



Ruined Valentine (St. Valentines)

Author: *Genevieve Ami Moon*

Category: Dark Erotica

Description: St. Valentines University holds a dark secret...

What happens when you cant outrun the past?

When all the ghost stories you've heard are the truth.

Zovalee is a sorority girl who just wanted to hide from her past, but what if that past holds the keys to either your future or your death.

What happens when you've made a choice that you can't change?

Ezran is a hockey player with a sinister secret that could destroy everything he loves.

Both have found love in each other that can only lead to ruin. Will their love succumb to the secrets, lies, deceit, and betrayal that lies at St. Valentines or will their love win in the end?

Total Pages (Source): 12

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am

Staring at the purple envelope with the Lotus elite families' seal imprinted on it, my heart starts to race.

What the fuck do they want?

Only the legacies of the founding families receive these. It's like being drafted. You don't get the option to turn them down. You must attend or the consequences are dire.

Ripping open the envelope, I pull out the purple paper, revealing my early acceptance into JDU.

"What the fuck!" I scream, causing my mom to rush in. Fuck no. Holding the acceptance letter in my hand, I can't help but get pissed.

"I didn't apply to JDU, mom." I say, squeezing the paper in my hands before looking up at her green eyes. She's one of the prettiest women I've ever seen. She stands about five foot two, weighs one hundred twenty pounds, and has shoulder length blonde hair. I'm five feet, one hundred forty-five pounds, brown curly hair, and I have heterochromia which gives me one emerald and one honey colored eye. I always tell people my eyes come from my parents, even though they aren't my real parents, but they've raised me my whole life.

"I know Zo, but you know all legacies have to attend. It's where our history resides. Plus, that's where your friends will go too." She states, walking towards me and taking a seat beside me.

"You mean THEM. I can't do it. I hate him and his friends. They have done nothing

but torture and torment me for years.” Just thinking about them makes my skin burn. Before she can say anything, my father enters. He stands at six feet, two hundred and eighty pounds of muscle. Has jet black hair and whiskey colored eyes.

“Zovalee, we have already gone through this. You will attend the school, and when the time comes, you will marry the Davis boy.” He says, standing in the doorway with his arms folded over his chest.

“No, dad. I won't do it. Why should I? Did you forget what he and his friends have done to me?!” I scream, tears falling down my face.

“Of course I haven't forgotten. Listen Zo, boys will be boys, and I've raised you to have tougher skin.” He lets out a sigh. “What's done is done. You will do as you're told.”

After he turns and walks down the hallway, mom reaches over and embraces me in a hug.

“Zo, let me let you in on a secret.” She starts and I focus closer on her next words.

Picking up my cell from the table, I pull up my cousin's contact.

Me: Dri, I need a favor.

Dri: Anything!

Me: I need to disappear.

Dri: Permanently?

Me: No. I just need some time to get my plan in order.

Dri: I take it, he still wants you to go through with it?

Me: Unfortunately yes.

Me: But mom gave me an idea.

Dri: She always does...

Dri: Consider it done. I have the perfect place.

Me: Okayy.

Me: Thanks Cuz.

Dri: Don't thank me yet!

Dri: This place is dangerous... but not as dangerous as there

Me: I'll risk it!

Dri: I knew you'd say that.

Me: Stay safe. Keep your head down.

Dri: You too. And Z?

Me: Yeah?

Dri: Give them hell.

Placing my cell back on my table, I can't help the smile taking over my face. This is

perfect, she will make sure I have everything I need. Honestly, anywhere but here will work. I just need to get my plan in order. They think I'll just submit, but I won't. After all, they need me.

It's been a month since I left in the middle of the night. Dri sent me north by the border but dad had found me within the second week of arriving. So I snuck out the window of the motel I was staying at, called Dri from my backup burner and went and met up with her.

"Are you sure you weren't followed?" I ask, looking around.

"Girl, if you don't stop that shit. You already know I wasn't. Besides, you got caught because you didn't listen." She laughs.

I know she is right, but I really didn't know I could be tracked.

"How was I supposed to know you can track a payphone?"

"Baby cousin. A payphone? Come on girl, those things are rare, so of course using it was going to get you caught." She smiles, taking another sip of her milkshake.

"Did you get what I asked for?" I ask, hopeful.

"Of course, who do you think I am?" She says.

We chat for a few more hours before she slides an envelope across the table.

"Everything you need is in there." She grabs her bag and stands. "Don't get caught this time, kid."

She reaches over, giving me a hug before she takes off, leaving the restaurant. Taking

the envelope, I open it, and glance at all the contents. Time to get to work, Z.

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am

Chapter one

Zovalee

Three Months Later...

I still can't shake the feeling that my time here is limited, along with an overwhelming feeling of being watched, especially over the last six weeks. As much as I miss being home, I refuse to follow through on the bullshit that faces me there. I almost went back, then I met Ezran. Speaking of which, I roll over and pick up my phone, checking the time before getting up and heading to shower.

Standing in my mirror, I straighten out my uniform. I run my hands down the red and black plaid skirt and make sure my crisp white button-up shirt is tucked into my waistband. Throwing on the black vest, and matching red and black plaid tie, I pair them with knee high white stockings and all red and white Converse. At the time I applied, the mandatory uniform was the least of my worries. Grabbing my cell, over-the-shoulder bag, and blazer, I head out of my room for the stairs. Let's see what breakfast will be today.

Leaving from the sorority, I take a moment before walking across the bridge. I can't help but shiver. Even though the cold winter weather is still an adjustment for me, this place still causes my anxiety to flare. Many students have told a few different stories about it.

They say a group of rich and powerful men killed their wives so that they didn't have to share any of their money with them. That the ghosts of those wives haunt these

very grounds. Many have heard their screams while crossing the bridge. It really freaked me out the first few times, too.

The school was eerily quiet as I entered the building, walking down the overly decorated hallway. This school really loves Valentine's Day. Not paying any attention, I bump into Syd. She's one of my sorority sisters and one of the only people I trust here, well, trust enough while I bide my time attending this weird place.

"Liviana, this is my roommate, Zovalee. Zova, this is the new girl Liv," she says with a smile. I look her up and down before landing on her eyes. A smokey gray color. Hmm, interesting. There's pain behind them. Taking off, I head into the cafe, grab a breakfast burrito and apple juice before turning to the empty table by the doors.

Sitting down, I take off my bag, unzip it and pull out my Grand-mère's spicy sauce. Unwrapping my burrito, I uncap the bottle and smother it before taking a bite. I'm almost finished when my phone chimes, alerting me of a text.

E: Morning Babe

Me: Morning! I missed you last night.

E: You know I'm sorry, babe. Let me make it up to you tonight.

Me: Absolutely! What did you have in mind?

E: I'll surprise you

Me: Okay. Congratulations on the win!

E: Thanks Babe. See you tonight.

Hearting the message, I sit my phone back down and finish eating. After I've finished, I gather everything up, walking over to the trash before heading out of the cafeteria to my first class of the day.

Just as I reach the law building, the hair on my arms stands. I feel the presence of eyes on me, watching me. I turn my head looking around, but not seeing anything that stands out. Shaking it off, I pull open the building door and walk in.

Walking into Ms. Thorne's class, I wonder what kind of crazy shit we'll be learning today. I swear some of the professors are fucking their students. I noticed a few of them paying extra close attention to a couple of the students.

My first week here, there was a rumor going around about a professor and his student. Nothing ever came of it and eventually people stopped mentioning it.

Heading to my seat, I watch as all the students begin filling the chairs before the professor walks in. She goes over what we are expected to work on. Today, she is giving a lecture on culture and crime.

Sitting in the back of the class, I can't help but roll my eyes at her attempts to discuss it. I mean, how can you really teach a class like this if you've never even experienced a culture where crime plays a significant part?

Leaving class, I walk down the hall and head back toward the cafeteria. I can't help but admire the school's decorations. They weren't kidding when they said February is the month of celebration here. There are red, white, and pink streamers, banners, hearts, flyers, and more lining the walls, windows, and halls.

It's honestly the most color I've seen around here since I arrived on campus. This place usually looks so grim and dull. It's nice to see a change, even if it's only temporary. It's been a crazy day so far and I have just a couple more classes to go.

Finally classes are over and I can head back to the house. Walking into my room, I set my bag down, remove my blazer and head over towards my bed. I immediately stop when I notice a purple box sitting in the middle of my bed. What the fuck is this shit? Who put this here?

Picking up the box, I slide the ribbon off, and open it to reveal a beautiful diamond fleur-de-lis necklace. Hm, that's weird. I don't remember telling anyone anything about home. Guess this is all a part of Ezran's surprise he said he had planned. Maybe it's a coincidence. Clasping the necklace in place, I take a picture and send it to E.

Me: Thanks babe. I love it!

E: Uh, you're welcome?

Me: Was it not a part of your surprise?

E: Yeah babe. Of course it is. Glad you love it.

Me: What time should I be ready tonight?

E: Oh shit babe. I'm sorry. Raincheck?

Me: Again?

E: Yeah hockey shit came up.

Me: Okay, sure we can reschedule...

E: Thanks babe. I owe you.

Tossing my phone down and flopping on the bed, my emotions battle each other. He

makes me so mad sometimes. I swear he loves that damn hockey team more than me. He wasn't like this when I met him over the summer. We spent every day with each other. I lay there for a while before deciding on grabbing a snack from the kitchen and heading over to the library. Might as well get some work done.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am

Chapter two

Ezran

M an, that last game whooped my ass, but at least we beat those cocksuckers. I glide across the ice letting my thoughts play about the upcoming initiation as I head off the smooth surface. It's so fucking close I can almost taste it.

I know everyone will be out celebrating Valentine's Day tonight, but I already have wicked plans for Z. When I first saw her sexy ass, I knew I'd make her mine. She isn't like Kate, that cheating whore. All she wanted was my dick, but every time I fucked her, she cried I was too rough.

How can I be too rough when I'm trying to concentrate on busting a nut? It's like a piece of freshly ripped sandpaper that peels off layers of my skin. She claims she's "so wet" but fuck, wet where?

When I saw Zovalee for the first time, I couldn't take my eyes off of her. She was wearing this black dress with a cropped red hoodie and matching red converse. I had just returned from our last winning game against the Mountain Gliders and she was on that fucking bridge, passed out in the rain.

I picked her ass up thinking she was dead, or at the very least, a new body to dissect. The moment I started to walk off, her eyes popped open and she punched me in the face, causing me to drop her ass. That was the moment I knew I needed to make her mine. Rules be damned.

Grabbing my gear, I head towards the locker room to shower and change before I go get into some tight pussy. Pushing through the double doors, walking past the rows of lockers, turning left down the last row, I stop at my locker. Taking off my gear, my phone beeps alerting me of a text.

Z: Hey E. I just got back to my room.

Me: You waiting on me, babe?

Z: Maybe...

I smile, knowing she loves to play games. Snapping a pic of my dick, I waste no time sending it to her.

Z: Damn, do I need you! Hurry over.

Me: See you soon.

Placing my cell in my locker, I grab my towel and head to the showers to get cleaned up.

Walking out of the arena, I see the twins, King and Phoenix. They both lift their heads and nod as I return the gesture before we all continue on our ways. Those creepy fuckers are so in sync with each other that it's almost like there's just one of them. They must be headed to go torture some new piece of ass.

Walking up the old bridge that leads to the sorority, my phone rings. Pulling it out of my pocket, I see it's my father calling. I'm really not in the mood for this shit. Sliding the green button to the right, I answer.

"Ezran James." His annoyed voice comes through the line.

“Hello to you too, father.”

“Don’t be a fucking smart ass. You won’t like the consequences.”

Him and this fucking cult remind us every chance they get. The marks that cover our backs are a sign of that. No one carries those marks more than Hayes, though. Our captain always takes the punishments for us. He will never admit it, but I can always tell during practice. I’d do anything for my brothers, even kill for them if they asked.

“Do you fucking hear me, boy?!” My father shouts, pulling my attention back to the call.

“Yes, sir. I heard you.” Fuck. What was he saying?

“Good. Then I’ll send everything over in an encrypted file. Get it done and you better not make any mistakes. Get the intel and find the fucking girl. Your life depends on it.”

Hanging up the phone, I stuff it back into my pocket and finish heading towards the sorority. Z is waiting on me. Just as I arrive at the door, my phone beeps again. Pulling it back out, I see it's a video text. Opening it, I see Z has already started without me.

I don’t even bother knocking as I open the main door, walking in and rushing up the spiral staircase that leads to my girl’s room. I finally reach her door and swing it open, causing it to hit the wall. Walking in, slamming the door behind me, I head over towards a naked Z lying there, pussy spread open before she dips two fingers into herself.

“I see you started without me, babe.” I smirk as I peel my shirt over my head.

Let the fun begin.

I stalk towards Zova, watching as she dips her fingers into her wet pussy.

“Show me, babe.” I say, licking my lips.

She pulls her fingers out, holding them up and showing me the shine on them. Leaning over her, I put her fingers in my mouth and lick them clean.

“Good girl.” I lean forward and capture her mouth with mine.

Reaching down between us, I find her throbbing clit and circle my thumb against it. She lets out a soft moan, letting me know she loves it. I slowly move down her, kissing as I go. Once I’m between her parted legs, I lean in, inhaling her sweet scent before running my tongue along her slit.

Damn, she tastes so fucking good.

Swiping my tongue a few more times, I lean back, undoing my pants and pulling my cock out. Covering her body with mine, I line up and snap my hips forward. After a few thrusts, I can feel my balls tighten and my cell starts ringing. I don’t answer, I just want to bust my nut. The ringing stops and starts again just as I paint her walls in my cum. Pulling out of her and reaching over, I pick it up and see that it’s my dad calling again, rolling my eyes before I answer.

“Yeah?” I respond in to the line as I feel Zova’s annoyed stare on me.

“Get your ass here now. And I do mean now or you will regret it.” The line goes dead.

Fuck! What could he want now?

“Sorry, babe. I got to go.” I say, climbing off the bed, picking up her shirt from the floor and cleaning myself off.

“I promise I’ll make it up to you.” I lean down, kissing her before rushing out the door.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am

Chapter three

Zovalee

Dragging the sharp metal of the nail file across the smooth brown surface of the desk, I continue carving the small star. Ms. Trulia's class is boring and I need to clear my head from last night's events. Who was he talking to last night? He sure as fuck ran out quickly after that. I swear if he cheats on me, I will cut his fucking dick off.

"Zova." I hear my name being whispered from over my shoulder but, when I look, no one is there.

Hmm, that's weird.

Turning back around in my seat, I take a look around the room, noticing everyone is deep in thought while taking their exam. I'm already finished but there is no way I'm going to be the first person to turn it in. My phone vibrates in my pocket. Pulling it out, I glance up to see where the teacher is. Scanning the room, I lock onto her, watching as she flirts with her TA, Jones. Opening the phone, I see I have a text from E.

E: Babe.

E: I'm sorry about this afternoon.

E: Let me make it up to you, please.

Me: What was so important that you ran out?

Me: Is it another bitch? Just tell me.

E: Babe. There is no one else but you.

E: I love you, babe.

Me: Okay, then who was it?

E: It was the coach. Mandatory practice.

Me: Well, next time...

Me: Tell him you will be there after your girlfriend is finished bouncing on your dick

E: Damn, babe.

E: That's hot as fuck.

E: Now, my dick is hard.

“Alright everyone, you have five more minutes. If you have finished, please turn in your exam.” Looking up from my phone, I see the teacher has gone back to flirting. Looking around again, I notice everyone is still working. Fuck it. Packing up my things, I head to the front of the class and turn in my paper.

“Zovalee. All finished?” Ms. Trulia asks.

“Yes, I'm all set. Can I leave a few minutes early? I need to use the bathroom.” I don't actually have to go but I can already feel eyes on me.

“Of course, dear. Enjoy the rest of your day and I’ll see you tomorrow.” Her smile is genuine as it reaches up to her eyes.

“See you tomorrow.” I smile back, then turn and head towards the class door.

Walking down the hallway towards the bathroom, I feel a light breeze causing me to shiver.

Damn winter weather. I miss being in the heat back home. It's been an adjustment to say the least but I've learned quickly thanks to the Xi Phi Delta sisters. I never planned to join, but when I got the invite, I couldn't say no. I was surprised that I didn't have to pledge like most of the girls there. A lot of the sisters are legacies and have helped the new pledges, including myself, with learning how to stay warm in this weather.

Pulling open the door to the bathroom, I walk in and head straight to the sink. I need to wash my hands and splash some water on my face. Today has been such a weird day. I guess it's normal after all for this place. The damn school of doom. They say you only come here for two reasons; running from someone or something or to die. I still don't know how this place hasn't been investigated due to all the disappearances.

Looking in the mirror, I barely recognize the reflection looking back.

Soon. Soon, I'll be returning home.

Taking my phone out of my skirt pocket, I see that it's mom calling and slide the green button across the screen.

“Hey mom. I was just thinking of you.” I lie. I honestly haven't thought much about anyone back home, just home in general.

“Zovalee,” she starts, but then she lets out a long sigh.

“Mom, what is going on?” I can tell she has something bad to say by that long ass sigh.

“Listen sweetie. Your father has had enough. We miss you and it's time to come home.” She rushes out.

Letting out a sigh of my own, “I’ll be home soon. I promise.” I hear some whispers before my father’s voice comes through the speaker.

“You are to return home now. These games won’t work any longer. It’s been almost four months and this shit you’re pulling is over.” His stern tone lets me know he is serious.

“I’ll be home soon, dad.” I hope he will give up this conversation and just accept my decision.

“No. You will do as you're told.”

“No, I won’t. I’m an adult. Besides, it's not like you're my real parents anyway, remember?”

As soon as I register what I just said, I disconnect the call. Fuck! Why did I say that?

They have been the best parents and I still keep blaming them. Although they kept it from me, they didn’t do anything once I learned the truth. I wish those fuckers never told me, but they did and now I refuse to face the news. Fucking Elites.

Sitting in Mr. Todd's class, I take the lancet, placing it against my ring finger and push the bottom. I feel the sting before removing the device, showing a drop of blood.

I pick up the gauge and wipe it away before applying a little pressure and slide along my finger, causing another droplet to form. I

quickly lift the card and smear my fingertip onto the circles before sitting it back down. Just as I apply the bandage to the tip, I feel something hit the back of my head, causing snickers from those around me. Fuck my life.

Turning around, I lock eyes with a smirking Zain. Ignoring him, I turn back around and continue to take note of the results when two hands slam onto my desk.

“Come on, slut. Everyone knows you were adopted.” Zain says.

“Yeah, we all know how much you love that brother of yours.” Truce chimes in.

“Come on guys, we all know she will give it up to anyone for a cheap meal.” Creed laughs, throwing a few dollar bills on the table. “Is this enough for a quick fuck?” He chides, raising a brow. Everyone bursts into laughter. I don’t respond or collect my things as I push backwards from the table, standing and rushing out.

I’m not hurt about what they said. They don’t know shit. I am upset however because they just confirmed what the assignment did. My blood type doesn’t match my parents.

Turning on the faucets, I tilt forward, collecting the icy water into my hands before bringing them up towards my face, splashing it on. The cool liquid feels amazing against my heated skin.

Syd, Liv, and I are walking towards the cafeteria when the doors swing open, revealing the guys. Liv slams into Hayes and Syd rolls her eyes the moment she sees Parker, but when Ezran sees me, he immediately wraps his arms around me, pinning me to the wall.

“Fancy seeing you here, babe.” He says, showing off his perfect smile as I roll my eyes. “Come on, you can’t still be mad at me. It wasn’t my call. You know how the coach can be.” His eyes shift, letting me know he’s lying.

“Right. The coach. Practice.” I sass.

“So that raincheck, let me make it up to you. It’s Valentine’s Day.” He smiles, kissing my nose.

“Fine, but I swear if you don’t finish the job, I’ll find someone who will.” I threaten. His eyes flashing with anger before it's gone.

“Yeah, okay. I can’t have you getting one of these fuckers killed, now can I?” He smirks. He says shit like this all the time, but I don’t believe him. I’m starting to think he likes fucking the ice with how often he has practice. Tuning back into the conversation taking place behind me. Maze night. Perfect.

After convincing the girls we should attend the maze party and agreeing to meet up at Liv’s dorm so we can get ready together, I go to take off towards the library. Just as we say our goodbyes, Knight corners Liv, not giving her much room. Glancing over at her, she nods, letting us know she has this under control. I smile at her and head off towards my destination. I need to check out the new reading book before tomorrow’s literature class.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am

Chapter four

Ezran

Walking out into the hall, I can't help but look around. I wonder which bitch it is. After I received confirmation that my target has been on campus, the information leaves me pissed. Needing to find this cunt and end her fucking life so I can get back to living mine weighs heavily on my mind. Just as I round the corner, I bump into some fucker with a death wish.

"Watch the fuck out!" He shouts. Looking up, I see some punk ass dude I have never seen around before.

"Who the fuck are you talking to, bitch." I grit, shoving him, but he doesn't budge. What the fuck is this dude made out of?

"You deaf, fucker?" I spit as he slowly smiles. I recognize that look. That's the one I get when I'm in the shack. Interesting.

"Naw, but you will be if you get in my way again, you motherfucker." He threatens, causing me to straighten my spine as he lets out a manic laugh. "That's hard to do seeing as how you don't have a mommy."

Grinding my teeth, I clench my fist and deck this prick. His head snaps back as I hear my name being called and the moment I go to look behind me, the asshole walks right past me. Yeah, he doesn't want these problems today.

Just then, he turns around, giving me a sinister smile. “You’re going to regret that,” he spits, the smile never leaving his face. What the fuck?! I’ll kill this motherfucker.

“You,” I start, but he just walks off towards the parking lot. I follow him, pulling my gloves out and putting them on. Just as my feet hit the snow covered pavement, I hear the guys shouting my name behind me. Fuck! He just got saved by practice. He better hope I don’t run into him again.

Stepping out of the showers, I get dressed into this stupid ass uniform. I can’t help but think about what Zova said. She has lost her motherfucking mind if she thinks I’ll ever let her fuck someone else. Don’t get me wrong, we aren’t end game by any means, but she gives me what I need. Besides, Kate will be my wife, as it’s already been decided. Can’t fucking wait. After all, who doesn’t want to spend their life using their dick on a scratch off.

Just thinking about that shit has my dick hurting. At least for now I have Z, and her pussy feels like soft, wet clouds. My dick twitches, letting me know he agrees with me. Stepping out into the locker room, I take a seat on the bench and continue to get dressed. Hayes is buttoning up his shirt and begins discussing the plans for tonight and the requirements for the dress code. The guys will all have painted skull faces and the girls will be dressed in blacklight paint.

Once we’re finished, we head outside, around the rink, and follow Hayes towards the back of the school to check out the maze. I need to let Zova know to wear that red piece I love. Reaching into my pocket for my phone, I can’t feel it anywhere. I start patting down my pockets. What the fuck? I just had it. Did I leave it in my room? I’ll swing by there once I’m done with this.

We walk over to the maze opening and the guys did great setting this up because it looks fucking insane. The party tonight will be fucking epic. I’m hoping I can kill two birds with one stone; find this bitch and let Zova grip my cock with that tight

cunt. Sounds like the perfect fucking night.

“I’ll see y’all later.” Parker says, smirking before taking off after Zova’s friend, Sydney. That fucker has it so bad for her.

“I got something to do. Catch ya later.” Hayes states before he takes off, headed in the direction of his obsession.

After checking out the maze, we walk back out into the front of the building and take off in different directions.

These fuckers got it bad. Damn. I’ll text my girl later. I need to find my fucking phone.

Walking into my dorm, I flop down on the bed. Where the fuck is it? I haven’t even gotten comfortable before my door swings open, smacking into the wall and causing me to jump up, ready to fight. My dad stomps over, getting right in my face.

“Why the fuck aren’t you answering your fucking phone?!” He yells, spit landing on my cheek.

“I can’t fucking find it.” I state. We are both standing in a toe to toe showdown as neither of us will back down from the other.

“Could have fucking fooled me. You’re sitting in this room. Do I need to fucking remind you,” I put my hand up, causing him to let out a growl.

“I just walked in, dad. I was going to head back out and check around after I got ready for the party.” I say, but as soon as those words left my mouth, I knew I fucked up.

“A party?” He laughs, “Not happening, son. See, if you kept your phone safe, you would know you have a job to do tonight.” He grits. He better be fucking joking!

“What job?” I ask, raising a brow, folding my arms over my chest. This better not take up my whole night.

“Get ready, you have ten minutes.” He orders, unbuttoning his suit jacket, and taking a seat in the kitchen chair.

“Can I use your phone?” I ask. Hopefully I can tell Z that I’ll be late.

“If it’s to call your little slut you like to play house with, then no.” He snarls. Is he for fucking real?

“And,” he starts back up. “If you fail this test, not only will I make sure you suffer; I’ll end the bitch’s life too. I’ll make you stand there and watch as I fuck her before slicing her throat.” He smiles sinisterly as he gets up from the chair, walks over and stands directly in front of me. “Am I clear?” He asks, wiping a piece of lint from my shoulder.

“Crystal.” I respond, shrugging him off as I turn, heading into my closet to get what I will need for the night as visions play in my head. Someone will be dying tonight.

Page 6

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am

Chapter five

Zovalee

A fter we got ready at Liv's, we walked over to the maze and instantly started getting wasted. It wasn't long before the guys came to claim their girls. I wish Ez had more time for me like Parker and Hayes make for my girls. I ordered a few more jello shots, jagerbombs, and finally a beer. I already feel too drunk as I sway on my feet.

Picking up my phone from the table, I see I have a text from Ez.

Ez: You look so fuckable tonight.

I turn around looking for him but all the guys are dressed so similar that it's making it harder for me to see him.

Me: Where r u?

Ez: Behind you in the maze.

Turning around again, I think I see him.

Ez: Come follow me and let me make you feel good.

Standing up, I sway through the crowd and follow him through the maze. Every once in a while I have to steady myself against the walls. Finally meeting him in the middle of the maze, he lifts his finger, summoning me to him. I try to walk slowly

and sexy but trip over, my head falling forward. He catches me in his arms. Hmmm, he smells different tonight. The scent of vanilla, amber, and sandalwood. It seems so familiar.

He steadies me on my feet before bending down, gripping my thighs and lifting me up. I wrap my legs around his waist and grind on him. He brings his hand to the back of my neck, pulling me closer as he leans in and kisses me. Opening my mouth to give him better access as we both fight for dominance over control. His kiss is powerful, making me feel like he is trying to force his soul down my throat or sucking mine from me.

His hands slide up my thighs, gripping my ass as he spins, walking us until we get lost on one of the paths. He lifts me higher up, letting me wrap my legs around his head as he devours my pussy. With each lick and nibble, I squeeze my legs tighter. I can feel the orgasm coming and when he sucks my clit into his mouth, I squeeze my legs as tight as they will go. Fuck, I killed him. He lets out a chuckle. Wait, did he hear my thoughts? He laughs again. What the fuck? He can read minds. Wait a fucking minute...

“I’m speaking out loud, aren’t I?” He nods, confirming.

He brings me down and I wrap my legs around his waist again.

“You aren’t doing a lot of talking tonight.” I state, causing him to grin.

He moves his hand between us, rubbing my sensitive clit in circles. Fuck. I needed this.

He lays me on the floor of the maze, unzipping his pants and pulling out his cock.

“Did you add paint to your dick?” I ask as I see the faint signs of something shining

in the moonlight.

He leans down, taking my heart painted nipple in his mouth and swirls his tongue along my piercing.

“Fuck, your tongue is magical.”

He lets out another chuckle. I really need to control my thoughts.

Swiping his dick through my slick folds, he leans up and kisses me again. I feel him pushing into me slowly.

Did he grow overnight?

Maybe it's just the alcohol. He snaps his hips forward and I let out a breathy moan. Fuck! I can feel my walls fighting to let him stay in. He slowly pulls out and slides back in. He begins fucking me at a steady pace but it feels different. Did he get his dick pierced?

My pussy grips him tighter with each thrust. He pulls out, flipping me over onto my knees.

He lines back up and sinks deeper into me, wrapping his hand into my hair, pulling as he begins to fuck me harder. With each thrust, I struggle to catch my breath. It's like he is trying to touch my cervix. Fucker. He better not think about knocking me up. Drunk or not.

After he makes me cum again, he slaps my ass before gripping my hair and pulling me back against his chest. He releases it as he reaches around and wraps his hand around my throat. Squeezing it, causing my pussy to tighten around his cock as he moans deeply in his chest.

“You’re so tight, Z.” He growls into my ear, egging me on as I bounce up and down on his dick. Fuck I feel so full. He brings his other hand up to my nipple and begins to roll my piercing around causing me to gush.

I feel another orgasm working its way out of me, and before I know it, I can hear him grunt as I feel his cum seeping out. He reaches down between me and gives my pussy a slap as I cum so hard that white shadows blur my vision, sending me over the edge.

“Soon, my wife.”

Those are the last words I hear before I completely give in to the darkness, allowing it to take me.

Waking up in my bed, I can’t help but wonder how I got here. My mouth is dry and my mind is hazy. Then I start to remember the maze and Ez. He must have brought me back after I passed out. Rolling over to reach for my cell, I tap a glass. Sitting up, I look over and see a glass of water and a bottle of pain reliever.

That’s weird. Ezran has never done anything like this before. Although I’ve never passed out from cumming so hard either. Opening the bottle, I take two pills before pulling back my covers, and standing. I need to shower, then I’m going back to bed.

What the hell?

Looking down, I notice I’ve already been showered and changed into an oversized tee. I guess tonight he was full of surprises. Getting back into bed, I slowly start to drift back to sleep.

Page 7

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am

Chapter six

Ezran

This is fucking bullshit. I should be balls deep in pussy right now, or at the very least, the party. I can't wait to find this bitch, kill her, and be done with all this shit. Walking up to the grey chevy, I pull out my kit and get to work unlocking the car.

It takes me about three minutes and I'm in, lying down in the backseat. From the intel, Breanna should be getting off shift soon, allowing me time to get everything in place. Tonight, I need answers or I'll have to face a punishment I'm not ready for.

Twenty minutes later, I hear heels clicking on the pavement of the carport. The closer the sound gets, the more adrenaline flows through my veins. The car beeps, alerting me she's unlocked the car as I sink lower behind the driver's seat with the needle ready. Seeing a flash of blonde hair passing by the window, she opens the door and climbs in. She takes a few moments before she puts the key in the engine and starts the car. It's showtime.

Slowly leaning forward, I wait for the right moment to strike. As soon as she turns to look backwards, I reach around the headrest, wrapping my arm around her throat and pull her back against the seat. She thrashes and claws at my arm as I plunge the needle into her neck, knocking her unconscious with the drug. Reaching up between the middle console, I jerk the shifter into park. Now, time to get her back to my shack and have some fun.

Opening the door, I climb out and move to the front, shoving her limp body over into

the passenger seat before climbing in and backing out of the parking space. Pulling out of the lot, I head south bound, making my way back to campus. The dosage I gave her will keep her out long enough for me to get her setup.

Dad and the others are convinced this nurse has the information we need to find the girl. So far, the only thing we can find on her and her whereabouts, is that she was taken the night her mother delivered her. There's been no trace or sign of who took her nor what she looks like now. The story from that night is her mother got wind of her father's plans and made arrangements to hide her before taking her own life. The elders believe she did it as a final attempt to save the girl.

Pulling through the gates, I follow along the path until I reach my desired space. Once I park, I step out and walk around to her side of the car. Opening the door, I reach in and tug her body out, tossing her over my shoulder and walking into the woods towards my shack. It's my playground, where I go to complete my work, which makes it easier for me to hide my kills. Stalking through the woods, my boots crunch against the snow as I take a deep breath of the cold night air, thinking how much I love this time of year as a smile forms along my lips.

Reaching the shack, I walk in, placing her flaccid body on the plastic covered table. I move quickly as I tie her down, chaining her arms and legs to the hard metal slab. Turning around, I head to the counter, open my backpack and pull out the smelling salts before returning to the head of her body. Popping open the salts, I sweep it under her nose, causing her to jolt before her eyes shoot open. As soon as her blue eyes connect with mine, I give her my signature smile.

"Well hello, nurse Breanna." I smirk.

"W-who are y-you?" She stutters to get the words out.

I can feel the panic radiating off her body and it sends all the blood straight to my

dick. I love the smell of fear, it's the perfect aphrodisiac for someone like me. "That's not important, now is it? You have some information I need." I state, slowly walking around the side of the table to stand next to her body.

"P-please don't k-k kill m-me." She stammers as she begins to cry.

Taking the blade in my hand, I run it down her arm, nicking her skin.

"P-please." She begs, but I bring my finger up to my mouth in a hush sign.

"Now is the time for listening, not talking." She nods as tears fall from her eyes.

"About 18 years ago, you were on duty when a pregnant woman named Lina St. Tomas was brought in and delivered a baby girl. Do you recall that night?" I ask, watching her face for signs of deception.

"N-no." She stammers as I turn and walk down the table towards her feet, nicking the bottoms of them.

"Tsk. Tsk. No lying Breanna." I chastise. Her eyes follow me as I walk around the table, dragging the blade as I go.

"Y-yes. I remember her. What does this have t-to do with m-me?" She asks as her body shivers. Seeing her lying on the table shaking, causes me to close my eyes and inhale the air.

"What happened to the baby?" I ask.

"I-I don't know. I only stepped out for a minute and when I returned, s-she was gone." She looks hopeful that I will believe her. This is a waste of fucking time. I don't have anything new to give them and come tomorrow, I'll be fucked.

Walking over to the counter, I rummage through my black duffle, pulling out my skate before stalking back towards the table.

“P-please.” She pleads, but I’m already over it. Hopefully, I can make it to the party in time to have some fun. “Well, if that's all you got, it's time I cut this short.” I taunt.

Bringing the blade up to her throat, I apply pressure slowly. I love to taunt my victims. I can hear the sounds of liquid falling onto the floor. Bending my neck, I can see it coming from the table. Looks like someone couldn’t hold their piss.

“Wait! If I tell you, will you let me live?” She asks. I can see the sincerity written in her face.

Lowering the skate, “I’m listening.” I say, raising a brow.

“It was more than a setup. Lina had help from someone else. I believe his name was Kasen.” She blurts with panic laced in her tone.

“Are you sure about that?” I ask. This could be a game changer.

“Yes. I’m positive. He came through, telling Lina they were already on the way. She begged him to take the baby and keep her safe.” Bingo. This was the smoking gun I needed.

“Is that all?” I ask as she nods. Bringing the blade back to her throat, her eyes widen.

“I th-,” I slice across her neck, watching as the red liquid pours out and onto the table.

Looking down at my watch, I see it’s almost two am. Fuck! I need to hurry.

Fuck! Zova is going to kill me. By the time I made it to the maze, she was already

gone. I swung by the sorority, but she wasn't there. Standing in front of my dorm, I reach in my pocket for the keys, unlocking the door and heading in. Setting my bag down, I hear the ringing of my phone. What the fuck?

I follow the sound over towards my bed and see the flash coming from under it. Guess I dropped it earlier. Picking it up, I see it's my dad; sliding the green button to the right. "Hey." I say into the speaker.

"How'd it go? You get anything?" He asks.

"Actually, I did, but we need to talk in person."

"This better be good and not a fucking excuse to waste time. I'll see you tomorrow." Then he hangs up.

Scrolling through my phone, I see missed calls and texts from everyone. Pulling up my text thread with Zova, I type a message, hitting send.

Me: Where are you, babe?

Message Read.

Me: Sorry, about tonight.

Zova: What are you talking about?

Is she for real? Sometimes I swear she does this shit on purpose. Acting like a fucking idiot.

Me: I know we had plans but something came up.

Message Read.

Me: Don't be mad, babe.

Me: I'll make it up to you.

Me: Tell me where you are.

Zova: It's okay.

Zova: I'm out with the girls.

Zova: I'll talk to you tomorrow.

Me: Are you sure?

Me: I can come to you now.

Zova: Yeah, I'm sure.

Fuck my life. She's pissed and I'll never hear the end of it now.

Page 8

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am

Chapter seven

Truce

I 'm over this shit. I'm not a fucking babysitter yet, here I am. We should have locked her ass up the minute her dad told us she was running. Then she comes to this weird as fuck university. Since I arrived here, all I hear about are some bullshit ghost stories. I've been lurking everywhere and the only shit I've seen is a bunch of hot headed fuckwits killing each other.

Seeing Z walk around this place makes my blood boil. She should be back at home preparing for the academy. She keeps trying to avoid what's to come, but that shit is set in stone and she needs to buckle the fuck up. I've been keeping a close eye on her, but I have to make sure she doesn't see me or the plan is fucked. I should just snatch her the fuck up and drag her back home kicking and screaming, but it's not time yet.

I can tell she has told no one much about herself as she's been partying and she doesn't party, ever. That's why I took every opportunity to make sure I could get her alone in the maze. When I bumped into her little boyfriend yesterday, I swiped his phone. I needed to make sure I could get her alone and uninterrupted. Then he opened his mouth, and I wanted to gut the prick, but I can't afford to bring attention to me, yet.

I follow closely behind her as she enters the cafeteria, heading over to her little group of girlfriends. She only really hangs out with two of them, but neither are a threat. They have their own problems hunting them. I chuckle to myself just thinking about those two crazy fuckers obsessed with those girls.

My phone buzzes in my pocket, distracting me as I take one last look and sneak out so I can get this shit done. Walking through the doors and into the cold air, I pull up the texts.

Zain: You good?

Me: Yeah. The next chance I get, I'm snatching her up and heading home.

Kreed: You could have done that last night, fucker.

Me: Jealous?

Zain: She will be ours soon enough.

Me: You know it's not going to be that easy when we get back.

Zain: Oh I know, but I love the challenge

Kreed: I can't wait to break her.

Me: She already hates us, so fuck it.

Kreed: Correction. She hates Zain.

Zain: She needs to grow a fucking backbone.

Me: Oh trust me, her back was being stretched out last night.

Kreed: Lucky fucker.

Zain: Don't get caught and make this shit happen quicker.

Me: Why? Are you in a hurry to get your ass handed to you?

Zain: She won't hand me shit.

Me: Yeah, you keep telling yourself that.

I hear shouting, causing me to turn in the direction of the noise.

Me: Gotta run.

I see that fucker, Resin or whatever his stupid name is, and some guy. They are headed in the direction of the rink so I follow behind them. Does nobody pay attention to their surroundings?

I watch them for a few minutes before I remember that Z's room is unoccupied right now. I turn around and stalk towards the bridge that leads to the sorority house where she stays.

Turning the knob, I push open the door and walk in before closing it behind me. Her room is covered in pink decor, which is unlike her, but this whole place is pink. Damn girls and their girly colors. It's like a bottle of that pink stomach medicine shit exploded everywhere.

Standing in front of her dresser, I can't help but pick up her lotion and sprays and smell them. I missed her smell, and after last night, I miss her touch. Fuck. I can't wait to claim her.

She was so drunk last night that she didn't even realize it was me. Every time she called out his name, I slammed into her harder, wanting to choke her ass until she couldn't breathe anymore. Looking around the room, I see a basket in the corner and walk over to it. Searching the contents, I see a green lace thong and pick it up.

Bringing it up to my nose and inhaling her sweet scent, I growl. Damn she smells like heaven, and the visions of last night play in my head causing my dick to harden.

Walking towards her bed, I flop down, my back hitting the pillows. Bringing my hand to my jeans I undo the button and pull down my zipper, sliding my hand inside to take out my cock. I groan as I take her lace panties and cover my tip, squeezing it. Fuck.

Flashbacks of her tight pussy squeezing my cock has me gliding my hand faster along my length. Her shallow breathing as I gripped her delicate neck with my fingers, cutting off her oxygen, has me picking up my pace, eager to cum inside her panties. I'm so fucking close, I can almost taste it.

Just as I get ready to unload, I hear the sound of keys. Fuck. Shit. Rushing off the bed, I look around for a place to hide, spotting her closet. Running over I step inside, closing the doors just as she walks in. Why is she here? Has it been that long?

She walks over to her vanity, picking up a book before turning to head towards the door. Before she even makes it past the closet doors, she stops in her tracks. She looks around with a confused look on her face. Can you sense me?

She turns around and heads back over towards her bed, bends down and pulls up a loose floorboard, taking out a box. She removes something from her pocket and places it inside before returning everything back to its place, leaving the room.

Stepping out, my curiosity gets the best of me and I head over to take a look at what she is hiding. Once I pull the box out and peek inside, my heart drops. Pulling out my phone, I text the guys and Z's parents.

Me: We have a huge fucking problem.

Holding the polaroid in my hand, I can't help but feel the room spinning as my phone blows up from calls and texts. How can I keep her safe now?

Page 9

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am

Chapter eight

Zovalee

Walking out of my room, I can't help but sense something is off. I didn't notice anything out of place, but I swear I could smell the same scent from the night in the maze. I'm still trying to wrap my head around what Ez said about missing it. I was so fucking wasted that night. In my mind, I sensed something was off, but whoever it was felt familiar. Fuck. I can't do another party like that again.

When he texted me, I lied and said I was with the girls but I laid in bed. He has to be cheating, he always gives me an excuse about his coach or dad needing him. It's only gotten worse over the past month and I'm over it. I should've seen it coming, especially because that's how all guys are. You let them fuck you and then they do you dirty behind your back.

Walking into class, I take my seat in the back. We have a sub again today. Seems like it's either a professor, student, or someone else that is vanishing every day. Where the fuck are all the people disappearing off to? I've been so caught up in my thoughts that I didn't notice the students have started packing up and shuffling around. I need to get it together. Walking out of class, Ez is waiting for me.

"Hey babe." He bends down, kissing me.

"Hey." I respond.

"I really am sorry about last night. You forgive me?" He makes his puppy dog look at

me.

“Yes. It's okay.” I lie. “Are we on for tonight?”

“Sorry babe.” He starts, but I hold up my hand, stopping his next words.

“Let me guess, practice? Or your dad?” I question, annoyed.

“Come on, babe. You already know I don't have a choice when it comes to either of them.” I nod.

I'm over it all at this point. I'm just ready to take my chances and head home to the fucking Elites. We stand and chat for ten minutes more before he kisses me bye and takes off to the rink. I head towards the sorority, needing to drop off my things before heading to the library.

Once I cross the bridge, I feel that familiar yet unsteady feeling of being watched. This shit is getting out of control. Looking around, I don't see any signs of anyone, so I continue my path. Walking up the main stairs, entering the house and going up to my room, I unlock the door and walk in. As soon as I turn around, I see a letter taped to my vanity mirror with a polaroid picture attached.

What the fuck?! I knew someone was in here earlier. Why won't they just show their face? I walk over, remove the letter and photo. The picture is of a young girl who looks like me except her eyes are a different color than mine. The name 'Lina St. James' is written on the bottom of the picture. I'll have to dig into this name. Opening the letter, I get chills.

Believe me when I say that all I need is you.

Because everyday my heart bleeds for you.

My eyes can see nothing but grey.

Every second that you're away.

Your voice calms the storms within my soul.

Your touch makes everything broken feel whole.

Religious beliefs aside, I pray.

That you won't take your love away.

Because, I'd rather die of an overdose,

Then to never be able to hold you close.

My eyes begin to run dry of tears,

But it still hurts to look back at the years.

You're my perfect ruined valentine.

See you soon, Z.

-T

T? Truce? You got to be fucking kidding me. They followed me here. I thought I had more time. Taking my phone out, I scroll to his contact and pull up the text thread. I type out a message but— fuck that, if they wasn't me, then they can take me kicking and screaming. Putting my phone away, I gather what I need for the library and head out.

Sitting here in class, I can't even focus due to everything that happened this morning. Are the guys really here? Do they have information on who is in the photos? Did my parents send them to bring me back home? I have so many questions swirling around my head. Finally, snapping out of my thoughts, I try to focus back on what is happening around me. Today, we are working on our study guides for our upcoming biology test.

The sounds of a bell alert us it's lunch time. Packing up my items, I head out the class door, towards the cafeteria. Today's menu is my favorite: chicken pizza, chicken tacos, side antipasto salad and banana nut bread. I also grab water, juice, and vanilla soda. I am going to eat my feelings today. Plus, if the guys show up, at least I'll be full for the ride home.

The chair pulls out next to me and I jump, quickly looking over. It's Ez and he has a worried look on his face.

"Hey babe. You okay?" He asks with a concerned tone just as everyone else comes and joins us at the table.

"Yeah, I just didn't get much sleep last night." I respond, popping the last bite into my mouth as he nods in response before turning and joining in on the conversation with everyone else.

After lunch, I head to the library in search of answers. Entering through the double doors, I head to the receptionist section. Stepping up, I notice the little old lady sitting there eating her fig bars. She looks up and smiles at me before she speaks.

"Hello dear. How can I help you?" She asks.

"Yes, hi. I was actually looking for information on a possible student?" I respond.

“Of course, dear. If you head over to the computers, you can pull open the digital yearbook and scan them. The digital files go back thirty years. Anything longer than that and you will need to check the archives in the back.” She states, pointing her finger towards the area listed as ‘Archives’ near the back.

I walk over to the computers, pull a chair out, and slide into it. Pulling up the browser, I search through the digital yearbooks, but I can’t find her nor a mention of anyone with her name. I guess I’ll have to check the archives. Exiting the browser, I collect my things and head over to the section that houses the physical yearbooks. I’ve walked each aisle scanning the shelves and still, I come up empty.

“Zova.” I hear my name being called, causing me to turn around but no one is there. Fuck my life. Please let me find what I need.

Turning right, I head down the next row and something on the floor catches my attention. I bend down and pick up the picture. It's another polaroid, except this time, there is a group of young men sitting around a table. They all wear shocked expressions looking in the direction of the person taking the photo. The word 'murderers' is written below it. Hmm. Interesting. Maybe the librarian will know more. I head back over towards the front area but she’s no longer there.

“Hello? I could use some help.” There is nothing but silence as I look around for the woman.

The sound of books falling has me looking over my shoulder in the direction of the noise. “Is anyone there?” The lights begin to flicker and that’s enough of this shit. Heading towards the exit, the lights turn off and I freeze. “Who’s there? This isn’t fucking funny!” I listen for any sign of movement, but nothing. Everything is deathly still. After a few minutes, the lights all turn on, but there is still no sign of the lady.

“I’ve always hated that.” A small voice says from behind me, causing me to let out a

scream.

Turning around I see a girl a little older than me standing there. Her uniform looks a little worn, like it's been washed one too many times. She has long curly black hair, green eyes and freckles. I stare at her for a minute. Where did she come from? I glance around the room.

“I didn’t hear you. Have you been here this whole time?” I ask her.

“Something like that.” She smiles before looking down at my hand clutching the photo.

“Where did you get that?” She points to my hand. What should I say? She seems a little odd, but maybe she knows something that could help.

“It was lying on the floor in the archives. I was trying to find information on someone.” I say but she just has a blank look on her face.

“Who is the someone? Maybe I can help.” She smiles.

“Lina St. Tomas.” I state.

“Why do you want to know about her?” She asks, cocking her head to the side, eyeing me suspiciously.

“I found a picture of her in my room at Xi Phi Delta.” I answer, switching my stance, shifting my weight to my other leg.

“You found a picture in your room and thought you would go search for this stranger?” She asks mockingly and I can tell she doesn’t believe me.

“Well, when you put it that way,” I start but shake my head. “Yeah, something like that.” I don’t even know this chick, so what’s up with all the questions?

“I take it you didn’t find what you were looking for?” She questions and I nod in response.

She looks at me like she is trying to see through me. This chick is weird and I’m ready to go. I go to walk away when she tells me to “wait a second” and I turn back towards her.

“You said St. Tomas was her name? She is probably in the hidden archives. Follow me.”

She turns and heads to the area where I just came from and I follow behind her. She better not be up to something, but I feel like I’m supposed to follow her. We stop at a bookshelf. She stands there, shuffling some books, and the case makes a clicking sound before it opens. What the fuck is this secret spy shit?

She turns around and smiles at me. “Come on... this way.”

There’s a light coming from beneath the stairs. Following her down, we reach the bottom and I take a look around. It’s cold and damp down here and looks as if this place was built years ago. Looking over to the left, I see filing cabinets and head to take a look. Pulling open the drawer closest to me, I scan the files. There has to be at least two hundred in here. Opening the next one I find the same, and they look like it goes back centuries based on the faded, worn folders.

How did she know about this place? “Hey, I forgot to get your name.” I turn, but she’s no longer there. I look around the room, but there’s no sign of her anywhere. Where did she go?

Scanning the cabinet marked with S-T, I pull open the drawer and look for St. Tomas. There's only two in here, so I grab both. Turning, I head over to the table and dust off the chair before sitting down. Placing the worn papers on the desk, I look them over. The first one I opened was Lina's. She did attend here. Around twenty years ago. There's some newspaper clippings in here and I pick them up. The first one mentions her and the sorority girls outside Xi.

The second one is an article on her death, saying she committed suicide due to the pressure of school. Picking up the next folder, I open it and scan through it. It's about a girl named Valentina. She was the older sister of Lina who also attended here, but went missing two years before Lina's arrival. Picking the folders up, I walk back over and put them back where I got them from. Just as I slide the drawer closed, I notice a polaroid lying on the floor. Bending down, I pick it up and turn it over.

What the fuck is happening? Is this some kind of prank?

Written on the bottom is the name, 'Valentina St. Tomas'. My heart begins beating rapidly as I take in the girl in the photo. There in the picture, looking back, is the same girl who brought me down here.

"I have so much to tell you, Zova." All the hair on my body stands on end as I turn towards the voice coming from behind me.

Chapter nine

Ezran

We have a game tonight and my mind is racing. Tomorrow is my birthday and I have to meet with the elders to be officially initiated; this has been a long time coming. I'm gliding across the ice, feeling free at the moment. I love hockey but I can never make it a career, my father wouldn't let me, so I enjoy every minute I get to just soak it in.

"Ezran Robert Cyle!" I hear the one voice that grates my fucking nerves.

Turning toward the voice, I see Kate standing there with her hand on her hip causing me to roll my eyes. I skate over towards her, stopping right at the entrance.

"Kate. Why the fuck are you here?" I ask, looking around.

"What? A girl can't come see her fiancé?" The way she says that fucking word makes me want to punch her in her surgically enhanced face.

"What do you want, Kate? I'm busy." I say, annoyed that she is even here.

"I overheard your dad telling my dad that you might fail your mission."

That pisses me off. This nosey bitch better keep out of my business. I'll be sure to lay into dad about watching what he says around people. "And?" I'm getting more pissed off by the second. She stares at me while tapping her foot against the ground. "Spit it out!" I shout. I'm over this conversation.

“Fine. Meet me tonight and I’ll tell you what you need to know.” She smiles.

I know this busted ass piece of sandpaper isn’t trying to exchange information with me so that I fuck that rancid pussy. This desperate ass slut makes me want to take her to my shack and filet her like she is my main dish. I smile thinking about the day I get to do just that. As soon as she delivers my heir, I’ll be free of her.

“How do I know you have the information I need?” She better not be playing a game.

“My dad was the one who hid the baby.” She smiles. “See you tonight.”

She turns and walks away. She didn’t tell me anything I didn’t already know. That nurse gave her dad up to me already. When I met and spoke with my father, we came up with a plan to pay his ass back. Him giving out her information now doesn’t change the fact that he helped Lina. Pulling my phone from my pocket, I call my father.

“What is it, Ezran?” My dad’s annoyed tone filters through the line.

“Kate just left from here.” I deadpan.

“And I give a fuck because...?”

“She came to tell me that she overheard your talk today and wants me to meet with her after practice to give me the name of the girl.” I respond, waiting to hear his explanation.

“Oh son. We knew she was listening in.” He laughs. What the fuck is so funny?

“Okay, why can’t you give me the name then? Save me the trouble.” This is bullshit.

“Now where would the fun be in that, son.?” He responds before hanging up. This motherfucker is lucky he is my dad or I’d kill his ass.

Pulling up Zova’s contact information, I send a text. I need to make sure she is showing up tonight for the game. It’s been a ritual of mine since the last one. I have to see her in that red outfit from that first day on game night. Texting with Zova has only pissed me off even more. I can’t believe she tried to raincheck on me. I’m starting to think she is seeing someone else. If she is, I’ll fucking kill them both.

Walking up to Kate’s door, I already smell her cheap, stinky perfume. It reminds of that old lady smell you would run into at your grandma’s house. Lifting my hand, I knock on the door and before I lower it, she is swinging the door open. She is dressed in nothing but a puke colored green teddy. This shit better be worth it.

“Well don’t just stand there, come in.” She says as she pulls the door further open.

Stepping inside, I can’t help but look around her room. It fucking reeks in here. It’s probably a mix of shit between her spray, candles and who knows what else.

“Cut the shit. Tell me what I want to know. I got shit to do.” I state.

“Oh come on, Easy.” She grabs onto my arm. That fucking nickname irks my soul; its dumb as fuck.

“You don’t have to be anywhere until tonight for your game.” She pouts, “You know I’ll be there cheering you on.” She says seductively, which makes me want to hurl.

“I have other plans. Now, tell me what I want to know.” I spit.

She just stands there. Clearly needing an incentive, I grip her by the throat. Her eyes roll back as lust fills her face. “Speak. Now!” I command, but this bitch loves it.

She's about to make me choke her ass until she passes the fuck out.

"Oh, Daddy. I love when you get rough." She purrs. I squeeze tighter, letting her know I'm not playing games.

"If you fuck me, I'll tell you. Otherwise you will fail your mission." She taunts, making me tighten my grip more. This fucking cunt! She wants to play games? Fine.

"On your fucking knees, whore." I command, releasing her neck as she instantly drops to the floor.

"Open that big ass mouth of yours." I grin, and like the dumb bitch she is, she opens that fat mouth of hers as I unzip my jeans, pulling my cock out.

"I'm going to fuck your mouth seeing as how you like to use it so much." I growl, shoving my dick down her throat, gripping the hair on the back of her head. I slam my hips forward as she struggles to breathe. I clearly have to do all the work because she couldn't suck a dick to save her life. If this is what I have to look forward to, then I'll need a side piece for sure. She pulls away, gasping for air before she turns her head and throws up on the floor. Yuck.

"Sorry about that, daddy. Where were we?" She uses the back of her hand to wipe her mouth before standing up, leaning in for a kiss as I pull away. Oh fuck no. This nasty ass bitch has lost her damn mind.

"Turn around, bend over the couch." I order as she does what I say. I don't even prep her before I shove my dick in her ass. She lets out a scream and it's like music to my ears. She thought she was in control of this shit, but she was dead fucking wrong.

"Is this what you wanted?" I seethe, smacking her ass.

“Yes.” She whimpers, letting out a painful moan.

At least her ass gets wet, looking down I see red smears with each thrust. I let out a chuckle knowing she is going to be hurting later. Zova hasn't let me take her ass yet, but I know it's only a matter of time.

“Are you ready to give me the answer I need?” I grunt, smacking her ass again.

“No, let's finish this first.” She whines, letting out a strained moan. Pulling out, she goes to protest. “Don't fucking move!” I shout, pulling my belt from the loop.

“Yes Daddy.” She says. I swear if she calls me that shit one more fucking time. Wrapping the belt around my wrist, I prepare to tear her ass up.

“You want this dick?” I ask as she giggles.

“Yes, da-”

Smack. She lets out a scream.

“What the fuck was that for?” She asks.

“Stop fucking calling me that.” I spit. She looks at me with tears falling down her face. I can't keep the grin off mine.

“I thought you loved when I'm rough.” She smiles at me.

“I do.” And I can feel my grin growing.

Smack.

I can see she is holding back tears. I want my fucking information and if I have to suffer and risk my dick being peeled back by her dry ass pussy, then she will be losing some layers off her ass too.

“Please fuck me Easy. Please.” She begs. Letting the belt fall to the floor at my feet, it's time to change tactics.

“Tell me what I want to know and I’ll fuck you so good, baby.” Her eyes light up and I know I’ve got her where I want.

“She’s been at the school the whole time and lives at the sorority house. Now, please fuck me.” This whore.

“I said I wanted the answer. So give me her name.”

“You’re not in charge here, Ezran.” She spits my name out. “I am.”

I let out a deep laugh. This bitch has some balls.

“What is her name?” I’m growing impatient.

“I’ll give you a hint, but you have to start fucking me again first.” I smile, lining back up with her hole but she shakes her head and turns around to face me.

“No, Easy. I want you to fuck my pussy while looking me in the face.”

Is she for fucking real right now?

“You know you just threw up, right?” I snarl with a look of disgust. Fucking pig.

“That’s the deal or you can forget it.” She crosses her hands across her chest.

This fucking cunt. I'm fucking done with her shit.

"Get on the floor." I demand.

She looks down at the floor where her vomit is.

"Are you kidding me?" She looks at me with disgust and disbelief as I nod my head.

She gets down on the floor and lays her head next to the pile. Getting down on my knees, I line up with her blown out hole and ram forward. I bury myself to the hilt. Her fake moans are pissing me off so I reach up and grab her throat, squeezing it tight. I could kill her right now. I smirk at the idea.

"Are you going to tell me now?" I ask, but she shakes her head no.

I let out a growl as my hand tightens around her throat. I slam my hips forward hoping I split her in two.

"How about now?" I ask as tears fall from her eyes.

She shakes her head again and this time when I squeeze, I don't let up. I start fucking her like I want her to break.

"Last time, are you ready to tell me what I want to hear?" She finally nods.

I release her throat, slowly pulling out and snapping my hips forward again and again.

"I told you everything I know." I can tell she is lying and I'm done with the games.

Fuck it, I'll find another way, even if I have to kill all those sorority bitches. This sets me off. Taking her head, I smash her face into the puddle of puke before pulling out

of her. I stand up and walk towards the door.

“Fuck this and fuck you! I’ll find her myself.” I shout, tucking my dried up dick back into my pants.

She lets out a laugh, “No you won’t, because without me, you're dead.” She bellows from the floor. This fucking bitch!

I stomp towards her, grip her by her throat and toss her into the wall. Fuck the rules, this bitch is about to die. I march over to her and snatch her by the hair, dragging her behind me as she kicks and screams.

“Stop. I’ll tell you!” She screams.

“Too late. You had your chance.” Still dragging her down the hallway towards the bathroom.

“Is this how you treat your precious Zova?” She says her name like it pains her, causing me to laugh.

“What's so funny, Ezran? You want me to tell you what's so funny?” I toss her into the tub, her head bouncing off the tile, stunning her for a few moments.

“And what's that?” I say, pulling out my brass knuckles.

“You think she is so innocent. That she is so perfect. Well guess what? You’ve been fucking the enemy. She’s the girl you're looking for.” She smiles. This lying ass bitch.

“You’re a fucking liar.” I spit, punching her.

“I promise you, I’m not. Her real name is Zovalina St. Tomas.” She cries.

My world stops. I can’t fucking believe it. It makes sense and she was hiding under my nose this whole fucking time. I no longer hear any of the words coming from Kate’s mouth as I land each punch. Not stopping until I feel her skull cave in.

Page 11

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am

Chapter ten

Zovalee

I feel like my whole life has just been one huge lie. I can't trust anyone or anything and it's making me paranoid. I'm sitting on my bed, holding the box that contains all the secrets I've been keeping. I need to come up with a game plan and get back home.

I'm so lost in thought that I didn't hear my phone ringing. Picking it up, I see it's Ezran calling. I just stare at my phone, thinking of how I'm going to get out of this mess. The call ends and a text comes in.

Ez: Hey babe.

Ez: Are you coming to the game tonight?

Ez: Can't wait to see you.

Me: Sorry, raincheck?

Ez: Are you fucking serious?

Ez: Come on, babe.

Ez: I need you there.

Fuck, I was going to sneak out of here during the game.

Me: Okay, I'll be there.

I sit there for a few more minutes before I get up and start packing up my things. Everyone will be celebrating after the game, so I can slip out then. I'll miss the girls, but I have to get home and tie up these loose ends. I know some people owe me answers and I'll be collecting those. Just as I finish packing my bag, I hear a knock at the door. Walking over, I pull it open and my heart drops.

Leaving from the house, I cross the bridge and finish making my way to the campus. Ezran texted and wanted me to meet him at the rink before the game. It's too fucking cold for this shit but I'll be back home shortly and won't have to worry about this frigid weather. I know I'll have to readjust with the temperature change again, but I hope it won't be as rough of an adjustment as it was here.

I make it to the rink but I don't see him. Pulling my phone out, I text him wondering where he is. It shows he read it but he doesn't respond. Guess he is still in practice, so I make my way over to the bench and take a seat. After ten minutes, I feel someone watching me so I look up from my phone and look around, of course I don't see anyone. This is one thing I won't miss at all about this place; the feeling of being watched.

"You been waiting long?" I turn to look up at Ezran.

"No." I smile as he just stares at me.

He seems different and is just staring at me. He finally takes a seat beside me. He smells like cheap perfume. Hmm, I guess he has been cheating.

"You know I love you, right?" I can smell vodka on his breath.

Everything in me tells me something is up with him. My cell beeps, alerting me of a

text and I go to check it, but he places his hand over it.

“Can I tell you a story?” He asks, looking me in the eyes.

“Yeah, tell me.” I say, lowering my cell.

He lets out a long sigh then he starts his story. He tells me about his family and the cult. He tells me everything and my head spins. I’m still not understanding why he is telling me all of this. Is he trying to scare me? I mean, if he wants to break up, so be it. He raises his hand up to my face and runs his fingers along my cheek. I see his knuckles are busted up and he has blood on them.

“Are you okay? What happened?” Please tell me he didn’t run into the guys.

Is that what this is about?

“Do you remember my ex, Kate?” He asks, and dread fills me.

Did he hurt her?

What the fuck is going on? My phone beeps again alerting me of another text but I don’t pick it up. I can feel his eyes on me and I don’t want to freak him out. He waits another few minutes before he fills me in on what happened with her. My mouth hangs open as each word leaves his lips. My phone starts ringing and I look down at it seeing Truce’s name pop up. I look over and see that Ezran saw that too and slowly he grins.

“Answer it, babe.” I give him a confused look.

Is he serious?

Sliding the green bar to the right, I bring the cell to my ear but Ezran tells me to put it on speaker. So I do as he asked, waiting to hear why T would be calling me right now.

“Z, you there?” T’s husky voice comes through the line.

“Uh, yeah. What’s up?”

“Where are you? Are you with that guy?” I can hear the concern in his voice.

“Yeah, I’m at the r-,” I don’t have a chance to finish my sentence before Ez rips my phone from my hands and starts arguing with Truce.

They are going back and forth for what seems like forever before I catch what Ez says next.

“I know it was you who fucked my girl that night in the maze.” He spits out.

What the fuck is he talking about, that was Ez, right? No way that was T. Thinking back to that night everything slowly starts to flash back, the smell, the touch, and my whole world stops. It was Truce all this time.

“You will never make it in time to save her. You ruined my Valentine, so now I’ll destroy yours.” He says as he turns to look at me, tossing my phone back to me.

“I think I could have loved you, Zova.” He says before shaking his head. “Actually, that’s a lie. I think I did in a way, but you had to ruin everything for me.” He snaps.

“I’m sorry, Ez. I was drunk and I didn’t realize-,” He cuts me off again.

“I’m not talking about that. You have ruined everything! I wasn’t supposed to kill her

and I'll have to pay for that later." He tilts his head before he says his next words. "Do you remember the story I told you?" I nod. "Do you remember what I said about my mission?" I nod again.

"I found her, you know?" I look down at his hands and back up to his face. "Were you ever going to tell me, Zova." He lets out a small chuckle. "Or should I say, Zovalina St. Tomas," he spits, tilting his head at me.

All the blood drains from my face. I'm so caught up in what he just said that it doesn't register when he delivers the first hit. The minute his blow lands to my nose, I know it's broken. My hands instantly fly up to my face.

"You. Are. Dead." He growls as another blow lands that causes me to fall backwards and into the snow.

"It just had to be you!" He shouts before landing a kick to my side. One, two, and on the third kick, I feel my ribs crack. It feels like all the air in my lungs is full of hot lava. Everything is on fire and all I can do is curl up into a ball and pray someone finds us before he kills me.

"You shouldn't have come here! I should have seen what you were up to." He spits, crouching down and sitting on my chest, bringing his hands to my throat and squeezing. I can see the black clouds forming around my eye sight as I struggle to breathe. This is it. This is how I die.

Just before I blackout, I hear murmurs before I hear a faint, familiar voice say, "'Eye for an Eye'" followed by a swish and gurgling noises. I see Ez's body fall beside me as he grabs his throat, red liquid pouring from beneath his hands. Then everything goes black.

Page 12

Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:52 am

Carrying her unconscious, limp body in my arms towards the car, I can't help but feel this pull in my heart. I almost fucking lost her; almost too late to save her. I still have so many questions swirling around in my head. After this, she won't be getting out of my sight and I'm sure the guys will feel the same.

We are going to need to figure out how she ended up here in the first place. Her parents think someone set this up but we don't know why. Placing her into the passenger seat of my 85' cutlass supreme 442, I walk around and climb in. Starting her up and pulling out of the gates, we make our way home.

Connecting my cell to the Bluetooth, I press the conference call.

"I got her. We're headed back now." I rush out after everyone joins the line.

"Any trouble?" The deep voice comes through the speaker.

"Yeah, she got hurt. I was almost too late." I reply, waiting to hear what type of trouble I'm in for.

"Is she alive?" The soft feminine voice asks.

"Yes." I respond.

"Good, make it back safe. And Truce?" The man says with pain in his voice.

"Yeah?" I say, waiting to hear the next words.

“This stays between us. Not even your friends can know why this happened.”

The call ends and I can't help but feel the unease seep into my bones knowing that when the truth comes out, this will destroy us all. I pull into the gas station and look over at her; seeing her chest rise and fall letting me know she is still alive. I run inside, grab some snacks, pay for gas and head back out. I sit everything in the car through the window and begin pumping the gas. Pulling my phone out, I text the guys.

Me: Headed home.

Zain: Is she with you?

Me: Yes.

Fuck, I wish I could tell them about everything.

Kreed: Everything good?

Me: Yeah, just tired.

I hate fucking lying to them.

Zain: She fight you?

Me: Nope. I gave her a sedative.

Kreed: Better hope she doesn't wake up on the way.

Shit, I just hope she wakes up.

Me: Naw, I gave her a good dose.

Zain: See you soon.

Kreed: Don't do anything I wouldn't do.

Me: There's nothing you wouldn't do.

Me: See you soon.

Getting back in the car, I pull out and head towards the freeway. I reach into the bag, pulling out an energy drink and cracking it open before taking a gulp. Taking another glance at Z, I bet she's cold, reaching into the backseat to grab a blanket,

"What the fuck!" I shout.

Looking in the mirror, I lock on familiar eyes.

"I've got her from here." Their sinister smile is the only indication I get before I feel a prick in my hand.

Z is the last thing I see before I'm plunged into darkness.