



# Savage Valentine (St. Valentines)

**Author:** *Alena Jane*

**Category:** Dark Erotica

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

This isn't your typical college. These walls hide some of the darkest of secrets, maybe even darker than mine.

My parents adopted me not long after being saved from a trafficking ring. When the time came to get my education, this was the college they sent me to. They are like royalty here, so I'm doing what I can to make them happy. So I stay quiet, be the nice little sorority girl and mind my business. That is, until him.

Parker is a hockey player with a bad attitude and lots of secrets. He wanted nothing to do with his family, the societies they were a part of, none of it. But its in his blood.

All it took was one hookup for him to become obsessed, and now he will do anything to become her Savage Valentine. Even if it means spilling the blood of anyone who touches her.

**Total Pages (Source):** 12

# Page 1

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

Prologue

Sydney

Age 10...

Standing on the stage in front of what seems like hundreds of people, my hands bound behind my back, my feet are cuffed and chained together. I feel gross and the lights are way too bright after being locked in a cell for God knows how long. The door only being opened to give me food, water and for these men to do the disgusting things they have to me. I haven't seen daylight in so long. I'm here to be sold to the highest bidder. My mom owed some bad people money and when she couldn't pay them, they killed her and took me.

"Smile, you have a lot of people wanting to bid on you! You are our biggest prize. So act the part. If you don't leave here with me getting paid, you will regret it." Mr. Williams says, his rancid breath making my stomach roll. He always smells like cigarettes and alcohol.

Feeling a sting in the back of my arm causes me to jerk. Within the next few minutes, my vision becomes blurry and my head feels fuzzy. I hear someone calling out numbers and saying prices but everything starts to fade into the background. Like I'm here, but also not here. I barely register hearing the word "Sold" before I'm grabbed roughly and walked backstage, stumbling along the way. I'm placed back in my chair and tied down while they grab the next girl. There's only three of us and I don't know any of their names. I just wish someone would save us. I don't want to be here anymore. I just want to be loved and live a normal kid's life.

Hearing a commotion behind me, someone comes up to me and cuts my ropes loose, moving to the girl next to me. A woman with long black hair crouches down in front of me. Her bluish–grey eyes meet mine.

“Come on, we’re going to get you all out of here and taken somewhere safe. I promise, you will be safe. No one will hurt you again.” She says with a promise before standing and helping me out of my chair. I lean on her while trying to get my legs to move, whatever the injection was making me feel groggy.

After stumbling around, she finally just picks me up and carries me. The girls that were there with me, not far behind, each one being carried by some man. I’m put inside a vehicle, when all of a sudden you hear ‘BOOM’, the building we just left explodes, pieces flying everywhere. Hopefully with all the bad people still in there.

Laying my head back, I drift off to sleep. The drug that was given to me, finally taking over. Sleep. I’ll just sleep.

## Page 2

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

### Chapter 1

#### Sydney

#### Present Day...

Sitting in the cafeteria with my headphones on, I begin to close my eyes as I listen to the music, when the sudden feeling of someone pushing my headphones off causes me to jump. Turning quickly, I look to see Liv and Zova behind me.

“Hey babes, sorry about that. I never saw you guys walk up.” I say with a small laugh.

“Yeah no shit, you were zoned out with those on your ears and your music probably on full blast.” She points to my headphones and rolls her eyes while Zova just laughs. Pulling out my phone, I pause my music and look back at them before shoving my headphones into my bag.

“Obviously, something has to drown out the noise in here.” I shoot back. Looking specifically at the hockey table, all the guys are always loud and rambunctious. My eyes catch Parker meeting my stare and I quickly turn away. This fucking guy.

“I don’t think they know the meaning of the word quiet.” Liv replies, rolling her eyes. Zova is just giving fucking heart eyes to Ezran, but they are pretty cute together so whatever makes her happy.

The sorority girls normally always sit at the same table for lunch. We try and keep

each other filled in on the latest bullshit happening around the school. There are ghost stories I've heard about since day one of being here. You'll catch the light flickering or some weird shit like that, they say it's the spirits of a bunch of murdered wives haunting the grounds. It's intriguing, really. Spooky too.

Finishing up my food, I tell the girls bye as I get up and walk to dump my trash. Before I can walk out of the cafeteria doors, a strong hand grabs my arm and spins me around. Looking up and seeing Parker standing in front of me, I let out a frustrated sigh and try to pull out of his grip. By the shit eating grin he's wearing, I can see it does no good. It only eggs him on as his tattooed hand just tightens around my arm.

"Can I help you?" I roll my eyes and look up at him, hoping the look on my face shows how uninterested I am.

"Actually yeah. Ever since the maze party last night, you've done everything in your power to avoid me. You're done ignoring me Sydney!" He says, his face all serious now with those deep emerald eyes boring into mine.

"I'm not sure what you want me to say. I was drunk. We hooked up. End of story. Fun times. Now let me go, Mr. Vega doesn't like when we're late." I rip free from his grip and turn my back to him. He laughs, but not a casual laugh, it was one of those crazy laughs, you know? Looking over my shoulder at him, a sinister smile plays on his lips. The kind of smile that sent a shiver down my spine.

"I'll see you in class, Syd." He says, almost in a taunting way. Then just turns and walks back towards his table and teammates.

Walking into the classroom, I sit in my normal seat in the middle of the room. After a few minutes, the rest of the class starts piling in. Parker walks into the room and comes up to the seat next to mine. He sits on top of the desk and looks over at me.

Did he not get the hint?

“Like I said, I’m not going anywhere.” He says, that same sinister grin playing at his lips right as Mr. Vega walks in and pins him with a glare.

“Get off my desk. There’s a chair there for a reason, Vance. Use it.” Mr. Vega spits out.

Holding in my laughter, I look down at the desk while Mr. Vega goes on about the class. As I sit here trying to listen to everything he’s saying, Parker won’t stop clearing his throat next to me, trying to get my attention. Pinning him with a stare, he raises a brow at me and I turn back to the front. I am not getting infractions because of him.

Once class is finally over, I walk out of the room and on to my next class. Walking through the halls, I cringe as they’re lined with all the Valentine's Day crap. Red, pink and white hearts cover the walls, streamers hanging from the ceiling. They go all out. I literally cannot with all this lovey shit. They celebrate Valentines all month long here and something always goes down at this school during the month of February. I just mind my business and do what my adopted parents want me to do. Mom always says the same shit when I ask her about what goes on at the school on a deeper level.

“Just keep your head down Sydney and don’t worry about what happens in the halls or other places at that school. You won’t like anything you find.”

That obviously only piqued my interest more. Call it curiosity or just wanting all the facts, but I needed to know. Before my parents adopted me, I went through some dark shit. And there’s definitely some dark energy lingering in this school.

Going through my next few classes should be a breeze. I just need to get through my

nursing classes. I know what I'm doing when I leave here and these will just help me get exactly where I need to be. I've only been here a year but I'm not a big 'people person'. The only friends I have are the girls at Xi Phi Delta, the sorority I'm in, if you even want to call them friends. It's mainly a big house of women where we're forced to be friendly, but not really friends. Liv and Zova are my best friends. The main reason I'm even in this sorority is because my parents are like royalty at this school. They are part of that 'old money' that funds the university. The worst part about the sorority is that most of the girls here are seeing guys on the hockey team, which means Parker tags along with them, probably just to annoy me.

Finishing up my classes for the day, I head towards the sorority house. Ready to get this stupid uniform skirt off. I'll never understand uniforms but if we get caught in street clothes at school, we get an infraction. Always some dumb rule. Walking up to my room and gathering my things for a shower, my phone buzzes. Pulling it from my bag and looking at the screen, I see it's from the one person that never fails to keep in touch with me.

Raven: Hey babe, how's school? Still liking it there?

Me: Meh, can't complain. This is where the parents wanted me to go. So just doing my part until I can leave. How's everyone there?

Raven: We're good. Same old job, different day. Me and Eddie were talking about you today and I just wanted to check in.

Me: All good. Tell the old man hi for me.

Raven: Will do, kiddo. Text me anytime. Remember, when you're ready to come back, there will always be a place for you here.

Me: I know, thanks Raven! Give the guys hell babe.

Raven: Always do lmfao.

Laughing and closing the thread, I put my phone on the charger, grab some clothes and go into my bathroom. The sorority oozes wealth, a clear reflection of the deep pockets of the families here. Me and Zova are the only ones that have our own room with a huge en suite bathroom. The rest of the girls wanted a roommate. With as many girls that live here and their guy friends in and out, I'm definitely glad I have my own room and bathroom. Fuck sharing, and I'll be damned if I listen to someone have sex beside me. After having to deal with people throughout the day at school, I just want to be in my own space when I can.



## Page 3

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

### Chapter 2

#### Parker

Walking into the locker rooms, I'm basically on autopilot. How does one girl get under my skin so much? And why do I want her so bad? We fucked once, and out of all the girls I've been with, she's the one I keep wanting to go back to. Hell, I've even tried to let some of the puck bunnies get me off, but nope, my mind always wanders back to Sydney. Seeing her ass earlier in that tight plaid uniform skirt doesn't help my already hardening cock. Readjusting myself, a throat clears and I look up, seeing Hayes standing in front of me.

"Bro, where are you at? I said your name more than once." He says, quirking a brow at me.

"Umm, I'm right here idiot." I reply back.

"No dumbass, your head. Where's your head at?" He questions and raises a brow.

"Which one?" I reply back with a smirk.

"For fucks sake, let's go to practice before coach has us both running drills." He laughs, slapping the back of my head as he walks by.

After making our way out of the locker room and onto the ice, we go through the plays for our next game. Since we're down a teammate, we have to make sure the subs are ready and know all of our moves. Skating side by side, me, Hayes and Ezran

start working on warm up drills. Once we're feeling good and ready, we make passes to one another before hitting the puck to Phoenix, our goalie. We go through all of our plays, over and over again, making sure we're all in sync.

Ripping the mask off my face and wiping the sweat away, we all skate off the ice and head back into the locker rooms. Sitting down, I start taking my skates off and putting all my things into my bag. Grabbing the duffle, I head out and walk towards my dorm room. The one place I can be alone and just take a beat. I swear my life consists of just hockey and school.

Getting out of the shower, I wrap my towel around my waist and walk to my dresser to grab some sweats. Slipping them on, I pick up my uniform pants and look for my phone. Pulling it out and tossing my pants in the hamper, I scroll my contacts until I find the one I'm looking for.

Me: What are your plans tonight?

Sydney: Who the fuck is this?

Sitting on my bed, I chuckle to myself. My little Ice Queen doesn't even realize it's me. She will though.

Me: Take one guess, but that's all I'm giving you.

Sydney: Well, considering I only talk to a couple of people at this school and I have their numbers saved, I'm going to take a wild guess and just assume it's the only boy who annoys my soul? ??

Me: Ouch. I can feel my heart breaking, Ice Queen. Lol, but your guess is correct.

Sydney: How the fuck did you even get my number? Nvm. What do you want?

Me: I want to hangout. You don't need to worry your pretty self on how I got your number. I have my ways, baby. ??

Sydney: Ugh. Actually, I'm kinda busy right now. So... pass.

Me: Play hard to get all you want baby.

Sydney: It's not playing when I don't want you.

Me: That's not what you were screaming in the maze.

Read. She left me on read? This fucking girl. I'll break down her walls soon enough. Closing the thread, I reach over to my bedside table, grab a joint from the drawer and light it up. Sitting back on my bed, I take a deep inhale and hold it before letting out a long exhale.

Laying my head back against the headboard, my mind drifts off to maze night. The night I knew I was going to make Sydney Jacobs mine.

“Why are you running? Do you like to be chased? You know that saying, ‘if I catch you I fuck you’?” I taunt, chasing this dark haired beauty through the maze, the one girl I have had my eyes on all year. Running through this thing is easy for me to navigate, seeing as this isn't my first time here. The red sheer nighty she's wearing leaves nothing to the imagination. And DAMN, I gotta say, her ass is nice.

“Yes, I know the saying. We'll see what happens IF you catch me. I thought you were a hockey player, aren't you guys supposed to be fast on your feet?” She laughs, her long hair whipping behind her in the wind.

Grinning at her back, I pick up speed, running faster. Just as she laughs because she thinks she got away, I tackle her from behind. Rolling her on her back and pinning

her to the ground, I look into her deep blue eyes. They remind me of the ocean with one hell of a storm about to roll in. I can tell she's hiding a lot and I plan to uncover every secret of hers that I can. Without revealing too many of mine. I feel like we've both had a shit run on life, but that's all about to change.

"Caught you." I growl, leaning down and capturing her lips with mine.

She swirls her tongue inside my mouth and lifts her hips to grind against my already hard cock. "Fuck me, or let me go. You choose, jock." She whispers, licking my lips.

And that's all the permission I need. Sliding down her body, I push her nightgown up and push open her legs, kissing and biting up her inner thighs. Wasting no time as I start flicking my tongue across her clit. She bucks her hips and runs her fingers through my hair, pulling at the roots. Sliding two fingers into her soaked cunt, I slowly move them in and out. Her writhing underneath me and hearing her soft moans is making my resolve slip. Pulling my cock free from my pants, I stroke it and squeeze the tip before slamming into her in one brutal thrust, causing her to scream out.

"That's it baby, scream my name. Let everyone know who owns this pussy now." I groan out. Fuck, she's so goddamn tight.

"What the hell is that?" She moves her head to look between us, "It feels cold and different, but so fucking good." She moans, her eyes meeting mine.

"My dick is pierced." I say, pounding into her harder.

"Fuckkk." Is all the reply I get. I watch as her eyes roll to the back of her head and she bites her lip, trying to quiet herself.

"Don't quiet those sexy moans, Ice Queen. I wanna hear you when you cum." I growl

close to her ear.

“Fuckkkk, Parker!” She screams, her eyes lock with mine and the fire burning in them brings me closer to my own orgasm.

She’s close, so fucking close, her walls clamping down around me. Slamming into her a few more times, she screams my name again as her orgasm crashes through her. Feeling that familiar tingle climb up my spine, I pull out and cum all over her pussy, marking it as mine. She’s mine. Everything about her, MINE. And before long, she will know that too.

## Page 4

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am*

### Chapter 3

#### Sydney

Waking up from yet another nightmare covered in sweat, I roll over and look at the time on my phone. Only five a.m.? When did I even fall asleep? Rolling out of bed, I mindlessly walk to my bathroom for a shower. Might as well go ahead and get ready for the day.

Turning the water on, I make my way to the sink and brush my teeth while I wait for the water to get warm. Opening the shower door, the steam bellows out. Stepping in, I do my thing and get out, wrapping the towel around me.

Walking over to my closet, I grab my black and red plaid skirt and pull it over the curve of my hips. I always feel like my ass is on show with these damn skirts. Taking my white button up shirt and black blazer off the hanger, I slide them on, putting my red and black plaid tie on to match. That's basically the make up of my closet; school uniforms.

Sitting on the bed, I pull my black stockings up and slip into my black and white Converse. Walking into the bathroom, I blow dry my hair and straighten it. Looking at myself in the mirror, I do my eyeliner and mascara and call it good.

People only see this version of me—the rich girl with my foster parents' money. The girl with an attitude who stays to herself. I never show them the broken girl who hides behind the smile. When I actually do smile . The girl with trauma that haunts her. Which is okay, the only two people who actually see behind my mask are Zova

and Liv. Mainly because we just all have that dark broken vibe. Every time Parker looks at me, I feel like he's trying to look into my soul and uncover all of my secrets. I may hate jocks, but that motherfucker is trying everything he can to claw his way in and bury himself under my skin. Out of all the girls in this school, why me?

With one last look in the mirror, I pick up my bag and sling it over my shoulder, grabbing my phone and walking out of my room, shutting the door as I go. Walking into the sorority's kitchen, I toss a bagel into the toaster. While I'm waiting, I hear the front door open. Turning to see who it is, I smirk when I spot Charli sneaking in. She grins when she notices me and then climbs the stairs to her room. Okay... wonder where she's been? She spends most of her time off campus, I've noticed.

Grabbing the bagel once it pops up, I spread some cream cheese on it, take a big bite and walk towards the door. Putting my headphones over my ears and turning on music, I make the trek across campus to the parking lot where my car is. Eating the rest of my breakfast and singing to myself as I go. Bouncing my head to the music.

It's eerie out this morning, the fog low and thick. Just adding to the creepy vibe of this place. Turning my music up, I drown out everything else. No spooky vibes today. Music helps me get out of my head, especially after the nightmares.

Sitting on the cold floor with nothing but a blanket, the crappy mattress pushed into the corner. A mattress I avoid until I'm forced on it. It's always the same routine for me and the other girl down here, except they seem to sometimes have it worse than me. Their screams taunt me when I close my eyes. We get just enough food and water to keep us alive, but not enough to feel full. We're tied up and tortured daily, not only mentally, but physically too. They touch us in places my mom said no one should ever touch me, especially a man. I'm tired of crying. Tired of living the same damn nightmare over and over. I just want it to end. End this life I didn't ask for. No one should ever have to live like this. Looking down at my wrist, the tattooed number haunts me. I vow right now that if I ever make it out of here alive, the first thing I'll

do, will be getting rid of it. That's if I make it out of here alive, because if not soon, I won't make it out at all.

Shaking my head, I pull myself from the haunting memories, reminding myself that I'm not that girl anymore. I won't ever have to be either. Looking at my wrist where the blue butterfly tattoo now sits, replacing the numbers that once stained my skin, I rub my thumb across it. We made it, little butterfly. We were saved. Wiping the tears from my eyes I didn't even notice were falling, I'm suddenly grabbed from behind. Screaming and turning around, I land a punch right into the person's face.

"Fuck Syd! It's just me." Parker groans, holding his cheek.

"Jesus Christ! You scared the hell out of me! Don't you know not to creep up on people? Especially on this fucking bridge, in the dark! It's creepy enough without being scared to death, you savage motherfucker." I spit out, bringing my hands to my chest. My heart feels like it's about to explode.

"I'm sorry. I called your name a couple times. Maybe don't wear headphones when you're out here walking alone? Especially in the dark." He mocks and rubs his face, starting to chuckle.

"Also, you got a mean right hook. I won't admit that I ever said that if you tell anyone." He chuckles again. Shaking my head, I laugh with him.

"I guess you're right, but music helps it feel less scary. What are you doing out here anyways? Following me?" I question and roll my eyes.

"No, I was out for my morning run and saw you out here walking alone. So I was coming over to walk with you." He says and now I feel bad for punching him. Kinda.

"I'm just going to the parking lot. Actually, I'm thinking about going to town for



coffee before classes start since it's so early." I say taking in a breath. While I dislike jocks, something about Parker calls to me and I have to admit, seeing him all sweaty, even when it's freezing out here, is kind of hot.

"Well come on, I'll walk you to your car then." He replies, grabbing my bag from the ground and tossing it over his shoulder. "Are you coming?" He asks, looking at me and jerking his head towards the parking lot since apparently I'm just standing here like a statue.

Walking towards the lot, the silence is deafening and the tension can be cut with a knife. Ugh, it grates my nerves that I'm so intrigued by him. Making it to the big wooden gates, we go through and I turn towards the side where I know my car is parked.

"Which one's yours?" He asks, looking around at all the cars in the lot. You go from higher end cars, like Mercedes and Bentleys, to trucks and sports cars.

"That one." I reply, pointing to my blacked out challenger and hitting the unlock button.

"Damn, that car is sexy as fuck. Just like the driver." He says, looking at me like he's about to eat me alive right here. I just roll my eyes and laugh.

"Wanna come with? Or you got puck bunnies to go please?" I sass as I slide into the front seat.

"I'd rather please you. Right here in your front seat. But if all I get is going to get coffee, then let's go, Ice Queen." He replies, shutting my door. Walking around, he gets in the passenger seat and tosses my bag in the back.

Starting the car and giving it a few minutes to warm up, I put it in drive and take off

out of the parking lot, down the winding road, away from the University. The whole campus sits on top of a cliffside, so it's all curvy roads and miles from town. It looks pretty covered in snow, but there's secrets that lie beneath that no one knows about. It doesn't take long before we're falling into simple conversation the whole way. Who would have thought me and Parker Vance in the same car and no one getting murdered?

## Page 5

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am*

### Chapter 4

#### Parker

Missing practice this morning was worth it, even if it was just to go get coffee with her. Normally I get in my morning run, then I'm on the ice before the rest of the team to blow off steam before it's off to classes after. Fuck it, they won't miss me for one practice. Walking through the Valentine themed hallways and into my first class, I sit down and grab a piece of paper to start my note for my little Ice Queen.

Once class is over with, I walk out and head straight for Sydney's locker, slip the note in and dip out before she can notice. I'm pretty sure she knows it's me who leaves these notes, but she hasn't asked and I'm damn sure not about to give myself away. I love getting her all riled up. It's the best part of my day. Walking to my next class, my phone vibrates in my pocket. Pulling it out, I instantly roll my eyes and sigh.

Dad- I'll be at your next game. Better be a winning one. Vance's don't lose!

Me- K dad. We haven't lost yet. Walking into class. Later.

Closing the thread before I ever see his reply, I put my phone back in my pocket. He hates when I dismiss him, but he's always on my case about hockey. He doesn't like that I play any sports instead of being fully focused on my initiation next year. I have told him a hundred times that the secret society can suck my dick and I don't want any part of it. But I'm a Vance and it's all about keeping the family name going. Therefore I don't get a say. So he's doing everything in his power to get me to conform before then. And I'm not giving in as easily as he wants, but since I'm his

only kid, he really doesn't have a choice. I will do what he says until I can get out. When I do, I'm leaving this town behind.

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Finishing up with classes, I head towards the cafeteria to meet up with Hayes and Ezran for dinner before we go to practice. Walking in the door, I make my way to the front of the line, grabbing a couple slices of pizza, a bottle of water and an orange. Making my way to the table, Hayes is the only sitting there. Looking around for Ezran, I don't see him anywhere. He's probably with Zova. Those two are always making up for time since we're constantly at practice. Hockey basically makes up our entire life when we're not in class. Sitting down, I take a big bite of my pizza and look over at him.

"Liv came to the sports center and was looking for you. Did she find what she was looking for?" I ask, wiggling my eyebrows at him. He laughs and slaps the back of my head.

"So the cemetery party, are you ready for it? You going after Syd or letting someone else take her?" He asks and I punch him in the arm.

"Fuck you! No one gets Syd but me. I'll be the only one to catch her and I'll kill anyone who tries. I already have her glow stick ready to go." I reply, feeling my blood pressure rise at the thought of someone else touching her.

"Damn, I was just joking. But I feel you. I'd definitely do the same shit if someone else touched Liv." He replies back. We both cut each other a glance and start laughing. We sound like a bunch of psychos, but only for the girls we choose, I guess.

We fall into conversation about our plans for that night while finishing our food. Once we're done, we dump our trash and head out. Walking across campus, we make

it quickly to the sports center and to the outside rink. Honestly, practicing outside is my favorite. It's not like it could get any colder. It's already freezing and the ground is covered in snow.

Skating around in it just gets my blood pumping more. The ice is where I take out all my aggression, same with most of the guys on the team. I probably get in more fights on the ice than I do off of it.

## Page 6

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am*

### Chapter 5

#### Sydney

Walking through the courtyard, I pull the note from my pocket I found in my locker. This is the second one.

Be my Savage Valentine... with that smart mouth of yours wrapped around my cock, while those icy blues water and cause your mascara to run down that pretty face.

Your Savage Valentine xoxo

Feeling my cheeks heat, I quickly fold the note back up and shove it in my pocket. Jesus, whether I like him or not, he can turn me on faster than anyone I've met. For fucks sake, I feel like I only know one guy who would leave something like this for me. Fucking Parker. Making my way towards the door when all of a sudden I hear "Boo" causing me to nearly jump out of my skin. Spinning around, I see Liv there and we both start laughing.

"I actually didn't expect to scare you, but fucking win for me bitch." She throws her head back laughing.

"Jesus Christ! I definitely wasn't expecting you to just come from nowhere. This place freaks me out enough without the jump scares. Between you and Parker, I'm going to have a goddamn heart attack at twenty." I hold my hands over my chest to feel my racing heart and let out a full belly laugh. Linking her arm through mine, we continue walking towards the sorority.

“Sooo, are you going to join the sorority yet? Zova is always studying and I could really use another friend to talk to and hang out with in this house.” I stop us in our tracks and turn to her with pleading eyes, batting my lashes at her.

“You’re telling me, you want me to come live in this big ass house with all these girls and leave my nice dorm room? Hmm, beg harder babe.” She replies and I bust out laughing again.

“I think you should be the one on your knees begging to be so close to me.” I sass back and we both continue laughing.

Walking up the steps to the sorority, we walk in and go upstairs to my room. I watch as Liv takes in the space. I’ll admit, it’s nice here, way nicer than most college sororities I’ve seen.

“So wanna move in yet? I’ll even help you move your shit here.” I ask with a shit eating grin on my face. Looking over at me, she rolls her eyes.

“I don’t know, I’ll think about it. If I do, you’re helping me though. Lucky for you, I don’t have much to move anyways.” She replies and then lets out a sarcastic sigh.

“Yes bitch, please think about it. You know where I’ll be,” is my only reply and she just laughs at my dramatics. Grabbing some clothes, I go to the bathroom and change. Listening to her go on about her day and about the manhunt coming up. Conversation is easy when it comes to my two best friends. Everyone else I just associate with, well, mostly because we live together.

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After Liv left, I decided to go and talk to Parker. So here I am once again carrying my ass through the dark of night to the sports center. I know he should still be at hockey

practice so we shall see. Walking through the doors, a few of the guys pass me, catching one by the arm as he's about to walk out. I stop him, not knowing his damn name.

"Hey is Parker still in there?" I ask looking up at him.

"Yeah, he's in the locker room. He was still in the shower a minute ago." He replies looking me up and down then smirks and walks off. Ugh, fucking jocks and their stupid God-like egos, always smirking.

Letting the door close behind me, I find my way to the locker room. I hate all sports and jocks, so this is definitely not my scene. Well, apparently one is growing on me. Stepping into the locker room, I immediately find Parker, his back to me in nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist. My eyes widen as I get closer. It looks like he's been abused or whipped. Something. He has raised slashes all across his back. You can tell some are old and some are newish. Gasping, I try to cover my mouth, but it's too late. Parker whips around and catches me standing there.

"Hey, Ice Queen. What brings you to the boys locker room?" He questions with a sexy ass grin plastered across his face.

"Well, I-I came to ask you a question," I start, my brain quickly changing subjects. "...but Parker, what the hell happened to your back?" I ask and his whole demeanor changes and his eyes darken.

"Don't fucking worry about it. That part of my life is none of your business!" He snaps and I flinch, just nodding in response. I haven't ever seen him get mad like that. Backing up to walk away, I completely forget even asking about the note. But he stalks towards me, matching my every step until I'm backed against the wall.

"What did you want to ask? Well, before you saw my scars anyways." He asks,



looking down at me and licking his lips.

“N-nothing, don’t worry about it.” I stammer out, my breath catching in the back of my throat.

“Tell me, Ice Queen. I can smell your fear and arousal right now. So ask me!” He says, his voice is full of command. Fuck me, why is this turning me on?

“The notes in my locker. Are...are they from you? I figured you’re the only one brave enough to say some shit like that to me, even if it’s through a piece of paper.” I sass, pushing up against him and away from the wall to get some of my space back.

“Hmm, I’m not sure what you mean babe. Be more specific. Or maybe you could just play out what one of the notes said.” He says with a sinister smile.

Grinning back at him, I take a second to think about it. Can I do this? Just drop to my knees for him? You got this! Be brave, just do it. Sinking to my knees and pulling the towel down as I go, his cock springs free, already rock hard. Jesus Christ. I totally forgot he was pierced and I don’t remember it being this big. Duh, bitch you were drunk! Licking the precum around the hoop he has through the head, I look up at him and he throws his head back, placing one hand on the wall.

“Fuck, Ice Queen. I’m about to fuck your pretty little throat. Open your mouth and stick your tongue out for me.” He commands, his eyes blown with lust. Doing as he asks, he looks down at me and grins.

Slamming to the back of my throat, I gag the first few times, not ready for his size or the way his piercing feels. After a few minutes, my gag reflex subsides and I look up at him again while rubbing my thighs together, trying to relieve some of the pressure building. Pleasing him apparently turns me all the way on. Noted. Saliva runs out of the corners of my mouth and tears start falling down my cheeks.

“That’s right baby, let me make you a beautiful mess!” He says through hooded eyes, running his fingers through what I assume is my smeared mascara. “You’ve never looked as pretty as you do right now with your mouth full of my cock,” he groans, thrusting his hips and picking up his pace. Wrapping one of his hands through my hair, he tightens his grip to the point where it feels like he may rip my hair out from the roots.

Wrapping my lips around his length, I suck and swallow around him, trying to meet his brutal pace to get him to finish faster. My throat is literally going to kill me later for this.

“Fuckkkk, I’m about to cum and you’re going to swallow it all. Don’t waste a drop my little cum whore.” He growls, thrusting and hitting the back of my throat a couple more times. He lets out a loud moan just as the warm salty liquid hits my tongue. Swallowing around him, he groans and pulls me off with a pop. Holding out his hand he helps me up on shaky legs.

“Well, I didn't see this conversation going like that.” I chuckle, using my fingers to wipe the drool and cum that falls from my mouth, licking them clean. His eyes darken before he starts laughing with me.

“If you would have asked me the same question, I definitely didn’t see you seeking me out for a conversation like this either, Ice Queen. Let me get dressed and I’ll walk with you back to the sorority.” He replies, kissing the top of my head.

Walking back to the bench, he slips on his sweats, pulls a hoodie over his head and we walk out of the sports center into the cold wind and snow towards my sorority. How do I let this jock, of all guys, get under my skin? I know this will only boost his ego and make him a more possessive asshole than he already is.

## Page 7

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am*

### Chapter 6

#### Parker

Seeing how irritated my dad's face was in the stands after we lost that game, I know as soon as I leave this locker room, I'm going to get an ear full. I can't blame Hayes though, not fully. His head wasn't in the game. We all have bad days.

Grabbing my duffle, I go to walk out, but not before my dad walks in, slamming the door open hard enough that it bounces off the wall. Here the fuck we go!

"What the fuck was that, Parker? Vance's don't lose!" My dad seethes and the locker room goes quiet. I'm sure they're ready to see the shit show unfold.

"Chill out, we lost one game. It's not the end of the fucking world! Can we not do this here?" I reply back, the irritation rising in my tone.

"No, but all I'm going to say is this, enjoy it Parker Vance. Enjoy this little game you play with your friends while you can, because this ain't it. This isn't your future. You have a year to get this out of your system, then you know what comes next. And you will fall in line! Just like the others." He yells in my face, poking his finger into my chest. He better calm the fuck down. Dad or not, I'll knock his ass out.

Looking around the locker room then back at me once more, he scoffs and walks out, slamming the door behind him. Fuck my fucking life. I can't stand him and the life he wants for me. I don't want to be a part of the society, that's his life, not mine. Slinging my bag over my shoulder once again, I storm out of the locker room and

head for the exit of the sports center. I don't have time for his shit, or him. I have a manhunt to get ready for and a girl to chase. Again.

Let the games begin, Ice Queen. I have some pent up anger I'm about to release on you and I hope you're ready for me.

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Sitting back in the distance while someone announces the rules, I watch as Syd cracks open her blue glow stick and puts it around her neck. She starts looking side to side, bouncing back and forth on her feet, and I can tell she's getting nervous. I also know she loves this shit. I learned on maze night that my girl has a thing for primal play. My Ice Queen loves the hunt.

"You must wear the glow stick. Each guy knows what color they picked for you. All I gotta say is run and run fast. Whoever catches you, gets you for twenty four hours. Let the games begin!" He announces with a laugh and blows the horn. I watch as she runs, taking off into the distance and disappearing into the fog, which is extra thick tonight. It gives the cemetery an even creepier vibe than usual. Walking in that direction, I look for the blue glow stick I picked especially for her.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are, Ice Queen." I taunt and hear a twig snap to my left. Turning and picking up speed, I catch a glimpse of her hair whipping in the wind as I hear her soft giggles.

"Come and catch me if you can, jock. Remember, gotta be fast on your feet." She laughs as she runs, getting closer and closer to the cathedral.

I see her disappear and squat down behind one of the gravestones. I can hear her panting and trying to catch her breath.

“How wet are you? I’m going to wreck you when I get my hands on you, Ice Queen. So I hope you’re ready, because I’ll make sure you can’t walk for days.” I taunt, raising my voice as I get closer and closer to her. She jumps up and makes a beeline for the front doors of the cathedral. Never thought I’d fuck in there, but we’re about to get real holy up in here.

Just as she goes to turn and run to the side of the building, she picks up speed but I grab her. “Gotcha!” she spins in my arms and laughs.

“Guess you did. Now take me in there.” She points and I pick her up by the backs of her thighs and toss her over my shoulder, smacking her ass. Walking up the stairs and through the doors, I lay her down on one of the pews and slide between her legs. Leaning down I bring my lips to hers and bite her lower lip hard enough that a drop of blood falls. She hisses as I lick it off before she groans and opens up for me, swirling her tongue with mine.

Trailing my hands under her shirt, she pulls away long enough for me to bring it over her head and toss it to the ground. Yanking her bra down, her perfect tits spill free and I suck one of the hardened peaks into my mouth as she runs her fingers through my hair and moans out. Biting down, I move to the other and do the same. Sucking and biting, making sure to leave her covered in my mark. Running my tongue between her breasts and up to her neck, I bite down and suck. Leaving my mark there for everyone to know she’s taken. Sliding my hands between us, I pop the button to her jeans, slipping two fingers into her slick cunt. She moans and bucks her hips.

Opening her eyes, she looks up at me, then to the side and lets out a loud gasp causing me to pull back and look at her. Following her line of sight behind me, I notice the priest standing there, his cock in his hands and jerking off. What. The. Fuck?

Standing up, I tackle him to the ground, sitting on his stomach to keep him down and

grab the curved knife from the pocket of my pants. I open the blade and use it to cut his robe down the middle, then bring the blade to his chest.

“You sick fuck. No one gets to see her like this. Not even a man of God, if that’s what you can even call yourself.” I spit. Dragging the blade down his chest, watching as the blood seeps from the wound. His screams just urge me on. Coming back up, I slice across the opposite direction, making a big cross symbol across his chest. He’s screaming and begging me to stop but I can’t. I want to kill him. Who else has he done this to?

Bringing the blade to his throat, I look him in the eyes and grin, then make a clean slice across and revel as the blood sprays me, coating my fingers. Fuck. Now I have to move the body. Standing up and looking around at where I can stow his disgusting body. I laugh internally when the perfect place comes to mind.

Picking him up the best I can, I walk us to the confessional. Sitting him up on the chair in there, I shut the door. There, let's hear your confessions now, priest . Walking back over to where I killed him, I look around and find some towels and start cleaning up the mess, taking the blood soaked fabric and dumping them into the trash can. Walking back over towards Syd, I look at her as she stands there, frozen in shock. Well fuck, she was never supposed to see this side of me. FUCK.

I place my hand on her shoulder and she flinches as she snaps out of it.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Parker! You didn’t have to kill him. Did you? I mean sure maybe beat his ass but, shit.” Sydney gasps, looking up at me with her hands over her mouth.

“Yes I did, Ice Queen. No one, and I mean no one, gets to see you like that! And those sweet moans and sounds you make, are just for me. So yes, he had to die, baby! No amount of beating would have been good enough for me.” I reply, her eyes finally

meeting mine as I walk closer to her.

Walking around her and grabbing her shirt from the floor, I slide it over her head. Reaching for her hand, she jerks away from me.

“Don’t be scared. I’d never hurt you, baby. I promise.” I whisper, reaching for her hand again. She looks down at our joined hands and back up at me, tears lining her eyes.

“I’m not, I’ve seen a lot of shit in my life. But you killing someone, is something I definitely didn’t see coming. I’m not this Princess who’s been locked away in a tower her whole life. I’ve seen and been through shit most kids at this school wouldn’t see in ten lifetimes. So no, I’m not scared of you, Parker.” She replies, interlocking our fingers and squeezing my hand. My eyes lift to hers, trying to see any hesitation, but there is none.

“Come on, I’ll take you back to my dorm.” I say, leading her out of the doors, down the cobblestone path of the cemetery and back through the maze. Looking over at her, she has a slight grin on her face and for once, I can’t tell if it’s genuine or fake. A mask? I guess at some point we all wear one.

### Chapter 7

#### Sydney

Walking into his dorm, he shuts and locks the door behind him. Turning, he stalks towards me like a predator that just found his prey; me being the prey. Pushing me down on the bed with a sinister grin on his face, he slides between my legs and climbs up my body. Slamming his lips to mine, he bites my bottom lip like he always does when I don't open up for him immediately. Slowly, teasingly, I open for him and our tongues swirl for a second before he pulls away, lifting his body off mine to look down at me.

“You okay with this? Finishing what we started back there?” He questions, his eyes darting back and forth between mine.

“Think you can manage to get me off, jock?” I sass and give him a playful smile.

Lifting up on my elbows, I pull his bottom lip between my teeth and bite down, causing him to growl as he runs his hands under my shirt, pulling it over my head. Leaning down, he pulls my bra down and takes a nipple into his mouth, flicking the hardened peak, causing me to moan. He lets go with a pop and pushes me back down on the bed. Kissing down my body, he pops the button of my jeans and I lift my ass as he slowly drags them over my hips and down my thighs, taking them off.

“Fuck, baby, you're soaked for me.” He groans, sliding to the edge of the bed and onto his knees, pulling my panties off with his teeth and shoving them in his pocket. Jesus Christ, this man.



His tongue swirls over my clit and my hips buck but he uses both hands to pin me down. Flicking his tongue faster, he brings me closer and closer to the edge. Sitting up, he yanks his shirt over his head and climbs back on the bed between my legs. Reaching between us, I undo the button of his jeans, sliding my hand into his boxers and gripping his cock, stroking it slowly. He lets out a loud guttural moan, throwing his head back.

“Fuck, I love when my cock is in your hands.” He groans.

Sitting up on my knees, I push him down on the bed and straddle him, lining his cock up with my entrance and slamming down on top of him. We both groan out as he grips my hips hard enough to bruise and starts slowly rocking me back and forth.

“Fuck! You are so goddamn perfect. After this, there's no going back, Ice Queen. You. Are. MINE.” He growls, slamming up into me to prove a point. It's like he's trying to imprint himself inside of me.

Meeting him thrust for thrust, he picks up his pace, pounding into me brutally. In this position, I can feel every time his piercing hits that sweet spot inside of me and it feels fucking amazing.

“Fuck, Parker. Just like that. Don't stop.” I moan out, rocking my hips faster and throwing my head back, trying to chase my orgasm.

His hand wraps around my throat while he sits up, pulling my nipple into his mouth and biting down. He's trying to draw blood with how hard he keeps biting, damn vampire.

“Who do you belong to, Ice Queen?” He commands, bringing my head back to see his face as he continues thrusting up into me harder.

“You. Fuck, you Parker.” I reply back, a moan spilling from my lips.

I’m so lost in how good he feels that I’m not prepared when he flips us, putting me on the bottom. Grabbing one of my legs and throwing it over his shoulder, he slams into me relentlessly. Stars litter the corners of my vision just as my orgasm hits me like a fucking freight train. Screaming his name, he thrusts a couple more times before he pulls out, coating my stomach and pussy with his cum. Once again marking me as his.

“Fuck, I don’t think I’ve ever cum that hard. Jesus Christ.” I say, panting and trying to catch my breath.

Lying down beside me, I roll over and slide between his legs, gathering the cum from my stomach and rubbing it up and down his length. Getting faster with each stroke and tightening my grip.

“Just like that baby, fuckkkk.” He moans out. There’s something about hearing a man moan that turns me all the way on.

Stroking faster and watching him buck his hips as he gets closer to his release, he grabs my hands to make me stop. Shaking my head at him, he releases me and lets out a low whimper.

“Please, fuck. It’s too much,” he groans, looking up at me with lust burning in his eyes.

“Come on, jock. Cum for me, again. Cover my hands in it so I can lick them clean.” I say, my voice full of sass and command to see if he will cum when told.

Pushing his head further into the pillow, he lets out a line of cuss words with a low growl just as his release shoots all over my hands. Never slowing down, I use it as

lube again and stroke him faster, gripping his cock tighter with each one. This may be my new favorite way to see him as I watch him squirm and try to climb up the bed.

“Fuck, Ice Queen! Goddamnit, I’m going to cum again if you don’t stop.” He says through gritted teeth. Pleasure and something else crossing his face.

“Oh, I’m not stopping, baby. Cum again. I love being the one to see you squirm for a change.” I command with a smile playing on my lips. And he does, covering my hands all over again with ropes of white. Letting go, I bring my fingers up to my mouth and lick them clean.

“Mmm, you taste like my best mistake.” I sass, grinning at him as I lick my lips.

Laying back down beside him, he rolls over and fuses his lips to mine, not letting me come up for air as he slides back into me, slowly thrusting in and out.

“So fucking tight. I could stay inside you forever. The way your pussy keeps my cock in a vice grip feels fucking amazing.” He groans against my lips and I can already feel my next orgasm about to hit. All the pent up need from watching him, sitting right on the edge.

“Fuckkk, I’m going to cum again.” I pant as our eyes meet and he gives me a sinister grin.

“Keep cumming baby, cover my cock in your release. Make me yours.” He growls, looking into my eyes and it feels more like he’s trying to bury himself into my soul.

Wrapping his hands around my throat again, he picks up his pace and pounds into me. Making me cum over and over and over, until we’re both covered in sweat and his room smells like something straight from a porno. Sore. I’ll be so fucking sore after this. Totally worth it though.

Picking me up from the bed hours later, he carries me to the shower, turning the water on and walking us under the warm spray. Everything hurts and lets just say it's the good kind of sore too. Like he meant for this to happen so I'll feel him for days to come. He grabs the shampoo, motioning for me to turn around before running his hands through my hair and scrubbing until it lathers. Rinsing it out, he does the same with the conditioner, then rinses that out next. Grabbing his loofah and adding soap, he washes my body, slowly and surprisingly gentle.

"I've never had someone wash my hair, or anything for that matter." I say looking up at him.

"I'll do this every day for you baby." He replies, kissing the top of my head. And fucking swoon, if I wasn't already falling for him before now. This side of him will do it.

Grabbing the loofah from him and adding soap again, I start to run it over his chest, slowly making my way down his body. Seeing his tattoos and how ripped his body really is sends a shiver up my spine at how turned on I am. Who knew someone could have so many abs.

"Turn around, let me wash your back." I say, and he pins me with a stare. His gaze turning more questioning than anything.

"You sure? You don't have to." He replies. Grabbing his shoulder, I nudge him to turn around. Rubbing the soap over his back, he tenses and I lean in, kissing each scar. Hoping he knows that whatever they are from won't make me look at him any different. Turning around, he pulls us both under the spray and we rinse off. Reaching behind me and shutting the water off, he opens the door, grabbing us both a towel.

Wrapping his around his waist, he brings mine over my shoulders and starts drying me off. He turns, his scars on full display. I'm still curious about his scars and how

they got there. That's his story to tell when he's ready, God knows the last time I asked about it he went on the defensive. We both have scars and stories to tell, maybe one day we will trust each other enough to share. He wears his on the outside, whereas mine are all on the inside.

Walking into his room, he walks straight back to his bed and pulls the blankets back. Dropping my towel, I climb in bed and he does the same, dropping his towel and climbing in behind me. Pulling me up against his naked body, I close my eyes, the sound of him softly snoring already, lulling me to sleep.

## Page 9

*Source Creation Date: July 23, 2025, 2:53 am*

### Chapter 8

#### Parker

Rolling over, I realize Syd is still laying beside me. Pulling her closer, she groans and rolls over to face me.

“Morning, sunshine.” I say, my voice still raspy from sleep.

“Mmmm morning. Shit, what time is it? I need to get back to the sorority to do some things.” She replies rolling back over to get out of bed but I tighten my grip on her.

“Just five more minutes. That’s all I’m asking for.” I plead and she just huffs in response, scooting closer to me.

Laying there a little while longer, I finally reach over and grab my phone to check the time. Unlocking it, the first thing I see is a text from Hayes.

Hayes: Yo. Wanna hit the ice? I got some steam to blow off and some shit to tell you!

Me: Yeah, give me a few.

Hayes: Aight bro, I’ll meet you on the ice.

Closing the thread, I look at the time and lay the phone back down.

“It’s already after noon, so hopefully you didn’t have anything too important.” I

laugh looking over at her.

“No, but damn, how did we manage to sleep half the day away?” She questions and rolls her eyes as she lets out a yawn.

“I don’t know. I recall staying up until early morning hours making you cum over and over. So hmm, that could be it.” I reply mockingly. Slapping my chest, she climbs out of bed and starts grabbing her clothes that are littered around the room. Rolling myself out of bed with a groan, I grab some sweats and step into them, grabbing a shirt next and sliding it over my head. Fuck, I feel worn out. She’s about to walk out the door when I run over and slap my hand on it, making it shut before she can get out.

“So you’d just leave? No goodbye, see ya later, nothing? Aww, Ice Queen, always breaking my heart.” I question, giving her a sly grin and holding my hands over my heart.

“Oh for fucks sake, jock. Fine, bye, see ya. I’ll text you later.” She replies and chuckles.

“Damn, I may even get a text? I must have done something right.” I reply, pulling her in and crashing my lips to hers. This girl. I don’t know what it is about her, but I’ll take her frozen heart and thaw it out. Making it to where it only beats for me.

“Later, jock. Don’t get into too much trouble today.” She grins, shoots me a wink and walks out the door. Fuck this girl is trouble and I know I’m in deep shit when it comes to her. I hope she knows I was dead ass last night when I said she’d be mine. Because now she is. Mine. And I’ll kill anyone who looks at her or touches her. Because no one touches what’s mine and lives to talk about it. Just ask the priest.

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Meeting Hayes by the outside rink, we lace up our skates and get on the ice. He looks mad and God help whoever pissed him off this bad, because it won't end well for them.

"You good bro? What'd you want to talk about?" I ask, turning around and skating backwards to look at him.

"Liv has a fucking boyfriend that she somehow forgot to mention to me and the prick showed up today." He seethes, sliding my skates to a stop in front of him, he looks at me and my jaw is probably on the floor.

"Wait, wait, wait a goddamn minute. Your Liv? Your little short stack? What the fuck?" I ask, still dumbfounded.

"Yeah, bro. Apparently she's had one this whole time. He's from her hometown." He replies, pushing past me and picking up speed on the ice.

Wow. Just wow. Catching up to him, we let all our frustrations out on the ice while he continues to fill me in on this Dillon guy. Liv's fucking boyfriend. Damn, I didn't see that one coming.

"Yo, you heard from Ezran? We should see if he wants to come chill." I ask, skating over to my stuff for my phone and to grab a drink.

"Naw I haven't. Text him and tell him to get his ass here." He replies, coming next to me and grabbing his phone too.

Picking up, I scroll to his thread and notice he never even replied to my last text. What the hell?

Me: Hey bro, where you at? Me and Hayes are on the outside rink. Come on over, we



got some shit to tell you.

I wait a few minutes but never get a reply.

“Bro, can you try and call him? He ain’t been answering my texts.” I say looking over at Hayes as he hits ‘call’ and puts the phone up to his ear.

“He didn’t pick up. What the hell? He never ignores us.” He replies, looking over at me and raising a brow.

“Lemme try.” I say, hitting the call button and putting it on speaker. It just rings and rings until his voicemail comes over the speaker. “Okay, what the fuck is going on? When was the last time we actually saw him?” I question, me and Hayes looking at each other and trying to think.

“Fuck bro, the game? That’s the last time I saw him. I was with Liv until I texted you.” He says running his hands through his hair.

“Damn, that’s the last time I saw him too. I didn’t see him or Zova at the cemetery last night. Then I was with Syd until earlier.” I reply back, feeling like a shitty friend. How did we not notice? Considering we’re always telling each other everything.

“Fuck it, lets go look for him.” Hayes says, sitting down and taking his skates off.

Doing the same, I take my skates off, tie them together and throw them over my shoulder before making our way back to the sports center. Where the fuck could you even be, Ezran?

### Chapter 9

#### Sydney

Walking through the sorority doors, I notice a few of the girls lingering in the living area and kitchen. Moving past them and up the stairs, I walk to Zova's room ready to tell her about last night and ask how hers went. Stepping into her room, I notice it's untouched. Like she hasn't been here. Grabbing my phone from my pocket and unlocking it, I try calling her cell. It rings over and over, finally going to voicemail. What the hell, Zova? I try again and still get her voicemail. Scrolling down to Liv's name, I shoot her a text.

Me: Hey, have you talked to Zova? She's not at the sorority and she's not picking up her phone.

Liv: No, honestly when was the last time we saw her?

Me: Fuck, I don't know... I don't remember seeing her at all at Manhunt last night.

Liv: Me either...

Me: Are you busy? Wanna meet me here and then maybe we can go look for her? I'll get a damn search party if we need to.

Liv: Yeah, I'll head over. I could use the distraction. Today is not my day.

Me: ?? We can talk about it while we search if you want.

Liv: Sure, I'll give you the tea.

Closing the text thread, I walk out of Zova's room and down to mine. I need to change clothes and find my jacket if we're going to go searching out in the cold. That's one thing I hate about Colorado. It's always so fucking cold and snowing. Texas weather was crazy, but it was never like this. I need the warm summer sun back.

Grabbing my fleece lined pants from my drawer, I step into them and do that crazy jump motion all girls with thick thighs have to do in order to get their pants over their hips. I reached into my closet and pulled out my favorite 'I hate everyone' sweatshirt, graced with a centrally placed skeleton giving the middle finger. Weekends are the only time we really get to wear our regular clothes and I live for it. Skirts and button downs aren't my thing. But it's mandatory. Just as I sit on my bed to lace up my black Converse shoes, my bedroom door swings open and in walks Liv, looking... mad? Irritated? All of the above? Jesus, what kinda tea does she have? Doesn't look good whatever it is. She huffs, rolls her eyes and flings herself on to the bed. A little over dramatically, if I might add.

"You good babe?" I ask, throwing myself down beside her and she lets out a loud chuckle.

"Meh, it's been better. Let's go look for our bestie and talk about the shit show of a morning I've had." She says with a huff, pulling herself up from the bed. Rolling off with her, I walk to the bathroom and throw my hair into a quick braid, sliding my black beanie over my head.

"I'm ready to endure the cold and snow. Let's go babe." I say with a grin, walking out of the bathroom.

Taking the stairs two at a time until we're at the bottom, I walk around the corner and

look at everyone going about their day.

“Have any of you seen Zova come or go?” I ask no one in particular. A round of ‘no’s’ comes back, figuring that already, I nod my head towards Liv and we walk out the front door.

“Where the hell do you think she could even be?” I ask, turning to look at her as we head over the long creepy bridge. Day or night, it doesn’t matter, it's creepy . Sometimes, I swear you can hear women screaming and that alone makes the walk across even more sketchy. Looking forward again, I rattle my brain to think of where she could be. Maybe we can ask Ezran too?

“I don’t know. Let’s start at the sports center? She was at the game yesterday.” She replies, linking her arm through mine and looking around. Almost like she expects someone to jump out at her. Interesting, I’ve never seen her like this.

“Hey, are you good? You just seem checked out or something? I don’t know, I can feel your vibe change.” I question, she stops us mid step and turns me to look at her. Her expression is full of so many things.

“Nope, I’m not okay. Me and Hayes were having such a great time and I was finally fucking happy. Then we go to leave campus to go to town and BOOM, my blast from the fucking past blows in. My boyfriend from back home is standing at the wooden doors.”

“Wait! What? I didn’t even know you had a boyfriend. Jesus.” I reply back. Absolutely floored by that admission. What boyfriend? And why has she never mentioned him?

“Ugh. I don’t even know where to start. Let's put a lid on this conversation and come back to it. We have got to find Zova.” She says just as we walk to the front of the

sports center.

Walking in, we split up, I take the bleachers to look for any sign and Liv takes the locker rooms. Meeting back by the doors after we're done, we both look at each other and shake our heads.

"I didn't even find her phone or anything. Maybe let's try the parking lot? I don't know where she would be." I say as we walk out of the sports center and make the trek to the parking lot. Looking everywhere in between. You wouldn't think it, but it's a whole walk to get anywhere on the campus. And considering the hockey rinks are on the opposite side of the parking lot, we are definitely making some rounds.

Almost to the parking lot, my phone pings. Pulling it from my pocket and looking, I see a text from Parker.

Parker: Hey, you busy? I really need you right now. I just found some shit out and could really use you of all people to lean on.

Me: Can you give me a few? Me and Liv are trying to do something. I'm sorry I can't be there for you right this second.

Parker: It's cool. I guess. What are you two doing anyways?

Me: We're looking for Zova. We haven't seen or heard from her since yesterday at the game.

Liv gasps, causing me to look up. I feel my phone vibrate again but I slide it back in my pocket without reading his reply. She holds her phone up to her ear, calling someone. The phone she just picked up from the blacktop of the parking lot, lighting up with a call. Looking over at me, she puts her phone on speaker and shows me the name.

“What the fuck? Her phone is here, but she’s not? Surely it’s got nothing to do with the weird shit that goes on at the school, right? People dying or disappearing for no reason?” I question, my voice cracking from my emotions rising. She looks at me with a shocked look on her face, which probably matches mine.

“Okay! How about we go look at the cameras? We can check the ones from the sports center and maybe see what the hell happened. Because, with her phone laying here like this, makes it seem more like she was taken versus just disappearing. Right?” Liv looks over to me like I can answer all her questions, fear etched on her face.

“I don’t know babe, but we will get answers!” I seethe, hiding my emotions like I always do. But for Zova, it’s hard to do. She was my first real friend, until Liv. Then they became my ride or die. Come on Zova, where the fuck are you?

Walking back through the doors, I hadn’t even realized we’d made it through them yet the first time while I was texting Parker. Heading towards the headmasters office, we pick up our pace, ready to get some answers.

### Chapter 10

#### Parker

We walk through the sports center, no sign of Ezran anywhere. Going through the exit, the sun is starting to set and the wind picks up, sending an eerie chill down my spine. Something's not right. He wouldn't just go missing. I think over and over again. Knowing deep in my gut something is off.

"Try calling him again. I'm going to walk around out here and see if I can't hear his phone ring or something." I say looking over at Hayes. He nods, grabs his phone and holds it up to his ear.

Moving along the outside rink between the ice and the woods, I can faintly hear the ringing of a phone. Looking over at Hayes with a panicked look, we lock eyes and both take off running, dropping my skates on the way. The ringing stops, Hayes must redial because within seconds it starts back up. Getting closer, we both halt, seeing a body laying in the snow. Too scared to move any closer, we freeze. Standing there stunned. No! No fucking way is that one of my best friends laying there!

Being the first one to move, I take off running. Finally seeing it with my own eyes, Ezran is laying in the snow, a puddle of his blood pooling underneath him. Hayes runs up beside me, I don't even catch his facial expression as I fall to my knees and scream out.

"Noooo! No, no, no. Who did this to you?" I scream, getting closer to his face. Looking over his body, it's then I see his throat. There's a clean slice from one side to

the other.

“Who the fuck would want to kill him? Why? Of all the fucked up shit that happens here, why did it have to happen to you?” Hayes cries out from beside me.

We sat there holding on to our friend for what felt like an eternity. Finally Hayes grabs my shoulder and we both stand. Pulling my phone from my pocket, there’s only one person I can think of to call right now. Hitting the call button on my phone, I bring it up to my ear and listen while it rings out.

“Vance? What’s wrong? It’s Saturday night, is everything okay?” Coach says on the other end of the phone with a slight panic to his voice.

“No, coach. Everything is not okay! Me and Hayes found something you need to see and you were the first person I thought to call. We’re by the outside rink. Between the trees and ice.” I say, my voice barely above a whisper. I’m trying to hold my shit together, but I don’t know how much longer I can.

“Okay son. I’m on my way there now.” He says and I hang up the phone, sliding it back into my pocket. I feel numb, I’ve never lost someone this close to me and I’m not sure how to deal with all the emotions I feel right now.

Hayes puts a hand on my shoulder, causing me to look up at him.

“It’ll be okay. I know this sucks. I mean hell, I just lost my brother too. We will get through this bro, together.” He says, his face lacking any emotion.

I should be used to this. Death. That’s what we’ve been around our whole lives. And to make matters worse, both of our dads are on our case about this stupid initiation. Sure, I’ve killed people with no remorse. When it comes to your best friend though? This hits way differently.



Coach finally walks up. Seeing Ezrans body, he looks at the two of us before looking back down.

“Do you know what happened here?” he says looking between the both of us.

“No coach, we’ve been out looking for him most of the day because neither of us have heard from him. We just found him here, like this.” I reply back and Hayes nods beside me.

“Alright, I’ll make some calls. You two head back to your dorms. You’ll be called if we have any more questions.” He states, basically shoos us away.

As we walk back to get our things, I text Syd. She’s the only other person I want to talk to right now. Grabbing my skates as I walk by them, I toss them over my shoulder again and head for my duffle by the bench. On autopilot, me and Hayes head for our dorms. I feel my phone vibrate, signaling her text back.

Syd: We're looking for Zova. We haven't seen or heard from her since yesterday at the game.

Me: Well we just found Ezran. Dead. If you find Zova, let me know. I need answers.

Is all I reply but get no response. That’s nothing new. Always getting left unanswered by this girl.

Opening the door to my room and slamming it closed with my foot, I throw my bag on the ground and fall down on my bed. This day turned out to be one of the shittiest ones yet. Scooting up on the bed, I reach for the bedside table and grab a joint. Lighting it, I take a deep inhale, hold it for a few seconds and exhale. Watching the smoke float up above me. Repeating the cycle until the cherry burns my fingertips. Laying my head back, I put my phone on my chest and wait to see if Syd texts back

and to see if they ever find Zova.

### Chapter 11

#### Sydney

Walking into the main building, we go up the stairs to the headmasters office. Knocking, we get no reply. Liv tries striking the door, this time a little harder and still nothing. Reaching for the doorknob, I try to turn it and realize it's locked.

"Well there goes that plan." She lets out an irritated huff beside me.

"Calm down. I know a few tricks." I chuckle, reaching for the bobby pin I always put in my hair. Bending it open, I slide it into the lock, angling it just right and turning. Hearing a 'click' sound, Liv gasps beside me while I internally cheer myself on. Damn, you still got it babe.

"Wait! How the hell do you know how to pick a lock?" She questions, looking at me with her brow raised.

"Oh Liv. There are a few things you don't know about me." I chuckle, turning the knob and opening the door. Shushing her as we walk in, I quietly close it behind us.

"Okay, I feel like we are definitely going to get infractions for this. So let's hurry and not get caught. I don't want us getting in trouble today." She says, looking around nervously and I try to hold back my laugh.

Walking up to the desk and sitting in front of the computer, I go to pull up the cameras, but freeze when it asks for a password. Oh, for fucks sake.

“Well that plan is a no go.” She chuckles beside me. Little does she know.

Raising a brow at her, I pull up a new screen and start typing away. After a few minutes, I have the password. Swapping screens again and typing in the password, all the cameras from the campus pull up. Sheesh, I didn’t realize they were mostly by the gates.

“Wait a goddamn minute, are you doing spy shit on the side?” She chuckles behind me and I shake my head.

“No. Before I moved here, my friend and her boyfriends taught me a few life survival skills.” I grin wide and pull up the cameras from the sports center.

“Wait, did you say boyfriends... as in more than one?” She questions and I look back at her, a smile still on my lips and nod.

“Yes, she has three. We thought one was rough, I don’t know how she juggles three. Wait, yes I do, she’s a badass.” I say turning back to the screen, flipping through the camera views. So far, nothing crazy as it’s mostly watching as people come and go.

“Wait. There.” She whispers, pointing to the screen where we see an unconscious Zova being carried out by someone with a hood over their head. Seeing her phone fall from her pocket, right before he puts her in a car and drives through the wooden doors and away from the campus.

“What the fuck?!” We both say in unison. Probably louder than we should have.

“Surely that wasn’t Ezran?” I say, worry laced in my tone. What the fuck is happening around here.

Pulling my phone out of my pocket, I see a text from Parker sitting there from earlier.

Parker: Well we just found Ezran. Dead. If you find Zova let me know. I need answers.

“Well it wasn’t Ezran!” I look behind me at Liv who apparently read the message over my shoulder.

“He’s dead? What in the actual fuck? Who took her then?” She whisper yells.

Hearing voices echo from somewhere in the building, we give each other a panicked look. Closing all the tabs on the computer and turning off the screen, we slip out of the office quietly. Locking the door and shutting it behind us. We slip to the opposite side of the balcony just as the headmaster walks into his office and closes the door.

“Let’s get out of here before we get caught.” I whisper. Nodding her head in agreement, she follows behind as we quietly walk down the steps and out of the front doors.

“Fuck, that was too close.” She says trying to catch her breath.

“No shit. That’s one way to make a girl sweat.” I respond back and begin to laugh as we start walking across the yard.

“I’m not trying to brush you off, but I need to go talk to Hayes. I’ll meet up with you later?” She looks over at me and I’m not sure what all happened this morning, but I know they need a conversation.

“Girl, go get your man. I was about to go to Parker's dorm anyway. He said he needed me, plus with all this crazy shit happening, I need to take a beat. My head is spinning.” I reply back and she nods, taking off one way, while I head towards the dorm rooms.

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Knocking on Parker's door, I stand there and wait, bouncing on the heels of my feet. The door flings open and there he stands in all his half naked glory. Eyes red and his face full of sadness.

“Um, I was coming to check on you. Are you okay?” I ask, new to this whole trying to show feelings shit.

I don't get an answer back as he closes the distance between us and pulls me into him. Burying his face into my neck, I hear him take a deep inhale. Like he's trying to commit my smell to memory or something.

“I'm better now that you're here. I don't know what to think or what to say. I just know that losing my best friend sucks.” He whispers against my skin, picking me up by the backs of my thighs and carrying me into his room. Shutting the door with his foot.

“I know the feeling. I'm so sorry about Ezran. You and Hayes found him? Where was he?” I ask, I can't even imagine how finding your friend like that feels. I mean as far as I know, Zova is still alive and that shit is eating at me.

“We'd been looking for him for a while. We found him by the woods just outside the rink, his throat was sliced open.” He replies, his voice cracking. I pull him closer to me, trying to soothe him. “Did you find Zova?” He asks, pulling back and looking at me.

“Yeah, well no. We found her phone in the parking lot. Went to the headmaster's office, he wasn't there, so we broke in and I found her being taken on the cameras.” I reply, trying to sum up our search party.

“She was taken?” He questions, raising a brow at me.

“That's what it looked like.” I reply back, casting my eyes down.

“Wait, are you shitting my dick right now? Did you just say you broke into the headmasters office?” He quips, taken aback by that statement.

“Umm yes? And I may have hacked into the cameras too. You know, good ol’ criminal things.” I reply back with a laugh. He joins in, full belly laughing with me.

“Where in the hell did you learn those things?” He asks, still laughing.

“Would you believe me if I said a previous life?” I side eye him and he raises a brow, silently asking me to explain. “Fine, the girl that saved me a long time ago, her boyfriends might have shown me a thing or two. She did too. Where do you think that mean right hook came from?” I say and he laughs, but cuts me a glance.

“Damn, that punch definitely left its mark.” He replies, rubbing his cheek like he can still feel it. “But did you get caught? Please tell me no. Because whatever punishment they’d try to give you, I’d take for you in a heartbeat.” He finishes, pulling me closer, his lips a breath away from mine.

“No, we definitely almost did though. Like close call type shit. Who doesn’t love a good adrenaline rush.” I grin against his lips, trying to joke and lighten the mood.

“Fuck, Ice Queen. Or should I call you my little criminal now?” He laughs, sealing his lips to mine. Biting my bottom lip so I’ll open for him, he swirls his tongue against mine. I could get lost in his kisses, they have this way of silencing everything. The only thing I can hear is my rapidly beating heart. The blood rushes through my body, making it feel hotter in here than it really is.

He pushes me down on the bed, climbing on top of me and never breaking the kiss. We’re so lost in each other that it takes a few minutes to register that someone is knocking on the door. Just as he pulls back, the knock turns into banging and suddenly we hear,

“Open the goddamn door, Parker, or I’ll break down the damn thing!”

He lets out a frustrated sigh and looks down at me.

“It’s my fucking dad. Hold that thought, I’ll get rid of him.” He says, kissing me again and climbing off the bed.

Sitting up, I watch as he walks over to the door and unlocks it. The door flings open and his dad walks in. I can’t even see him yet, he and Parker stand at the same height.

“What the hell? Why wouldn’t you call me about Ezran first? He’s in line for the Divine and you know that! We deal with our own. Now we have questions rising about him and his little girlfriend, because apparently she’s also fucking missing.” His dad spits and you can just feel the energy in the room change.

A cold chill runs up my spine, causing my whole body to shiver. He walks around Parker, shoulder checking him as he passes and our eyes lock. I let out an audible gasp, bringing my hands up to cover my mouth. No! No fucking way! Parker spins around and gives me a questioning look.

“You!” I spit at his dad and a sickening grin spreads across his face.

“Oh son, you didn’t tell me about your little whore.” The man says, his voice laced with venom. I think I’m going to be sick.

“Dad! What the fuck? You don’t get to come to my room and speak to her that way! You don’t even know her.” Parker yells and I’m sure the whole dorm can hear this conversation.

Parker walks over to me and looks me in the eyes, wiping a lone tear from my cheek that I didn’t even realize was falling.



“T-this is y-your dad?” I hiccup, looking up at him. God why didn’t I see this coming? How did I not see the resemblance?

“Do you know him, Sydney?” He questions, holding my face trying to make me meet his stare. I can’t though, not if that’s his monster of a dad.

Is this a set up? They found me and had Parker coerce me into his bed? Into my fucking heart? Just to rip me away from the things and people I love the most? Was I put here for them to watch me? Waiting for me to become vulnerable, and then BOOM, pounce and take me back to that life? Fuck no! I’ll never go back there. I made a vow a long time ago, I’ll end my own life first.

Climbing from the bed, I run. Run as fast and far as I can, but to where? I don’t fucking know yet, I just have to get away from HIM. Pulling my phone from my pocket. I go to her name, knowing all I have to do is send our code and she will get here. She’ll get to me.

Me: SOS.

Raven: We’ll be there ASAP. Get somewhere safe and I’ll text you the deets. I got you. Remember, trust no one.

Sliding my phone into my pocket, I keep running... To be continued in Ice Queen....

Next up in the St. Valentines Series is Adeline Storm with Depraved Valentine