next to Warren's truck. My phone pings again as Warren comes to the window.

“Yo man. Did you split it up yet?” he asks, and I shake my head as I glance down at my phone.

My brows furrow as I see the name ‘Unknown’.

Placing the phone down, I grab the baggie and spill out pills before he has a conniption.

Popping one in my mouth, I take the beer he is holding and wash the little tab down.

“Here,” I tell him, handing him both the baggie of his pills and the beer. I fucking hate the taste of beer.

“Thanks, the girls just arrived,” he says, nodding over to the fire burning just to the side of the building.

Getting out, I grab my phone and read the message waiting for me.

Unknown:

What would Ivy say if she knew she’s already been in your bed without her knowledge? Eyes are always watching.XOXO-Checkmate B\*tches

What the fuck? I don’t have time for these childish games.

Closing out my phone, I tuck it in my back pocket and follow Warren over to where the girls are drinking around the fire.

Walking straight for Vee, our eyes collide as I take her in.

Damn, she’s hot in her little skirt and boots—them long legs I’d love to wrap around my neck are on full display tonight.

I wink at her just to watch the blush creep up her neck and into her cheeks.

“Hey, Vee,” I say nervously. She giggles, but smiles up at me.

“Hey, Pierce. Want a beer?” she asks, but I shake my head as I step into her space, reaching around her for the bottle of Crown.

“Touche,” she says as I twist the top off, bring my lips to the rim, and take a huge gulp, never taking my eyes off of her as she licks her lips, watching me.

This girl is going to make me do things I don’t normally like to do.

I'm not a huge kisser. It's too intimate and I don't like to feel.

Not after what happened the last time I did.

I only kiss those I really care about and yes, Desmond is someone I care so fucking deeply for, but I don't think he feels the same way.

"What are you thinking about?" she asks, stepping closer as she takes the bottle from me.

Her fingers graze mine and a spark runs up my arm.

She brings the rim to her mouth, tipping the bottle back and taking a swig.

She hands the bottle to her friend and licks her lips.

Leaning down, she takes a deep breath as my cheek grazes hers.

"Wanna go take a walk?" I whisper gently in her ear.

"Yes," she pants, gripping my hand. I take a hold of it and spin her around as we head towards the front steps, climbing them and walking through the front door.

Years of abandonment have left this place smelling of mold and sulfur.

Stepping deeper into the hallway, we pass through the first set of doors, then make a left down the hallway where she pulls me to a stop, and I press her against the peeling wall.

"I rarely kiss, but your lips are enticing," I growl before smashing mine against hers.

She moans, and I deepen the kiss, massaging my tongue along hers, tasting her strawberry lip gloss.

She pulls the bottom of my black tee closer to her, pressing her hard nipples against my chest as she bites my lip.

“Fuck, Vee. You wanna play a game?” I ask her, and her eyes go wide but blow with lust, want, and need.

“Depends. Does it involve me cumming tonight?” she moans as my hands cup her big tits, rolling my thumbs over her hard peaks.

“It does, but what if I told you I’m into guys too, and I’d love nothing more than to watch you and him sucking my cock?” I ask, waiting for her to run, but she shocks me and grins.

“Only if he’s hot and I can watch the two of you first,” she suggests, and my eyes widen in shock. She’s fucking perfect! Now, to get Desmond on board would be a treat! I’d be the luckiest man alive to have the best of both worlds.

Taking out my phone, I scroll to the thread I have with Desmond and shoot him a text.

Me:

you here?

Desmond:

Just got here.



Me:

Wanna play?

Desmond:

Where are you, Pretty Boy?

My dick twitches in my jeans.

Me:

My rules. No questions asked! Do you still wanna play?

Desmond:

Like I said, where are you?

Me:

First floor to your left. Second room down.

Placing my phone back in my pocket, I pull her away from the wall and quickly move down the hall and enter the second room. She takes out her phone and reads a text, rapidly responding as I wait for Desmond to arrive.

“Everything okay?” I ask, and her head snaps up to me.

“Yes, I was just letting Everly know I was inside with you,” she says as my phone vibrates in my jeans. Taking it out, I open the thread, thinking it’s Desmond again, but it’s not. It’s the unknown prick again.

Unknown:

Multimedia image click to open.

Clicking the image, I swallow thickly as I see Vee laying in my bed, sound asleep. Shutting off my phone and sliding it into my pocket, I look up and see Desmond standing in the doorway as he stares at Vee, who is already staring at him. Clearing my throat, they both look at me.

“Do you guys know each other?” I ask, and he snickers.

“Of course we do. He’s my best friend's twin brother.” She laughs as he growls. Well shit.

“So is that a no to playing this game?” I ask, waiting for them to both run. But they don’t, shocking me for the second time tonight. They stare at each other as Vee leans back against the wall, challenging him. He rolls his eyes and shuts the door behind him.

“Don’t worry, your secret is safe with me,” she smirks as he walks over to me, but never takes his eyes from hers.

“You want a show, Spitfire?” he growls, gripping the back of my neck as his eyes collide with mine.

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“Yes,” she breathes as his mouth presses against mine feverishly—biting and licking like never before.

Gripping his hips, I pull his belt, summoning him closer to me as I deepen the kiss.

We both pull away and look at her. Lust is apparent in her eyes, and I pull his face to look at me again, biting his bottom lip as my other hand undoes his belt and button to his jeans.

Sliding my hand into his boxers, I grip his hard cock and slowly jerk his length.

“Does his hand jerking your cock feel good, Des?” she asks as his eyes roll in pleasure when my thumb swipes over the tip.

“It would feel even better if your mouth was on it while he strokes me,” he groans. She steps closer, phone in hand, while I continue to slowly pump him.

“Does it turn you on watching me with him?” I ask as she sets the phone against the wall on the desk and slides her hand up her thigh, disappearing under her skirt.

“How wet are you, Vee?” I moan as Desmond presses my head back against the wall, wrapping his hand around my throat—taking my air away.

“I bet you she’s soaked,” he says as I pump faster, causing him to tighten his grip on my throat while Vee fingers herself only a mere inch away.

“Am I right, Spitfire? Let him have a taste,” he orders.

She moves closer to me, removing her hand from beneath her skirt, and sliding a glistening finger along my lips.

Opening them, I suck her finger into my mouth and groan at her sweet, tangy flavor.

She looks over at him, removing her finger, only to do the same to him with her middle one.

His eyes widen for a second before licking it clean.

We all moan together as her hand finds the button to my jeans, popping it open and sinking her hand into my boxers.

She glides her fingers down my hard length, causing me to shutter against her touch.

Desmond growls, watching the exchange, causing me to tighten my grip on his length.

“Damn, this is hot,” he groans, bringing Vee’s face closer to us as he loosens his grip around my throat. She kisses him, and I see red. Jealousy flows through my veins so fucking rapidly. Pulling him off her, I wrap my hand around her throat and narrow my eyes.

“He’s mine, Vee,” I spit, then look over at him, removing my grip from his dick to wrap it around his throat.

“She’s mine too. Back off,” I threaten, and they both look at one another.

Tightening my grip on the both of them, I bring us all together for a sultry kiss.

All tongues, moans, and sloppy wetness. Pulling away, Des whispers something to

Vee and she smiles wide. God damn, I want them both—so damn bad.

“I think Pretty Boy feels neglected tonight. What do you think, Spitfire?” He smirks.

“I have to agree. I think he needs some attention,” she says, pushing me back against the wall, and pulling down my boxers and jeans before sinking to her knees. I look down at her as she looks up at me, then at Desmond.

“You said you wanted to play, Pretty Boy. Game on!” He smirks, sinking to his knees next to her as she grips my length, shoving my cock into his waiting mouth.

“Fuckkkkk,” I groan loudly as her soft mouth latches onto my nuts, causing me to jolt as Desmond takes me to the back of his throat, swallowing around my length.

“Jesus christ. Your mouths.” I moan as he pulls away, and lifts her head by the back of her blonde hair, shoving my cock into her mouth.

She drags her teeth along my shaft, making my thighs quake.

He whispers something into her ear as she takes me further down her throat, gagging on my cock.

I lean my head back and close my eyes. The ecstasy pill finally hits my system, heightening the experience, making me want to cum already.

She pulls off of me with a pop before I feel both of their mouths sucking, biting, and fighting along my length.

Looking down at them as they apply more pressure, I watch them working together to make me shiver against them.

“Holy shit. You two are perfect. Whatever you do, don’t fucking stop,” I growl, running my hands through their hair as they pick up the pace, causing my toes to curl in my boots. I bite my bottom lip as my balls lift and the familiar tingle rushes up my spine. “I’m going to fucking cum,” I growl.

“Then cum, Pretty Boy. Show her how good we make you feel,” he orders, and the name alone, along with her little moans, has me nutting so hard into their mouths.

I grip both of their heads, pulling at their hair as my body trembles in pleasure.

Fuck, that was amazing. Coming down from my high, I take a deep breath and look down at them as my cum drips from the sides of their lips and along their cheeks.

“So fucking perfect,” I whisper, wiping the mess I made with my fingers and shoving them into their waiting mouths.

Screams echo the halls as we all freeze. Desmond helps Vee to her feet as I tuck my cock back into my jeans.

“Ya heard that, right? I wasn’t just imagining that?” she asks, and I nod.

“I heard it,” I respond as another scream echoes outside the room.

She grabs her phone and walks to the door, but Desmond beats her to it, swinging the door open and looking both ways.

People are screaming and running past us, heading for the front of the building.

Vee takes off before Desmond or I can grab her.

“Jesus christ,” he mutters.

“She always like this?” I ask, and his head snaps to me.

“You had to pick her, right? Out of all the girls. Her?” he spits, seeming really pissed off at the moment which only confuses me.

“What’s wrong with her? Why isn’t it okay that I chose her to play with?” I ask, and he comes to a dead stop, snapping his head at me.

“She’s off limits, Pretty Boy,” he growls, and I narrow my eyes.

But before I can say anything, Vee is running past us with her hand over her mouth.

What the fuck? “Jesus christ. I’ll call you later,” he says, running after her. Stepping further down the hall and around the corner, I see a girl hanging from the exit light. There’s something on her stomach.

Stepping closer, I see the words, and my eyes widen.

“This is what happens when I’m ignored! Now her blood is on your hands. XOXO-Checkmate B\*tches.”

Is this my fault? I ignored that message tonight. But why?

Ivy-Can I Cum Please?

Rushing out of the building in a hurry, Everly grabs my arm to stop me, but I rip it away from her. “Get Millie, now!” I growl and keep moving. Hearing her shout for Millie, I keep walking, heading straight for the car. I need to get as far away from here as I can.

“Ivy!” he yells, but I ignore him. “Ivanna!” he growls, sounding irate.

I spin with tears running down my face and scream, “What! What do you want from my life, Desmond?” He wraps his arms around me, trying to calm me down by rubbing his fingers up and down my spine.

“What did you see back there that has you running for the hills?” he whispers.

“A girl h-hanging,” I stammer, and his eyes widen.

“How did you girls get here tonight?” he asks.

“Millie’s car,” I tell him as he places a kiss on my cheek.

“Stay right fucking here and don’t move,” he orders as I fidget with the bottom of my skirt.

Tonight was supposed to be fun. I should’ve known something was going to go wrong tonight.



Now an innocent girl I've never seen before is dead, all because I ignored them.

I was literally doing what was asked of me—record someone in a compromising position; I just added a twist to it.

Did they know that? Is everything bugged?

No, it can't be. How would they know what my next move was going to be?

Am I that predictable? Footsteps approach as Des and the girls come running over to me.

Millz and Everly wrap their arms around me as Desmond talks with Warren.

"It's happening, isn't it?" Everly whispers.

"Yes. we need to stick together. Have any of you gotten another text?" I ask, and Millie's eyes widen. I can't just tell them that I dabble on the dark web and say yes, to play a killer game.

"I did." She says taking her phone out and shows us what they wanted her to do.

"Well, you passed that one, and it was easy. Getting us all to go to the swim meet is child's play. There's more to it than that," I say, and they both nod.

"I got one the other night," Everly admits, and I sigh.

"What did it say?" I ask.

"He wanted me to—"

“Girls. Warren is going to take you back to the house. Ivy, you’re with me,” Desmond orders, and I shake my head.

“Not happening,” I tell him, folding my arms over my chest. He steps into my space, not giving a fuck that his twin is standing right next to me.

“You don’t have a fucking choice,” he spits, and I roll my eyes.

“What are you going to do? Tie me to your bike? Get lost.” I tell him, and he grins as I hear the crunch of gravel behind me and the low beat of the bass rumbling against the ground.

Fuck! Silas! I kick Des in the shin and walk over to the car.

Looking back at him as he laughs, I give him the finger before wrenching the door open, climbing in, and slamming it shut.

“Aye, aye, Poison. Easy with my baby.” He grins as I slowly turn my head towards his and narrow my eyes.

“Fuck you, fuck Desmond, and fuck your car,” I spit as he grabs a hold of my chin, looking at my eyes.

“What the fuck are you on?” he asks as I rip my face away.

“None of your fucking business!” I reply, and he throws the SUV into park as he damn near flies over the center console to grip my head with both hands. His eyes look wild with worry.

“Tell me now!” he demands, squeezing my head so roughly I think brain matter is going to come out of my ears.

“Si, you’re hurting me. Let g—” Suddenly the passenger door rips open, and I’m being catapulted from the car and into the air, then placed gently on my feet. Pressing me up against the car, someone cups my face. I try to focus, but all that movement made me dizzy as fuck.

“Vee, Vee, are you okay?” Pierce asks as my vision becomes clear and the trees stop spinning.

“You shouldn’t have done that,” I warn as I hear a roar coming from the other side of the car. A flash of black blows by me as I grab Pierce’s hand and run, pulling him along. “Come on, where’s your car? We need to get out of here before he catches us,” I yell.

“Fuck, it’s this way,” he says, pulling me the other way as Silas and Des argue in the distance.

Getting to Pierce’s white I8, I hop in and we peel out, getting onto the highway. “Holy shit, Vee,” he says, trying to catch his breath.

“Thanks for saving me.” I smile, running my fingers up and down his forearm. He looks at my hands on his skin, then back up at me and winks, causing my cheeks to heat.

“You wanna stay with me tonight?” he asks, and I nod.

“Yes, but only if you keep your word,” I sing, and he raises a brow.

“Did I hear you want multiple orgasms?” he coos, and I smile widely.

“Mmm, yes,” I respond as we drive towards wherever he lives. “Umm, do you live in the dorms?” I ask, and he shakes his head.

“No, I live in the frat house down on Delta Avenue,” he says, and I nod. Luckily, I won’t be that far away from the sorority house if I need a quick escape.

“Do you at least have your own room there?” I ask, and he chuckles.

“Yes, Vee, I do. My family are the founders of St. Vincent’s,” he says, and I’m shocked because I never would’ve thought that. “Damn, don’t look so shocked little lady.” He laughs, and I punch him in the shoulder.

“You just don’t appear to be a prick dripping with money. Guess that’s who I expected the son or grandson of the founders to be,” I say, and he brings his hand to his heart like I wounded him.

“That hurts, Vee.” He laughs, and I shake my head. My phone vibrates in my pocket and I fish it out with shaky hands, praying it's not Checkmate.

Opening it, I see I have a few messages waiting for me.

Silas:

When I get my hands on you, you’re fucking done, Poison. I’m livid with you.

Silas:

Fucking answer me!

Fuck that, he can stew for acting like a madman. He’s lucky Pierce got there when he did, otherwise the outcome of the night would’ve been much worse. Clicking over to the next text, I see they’re from Des.

Desmond:

Must you always start some shit?

Desmond:

Are you with Pierce?

Desmond:

Answer me!

Desmond:

Fine. I got you!

Pulling into the driveway of the frat house, Pierce puts his car into park and climbs out, then, rounding the front, opens my door.

“Ladies first.” He winks, putting his hand out for me to take.

“So smooth, Pierce. So damn smooth.” I grin as he pulls me towards him, wrapping my arm around his shoulders, squeezing my hips.

“Are you ready for a night you’ll never forget? Because I plan on marking my territory,” he says, his eyes gleaming with so much confidence.

“Yes, I am.” I smile as he bends down, placing a soft kiss against my lips.

Pulling away before he can deepen it, I place my hand against his chest and push him away.

“If we keep this up, we will never make it into the house,” I tell him, and he clears his

throat, taking my hand and leading the way.

Opening the front door, there's a bunch of girls half naked dancing on tables as a few guys throw money at them. Interesting.

"Yo, Pierce. Come chill with us, Preppy," one guy yells, but he ignores him, walking us up the stairs. We don't even get to the landing when I'm yanked back by the waist.

"Yo, what the fuck is she doing here? She's not fucking welcome," some guy yells at Pierce.

Then it clicks—Oliver Micheals. The last person I saw with Katie the last time we were here.

Thrashing in the guy's arms, I head-butt him, and he lets go screaming into his hands as blood pours from his nose.

"Ollie, tell your boy to get his fucking hands off my girl before I fuck him up. You don't call the shots around here," Pierce yells, getting into his face as the guy I head-butted takes a few steps back, but his eyes never leave mine.

"I don't give a fuck, P. This bitch got me benched," he yells, then his eyes collide with mine.

I'm stunned into silence as I look over his face.

I slap a hand over my mouth, realizing he's the asshole from the Hillside party.

Spinning, I open the door and hightail it out of there.

Fuck that. I knew there was a reason I don't mess with frat guys.

They are all the fucking same. Fucking pricks.

I hear my name being called in the distance, but fuck that.

The sorority house isn't that far away. Fuck tonight.

All I wanted to do was get off. I seriously don't know why I bother with any guys at this school.

They seriously are all the same—want nothing more than to fuck.

God. I can't ev- My thoughts are cut off by the rumble of a bike flying down the road.

Fuck! He isn't playing tonight. Bracing myself for what's to come, I fold my arms over my chest and step into the road.

He stops right in front of me, ripping his helmet from his head.

“You seriously piss me the fuck off. Do you know that?” he yells, and I snicker.

“Why do you even care, Des? I don't fucking understand why you give a fuck about what I do or who I do it with.”

“Because I do! Now get on the bike!” he demands but I stay put, staring into his eyes. He narrows them before climbing off the bike.

Wrapping his hand around my throat, he presses me against a parked car, and I gasp.

My mind is not catching up with what's happening in front of me. “I said, get on the fucking bike, Ivanna. Don't make me fucking repeat myself,” he spits, and I lick my lips.

Before I can do anything else, his lips are on mine, and I sink into his touch and kiss him back.

My stomach fills with butterflies and my heart hammers in my chest while his tongue swirls against mine.

Jesus, fuck. I pull him closer to me as he lets go of my throat, gripping my hip and pressing his hard cock against my pelvis.

His tongue is magical, I just want him to spread me out like butter on bread. He pulls away, and we both pant.

“What the fuck was that?” he says, and I shrug, pulling him towards me as we kiss again.

Not being able to get enough of one another, he lifts me by the backs of my thighs and carries me towards his bike, placing me on the seat while sucking my bottom lip into his mouth.

I groan, pulling away. He starts his bike and the vibrations of the engine do things to my clit.

“If we were completely alone, I’d tell you to make yourself cum on my leather seat. I want to watch you gush all over it,” he whispers, sliding his tongue down the side of my ear.

“Keep talking like that and I will. I’m so fucking worked up,” I whine as he slides his hand between my legs. A finger grazes against the soaked cotton of my thong, hitting my needy clit, and I jump from how sensitive I am, which causes him to smirk.

“Fuck it!” he says, and I raise a brow. I wait for him to make a move, but he doesn’t.



Tilting his head, his eyes collide with mine as he orders, “Ride my seat and show me how good it makes you feel,” while he hits the throttle ever so slightly, increasing the vibration?.

My eyes roll as I arch my back and roll my hips.

He lifts my skirt over my hips and pulls the front of my thong up to see how needy and swollen my clit is.

“Look at this little clit, begging to be touched,” he groans, flicking it with his pointer finger as his other hand pulling the throttle.

I moan and whimper as he rips the thin cotton from my waist, pushing the throttle again.

My body convulses as my movements become erratic.

“Gush for me, Spitfire,” he orders, sending me over the edge as the bike’s vibrations hit deep in my core and I gush all over his leather seat, creating a puddle.

But I don’t stop, I keep going, rolling my hips faster as I get all the friction from the leather I need to cum again, screaming my release in the middle of the deserted street.

“That’s right you little slut. Soak my seat.

Grind that cunt harder! I want to see every inch of you quiver because of me,” he whispers, biting my ear as I arch my back again, doing as he asks and sliding back and forth along the leather.

“I-I can’t Des,” I whimper, but he pulls the throttle harder causing my body to convulse.

“Mmm, look at you. Cumming all over my bike like a whore in the middle of the street. So fucking dirty, Spitfire,” he growls sending me completely over the edge as bright white stars burst through my vision as my orgasm hits me hard and fast.

“Jesus, Desmond. Fuck,” I pant as he finally lets go of the throttle, quieting the bike's engine.

“Imma need you to do that at least three times a week. Goddamn Ivanna,” he praises, and I smile, but then it hits me. I just came three times on my best friend's brother's bike. Fuck!

Hopping off, my legs are like Jell-O as I pull my skirt back into place and try to run down the block towards the sorority house.

“You can run all you want, Spitfire, but this shit ain't over! Mark my words,” he yells, and I give him the finger over my shoulder.

Hearing him chuckle makes me smile, Desmond is normally a quiet soul.

Never really smiles, or maybe it's just a me thing—I can actually count on both hands the amount of times he's actually smiled.

Ugh. Why does he have to be Millie's twin?

Fuck me! My phone vibrates in my pocket.

I take it out and damn near drop it on the steps of the sorority house.

Unknown:

You lost the first game. Better luck next time.

What the fuck? I don't have the time for this. I open the front door and head up to my room. Swinging open my bedroom door, I gasp. Blood, so much fucking blood. I scream, then everything goes black.

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*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

### Checkmate- Greetings Little Pawns

It's been three years since I've made my presence known. They thought I was dead, but they were wrong.

Sitting in my lair behind multiple computer screens, I smile. They all think I'm kidding. But maybe soon they will all realize how serious I am and that ignoring me is no longer an option. Phase one has just begun.

With a flick of my wrist, I press send and watch Millie's face drop as she opens the video of her own brother kissing her best friend. It must hurt to know that your best friend has been messing with your brother behind your back. Poor Mildred Sinclair.

Moving onto the next screen. Silas is contemplating the bag or dealing with his daddy.

I can make that decision really easy for him.

Hitting send, I laugh while watching as he opens the video then smashes his phone against the steering wheel.

Grabbing the bag, he backs out of the driveway and heads away from his house.

"See, I told you it would be so damn easy to make him relapse. Once a junkie, always a junkie."

Creating havoc in the lives of these fucking hypocrites fuels me every day to seek my

vengeance. The game I have created will bring those that hate one another together, but will also rip apart the ones who trust each other the most.

Switching to the next screen, I debate on my next move. Too many of them in one night is how to get caught, and that's not something I'm looking to do anytime soon. Tonight was a success. Over the course of the next week, chaos will ensue, and I can't wait to see who is left standing.

Checkmate is back bitches, and I'm coming for all of you-one little chess piece in this game of survival at a time.

XOXO-Checkmate B\*tches.

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

### Ivy-Chocolates & Text Messages

Gasping, I awake to the potent scent of ammonia mixed with something I can't quite pinpoint.

Desmond stands over me with a look of concern on his face.

I dip my brows, trying to remember why I am on the floor of my bedroom as he reaches for my hand, pulling me up into a sitting position.

I look around and see all the blood. Covering my mouth in shock, giggling at my door has me snapping my head in its direction.

"Awe, poor Ivy can't take a joke?" Mary says, but before I can respond, Desmond is already whispering in my ear while he helps me to my feet, wrapping his arms around my waist to steady me.

"Listen to my voice. Breathe in and breathe out. Those sluts are not worth it." Pressing his lips against the shell of my ear, I damn near melt into his embrace and close my eyes for a second, trying to center myself as the giggling continues. Unfortunately, nothing is settling my nerves.

"Breathe, Spitfire. Don't let them get the best of you," he whispers as the clicking of heels comes hurriedly down the hallway.

"What is going on?" Beth says sternly as she enters my room with her hands on her hips.

I shrug and point at the giggling idiots.

She turns to them, and they scamper away like rats.

“Get this room cleaned up!” she orders before spinning on her heels and slamming my door shut.

Turning in his hold, I look up at Desmond, and he smirks.

“You know it’s not actual blood, right?” he asks, and I nod.

“Will you help me clean it up? My fucking bed is ruined!” I huff as he lifts my chin, forcing me to look at him.

“I’ll send Griselda to come clean this. Let’s go to the dorms tonight.

I’ll sleep on the couch and you can take my bed,” he offers, and I shake my head, but he pulls me towards my door, dragging me out and down the stairs.

Not paying attention to where I’m going, I slam into the back of him as he stops short.

“What are you doing here?” he growls, and I peek around his arm to see Pierce standing there with blood dripping from the corner of his lip. Jesus Christ, why do I find that so hot?

“I came to make sure Ivy got back here okay,” he says, and my heart skips a beat.

“She’s fine. We’re going to my dorm room,” Des tells him.

“Come stay at the house. Oliver isn’t going to pull any more shit tonight,” he tells us,

but I pull away from Des, and he spins on me. Both of their stares locked on my face.

“You both can go. I’ll just stay here and clean my room or go sleep with one of the girls,” I tell them as both of their faces drop, rejection prominent on their features.

“Whatever!” Des says with a whole ass attitude as he storms off, leaving me and Pierce standing in the doorway. Rolling my eyes, Pierce grabs my hand and brings it to his lips, placing a kiss on the top of it.

“You sure you want to be alone tonight?” he asks, and I nod.

“Maybe we can hang out another night. I’m exhausted, and tonight was just too much,” I tell him as he places another kiss against my hand.

“As you wish. Call me tomorrow. Let’s get breakfast?” He grins, which brings a smile to my face.

“Maybe, if we are both awake for it.” He laughs.

“I know a spot that will make breakfast any time we want. You just hit me up, and I’ll take you out.” He smirks, and I nod.

“Alright. Sounds like a plan. I had fun tonight, Pierce. Thanks for showing me a good time,” I say as he lets go of my hand to cup my face, then brings his lips to mine and gently kisses me.

Copper and mint greet my taste buds, and I moan into his mouth as his hands leave my face and move past my shoulders to cup my ass, but I pull away before it gets any hotter in this doorway.

“Goodnight, Pierce.” I blush up at him.



“Sweet dreams, Vee,” he says, kissing my forehead and making his way down the steps. Shutting the door, I go back to my room and lock the door behind me. After stripping my bed and putting new sheets on the mattress, I put my phone on the charger and see Desmond sent me a text.

Desmond:

Griselda will be there in the morning. Get some sleep. Preferably alone.

Me:

Thank you.

Closing the thread, I see I have a message from the skull app, but I do not have the energy to play. Stripping out of my clothes, I shut the light off and climb into bed, and sleep quickly takes over with a vengeance.

“You can’t save her. She needs to die,” he spits as I sink the knife into his chest, twisting it as his blood pours all over my hands. I smile as I feel his tendons snapping beneath my blade.

“Fuck you!” I grit, pulling the knife from his convulsing body. Standing over him, I watch as he lifts his hand to reach for me but I kick it away. He begins to wheeze, gasping for air that will never come. I smile as the light in his eyes dulls through the mask and he falls still.

Waking up to pounding on my door, I wipe my sweaty forehead and climb out of my bed. Swinging the door open, Griselda steps into my room with a few other ladies.

“Mr. Sinclair sent us,” she says, and I nod.

“Thank you. Do what you need to do. I’m going to grab a shower,” I tell her, and she smiles, quickly getting her team started.

Walking to my closet, I find clothes for the day and head to the bathroom. Forty-five minutes later, I emerge from my shower and open the door to a spotless room and no Griselda in sight. I smile, spotting my favorite Dove chocolate square has been left on my pillow.

Suddenly, my door swings open just as my phone pings on my nightstand.

“Um, Ivy... Check your phone,” Everly says in a panicked tone with Millie hot on her heels.

“Hello to you too,” I say just as she raises a brow, so I pick up my phone and see a text waiting for me. “I assume we all got the same text?” I say, and they both nod.

“Why is this happening again?” Millie says, her voice shaky.

“I’m still trying to work that out.”

“Well, this shit is annoying, and I’m already over it,” Everly adds.

“No shit.” Opening the text, I read it.

Checkmate:

Tonight you are to go to sweet Katie’s grave. The others have the rest of the instructions. If you don’t abide by the rules, I’ll be sending the police a very compromising video of you from three years ago. XOXO- Checkmate, B\*tches

My hands shake as I look up at the others. “What do your texts say?” I ask. Millie

takes her phone out and reads what her instructions are.

“You are to go to the bus terminal and open locker eight. Retrieve the contents then ask your dear bestie Ivy what the next step is,” Millie says as she holds up a small key with a number eight tag on it.

“And then we're going to Katie's grave,” I add, and Everly gasps.

“To dig her up. More instructions are in her casket. What the fuck you guys? I don't want to do this,” she says, fear apparent in her tone. We all sit on my bed dumbfounded at what is expected of us tonight.

“Did Checkmate threaten you all?” I ask, and they both nod. “Fuck! We're left without a choice then.”

“We could just go to the cops,” Millie says, and I shake my head.

“Or tell our parents, they will know what to do,” Everly adds.

“Yeah, because that worked out so great the last time we got into shit,” I growl.

“Then what the fuck are we supposed to do? Play this sick fuck's game again and pray to god we don't get killed in the meantime?” Millie snaps.

“Yes. That's exactly what we fucking do. But we have to play smarter this time and make sure we use all the resources we have to our advantage. We need to beat Checkmate at his own game,” I tell them, and Everly snickers.

“That's if Checkmate is even a guy. Maybe he's a chick. Where do we even start?”

“Use our fucking brains. We need to hack his shit. Figure out where he's sending

messages from. How he—”

“Or she,” Everly interrupts

“Or she is everywhere and we never know when they will strike. Tonight we start our own game. Instead of us being the prey. We hunt them!”

“I like that plan,” Everly agrees, but the look on Millie's face is nothing but fear and doubt.

“Come on, Millz. We got this,” I tell her, but she shakes her head.

“Can we at least tell Des or Silas? We need someone on our side,” she asks, and we both, in unison, say, “No,” and she huffs.

“Too late. And you both can be mad all you want, but I’m not dying over this shit,” she states, getting up from the bed and stomping out of the room.

“Jesus fucking Christ. Does that mean they already know?” I ask, and Everly shrugs.

“Only one way we will find out,” she says, and I shake my head.

“Welp, let's get this shit going. Go get Millz back in here and then we’ll come up with a plan for tonight. Operation trap a damn chess piece.” I laugh, and she nods, leaving the room.

Time to think like a predator instead of falling victim.

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

### Gamemaker-Welcome to the Game

The dark web is a host to some of the most depraved and sinister desires a person could want and need. I enjoy being the person behind the screen orchestrating a game to get what I want, all in the name of love.

Hurting others brings me joy. Watching them suffer makes my heart skip a beat, but ruining them gives me life in this dark world. All I want is her. She is my obsession.

You can call me a coward and a sick individual, but you don't know my story. You don't know how it all began, and why I am out to destroy the four assholes I need gone. So I ask you this...

Are you ready to play my game or become the game?

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

### Ivy- Checkmate & Friendship

“What’s the plan, Ivy?” Everly asks as we head towards the bus station in her silver Evo.

I’m not sure what to tell her. As much as I want to get ahead of this asshole, I’m not sure we can in this instance.

We need to play the game, and try to figure them out along the way.

I just wish we could find even just a little fuck up on their part that could help us, or maybe just figure what their weakness is.

Millie sits in the back seat, rocking, which is making the car feel like we are on a rollercoaster, but it's her way of trying to calm herself down. She’s been doing it as long as I’ve known her. So, I just leave her be, even if it’s distracting as fuck.

“I don’t have a plan. There’s not enough time. We’ve spent the entire day trying to figure out who the fuck Checkmate could be, which, as we know, was a complete waste of time. We just have to play the fucking game, and pray to god we can figure it out as we go,” I tell her and she snickers.

“I say, fuck Checkmate, and we ignore them,” she lashes out, but I shake my head.

“You know we can’t. Whoever it is has numerous things on us.

But the bigger question is, what happened three years ago?

Because ever since that party, you and Katie have never spoken about it, and it seems to be that's how this all started," Millie says as I wrack my brain on what to tell them.

They know some of what happened, but not all of it, and I swore to Katie I'd never tell.

It's bad enough that Silas knows the pieces that he does, nothing close to the full story.

Our parents don't even know the full truth, so I'm taking it to the grave.

"A lot happened that night. But I'm not sure it truly started there," I say, and Everly snarls in the driver's seat.

"Just fucking tell us. We are your best friends, remember. We aren't going to judge you. We've all done fucked up shit. Just fucking tell us," Millie begs, but I shake my head.

"I can't, at least not right now. Just please, let it go, and let's get through this," I say, and the car goes silent as we pull up to the bus station, parking in the visitor area. Everly puts it in park, and then turns to us.

"I'm fucking scared you guys," she admits, and I nod.

"Pretty sure we all are. Last time we had Katie, and she got us through it. Now we're alone, and I'm not sure how to get us out of this other than playing the fucking game," I confess as Millie pushes the car door open, climbing out.

We follow suit as she swings the key between her fingers, walking across the parking lot.

This place is mobbed right now, which I guess is a good thing for us, but bad at the same time because if Checkmate is watching, we will never be able to point them out.

Walking through the automatic doors, we stop and look around for the lockers.

“There’s got to be a sign somewhere,” I say as people move quickly around us.

“There.” Everly points to the far corner of the station with the big sign that says “Restrooms & Lockers.” We hurriedly weave in and out of the crowd to where we need to go.

Lockers litter the back walls, and we begin searching for number 8.

Approaching it, I look around to see if anyone is watching us, but no one seems to be paying us any mind.

Millie slides the key into the hole and turns it until the locker pops.

Swinging the door open, she retrieves a backpack, and then slides open the zipper, gasping at what is inside.

“What’s in there?” I ask as her eyes snap to mine, then to Everly’s. She shakes her head, zips it back up, and puts it on her back.

“Not here. Let's go,” she orders, and we follow her out the same way we came in.

Finally getting back to the car, she stops by the trunk, removing the bag from her back.

“Open it,” she says, and Everly hits the button on the key fob and the trunk pops open. She places the backpack inside and slams the metal closed.



“Well? You gonna spill or what?” Everly demands as Millie gets into the car. Everly looks at me, and I shrug before climbing into the passenger seat. Starting the car, we wait for Millie to tell us as she rocks in the backseat.

“Millz, what was in the backpack?” I ask, and she takes a deep breath.

“Rope, headphones, a mask, duct tape, and a g-gun,” she stammers, and my eyes widen.

“A gun?” Everly says in a shocked tone.

“Yep!”

“What the fuck!” I yell, not sure what the hell we are in for tonight. My phone vibrates and I take it out, reading the text.

Unknown:

Such good little chess pieces. Now head to your next task, but first you need to place a text to Silas and make him meet you at the cemetery. -XOXO Checkmate, B\*tches

Fuck my life!

Me:

And if I don't?

Unknown:

Try me and find out. -XOXO Checkmate, B\*tches

Just then, another text and an email with the skull and red X comes through. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Ignoring the email, I open the text and read it.

Pierce:

Hey do you want to hang out tonight?

Ugh, why? Why? Why? I would much rather hang out with him than doing this shit. Fuck!

Me:

I can't tonight. Girls' night in. Rain check?

Pierce:

Sure thing, Vee. Hit me up when you're free.

Closing out of that, I look up at the girls, noticing the sun has set.

"What is going on?" Everly asks, and I take a deep breath.

"Checkmate wants me to text Silas to meet us there," I tell her, and she gasps.

"Fuck!" she responds.

"Yeah, fuck is right! I don't want to involve more people than necessary, like Jesus fucking Christ," I seethe.

"Well, are you going to do it? Then I can tell Dessy to stay at the dorms," Millie asks, and I nod.

“Once we figure out what the hell we are doing, then I will make him come,” I say, and Everly laughs.

“Make him come. Ha!” she says. I swear making jokes is her coping mechanism, and right now, this shit ain’t funny.

“Not funny, Evs.” I laugh because fuck being scared, might as well laugh it up while we can. Turning in my seat, I look at Millie.

“So, what’s up with you and Warren?” I ask, and she smiles. Oh, she really likes him.

“We are taking things slow and seeing where we end up.”

“That’s it? No juicy details?” I ask.

“If you must know, he gives good head.” She laughs, and my eyes widen.

“Fuck yea, bitch.” I cheer and she shakes her head.

“Yeah, he’s a fun time, but also super deep. I enjoy spending time with him. We are supposed to hang out tonight, and I hope we still can.” She pouts.

“Well, the faster we get this shit done, the faster you can go be with him. I’m happy for you, Millz. You deserve it,” I tell her, and the smile that spreads across her gorgeous face warms my heart.

“Thanks, babe. Also, there’s something I’ve been meaning to ask you,” she says, and I raise a brow. “I promise I won’t get mad, but is there something going on with you and my brother?”

That is not what I expected her to ask me, and fuck! I hate having to lie to her, but I

can't exactly tell her that he made me cum so hard on his bike that I saw stars last night. Shit!

"Um, no! Why do you ask?" I say, trying to keep a straight face. She pulls out her phone and scrolls to something, then turns the phone towards me, and low and behold, there we are. Me and Desmond years ago in the tree house kissing.

"That was years ago. Nothing came from it because you are my best friend and siblings are off limits," I answer, truthfully. Well, somewhat. "Tell me Checkmate sent that to you?"

"Sure did, last night. I'm not going to lie, Ivy. I was pissed, and I was ready to kick your ass, but if it only happened once and never again, it's fine," she replies, and I nod.

"You and Evs always come before any dickface in this world. You guys know that, right? Nothing has changed, even if Katie isn't here," I say glumly. I miss her so fucking much.

"It's really weird without her. I'm always waiting for her to come through the door and be like 'April Fools, I'm not dead,' but it never comes," Everly states, and I nod.

"I know. I dream about her and the fun times we had," I lie because my dreams are nothing but nightmares.

"I still text her phone when I need to vent, and before you both yell at me, sometimes I just want to say what I need to say without an answer back. It's like writing in a journal except it's different in my head," Millie confesses, and I can't help but smile.

We all are struggling with the loss of our bestie.

I just wish we were given more time to mourn and to figure out what happened that night.

“We’re here,” Everly says, and then I look up and see the sign. “Summerhills Chapel & Cemetery”

“You know those gates are locked. We’re gonna have to hop the fence,” I tell them, and they both groan.

“Where do I park? There’s cameras in the chapel lot,” Everly reminds me. Fuck!

“Keep going down the block and make a left on Rosewood, then park along the curb,” Millie tells her, but I shake my head.

“Fuck that. Go to our neighborhood and park by the playground. We will walk and go in through the back,” I say, and Everly nods.

“Much better plan than mine.” Millie chuckles.

“We need to be able to get out of there fast if something goes wrong, and if anyone asks, we were at the playground reminiscing,” I tell them, and they both nod in agreement.

Everly pulls up along the curb, and we all get out.

She pops the trunk so Millie can grab the backpack out.

The night is suffocating and humid, and sweat pours off our brows as we walk a few blocks over, then down Woodberry into the cul-de-sac, and then finally towards the woods in the back of the cemetery.

“My hands are shaking,” Millie says as we walk along the trail.

“I know, babe, I know. It will all be okay.” I try to assure her, but it’s no use. “Make sure your phones are on silent. We don’t need to alert anyone to what the hell we are doing in the cemetery at night,” I tell them as we all take out our phones and put them on vibrate.

Finally reaching the fence, Millie tosses the bag over, and then we all climb the six-foot chain link fence.

“Well, that wasn’t so bad,” Everly states, and I laugh.

“Thank god this place doesn't have barbed wire. I don’t wanna have to explain why I have slash marks on my you-know-what.” I laugh, and they giggle.

We walk in silence through the sea of headstones until we get to Katie’s.

Three shovels lean against her fresh grave.

My phone vibrates and I take it out, seeing it's yet another text from Checkmate. Looking around, I don’t see anyone lurking, and I read the text.

Unknown:

Now dig!

“Fuck, Checkmate wants us to dig,” I tell them, grabbing a shovel.

“Nope. This is as far as I go,” Everly says, but her phone vibrates.

She takes it out and gasps. “This motherfucker,” her voice cracks, and I raise a brow.

“If I don’t dig, this asshole is going to send a picture of me fucking someone of power in his office to the board. Fuck!” she whisper-shouts, and I laugh.

“Who was it?” I ask as I push the shovel into the soft dirt and start digging.

“The Dean,” she says so nonchalantly. I just shake my head. Can’t say I didn’t do some fucked up shit to get a higher grade.

“I don’t want to do this. This is so fucked up!” Millie says, biting her nails as she paces. I can see the panic starting to build.

“Millz, remember what I said earlier. The faster we get this done, the faster we get the fuck out of here,” I remind her, but she starts pacing back and forth along the grave.

“Millz. You want to go hang with Warren, right? Then help us!” I tell her, and she takes a deep breath, stomping over to the shovels, grabbing one, and then slamming the tip into the dirt.

An hour or so later, we’re dripping with sweat, and I throw my shovel out of the hole we are standing in.

“Do we have to open this thing?” Everly asks, and I nod.

“The next task is in there?” Millie asks, and I take a deep breath.

“Fuck my life!” I whisper-yell.

Taking Millie’s shovel, I dig the tip into the crease of the casket and start prying it open. It takes a few times, but finally it pops open, and the smell that permeates the air has Millie puking and Everly crying. Fuck! Shoving my shirt over my nose, I

can't help the tears that fall from my eyes as I look at a seriously decomposed Katie lying there in a black dress with her hands folded in her lap, holding a piece of paper.

Sticking my hand inside, I grab it and open it, reading the next task as footsteps approach.

Slamming the casket shut, I reach for the backpack by my feet and unzip it, taking out the gun.

As the footsteps get closer, two figures stand above us.

"Poison, what are you doing?" Silas asks, and I cock the gun.

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!



## Page 16

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Silas Carmichael-Weaknesses

**\*\*HEAVY TRIGGER WARNING\*\***

BURIED ALIVE

FORCED SUICIDE IDEATION

ON PAGE AND GRAPHIC.

“You’re not going to shoot me, Poison. Put the gun down!” I order as a lonely tear falls down her porcelain cheek.

“Come down here, Si,” she says and I shake my head.

“Nah, tell me what the fuck is going on?” I say as Des helps the girls out of the hole.

“I can’t. Just please come down here and do exactly what I tell you,” she says, and I cock my head to the side just as my phone vibrates in my pocket. Taking it out, I read the text and growl.

Unknown:

Do as she says and no one will die tonight. You don’t want history repeating itself now, do you? -Checkmate.

This son of a bitch. I just want to get my hands on this prick and drain the life from

their body.

“Please, Si,” she begs, and I hop down into the hole. “I’m really sorry about this,” she says as she swings at me, hitting my temple hard and fast with the butt of the gun, causing me to stumble and my vision to go black as I hit the cold earth hard.

Waking up, the first things I notice are that it’s pitch black and I have duct tape over my mouth, something covering my ears and my face, and my hands are tied together. The smell alone makes me want to vomit, and I refuse to die by choking. Wiggling around, I finally realize where the fuck I am.

“No! No! No!” I scream into the tape as my heart races and my chest heaves.

I don’t like small spaces. I don’t like being enclosed with no way out.

This can’t be happening. I try to calm my erratic heart and take long, deep breaths, but all I hear is thudding and whispered chatter above me.

Then suddenly, a voice laughs in my ear as a familiar tune that I recognize from my creepy jack-in-the-box plays slowly while the menacing voice continues to laugh through the headphones I have over my ears.

What the fuck? I can feel the walls of this casket caving in on me as I scream for help, thrashing and kicking to try and set myself free.

The music stops, and the thudding above me gets lower and lower.

The voices are now just a mere whisper, causing me to panic even more, knowing for a certainty now that I’m being buried alive.

Is this the way I’m going to die? Not by the bag, but by my stepsister and friend?

I need to think. I have to stop panicking and fucking think, but that fucking voice is screaming through the headphones causing me to wince and scream some more. Someone help me! Please help me!

“Oh, Silas, I’ve missed you! You thought tonight was going to be a simple night.

Hang out with your cat, Cornie, and take a few hits.

” He laughs as I continue to thrash, needing to get myself out of this fucking casket.

I can’t be in here. I shiver as I feel bugs crawling all over me.

Someone get me the fuck out of here! Please!

Still, I kick and scream, breathing heavily through my nose as the panic really sets in.

“You’re worthless,” he laughs, and I shake my head.

That’s not true. I’m more than what I used to be.

“No one loves you, not even your daddy,” he reminds me as tears leak down to my ears.

I know he doesn’t love me. How could anyone love a selfish drug addict who does nothing but fuck up all the time?

He’s never loved me. I was just an inconvenience for him, always giving his real family the attention I yearned for.

My half brother doesn’t even know about me or the lie that’s been told to him for the last three years.

I need to calm down and think, but I can't when he taunts me, making me want to take the knife that's nestled in my pocket and slice my own wrists. I know that it will take all the pain away and I'll finally be free from the demons that haunt me every minute of every day.

"It should've been you!" he yells as I try to move my hands up to at least remove the tape from my mouth, but I can barely move an inch. I scream, hoping someone above me will help me, but it's no use. If they were going to, they wouldn't be burying me alive right now.

Thrashing some more, I finally get the tips of my fingers to graze the bottom of the tape.

Forcing my chin down as far as I can get it, I blow at the same time as the tips of my fingers try to peel the tape up.

"Fucking die already," he spits, and I shake my head, trying to peel the tape and blow at the same time, but I'm running out of air in here between the dirt above suffocating the casket and using all the air in my lungs to get the tape off. Shit! I can't fucking do this.

"This is your grave now! Suffer just like the ones you made suffer for your own selfish needs, Junkie." He laughs, and begins playing the damn song again as I scream, expelling all my energy and air from my lungs.

"No one is going to save you. Just like you didn't save them. Karma is a bitch, ain't it?" he says, and then everything stops, solidifying that I'm going to die here. There's no fucking way out.

"Just slide your hand in your pocket, take your blade, and drag the metal across your wrist," he taunts.

My head begins to get dizzy as the air I breathe through my nose becomes heavier.

Slowly, I reach down to the pocket of my jeans and slide my blade up until the handle is sticking out of the top.

Taking another breath as tears pour from my eyes, I pull the handle from my pocket and flip the blade open.

“That’s it Silas. Now cut your bindings to free those gorgeous tattooed wrists and take the pain away,” he whispers, as I position the handle in both hands and press the blade down against the rope, cutting through it like butter.

“Such a good boy. Now, go on, dig the metal into your waiting flesh, paint yourself and Katie red for everyone to see,” he taunts.

My chest tightens as the casket spins and darkness greets me.

I’m so fucking sorry.

## Page 17

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Ivy-It's All Fun and Games Until Someone Dies

"What the fuck, Ivanna?" Desmond yells, hopping down into the hole.

"Listen, you don't fucking understand!" I yell back, taking the rope out of the backpack.

"Then how about one of you start talking because I'm ready to snap," he spits.

"How the fuck did you know where we were?" I ask, tying the rope around Silas's hands.

"I'm sorry. I should've never texted you," Millie says to her brother.

"Enough. Will someone fucking help me get him in the casket?" I yell, and they all shut up.

"What do you mean, get him in the casket?" Desmond asks, looking at all of us.

"Again, you don't understand. Just help me," I snap, but he shakes his head.

"No, I am not helping you put him in a locked box. You know he's claustrophobic," he counters, and I throw my hands up in the air.

"I have no fucking choice," I cry out as tears stream down my face. "None of us do. If we don't do it, we're all fucked!" I yell, and Millie sobs, walking closer to the edge.

“She’s right. Just help her. Please. It’s for all of us.” She hiccups as Everly hops back into the hole, grabbing his legs.

“Fuck it, I’ll help. I can’t stand his ass anyway,” she growls.

“I don’t like this shit. Not one bit,” he says, and I huff.

“Do you think any of us do? We’re being forced. That’s all you need to know,” I tell him.

“Fuck!” he yells, pulling at his hair. “What do you need me to do?” I turn and look at him with narrowed eyes.

“Help us get him inside.”

“Fine, get out of my way,” he orders, pushing me aside and lifting Silas’s unconscious body and placing him on top of Katie’s corpse.

“Evs, go in the bag and grab the headphones, mask, and duct tape. Place a piece on his mouth and put the headphones over his ears, then cover his face with the mask,” I say, and she nods, doing everything I asked. When she’s done, we close the casket and take a deep breath.

“Now what?” he asks, and I shake my head.

“I don’t know. That’s all the instructions we got. Anyone have any messages for the next task?” I ask as we all take out our phones, but Desmond immediately growls.

“This piece of shit!” he spits, kicking the dirt beneath his boots.

Looking at Everly, then up to Millie, I raise a brow at them, and they both shake their

heads.

I really hope Checkmate didn't get to him too, because what in the actual fuck?

Opening my message thread, I see one waiting for me. Christ, can this night get any worse?

Unknown:

Now that's a checkmate. I'll be seeing you soon.XOXOCheckmate, B\*tches.

Closing my phone, I look over at Desmond, who is pacing the small space.

"What?" I say, placing my hand on my hip.

"Nothing. You wouldn't understand," he says, and I laugh.

"Try me," I tell him, and he narrows his eyes.

"There's a lot you all don't know and I don't even know where to begin," he says, grabbing the backpack and climbing out of the hole. He sticks his hand out for Everly to grab, pulling her out with ease, and then does the same with me.

"Welp, don't just stand there. Help me bury your stepbrother," he says, and I shake my head.

"No. I can't do that. I'm not going to kill him," I say, as my heart races and tears form in my eyes.

"Wait, what?" Everly says, folding her arms over her chest as Millie falls to her knees and begins to rock again.



“We have to bury him and cover our tracks,” he says, and I still shake my fucking head.

“I can’t do that, Des. I can’t leave him in there,” I spit. Never did I think that Checkmate would make us kill someone, especially someone I love. What the fuck?

“Didn’t you tell me just moments ago that we don’t have a fucking choice?

Well let me remind you, Ivanna. We! Don’t!

Have! A! Fucking! Choice!” he spits, getting in my face and slamming the handle of the shovel against my chest. “Fucking bury him!” he growls, scaring the shit out of me.

I’ve never seen him this angry before, or maybe it's fear. I’m not sure.

I’ve known him all my life and I’ve seen him in plenty of fights, but this... This is something entirely different.

“I’m scared, Dessy. We need to call for help,” Millie sobs.

“You know we can’t. Don’t act all innocent over there. Just sit there and shut up if you aren’t going to help,” he spits, then looks over at Everly. “Fucking dig!”

“Jesus Christ, alright, psycho.” She groans, picking up the shovel and getting to work.

Taking mine, I slam it into the dirt and haul it into the hole as tears stream down my face. Memories of all our stolen moments flood my mind as we bury my step brother.

After spending the day lakeside, I finally get home and want nothing more than to jump in the pool to get the sand off me.

Walking through the house, I see a note on the counter that reads, “We left for Cabo. Be back next week.- Love Mom and Rick.” Crumbling it up and throwing it in the trash, I walk into the laundry room to grab a clean towel from the rack and notice the door to the garage is open.

Peeking in, I see Silas with a bag of kitty litter, heading my way.

“Um, hey,” I say, and he looks up at me and smiles.

“Hey, Poison. I got you something.” My eyes widen because he never buys me anything remotely good. Except for when I have my period, that’s when he will get me meds, drinks, a heating pad, and all the chocolates I love.

“Oh, yeah? It’s not my time of the month, so...” I laugh, and he shakes his head.

“Nah, come on. Follow me,” he orders as he walks past me, through the laundry room, and into the kitchen, grabbing a shopping bag along the way.

“What’s with the kitty litter? I ask, but he doesn’t answer as we go up the stairs towards his room, which is directly across from mine.

Stepping inside, I see an orange kitten curled up in a ball in between his black pillows.

“Oh my god, Si,” I squeal, climbing on the bed, not caring if I get sand all over his comforter.

I gently run my fingers over the kitten's head, loving the way the fur feels under my fingertips.

“His name is Cornelius,” he tells me, and I scoop Cornie up and hold his little body in

my arms.

“He’s so freaking cute.” I squeal again, absolutely in love with this little baby. The bed dips next to me, and Cornie’s head pops up, hissing at Si, causing me to laugh.

“Welp, he doesn’t like me much, but I needed a companion that was low maintenance, and being that he really isn’t taking a liking to me, he is now yours,” he informs me, and I roll my eyes.

“So you didn’t really get him for me. Asshole.” I laugh, and he smiles.

“You know I suck at this type of shit,” he admits, and I shake my head.

“No shit, but thanks, I guess.”

“He can stay in here when you’re gone. I suppose.”

“What a gentleman. Wanna go swimming with me? I need to get the muck and sand off my body.”

“Yeah, let me set him up and I’ll meet you outside.” Setting Cornie down on the bed, I climb off and leave the room. Silas can be a real mother fucker, especially when he’s around his friends, but when he’s alone with me, he’s entirely different—softer and more caring.

Grunts and heavy breathing from the others still burying Silas take me out of the memory, but Millie’s sobs thrusts me into another.

“Si! Si! Breathe, goddamn it!” I yell, holding his lifeless body in my arms on the porcelain floor of his bathroom. Foam litters his mouth and pours down his chin. Reaching up towards the sink I grab the hand towel laying there and wipe the mess

from his face. How much did he take this time? Fuck!

“Come on, Silas. Come back to me. Please. This is not worth it.” I sob, laying his head down gently as I feel his neck for a pulse.

Thump, thump, I feel between my fingers, but it's faint.

Fuck! Getting to my feet, I run from the bathroom into his room and rummage through his top drawer.

Finding the Narcan in his top drawer, I rip open the package and run back to the bathroom, falling to the floor and shoving it up his nose and hit the plunger.

Giving it a minute, I feel for his pulse again and find it beating faster.

Suddenly, his eyes pop open, and he leans to the side, puking up his guts.

Tears pour down his face as he tries to get to his knees.

Wiping his mouth, he looks up at me as my own tears stream down my cheeks.

Casting my eyes down, I stare at the floor, thinking I could've lost him.

This could've been it. He reaches for my face, lifting my chin to look at him.

All I see is embarrassment and sadness riddling his features.

“Thank you. I'm sorry you had to do that,” he whispers, and I grab him, hugging his body tightly, sobbing into his neck.

“You have to get help, Si. What if I wasn't here in time? I can't lose you. Not after

just losing Jay,” I whisper back.

“I will try, Ivy. Just please don’t give up on me. Don’t leave me like everyone else has. Promise me,” he begs, holding my face and forcing me to look into his eyes.

“I promise, Si, I’ll never leave you. No matter what. But I need you to promise me you are going to get the help you need. The drugs are not you. They don’t define you. You are better than this,” I tell him as the corner of his lip lifts into a half smile.

“You know, you’re really pretty when you’re worried about me,” he laughs, and I roll my eyes.

“Yeah, yeah,” I say as he wipes the tears from my face.

Red and blue lights flashing in the distance take me out of my memory as the tears continue to pour down my face.

“You guys have to get out of here! Now!” Desmond yells.

“I can’t, Des. I can’t just leave him here alone,” I cry, but he grabs me by the shoulders and lifts my chin to look up at him.

“I promise you, I will get him out. Just fucking go. Get my sister out of here and go,” he tells me, wiping the tears from my face.

“I-I...”

“Ivanna, go! Now!” he shouts, making me jump.

Turning, I grab the backpack as the girls run back the same way we came in. My heart breaks for Silas, laying in that fucking hole, alone and scared. I can’t lose him

after just losing Katie. I won't survive it. I can't do this anymore. The lying, the secrets, everything needs to end.

We need to get the police involved before someone gets seriously hurt.

## Page 18

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Pierce Darington-Threats & Games

Twelve hours ago...

Gliding through the water, I swing my arms over my body, pushing myself to move faster across the pool as I do lap after lap.

Practice wasn't enough for me. This is the only place I can think clearly.

Otherwise, I'll end up stalking Vee just to see what she is doing or pissing myself off watching Desmond in the piano room.

So the safest place for my mind is in the water.

Those two are becoming a huge distraction, and I need to keep my head in the game. I have a meet next weekend and scouts will be coming to watch me, which will solidify my future in swimming.

Do I want to do this for the rest of my life?

I'm really not sure anymore. I've made this sport my life ever since I could swim.

I've craved the water day and night. The ocean did nothing for me.

I don't know if it's the chlorine or just the calm the pool can bring when you're completely alone.

Some days, I want my future to be something entirely different.

My family being the founders of St. Vincent's University forces me to follow in their footsteps, so if I'm not swimming, then I'm expected to have a job within these brick walls. I'm just not sure it's for me. I can't picture myself teaching or coaching. I'm just so fucking indecisive.

Pushing my body harder through the water, I change my stroke from freestyle to butterfly and really work my upper body to get across the pool. I do this until I physically can't lift my arms any longer. Climbing out of the pool, I towel off and head to the locker room for a shower.

As I push the door open, a tattooed hand stops me, gripping my shoulder and spinning me around, pinning me against the door.

"Your mom ever teach you to not touch things that don't belong to you?" Silas's deep voice asks with a raised brow. Pushing him off me, I puff out my chest, letting him know he doesn't intimidate me, even if he does just a little.

"And who belongs to you?" I ask, seeming bored with the conversation. He gets in my face, snarling at me.

"Ivy! That's who. Stay the fuck away from her! This is the only warning you're going to get!" he growls, and I smile wide.

"Pretty sure she doesn't. Maybe all the drugs have made you delusional. Might wanna lay off a bit!" I whisper, taunting him, knowing full well he could kick my ass.

"Oh, she knows who she belongs to, and it ain't you, my friend. Stay the fuck away or all this," he points around the pool house, "will be gone in the blink of an eye. A dirty test is all I need to hurt your precious future," he threatens, and my eyes widen.



“Fuck you, Carmichael. The only way I’m staying away from Vee is if she sends me packing, so fuck off,” I spit, then head into the locker room for my shower. Who the fuck does he think he is? Fucking junky prick.

Later that evening, I’m sitting at my desk pissed the fuck off that Vee ditched me, and now, Desmond isn’t answering any of my texts. He knows I hate to wait and I’ve been waiting over two hours for him to show the fuck up.

Logging into my laptop and onto the site that I need, the skull with the red X flashes green while I scroll down the list of videos, watching the previews until I find one that entices me.

Taking out my cock and squirting some lube into my hand, I stroke my length slowly as I watch the screen in front of me.

Seeing the blood seeping from their bodies has my dick hard as fuck.

The man in the skull mask pounds into the naked guy tied to the metal table relentlessly as he slices into his flesh slowly.

Pulling out, he bends down and takes the guy's cock into his mouth, sucking slowly, torturing his victim as he thrashes against the bindings.

He reaches for the long metal rod that's sitting on the little table and inserts it into the guy's asshole, pressing the button on the handle.

The guy's body convulses on the metal slab as the masked man bends down again, taking the guy's cock into his mouth and swirling his tongue around the tip.

Tightening my grip on my cock, I drag my fist up and down my length, gritting my teeth, wishing I was in the video taking what I want and inflicting all the pain I can

give.

Sliding my headphones over my ears, I click the speaker button, and I groan listening to his screams as the man fucks his hole with an electrical rod, sending zaps of electricity every time the guy squirms. Stroking my length, I run my thumb over the tip, wishing Des was here so I could smear it against his sinful lips.

The sounds of pain gets my dick even harder, causing me to pump faster while the man fucks every hole the guy has.

He takes his blade and drags it down the center of the guy's chest to the tip of his dick, creating a masterpiece of intricate lines spelling out 'Mine.' Chills run up my spine at the thought of doing that to Desmond and Vee, claiming both of them at the same time with my own blade, solidifying my ownership of them in blood.

Throwing my head back, I close my eyes and picture the scene as I listen to the moans through the headphones, but the screams have me stroking faster.

Tightening my grip, I spread the cum that has gathered at my tip, imagining Vee on her knees licking my slit while Desmond's cock gags the life out of me.

Sounds of blood and choking have my eyes snapping open towards the screen.

The masked man has sliced the guy's throat and is now playing in the blood that has seeped from the wound, coating both of them in crimson.

I damn near cum from the sight alone as my toes curl underneath my desk.

The man jerks his cock and cums along the slice he made across his victim's throat, causing my cock to twitch in my grip.

He smears the tip in the mixture of his cum and blood as the guy chokes and tries to gasp for air that he will never get.

Picking up my pace, jerking my cock faster, the video ends, and I growl.

Slamming my fists against the desk, I grab the mouse and start scrolling for another video.

I need to cum in the worst way possible.

After pages upon pages of subpar videos, I finally find one of a blonde girl tied to a bed while four men slice into her, touching every inch of her skin and making her scream for help.

Licking my lips, I shiver as her back arches off the bed when one of the men flicks her clit while another places clamps on her nipples.

I jerk my cock, watching these masked men bring her body to life.

Just as my balls lift and I'm ready to blow my load, a message pops across my screen, darkening the video.

Growling, I click the message open and read it.

Unknown:

Greetings, little sadist. I have a once in a lifetime offer for you. You must act fast. There's no time to waste.

Anon45P:

I'm intrigued.

Unknown:

Fantastic. What if I told you I need you to complete a task and as a reward you could have a front-row seat to one of these shows and maybe even partake?

Anon45P:

I'm listening.

Unknown:

Does that pique your interest?

Anon45P:

It does, as long as I remain anonymous.

Unknown:

Of course. Now, are you ready to play? No questions asked. No matter the task, you must complete it in order to be granted access to my show.

Anon45P:

I understand.

I've been waiting for a chance to go to one of these shows. I don't care what I need to do. I just want in.

Another message pops up.

Unknown:

Are you ready, little sadist? Play or be eliminated. Pick your poison .

Clicking play, I'm given my first task.

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Ivy-Worry however, it seems they're just as repulsed as I am.

8 hours ago...

"What the fuck just happened?" Everly pants as we run back to the car.

"I-I can't leave him. What did I do?" I stammer, trying to catch my breath.

"What did we do? I-I..." Millie sobs as we continue to run, almost making it to the car.

"I-I need to go back. I need to help Desmond save him. This is not okay. I promised!" I yell.

"This is so fucked up!" Everly states.

"We need to call for help," Millie cries out as we finally reach the car, pulling the doors open and hopping in. We all take a moment to catch our breath as we stare out the windows into the night.

"We can't call for help. We have to trust that Des got out of there and that he will save Silas," Everly whispers. Millie begins to rock as I slam my fists against the dash.

"We tell no one about this! We don't speak about it until we have confirmation from Des that everything is good," I tell them, and they both nod.

"Say the words. If either of you speak about it, we all go down. We all were there

tonight, and we all took part. Take this shit to the grave!” I spit. It’s not that I don’t trust them, but Everly has loose lips and Millie is the biggest cry baby of us all.

“We take it to the grave,” they both say in unison.

“Now, let's get back to the house and pray no one is around to see what the hell we look like tonight,” I order as Everly starts the car and pulls away from the curb. Millie rocks faster before she speaks.

“We need a story. Where were we tonight?” she asks.

“How do we explain being covered in dirt? What the fuck could we have been doing?” Everly quips. Fuck! She’s right.

“Anyone's parents not home tonight?” Millie asks, and I nod.

“My house! I’m pretty sure mine are away. We can go there and clean up, then head to the sorority house,” I suggest, and they both nod.

I need to know that Si is okay. Please, for the love of god, be okay.

I can’t help the guilt that flows through my veins as the realization of what a failure I am for leaving him to suffer alone hits me.

How could I do that to him? Maybe he is right, I am Poison Ivy.

Nothing but an oil that blisters the skin and makes you want to tear your flesh from muscle just to stop the itch.

Shaking my head, I splash more water on my face and get ready for the day.

I have no time to sit here and think about all the what ifs; I have to do something.

All I want is for Silas to barge into my room with his big tattooed moody ass and yell at me, giving me all his rage and anger for what I did.

I'd sit and take it just so I could hear his voice and know that he's alive, even if he's mad as hell.

A knock at my door takes me out of my thoughts as it swings open and Beth walks in, dressed in a short pink sundress with nude heels, makeup and hair done like she's going to a professional photo shoot.

She holds a white garment bag and walks to my closet, hanging it up.

Raising my brow, she smiles as she unzips it and takes out a deep red dress with a black bow on the seam at the waistline.

"Tonight is Katie's remembrance party. I expect all of you ladies to wear these dresses.

Next week is the pinning ceremony, so don't forget to pick a boy to pin you," she states, her voice high pitched and annoying.

It's like nails on a chalkboard. I nod, not saying a word because if I did, she wouldn't like what I have to say.

"Today we celebrate the life of Katie Andrews, and tonight we party for her." She smiles and I return it with my own fake one as she returns the dress to the bag.

"You got it, Beth," I say in a sickly sweet tone. She turns on her heels and exits my room. Nothing like spending the day celebrating the life of my best friend, only to be



in a panic about Desmond and Silas. I don't know how the fuck I am supposed to get through this shit.

Walking to my closet, I zip up the dress bag and go in search of something to wear. Grabbing a dark green, off-the-shoulder bodysuit and a black skirt, I get dressed, then slide on my strappy black sandals. Going to the bathroom, I turn on my curling iron and get started on my hair and makeup.

My phone dings as I add the last touch of lip gloss, so I walk over to my nightstand to grab it. Opening up the thread, I smile.

Pierce:

Hey Beautiful, breakfast? I won't take no for an answer.

Me:

Oh, I don't know. I might be busy this morning.

Pierce:

I'm already parked outside and I'm not leaving until you let me take you out.

Me:

What if I wasn't here?

Pierce:

Then I'd find you.

Me:

Hmm...that sounds like fun, actually.

Grabbing my bag and keys, I walk out of my room and down the stairs to the front door as my phone pings again in my hand.

Pierce:

So you like to be chased?

Me:

Wouldn't you like to know?

Before he can even reply, I swing the door open and step out into the sunlight.

Taking a deep breath, I walk to where Pierce is waiting, leaning against his car looking like a god in ripped jeans and a black tee shirt.

He runs his hand through his dirty blonde hair as our eyes collide.

The electric pull he has is as prominent as ever, pulling me towards him as electricity crackles the minute his hands touch my skin, gripping my hip with one hand as the other cups my face, forcing me to look up at him.

He presses a gentle kiss against my glossy lips, and I moan, forgetting about everything around me and just focusing on how good he makes me feel with just one simple kiss.

He pulls away, but I grip the bottom of his tee, bringing him closer to me as I raise up

on my tippy toes, kissing him again.

Deepening the kiss, he slides his tongue against mine, causing my body to visibly shiver as the hand that was cupping my face seconds ago is now wrapped behind my neck, fisting my curls.

Pressing my body against his, I slide my hands up his torso, digging my nails into his chest. He groans into my mouth, making me rub my thighs together. I finally pull away, wiping my bottom lip.

“Goddamn, Vee. I could do that all day,” he states, and I smirk.

“Me too. But then we’d never make it to breakfast.”

“At this point, I’d rather have you for my first meal of the day.” He winks, and I melt, wanting to do just that.

“I have no objections this morning.” I laugh, and he clears his throat while taking my hand and leading me to the passenger side door, opening it for me.

Sliding in, he shuts it and rounds the front of his car, adjusting his hard-on.

Climbing in, he starts the engine and backs out of the driveway.

Once we’re on the road, I take his hand into mine and place it on my thigh.

“You really were serious about me having you for breakfast?” he says, and I move his hand higher beneath my skirt.

“Oh, definitely. Our time was cut short the other day,” I say as his pinky finger rubs gently over the seam of my body suit.

“Hmm, it was, and I don’t like that!” he growls as another finger runs along my slit. Chills creep up my spine as he applies a little more pressure, making me open my legs wider for him.

“I don’t like it either,” I pant as he flicks open the snaps to my body suit, sinking a finger into my soaked core. “Fuck!” I moan, rolling my hips as I ride his finger.

“Jesus, you’re drenched.” He groans as I reach over the small space between us and grab his hard cock through his jeans, rubbing my thumb over the tip. “We will never make it to the diner if we keep this up,” he grits.

“Don’t stop,” I beg while unzipping his jeans and digging my hand into his boxers, freeing his cock.

Stroking his silky skin, he groans again while adding another finger inside me, making me rock harder against his hand.

“Shit! Pierce, you feel so good.” I whimper as his thumb grazes my clit, causing me to jolt. He pinches it, and I moan.

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“I’d love to bite this little clit,” he growls as I tighten my grip on his cock, then dig my nails up and down his length. “Vee, fuck! Do that again,” he orders, and I dig my nails deeper, dragging them up and down his shaft. He slams on the brakes and pulls over to the side of the road,

“I can’t take it anymore!” he says through gritted teeth.

Ripping his seat belt off, he lays his seat back and pulls his jeans and boxers down as I climb over the small center console to straddle his lap.

He grips his hard cock and presses his head against my clit, rubbing it up and down, causing my body to shiver.

“You’re so fucking wet, Vee,” he groans.

I kneel as he lines his cock up with my entrance, and then I sink down slowly, moaning as I tighten around him.

Throwing my head back, he grips my thighs, roughly digging his fingers into my flesh.

He thrusts hard up into me, causing my hands to grab onto his shoulders to keep my balance as I roll my hips, bouncing my ass up and down his length.

“Fuck, you’re so tight, Jesus, Vee,” he growls, gripping my ass forcing me down as his cock pushes deeper into me.

Rolling my hips, I slam down on him as my clit hits his pelvic bone repeatedly.

He bites his bottom lip, groaning as I wrap my hand around his throat and squeeze, causing his grip on my ass to tighten so roughly I'm sure he's leaving marks in his wake.

I love how rough he is. It's the complete opposite of him, and I love that I'm bringing out the unhinged side.

"I wish we were in a bed so I could tie you up and make you beg for your release, amongst other things," he pants, meeting me thrust for thrust. Digging my nails into the sides of his neck, I lean down and bite his chin and jawline as I continue to bounce up and down his length, chasing my orgasm that is on the brink of explosion.

"I think if you knew what I really wanted, I might scare you away," I whimper as he reaches down between us, pinching my clit.

"Oh, you have no idea the things I want to do to you. I'm just not sure you could handle it," he growls, pinching my clit again, causing me to convulse in his lap as my orgasm hits me hard and fast.

"Fuck, I-I-I'm cumming!" I scream, throwing my head back, riding him as my movements become erratic and my grip tightens around his throat, cutting off his air supply.

"Yes! Y-yes. Just like that. Fuck!" I scream, gushing all over his lap as my vision goes white, but he doesn't stop pounding up into me.

He slaps my hand away from his throat, pinching my clit so hard I scream from the pain, but another orgasm barrels through, causing my body to light up like the Fourth of July.

My whole body shakes uncontrollably as he releases my clit, holding my hips down in place.

He thrusts up into me so fucking hard my head hits the ceiling of the car.

“I hope you’re on birth control because I am not pulling out.

I need to fill this tight cunt. Fuck! I’m going to cum so fucking hard, Vee.

Shit!” He roars as his grip tightens on my hips, digging his fingers into my skin so roughly I cry out in pain and pleasure as I feel him cumming and filling me to the brim.

But he doesn’t stop, he doesn’t slow down as another orgasm rips through my body causing me to lose all my senses.

I gasp for air as he fucks my cunt into oblivion over and over again, never letting up, lighting my body on fire.

I can’t breathe. It hurts so fucking good.

“I know you got one more for me, baby. Let me hear you scream as you soak my lap. Come on, Vee. Let me feel it,” he orders, as tears stream down my cheeks from the pain, but I don’t stop. I love the pain. I revel in it. He reaches down and slaps my clit repeatedly until I’m screaming his name.

“Pieeerrceeeee. Fucckkkkkkkkkkkk.”

“That’s it, baby. Such a good fucking girl!” he praises as he slows down his pace, milking my walls. “Stay still. I want to fill you one more time, baby. You think you can handle it?” he asks, and I nod, gripping his throat.

“As long as I can take your air.” I smirk as he licks his lips, nodding.

I squeeze tighter, digging my nails into his throat, loving the way his face turns different shades of red as he digs his fingers into my hips.

Holding me in place, he slams up into me at a brutal pace.

It's not until he's damn near purple, and there's a vein bulging from the side of his head, that I release him as he cums in me for the last time, coating my cunt with his warm cum.

I fall into his chest as he wraps his arms around me, running his fingers up my spine while his dick softens inside me.

After a few minutes of silence and catching our breath, he lifts my chin, bringing my lips to his. The kiss is slow, soft, and gentle. The complete opposite of what we just did. He pulls away, looking into my eyes.

“Are you okay, Vee?” he asks, and I nod.

“More than okay,” I reply, and he smiles, cupping my face.

“How do you feel about knife play?” he asks.

Jesus Christ. Did I just meet my match? Why is he so perfect? How did he know that I would be into that? Fuck! I am so fucked for this boy! But shit! What about Desmond and Silas?



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Oliver Michaels-Cages & Spit

Delta Phi Nu throws the best parties, but this one is a little different.

My mother handed me a tape over a week ago, and I snuck into the sorority house this morning to plant it for tonight's festivities.

I have no idea what is on it, but knowing my mother, it will be catastrophic.

She does nothing half assed. If she is gunning for someone, she will take them out without breaking a sweat.

Walking through the front door an hour ago, I thought it was the red light party, but seeing pictures of Katie plastered everywhere has me a little on edge. She was a fun girl to hang with, a little on the dramatic side, but she gave good head.

“Oliver, I am so glad you came,” Beth sings, running her fingernail down my chest.

“I thought tonight was your red light party?” I say, raising a brow, and she smiles, standing on her tippy toes to whisper in my ear.

“It’s still going on. The initiates thought tonight was only about Katie, but surprise!

Oh well, they should’ve expected more hazing before the pinning ceremony.

Let’s see who can pass this little test. Go down the hall, last door on the left, and take your pick.

All the girls in red dresses with the black bows are up for grabs,” she says, her words lingering a little longer than they should.

A smile creeps across my face, and I place a kiss on her cheek before heading toward where I actually want to be.

Walking down the dimly lit hallway, I reach the last door on the left and open it.

Stepping in, it takes my eyes a second to adjust as the room is lit in a deep red.

During the day, it’s considered a ballroom, but tonight it’s been transformed into this.

Canopies of red silk drape the high ceilings and black curtains cover all the windows and doors.

Shelves of different toys line the walls, along with many canopy beds spaced out in the middle of the room.

Each one is covered in black, sheer lace for privacy.

Poker tables and girls dancing in cages fill the room, offering many activities.

I head for the bar and order a whiskey sour, then scan the room for the girls dressed in red with black bows.

I finally spot my victim for the night—Ivy Bloodworth.

My dick twitches in my jeans as I watch her dance in the cage next to the poker table.

Seeing her walk into my frat house the other night on Pierce Darington’s arm pissed me the fuck off.

I hated that Pierce picked a fight with me over that bitch, but I won't lie and say I didn't want to chase her when she left the house running.

Something in me wanted to hurt her and fuck her while doing it.

Seeing fear burst in her eyes would be sufficient enough for me.

Just a little chase in the woods in the middle of nowhere.

Hunting her, capturing the little bitch, and making her scream while I fucked her into the earth.

I've never met another girl, besides my mother, who can get under my skin so deeply that it makes me murderous.

But Ivy, she can get strangled by my cock down her throat any day of the week.

I wonder how tight her cunt is. Maybe, instead of my original plan, I'll play a game of my own.

She's up for grabs tonight, which means she won't say no.

But if she runs, the thrill of the chase will make this all the sweeter.

Taking a sip of my drink, I walk over to where she is dancing in the cage and sit directly in front of her, leaning back in the chair.

I spread my legs and continue to sip my drink, waiting for her eyes to collide with mine.

I watch as her hips gyrate the air. With each shake, her little dress rises a little more,

showcasing her thick thighs, which I'd love to sink my teeth into.

The atmosphere is dark and sensual, moans greet my ears and the smell of weed hits my senses.

Licking my lips, I watch as she spins, giving me a glimpse of the flesh underneath her short dress, making me want to shove my face between her cheeks.

Adjusting my hard cock, I follow the hand running up her thigh, over her stomach, and up to her chest as her eyes finally meet mine and widen.

I smirk, signaling for her to come here with two fingers and patting my lap.

She shakes her head, telling me no as some other girl walks up to me, bending over, showing me the cleavage of her small tits.

"Do you need anything, hot stuff?" she whispers.

"Yeah, Dollface, tell the one in the cage that I summon her," I whisper back, and she nods, walking over to the metal bars and telling Ivy that I want her. She opens the back of the cage, and the girl takes her place. Ivy waltzes over to me, folding her arms over her chest, raising her brow.

"Sit," I tell her, patting my lap. She spins to walk away, but I grab her wrist, yanking her towards me and forcing her to sit.

Wrapping my hand around her throat, I hold her in place, and she gasps.

"I don't like being told no, Ivy, and you've told me no twice in the last twenty minutes," I whisper, licking the shell of her ear as she thrashes in my hold.

“Fuck you, loser!” she spits, and I bite her lobe, making her cry out.

“You know damn well why you are in this room, and now, you’re mine to do with as I please. If it were up to me, you’d be running and I’d be chasing you before I fucked you into the cold earth in the back forest of this house,” I threaten. She swallows thickly, and I smirk.

“What is it that you want, Oliver? I don’t particularly like you,” she growls.

Feeling her little throat vibrate against my hand has my cock stiffening in my jeans.

I wish I could see her facial expression, see the fear in her eyes as I tighten my grip.

Reaching around her waist with my free hand, I grip her hip, pulling her back towards me so my cock is nestled between her ass cheeks.

“I want your fear and your screams,” I whisper, running my nose slowly up the column of her neck, and loosening my grip around her throat while my other hand glides up her inner thigh as they quake.

“Mmm, you’re a masochist. Spread your legs for me,” I command as my hands move higher up her inner thigh.

She hesitates for a split second before opening them.

“That’s a good girl,” I praise as my fingers push her panties to the side, spreading her wet lips apart.

She arches her back slightly, pressing her ass against my hard cock.

Using my free hand, I pick up the glass of whiskey sour and bring it to her lips.

“Drink,” I command, grazing her clit with my pointer finger.

She takes a sip, but I tilt the glass higher, forcing her to choke, and letting the amber liquid spill down her chin and chest. She swats it away as she heaves for air.

Glass shatters along the marble floor as I sink a finger into her and wrap my hand, once again, around her throat.

But she thrashes in my hold, trying to set herself free, so I slap her pussy, which stops her movement.

“Calm down. You know you like it,” I chuckle as she slams her ass down directly on my cock, making me grunt.

“Keep it up and you won’t walk for the rest of the week,” I warn as I let go of her throat.

She takes a few deep breaths before spinning and straddling my lap.

Her wet core slides against the zipper of my jeans.

She pulls on my dark hair, forcing my neck back as she leans down, licking up my face and biting my cheek roughly.

Her eyes glow in the dimly lit room, cascading a murderous glare, but mostly lust bursts through her irises.

“Go fuck yourself, Oliver!” She spits in my face, then gets up and leaves the room. Wiping the liquid from my eyes and nose, I laugh. I think I fell in love!

Getting up from the chair, I make my way around the room, seeing if any of these

other girls entice me, but none of them do. Waste of a good night! My phone vibrates in my jeans. I take it out and my brows narrow at the skull with the red X blinking, indicating there's a message waiting for me.

Opening it, I click the link and a video pops up. Pressing play, I watch it, and am stunned by what I see. Quickly, I leave the room and try to find somewhere quiet to rewatch it. How the fuck?

Walking out the back doors and into the pitch black night, I open the video again and rewatch it. It's of me as a little boy playing football with my dad. We both are smiling, even my mom is. Then it goes black, and a message pops up.

Unknown:

What if I told you, I know a secret about your father?.

Me:

Who is this?

Unknown:

Doesn't matter.

Me:

Then fuck off.

Unknown:

You don't want me to fuck off. I have information that you want, that you need.

Me:

Okay, so hand it over.

Unknown:

It's not that easy. Play my game. Complete the task to earn your reward.

Me:

And what is the task?

Unknown:

Do you agree to the terms?

Me:

Play the game, complete the task. Receive the information. Got it.

Unknown:

Exactly. Now, do you want to play a game or become the game? Pick your poison.

A window pops up with the same questions that were just asked. Clicking 'Play the game,' another text immediately comes in with my first task.

This is child's play. Game on, creeper.



*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

### Desmond-Memories & Graves

Being arrested and accused of killing Katie was not on my bingo card this week. For hours they questioned me, and I had to think fast as to why I was at her grave with shovels. Luckily, my stepfather made it to the precinct in a timely manner and pulled some strings to get me out of holding.

Now, sitting in the back of his limo heading towards our house, I feel uneasy. Being in his presence makes me feel like I'm eight years old all over again. Afraid and docile. Why couldn't my mother have come? Oh, that's right, she's probably drunk or hopped up on pills. Too fucked up to care.

"Son, you know I can't let this go unpunished," he states, and I fold into myself, knowing exactly what that means.

I've stayed off his radar for months. Leaving that house as fast as I could the minute I got my diploma, but even that didn't stop him from doing what he wanted to me.

My whole life he's had it out for me. I'm not sure if it's a sick fantasy or because his daughter loved me more than him.

He still blames me for her death, even though she died at his hands.

It's a memory I keep buried deep, never wanting it to swim along the surface.

But I think of all the happy memories I had with her to get through the abuse.

Now that she's gone, I use sex with others as a coping mechanism to feel in control.

"Did you hear what I said?" he growls, taking me out of my thoughts.

Without looking at him, I nod, keeping my eyes cast down, too afraid to look at him.

One day—one fucking day—I'm going to rip his eyeballs from their optic nerves and shove them up his ass.

I hate feeling so weak, so afraid of him.

I'm not a child and I shouldn't give him this power over me.

"Answer me!" he shouts, reaching for me and wrapping his hand around my throat, forcing me to look at him.

Spittle flies from his mouth, landing on my cheek as his nose grazes the side of my face.

"When we get home, you are to shower. You smell disgusting," he orders, releasing me and sitting back down in his seat.

"Understood," I whisper, still refusing to look anywhere else but at my feet.

"Good. Then once you're finished, meet me in my office!" he says, fixing his tie.

A few minutes later, the limo comes to a stop, and the driver opens the door. Sal gets out first and I follow, walking up the few steps into the house and up to my room. I shower like a good boy, but fuck him if he thinks I'm going to meet him in his office to get beaten and raped. Fuck that!

After getting dressed. I grab my phone, climb out my window, and scale down the gutter. Once my feet hit the grass, I take off through the yard, around the front of the house, and down the driveway. I'm not sure if Silas' truck is still at the cemetery or not, but I need fucking wheels.

Walking out of the neighborhood, I wave to Larry the security guard and hand him a fifty-dollar bill in hopes he won't tell anyone, specifically Sal, that he saw me leave the development.

Every time I'm around that man, all the memories flood between the abuse and Laura, the only girl I ever truly loved.

"Promise me when we graduate, we will leave this place behind and it will just be me and you forever." She smiles up at me as she lays in the grass surrounded by wildflowers. I look down at her, returning a smile of my own.

"I promise, lovebug. It will be me, you, and our baby against the world," I tell her, reaching down to rub her flat stomach.

She told me a few weeks ago that she was pregnant.

Our relationship has been a secret for years.

Not even Millie knows. So when she told me we were going to be parents, I had to come up with a plan.

A plan to get us out of here safely. No one would understand our love.

They would just judge us and tell us we are disgusting because we are stepsiblings, but I won't let anyone harm my family.

So in a few months, we will walk across the stage and disappear.

I've already started moving money to an offshore account, slowly as not to raise any alarms about what I am doing.

I had to go through some illegal channels to get us new identities, but there's this girl and her brothers that go to school with us that have the connections I needed to get it set up.

Laura found us a house in California on the beach and I put in an offer on it, which was accepted today.

Everything's falling into place. We just have to bide our time before our escape.

Scooting over closer to her, I cup her face and look deep into her light blue eyes.

"I love you, Laura, always," I tell her, bending down, pressing my lips against hers.

We kiss for what feels like hours, until the sun sets.

Rising to my feet, I stick my hand out and help her to hers, and then we walk hand in hand out of the forest to the park.

I sit on the swings and watch her walk home.

Tears pour down my face thinking about the last time I saw her—the last memory we had together. Wiping my face, I finally make it to the cemetery parking lot, spotting Silas's truck. Fuck!

Running to the truck, I look inside and see no one in it, but it definitely looks like someone has gone through it. Clothes are thrown around, the glove box and center

console are open, and their contents are spread along the seats and floorboards. Shit!

Taking out my phone and powering it on, messages upon messages pop up on my screen. Ivy texted and called a million times. Pressing her name, I put the phone to my ear as it rings.

“Des, oh my god. Where the fuck have you been?” she yells.

“Get to the cemetery now and come alone!” I growl.

“Okay, okay, I’m on my way,” she says, out of breath before the line goes dead.

I hope she got him out in time. She had to have seen me get arrested the other night.

Where did they even park? This is a fucking mess.

I swear if it's not one thing, it's another. My phone pings and I look down to see it's from Pierce.

I cannot deal with him right now. One fucking issue at a time.

Goddamn it. But my anxiety gets the best of me, and I read the message.

Pretty Boy:

Hello, you’ve been ignoring me and I don’t like it. Where are you?

Me:

I’m fine. I’m sorry. I will message you later. I’m in the middle of something.

My phone rings and his name flashes across my screen.

Hitting the red button, I slide my phone into my pocket just as Ivy pulls into the parking lot.

She hops out of the car wearing a short red dress, hair curled over her shoulders, and dark makeup covering her eyes.

She looks stunning. She runs over and throws herself on me, hugging me.

“Jesus Christ, Des. I’ve been so fucking worried!” she yells, hugging me tightly. Wrapping my hands around her waist, I give her a squeeze while inhaling deeply, taking in her sweet scent of flowers.

“I’m okay, Ivanna. Did you get Silas out?” I ask, and she pulls away with wide eyes.

“What do you mean, did I get Silas out? You said you were,” she growls.

“I got fucking arrested. What the fuck?” I yell, stepping into her space.

“Wait, what?”

“Yes, arrested. Where the fuck is Silas?”

“Fuck!” she yells, taking off for the cemetery.

We both run around the building to the back and through the headstones, coming to a complete stop when we get to Katie’s.

She falls to her knees, then looks up at me.

“Where the fuck is he?” she cries as I stand there looking at the empty grave.

No coffin, no bodies. Nothing but a fucking hole.

My phone pings and I take it out. Swiping to the left, I open the message and growl.

Unknown:

You’re too late. He’s mine now!

I roar, squeezing my phone so tightly the screen spiders out.

“This motherfucker!” I yell.

“Des, what?” she spits.

“Silas is Checkmate’s now. We were too late,” I say, falling to my knees, dropping the phone, and putting my face in my hands.

“No, no, this can’t be happening. We have to get him back! Fuck Checkmate!” she spits, and I shake my head.

Checkmate is winning, and we are nothing but his pawns in this game. He’s going to clear the board, taking us down one by one, and he started with the weakest link. Silas. Fuck!

## Page 23

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

### Checkmate-The Junkie

Sitting at my desk, I laugh as I watch my little pawns cry over their friend who is now mine.

Oh, revenge is so fucking sweet. Now the actual game can begin.

After a few more tasks, I'm wiping the board.

Let's see how they like having their deepest hidden secrets flow along the surface, bleeding into their lives like a crashing wave.

Clicking to the next feed, I sit back in my chair and press to turn on the speaker.

"Silas, Silas, Silas. My Little Junkie. How do you feel right now with your favorite drug flowing through your veins?"

He thrashes against the bindings that secure him to the metal chair. Multiple IVs are attached to his veins, pushing the one thing he can't outrun. Foam fills his mouth and drizzles down his chin.

"It must feel good, Little Junkie. Finally getting your fix. Let's just hope you survive the night, and that I don't decide to press this little button and give you too much. Who will save you then?" I laugh, as he picks his head up slowly, looking up at the camera.

"Fuck you!" he slurs, and I laugh again,



“Awe, now, now. Don’t get hasty on me just yet.

I wonder what your precious Little Poison Ivy would think if she knew what you did?

Hmmm... Be careful how you treat me, Silas.

I have the power to kill you with just the flick of my wrist,” I warn as he growls, continuing to thrash against his restraints.

“I know who you are! And when I get out, I’m coming for you!” he grits, slurring his words. I throw my head back, laughing sinisterly. He thinks he knows, but he doesn’t even know the half of it.

“Sure you will. Nighty, night my Little Junkie,” I sing as I press the button to administer another hit, watching as his eyes roll to the back of his head and more foam spills from his lips. I smile, hoping that by this time tomorrow, he will be nothing but a rotting corpse.

One down, so many to go!

-XOXO Checkmate, B\*tches

## Page 24

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Ivy-Arguments all these years I've ignored him, trying to stay away from him, but this, this right here, is what I was afraid of.

He's my best friend's twin, and here I am in his bed, ready and willing to jump his bones.

Yearning for his attention, which I didn't know I needed. Ever since the other night on his bike, and then finding out he scared Oliver away, is hot as fuck. Let's not forget hooking up and watching him with Pierce.

My god. What I would do to see that again. To experience that again.

"I've wanted you for years, but like you always remind me, you are Jay's little sister."

"Excuse me, he's only two minutes older than me. So, watch it," I giggle.

"I always forget you guys are twins like me and Millie."

"Yea, a lot of people do. You two are identical where me and Jay aren't. Some don't even know we are siblings. Maybe that's because he went to live with my dad for so long and only came back when we were in middle school."

"That and because you didn't speak about him! You still don't," he reminds me, and I take a deep breath.

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

“You’ve known me your whole life. You knew how close we were, and then he left. Left me alone with my mom. I was mad. So fucking mad at him,” I confess. I have only ever spoken about him with Katie, and sometimes Silas. I don’t enjoy talking about my family.

“I get that. Being products of divorced parents isn’t easy,” he says with a haunted look in his eyes.

“You’re right, but anyway, back to you wanting me,” I say, pressing my body into his.

“Mmm, yes. Is Millie really the reason why you rejected me three years ago?” he asks, and I nod.

It's the truth. I thought staying away from him would help, but I knew, that night after we slept together, that it could never happen again. He didn’t like that answer much, so he went and hooked up with some Hillside girl.

Seeing him do that ripped me to shreds, and that’s how I knew I had feelings for him.

Then Laura happened, and I wanted to be there for him when she died, but he shut everyone out.

I still don’t know exactly what happened, but I know he went through some shit.

“It was. And here we are, sneaking around. Checkmate sent her a video of us. Years ago in the tree house,” I tell him, and something clicks in my brain that I am just now

realizing. I sit up abruptly.

“What? What's wrong?” he asks, concern written all over his face.

“Checkmate and having pictures of us. What else could be out there? Think about it... How the fuck can this piece of shit get all this information on us and know our every move at all times?” I say, and his eyes widen.

“Cameras?” he asks, and I nod.

“It has to be. How else? Unless someone is literally following each and everyone of us and there’s multiple players in this game, but I highly doubt it,” I say as he grabs my arm, bringing me down on top of him, straddling his hips.

“Well, if there is a camera in here, then let's give the prick a little show.” He smiles. “And later, we can go buy one of those devices that tell us if there’s a camera or bugs in our rooms. Fuck this asshole. We need to take back our lives,” he whispers as if someone is definitely listening to our conversation.

I nod, rolling my hips, feeling how hard he is underneath me.

My body shivers as his hands run up my torso, cupping my tits, and pinching my hard nipples through his black t-shirt.

I moan, rubbing my pussy up and down his long length.

“As much as I love seeing you in my clothes, take off the shirt, Ivanna. I want to see your perfect tits,” he says, his eyes sparkling with want and need.

Gripping the bottom of my shirt, I lift it over my head and throw it over his face.

He quickly grabs it, throwing it to the floor, making me laugh.

“You’re perfect,” he says, running his fingertips along the tattoo on my rib cage, then up to my tits, cupping them and rolling my nipples with his thumbs.

Rocking my hips, I throw my head back and moan as my panties become soaked.

“I can feel how wet you are, Spitfire,” he growls, pinching my nipples, causing me to rock harder along his cock. “Mmm, you don’t know how bad I want to slide into that warm cunt and make you scream,” he groans, as I drag my nails down his naked chest.

“So do it!” I tell him, but he shakes his head.

“Not until you’re mine!” he growls, pulling at my nipples as he sits up and takes one into his mouth.

“Oh, God. Bite them. Make it hurt,” I beg, rocking faster, but he lifts my hips, takes out his cock, and I slide my soaked panties to the side, rocking along his length, soaking his cock the faster I move.

“Shit, Ivanna. Faster. Baby, I want to watch you cum.” He grunts, lifting his hips to add pressure on my needy clit. He switches nipples as his free hand reaches around my ass, sliding his fingertips down my crack and into my soaked cunt.

“Yes, Des. Fuck!” I whimper, gripping his black hair and pulling at the seams as I fuck his length and finger. My body trembles in his hold as he continuously switches nipples, biting and sucking roughly. “I’m going to cum so fucking hard!” I whine as I pick up the pace, rocking faster.

“Cum, baby. Shatter for me,” he groans, pulling my nipple with his teeth and adding

another finger inside me.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck!” I scream as my orgasm rushes through my body, making me shiver and see stars.

“Don’t stop, Spitfire. Keep moving those thick hips. I’m almost there,” he growls, leaving bite marks all over my chest.

“I-I can’t. I’m too sensitive,” I whimper, slowing down, but he grips my hips roughly, forcing me to move faster.

“Fuckkkkk!!!!” I scream again as another orgasm hits me.

I throw my head back and ride his length, pressing my clit harder against him.

His body starts to shiver and a deep guttural moan leaves his throat as cum spurts from his cock, coating my drenched pussy and his stomach.

I slow my pace, coming down from the high.

He pulls his fingers out and brings me down to his chest as we both heave for air.

“Shit!” I say, catching my breath as I listen to his heart pound.

“Shit is right!” he says, running his hands up and down my spine.

“It’s been way too long since you’ve been inside me. I need to feel you again, Des,” I whisper, and he smirks.

“Well, once you get your head out of your ass, then I want those sweet lips to beg for it,” he replies as I shiver in his arms.

“Whatever you say.”

“Mhm. You will see. Let's go get cleaned up. I promise to be a gentleman.” But I shake my head.

“I can't be trusted in that shower, naked with you,” I admit, and the smile that crosses his face is breathtaking.

“I can resist your seductive ways, Spitfire. Let's go, then we can get some rest.” He grins.

“Fine!” I huff.

“Don't pout that lip at me. If you were mine, we wouldn't have to get out of bed yet because, let's face it, we would nearly be done ravishing one another, So, before I snap and take the choice away from you, let's go shower.”

“No comment,” I tell him, getting up from the bed. He grabs me and throws me over his shoulder, smacking my ass.

“Such a good girl, Ivanna,” he praises.

He doesn't know how much of a good girl I could be for him. Maybe he is right. I need to get my head out of my ass. But then there's... Silas...

## Page 26

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Silas Carmichael- Red & Black

\*\*\*Heavy Drugging. Descriptive feelings, Suicide Ideation and taunts.\*\*\*

My eyes slowly open, feeling crusted shut.

I lean over as my stomach flips, causing me to vomit all over the side of the chair and on the floor.

My body aches something fierce. Every single limb hurts so fucking bad, making me want to scream bloody murder.

My head lulls to the side as more acid and bile flows up my throat and onto the floor.

This is the part I hate about doing this drug.

When you do too much, it makes you throw up profusely.

You would think I'd feel better after finally getting the hit I'd yearned for, but I don't. I feel disgusting and disappointed in myself.

Lifting my head, I realize I'm tied to a chair with IVs coming out of my arms, neck, hands, and between my toes. Why didn't I notice any of this before? This isn't the first time I'm waking up in this state, and every time my mind makes me feel like I don't know where I am.

Looking around, I see I'm in the middle of a room, a bedroom maybe, but there's no



carpet, just a tarnished wood floor, and walls that have paint peeling off of them.

There are two windows, both with black garbage bags covering the glass, masking the sunlight trying to come in.

I take a deep breath and smell nothing but piss and mold.

I'm not sure how long I've been here. I thought I was dead in that casket, but someone clearly saved me.

But did they really? Considering I'm restrained by rope and zip ties completely naked, I'd say no.

Looking down at myself, I'm covered in dirt and grime.

My vision blurs as I feel more of the drug rushing through my veins, making me throw up yet again.

My heart beats erratically in my chest, and my mind is fuzzy.

Yes, I'm a junkie. Yes, I have a problem with drugs that I can't seem to shake, but this?

This is the ultimate torture. I don't want anymore.

I want it to stop. I don't know how much more my body can take before the drugs take my life.

I want to live. I want to do so many things in this life.

If I survive this, I promise I will get clean and be a better man for myself and those I

love.

Ivy's face comes to mind, but I'm so mad at her.

She left me. Even after she promised to never leave, she knocked me out and buried me.

How could she? I thought I meant more to her, but it had to be Checkmate.

This all has to be because of the stupid prick.

My mind whirrs and my body feels heavy as I slump in the cold metal chair.

"How are you feeling, Little Junkie?" the ominous robotic voice asks, but I don't answer.

I don't have enough strength to respond.

My chest feels so heavy as my breathing slows.

That nauseous feeling hits me yet again, but I try to think of anything else but that.

"It's okay, you don't have to say anything.

One day you will thank me for this," the voice speaks again.

I hope I survive because when I do, I'm going to kill this asshole. "You've been missing for forty-eight hours and no one has noticed. How does that make you feel, Silas? No one cares for you. I could kill you right now and not a soul would cry over you. Relief comes to mind."

Laughter blares through the speakers, and I try to shake my head.

I don't want to listen to the taunts. It's bullshit.

Someone cares. I can't let the vile words get to me.

It's a game. A game I refuse to give in to.

I will not let them win. I have to fight back.

I just don't know how. I need time to think, but I can't. Not with this drug clouding my mind.

I use to numb the pain. To shut out the voice in my head telling me to end it all, that I should've been the one who died and not Jay.

No matter how many times Ivy tells me it's not my fault, I know it's bullshit. It is all my fault. I should've never left him alone in that house. I should've gotten us out of there.

But no. I went to the store alone instead of taking him with me.

Ivy doesn't even know what I've done. What I let happen.

What I've known all along. She will never forgive me for it.

I don't even forgive myself. Everything that's happened has been my fucking fault, and I guess as much as I want to fight and get out of here, this is what I truly deserve.

As much as I want to hurt Ivy for what she did to me, it's what I deserve!

Between the lies, the betrayal, all the games.

Everything I've ever done to that girl. This right here, in this moment, is what I fucking deserve!

Lifting my head slowly, I look around the room for the camera and spot it hanging above the door. I look straight at it and narrow my eyes, using as much strength as I can.

"Kill me! Just fucking do it!" I yell.

"Now, why would I do that? I love playing this game with you, Silas."

"Are you too much of a pussy to do it? Is that it, Checky? No balls, huh?" I spit, and the robotic voice laughs.

"Checky? You say, I like that little nickname. Plus, I love playing checkers. Maybe one day we can play."

"Doubtful! Checkers is for pussies. Just like you!" I taunt.

"Don't be so crass, Silas. I just want to have some more fun with you."

"See, like I said. No balls." I laugh, shaking my head.

"You really want to die that bad? I could give you the tools to do it yourself. Now that would be a show. Watching you take the metal blade and slice your drug-filled veins. The blood would be beautiful to see pouring from your body. I wonder what color you will bleed. You're too tainted for red, probably black like a demon. "

"Why don't you come in here and find out?" I goad, feeling my body getting heavier

and heavier as the seconds pass by.

“Not yet, Little Junkie, but soon. I have others to torture. I’ll be back, but in the meantime, take a nice little nap.”

“Yeah, yeah. pussy bitch!” I laugh as liquid rushes through my veins, making my body feel like it's on fire. My screams echo around the small space as the room spins, and the last thing I hear is Checky laughing at me, and Ivy’s face hitting my vision as she frowns in disappointment, then everything goes black.

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

### Ivy-Revelations & Whiplash

Sneaking out of Desmond's dorm was a shitty thing to do, and I feel so bad for doing it, but Everly and Millie needed me and what kind of friend would I be to not be there for them? I couldn't exactly tell them, "Hey, I'm with Desmond.

I'll be back later." Guess that makes me a liar and a fraud.

Jesus, fuck. How did everything get so fucking complicated?

I hate this. It's one thing to lie about little things, but it's another to lie about something like this. I'm going to have to tell Millie at some point. There's only so much I can hide for so long before it bleeds over and I lose my best friend over not being able to keep it in my panties. Ugh!

Walking into the sorority house, I'm immediately bombarded by Everly.

"Where the fuck have you been? I've been calling you all night!" she growls.

"My phone was on silent. My bad!" I lie.

"Yeah, well, we have a fucking problem, and you're not going to like it!" she tells me, and I huff.

"What the fuck happened now?" I ask, and she shoves her phone in my hand, pressing play.

My eyes widen as I see Katie being raped from behind by an older man as a whip smacks against her back, slicing into her skin.

Moans greet my ears as the camera moves around to her face—bloody and beaten, then it moves to the man fucking her, and I gasp.

“Holy fucking shit!”

“Yeah, and Millie is not fucking okay!” she spits.

“I wouldn’t be okay after seeing this either.”

“There’s more to this than just finding out your stepdad was fucking our best friend! Keep watching,” she tells me, and I look back down at the screen. After watching for a few more seconds, I look up at her.

“What am I looking for?” I ask.

“Just keep watching. We are almost there,” she tells me, and then I see it and drop the phone. It bounces off the rug, and my hand immediately covers my gaping mouth. A tear falls from my eye. Wiping it away, I look at Everly.

“Who is the person behind the camera? How did you get this? I have so many fucking questions,” I say, my tone laced with venom.

“I don’t know who sent it, but Beth allowed it to be played at the party last night,” she tells me. I go to take a step, but she grabs my wrist. “It went viral on the school’s website. Everyone fucking knows about it!” she informs me, and I see red.

“Where is Beth?” I spit, and she looks up, and low and behold, there she is, standing at the top of the landing with her arms folded. I’m going to rip her fucking head from

her body.

Running up the stairs, I come face to face with her. She smirks, and I rear my arm back and punch her in the face. Her head whips back as she stumbles on the landing, falling to her ass. I grip her hair, wrapping it in my fist and pulling her head back, forcing her to look up at me.

“You think this is a game, Beth? Get it taken down now or else!” I spit, and she laughs.

“Or else what? What power do you have? I will get you kicked out of here so fast,” she threatens, and now it's my turn to laugh.

“I'd love to see you try, but if you want to play this game with me, then I'd watch your every move, bitch! Because one day, you never know, you may wake up bald with deflated tits and flat lips. No one fucks with my friends and lives to tell the tale. You understand me?” I growl.

“Are you threatening to kill me?” she shrieks, and I pull her hair tighter in my fist, bringing her face closer to mine.

“If I was, you'd be dead already. Now get it taken down!” I demand, releasing my grip on her hair and climbing the stairs to Millie's room. Swinging the door open, I see her lying in her bed sobbing. Running over to her, I jump on the bed and throw my arms around her.

“It's okay, Millz. If Beth knows what's good for her, she'll have someone take it down.”

“Everyone saw it. I can't come back from that,” she cries out, but I squeeze her tighter as Everly joins us.



“Why didn’t you tell us?” I ask, and she shakes her head.

“I couldn’t. He threatened to kill Mom, and I can’t lose her after we lost Laura.”

“Understandable!” I tell her.

“Dessy is going to flip when he sees the video!” she deadpans.

“Yep, he sure is. Did you ever tell him, Millz? Did he know?” I ask, and her eyes widen.

“Who do you think videoed it?” she says, and I gasp.

“What?” I say as I look over at Everly, who is wearing the same shocked expression I am.

“We all have secrets, and as far as my twin goes, they forced him and me to do many irreparable things, and he suffered far more than I.”

“How long Millie?” Everly asks, and a lone tear drops from her eyes.

“Too long,” she answers. My mind is whirling. We’ve been friends for so many years and I never knew my friends were being abused–forced to do heinous things. My heart breaks for them.

“I’m so sorry, Millz. I wish you would’ve told me. We could’ve tried to help or figure shit out,” I tell her, but she shakes her head.

“He’s too powerful, and as long as my mother is breathing, he will continue to hold it until her last, dying breath. Things got a lot worse when Laura died. I still don’t know the full story. Dessy won’t tell me shit,” she says, and I nod, taking all the

information in.

“How did Katie get sucked into all of this?” Everly asks, and Millie takes a deep breath.

“I’m really not sure. I also don’t know if she was scared or if she enjoyed it.

Any time I would bring it up, she would change the subject or tell me to mind my business.

That was a fucked up situation. And to make matters worse, Desmond and her got really close, and Sal didn’t like it, so he increased Desmond's punishments and even forced him to watch them have sex,” she spills.

“Holy shit! The fucking plot thickens, but not in a good way,” Everly states.

I’m not sure what to say. I literally have no fucking words.

How did all of this happen and I didn't know shit about it? Ugh! At this moment, I just want to run back to Desmond’s dorms and hold him—show him I’m here and that he can trust me with his secrets. Fuck!

“Um, also, not to be the bearer of bad news, but uh, Silas is missing,” I tell them, and they both gasp.

“What do you mean, he’s missing?” Everly asks.

“The grave was dug up. No one is in there, and I don’t know where the fuck he is!” I huff.

“This is so fucked up!” Millie says, and I nod.

“It is, and I don’t know what to do or where to look first,” I tell them.

“Jesus, can we get through one crisis at a time?” Everly asks, and I laugh.

“You ain’t never lied, babe. Can we get a break already? I feel like I haven’t fully mourned Katie’s death, and we still aren’t any closer to finding out what the fuck happened that night, ” I say, as a yawn flies from my mouth.

“I know. It’s straight bullshit,” Everly states, and I nod.

“Alright, well, I need a shower and a nap! What are we doing tonight? Anything?” I ask, and they both shrug.

“Can we take a second and talk about last night? What the fuck was that shit in the ballroom? Our moms never warned us about that shit? I mean, I hooked up with a few guys and had fun, but a little warning would’ve been nice.

I wouldn’t have worn that fucking dress,” Everly laughs, and Millie’s eyes widen.

“Warren stayed with me the whole time, so it made it a lot easier for me not to be forced into an uncomfortable situation, so I was thankful for that,” she says, and I smile.

“Well, lucky for y’all. I was stuck with Oliver. Fucking prick!” I tell them, and they look at one another, then at me.

“What?” I ask with a raised brow.

“He was pissed when you stormed out, then he left not too long after you did. Is that who you were with all night?” Everly asks.

Fuck! Do I lie or do I tell them the truth?

Shit! My phone pings in my bra and I take it out, seeing the skull with the red X.

Perfect fucking distraction from the elephant in the room.

Getting up from the bed, I bend down and give Millie a kiss on the head and Everly one on the cheek.

“I gotta take this. I'll meet up with you guys later,” I smirk, and they giggle.

Leaving the room, I walk a few doors down to mine, open the door, and shut it behind me, flipping the lock. Stepping into the bathroom, I start the shower as I read the message.

Unknown:

It's time to complete a task. If you fail, you will become the game. If you succeed, you will move to the next level. Click the link if you're ready to kill.

Clicking the link, I read my first task.

Well hello, Little Killer, it's time to complete your first task. These are the rules:

Tell no one!

Dress in all black, preferably black leggings, tank top, and hoodie. Put your hair up in a tight bun.

Leave at 8 p.m. There will be a blue sedan parked in the university parking lot near the sports arena in the last row, last spot. The parking lot will be filled for tonight's

swim meet, so don't worry about someone seeing you.

Inside the glove box will be your next set of instructions. Once you read it, take the lighter that will be next to it and burn it.

Good luck!

-Gamemaker

Closing out the link, it disappears like it was never there in the first place. How the fuck? I guess tonight's going to be hella interesting. Might as well get a shower and take a nap. Who knows what this night will bring, but I'm ready.

The sun has officially set and the night sky is littered with stars shining so brightly.

I take a deep breath as I walk through the university parking lot, spotting the blue sedan exactly where it's supposed to be.

A familiar giggle to my right catches my attention as I turn my face to see who it is.

Getting closer, I see the deep red cutlass, knowing exactly who it is.

Walking up to the car, my eyes collide with hers, and she hops off the hood running over to me.

"Ivy Bloodworth, how the fuck are you babe?" she asks, and I laugh,

"Dylan St. James, I've missed you. Where the hell have you been?" I ask as she wraps her arms around me, squeezing tightly.

"He's been holding me hostage from having any fun as of late," she smiles, pointing

over her shoulder at her boyfriend, Easton.

“I see that. I heard you moved out of your mom’s house and shackled up with Mr. Broody,” I laugh, and she rolls her eyes.

“Yep, sure did, and tonight is date night. Why the fuck we are here drinking is beyond me,” she tells me, and I shake my head.

“Well, when he lets go of the reins, you should hit me up. I miss going to the shack,” I tell her, and she nods.

“We leave next week for our mom's wedding. When we get back, I’ll slide in your DMs and make plans,” she says, and I nod.

“Sounds good. See ya soon,” I tell her, and she places a kiss on my cheek, then turns to walk back to her car. I continue my journey to the blue sedan and open the door before climbing in. Reaching into the glove box, I find the keys and the note with my next instructions.

Leave the school and get on the highway. Take it to the next exit and get off. Make a left at the light and drive a quarter of a mile. Make a left after you pass the Hess station, then keep going until you get to the dirt road on your right. Turn down it and drive until you hit the clearing.

Once you arrive, grab the backpack in the back seat and get out of the car. Walk towards the lake. Once you reach it, make a left and follow the shoreline for five minutes. Hop the 4ft metal fence and you will see a house. It’s completely empty.

Enter through the back door and another set of instructions will be waiting for you on the counter.

Now burn this!

Reaching into the glove box, I grab the lighter and set the paper on fire, letting it burn over the cup of water sitting in the cup holder.

Jesus, they really thought of everything.

Once the paper is completely out, I start the car and follow the instructions, hoping I remembered all the turns I will need to take.

Slowly, I leave the parking lot and do exactly what was asked of me.

It takes all of twenty minutes to get to the clearing.

I shut off the car, grab the bag, and continue my journey.

I don't know if I'm anxious or excited to see what I have to do, but being out here in the complete darkness alone has me on edge a bit.

As I hit the shoreline of the lake, I hear rustling behind me, so I move faster, hoping to get to the fucking gate quickly.

Looking behind me, I see nothing but the water hitting against the sand and rock with the moonlight shining down on the lake.

It's gorgeous out here, but equally frightening.

Rustling behind me gets louder, then all the hair on the back of my neck stands, causing a chill to race up my spine.

"I see we have a frightened little rabbit out here tonight," a deep voice says, and I

whip around looking into the night but see nothing. I know better than to yell out. I will not die out here like every other dumb bitch in those horror movies. I keep moving, picking up my pace.

“If I were you Ivy, I’d run. Because if I catch you, you’re mine!” the voice warns, feeling as if it's coming from right behind me. I jump, thinking I felt his hot breath on the back of my neck. Fuck it! I run!

I don’t know if this is a part of the game or what, but I’m not trying to find out! Fuck this!

“Run, little fear slut, run!” He laughs as my feet pick up the pace, wishing that damn fence would come into view, but all I see is darkness, making me feel like I got fucking played tonight. Is there even a fucking fence? Or a house? What the fuck!

Please don’t let me die out here tonight. Please, for the love of god, I don’t want to be killed in the middle of nowhere. Fuck!



*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

### Ivy-Masked Men & Blood

Sweat drips down my spine as I continue to run through the wet sand along the shoreline of the lake.

Fear ripples through my chest as this person chases me—taunting me along the way.

The cool night air whips across my face, causing my eyes to tear.

My foot sinks into a hole and I yell out as I fall to my knees.

But I get up quickly, not wanting to be caught.

Turning my head, I see a dark figure—is that—a mask?

The same mask from my dreams? I scream as I push through, hoping I didn't get played tonight, and finally the metal fence comes into view.

Relief swims in my chest, but as I reach my destination, a hand grabs my shoulder, spinning me around, and shoving me so hard I fly into the dark, cold, murky water.

My head bounces off the rocky bottom as I come up gasping for air, but strong hands submerge my chest deeper into the water.

I thrash against the sand, hoping to connect with a body part, but I don't.

He just holds me under the water as I sink my nails into his hands, trying to pull him

off of me.

My chest burns the longer he holds me down, not allowing me to take a breath.

Is this how I die? Just as I think my lungs are going to cave in, he lifts me, tossing me onto the dry sand.

I cough, gasping for air I thought I would never get.

“Are you terrified yet?” he asks, his voice sounding so familiar but I can’t figure out how I know it.

“Fuck you!” I heave, and he laughs.

“With pleasure!” he says, gripping my hands and forcing them above my head as he kneels between my legs, pulling my leggings off.

I kick and thrash in his hold, but he uses his thighs to hold me still.

Tears spill from my face at the realization of what’s going to happen next.

Another set of footsteps crunch along the sand, and I scream.

“Please help me. Don’t let him do this!” I beg as he gets closer, wearing the same mask as the man undoing his pants. I feel his warm cock slapping against my bare pussy, and I scream again.

“No! Get the fuck off of me!” I turn my head to see the second man looking at the other one, then back at me with his head tilted. He bends down, taking out a knife. The metal shimmers in the moonlight, and my eyes widen as I shake my head.

“Please, no!” I say as he brings his finger up to the lips of the mask, telling me to be quiet.

My eyes widen in surprise as he takes the knife, twirls it in his hand before sending the blade into the man's neck.

Warm blood sprays all over my legs and chest as he releases my hands, bringing his own up to his neck while choking.

His eyes widen under the mask as the other man rips the handle out, handing it to me.

He nods at me to take it, then looks back at the guy. Never saying a single word.

Taking the knife with shaky hands, I hold it, feeling the weight of the weapon, and before I realize what I'm doing, I send the blade into his chest. Then, I rip it out and slam it up into his chin, twisting.

The feeling of his tendons snapping as he chokes sends blood spraying against my face as more warmth coats my fingers.

I smile sinisterly as I watch the life drain from his eyes.

Turning to the other man, I see his head tilted, his eyes fixated on me, watching my every move.

Removing the blade from the idiot's chin, he falls to the side, and I hand it to the other guy, nodding in thanks before grabbing my wet, sandy leggings, trying to put them back on. After a few moments, I finally don't feel so vulnerable with my pants back on.

I look down at the dead masked man, not feeling a single ounce of remorse.

I bend down to lift the mask from his face, but a gentle hand on my shoulder stops me, causing me to jump.

Looking over my shoulder at him, he shakes his head and points in the direction I just ran from. Taking that as my cue to go, I don't think I just run as fast as my legs will take me. It feels like forever until I reach the fucking car, but extremely grateful that I made it back in one piece.

Pulling open the door, I get in, remove the backpack full of sand, place it on the seat next to me, and speed out of here like a demon on wheels.

What the fuck just happened? Holy fucking shit!

As I drive out of the woods and back onto the road, I take a deep breath, finally seeing glimpses of blood all over my hands and face, just like the night in the tree house.

My phone vibrates in the cup holder, scaring the fucking shit out of me.

I reach for it and see numerous messages waiting for me, but the one that has me swiping furiously is the one with the red skull and an X.

Unknown:

That wasn't a part of your task but good job, Little Killer. Way to really sink your teeth into it. You have made it to the next level. Dump the car where you found it! I'll see you soon.

My heart skips a beat that I made it to the next round, but fuck!

This game is ruthless. I really want to know who the fuck I killed, and who that was

behind the mask that helped me.

I knew that wasn't a part of the game, but now I have so many questions.

If that wasn't my task, then why the fuck were they there?

How did they know where I would be? Was I their task?

How many people are playing this? Jesus, so many fucking questions.

I'm so deep in my head that I don't realize I'm already pulling into the parking lot of the university.

The swim meet has been over for a while and the lot is almost empty.

Parking in the same spot I was in. I shut off the car and sit for a moment, trying to center myself.

How the fuck can I leave this car looking the way I do and not raise any suspicions?

Looking around the car, I find a bottle of water.

Removing the cap, I open the door and pour it over my hands, watching the red liquid spill against the concrete.

Then I get out and splash some on my face, using my black shirt to wipe it off.

Bending down, I look in the mirror and see that I got most of it off, but it will have to do for now.

Grabbing my phone, I put the backpack where I found it, along with the keys in the

glove box, and shut the door.

I walk through the parking lot and head back to the sorority, praying I don't run into anyone, but soft moans greet my ears, and just beyond the trees, I see two figures, and my eyes widen.

Being the curious idiot I am, I can't help but walk closer as the moans get louder.

The closer I get, the more turned on I am.

Stepping onto the grass, I finally see who it is and holy shit, I can't stop watching.

Desmond is leaning against a tree, gripping the back of Pierce's head as he gets his cock sucked.

Holy fuck. I don't know whether to stand here and watch or fucking join them.

Shifting on my feet, a leaf crunches, and Desmond's head whips towards me.

My eyes widen at being caught, but the smirk he wears tells me everything I need to know as he gestures for me to come closer.

I just hope they don't notice the blood or ask why I'm soaked, because there is no way I'm saying no to this.

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Pierce Darington-Peep Show

Hours earlier...

Sitting in the locker room with my team, we wait for Coach John to come out and let us know we passed our drug tests.

Before every meet it is required for us to piss in a cup and hand it over for testing.

I think it's absolutely fucking annoying to do this, but rules are rules. My father, being the dean, you would think certain rules wouldn't apply to me, but I have it worse than most. The expectations of me are outrageous. It's smothering.

The door opens and the coach steps into the room with his clipboard.

"Darington, my office now!" he shouts, and my eyes widen. What the fuck?

"The rest of you, go warm up." Getting up from the bench, I walk into his office and sit in the chair as he shuts the door, rounding his desk before sitting down as well.

"Son, is there something you want to tell me?" he says with a raised brow.

"No, not that I can think of. What is this about?" I ask, and he turns his clipboard, showing me a piece of paper.

"You came back positive for cocaine and marijuana," he states, and my spine snaps straight as I shake my head.

“That can’t be right! I’d never jeopardize my swimming career for a night of partying. I only drink and that’s far and in between, Coach. This has to be a mistake!” I rebuke.

“I’m sorry, son, we tested it twice. You’re benched for tonight. Luckily, this will not go further than us. I will retest you again next week, and as long as you come up clean, I won’t have to bring this mess to the board,” he tells me, and I nod.

“You can’t be serious. There are scouts out there tonight. Someone is fucking with me!” I bellow, but he shakes his head.

“Take the loss and keep your mouth shut. Sit on the bench and watch the team. If you can’t manage that, then you will force my hand.

I don’t think you want that, son. You’ve worked too hard, and I’m giving you a pass, Pierce.

Do you understand that? I’d remove and expel any other player from the team.”

“I understand, even if I don’t agree,” I tell him, and he takes a deep breath.

“Get out of my office and do as you’re told!

” he orders, and I get up, leaving the office pissed the fuck off.

This shit is not a fucking game, and the only person I can think of that would do this—that already threatened this—is Silas Carmichael.

That mother fucking prick. If I didn’t have everything on the line tonight, I’d go right to his fucking house and kick his face in.



He wants to play games with me? I will turn his entire world upside fucking down!

Swinging the locker room door open, I enter the pool house as the team stretches. I sit on the bench, and Soren comes up to me with his hands on his hips.

“What happened? You look like you’re ready to kill someone!” he whispers. I look up at him and shake my head.

“Doesn’t matter. Go get ready for the meet. I’m sitting this one out,” I tell him.

“Damn, Darington,” he says, shaking his head and walking back with the others.

I sit back against the cold wall and seethe.

This is straight bullshit. I can’t believe this is fucking happening.

For the rest of the meet, I just sit here and stare at the water, not paying attention to anything going on around me.

It’s not until I hear a whistle echo through the crowd that I look up, scanning the bleachers.

My eyes finally collide with green ones sitting at the top, all alone.

He came to my meet? He rarely comes to watch me swim. This is new.

His brows furrow in confusion, and I shake my head. The crowd shouts as the meet ends, but I never take my eyes off of him. I don’t know what it is about Desmond Sinclair, but I yearn for his attention, beg for affection, and whimper every time he makes me cum.

Looking away before my cock gets hard, Coach calls us over for a huddle, giving us the same speech as always, ending the night. We all walk into the locker room to shower and get dressed, but I just slide on my sweats, throw a hoodie over my head, and leave. Fuck this shit.

Stepping into the pool house, I see Desmond leaning against the wall waiting for me, but I keep walking.

I don't want to talk about this shit in here with all these people around.

Slamming the double doors open, the cool night air smacks me in the face, and I take a deep breath, walking towards my car.

Footsteps behind me let me know he's following me.

I pop my trunk, throw my bag inside, and slam it down.

"What happened tonight?" he asks, and I slam my fists against my trunk.

"My piss came back dirty!" I growl as I slowly look up at him. His eyes widen hearing the news.

"How the fuck?" he says.

"You and I both know I don't dabble in anything but E. That's not what came up on the test," I spit as he comes to stand next to me.

"What did?" he asks.

"Coke and weed. Two things I don't fucking do! Someone is fucking with me and I know who," I seethe.

“Who was it?” he asks, concern written all over his face.

“Silas Carmichael!” I spit, and his eyes widen.

“Why would Silas mess with you?” he asks, and I laugh.

“Because of the night I took Vee,” I deadpan, and he nods.

“Oh, I see,” he says.

“He cornered me in the pool house, threatening to do exactly what happened tonight if I didn’t stay away from her,” I tell him, and he nods again.

“So he told you to stay away from her? Why?” he asks, and I laugh again.

“He thinks she is his,” I sneer, and his eyes widen.

“Interesting. But I don’t think it was him!” he says, and I slam my fists against my trunk for the second time tonight.

“So you’re sticking up for him? That’s really rich coming from you!” I growl.

“I’m not sticking up for him. I just know for a fact that it wasn’t him!” he shouts, getting in my face.

“Back off, Des. I’m not in the mood tonight!” I warn.

“I’m just saying, Pierce. It has to be someone else,” he says, and I shake my head.

“How can you be so sure I’m wrong?” I ask, but he shakes his head.

“You’re going to have to trust me on this one, Pretty Boy,” he says, and there’s that nickname that makes me weak in the knees.

“I fucking can’t! I’m so fucking pissed off. All I see is him!” I yell and he steps closer as people around us pile out of the pool house, getting into their cars and leaving the parking lot.

“Calm down. Let’s not make a scene here,” he tells me, and he’s right. I need to cool my shit and get it together. Looking over at him, he raises a brow.

“Why’d you come tonight? I’m shocked you’re here, but equally grateful because I was ready to do some dumb shit!

” I tell him. Ever since the other night, when I began the game on the dark web, I’ve been feigning for all the violence and depravity.

That task was just a taste of what’s coming, but I can’t wait for the next one.

I’ve been checking my phone constantly for another message but it’s been radio silent.

“I wanted to see you, Pretty Boy. I felt bad for not calling you back last night so I figured I’d make it up to you tonight.” He smirks, and I lick my lips, eager to know how he wants to do that.

“Is that right? What do you have in mind?” I ask as the smirk turns into a smile. He winks, and nods to the tree at the far end of the parking lot.

“Go over there and wait for me,” he orders, and I nod.

Walking through the almost deserted parking lot, I step onto the grass and into the

darkness where the tree stands.

Leaning back behind the trunk, I wait. The anticipation of waiting for him has my cock hard and ready.

A few minutes go by and then I hear his heavy footsteps coming toward me.

He rounds the tree, grabbing the back of my neck, smashing his lips against mine as I pull his shirt, gripping his hips, pulling him closer to me.

He groans into my mouth as our tongues fight for dominance, but I let him win every single time.

Running my hands up and down his ribs, digging my fingers into his flesh, he shivers at my touch, causing me to moan into the kiss.

He pulls away, licking his lips as he thumbs my bottom one.

“I fucking want you, Pretty Boy,” he tells me, and I spin him around, pressing him against the tree as I sink to my knees. He pops the button on his jeans, pulling down the zipper, freeing his hard cock. “Take it!” he commands, and I shiver at his words.

Gripping the base of his cock, I guide it to my waiting mouth and lick the tip, swirling my tongue around it.

“Mmm, such a dirty boy, Pierce,” he groans as I sink my mouth down his long shaft, relaxing my throat to take him all the way down.

I swallow, causing him to moan as his thigh trembles against me.

“I love the way you take me, Pretty boy,” he praises, and I look up at him,

swallowing again, making myself gag on his cock as he watches me.

His eyes roll in pleasure as he wraps his hand around my throat, squeezing.

“You can take more of me. Come on, choke on it,” he commands as I take him to the back of my throat, gagging myself.

Tears leak from my eyes the harder he squeezes, thrusting his cock so fucking deep I think I might vomit, but then he lets go and I pull back, sucking him hard along the way.

Rolling my tongue around the tip, I wrap my hand around his shaft and pump as I suck the head of his cock.

“Don’t fucking stop, but we have a little visitor,” he tells me, and I freeze, looking up at him, but he’s not looking at me.

He’s looking to the side as footsteps get closer.

“Do you want to play with us, Spitfire?” he asks, and I release him to look up at her. Fuck! She better say yes!

“There’s no way I’d say no,” she giggles, bringing a smile to my face.

“Let’s go to my dorm. At least no one will interrupt us there,” he suggests.

“You game, Vee?” I ask, and she nods.

“Yes, as long as I can take a shower,” she states, and Des smirks.

“Well, let’s go. Tonight is about to get wild,” he smiles, tucking his cock back into

his jeans as I rise from my knees.

The evening was a shit show, but tonight... I get both of them!

I just hope she can handle everything she's about to get.

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Desmond Sinclair-Regrets

I'm a piece of shit and a fucking fraud.

The lies that spewed from my mouth so easily disgust me to no end.

I didn't go to the meet because I missed him.

I didn't give a shit for not returning his phone call.

I don't have an attachment to him. At least not emotionally, it's purely a physical attraction. How long am I going to keep lying to myself? If I repeatedly say I have no feelings for him, then maybe it will come true. I can't have the attachments.

How can I when I want Ivanna. There's no way I could keep them both.

Ugh, maybe I'm the one who needs to get my head out of my ass.

Tonight, I was in the music room trying to get rid of my dark thoughts.

I've been worried about finding Silas. Just when I thought I got a location on him, the tracker sent me across the world, bouncing around like it's playing ping-pong.

Then Sal texted me, sending threats, along with Ivanna dipping on me this morning.

I needed peace, so I went to the music room and played for hours, just drowning myself in the music my fingers create while hitting the keys.



That was the plan: to play until my fingers ached while calming down my racing mind.

It wasn't until my phone pinged with a message from a website I hadn't been on in a month.

The skull with the red X. Usually, if playing the piano didn't work, I'd log into this site and pay to play.

Getting paid by older men who would order me to punish myself in the most depraved ways.

I get off on the pain, but it also puts me in control, even if they are telling me what to do.

I can log off anytime; no one can touch or handle me without my consent.

Sal mentally brainwashed me into thinking this type of behavior was normal—letting older men rape and beat you for disobeying, or better yet, for loving anyone else but them.

I know it's sick, but for years I had no control over anything.

I just took it. Suffered through the pain.

I even watched him and his friends rape my sister.

But nothing prepared me for the day he killed Laura.

Shaking my head, I riddle the dark thoughts clouding my mind as we walk to my dorm room.

As excited as I am for this—I'm equally pissed off that I'm going to share Ivanna with Pierce, but also I don't have a choice.

This was all a setup. It's a part of the fucking game I agreed to play.

Did I know before I agreed to play that this was going to involve two people I cared about?

No, I didn't, but I feel like the shittiest person alive because of what I still have to do. All the text said was to bring the two people I care about most back to my dorm and wait for further instructions, so here we are now on the way there. I just pray whatever happens next won't ruin what I am building with her and that it doesn't hurt Pierce's career.

I couldn't tell him I knew it wasn't Silas.

I can't involve him in this mess. I just hope he can trust my word on it.

Entering my room, I flip on the light and walk into my bathroom, grabbing a towel for her and turning on the shower.

"I don't have any of those girly smelling soaps," I say, and she laughs.

"It's fine. No worries, Des. I'll be quick," she tells me, and I step out of the way and into my room as she closes the door behind me.

"You sure you're good with this? You don't seem as excited as you were when I had your dick down my throat," he says with a smirk.

"I'm more than good. I just hope she can handle us both. How far are we going to take this?" I ask, and he smiles.

“Oh, she’s a little masochist. I say full send.

” I really hate that he knows this about her and I didn’t.

Looking away from him, I open my closet and grab her a t-shirt.

Opening the drawer, I grab some rope, a few knives, and some other toys.

Walking out, I place everything down on my desk as my phone vibrates in my pocket. Taking it out, I read the message.

Unknown:

Funny you would choose those two as the ones you care about most. Since you’re used to being the man behind the camera, your next task is simple.

Now, record them while you control his every move.

Make her bleed. Deny him from finishing, and for the grand finale...

They both need to be tied to the bed, then they get 5 lashings each.

Split the skin and make them beg you to stop!

If you don’t complete the task, you will not like the outcome!

Me:

Understood.

The bathroom door swings open as steam bellows out. She steps into the room with a

towel wrapped around her body as water drips down her face from her soaked hair. A tinge of red trickles down her arm and I raise a brow.

“Why is there blood in your hair?” I ask, and she shakes her head.

“Don’t ask me questions tonight, and do you have a plastic bag for these clothes?”

“Give them to me; I’ll take them to the laundry, and they’ll be finished by the time we’re done,” I tell her.

“No thanks. I’ll take care of it later,” she says.

“Come on, Ivanna. I don’t mind,” I say, but she huffs in annoyance.

“I don’t want them to go to the laundry, Des. I need to fucking burn them,” she says, and my brows hit my forehead. That was not what I expected to come out of her mouth. Before I can question her, Pierce sits up with concern written all over his face.

“Vee, why do you need to burn your clothes?” he asks softly.

“Listen, if you both are going to question me all night, I’m out of here. I’ll find someone else to get me off,” she says, and I growl.

“Like fucking hell you will,” I spit, stepping into her space and ripping the towel from her sexy body, but she doesn’t shy away from me like I thought she would.

I look down at her perfect tits, licking my lips as I lift my hand, gliding my fingertips up her ribs and around the curve of her breasts.

Her breathing hitches as I bend slightly.

My lips are a feather away from hers as I pinch her nipple, causing her tits to bounce.

“Get on the bed, Ivanna,” I command, then turn to Pierce, who's watching the whole interaction.

“You!” I point. “Take off your clothes and get between her legs,” I order, and he nods, standing from the bed and removing his hoodie, then shoes and pants along with his boxers.

Ivanna walks over to the bed, and I slap her ass as she passes, then climbs on the mattress, crawling to the pillows seductively, looking over her shoulder as she does it.

My cock stirs in my jeans as I pop the button and undo the zipper before pushing them down my legs, removing them along with my boots and sitting down in my desk chair.

While they are distracted, I grab my phone, position it to face the bed, and press record.

Pierce climbs in front of her, flipping her onto her back and positioning himself between her legs.

She giggles, but her eyes collide with mine, and I smirk.

“Pretty Boy, eat her cunt!” I command as he slides down the bed, fusing his mouth to her clit.

She moans, arching her back, causing her perfect tits to bounce.

Grabbing my knife, I get up from my seat and slowly walk over to them.

Taking the blade, I glide the dull side over Pierce's ass and up his spine.

Watching goosebumps litter his skin, I flip the handle and do it again, digging the sharp end into his flesh.

Watching the line of crimson dot his spine has my dick hardening.

He groans as her legs tremble. I run my hand through the back of his hair, shoving his face into her core.

Her body convulses, but I lift his head and turn it towards me.

She whimpers, and I smirk. Bending down, I lick the wetness dripping down his chin.

"Mmm, she tastes delectable," I growl, releasing his face.

"She does, now can I get back to it?" he asks, and I nod.

"Add three fingers. Stretch her out. She needs to take us both," I say, and her eyes widen. "You think you can handle it, Spitfire?" I ask, gliding the knife over her mound and up her stomach, leaving a thin line against her ivory skin.

"Only one way to find out," she smirks.

"Thatta girl," I praise as I continue to make my way up her body, leaving little cuts along the way. "I should've known that you'd be into knife play," I say, spinning the tip of the blade on top of her nipple. She moans as Pierce laps her up.

"Yes, I love the pain, but I also love being the one to give it," she admits, which proves Pierce's earlier statement.

“Mmm, I like that, Spitfire. But my mind wonders how much pain you can truly take,” I whisper, bending down to suck the blood pooling on her hardened peak.

Her back arches as I swirl my tongue around her nipple, doing the same with my knife to the other.

Watching the blood pool, I smear it down her tits, loving the color red against her skin.

Her hand lifts and cups my hard cock, pumping my length as she moans from Pierce eating her wet cunt.

She tugs my boxers down, and I step out of them, getting on the bed and holding her hair while positioning her head where I need it.

“Open that dirty mouth and suck my cock, you fucking slut!” I growl as she opens and takes me down her throat. I tighten my grip, pulling her blonde hair roughly as I pump my hips, fucking her mouth with no remorse. Looking down at her, her eyes water the harder I thrust, causing her to gag.

“He loves when you gag,” Pierce tells her, then winks at me before sucking her little clit into his mouth.

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*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

“Mmm, I do. This fucking throat is so tight. Fuck, Ivanna. You make me want to choke the life out of you, then fuck your dead corpse,” I spit through gritted teeth.

Her mouth feels amazing. I take my knife and run the blade down her face gently, following the tears and spit falling from her face.

Digging the metal into her jaw a bit, she moans, which only tightens her throat, causing my legs to shake.

“Such a good girl, Ivanna,” I praise as I glide the blade down her neck, adding just enough pressure for the skin to break.

Her hips gyrate as she fucks his face while I fuck hers.

It’s such a gorgeous sight to see. Her laid out, letting us do as we please to her.

Fuck, it makes me want to cum already. Pulling her face off my cock, she pants, wiping her lips.

“Pretty Boy, lay on your back,” I command as he places a soft kiss against her swollen lips, then lays next to her on his back. “Good boy! Now, Spitfire, sink onto his cock,” I order, taking a step back to grab another blade and handing it to Pierce.

He smiles, and I bend down, sucking his bottom lip.

He grips my length, stroking me, and I growl as she grips my hair, pulling me away from Pierce only to bring us together for a kiss.



Our tongues swirl together, moaning as her hand finds my cock and they both stroke me, her thumb running over the tip making me hiss.

Pierce moans loudly as she sinks onto him.

I pull away and round the bed, climbing on it and sitting behind her and in between his legs.

He takes the knife and glides the metal all over her tits, and I take mine and cut into her shoulders and down her spine.

I reach around her and gather the blood that is seeping down her chest to coat my cock.

Pushing her back down towards his chest, I run my dick up and down her ass cheeks.

“Take a deep breath, Spitfire,” I tell her as I slowly shove my aching cock into her cunt alongside Pierce’s. Sinking into her inch by fucking inch, causing her to whimper.

“You’re doing so good, Vee. That’s it. Take a deep breath and push back against him,” he praises, gripping her hips as he guides her. A moan spills from his lips when he feels me stretching her as my cock runs alongside his.

“Mmm, so tight,” I groan, snapping my hips as he thrusts into her. She reaches around, wrapping her one hand around the back of my neck, pulling me towards her. I bite the side of her throat as my eyes collide with his. He bites his bottom lip as he pinches her nipple.

“Jesus, fuck. I feel so fucking full. Fuck!” she pants as her body quakes in my arms. Taking my knife, I slice into her torso while he cuts down her chest again. Blood

smears over my arms as we fuck her tight hole.

“Pretty Boy, you are not allowed to cum!” I order, and his brows dip.

“What the fuck, Des, I’m so fucking close. Feeling you next to me while she tightens this perfect pussy makes me want to nut so hard already,” he whines, but I shake my head.

“No cumming, Pretty Boy,” I tell him, reaching down, flicking her clit.

“Fuck! I’m going to cum!” she yells.

“That’s it, baby. Let me feel you soak our cocks,” I command. Her body dripping sweat the harder we thrust into her.

“Yes, just like that. Don’t stop. Please don’t stop,” she begs, as I thrust harder, flicking her clit faster.

“Shit, I don’t know if I can hold it any longer!” Pierce growls.

“Cum, Spitfire! Now!” I command, pinching her clit. She tightens around us as her whole body convulses.

“I–m–I–I…” She doesn’t finish the sentence as warm liquid floods us and drips onto Pierce’s lap.

I pull out roughly and lift her off of him, only to slam her back down on me.

I shove her face into his lap and pound into her brutally until I feel that familiar tingle rush up my spine, causing me to pull out and jerk my cock fast, spilling my load all over her messy cunt.

Taking a breath, I smear the tip of my dick against her tight hole and let her up.

She pants as Pierce seethes, staring at me with narrowed eyes. He sits up, grabbing her by the hips.

“Sit on my face, Vee. I have a mess to clean up!” he growls, not taking his eyes off mine, and I raise a brow.

He helps her climb up his body, then hovers over her mouth.

“Enjoy the show, asshole!” He winks as his tongue glides from her clit over her soaked cunt to her tight hole.

He sucks my cum from her ass, then spits it on her clit, only to lick it clean.

She moans, grinding herself on him. Walking next to them, I wrap my hand around her throat and force her to look at me.

“Do you like him cleaning our mess, Spitfire?” I ask, tightening my grip. Her eyes roll to the back of her head as she pants.

“Yes, so fucking much.”

“Good, now use his face and make yourself cum again. And don’t take your eyes off mine!

” I order. She licks her lips and sinks down on his face, rolling her hips as his fingers dig roughly into her luscious thighs.

“Yes, just like that, Ivanna. You’re such a good girl,” I praise as Pierce takes everything she’s giving him.

If it wasn't for this game, I'd climb between his legs and take his cock down my throat, but I can't.

Her sweet moans echo through the room as her body ripples with goosebumps.

She shivers as her hips move erratically, then I release her sexy throat and she screams her release, slowing down her pace.

She pants, trying to catch her breath, making me smile.

"Good girl, Spitfire," I praise again and take a deep breath, already regretting what I have to do next.

Walking around the bed, I grab the rope from my desk and look at them.

"Spitfire, lay next to Pretty Boy," I command, and she does just that.

Taking the rope, I tie his one hand to the bedpost, walk around the other side and tie her hand to the other, then take both of their hands and wrap the rope around them.

Stepping back, they both look at me with confused expressions.

"I have to do this! I wasn't given a choice," I tell them, and they still stare at me, panting, as I grab the whip from my desk and begin giving them their lashes. The leather flies through the air, landing on her stomach, causing her to cry out. I do the same to him, only he growls at me.

"Why are you doing this?" he asks, and I shake my head.

"Two," I grit, sailing the whip against her skin and then his, red welts littering their bodies.

“Please, Des, you don’t need to do this,” she cries, but I just keep shaking my head, hating that I have no choice. Hating that I’ll never be able to do this again to them because now the fun is tainted.

“Enough Desmond. This isn’t funny. Let me out!” he yells, thrashing against the rope.

“Three, four, five,” I yell, snapping the leather against them, watching as their skin breaks with each hit. My arms are already getting tired from how hard I’m hitting them. “I’m so sorry,” I whisper.

“Des, please. I can’t take it. You’re hurting me,” she cries out the more I hit her.

“Six, seven, eight,” I grit, hating myself the more I do this. This is one of the things I hate being done to me, and now look, I’m abusing the ones I care for. For what? Some sick, depraved fantasy shit on the dark web. I’m so disgusting.

“Please, Des. Stop. It fucking hurts. You don’t have to do this! Just stop!” she screams.

“Desmond. This is not fun, and it sure as fuck isn’t sexy,” he shouts, but I ignore his pleads and her sobs, begging me to stop.

“Nine, ten,” I pant, dropping the whip and falling to the floor.

“I’m so sorry. I’m so fucking sorry,” I cry, crawling over to the bed and untying Pierce’s hand, only for him to rear back and clock me in the face, sending me to the ground.

I can’t even get mad. I deserve that. I hurt them.

The two people I care about most. I lay on the floor, too embarrassed to move or say anything.

Her sobs break my heart, and it's all my fault.

Hearing the door close is like a nail in my coffin. They will never be able to forgive me for that. How can they when I can never forgive myself?

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

### The Gamemaker-Yearning For Her

Checkmate and those masked nimrods ruined my game tonight. Little Ivy was so close to completing her task for me. I wanted to watch her in action so bad, but to hear that she killed one of the masked men while in the middle of the game intrigued me.

Not too long ago, I was watching a live video of a man being murdered.

And while this torture—murder—scene was taking place, she was egging the killer on in the chat.

She was breathtaking. The words that she typed sent chills down my spine.

I wanted to know everything about her, so I did what I do best. I hacked into her IP address and found out exactly who she was.

Where she lives, where her favorite place to eat is, down to the shampoo she washes her gorgeous blonde hair with.

I had to know everything. What I didn't like were the men that surrounded her while I watched from near and far.

It was so easy to get to them. They all dabble in the dark web, keeping secrets to their depravity for my little eyes to see.

Silas needed to go, even if Checkmate helped with that one.

Too bad I've been throwing wrenches in the game this checkered fuck has been playing every chance I get.

At first, I didn't know who this famous "Checkmate" was, but listening to Ivy and her friends talk about this mystery person made me do my research.

I still don't know exactly who the person is behind the mask, but I can hack into their phone.

It's a burner, but I could still get right through their very intricate firewall. I haven't made my presence known just yet.

I will soon though because I'd love to play a little game with Mystery Checkmate.

He's gunning for these people when I'm simply just trying to get rid of the men surrounding Ivy.

I want her for myself. I want to play with her.

I want to breathe in her scent, feel her skin beneath my fingertips, and show her how to truly kill in the most artistic way possible.

Slow, painful, and bloody. Tonight's little event with Desmond and Pierce made my blood boil, but I needed it to happen.

She may enjoy pain, but the boy she's known her whole life whipping her even when she pleaded to stop is unforgivable, and that's all I need.

Another player down, two more to go. Then I'll take her and never look back. She's mine, even if I have to kill everyone.



*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Oliver Michaels-Sins Of A Mother

Walking out of the frat house to head to my mother's for a meeting, I'm stunned to see Pierce carrying a sobbing Ivy. What the fuck happened? Stepping towards him, he shakes his head.

"What happened?" I ask, but he ignores me. "Pierce, is she okay?" I ask again, and this time he stops and turns to me with a murderous look on his face.

"Why the fuck do you care? Just the other night you didn't want her in the house, and now, suddenly, you give a shit.

Get bent! Go back to the dorms where you belong!

" he spits, turning back around and walking into the house.

I take a deep breath and head for my car.

He's right. I shouldn't care, but I fucking do.

As much as I hate her, I want to be the one to hurt her, not someone else.

Being the star quarterback doesn't hold any power in that damn house.

Pierce runs shit since his daddy is the dean.

So even if a lot of my teammates live there, I have no say in anything that goes on

there.

Climbing into my blue Maserati, I push the button to start her up and reverse out of the driveway. Getting on the highway, I drive to my childhood house, dreading the conversation I need to have with my mother.

That tape I had to give to Beth to play at the party and upload to the college site still bothers me.

I didn't know what the video contained or how graphic it was.

I also didn't know she had it out for Katie, or maybe the Sinclairs.

That's one thing I'm going to find out tonight because that was beyond wrong of her to do.

Putting me in that situation pissed me off.

I had to fuck Beth to keep her fucking mouth shut after, apparently, Ivy kicked her ass, which I found hot as fuck.

The image that crept into my mind got me off while I was fucking the fake bitch.

Images of Ivy punching Beth in the face and threatening her really sent it home for me.

I'm pretty sure Beth knew who I was thinking about because Ivy's name spilled from my lips as I came long and hard, thankfully into a condom because I was not getting trapped by Beth Cleary. Ain't no mother fucking way.

The drive to my mother's is faster than I expected, and being so deep in my head, I

didn't even realize I was pulling through the gates and rounding the fountain to park.

Getting out, I flatten my black polo shirt.

God forbid I have wrinkles in anything I wear.

Stepping up the two steps, the door swings open and I am greeted by George, my mother's butler.

"Good evening, Sir. Your mother is in her office waiting for you," he informs me as I walk through the door.

Looking around the foyer, I stop at the round table in the middle of the room and lift the picture frame of my father and me from when I was five, right after I won my first touch football game.

He was so proud of me. We did everything together for as long as I can remember.

I was closer to him than I was to my mother.

She kept me at a distance, putting her business and career first. My father was a criminal lawyer, and a damn good one, but he never once missed a game or an opportunity to spend time with me.

Man, do I miss him. I'm shocked this is even still here.

My mother doesn't like to bring up my father unless it's to chastise me when I disobey her orders.

Placing the frame down, I round the table and walk down the marble hallway to her office.

Knocking first, I swing open the double doors and see her sitting at her desk.

She looks up at me and gestures for me to enter the room.

Shutting the doors behind me, I walk towards the desk and sit in the chair, waiting for her to acknowledge me more than with a fucking hand gesture.

I cross my legs and sit back, folding my hands in my lap as I wait.

Clearing my throat, she drops her pen and takes off her reading glasses as her eyes collide with mine.

“Well, you wanted me here, Mother, what can I do for you now? Sacrifice a child, or maybe a lamb?” I mock, but she doesn’t find me amusing.

“I see that you have obeyed my instructions. It’s about time. The plan worked exactly how I expected it to.” She smiles, making my stomach turn. She truly makes me sick with how vindictive she is.

“So was it Katie you were trying to expose?” I ask, but she shakes her head.

“Not quite. The reasoning behind my orders is not for you to know because, frankly, it’s none of your business. Let’s just say it needed to happen,” she tells me, but her answer isn’t good enough for me, so I lean my elbows against my knees and stare right into her dull brown eyes.

“So if not Katie, then the man raping a teenager? Was it really worth it to expose the others that were innocent in that?” I question, and she clutches her chest as if I hit her.

“Rape? That wasn’t rape. At least not in that video. Salvatore is a pedophile. He

deserves everything that is coming his way,” she spits.

“Even so. What does that have to do with you?” I ask, and she growls.

“It’s none of your business. Just drop it, Oliver!

” she demands, and I nod, taking a deep breath.

There’s more to this than what meets the eye.

My mother is young. She had me at seventeen and she’s in her late thirties now.

I don't know Sal's age. Him being much older than her makes me wonder if she’s also a victim of his depravity or if there’s something more that she’s hiding.

I go to say something, but she raises her hand.

“I said to let it go. You’re dismissed,” she says, waving me off. What was the point of tonight? Like, what the fuck?

“You made me come over here just to dismiss me? What was the real reason for me to come? I could’ve been doing other things, Mother!” I scold, and she rises to her feet, placing both fists on the desk, leaning towards me.

“Don’t question me, little boy. I was going to congratulate you for getting the job done, but I saw that Miss Cleary got the video taken down. That is unacceptable. Do you know why it was removed?” she asks, and I smirk.

“Ivy Bloodworth threatened her,” I counter, and her eyes widen for a fraction of a second, then narrow.

“She will need to be dealt with soon enough. I’ll be in touch on that front soon,” she tells me, and I shake my head.

“How do you even know the Bloodworths? You’ve never mentioned them before,” I say with a raised brow.

“Again, don’t question my motives. It’s of no concern to you. Now get back to the dorms. You have class tomorrow,” she orders, and I rise from my seat and exit the same way I came in. Fuck her and all of her secrets. I’m not doing shit for her anymore.

The next day I’m sitting in English Lit as the professor drones on about a book we are going to need to read and write a report on.

I really wish I could change classes, but this is one I have no choice but to take; plus, Ivy is sitting two rows below me.

I can smell her perfume from here and it's intoxicating. I adjust myself, sitting straighter in the seat, trying to act like I’m paying attention when I’m clearly not.

My focus is on the blonde, whispering to her friend, Everly.

I need to figure out a way to gain her attention and get her on my good side.

Suddenly, iced coffee spills all over my notebook, dripping down the desk.

“What the fuck?” I whisper yell at the guy next to me, trying to clean up the mess.

His eyes narrow at me before he apologizes profusely.

The cold liquid drips down the desk and onto my jeans.

I growl and get up from my seat, walking down the stairs and out of the room to get cleaned up.

How the fuck do you accidentally spill your coffee on the next desk? Like, what the fuck?

My phone pings as I walk towards the dorms to get a new pair of jeans. It looks like I pissed myself. Jesus Christ. Taking out my phone, I see it's from Beth. Opening, I read the message and smile.

Beth:

Tomorrow night is scavenger hunt night at the sorority. You down to play?

Me:

Absolutely. What time?

Beth:

10 p.m.

Me:

Bet. See you then.

Maybe going tomorrow will get me alone with Ivy? One can only hope.

*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Ivy-I Killed Who?

Getting back to the sorority house this morning, there's an invitation taped to my door for tonight's scavenger hunt.

We are expected to attend, blah blah blah.

Why did I join? Regret is setting in. I'm better off at the dorms. I'll never fit in here.

I'm not like these girls—like at all. Katie would've fit in much better, but me?

This is not what I wanted, but more so what's required of me.

“Follow in my mother's footsteps,” I say to myself mockingly as I chuck my phone on the bed along with the envelope and head for a shower.

After leaving Desmond's last night, Pierce brought me to his place.

I was in no condition to come back here without Everly and Millie questioning me, so I stayed with him and he put cream on all the marks that Desmond left.

I'm not sure what to think about all of that.

Am I pissed? Yes. Am I hurt? Again, yes.

Like, why would he do that? We were having such a fun time, and I'm not sure where it went wrong and why he felt the need to take it that far.



For now, I just don't want to speak with him.

I need time to process if I'm being honest. Too much is happening at once.

I feel like I don't have time to even catch my breath before the next tragedy strikes.

As if on auto-pilot, I get in the shower and do my thing.

Pierce was a complete gentleman, more than I ever thought he would be.

I guess I'm not used to men being nice to me without expecting something in return.

The nightmare I had woke him up and left me feeling embarrassed.

I literally bolted out of there. I felt so ashamed and vulnerable, but it didn't help that the dream seemed so real, like I was having an out-of-body experience and that it was happening in that very room.

Like, why would I have been there arguing with Katie? It makes no sense to me.

Finishing up, I turn the shower off and step out, grabbing a towel and wrapping it around my body.

I wince, feeling the cotton run against all the slice marks.

I want to kill him for what he did, but I need to move my ass or I'm going to be late for class.

I only have two today. English Lit and Psychology.

Getting ready in record time, I fly out of my room and down the hall to see if Millie

has left yet. I knock and turn the knob, but it's locked. Sighing, I go down the stairs and straight out the front door, not acknowledging the snickering going on as I leave. Fuck them bitches.

Taking a deep breath, I hop in my Range Rover and head to class.

I'll check on Millz later. I know she wants some space, but I need her to pull through.

She can't let this shit break her. She is already broken enough.

After her dad left all those years ago, I've watched my best friend go from a happy-go-lucky girl to a quiet, battered one.

We've asked her time and time again what the hell happened, but she's always been tight-lipped, and now we kinda know why.

She was being abused and not just her, but Desmond too.

It truly hurts my heart knowing that this was happening, and we didn't know.

I mean, we knew something was going on, but not that.

Definitely not that. I just thought she missed her dad and was having abandonment issues, but how wrong I was.

Pulling into the parking lot, I get out and head towards the school.

The hairs on the back of my neck stand on end, feeling eyes on me.

Looking around, I don't see anyone out of the norm, but that doesn't mean shit.

As I walk towards the building, whispers from students, along with some crying, have me on edge.

What the fuck is going on? My phone vibrates in my pocket and I take it out and see a message I've been dreading.

Checkmate:

Little Pawn, you've been a very bad girl.

Rolling my eyes, I open the door to the school and another message comes through.

Checkmate:

You will pay for your actions when the time is right. Just know that I know what you did and so will she.

What the fuck does that mean? Why is this idiot always so goddamn cryptic, like for christ's sake? My mind is whirling as I try to figure out what the texts mean, and I slam into a hard body, nearly falling back, but strong hands steady me. I look up and my eyes lock on the most gorgeous green-hazel eyes I've ever seen.

It's like looking at fresh cut grass exploding into orange flames licking up into the bright blue sky. Simply stunning, and I can't look away.

"Forgive me," he says, his voice deep and smooth like Tennessee whiskey. I blink, not knowing how to respond. "Are you alright? Did I hurt you?" he asks, and I shake my head.

"N-no. I'm fine. Sorry. I wasn't watching where I was going," I say, taking in his features. His high cheekbones and strong jawline, naked of facial hair, has me

reaching up to outline the dimple on his left cheek as he smiles.

“Hey, Ivy,” someone calls from down the hall, taking me out of the trance I was in. Immediately, I drop my hand and take a step back.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to do that,” I tell him, completely embarrassed, but his hands linger a moment longer before he lets go of my arms.

“It’s okay. Darlin’,” he says, causing a blush to creep up my cheeks. Jesus Christ.

“I-I,” I stammer and take off. I can’t believe I just touched him like that. And why the fuck was I stuttering? What the fuck? Who is he? My mind is a ball of mush by the time I get to English Lit.

Sitting in my seat, I place my head in my hands, trying to center myself and get my shit together, but the minute I look up, there he is walking through the doorway and climbing the stairs in black ripped jeans, combat boots, and a red t-shirt.

He winks at me as a single black curl falls across his brow.

Please don’t sit next to me, please don’t sit next to me.

I’ve already embarrassed myself enough for one day.

Letting out a breath as he passes me, I take out my laptop and get to work.

I need a distraction, and fast, because I can feel his eyes digging into the back of my head, forcing me to want to know him.

There’s this invisible pull, like a choke collar wrapped around my neck pulling me back by a leash, and the more I pull forward, the harder he pulls back.

But the thing is, I want him to pull harder, letting the bite of the prongs dig into my skin.

What the fuck? Why? I don't even know him.

Jesus. Get it together, Ivy. You have enough fucking issues for one girl to handle.

Let's not bring that tall drink of sexiness into your darkness. But he has darkness too, I can feel it. It's radiating from his flesh, seeking me out.

It's intoxicating. Why am I sitting here arguing with myself over a boy, I don't know? Why? Am I going crazy?

The professor finally walks in, thank god, and now I can get the distraction I need.

While the professor is going on and on about what we have to do for this semester's project, I hear a commotion behind me and then Oliver fucking Michaels is storming out of the room, slamming the door in his wake. I roll my eyes, hoping he gets splinters under every nail on his fingers and toes to where he cannot remove them. Asshole. Out of all the guys, he's the one that gets on my last fucking nerve.

I don't know what it is about him, but I just want to punch his face in again.

I'm not sure if it's because he was the last person I saw with Katie or if it's something deeper than that, but I don't want to find out.

If he just stays out of my way, I'll stay out of his. It's pretty fucking simple.

The bell rings and I pack my stuff up and head to the mess hall to grab a drink and hopefully hide in the library. I really don't want to deal with people today.

The day flies by and I'm finally back at the sorority house laying in my bed.

My door swings open to a crying Millie. Bolting out of bed, her body collides with mine, and I wrap my arms around her tightly.

"What happened?" I ask as she sobs into my chest. Everly walks in and shuts the door behind her.

"Someone going to tell me what the fuck is going on?" I yell, and Everly hiccups, wiping her eyes.

"Someone found Warren dead at Whitestone Lake; he'd been stabbed multiple times," she informs me, and my eyes widen. What the fuck? No? It can't be.

"What?" I say because I'm at a loss for words.

"He was found this morning, face down on the shoreline. At first, they were going to blame the urban legend, but the stab wounds tell a different story," she hiccups.

"Holy shit. Millie, I'm so sorry," I tell her, squeezing her tighter.

I didn't know it was Warren that I killed.

Why would they leave the body? But why don't I feel an ounce of remorse?

I killed my best friend's boyfriend. She lifts her head to look at me, and I wipe the tears from her eyes. "It will be okay, babe."

"Who would do such a thing? He was a good person. We had so much fun together and now he's g-gone. I'm never going to see him again. God, this is so fucked up," she sobs. I cup her face and look into her green eyes, the same color as her brother's.

“They will find his killer. Justice will be served. I’m so sorry you have to go through this, Millz.

It’s not fair.” I feel like a coward lying to her.

But if she knew he was playing the game and tried to rape me, would she be mad about what I did?

I wasn’t the one who made the first stab, though.

I’m pretty sure the other masked man’s wound would’ve sufficed, but of course, I couldn’t help myself as usual.

“We still have to do this stupid fucking scavenger hunt. Beth doesn’t give a fuck that Warren is dead. ‘The show must go on,’ were her exact words,” Everly states.

“She’s such a cunt. She needs to get off her high horse before I make my threat a goddamn promise,” I spit. Millie raises her head and smiles.

“I want in on that. I fucking can’t stand her,” she laughs.

“Oh, my little Mildred is blood thirsty tonight, aye?” I mock, and she laughs harder. I haven’t heard her do that in a long time.

“I agree with this plan,” Everly chimes in.

“Okay, then tonight, during this scavenger game, let’s go hunting,” I say, and both of their eyes widen. “Jesus, not to actually kill her, but let’s fuck with her. Fuck it.” I shrug.

“I can get behind that,” Everly says, and Millie nods.

“Yep. I’m down,” she adds.

“Alright. We play by her rules, but once we have everything we need for the game, we split up and corner her. Make her squeal like a little pig,” I suggest, and they both nod with sinister smiles on their faces.

“For Warren,” Millie says.

“For Warren,” me and Everly say in unison.

Fuck it. Maybe I will take it just a step further tonight and really make her beg for mercy.



*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

### Checkmate-The Missing

Tonight, another pawn will go missing. I was going to leave the others alone and just test Ivy more, but this new player thinks he can just take over the game and hurt the ones I'm after.

But why? Does he know what they did years ago?

What they were involved in? This goes so much deeper than just a murder.

This stems from secrets and lies that were told and devastated the parties involved.

Did they think they were going to get away with it?

Covering it all up and placing the blame on others.

I saw what they did. I was there. I felt it all.

Blood is literally all over every single one of their hands.

My phone pings as I walk down to the river's edge, listening to the water softly hitting the rocks. I look to my right, seeing the sun is just about to set in the distance as the black iron gate comes into view. She was so close the other night.

Am I pissed she killed Warren, one of my star players?

Meh. I just wanted to see how far she was willing to go, if she would've done

everything I'd instructed.

I wanted her naked and restrained on my table while I let men who paid top dollar to slice into pretty girls and make them beg for mercy.

What I really want is for the men she keeps close to her to be the ones masked and surrounding her while they torture her body and assault every hole she has until she can't take it anymore.

Until she's broken with nothing left to give and then, and only then, would I allow them to take her life, but she dodged a bullet that night.

That second masked man wasn't one of my players.

I'm not sure who he was, but he saved her, and that's what makes me irate.

I was so close, but yet so far away. My phone pings again, taking me out of my thoughts.

Unknown:

Hello, Mr. Checkers. I'd like to introduce myself. I'm the Gamemaker. Wanna play a game?

Interesting.... I'll bite, but the other phone vibrates in my pocket and I take it out, reading the text I've been waiting for.

Pawn3:

It's done.

Me:

Bring her to 3333 Lakeside Dr. Place her on the doorstep and leave. Be sure to have the mask I left in your car in place. You'll receive your reward upon job completion

Pawn3:

Understood.

Let the games begin.

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*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Desmond Sinclair-Piano Strings

Slamming my fingers down on the keys, I growl.

I can't center myself. Not since last night.

The darkness swimming inside me has taken me under, and I can't seem to crawl out of it.

Not this time. I haven't reached out to either of them.

They probably hate me, and I don't blame them.

After they left, I sobbed on the floor like a bitch for a while until I got up and took the whip and punished myself for what I did.

I tore into my flesh like never before, hoping to feel better.

But it didn't. I made sure to make myself bleed and poured salt water over my wounds, but I still couldn't shake the feeling of emptiness and guilt.

I wanted to run after them and tell them how sorry I was and explain why I had to do it, but I'm a coward.

Sal's right. I'm nothing but a piece of shit, like my father.

Useless human being that's only good for one thing.

I almost went to him—to force him to dole out my punishment.

But again, I'm a coward, so instead, I crawled into my bed and went to sleep.

When I woke up, I prayed it was all a dream, but reality hit me when I saw the toys and watched the video.

I'm a fucking monster. I barely recognized myself.

There's truly no excuse for the pain I caused.

So now, I'm here in the music room hoping the music my fingers create will get me out of the darkness, but nothing is helping, and I'm not sure what will.

My phone beeps in my hoodie, and I take it out. My eyes widen when I see an email letting me know a location has been found for Silas's phone. Frantically, I swipe to the app to see his location, my fingers moving too slowly.

Getting up from the bench, I shut off the lights and exit the room to head back to my dorm.

I need my computer so I can navigate the app better before I go to him.

If only I had the pin to Silas's workroom, then I could grab some weapons.

I really wish I had a connection to the River kids.

I ruined that when I never showed up to pick up the new identities I ordered for Laura and I.

Their family would go in there guns blazing and not think twice about it.

They are the most powerful family on the east coast and not a family you want to mess with.

I've heard stories through the years about them.

Hazel is batshit. I've met her a few times at parties.

She's gorgeous but lethal. Her brother, Prince, was dating Embry Cyprus, another family you don't want to fuck with.

Pierce picks up from Bishop, Embry's twin brother, and he's been pining after Hazel for years.

Then you have Preston Rivers, the youngest of the three.

He seems like the most levelheaded one. Pretty sure he's gay but hasn't come out yet.

Rumors, I suppose. Wait... there is the Fatal Five, but I haven't spoken to Kingston in a long time.

We lost contact after his father went to jail and his mom made him move.

Fuck! I guess I'm going to have to do this on my own and pray that I can get us out in one piece.

Finally arriving back at my dorm, I cue up my laptop, reach into my mini fridge and grab a drink.

Guzzling it down, I wait for the screen to light up.

Taking the mouse, I move it around and click where I need to be.

Maximizing my screen, I zoom in, and low and behold, Silas's location. Not too far from here.

Grabbing a pen, I write down the coordinates and look them up. My brows furrow at the screen. It looks like he's in the middle of the woods in some cabin-like house. Changing the view, I try to get a better look, but there are too many trees and overgrown bushes.

Sitting back in my chair, I open up another screen and type in the address.

Hopefully, I can gather as much information on the property as I can before I go in there blind.

The house is abandoned and has been for at least three years.

It was sold to a developer. Not any developer, but—what the fuck?

“Andrews on top of Jay's death.

He blames himself even if we all know it wasn't his fault.

Getting into the truck, I turn it on and take out my phone, shooting Ivanna a text.

Me:

I know you hate me right now, but I found Silas. I'm leaving the university to go get him. I'll let you know once we're safe.

Opening up the GPS, I plug in the address and place my phone on the dashboard.

Pulling out of the parking lot, I get on the highway, and pray he is okay and alone.

I'm going into this completely blind, but I don't have a choice.

There's no one to call for backup. Even if I didn't do what I did to Pierce last night, I still wouldn't have called him. If this was a different scenario, Silas is who I would call, and it was the same for him. Time and time again, we beat the shit out of guys who messed with the girls and those who owed him money. He knew I didn't care about getting my hands bloody.

I'd rather throw down with my fist than with a weapon.

Silas and Jay were my best friends, the only friends I had.

The only ones who knew what Sal was doing to me.

So many times I had to beg them, especially Silas, to not go to my house and kill my stepfather.

Why I protected him all these years is beyond me. I'll just blame it on the trauma.

Twenty minutes pass by, and I'm so deep in my head that I don't realize I've arrived.

Parking down the dirt road, in the brush of overgrown trees and woods, I turn off my headlights, leaving the truck running just in case I need to get out of here quickly, and get out into the night.

All I hear is the crickets chirping and the leaves crunching under my boots.

Putting my hood up, I take my pistol from the back of my jeans and slide it into the front of my hoodie, next to the knife, while I walk down the dirt path. The night seems so still—so silent. It creeps me out not knowing what the hell I am walking into.



As I walk further, the dimly lit abandoned house comes into view, and I grip the gun, switching the safety off.

There's no cars in the circular dirt driveway, and I don't see any movement from inside.

Instead of walking up the front steps, I walk around the side and peek into the first window.

Nothing but cream-colored sheets covering an array of furniture with no signs of anyone being inside.

I continue to walk and look into the next window and see a dining room table with plate settings in front of each chair.

But still no sign that there's anyone here.

Making it around the back, I climb the two wooden steps to the back door and turn the knob.

Taking a deep breath, I push it open slowly, trying not to make any noise, but the door creaks loudly, and I wince.

Sliding inside, I shut it behind me and notice the kitchen is filled with black mold and peeling paint.

Shoving my hoodie up and over my nose, I quickly move out of there and step into the hallway.

It's an open concept. The dining room and living room are one enormous room to my left and to my right is another sitting room along with three doors.

From looking at the plans to the house, it's two bedrooms with a single bathroom.

No upstairs and no basement. As I stand in the hall, something is telling me that this was too fucking easy.

Something just doesn't seem right. If Silas was here being held captive, why wasn't there anyone else here?

Why is it so quiet? Wouldn't he be struggling to get out?

Or screaming for help? My mind whirls with all different possibilities, but there's only one way to find out.

Opening one door, I see it's a bathroom.

Stepping back, I shut the door and head a few feet to the next room, but the hairs on the back of my neck stand as if someone is watching me.

I grasp the handle of my gun as I whip around, pointing the gun aimlessly, but nothing is there.

Then I hear a creak behind me and spin back around, but again, nothing is there.

"Ha, ha, ha," a sinister laugh echoes around me. I whip around again but still see nothing.

"Who's there?" I shout, but I catch movement in my peripherals and shoot as the laughing continues.

"Poor little rat caught in a trap. Whatever will you do?" the robotic voice says. I turn in the direction it's coming from and see a tall figure standing at the opposite end of

the hallway, so I shoot, bullet after bullet after bullet, until the figure stumbles back, falling to the ground.

“Fuck you, asshole!” I growl as I step closer to the unmoving body.

Bending down, I reach for the mask and pull up, but suddenly something sharp and strong wraps around my neck, forcing me backwards.

I drop the gun and reach for my throat as I choke.

The metal is so thin, and then I realize it’s piano wire.

I thrash wildly, trying to connect with something, but the person just pulls tighter, causing my eyes to bulge and my chest to cave in.

Losing my balance, I fall on my ass, trying to set myself free, but he’s pulling so fucking tight.

I feel my skin rip and the burn of the metal against my skin.

“Dying by the instrument you love the most is truly bittersweet, Desmond Sinclair. I told you Silas was mine, and now, so are you,” the voice laughs from behind me as the room spins.

Darkness seeps into my vision as my lungs beg for a breath that never comes.

This is it. Checkmate fucking won, and the last sound I hear is Laura’s sweet voice calling me home.

### Ivy-Ants & Wine

After devising somewhat of a plan, we meet downstairs to get our list for the scavenger hunt. Standing around in the foyer, Beth yells out names while her minions, Heather and Sienna hand us our cards. Looking at the list, I'm left confused.

"Alright ladies, we are doing things a little differently tonight. As you can see, hopefully you all can read," she chides, and I roll my eyes.

Cunt bag. "Instead of hunting for items, you will be hunting for a certain someone in which you both will complete the list with photo proof. There are clues to finding where your partner is. Have fun ladies," she giggles, and I want to shove a knife right through her voice box. God, she pisses me off.

"That's it? That's all the information we're going to get? She's such a fucking bitch!" Millie growls. There's my girl. I need her to channel that anger and push it out into the universe instead of taking it like a pussy.

"We need to find a way to see where she is going to meet her partner," I say as Everly looks at Millie's list, then looks at mine.

"It seems like the guys are waiting in the woods. So I assume we will all be heading in the same direction," Everly states, and I nod.

"Alright. We need to get her before she finds her guy. That's the only way the plan will work," I suggest, and they both nod.

“This list is fucking stupid. Where the fuck am I supposed to find a used condom?” Everly asks, and I laugh.

“Lord help us,” I say as most of the girls file out the back door, heading for the woods.

“We don’t want to get too close to her, but not far enough away that we lose sight of her bitch ass either,” I tell them.

“What if we split up?” Millie suggests.

“We don’t even know where the fuck we’re going. All I know is that my guy will be wearing a neon blue mask,” Everly states.

“Mine is pink,” Millie adds. Looking down at mine, I roll my eyes.

“Red is my color,” I tell them, and they laugh.

“You know she did this shit on purpose. I bet we all got some fucking frat guy. Yuck!” Everly gags.

“Oh, I know this was a setup. This is her only way to get back at me for embarrassing her in front of the whole sorority. So I fully expect some jackhole to be underneath the mask,”

“That shit was funny, though. She deserved it. Fuck her,” Everly spits.

“I missed it because I was too busy crying over my rapist stepfather, and she didn’t even give a shit,” Millie says.

“You didn’t forget the ants, right?” I ask, and she smiles.

“They are in my hoodie. Don’t you worry,” she tells me, and I grin. Nothing like some fire ants to make her scream.

We walk into the woods and down the path, following behind the giggling idiots in front of us.

A few split off in different directions but not Beth—she keeps taking the path all the way down until it hits the lake.

We hide in the woods as she takes her phone out to make a call, but she whispers into the phone and I can’t make out what she is saying, then she hangs up and makes a left down the shoreline.

“You guys ready to do this?” I ask, and Millie’s face goes stark white.

“I-I’m not sure anymore. What if we get caught?”

“Yeah, we don’t need to get into any more trouble this semester.”

“You guys were all for it twenty minutes ago. Now you’re chickening out? Give me the ants and go play the game. I’ll take care of it,” I snap. Millie sighs, giving me the ants.

“I’m sorry, Ivy, I just can’t,” she says, then takes off in the opposite direction.

“It’s fine. I’ll do it.” I roll my eyes as Everly looks at me with a concerned look on her face.

“Be careful, please. We’ll meet up after the game,” she says, and I nod. She takes off into the woods and I walk along the shoreline, following Beth.

A twig snaps behind me and I whip around toward the sound but see no one. When I turn back around, Beth is in my face.

“Why the fuck are you following me? Go play the game and mind your fucking business.,” she growls, and I laugh.

“I’m really sick and tired of your shit, Beth. That mouth is going to get you killed one day,” I warn as her eyes widen in fear and she clutches her chest.

“Are you threatening me again?” she asks, and once again, I laugh.

“I have something for you,” I tell her, taking out the plastic tub of ants.

I remove the lid and pour them over her head.

“Have fun, bitch!” I smirk as she screams, thrashing her arms around, trying to get the ants off of her.

“You’re lucky I didn’t throw fucking acid at you.

That’s what you deserve for being a selfish, insensitive cunt rag! ” I spit as she continues to scream.

Another twig snaps, so I turn my neck slightly to the right and see a figure standing a few feet behind me, dressed in all black with a neon red mask covering his face. He steps closer and tilts his head at me like the man who saved me the other night.

“Don’t mind her. She thinks a spider is on her,” I laugh as he looks at me, then at her, not amused by the situation.

He reaches into his pocket, retrieving something, and that's when I see the glint of

metal shining against the moonlight.

He takes a step towards me, and I move an inch back, but he shakes his head.

“I’m not here to hurt you, Darlin’, but I can’t stand her voice.

Would you like to hurt her together?” he asks, and I’m stunned into silence.

Where do I know that voice? And why do I want to do exactly what he’s asking?

I nod my head, and he places his hand out for me to take.

“Don’t be frightened. I’ve already watched you kill before. I want to do it again,” he states.

“You were the man who saved me the other night?” I ask, and he nods.

“Yes, but I’m no savior, Darlin’,” he admits, making me blush.

“Shall we?” he asks, and I melt, letting him lead the way while Beth is still flailing all around screaming her head off because of the ants biting her.

A smile spreads across my face as we approach her, and he hands me his knife.

“Ladies, first,” he says, stepping behind her, grabbing her arms and holding them behind her back.

I walk up to her and run the blade from her belly button up her torso and over her breastbone.

“This is what you deserve, Beth,” I whisper, digging the tip of the blade underneath



her chin.

“Please, p-please don’t do this. I won’t tell anyone,” she begs, and I laugh.

“Right! That’s what they all say.”

“Just let me go,” she yells, thrashing in the man's arms.

“We’re running out of time, Darlin’. Finish her,” he orders, and I grin.

“With pleasure,” I answer as I take the knife, spinning it in my hand, and with one swift movement, I slice across her neck, feeling the skin and tendons snap underneath the blade.

Blood sprays across my face as she chokes.

He then releases her, and she drops to her knees, gripping her throat as she suffocates on her own blood.

Taking the knife again, I whirl it in the air, flipping it blade side down and sending it right through her skull. Twisting it, I force it down to the hilt. Looking up at him, our eyes collide as he reaches down, pulling her head back as far as it will go.

“Hold her right here,” he orders, and I do what I am told.

He lifts his boot from the ground and stomps on the handle of the knife, forcing it in a downward motion, cracking the rest of her skull open, and pulling the handle from the back of her neck.

I shiver in anticipation of what will happen next as he brings the soaked metal to his lips, lifting the mask and licking the blade. Why is that so fucking hot?

He grips the back of my neck, pulling me towards him, and I open my mouth when he brings the blade for me to lick the crimson from the metal. Before I can even swallow the liquid down, his lips are on mine, and I moan.

Gripping his hoodie, I bring him closer to me as his hands slide from my neck down to the back of my thighs and he lifts me to wrap my legs around his waist. Our tongues swirl together as we explore each other's mouths.

He groans into mine as I dig my nails into the back of his neck. He pulls back, cupping my face.

“You’re gorgeous covered in blood,” he breathes, sucking my bottom lip.

“You taste even better than I imagined.” Then he kisses me again, and the world stops around us.

I no longer hear the crickets chirping or the screaming in the distance.

It’s just me and the masked man with a voice I know, but can’t think straight long enough to remember.

He pulls away again and places me on my feet. I raise a brow in confusion.

“Why’d you stop?” I ask, and he takes off his mask, revealing his gorgeous face and those eyes I saw earlier today. Holy shit! Now I realize that he called me Darlin’ this morning, and he was the man from the other night. Holy fucking shit!

“Trust me, I’m only getting started, but I need you to see me. Not some man behind a mask,” he states, and I smile.

“I like the mask, though, but your eyes are hypnotizing,” I tell him, and he smiles as I

bring my blood-coated fingers to his cheek and outline his dimple.

“Are you going to run again like you did this morning?” he asks, and I shake my head.

“No, not this time,” I admit, and he grabs my waist, pulling me towards him as he bends down, capturing my lips again.

This time, feverishly like he can’t get enough of me.

I slide my hands underneath his hoodie, feeling his warm skin under my fingertips, but also the weight of the knife in his pocket.

I dig my nails into his chest, making him growl into my mouth.

He pulls away again, causing me to whine.

“Come on, we gotta get out of here before someone sees us,” he says, and I nod as he grabs my hand, leading us away from Beth’s dead body. We walk hand in hand, deeper into the woods for a few minutes before coming to the clearing.

My eyes widen in shock at the sight before me. Holy shit!

### Ivy-Obsession

“This is where you were supposed to meet me,” he states as I take in the scene.

Little tea light candles flicker on top of a blanket. There's a basket and a bottle of wine on one end and a bunch of pillows on the other. How fucking romantic is this?

“You did all this? For me?” I ask as he looks down at me with a smile across his face.

“I did, just for you. The game was lame, and I thought you deserved an evening in the woods with a complete stranger who will cater to your every need,” he confesses.

“Wow, no one has ever done something like this for me before. Did you do this just to get in my pants?” I laugh, but he stops dead in his tracks, spinning me to face him. He takes both hands and cups my face, forcing me to look up at him.

“No, Darlin’, as much as I would love to feel your skin against mine, I just wanted to spend time with you.

Hear you laugh, see you smile, smell your intoxicating scent, and just be near you,” he whispers before placing a gentle kiss against my lips.

He’s fucking perfect. I can’t stop staring at him.

How did I get so lucky? I’m not sure I even deserve all this.

“But how did you know it would be me that was picked for you tonight?” I ask,

genuinely curious.

“I set it up myself,” he says with an air of confidence.

“I see.”

“Do you not like this?” he asks, and now it’s my turn to press my lips against his.

“It’s perfect. I love it. Thank you,” I whisper, and there's that dimple again. He steps back and takes my hand, leading me towards the pillows. I sit down and lean back as he opens the bottle of wine, pouring us a drink. He hands me mine and clinks the glasses together.

“Cheers, Darlin’,” he says and takes a sip. I follow suit, then place the glass next to me. “So, ask me anything,” he states, getting comfortable next to me on the pillows. I lift my head and place it on his chest, listening to his pounding heart.

“Your heart is beating a mile a minute,” I say, and he laughs.

“That’s because of you. I didn’t think you’d actually stay. I thought you would’ve ran, but you keep surprising me,”

“I’m not like other girls. I don’t scare easily,” I admit, and he nods.

“Oh, I know, Darlin’. You are definitely a diamond in the ruff,” he praises, and a blush creeps up my cheeks. I’m not used to all the nice comments, so this is a breath of fresh air.

“What’s your name, and how come I’ve never seen you before?” I ask, as his hand snakes around my waist. His fingers toying with the seam of my jeans.

“Kellen Blackwood. I’m new this semester. I started a few weeks ago but changed classes recently. Hence why you saw me in English Lit today,” he says.

“Oh, do you live in the area, or are you staying in the dorms?”

“I have an apartment off campus. I’m not big on people.”

“I get that. I have a few friends, but I usually keep to myself,” I say, and he laughs.

“Or surround yourself with idiots,” he mocks, and I slap his stomach.

“Hey, I don’t know what idiots you are referring to, but the only real asshole I know is Oliver. I’m sure you heard all about him,” I laugh, rolling my eyes, and he grunts.

“The quarterback rich kid who thinks he’s a god?” he snarls.

“Yep, that would be him.”

“I spilt my iced coffee on him this morning,” he laughs, and I pick my head up to look at him.

“You what?” I laugh, and he smiles, bringing his other hand up to tuck a piece of hair that fell behind my ear.

“He kept staring at you and I didn’t like it,” he admits, and my eyes widen.

“You did that for me?” I asked, shocked.

“Yes, Darlin’,” he growls as he pulls me on top of him, bringing my face down to his.

“I’m obsessed with you, Ivy. I didn’t like the way he narrowed his eyes at you, like

he wanted to hurt you, which will never happen on my watch.

I will kill anyone that harms one fucking hair on your head,” he spits, and I feel his cock hardening underneath me.

“Damn, Kellen. You really know how—” his lips cut my words off as he sucks my bottom lip into his mouth.

“Say my name again,” he commands as his hands grip the bottom of my hoodie, lifting it over my head.

“Kellen,” I pant as we stare at one another for a minute, before he shreds my tank top from my body and shoves his face between my tits.

“I love hearing my name drip from your lips. Say it again,” he begs as his arms snake around my back, unclipping my bra. His fingers pull the straps down my shoulder, letting my breast spill from the cups. “Fucking perfect,” he whispers, taking a nipple into his mouth.

“Yes, Kellen, yes,” I whimper as my hips rock against him. Suddenly, he flips me onto my back, laying me gently against the pillows. His mouth finds mine again and then licks down my neck and chest, taking a nipple between his teeth as his finger flicks the other.

“Jesus,” I moan as he kisses down my stomach, biting my belly button as his hand undoes the button on my jeans, pulling down the zipper. I lift my hips, letting him take my pants and thong off.

“Your body is enthralling, Ivy. Every dip, every curve drives me wild,” he groans, taking the glass of wine beside him and tipping it over my belly button.

The liquid pools and drips down my sides and hips as he brings his mouth to my skin, sucking, licking and biting everywhere the wine touches.

Arching my back, I moan as he blows against my clit, causing my body to shiver. I want his mouth on me so fucking bad, but he bites my inner thighs as his fingers pull and pinch my nipples.

“Kellen, fuck. You haven’t even touched me, and I want to cum already. Holy shit,” I whimper as he continues to play with my nipples, blowing on my clit and inhaling my scent.

“You smell like sin and poison. I have to taste you, Darlin’,” he growls as his nose runs up and down my slit. I moan, widening my legs and thrusting my pelvis, hoping he will just eat my pussy already.

“Do you want me, Ivy?” he asks, and I nod.

“Yes, take me. Please Kellen,” I beg.

“Once I do this, There is no escaping me,” he warns, but I don’t care. I just want more.

“Yes, yes,” I beg again as his mouth licks my clit, causing my body to jolt. He does it again and again, sucking, licking, and biting. My legs tremble as he slides two fingers into me, causing me to groan loudly at how good he fucking feels.

“You’re drenched for me, Darlin’, I fucking love it.” He growls, shoving his face between my legs while pumping his fingers in and out of me. I scream my release and gush all over his face while my body convulses beneath him.

“Fuck, shit. Fuckkkkk Kellen,” I whimper as my body shakes uncontrollably. He



looks up at me with a grin and climbs up my body.

“That was hypnotizing. I want to do it again,” he smirks, then sucks my bottom lip into his mouth, running the tip of his tongue against my soft skin.

I reach down and unbutton his jeans, using my feet to pull them over his hips.

He leans back, taking his cock in his hand and slaps my clit, running it up and down my soaked core.

God, I want him inside me already. He pulls back, looking down at me.

“You deserve to be worshiped in a bed, not in the middle of the woods. Can we finish this at my place?” he asks, and I nod.

“Yes, please,” I answer as he tucks himself away and grabs my clothes, helping me get dressed. I grab my bra and snap it back in place as he hands me my hoodie, pulling it down over my head.

“Ready?” he asks, placing his hand out for me to grab. Once I’m on my feet, he wraps his arms around me, placing a kiss on my forehead. “We might not get any sleep tonight. You good with that?” he asks, and I smile.

“More than good with it,”

He holds my hand, leaving the picnic behind as he navigates us out of the woods and around the side of the sorority house to the front where his black lifted Dodge Ram is parked along the road.

He opens the door and lifts me up by my hips as I grip onto the handle, pulling myself into the seat.

Shutting the door,he rounds the front and climbs in, turning her on.

The engine roars to life, and we take off into the night.

As we drive, I try not to think about anything else going on but him.

I don't want to think about any of the guys or that I just killed my sorority sister.

I want to shut everything off for once and enjoy the night.

Maybe even let myself feel everything he has to offer and hopefully I won't feel so dead inside.

"Kellen, mmm, d-don't stop," I moan as he slows his pace. His cock stretching me from the mere size of him.

"Never, Darlin' You're so tight. I don't ever want to stop," he says, biting his bottom lip as he pulls all the way out, only to slam back into me.

I tighten around his thick length, causing him to growl as I dig my nails into his back, leaving scratch marks against his skin.

He sucks my neck, biting into my flesh, marking me all over my chest while his fingers roughly press into my thighs.

He takes the small chain that's attached to clamps, biting my nipples into his mouth and tugs it towards him.

My back lifts from the bed as it arches, wanting him to pull harder at the chain.

"Fuckkkkkk, Kellen," I whimper as he licks down my stomach and roughly pulls the

chain up as the clamp bites into my needy clit.

Pain laces through me while he slams into my cunt, hitting his pelvis bone against the clamp.

I quiver with each thrust and tighten around him as I roll my hips.

We both are dripping with sweat while edging each other to climax, only to slow the pace when we get too close. Listening to his sounds of pleasure only eggs my orgasm on. I love how lost I am with him and I wish I could stay like this forever.

“Look at me,” he commands, and my eyes snap to his.

“You’re mine. Once I fill you, there is no going back.

You try to leave and I will chase you,” he growls, slamming into me harder and harder.

I’m not sure how much longer I can do this before I lose my mind.

I want to cum so fucking hard. “Say it! You’re mine.

All fucking mine!” he spits as my eyes roll in the back of my head.

“Say it now, or I won’t let you cum. I can feel how close you are.

Just one little tug and I’ll have you a shaking mess beneath me, but I also can stop it all,” he threatens, continuously pounding into me.

“Fuck. Yes, Kellen. I’m yours. Now claim me!

” I smirk as his eyes widen for a split second before they darken into lust and desire.

I wrap my legs around his waist, meeting him thrust for thrust. Pulling him down, I suck his bottom lip into my mouth, biting down into his flesh and sinking my teeth into him.

He growls, but I don’t let go. I tighten around his length, forcing him to fuck me faster, harder as I scratch down his back, roughly marking him as mine.

Releasing his lip, I wrap my hand around his throat and he smiles as he lifts my hips and pulls at the chains so roughly my vision goes white, momentarily blinding me as my body shakes uncontrollably.

My orgasm flows intensely through me and I shatter around his cock, soaking him as he roars his release.

He slams into me so brutally, like he’s fucking the darkness out of him and into me.

A wave of emotions hit me, making me want to cry at how perfect this man is for me. How much I want to do this again almost immediately, and how I don’t want this to end? But I know all good things end, and this was nothing but sex. Why would a gorgeous man like him want a fucked up girl like me?

“Hey, Darlin’, come back to me. Look at me,” he commands as tears spring in my eyes. I refuse to let them drip down my cheeks, so I don’t blink. I don’t move a muscle. “Did I hurt you?” he asks, and I shake my head, looking away. “Ivy, look at me. Where did you just go?”

“I just don’t want this to end, Kellen. I know we just met, but there’s this pull that I don’t understand or know how to explain. But I like it, and I don’t want it to go away,” I confess, and he smiles.

“I feel it too, Ivy. It's been there since the moment I laid eyes on you at the lake, then when I touched your skin at the university. I knew then I needed to have you. All this,” he looks down at our entwined bodies, “is a perk. I just want to be with you, and I want you to get to know the real me,” he confesses, and I let the tears fall.

He leans in and licks each one from my skin.

“No crying, Darlin’, you look so fucking sexy right now.

Your hair is a mess. Mascara running, red marks littering your perfect ivory skin, and these chains.

Jesus, Ivy... You feel my cock getting hard again.

I’m not sure I can let you leave this bed like ever again.

” He grins, rocking into me slowly. Reaching up, I wrap my arms around his neck, pulling him down to me.

“Maybe, I don’t want you to let me leave,” I breathe against his lips.

“Is that right?” he answers with a tinge of that southern drawl he has.

He captures my lips in a searing kiss that makes me feel like this isn’t real life and we are floating on a bed of clouds, but I’m not complaining. I stay in the moment, not letting the darkness creep in anymore tonight. I embrace the light Kellen is, and hold on for dear life.

Eventually, everything will come crumbling down and reality will set in. Let’s see if he actually stays when things get rough, or was this all a part of the scavenger hunt, and once again, I’ve been played.

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*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Ivy-All Alone

Watching the sunrise while riding Kellen's cock was absolutely the most romantic experience I've ever had.

We simply couldn't keep our hands off of one another. Not during our shower, eating breakfast, getting dressed, or driving me back to the sorority house. After exchanging numbers and promising to text later that evening, he kissed me goodbye with strict instructions to rest and not make plans tonight. He wants to take me out to dinner, then work on our English Lit projects. The man is swoon worthy, and I still don't know if this is truly reality, or am I stuck in some fantasy world?

Laying in my bed, I grab my phone from the nightstand and text the girls in our group chat. I'm a little worried that I haven't heard from either of them and it's already past noon.

Me:

Give me all the deets. Who ended up being the chosen ones?

The three little bubbles pop up but then disappear. That's odd. So I type out another message.

Me:

Are you both at the house? I'm in my room if you want to come tell me how the night went. I've got a bunch to fill you both in on.

Again, the bubbles pop up and disappear. My eyes begin to get heavy as I wait for whoever is writing a novel to finally send the message, but sleep takes me under, and I'm thrust into a nightmare.

I'm in Pierce's room, sitting on the bed, leaning on the post as my head lulls.

"How much did you give her?" a familiar voice asks in the distance.

"Exactly what you told me to," a deeper voice responds. "What's the plan here? I'm not trying to go to jail for murder," he states.

"She has to die. I'm sick of her getting all the guys.

Everyone loves her, and she killed the only one I ever loved because he loved me back.

She has to pay," she snarls, shoving me back onto the bed.

My eyes roll as my chest gets extremely heavy.

I try to open my eyes, but I can't. I feel like dead weight laying in this bed.

Hands touch my body, groping me in places I don't want to be touched.

A deep whisper against my ear, as the person bites on my lobe.

I'm so in and out of consciousness that I don't understand the words being whispered.

"Make it look like she was gang raped. Do what you need to do, but make it hurt!"

My eyes pop open and I jolt up in bed as I hear yelling right outside my door.

Getting up, I wipe my eyes while stumbling to the door and swinging it open.

“What the fuck is going on?” I ask, still groggy from just waking up.

What was that dream? Whatever it was, I did not like it.

It actually makes me feel sick to my stomach. And whose voice was that?

A shrilling scream comes from down the stairs, so I go see what the hell is happening.

My head spins as chaos ensues around me, and I’m still not fully awake to process all the surrounding movement.

Someone slams into me from behind, nearly sending me flying down the stairs, but I grab hold of the railing and snarl.

Turning back, I walk down the hallway to Everly’s room and see it’s empty. Bed made like she hasn’t come home yet. Then I head to Millie’s and see the same thing. Empty. Where the fuck are they?

Heading down the stairs, officers litter the foyer with pen and paper in hand, talking to multiple girls. I shoulder bump Sienna, and she looks at me with tears in her eyes.

“What is going on?” I ask, and she pulls me into a hug as she sobs into my neck.

“Beth was found dead along the shoreline of the river along with a few others missing,” she states, and I gasp.

“Beth is dead,” I say in shock, knowing damn well I’m the cause of it.

“Y-yes. The cops are saying we have a serial killer on the loose, and they want to



place a curfew on the university,” she informs me, and I raise a brow.

“Why just the university? Who else is missing?” I ask, and she huffs.

“Because Warren is dead. Beth is dead. Pierce Darington’s Beemer was found demolished on the side of the road, his body never found—” I cut her off.

“What do you mean Pierce’s Beemer was demolished?”

“Exactly what I said, Ivy. Keep up! Jesus!” she mocks. Silas is missing, now Pierce. I need to check my phone and see where the hell the girls are. What the fuck is happening?

“I’ll be right back. I need to get my phone,” I say, running up the stairs and into my room to grab my phone. Swiping the screen, I check the group chat and there’s nothing.

Me:

You guys, this isn't funny. The cops are here and you two are nowhere to be found. Please call me.

While switching to my thread with Pierce, I see Desmond messaged me. Opening it, my hand flies over my mouth.

Desmond:

I know you hate me right now, but I found Silas. I’m leaving the university to go get him. I’ll let you know once we’re safe.

But there’s no text after that. What the fuck? Does that mean they aren’t okay, or did

he forget to text me? I was so wrapped up with killing Beth and then Kellen that I missed this text. I'm so fucking mad at myself. How could I be so distracted like this?

Me:

Des. Are you guys okay? Please let me know that you both are safe. There's also been an accident. Call me.

Switching over to Pierce's thread, I press the call button and bring the phone to my ear. It rings and rings and rings. My fucking heart aches in my chest. Where the fuck is everyone? I call again, but this time it goes straight to voicemail.

"Fuckkkkkk!" I yell.

"Uh, Ivy. The officers want to speak with you. They are questioning all our whereabouts last night," Sienna tells me, and I nod. Walking out of my room, I see the same detective who arrested me not too long ago.

"Miss Bloodworth, can we chat for a moment? I promise not to take up too much of your time," he states, and I nod.

"Go on," I say, crossing my arms over my chest.

"What were your whereabouts yesterday?"

"I went to class, came back here, hung out with my friends, attended the annual scavenger hunt, and slept at a friend's apartment. Now I'm here," I tell him as he writes everything down on his little pad.

"I see. When was the last time you saw Beth Cleary?"

“Um... After she gave us our lists for the hunt. Me and my friends left out of the back door and went into the woods,” I say.

“Uh, huh. Did you hear any screaming while you were playing this game?”

“Of course I did, but they weren’t screaming for help. It was more screams followed by laughter,” I tell him, and he nods.

“Where did you spend the night?”

“With Kellen Blackwood, off campus at his apartment,” I tell the truth, and he nods again.

“Thank you, Miss Bloodworth. If I have any further questions, I’ll be in touch,” he states, then spins to go to speak to the next girl.

Once he disappears around the corner. I shut the door to my room and call Everly, but just like Pierce, it goes straight to voicemail.

I try Millie next. Same. Fucking. Thing.

I repeatedly call the girls and the guys, and I get nothing but voicemail after voicemail. I’m not sure what the hell to do here.

I lay in my bed, trying to calm down my anxiety which is ready to send me into panic mode.

I’m hoping the girls are having a good time and their phones are dead and will be back soon.

I’m not sure what excuse I can come up with for the guys, but I’m hoping that

everyone is okay and I'm just overreacting for nothing.

“Fuck!” I can't help myself. I keep calling one after another for hours, and it's not until my phone vibrates in my hand, causing me to jump out of my skin, scaring the shit out of me. I open the message as I notice it's from the site with the skull and red x.

Unknown:

I know where Everly and Mildred are. Click the coordinates. Come alone!

Me:

Okay.

Unknown:

Good girl, Little Killer.

Clicking the coordinates, I know exactly where they are. Katie's dad bought the land so he could renovate the abandoned house to be closer to his children. It just never happened, so I wonder what the hell the girls are doing there, and how the fuck this guy knew that?

Grabbing my keys and a hoodie, I head out of my room, down the stairs, and out into the evening. The sun is starting to set as I get into my Range Rover and turn her on. Pulling away from the sidewalk, my phone pings and I reach into my pocket and read the message.

Kellen:

I miss you already, Darlin'. I hope you slept well. See you in a few hours.

Me:

Same. I slept okay. Should've just stayed with you. I can't wait for later.

Putting my phone in the cupholder, I get on the highway, praying that the girls are okay and this isn't some kind of game.

Who am I kidding? This is nothing but a game, and I'm the idiot falling right into it. Fuck my life.

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*Source Creation Date: July 30, 2025, 9:26 am*

Pulling up to the abandoned house, I get out of the car.

The sun has officially set as nothing but darkness and the sound of crickets greets my ears.

Placing my hoodie over my head, I shiver, feeling like someone is watching me.

I really should've never come here alone, but I'm an idiot and I'll do anything to save my friends.

Stepping away from my car, I walk around the front and walk up a few steps onto the porch. There's a note taped to the door and I rip it off to read it.

Welcome, Ivy, to your game. Please enter.

Crumpling it up in my fist, I toss it behind me and swing the front door open.

Nothing but darkness and loud, heavy metal music greets me.

The smell of blood, piss, mold and gas hit my nostrils and I don't know what to do first. Cover my ears from the loud music or pinch my nose from the horrid smell.

The music cuts and static blares through the speakers, causing me to wince and cover my ears.

"It's okay, Ivy. This is your game. Welcome. It's time for your ultimate sacrifice," the robotic voice says.

“Where are my friends?” I shout, and the voice laughs.

“Your little friend, The Gamemaker, thought he would throw a wrench in my game, but jokes on him. He just made it so much easier for me,” he says, and I gasp.

“Checkmate? You mother fucker! Give me my friends back!” I scream as he continues to laugh.

“Well, if you step further into the room, we can begin the game,” he states, but I don’t move, too afraid to do much of anything.

“Walk or they die. It’s your choice!” he growls, and I walk further into the room like he asked and trip over something, falling into someone.

Feeling around, there’s devices sticking out of this person's body, and I scream. Backing up, almost falling again, the lights turn on, blinding me. Music blares again as my eyes adjust to the bright light. I gasp, covering my mouth as tears form in my eyes at the horrid scene in front of me. Silas tied to a chair with needles protruding from his arms, hands, neck, and toes. His skin is pale white, covered in dirt. His eyes look sunken in. He’s damn near unrecognizable.

“I see you stumbled upon your Junkie Stepbrother. But if you look to your right, there's more,” he goads, and I turn my head, seeing Desmond chained to the wall with a VR headset covering his eyes. His body is riddled with marks, as if he’s been lashed for hours, and that’s when I see it.

A pole in the middle of the room winding slowly.

I watch the leather wrap around the metal tightly like a rubberband waiting to snap.

He screams through the gag in his mouth as the machine comes to life, unravelling the taut leather and whipping him.

I just barely step back as the razor sharp end sails across my chest, nearly slicing me open.

“Oh my god. You’re a monster! Why are you doing this?” I yell, and the voice laughs.

“Keep walking, Ivy,” he orders, and I step further into what looks like a living room and see Pierce, naked, bruised, and restrained to a metal table with a wet towel covering his face.

A low sound buzzes as I follow the rope attached to a pulley that rotates, and at the top, a bucket spills right onto his face, causing him to choke.

My hand flies over my mouth. He’s never going to want to swim again.

Not after this . A sound of running water through the pipe coming out of the wall from behind him refills the bucket.

“Just stop this, okay? I’m the one you want. Take me, but let them go, you coward!” I yell, stomping around the room. Not knowing who to help first.

“I’m the coward? You all hold secrets. You all have done something to hurt someone else to benefit yourselves.

If anyone is a coward, it’s you, Ivy Bloodworth.

Now, walk across the hall to the other room.

More awaits you,” he growls. I quickly cross the hall and step into a sitting room and fall to my knees.

Millie is naked on all fours, hog-tied, as a mechanical dildo filled with metal spikes



sits at the entrance of her core.

Then I see Everly nailed to a wooden chair with some type of contraption over her head, with nails coming out of her lips, keeping them shut.

What in the actual fuck. What am I supposed to do with all this?

“Now that you’ve seen what I’m made of, let’s play a little game of Truth or Torture.” He laughs.

“No, I don’t want to play your stupid games. If you want me so bad, come get me, you bitch! Let them go, and I’ll do what you want!” I scream, but he continues to laugh.

“Tsk, ts. If you don’t play, they all will die, and you know whose fault that will be? Yours, Ivy. Make the choice!” he spits.

“Fuck you, Checky! Come face me! Stop hiding like a little bitch!” I growl, and he laughs again.

“I love the fire in you, Ivy, but in due time. Who’s to say you don’t already know me? Remember, no one can be trusted. Now, here’s the rules. I ask you a question. If you tell me the truth, your friends live, but if you lie, well... they die. The choice is yours,” he sings.

“Fucking fine! Get on with it,” I huff, getting really fucking annoyed. I wish I could sink my knife into this mother fucker and make him my bitch. I’d put him through all these torture devices and make him sing like a fucking canary.

“Millie has a few things she would like to tell you,” he chastises. I stand in front of her, and she narrows her eyes at me. What the fuck? “Pull the gag down from her mouth,” he orders, so I reach onto the table and take hold of the red cloth tied around

her face and pull it down.

“All of this is because of you, Ivy! I bet you are the one who killed Katie! Since you killed Warren!” she spits, and I gasp, tears fill my eyes, making her face look blurry.

“You don’t understand, Millie,” I say, but she growls and thrashes against her bindings.

“You couldn’t allow me an ounce of happiness could you. Just like Katie. God forbid she loved someone else other than you!” she shouts. What the fuck does that mean?

“You’re letting Checkmate get into your head! Don’t listen to him!” I yell, tightening my fist beside me.

“No, Ivy. I saw the footage, you fucking monster. Funny how we’re all going to die here, but you get to continue your pretty perfect life while everyone around you suffers,” she spits, and I take a step closer to her and bend down so she can see how fucking serious I am.

“Says the fucking Virgin Mary! I did you a favor! He tried to rape me while playing this stupid fucking game, and when handed the tool to save myself, I fucking did, and I don’t feel bad about it!

I’m sure you or any other girl would’ve been next.

Then what? More trauma? More secrets and more cover ups!

You should be thanking me instead of listening to a demented freak like Checkmate!  
”

“Fuck you, Ivy! I hope you fucking get what’s coming to you!” she growls.

“Do you hear yourself? This is what he wants! This is what he wanted from the beginning. A divide. To separate us!” I yell, throwing my hands in the air.

“Well, I’m bored!” Checkmate says as the device behind her begins to buzz. Millie's eyes widen before a scream leaves her lips. I step back, covering my face as the sound of gushing liquid turns my stomach.

“Stop! Stop! Stop!” I scream!

“Walk over to Silas and stand in front of him!” Checkmate orders, and I back away from Millie as the buzzing noise stops, and walk to the middle of the foyer.

Listening to everyone struggle breaks my heart.

I just want to set them all free, but I can't. I don't know how to get them free without hurting them further.

How the fuck am I going to get out of this mess?

Looking at Silas, his eyes slowly crack open and widen.

“Poison,” he rasps, and tears fall from my eyes.

“Yeah, Si. It’s me. I’m going to get you out of here. I promise,” I tell him, and he smiles.

“Enough with the chitchat!” Checky spits.

“Fuck you, asshole!” Silas spits then his eyes collide with mine. Sadness mixed with hope and fear is present, and I frown. “Ivy, baby. Run! Save yourself! Don’t play his games, I’m begging you. Just go! You’re only going to get yourself killed,” he begs as tears pour down my face.

“I can’t leave you, Si, remember what I promised you!” I cry out.

“GO!” he yells, and Checkmate laughs, while Silas growls as the liquid seeps into his veins.

Desmond screams, causing me to jump as the leather whips through the air slicing into him while Pierce chokes on water and his body convulses on the table.

Millie’s blood-curdling screams make me fall to my knees and pull into a ball.

“Make it stop, please make it stop. I can’t fucking look. I can’t,” I cry as I bring my knees to my chest, listening to skin being ripped apart and blood pouring onto the floor. Everyone’s screams, groans, and thrashing kill me further. I don’t know what to do.

“I can’t do this! I fucking CAN’T!” I scream.

“Make a fucking choice, Ivy. Play the game or they all die. One by one,” he threatens as the door creaks open behind me. “Oops, looks like one already bit the dust. So sad,” he adds as I stand, spinning towards the door, ignoring his digs, and my eyes widen. What the fuck?

“Oliver?”

“Tick tock, Little Killer. Who’s it going to be?” he says as a sinister smile spreads across his face...

To be continued in Broken Pawns, Book 2 of The Gamemaker series.