



Sinister Valentine (St. Valentine)

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Category: Suspense Thriller

Description: St. Valentines University holds a dark secret

In the dark halls of St. Valentines University, love isnt the only thing that awakens. Hayes, a star hockey player and initiate of the Divine, finds himself entangled in a web of obsession that he never anticipated. The moment he lays eyes on the new girl, Liviana, he knows she's unlike anyone he's ever met. With her striking presence, dismissive ways, and a mysterious past that seems to seep into every corner of her life, she captivates him—despite the fact that she carries the weight of a boyfriend back home.

As their paths cross more frequently, the undeniable chemistry sets them ablaze in a dangerous game that neither of them is prepared to play. Liviana wrestles with her own secrets and the shadows of the past she cant escape. With Hayes determined to make her his Sinister Valentine, a battle of hearts and loyalties unfolds, one that could threaten not just their intoxicating connection, but their very lives.

As tensions rise and the dark presences of the secret society threaten to surface, Hayes and Liviana must confront their deepest fears and desires. Will they succumb to the pull of their connection, or will external surprises tear them apart forever?

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Short Stacks just a warm hole, but whoever she is, has me intrigued. The team billowing out of the locker room and onto the ice takes me out of my thoughts. We get straight to work doing drills until it's time for classes.

Hours later, I'm walking into my third class of the day and there she is, sitting in my seat. Granted, this is one of the lecture rooms, but that's where I sit with a couple of the guys from the team. This should be fun.

Walking up to her, I put on my million-dollar smile and place both hands on the table in front of her. Her intoxicating scent momentarily stuns me, but I recover quickly. "You're sitting in my seat, short stack." I say in a smooth quiet tone as her breathing hitches for a millimeter of a second and her smokey eyes snap to mine.

"So? Go find another seat." She says with a controlled smile. I'll be damned. I thought from the looks of her she was a delicate little flower, but all that smoke in her eyes just tells me one thing. She's made of brimstone and fire. I wonder how she would look cumming on my cock. She clears her throat. Get it together Hayes.

"Not happening Toots. Either move or I'll move you myself." I threaten and she raises a brow.

"What's your name?" She asks and I'm taken aback for a second before I answer.

"Hayes Valentine." I stick my hand out but she rolls her eyes.

"Well, Henry. If you take a second to get your head out of your ass, then maybe you would realize that there are plenty of other seats for you to park your entitled selfin.

Better yet, maybe you should go sit in your car like you did this morning and lose some more brain cells getting your dick sucked before class.” She sasses and I growl. Who the fuck does she think she’s talking to? Just as I’m about to give her a taste of her own medicine, the door slams behind me.

“Mr. Valentine. Find a damn seat or get out of my class.” Mr. Vega spits. I narrow my eyes because that is twice today these fucking people in this school forgot who the fuck I am. Again I go to open my mouth and he stops me.

“I don’t want to hear it, Valentine. Either sit or get the hell out! I don’t have time for your hierarchy.” He threatens as I move down the row of chairs finding somewhere to sit. I’ve never felt embarrassed in my life, until now. That mouthy little new girl is going to get it. No one gets to make me feel inferior. Especially a woman.

Sitting a few rows behind her, I hope the back of her head is burning from the venom I’m sending her the entire lecture. Finally the professor dismisses us and I follow her, wanting nothing more than to teach her a fucking lesson. Why is it that as she walks away, I can’t help but stare at her plump ass jiggling with every step, lost in the way her hips sway. Fucking Christ. I discreetly adjust myself. My cock is so fucking hard for this girl when my brain wants to ruin everything about her. Fuck it. I turn left towards the dorms. I need a fucking release or I won’t be able to concentrate and that won’t be a good look during practice. Being on point is a must when it comes to hockey. Slipping up isn’t my forte. Getting to my suite, I unlock the door and throw my bag on my king size bed. I stand in front of the french doors looking out over the maze. I pick up the remote from my dresser and turn on the stereo, blasting ‘Nine Inch Nails’.

Closing my eyes, I see flashes of smokey gray eyes and a round ass bouncing as she walks. Unbuttoning my jeans and pulling down the zipper, I take my hard cock in my fist and slowly pump my length. I growl, remembering her plump lips as she used that smart mouth to dismiss me. How her chest heaved with every word. I squeeze

my cock collecting the precum at the tip, wishing she was here so I could smear it along those sexy lips. Fuck. I jerk my cock faster, squeezing tighter, wondering how fucking tight her cunt is. How she would feel swallowing my load and most of all, what shade of purple I could make her face as I took her air away. I throw my head back as my balls tighten and I shoot my load into my hand.

I lean my head against the cold glass. That did absolutely nothing for me. Fuck. I head to the bathroom to wash my hands and change my clothes for practice. I still have hours, but hopefully being on the ice will center me, or I'll be spending the rest of the night chasing a high I'm not going to get anytime soon. Unless I take it tonight at the party. Decisions, decisions. Pulling out my chair, I sit at my desk and take out my favorite fountain pen, spinning it through my fingers when an idea comes to mind. I think I'll write a little "Love" poem. It's Valentine's Day after all, might as well make it sinister.

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A Fresh Start & Jocks

Liviana

Leaning my head back against the headrest of my designated seat on the bus, I look out the window as it slowly drives through a small town in Colorado. Everything is white from last night's snowfall making the stores and trees look almost fake under the sunlight.

Being sent away for my "inappropriate behavior" wasn't easy. I ran for two weeks until my father brought me back kicking and screaming. Being forced to attend this academy is a fucking nightmare, all because I got caught having sex at an old abandoned church that we were partying in. Was I spiraling down a dark road filled with a toxic boyfriend and drugs? Yes, I was, but they didn't need to send me across the damn country to this place. Being in the mountains with all this snow is breathtaking as the bus drives up the winding hill to the gothic style wooden gates of my new home.

"Last stop is here!" The driver yells. I grab my backpack and head off the bus. The driver unlocks the door for the suitcases and I take mine and head for the gates. Walking along the sidewalk, I spot a guy in his car looking like he's in distress. His eyes shoot open and collide with mine. Goosebumps litter my skin under my black hoodie as we take each other in. There's this electric pull and I can't seem to look away from his blue eyes. I've never had this reaction to a guy, let alone just by a look. His eyes are so piercing it's almost frightening yet more alluring than anything.

He raises his brow just as some chick raises her head from his lap. Well, there goes

the electricity, yet I still can't look away. Even as he shoves her head down again, his eyes never leave mine, and seconds later, she comes up for air as she wipes her lips. I give him a look of disgust and take off for the wooden doors surrounded by what looks like the hockey team. Great, fucking hockey players.

They whistle as I pass and one opens the door for me. I say thanks and keep it moving to find where I can drop my stuff off before heading for my first class in an hour. This place is expansive and so old looking. It's borderline giving me the creeps with how different the air is up here beyond the gates. It's so dense and cold, almost like I've walked into a whole different world.

Looking up at the tall castle-like building, I smash into someone, totally not paying attention as I walk.

"Excuse the fuck out of me." Says a stunning tall blonde girl with the lightest blue eyes I've ever seen. Fuck.

"My bad." I grunt, but she doesn't even pay me any mind and keeps it moving. I gather my thoughts and try to figure out where the headmaster's office is so I can get the info to put my shit in the dorm room. A tap on my shoulder has me jumping. I don't like people touching me, but I also need to get my shit together. No one knows me here. They don't know the things I've done or love to do. Not even my parents. I spin and come face to face with another gorgeous girl with long black hair and deep blue eyes. Jesus, are all the girls here hot as fuck? She clears her throat, fixing her black and red skirt. Ugh, uniforms. Fuck my life.

"Hey, are you Liviana Jericho?" she asks, putting a hand on her hip.

"I am, you must be my tour guide?" I ask, and she nods.

"I'm Sydney Jacobs. I'll show you to your dorm and give you the tea on this place,"

she says, spinning and walking towards the building. Stepping inside, everything is decked out in red and white for Valentine's Day. It literally looks like cupid threw up in this place.

"You guys must really like Valentine's Day." I say, rolling my eyes and she smirks, doing the same.

"St. Valentines takes pride in celebrating this month. I personally can't stand it. The jocks go out of their way to have numerous parties that make me want to hurl. The frats and sororities, which I'm a part of, throw parties as well, but it's much different from the ones the hockey team does. But really, I think this month is a front for the dark shit that happens here. You will see soon enough. I've been here for a year already and last February a few students died and then some others went missing. So much shit happened, but we don't speak about it. Just use your eyes and ears. Keep that pretty mouth shut." She says as she points out some of the lecture rooms as we walk past them. This school is huge and absolutely breathtaking. It's like a fucking castle.

"You flirting with me, Syd?" I laugh and she shakes her head in embarrassment.

"Just stating facts babe." She laughs as we make it to the cafeteria.

"If you are awake early enough, you can sit with me and my sorority sisters for breakfast." She offers as a girl comes out. She looks me up and down before looking at Syd.

"Liviana, this is my roommate, Zovalee. Zova, this is the new girl Liviana." She says with a smile. I can't help but stare into her eyes. One is honey brown and the other is light green.

"Hey." I say just as the bell rings, signaling Zova to take off down the hall.

“Sorry, she’s a little quiet. She will warm up to you.” She reassures me and I nod.

“Let’s take you to your dorm so you can get settled and changed for class. If you are seen with street clothes on, or any alterations to your uniform, it’s an infraction. Some are worth it, but most are not.” She informs me as I take it all in. I need a fucking nap already.

“Umm, do you have my schedule by any chance?” I ask as my cell vibrates in my jeans. I roll my eyes because it could only be one person. My mother.

“I do, and your room key. If you ever want to pledge for Xi Phi Delta, there’s openings next week and we have a shit ton of rooms there.” She informs me while handing over my keys and schedule along with a map.

“I’ll keep that in mind. Thank you.” I say as we continue through the school. She takes me to my dorm and stands outside my door, waiting for me to change into my uniform so she can show me to my first class. Here goes nothing.

Getting into my dorm hours later, I plop on my bed and take a minute to catch my breath. I’ve never been to a school like this before and I wonder how much I could actually get away with here, especially with the run-in I had with that one guy. Why does he intrigue me so much? A yawn escapes my mouth. I think it’s time for a nap before I meet up with Syd for dinner.

Turning my alarms on, I place my phone on the nightstand and roll over. Closing my eyes, I think of Hayes and the look on his face when I called him Henry.

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Pizza pepperoni pizza, a fruit cup and a root beer. I shouldn't be eating any of this during hockey season, but I'll work it off later. Nothing like being balls deep in a tight pussy, chasing an orgasm instead of hitting the gym.

As I make my way over to them, Ivy steps in front of me, blocking my way to the guys. I raise a brow at her, taking in her extremely short uniform skirt and the cleavage she's showing underneath her barely buttoned white shirt.

"Are we meeting in the maze tonight?" She purrs, sticking her tits out for emphasis.

"Maybe. I'll see what I got going on." I reply as she licks her lips before taking her pointer finger and running it up my shirt, pulling my tie towards her.

"I'll be painted in nothing but blue for you, Hayes, and I'll even let you stick it in my ass tonight if you promise to do that thing with your tongue." She whispers, licking her lips. Gripping her waist, I pull her closer to me so we're a mere inch away.

"Intriguing, but like I said, I'll let you know. Wait for my text." I whisper back, rolling my tongue ring against my teeth, pulling away from her. She lets go of my tie and takes a step back. I move around her and head for the guys who are all watching my interaction with her. I laugh and shake my head because I know I'm about to get shit for it. They always have something to say about Ivy. I'm almost positive they've all been through her a few times already, and for the longest time, I refused. But one night I was really drunk after having a miserable dinner with my brother and father. I swear they love to gang up on me because I don't live by the same fucking ideology that they do. They want me to be something I'm not and I refuse to conform. I love hockey and that's what I want to do in life. Not take over the family fortune or be in

this fucking cult.

Being on the ice frees my soul. Listening to all my fans cheer for me as I glide across the ice, making shot after shot is cleansing and truly makes me fucking happy. Not this bullshit. Not this family or this school. They just won't accept it and fight me at every fucking turn. It gets exhausting. Ever since my mom and sister passed away, everything changed. Dinners are forced and I'm always left feeling like I'm not good enough. Like I'm not worthy of carrying the Valentine name.

So I got extremely drunk and decided to lay on the ice of the outdoor rink wallowing in my sorrows, so to speak, and the sorority was having a haunted cemetery party. I could hear their screams and laughs from where I was laying. Ivy came over and one thing led to another. She ended up sucking my cock only for me to fuck her on the ice, burning her ass, but hey, it was a fun time and I kept going back for more. Some days she thinks she belongs to me and others she can't be bothered to know me. I prefer her second choice.

Arriving at the table, I place my tray down and sit, waiting for their bullshit to start.

"Grinder, I see you haven't gotten rid of your fleas just yet." Ezran chides and I laugh.

"Let it go. I've got my eyes on something new tonight." I say, taking a bite of my pizza. Looking over to Parker I smirk, "You gonna try to get Syd to come tonight?" I ask and he sighs.

"I'm about to give her ass no fucking choice. She's starting to piss me the fuck off." He says and we both laugh. Nodding over to Chuck, I notice he's deep into his phone.

"Yo, bro, what about you? Any plans tonight?" I ask and he nods, still not taking his eyes off the phone.

“I do, which I’m late for. The kegs were just delivered. I did my part. I’m out. I’ll see you assholes at practice in the morning. Have fun, boys.” He says winking at me and then getting up with his tray and dipping out. I sit back and enjoy my food. Not long after we all finish and exit the cafeteria, we turn a corner only to slam right into a few girls.

Gripping her hip to steady her, I look up and swallow thickly. Smokey gray eyes suddenly collide with mine. She stands and takes a step back while Ezran snakes his arms around Zovalee’s waist, pinning her against the wall right outside the cafe doors.

“Oh, look who it is, Sir Henry.” She grins and I narrow my eyes as Parker chuckles beside me. Elbowing him, I look her up and down in her little uniform that is only making my dick hard. Jesus Hayes, fucking focus.

“It’s Hayes, Short Stack. You’ll learn eventually.” I smirk and she rolls her eyes.

“If you’ll excuse us, we’d like to go eat.” Syd says, trying to move around Parker, but he ain’t having it.

“We’re having a black light party in the maze tonight. You ladies should come. It’ll be fun.” He says and Syd laughs as she looks towards Short Stack.

“Liviana, you wanna go to some hockey team party tonight?” She asks, and Liv shakes her head.

“Hard pass.” She says, grating on my damn nerves already. Liviana. I like that. Hayes, focus, you idiot.

“Why? What’s wrong with a hockey party?” I ask and they both roll their eyes.

“The party isn’t the problem, it’s the jock part. Dickhead.” Syd answers, causing Parker to damn near foam at the mouth. Ezran finally steps away from Zovalee and she stands near the girls.

“I’m going tonight. It will be fun,” she says and I grin wide.

“Why don’t you ladies go eat and talk it over? You know where we will be.” I say, grinning from ear to ear. The guys step away and I grab Liv by the wrist.

“See you soon, Short Stack.” I smirk as a zap of electricity rides up my arm where I’m touching her. We both pull away quickly and she spins, taking off into the cafeteria with Syd and Zova on her heels. She felt the same pull I did, I know she fucking did. Oh, this game just got so much more interesting.

Looking over at Parker, he looks like a kicked puppy as I wrap my arm around his shoulder, pulling him into me.

“She’ll show up. Girls don’t let their friends go to parties alone around here, and if Zovalee is going, she will be there. Trust the process, my guy.” I assure him and he nods.

“She’s a hard nut to crack,” he says, shaking his head. “She despises me because I’m a jock, but tonight when she shows, I’m shooting my shot. Drunk or not. She will be mine soon enough.” He grins, making me laugh.

“That’s the spirit. Let’s go get everything set up. I have a good feeling about tonight.” I say as we walk through the school and out the doors to the maze. Damn, Parker and the guys came through.

The entrance to the maze has a red rope blocking the path with two podiums on each side. I’m guessing this is where Dan, our mascot, will be making sure the girls abide

by the rules. Ezran removes the rope as we walk through, making sure everything is set. The perfectly manicured hedges of the maze are lit up by black strobe lights and heaters are placed at every corner.

If you don't know this place, you can definitely get lost, but I've been in here a million times. There's a small bar with kegs lined up at the far end and the Dj is set up on the opposite end with speakers inside the hedges at every turn. I'm impressed as we walk through the entire maze, coming to the gates of the cemetery and cathedral. The cathedral gives me the creeps. I know what's below there and I hate going into the tombs. That's where our punishments take place. I've been there more times than I can count. The scars on my back are just proof of it. I very rarely take off my shirt, especially in front of girls. I don't need pity. The guys know I have taken punishments for the team more than they like. They can beat me within inches of my life, but I still won't abide by their rules and rituals. I shake my head, clearing it before old memories start flooding in to ruin my night.

Turning to Ezran and Parker, I smile wide, "Time to go get ready, boys." I say, rubbing my hands together. We leave the maze and head in different directions. Tonight, I'm going to show the new girl who the fuck I am and the mistake she made when she didn't know who she was dismissing. I'm Hayes motherfucking Valentine. There's no escaping me and she's about to learn that tonight.

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Tassels & Winks

Liviana

Taking off into the cafeteria, my feet move quickly trying to get as far away as possible from Hayes. I don't like the pull he has on me. I'm not supposed to be getting close to any boys around here. One, my parents would have a field day and two, I still have Dillon back home, but fuck. The way he gripped my wrist, and the electric current that flew up my arm and into my chest, it made me want to get on my knees and beg for him to touch me. I'm not the submissive type, though, and that's the shocking part. Just stay away from him and you will be fine.

"Liv, slow down," Sydney says, grabbing a hold of my arm. I stop abruptly, forgetting that she and Zovalee were behind me. See, this is what I mean. Hayes Valentine is a distraction and I've only just fucking met him. I can't have this. I need to stay focused so I can go back to my old life.

"I'm fine. I just don't like him." I say, the lie slipping off the tongue so naturally.

"Interesting. All the girls want a piece of him. I mean, not us, but the rest of the female student body all love them some Hayes Valentine." She says, but I shake my head, wanting to clarify that I'm not like these puck bunnies.

"I'm not a fucking puck bunny, nor will I ever be. He's really not that attractive." I lie again and she rolls her eyes at me. Zova looks at the both of us and sighs.

"I'm going tonight. I get such little time with Ezran because of hockey and all my

studying. Please come with me. I don't want to show up alone." She says, pouting at Sydney.

"Can I eat first before deciding on tonight's events? Ugh. I know they throw good parties, but I cannot stand the hockey team." She says, and I nod in agreement.

"Let's get our grub on ladies." I smile. We stand in line for what seems like forever. Once we have our food, we find a table and park our asses and eat.

"Sooo, you guys in or what?" Zova asks us and I groan.

"What are the rules? What are we wearing? They better have good music and drinks because I cannot just sit around crocheting." I laugh at my own jokes. It's pretty pathetic, but Syd joins in, too.

"Same girl. I need to be a bit toasted in order to deal with that entire crowd. Especially Parker." She sighs.

"It's a black light party. We have to paint our bodies with the paint. No clothes." She giggles.

"Ummm, what?!" I say, completely taken aback by what the fuck just came out of her mouth. "I'm not skinny like you ladies. I'm not going completely naked to a fucking party with people I don't even know." I spit and they laugh.

"Girl, your body is bangin' and we wear our panties, just no bra. Other girls wear lingerie as long as they are painted and glow in the light. The team never complains. Plus, they're drunk majority of the time or off in the corners of the maze getting their dick sucked. Don't worry." Zova says, making me feel a little better.

"Fine, I'll go," Sydney says and I sigh because I will not let them go alone and I shit

for sure am not going to go back to my dorm alone. I'm in a new place and I should at least try to make some friends.

"Well, how long do we have to get ready for this shit?" I ask and they both laugh.

"About two hours. I have all the paint in our room at the sorority house." Zova says.

"Can we just get ready in your dorm room? It will be easier to walk to the party from here rather than the house. That fucking bridge terrifies me at night." Syd complains.

"I'm down as long as Liv is okay with it." Zova smiles as we take our trays and bring them to the trash.

"Yeah, I'm cool with that. What's up with the bridge?" I ask, and Syd visibly shivers.

"In order to get to the sorority and fraternity house, we have to cross a bridge and I swear, late at night you can hear girls screaming in the distance when the wind picks up. The lights that illuminate along the bridge always flicker and sometimes go out. I'd rather sleep in the school than cross that bridge alone." Syd says as we walk out of the cafeteria and stop near the exit.

"Damn, this place is creepy as fuck. When I got off the bus and stepped through the gates, the atmosphere completely changed. It's like the twilight zone except—" I start to say before a tall guy slams into the back of me, sending me stumbling into Zova. I spin and narrow my eyes.

"Walk much, asshole?" I spit, looking up at him.

"I'm so sorry. Are you okay?" He rasps, looking sincere as far as I can tell, but damn, his eyes are gorgeous. Are all the guys here built like gods?

“I’m fine.” I say, wiping my hands down my skirt.

“What’s your name? I’m Knight.” He says, sticking his hand out.

“Knight? That’s your name?” I ask with a raised brow. “Liviana. I’m new here.” I say, placing my hand into his. He brings it up to his lips, giving it a kiss. Damn, he’s smooth. He chuckles as he lets go of my hand.

“No, it’s Xander, Xander Knight. It’s nice to meet you, Liviana. Welcome to St. Valentines.” He smirks, tucking a loose curl behind my ear.

“Nothing like slamming into the new girl to make a first impression.” I say, but Syd interrupts.

“We’ll meet you at your place in thirty.” She whispers, and I nod as I watch them exit through the doors. I turn back to look up at Xander who is already looking down at me.

“Maybe I didn’t have the balls to come over and introduce myself,” he says, taking a step closer to me. I swallow thickly at his proximity. His scent hits my nostrils and I want to moan at how good he smells. My eyes shutter closed for a second as I lean back against the cold wall. He cages me by putting both hands above my head.

“You’re gorgeous and I couldn’t take my eyes off of you as I watched you and your friends walk past me earlier.” He says, as his finger travels along my collarbone and up my neck.

“I don’t bite. Unless you ask me to.” I say, biting my bottom lip as he licks his, making me rub my thighs together. His bright green eyes burst with lust at my words and my breathing hitches. I pull at his blazer to bring him closer to me, but someone slams into him from the side, sending him flying through the exit doors.

“Knight! Move your ass and get the fuck away from her!” A gruff tone growls and I roll my fucking eyes so hard.

“What the fuck, Grinder? What is your problem?” Knight seethes, but I don’t get to hear the answer. Hayes shoves him out of the exit door as it slams in his wake.

What in the actual fuck just happened?

A couple of hours later, we are ready to head out. We’ve decided to stick with the theme of Valentine’s Day. Zovalee is in nothing but a red thong with hearts painted over her pierced nipples. Syd is wearing a red nighty with white hearts painted all over her chest. I put on a red thong with a garter belt, matching fishnet stockings and red nipple tassels. My hair is up tight in a ponytail with curls flowing down my tattooed covered back.

Tonight, everyone will find out I’m covered in ink, especially my back. I have black and grey raven wings over my shoulder blades that end at the curve of my ass. Tattoos are therapy for me. When I can’t sleep, I would go get inked, or if I needed to feel something, I’d go sit in the chair for hours until I wasn’t numb anymore. It’s going to be hard living here without being able to purge my needs, but I guess I’ll have to deal.

We walk through the deserted halls and out the exit doors towards the maze.

“Hey Liv, what happened with Knight after we dipped?” Syd asks, and I laugh.

“Just a little flirting. That boy is fucking hot, but of course, asshole Hayes ruined it all.” I huff as the cold air hits my skin, causing goosebumps to litter my naked flesh.

“This place better have heat because fuck, it’s cold.” I say and the girls laugh.

“Don’t worry, it will be heated.” Zova informs us.

“Wait, so you and Knight were in the hallway flirting and Hayes did what now?” Syd asks, and I sigh.

“He shoved Knight away and out the doors while telling him to get away from me. What the fuck is his problem?” I ask, and Syd just laughs.

“I’m not sure I’ve got an answer for that. Hayes isn’t a territorial or a possessive guy. He’s a fuckboy. So for him to do that, he must know something.” She says, and I halt.

“What do you mean, he knows something?” I ask, my anxiety sending a jolt straight to my chest. Could he know what I’ve done? Is my past coming to haunt me? No. There’s no way. My records are sealed.

“What I mean is, either Knight is a dick and he was being protective orrr...” She smirks and I raise a brow as we approach the two guys standing at the entrance of the maze.

“Or... what?” I say, putting my hands on my hips.

“Or... he likes you and doesn’t want someone else having you.” She says with a shrug and I can’t help but laugh.

“Ain’t no motherfucking way. The guys a tool. At least Knight had some swag and didn’t pull the ‘I’m Hayes Valentine. God of all gods card’.” I mock. They both laugh as we finally enter the maze and the warm air soothes my skin.

We finally find the bar after walking left, right, left, left, and right again. I’m sure I’ll get lost trying to leave this fucking place. Syd orders some jello shots and a round of tequila. Handing us both shots, I look around and really take in the scene. The hockey

team did pretty damn good setting this up. The guys all have their faces painted like skulls with black eyes and white around the nose and mouth. It looks pretty badass and you can't tell who is who in this type of light.

“Cheers to a good night! Now, let's go shake our asses.” Syd says as we down our shots and head across the way to the dance floor.

We move our hips to the beat, grinding against one another. Zovalee dips just to come back with drinks and more shots. Raising my hands in the air, I let the beat take over. Strong arms suddenly wrap around my waist, pressing his body against me as his hips move with mine. Zova whispers to Syd and takes off as Parker comes up behind her. I close my eyes and get lost in the music as soft lips glide against my neck.

“Damn, Short Stack,” his familiar voice sends a shock through me. “I didn't know all this was hiding under that uniform. You look sinful tonight,” he breathes into my ear. My body shivers at his words as I take another sip of my drink. His hands roam up my torso, pulling at my tassels as I grind my ass into him.

“You keep rubbing that sexy ass against my cock and you're not going to like the outcome.” He growls, licking the shell of my ear. I raise my arm to run my fingers through his dark hair, pulling him deeper into the crook of my neck. He growls again, tugging at my tassels with one hand as his other snakes over my garter belt, snapping the fabric against my skin.

I moan as he turns my face up towards him, pressing his lips against mine. He sucks my tongue into his mouth, flicking the tip when I feel the unexpected cold metal of his piercing. It sends flutters straight to my pussy. I try to deepen the kiss but he pulls away, running his nose along the column of my neck.

“Mmm, I'll see you soon, Short Stack.” He groans, taking a step back as his warm

body leaves mine. Spinning, I watch as he disappears into a sea of people. What the fuck? I look over to where Syd and Parker were dancing a minute ago, only to see them walking deeper into the maze. Looks like she caved for him after all.

Leaving the dancefloor, a hand grabs at my wrist spinning me back. I look up and see a painted skull face and narrow my eyes but notice it's Knight. I could spot those bright green eyes from anywhere. He nods over towards one of the corners of the maze, pulling me along as I walk behind him.

Looking around, I see the fucktard that has me all worked up, making out with some blonde. Fucking asshole. Knight pulls me along and pushes me against the green hedges, once again caging me in like he did in the hallway.

"Sorry about earlier. Grinder can be a dickhead." He says, gripping my hips. I look up at him and smile.

"Oh, I know. You don't have to tell me twice. We gonna finish what we started earlier?" I ask, and his eyes once again blow with lust.

Bending down, he places a soft kiss against my lips, biting the bottom one as his hands slide over my hips to my ass, grabbing a handful.

"What do you want, Liv?" He asks, lust dripping in his tone, and I smirk.

"I want to soak your chin." I purr, and he licks his lips.

"Right here? In front of everyone?" he asks and I laugh,

"Don't be shy. No one is paying any attention to us." I say as he looks around seeing that what I'm saying is true, but I know it's not. I know for a fact Hayes is right behind us. I can feel his eyes burning into the back of Knight's head. The pull to him

is so strong it almost makes me want to go to him and beat the bitch he's messing with, but two can play this game.

"Can you make me cum with your tongue?" I groan, running my hands down his torso and over his hard cock. "If you're a good boy, I'll let you cum where you want." I lie as he smiles wide. I knew my devious plan would work. It's so fucking easy to manipulate a guy to get what you want. They're all fucking idiots.

"Fuckk yes." He replies, sliding to his knees. I grip the top of his head as he lifts one of my legs over his shoulder. He moves my silk thong to the side and I shove his face into my already soaked cunt.

My eyes look over at Hayes who looks murderous as he forces little blondie to her knees. Checkmate fucker. I moan, pulling at my own tassels as Knight swirls his tongue over my clit, sinking two fingers into me. I grind against his face as I stare at Hayes as he guides the bitch along his length.

He winks at me and I blow him a kiss as Knight continues to lick, suck and bite my clit. I'm not sure if watching Hayes is getting me off, or Knight really is good at eating pussy, but I'm so fucking wet and close to drenching his face. I can't tell if Hayes is enjoying this or plotting a murder, but for whatever reason, I fucking love every second his gorgeous blue eyes are on me. It's making my pulse sky rocket, my heart beating erratically in my chest and my body is set on fire. I've never had this type of reaction to someone I just met but fuck me, I don't want it to stop. The high is addicting and I want more of it.

Gripping Knight's hair tighter, I pull him further into me as I roll my hips. Hayes shakes his head, but I roll them harder and whimper as Knight picks up his pace with his tongue, adding another finger inside me.

"Fuck, your mouth feels so good." I pant, rolling my hips faster as goosebumps riddle

my flesh and my body starts to shake. Hayes's eyes narrow and I wink, shivering as I cum all over Knight's face. I close my eyes to ride the high and come down from my orgasm.

Catching my breath, I release Knight's head and open my eyes, only to find Hayes gone. What the fuck? Where did he go?

Removing my leg from Knight's shoulders, I grab his face and smile down at him.

"This was fun, but I gotta run. I owe you." I laugh and walk away as he yells my name.

Time to get the fuck out of here and back to my dorm. That little show with Knight was not it for me and now I need to go get myself off wishing it was Hayes setting my body on fire.

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Knight & Cloaks

Hayes

Watching the show Liv put on made my blood boil. Not only did I tell that fucker Knight to stay away from her, but I also warned him that if I see him with her again, I'd fucking kill him. I can't stand those fraternity guys, they all are a bunch of douchebags.

So here I am, watching him get drunk to the point where he's stumbling throughout the maze as the night comes to an end. There's only a few people milling around as I follow closely but silently behind him. As he plays ping-pong with the hedges, we finally exit the maze. He whistles along the bridge, heading towards the frat house, except he won't be making it home tonight.

Taking out my silver and gold fountain pen, I spin it between my fingers, listening to my surroundings as the wind whirls through the cold night air. If you're quiet enough, they say you can hear the screams of all the women who died here. The ones who were sacrificed for years and years. It makes me sick knowing who died during these sacrifices, who didn't deserve a death like that.

Shaking my head, I center myself, not wanting to think about the past. Channeling my rage as Knight steps off the bridge and onto the pathway between the dense forest, I run up behind him, shoving him into the trees. He stumbles and falls onto his face. Grabbing his hair, I pull it back, stretching his neck towards me so he can see what's going to come.

“I told you to stay the fuck away from her. You took my threat as bullshit and ate her cunt.” I spit as his body shakes beneath me.

“No-no man, I didn’t do shit. You got the wrong guy.” He stammers and I laugh.

“Then why do I smell her sweet cunt on your fucking face?” I growl, pulling his head back farther, noticing his pointy adam's apple poking through his skin. Bending down I lick the side of his mouth, tasting her sweet little pussy as the taste buds burst in my mouth.

“That’s my cunt you ate.” I growl, bringing the sharp tip of the pen to his face. Pressing the cold metal against him, I dig into his flesh, dragging it under his nose, around his mouth and down his chin as he screams.

“P-please Hayes, just let me go and I’ll stay away from her! I-I promise.” He begs as blood seeps down his cheeks and over his lips.

“Not good enough. You shouldn’t touch what is not yours. It’s been a pleasure knowing you, Xander Knight.” I spit as I drag my pen further down his chin, and with one quick swipe across his throat, blood sprays around my fingers, slowly pouring onto the fresh snow.

Letting go of his hair, he grabs onto his neck, trying to stop the blood as he chokes. Bringing my bloody fingers to my mouth, I lick the fresh crimson and moan, tasting copper and pussy as it flows down my throat. I wait, silently watching as the blood drains from his face causing his features to turn white, then grey as his face falls onto the ground.

The wind gusts around us as snow begins to cover his body. Ahhh, this is why I love this place. It’s always snowing which only makes covering my tracks that much easier. By the time morning hits, he will be completely buried in the white ice, and

once it melts, he will be nothing but bones and never seen again.

Taking my pen, I wipe the blood off of it against my jeans and tuck it back into my pocket as I step out of the forest and back over the bridge towards the school. Taking out my phone, I see a missed text from Dan letting me know that Liv is safely back in her room and my letter with a little gift has been delivered. I don't know what it is about this girl, but she's mine to do with as I please, and there isn't a fucking thing anyone can do about it.

I'm so deep in thought that I don't hear footsteps approaching behind me. As soon as I spin, three men in cloaks grab me and place a wet cloth over my mouth. I stupidly breathe in and the sky spins as everything goes black.

Waking up, I scream as the whip slashes against my bare back. Chanting is heard through the headset covering my ears. The same words play over and over again. My eyes are covered, but I know where I am. This isn't the first time I've been here. The tombs.

Swallowing my screams as the whip rips into my skin over and over again, I bite my tongue, tasting my own blood seeping down my throat. I pull at the chains that secure my wrists against the cold cement wall. My shoulders scream at me from the movement. They learned their lesson the last time I was down here that I fight back and don't give a fuck how powerful they are. So now I'm chained to the wall in nothing but my jeans as my legs tremble from being suspended slightly. The chanting finally stops and the headset is ripped off my ears, causing my head to bounce off the cement. I growl.

"Are you fucking done yet?" I spit as another lash hits my back, causing me to wince and bite down on my bottom lip. The pain is excruciating as my skin continues to split with every hit of the whip. I let out quiet shuddering breaths, trying not to alert them of the pain I'm enduring. I want them to think all of this doesn't affect me in the

slightest.

“Do you realize what you’ve done, son? You missed a ceremony because of that waste of a sport. This all could’ve been prevented if you would just fall in line, Hayes.” My father snaps.

“What are you going on about?” I snarl as another lash hits my already opened flesh.

“Don’t be disrespectful or this will only get worse for you, son. You’re in enough trouble as it is for missing a mandatory ceremony, but not only that,” he says, walking closer to me. “I lost a son last night because of you. So thank you for killing the only sibling you had left. All because you didn’t listen.” He bellows, and I shake my head. That can’t be right. He’s a fucking liar.

“Bullshit.” I growl as I feel cold metal slice against my shoulder blade.

“He’s dead, and it’s your fault. You might not have been the one to send the knife through his chest in front of The Divine, but you not being there solidified his demise.” He accuses.

“Where’s Maddox? What did you do to him, you fucking prick?!” I growl as another slice burns through my skin.

“Where everyone goes when they are sacrificed. It wasn’t supposed to be him. You could’ve stopped it, Hayes, and now you fucking owe me.” He seethes, and I laugh.

“Is this your way of getting me to abide by your rules and demands? I’ll ask you one more fucking time. Where is my brother?” I say through gritted teeth.

“Dead, because of the bitch he loved. Women are nothing but sacrifices and now you will do as I wish. If you don’t, then we will hunt you and make you and anyone you

ever care for, our prey. Blood is what we seek and you will fucking deliver. You have less than a year until your initiation. Fall in line or you will force my hand to pick everything about your future. From the clothes you wear to the woman you fuck and breed with.” He laughs, but I’m not laughing.

“Fuck you!” I spit but he laughs harder.

“Your first assignment is to find the bitch that took your brother's life and kill her. I must say, I was impressed by your kill tonight. Maddox taught you well. Remember, you have less than one year.” He gloats as the headset is placed back over my ears and the chanting starts again as I pull at my chains, wanting to be released.

“My blood is now your blood, Brother mine. You have our back and we have yours.”

Someone stands behind me and pours salt over my wounds. I scream as another covers my mouth with a cloth and yet again, I stupidly breathe in the sweet aroma, watching the cement wall spin into darkness.

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Hockey Sticks & Locker Rooms

Liviana

Waking up the next morning, I find a white teddy bear and a note at my door. Placing the Valentine's bear on my desk, I open the letter.

Valentine,

You will never escape me,

My Sinister Valentine.

Your blood will drip from my fingers and pour into my soul,

My Sinister Valentine.

My blood will join yours, and you will be mine. Once and for all. Once you accept your fate, our hearts will become one and together we will reign in hell.

My Sinister Valentine.

Now bleed with me.

My Sinister Valentine.

Signed in my blood,

Hayes Valentine

Falling on my bed, I read the letter over and over again. I'm not sure how I feel. I don't know whether to be completely creeped out or to swoon for this man. For some reason, this speaks deep within my black and bloody soul, begging to be released, but only for him. Why do I get the feeling that if I told him my deepest, darkest secret that he would accept me with open arms, wanting to feed the little demon inside me? He wasn't playing when he signed this in his blood. A dark crimson thumb print lays right underneath his name.

Bringing the letter to my nose, I inhale as my heart rate goes wild in my chest. I need to find him. Getting off the bed, I throw on my fucking uniform and leave my suite.

If I were Hayes, where would I be? Probably fucking that blonde he was with last night. But if he left me that letter, it only means he wants me to seek him out, right? The light bulb in my brain finally goes off. Hockey . Heading towards the sports center, I run into Syd and Zova as I pass the cafeteria.

"Hey, Liv. How was your night? I heard some things." Syd laughs, hip bumping me.

"I should be asking you the same thing, but I gotta run. Have you guys seen Hayes yet?" I ask, waiting impatiently for an answer.

"Damn girl. You are jittery this morning. What's got you flustered?" Zova asks.

"I'll explain later. I just need to find the god himself. So, have you seen him?" They both look at each other, then back at me, shaking their heads.

"Okay then. I'll meet up with you guys later and I'll explain everything." I assure them and they nod, heading into the cafeteria as I take off towards the arena. It feels like it takes me forever to get where I need to go, and now I'm out of breath. Fucking

Christ.

Swinging the double doors open, I'm immediately hit with a gust of freezing cold air and silence. The arena is completely empty. Fuck. As I turn, I see Parker from the corner of my eye, coming out of the locker room freshly showered. Walking over to him, I place my hand on my hip and he stops short, raising a brow.

"Henry in there?" I ask, and he laughs.

"I don't know a Henry. Sorry," he says, walking around me. I huff and chase after him.

"Jesus Christ, is Hayes in there?" I quip and he laughs again.

"Why don't you go find out?" He taunts and I roll my eyes, turning back around. I head for the locker room, swinging the door hard enough that it bangs against the wall. I walk past the first row of lockers before checking the next.

"Hayes, you fuck. Where are you?" I shout, and a deep laugh comes from behind me. I spin to see the man of the hour putting on his black trouser pants. I watch as he leans against the locker, buttoning his white shirt. Walking over to him, I invade his space, giving his chest a little shove.

"I got your letter. Wh-" I start to say before his hand is wrapped around my throat, pressing me against the lockers.

"Shut your fucking mouth, Liviana. I don't have time for your shit today." He spits, squeezing my throat. I shove him off me but he doesn't budge. He only tightens his grip. "I'm glad you got my letter. Are you ready to surrender?" He asks, but I shake my head as his free hand runs up my outer thigh.

“That little stunt you pulled last night will never happen again. If I ever see another man touch you, he’s dead.” He growls, and I smile. Why do his words make me want to submit to his every want and need? His eyes widen at my expression as I run my hands up his stomach to his chest, pulling on his tie to bring him closer to me. I graze my lips against his, watching his eyes flutter for a second. “You enjoyed me watching as you came on another man's face, didn’t you, you fucking slut? Do you know how murderous you made me?!” He spits, tightening his grip a little more as his other hand disappears underneath my skirt. “Did you cum wishing it was my tongue licking you?” he whispers, sticking out his tongue ring, gliding it across my lips as he slides my panties to the side, running his finger up my slit.

I nod my response as I grip his tie, praying he touches me again. “Such a fucking whore. Look at you. In the men's locker room with my hand under your skirt, begging to be played with.” He groans as he spreads my lips apart, flicking my clit. I quiver as he sucks my bottom lip into his mouth, pressing his body against mine. Letting go of his tie, I run my hands back down his body and into his boxers, gripping his cock and stroking it slowly. “Fuck, Liv. I want to break you. I want you to feel the pain I felt watching you last night.” He says as goosebumps litter my skin, causing me to shiver at his words.

I nod, wishing he’d let me speak. He slides a finger into my soaked core and groans as I stroke him faster, rubbing my thumb over the tip. “I didn’t cum last night because of you. So before I wreck you, get on your fucking knees like the whore you are and take my cock down your throat.” He commands, removing his fingers from my pussy and bringing it to his lips, sucking them into his mouth. Fuck, that’s hot. Jesus Christ.

His eyes blow with want as he moans. “I won’t ask again, whore. Knees. Now.” He orders and I don’t resist as I sink to my fucking knees, pulling down his boxers and pants over his hips, taking ahold of his cock and licking the tip. He grips the back of my head, shoving his cock into my mouth.

“Since you made me watch another man make you cum, this is your punishment. I’m going to skull fuck you for being a fucking cunt.” He growls, slamming into me only to pull out and slam into me again, causing me to gag as spit drips from the corners of my mouth. My eyes tear and slowly pour down my cheeks the more he thrusts down my throat. I swallow, causing him to groan above me.

“Just like that, Liv. Fuck, your throat is so tight.” He moans, wrapping both hands in my long hair and thrusting down my throat at a brutal pace. My throat is going to be so sore after this. I try to meet his thrusts, but he’s in too much control of my head, so I just take everything he gives me. Ripping me off his length, he stumbles back and I heave, trying to catch my breath. Wiping my mouth, I look up at him, waiting for his next command.

“Such a good girl, Liviana. Now get up and lay down on the bench,” he orders and I do what he says as I watch him grab his hockey stick. What the fuck?

He straddles the bench in front of me and glides his stick down my cheek to my heaving chest, along my stomach and over my skirt. He opens my legs, flipping up the fabric and pressing the tip of the stick against my clit. I moan, arching my back off the bench, not taking my eyes off his as he stares between my legs. He takes his hand, pulling my thong from my body until it rips in two.

Bringing it to his nose, he inhales deeply, shoving the ripped fabric into his back pocket. He slides the end of his stick up and down my clit, causing my legs to tremble.

“Fuck, Hayes.” I pant, wanting him to make me cum already. I want to feel him inside me so fucking bad.

“I want you to beg before I wreck this tight cunt.” He commands and I whimper as he glides the glossy wood faster over my clit.

“Please, Hayes. Break me.” I whine as he licks his lips, shoving the stick into my pussy. I gasp at the thickness stretching me so roughly. I lift my knee, laying my foot on the bench as my fingers find my clit while he fucks me hard and fast.

“Faster, you fucking slut. Take it.” He growls, shoving the wood deeper into me as I bring myself closer and closer to orgasm. I shiver at his words, my thighs trembling the closer I get.

“Cum on my stick. I want to smell you while I take shot after shot in tonight’s game and once I win, I want you impaled on my cock while I carve into you, making you bleed with me. Making you mine. All mine.” He growls sending me right over the fucking edge. I scream as I cum so fucking hard, soaking the wood like he asked. “Hayes.” Leaves my lips on a whisper as my body shivers.

Removing the stick from my core, he bends down kissing my inner thighs. Flattening his tongue, he runs it up from cunt to clit, making me jolt at how sensitive I am. Fuck, I’ve never had that hard of an orgasm in my life. Taking a deep breath, I sit up as he stands, zipping his pants.

“You don’t want me to make you cum?” I ask, my voice coming out hoarse, confused at what the hell is happening.

“Tonight, Short Stack. After the game.” He says, throwing his jersey at me.

“Wear that tonight. The game is here at seven. Don’t be late.” he demands, giving me a wink as he walks down the lockers and disappears from sight. That’s twice he’s left me to wonder what the fuck just happened. Not only did he fuck my throat raw and make me cum on his hockey stick, but he never said a damn word about the fucking letter. Now he wants me to wear his jersey? He can get fucked.

After a few minutes, I get up and leave the locker room for my first class, totally

missing breakfast. All I can think about is that fucking locker room and how badly I want it to happen again. My phone buzzes in my pocket and I take it out seeing a text from Dillon. Fuck. My boyfriend. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

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Pucks & Jerseys

Hayes

The rest of the day flew by and all I could think about was her. For the first time in my life, I actually didn't want to go to the game. I wanted to find out where she was, what she was doing and just make her cum until she physically couldn't anymore. The way her mascara ran down her face while I gagged her with my cock has my dick hardening as I glide across the ice. My head is not in the game, and what makes it even worse, is she's not fucking here.

Parker skates up next to me as I chase the puck, "Grinder, get your fucking head in the game," he growls, but I ignore him taking the shot and missing. Cursing myself, Coach yells from across the rink telling me the same thing Parker did. This girl has me all the way fucked up.

We have thirty seconds left on the clock and we're down a point. If I don't score a fucking goal and win this shit, we have a harder chance at making nationals. I didn't work this hard to lose tonight over pussy. But fuck, her pussy is magnificent and I'm going to carve into it when I get my hands on her.

"Grinder!" Parker shouts as the other team gains control of the puck, causing me to double back. Fuck. Striker glides right past Ezran taking the shot and missing. Slamming into Striker, I take control of the puck, skating around our goalie Phoenix, and taking off across the ice.

Looking up at the goalie, I set up my shot with Crusher protecting me as I move in

and out of their defense. I lose focus when I finally see Liv out of the corner of my eye standing to the side with Buckmans fucking jersey on. I growl as Striker slams into me, stealing the puck and taking off where I just came from. I curse again and give chase, slamming into him with my stick that smells like her. I'm going to fucking kill her. Regaining the puck, I take the shot as the buzzer sounds, I hold my breath as the puck ricochets off the goal post.

My head drops as the other team cheers in celebration, winning the fucking game. I fall to my knees in defeat, knowing I just let everyone down. Fucking failed us all. I had one fucking job. A job that I do well, and now I fucked up. Over her. I get up and skate over to my teammates who all look at me with the same look my father gives me. Disappointment.

Coach lays into me like never before but I can't hear or see anything except her as she stands there, staring right into my soul while wearing my teammates fucking jersey. She winks at me and I throw my stick and gloves to the ground, walking out and heading for the locker room. This fucking cunt is going to make me lose it in front of everyone. I need to get in the shower to cool the fuck down.

Standing under the cold spray, I do my thing quickly, not wanting the guys to see how ripped up my back is. It doesn't help that the gashes are still fresh and I keep overexerting myself, not giving them any time to heal. I don't want them to know I took our punishment for them. It's not their fault. Just like the loss of this game. It's mine. I let some new girl crawl inside me, clouding my mind and taking me out of the game. I never let pussy do that to me. Hockey comes first over everything, but tonight, I truly fucked up. I deserve every second of pain I feel as the cold water pounds against my mottled flesh.

Shutting the water off, I dress quickly in sweats and a hoodie, grab my bag and exit the arena as fast as I can. I just need a fucking minute to gather my thoughts and get my head back on straight before I literally kill a team member.

Even though I lost the game tonight, we are still hosting Cemetery ManHunt night. Boys versus girls. She better fucking be there. I plan on making her fucking pay for every minute that fucking jersey is on her back. Fuck, what is it about this fucking girl that has me so fucked up? She's gorgeous, no doubt, but that can't be it. The pull every time she's near doesn't help, but fuck, I need to just let it go. I need a distraction.

Taking out my phone, I shoot a text off to Ivy.

Me: Meet me in the cemetery tonight. Be ready to run.

Almost immediately.

Ivy: I'll be there. See you later.

Shutting my phone off, I slide it back into my pocket and walk across campus to my dorm. It's time to get my head out of my ass. I wrote Liv that poem, thinking she was the one I needed. The one my soul spoke to with just one look, but now I'm second guessing myself. Maybe she's not my Sinister Valentine after all.

A few hours later, I'm walking through the maze, heading for the cemetery gates. A few girls giggle ahead of me as they walk out of the maze and up the cobblestone path through the dense fog approaching the old iron doors. I step around them, digging in my pocket for the wrought iron key to unlock the gate. After doing so, I remove the lock and chain, hanging it on the lever as I push the heavy metal, swinging it open for everyone to enter. The cemetery is located at the highest point of the mountain overlooking the river. The cathedral is just beyond the cemetery with a mausoleum attached to the back of the building. Underneath us are the tombs where the elders hold their meetings and dole out their punishments.

Walking to the far end of the cemetery, I sit on a concrete bench and wait until I spot

one of the guys. They deserve an apology for my actions, but I needed to cool down or I was going to lose it. I'm sure they know how disappointed I am in myself but I still need to apologize. Buckman will be lucky he even makes it through the night so long as he steers clear of me. I still haven't faced the news my father dropped on me last night about my brother. It doesn't feel real and I'm not sure how to feel. He didn't really like me much because I didn't want the life he had so I was nothing but an immature little pissant to him. The only time we bonded was when he taught me to kill. Other than that, he kept his life private and had his own demons to deal with.

Footsteps crunching as they slowly approach in the snow has me lifting my head to see Liviana. My eyes trail up her legs, taking in the black fishnet stockings covering her thick thighs. I take my time, slowly raking over her short black leather skirt up to the white tank top she's wearing under her black cropped zip-up hoodie, showing off her perfect fucking cleavage. Not wanting to look at her for another second, I stand before she crowds my space.

"I've been looking for you." She states.

"Get the fuck away from me." I spit walking away from her, but she shoves me and I stumble into a headstone. Spinning, I get in her face.

"If you don't fucking walk away now, I'm going to fucking hurt you." I growl, but she just rolls her eyes.

"I'm sick of this fucking game, Hayes. What are you so mad about?" She shouts, putting her hand on her hips.

"Mad is an understatement Liviana. You show up to my game, late, in another man's jersey after I specifically told you to wear mine. What fucking game are you playing with me?" I grit, raising a brow as she huffs.

“I’m not playing any fucking games, asshole. He forced me to wear it.” She says, and my vision blurs as she continues to speak. Whooshing sounds flow through my ears as I hear keywords that make me irate. “Forced. Made. Can’t. Hurt. Blood.” Growling, I move to take off through the cemetery, but she grabs my wrist and I quickly wrench it out of her grip.

“Go enjoy the party. I have something to handle.” I spit, walking quickly through the cemetery, disappearing into the dense fog. “Forced. Made. Can’t. Hurt. Blood.” Those words keep whirling in my head as I search for the fucker I’m going to kill tonight. Weaving through a sea of people, I spot him talking to a few girls. Taking out my phone, I send him a text to meet me behind the cathedral.

Walking away from the crowd, passing the steps to the cathedral, I make my way around the side of the expansive building. I hope none of the elders are in the tombs right now. I really don’t want to have to explain this kill to them. It will just put a target on Liv’s back, and that’s the last thing I want. Footsteps approach and I step out of the darkness, making my presence known.

“What’s up Grinder? Hey, thanks for losing us the game tonight. Maybe next time I’ll steal your spot, since you can’t get the job done.” He spits as I rear back, punching him in the face. His head whips to the side from the impact as he stumbles in the snow.

“Fuck you, Buckman.” I grit, tackling him to the ground, laying punch after punch to his face. He laughs with every hit, only making me madder.

“You touched what wasn’t yours and you forced her to wear your pathetic jersey. You could never be me.” I laugh. “You’re a fucking loser, just like your father.” I spit. “You will never be worthy of my spot. You fucking piece of shit.” I growl as I continue to mangle his face, feeling bone crunch underneath my fist.

“She’s not yours either.” He groans, and now it's my turn to laugh.

“That’s where you're wrong.” I smirk, reaching into my pocket, taking out my pen.

“Ahh, hello friend, we meet again.” I laugh sinisterly as his eyes widen.

“Ask h-her about D-Dillon.” He stammers as I step on his fingers, crushing them into the frozen earth. He screams as blood pours down his face.

“She has a whole boyfriend back home. My younger brother. If you don’t believe me, ask her. Or better yet, ask her why she’s here.” He taunts. I grip his blonde hair, pulling his head back just like I did to Knight. He swallows thickly as I press the sharp point to the vein that is pulsating erratically in his neck.

“It was nice knowing you, Chuck Buckman. See you in hell.” I growl, swiping the point against his vein as blood sprays my hands and pants.

“Fuck y-you.” He chokes and I laugh, stabbing him in the neck repeatedly as blood splashes against my hands and face.

“Fuck me? Nah, fuck you and your brother. She’s mine and only mine.” I roar, not stopping until I hear a gasp. Lifting my head up, I see Liv standing there with her hand covering her mouth.

“Get out of here now!” I command and she takes off running the other way. Wiping the pen off against my sweats and tucking it in my pocket. I let go of his hair and drop his head to the ground, rolling him to the edge of the cliff and letting his body fall into the river.

Taking my phone out, I see it’s almost time for Manhunt to start. I text Ivy and tell her to meet me in the cemetery. I need to let some of this pent up tension out and there’s nothing more satisfying than being balls deep in a tight cunt.

It's time to play my Sinister Valentine. Let's see how fast you can run.

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Source Creation Date: July 21, 2025, 1:46 pm

Yeeting Dumb Bitches

Liviana

After I left the locker room, I slammed into Chuck. I had no fucking idea this was the university he attended and now I'm utterly fucked. He cornered me and threw me into the janitor's closet, threatening to send Dillon the video of me cumming on Hayes' hockey stick if I didn't wear his jersey tonight to taunt Hayes.

I refused to play his little game so he slammed me against the wall, slapped me in the face, causing my lip to bleed. I pushed him off me, but he was too strong as he tried to slide his hands under my skirt, telling me not to tell anyone. I kneed him in the nuts and got out of there as quickly as I could. Instead of going to class, I went back to my room and stayed there until it was time to leave for the game.

Even when I met up with Syd and Zova, they told me not to wear the jersey, but I didn't listen. No matter the path I chose, someone was going to get hurt and I don't need the drama of Dillon knowing what the hell I'm doing here. I don't even know what I'm doing anymore. I fought my parents tooth and nail not to come because I didn't want to leave Dillon behind, but here I am, spreading my legs for the god himself. I don't want to tell anyone the heinous things I've done. It's not something I trust telling to anyone. Not even Dillon knows, and I plan to keep it that way.

Seeing the look on Hayes's face when he spotted me in the crowd wearing someone else's jersey as he made the losing shot destroyed me. I didn't want to hurt him, but seeing Chuck sitting on the bench watching my every move left me with no choice but to play his game, hurting the boy I can't seem to walk away from. Now I've hurt

him and I'm not sure what punishment I'm going to receive, if any at all. When his eyes met mine and I gave him that wink, his entire demeanor changed into something scary, like his demon reared its ugly head only to summon my own to play with him, except he left. I can't fault him for walking away and I wish I could tell him the truth, but I know I can't. Not until later, I'm hoping.

After leaving the arena, I stayed quiet while Zova and Syd chatted away about the game and what the plan was for tonight. I felt empty inside the more they talked about Manhunt and the rules. I didn't even want to go. I don't want anyone to catch me but him, but I know I truly fucked up. Why do I care so much? Why does he have this much of an effect on me? I only just met him two days ago, but with every encounter, he's left me wanting, wondering, and needing more of him. Which only hurts my heart. Why? My heart shouldn't even be involved in this shit. I don't get hung up on boys. I don't understand why this is happening and why this pull is never-ending, but it's so strong that I can't help but need to be near him. This emptiness wants to be filled but only by him. Nothing, and no one, is more satisfying than him. Fuck, where is he? I need to know what the fuck this is.

Hours later after finding Hayes, who dismissed me after trying to explain to him as much as I could without hurting him with more of my lies, I find myself seeking him out again, needing answers. Stepping around the corner of the creepy cathedral, I gasp, throwing my hand over my mouth as I watch Hayes stab Chuck in the neck with a sharp object. Blood seeps into the cold snow with every strike. If I was a normal person, I'd scream and run for my life, but my feet stay grounded until his eyes snap to mine and the person I know is long gone. His gorgeous blue eyes that shine so brightly are completely void against the white light reflecting the snow.

"Get out of here now!" He orders in a tone I've never heard before. I stumble back as I spin, running away from him. I don't want to go find the girls. I don't want to have to explain anything tonight. So I go back to the bench where I first spoke with him and sit on the cold cement, placing my head in my hands as I lean my elbows on my

knees trying to get my head right. Why did he kill him? Why did I run? Just because his hands were full of blood doesn't mean I was scared. I was just taken aback by the scene. I'd be a hypocrite to be frightened of him. Fuck. I shouldn't have left. I could've helped him get rid of the body. But the tone in which he used to send me away was the only reason I left. Fuck.

Sitting here in the cold for what feels like forever, I decide to walk deeper into the cemetery along the cliff line, hoping there's a clearing where I can just sit and feel the breeze against my skin. Being alone sometimes is better for me. I need a minute, a chance to clear my mind because this night is just fucked and I'm over it. If he wants to speak to me, he will have to come find me. I'm done playing his stupid game. Fuck it.

After walking for a bit, the gravestones start to get less and less the further I go, and just when I think I'm getting closer to the edge of the cliff, two people come into view. Hayes leans back against a tree with that same dumb blonde, who's yet again on her knees in the snow, sucking his dick. I watch for a split second as he pulls her head further down his length, groaning in pleasure and I fucking snap. Those groans are for me. Fucking prick. I make my presence known by stomping through the snow quickly. His eyes open and collide with mine and he smirks. This motherfucker.

"Are you fucking kidding me right now?" I shout as he pays no mind that I'm literally yelling while he's getting his dick sucked.

"Do you mind?" he laughs and I growl.

"Oh, I fucking do mind, Henry." I spit and that little word makes his eyes gloss over and narrow.

"Fuck, Ivy. Just like that." He growls and I see fucking red. My vision blurs as I grip the bitch by her hair, yanking her off his cock. She screams as she flails in the snow,

but my grip only tightens.

Bending down, I bring her face to mine. “That cock you just had down your fucking throat is mine. This is the third time I’ve seen you gagging on him, and I’ve had about enough of it.” I say sinisterly, and she has the nerve to laugh.

“Hayes is mine, you delusional bitch. Get the fuck out of here and mind your own business!” She shouts, clawing at my wrists as I headbutt her, throwing her to the ground. Looking up at Hayes, I raise a brow.

“You’re hers? But obsessed with me? That’s rich.” I say and he laughs.

“Says the one with a whole boyfriend back home.” He spits and now it’s my turn to laugh.

“So instead of having an adult conversation and asking questions, you decide that it’s a good idea to go get your dick sucked after killing someone who hurt me. Make it math Hayes. You’re not stupid. Dumb, yes. But not stupid.” I spit as I see Ivy come at me with a rock in her hand. She tackles me to the ground, slamming her fist that’s holding the rock against my temple, causing me to see stars for a split second. She goes to do it again, but I push her off me and she falls on her ass in the snow. I quickly get up and grab her by the hair as blood drips down the side of my face. She screams again, clawing at my wrist as I drag her closer to the edge of the cliff.

“Liviana no!” He shouts.

“Remember, Sinister Valentine, you made me do this.” I say. Using every bit of strength I have, I toss her violently off the side of the mountain. I don’t hear Hayes screaming at me as Ivy’s hair flows over my wrist and her body scrapes along the cliff, dropping into the shallow river. My vision blurs as I sink to my knees in the snow. My hands shake as realization hits me that I killed someone, yet again in a fit

of rage. I close my eyes as tears stream down my face. Not because she didn't deserve it, but because I let my rage get the best of me. I let it take over everything I know and worked so hard to overcome the last two years, just to do it all over again.

Strong arms lift me off the ground, carrying me to god knows where.

“Fuck, Liv, you shouldn’t have done that. Fuck.” He whispers against my forehead.

“Why? Do you love her?” I ask, and he laughs.

“No baby, I don’t. She was nothing but a warm hole to make you mad.” He admits and I sigh.

“You win Hayes. You fucking win.” I say, feeling completely defeated in this moment.

“You’re not supposed to be the one killing for me. That’s supposed to be my job.” He confesses, and now it’s my turn to laugh.

“You wanted me to be yours, so I staked my claim. She shouldn't have hit me in the head with a rock. She got what she deserved. These bitches better back up, or your friends aren’t going to have pussy to sink their little cocks into because I will slay every last fucking bitch that touches you.” I spit and he growls.

“That made my dick so fucking hard. God damn, Short Stack.” He laughs as we come to the bench I was sitting on earlier. Placing me down, he sits next to me, sighing deeply.

“You know we can’t tell anyone about tonight, right?” He says with a look of concern written all over his face.

“Oh, I know.” I sigh, placing my hand into his. Our eyes collide and my body lights on fire as that pull takes me under. “Where do we go from here?” I ask, and his eyes light up with mischief as we hear the sound of a horn blow in the near distance.

“How fast can you run, baby? And you better not let anyone catch you or there will be a massacre to clean up.” He warns as the sounds of giggling girls get closer. My heart rate flutters in my chest as he stands, reaching into his back pocket, pulling out a glow stick necklace. He cracks it and it glows red. Placing it over my head it falls against my chest as the anticipation excites me to the core. He takes a few steps back as he licks his lips.

“Run, Little Liar. Run!”

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Bleed With Me

Hayes

Standing back against the gravestone, I watch Liv disappear into the fog. Footsteps approach from behind and I turn my head.

“Yo man, you seen Ezran?” Parker asks and I shake my head.

“I haven’t seen anyone since the game. Listen man. I’m sorry for fucking up tonight.” I say but he shakes his head.

“It’s fine, Hayes. We all have our bad days. Just don’t make it a habit. Fuck the girl out of your head.” He laughs.

“Oh, I plan on it, for days! Have fun catching Syd. Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.” I laugh, taking off into the fog, passing an array of colors. Keeping my eyes peeled for red, I try not to trip over the headstones as I continue to hunt for my girl.

“Come out, Little Liar. It’s time to be claimed.” I taunt as a faint giggle hits my ears to the right. I turn, changing directions as a faint glow of red is seen in the distance. The fog is really thick tonight, making it harder to see. The cold wind whips around me, sending a faint scent of flowery notes through the air. I’m getting closer to her.

“You know you want me to wreck that sweet cunt, baby.” I rasp.

“You have to catch me first.” She whispers from behind me. I spin, her dark hair

blowing in the wind as she runs back towards the front of the cemetery.

“Beg for it, Little Liar.” I command as a soft whimper is heard in the distance.

“You have to be quicker than that, Hayes. Come get me. Wreck me. Break me. And most of all, make me beg harder.” She taunts, my dick stiffens in my sweats as I slow my pace, knowing I’m getting closer.

“I want you to bleed with me. Will you do that for me, baby?” I whisper, seeing the glow stick before it’s dipping down behind the angel statue. She doesn’t answer but I can hear her soft pants which only makes me want to turn them into screams for me. Slowly, I make it around the statue, “Gotcha.” I say, but she isn’t there. Looking around, I hear her laughing as she walks through the gate.

“Maybe next time,” she says as she takes off through the maze. Let’s see how far she gets. Picking up my pace, I exit the same way she did and jog down the cobble path, heading into the maze after her. Knowing this place like the back of my hand gives me the advantage. Turning right, then left, I see her hair whip around the hedge, knowing that she’s turning the wrong way. Oh, little doe, lost in the woods with nowhere to go. I make a right and just like that, she slams into me. Gripping her hips, I steady her as she screams.

“Look what we have here. A scared Little Liar.” I laugh as I bend down slightly, picking her up by the backs of her thighs and pushing her into the hedges.

“Now you’re mine.” I growl as she leans down, licking my lips.

“Take me to your dorm and show me.” She taunts as I slide my hands over her ass, giving it a squeeze before placing her back down onto her feet.

“Let’s go.” I order, taking her hand in mine, leading us out of the maze and through

the deserted school.

“This place is so fucking creepy at night.” She states, walking closer to me. If she only knew the history of this place she’d probably want to run, but then again, I’ve severely underestimated her.

“Do you like ghost stories?” I ask, looking down at her and she smirks.

“I do. I just don’t want to live in a haunted house.” She says and I laugh.

“I hate to burst your bubble but it's too late.” I say and her eyes widen.

“Well don’t fucking tell me. I’ll never sleep again.” She says, smacking me in the chest. I laugh as we approach my dorm room. Taking my wrought iron key from my pocket, I slide it into the hole and unlock the door, removing the key and swinging it open for her.

“Little Liars, first.” I say and she rolls her eyes, stepping into the room. I follow after her, shutting the door and locking it behind me. Wrapping her hair around my fist I pull her back towards me, rubbing my cock against her ass as I tighten my hold of her hair. Her breathing hitches as my other hand unzips her black hoodie, letting go of her hair to watch it slide down her shoulders and back.

Letting the fabric fall to the floor, I snake my arms around her torso, running my hands over her breast, giving them a squeeze as her nipples harden. I trail my nose down the column of her neck, inhaling her scent as I wrap my fingers around the straps of her shirt, ripping it from her body. She gasps as her tits spill out, bouncing as my finger tips graze her hardened peaks, pulling them. She moans as I continue to tease her nipples, sucking along her neck. Her ass presses against my hard cock, making me growl in her ear. Smacking her tits, I spin her and back her up against the cold glass of the french doors.

Reaching over into the drawer of the desk, I take out my gold letter opener and glide it along her neck, over each tit and down her stomach, leaving a thin bloody line in its wake. I drag my tongue down the faint cut, licking the blood as I slide to my knees, unzipping the back of her leather skirt and letting it drop to the floor. I run my nose up her silk covered pussy as I take the letter opener and slice down her fishnet stockings, pulling the fabric roughly from her thick thighs. I trail the gold metal up her inner thigh, slicing a little deeper than before as she hisses from the sting. Pressing my lips to the cut, I swirl my tongue in the blood, sucking it from her skin as my thumb runs up and down her clit.

“Fuck, Hayes.” She pants.

“Such a dirty slut.” I growl, sliding her black silk thong over her hips and down her thighs. “Another to add to my collection.” I say, placing it on my desk.

“Panty sniffer,” She laughs teasingly as I look up at her.

“Only yours, Little Liar.” I rasp, pressing my lips just above her clit. Her legs tremble as I swirl my tongue over her clit gently before sucking it into my mouth, letting the cold metal of my piercing graze over her sensitive peak.

“Mmm,” she moans. “Do that again.” She whines and I greedily continue doing as she asks. I apply more pressure to her clit, running my hands up her legs, squeezing her thighs. Her body shudders above me as I stand with a smirk, handing her the envelope opener. Taking off my black hoodie, I reach into my pocket and take out my pen. Her eyes widen for a second before they blow with lust.

“I didn’t peg you for a girl who likes pain.” I admit and she smirks as I twist off the tip, letting it drop to the floor. “I’d never let the blood of another touch your perfect skin.” I growl, reaching over into my desk and grabbing a new tip before screwing it on.

“There’s a lot you don’t know about me, Hayes.” She groans as I run the sharp tip over her clit slowly. She jolts at the coldness as I take a nipple into my mouth, sucking it hard. She grips the back of my neck pulling me towards her as she drags the cutter along my neck and up my jaw, nicking the side of my face. She gathers the blood and I look up at her face while biting her nipple as I slice her clit gently.

“Fuck,” she groans, taking her bloody fingers into her mouth, sucking them clean. “You taste sweet.” She winks. I release her nipple with a pop, kissing up her neck as I wrap my free hand around her throat, pressing my lips against hers. She grips my black tank, lifting it as she swirls her tongue against mine while slicing down my stomach. I groan into her mouth, pressing my hard dick into her stomach. Her hips roll and I groan, wanting to be inside her already.

Fuck. My grip on her throat tightens the longer we kiss, the more slices we dig into one another. Blood seeps down my stomach as more pours down her chest. We get so lost in one another that I don’t realize the amount of blood and cuts that we have both made to each other until she pushes me back. Bringing the cutter to my throat, she nicks right next to my rapidly beating artery. She quickly leans in, bringing her lips to my neck and sucking the blood from the slice she made.

“Fuck, you’re perfect.” I say, pressing her against the glass and lifting her by the backs of her thighs. She reaches in between us, sliding my sweats down over my thighs, gripping my cock and lining it up with her entrance.

“You know once we do this, there is no coming back from it. You’re mine now. All this blood is mine.” I growl as she slowly sinks onto my hard cock. We both groan, not moving as our foreheads fuse together.

“God damn, baby. So fucking tight.” I growl, looking into her smokey gray eyes. I pull out just to slam back up into her. Her pussy tightens with each thrust as my hands squeeze her ass cheeks roughly, not letting her move a fucking inch. I pound

relentlessly into her as she moans my name, gripping onto the back of my neck with one hand and slicing down my shoulder with the other. I wince at the pain from the already fresh cuts but her pussy tightening around my cock distracts me.

Rolling my hips, my pelvic bone slaps against her clit with each thrust causing her to whimper in my arms. Taking a nipple into my mouth, I bite down hard making her scream.

“Yes, yes. Just like that. Fuck! Harder! Shit.” She moans, leaning her head back against the window.

Lifting her away from the doors, I spin us around while still inside her and place her down on the bed. Her hair fans across my blankets as I grip her thighs, lifting one higher over my hips as I pound into her.

Taking my pen, I cut down her stomach and up to each nipple, licking the blood from her ivory skin. I groan at the taste of her as her flavor bursts in my mouth. The familiar tingle runs up my spine but I’m not ready to cum yet. I need her to shatter first. My thumb finds her clit as she shivers along my length, moaning my name as her body arches off the bed, tightening her sweet cunt around my cock. Fuck.

“Oh, fuck. Fuck. I’m going to cum so fucking hard. Fuck, fuck, fuck!” She screams as I pick up my pace, rubbing my thumb faster against her clit. Her body litters with goosebumps and my balls tighten.

“Cum for me, Little Liar. Cum so fucking hard on my cock, baby.” I growl.

“Fuck, I’m cumming. Fuccckkkkkkk!” She screams as her body convulses beneath me, soaking my length as I slam into her, faster and faster.

Wrapping my hand around her throat, I squeeze so tight as I watch her face turn red,

then a deep purple. I pull out and jerk my cock, groaning deeply as I let go of her throat and shoot my load all over her clit, stomach and tits.

“Jesus Christ, Liviana.” I heave, attempting to catch my breath. She leans up, pressing her lips to mine with a moan and when she pulls away, she scoops up my cum with her fingers and sinks them into her mouth. Ripping them from her mouth, I lean down, sucking her tongue, tasting myself. My dick instantly hardens and I find myself sliding back into her and not stopping until she cums again, and again, and again. I can’t seem to get enough of her. I need to be inside her forever. Watching her cum arouses me more than the taste of her blood. But I need both. Fuck. This girl is going to be my ruin.

Just as I move to grab her a washcloth to clean up, my phone starts ringing. Getting up, I reach into my pocket and see it’s my father. Knowing I can’t ignore him, I step into the bathroom, shutting the door behind me and answer the call.

“Yes, father?” I say and he huffs.

“It’s time. Go to the cathedral and into the attic. She’s waiting for you.” He says then hangs up. My eyes narrow as I think who the fuck “she” is, but then I realize he meant “Vivvy”. Fuck my life. How the fuck am I supposed to explain this one to Liv? Fuck.

Hanging By A Vein

Hayes

Exiting the bathroom with a warm washcloth, I kneel on the bed and gently wipe her off the best I can. My eyes collide with hers and she raises her brow. Breaking eye contact, I look down, not wanting her to read my facial expression, but she cups my face, forcing me to look at her as she sits up.

“What’s wrong? Are you regretting what we just did already?” She asks as a frown greets her beautiful face. How could she think I would regret this? Gripping her waist, I lift her, placing her in my lap as I tuck her hair behind her ear, thumbing her bottom lip.

“No, Liviana. I’d never regret what we just did. In fact, I can’t wait to sink into you again.” I admit and her head tilts, trying to figure me out.

“Then what’s wrong?” She asks, pressing kisses against my cheek.

“I have to leave for a little bit and I can’t tell you why or where.” I say and she pulls away, staring at me, but before she can start making accusations I continue. “There are times I’m called upon and I have no choice but to leave, but I need you to know that these secrets and people are dangerous. I just don’t want you anywhere near it.” I say as her brows wrinkle in concern. “There are things that I can never repeat, nor speak about, or it will cost me my life. I just need you to understand that.” I say, cupping her face and placing a soft kiss against her lips. I pull away and she nods. “Can you understand that and trust me? Because this is one of those times that I have

to leave and I can't tell you anything more." I whisper against her lips and she smiles.

"Yes, I understand. Can I wait for you or do I need to do the walk of shame back to my dorm?" She asks and I chuckle.

"Not a chance, baby. I want you here, waiting for me. I'll be back shortly." I say, placing another kiss against her lips, lifting her off my lap and laying her in my bed. Bringing the blanket up over her naked body, I kiss her forehead before walking over to my desk. Picking up my pen, I switch out the tip again for a fresh one before grabbing my keys, phone and hoodie. Throwing the hoodie on and pulling the hood over my head, I look over my shoulder at her before heading to the door, "Don't let anyone in here. I have my key. I'll be back." I say and she nods.

Opening the door, I step into the quiet hallway, shutting it behind me and locking it. Putting my game face on, I walk through the halls and out the doors, making my way through the maze and back into the cemetery. There's still a few people hanging out but they don't pay me any mind as I walk up the cathedral steps.

Taking a deep breath, I push open the heavy door. The smell of mold and dust immediately hit my nostrils causing me to wrinkle my nose. Guess Maddox wasn't lying when he said there was a mold issue in here.

Stepping to the right, I open the door and climb the stairs for the balcony. I've done a lot of shit up here, especially during mass, but that's a story for another day. I make a mental note to bring Liv up here in the near future. I wonder if she'd let me eat her pussy while hanging over the ledge. Hmmm.

Walking across the carpet to the other side, I open the door for the attic and am smacked in the face with the smell of piss. Great. Taking the steps two at a time, I get to the top and see the woman of the hour, completely naked and chained to an old cross suspended slightly in the air.

“Ugh, it’s you.” She groans. “Did they send you in to do their dirty work?” she rasps and I laugh because she’s right. The elders always have the initiates do their dirty work unless it’s punishment time. I swear those sick fucks get off on hurting us.

“You do realize you killed a Valentine, and not any Valentine, but my fucking brother.” I spit and she rolls her eyes.

“Oh, so now that your brother is gone, you want to finally listen and conform to the occult or are you trying to get in your daddy’s good graces?” She mocks, pulling at her chains. I reach into my pocket, running my fingers over my pen to ground me. If she keeps running her mouth, I will lose it and kill her fast by accident. Maddox deserves more than that, despite how he felt about me.

“Sometimes you have to eat shit in order to save the ones you love.” I say and she laughs.

“Love? So you’re going to take one for the team to save the ones you love?” She says. “From where I’m hanging, you really aren’t any different from him.” She shakes her head as I step closer.

“What the fuck does that mean?” I ask and she sighs.

“Do you remember when Maddox tried to run?” She asks and I nod. I do remember, but something happened that made him come back. Beaten and bloodied, but he came back.

“You’re the reason he returned. They used you as a pawn and he didn’t want this life for you. Never has.” She says and I shake my head.

“Bullshit. Him and my asshole father constantly pressured me into conforming and always making me feel unworthy.” I confess but she just shakes her head.

“Can you blame him? Did you also know that all those times you passed out drunk or high, it was Maddox who got you home? He was the one who cleaned up your messes.” She says and my eyes widen. I thought it was Parker or even Ezran. Maddox being the one to take care of me never even crossed my mind.

“Before you start arguing with me, I saw it with my own eyes. I was there to witness it. Me killing him just helped him out. He didn’t want this shit for himself or you. But here we are.” She says and I growl, stepping closer and removing my pen from my pocket.

“But you’re the one hanging up there with an expiration date. How can you justify your actions by saying you helped him? You didn’t help shit. If anything, you made it worse and now he’s not here to kill you himself!” I shout, dragging the sharp point over the vein in her ankle, applying enough pressure that blood begins to slowly seep down her foot, dripping onto the wood below her before doing the same to the other one as she screams.

“You’re just like the rest of them! Fucking trash, and one day you all will meet your makers. Did you think killing me would get you on good terms with the elders? Guess again. This just sends you deeper into it. They won’t stop until you fulfill your destiny, taking out anyone you have ever loved for disobeying orders.” She grits. I take the pen, digging it roughly up her leg and stopping at the top of her thigh before dragging it back down. Watching as her skin splits open, showing the blue great saphenous vein.

I smile as she tries to scream, but her throat must be raw from doing just that for the last two days because she barely makes a sound. No one would hear her anyways, and if they did, they would think of the ghost stories that are embedded into the university walls. Screams of the dead.

Licking my lips, I run my finger up the other vein making sure I find the perfect spot,

not wanting to ruin the fun too soon. Taking the pen, I repeat the same slice, only digging a bit harder than the first time. Looking up at her, tears and sweat pour down her face as her chest heaves from the pain. You would think she'd have froze to death, but it seems whoever put her up here turned the heat on to the highest point.

Wiping the sweat from my own brow, I place the pen back in my pocket. Taking my fingers, I dig into her flesh on both legs and wrap around the veins, giving them a small tug. She immediately pukes and her face goes ghostly white.

“Ya know, I’ve always wondered how much this vein would bleed if pulled hard enough. Guess it’s my lucky day.” I laugh sinisterly, repeating the chant that will forever haunt my dreams. “ My blood is now your blood, Brother mine. You have our back and we have yours.” She screams as I slowly pull on each vein, pinching it as I go. Her breathing becomes ragged the harder I tug. My chants get louder and louder the harder I pull as blood sprays against my face, pouring from her legs.

Her body convulses the more I tug, ripping the vein apart and removing it from her flesh. I take each one into my mouth, sucking the blood from the rubbery line as her head falls to the side and foam leaks from her mouth. Wrapping the veins around my fist, I tie them together and leave the room without a backwards glance.

Walking down the steps from the attic onto the balcony of the main floor, I go over to the bowl of holy water and dip my bloody finger into it. Bringing it to my forehead, I slowly drag it down my chest then left and right, drawing the sign of the cross. “Rest peacefully, Brother.” I say, my voice echoing against the walls.

Turning around, I swing open the doors and step down the stairs, walking around the back to the mausoleum.

I step inside and find the entrance for the tombs. Hating that I’m even down here, but this needs to be done. Walking past different rooms, I get to my fathers office and

open the door. He looks up from his desk with a raised brow as I step in and place the tied veins on his desk.

“It’s done. Here’s your trophy.” I say, spinning on my heels.

“Well done, Son. Maybe you will be a better asset than Maddox after all.” He says, but I don’t acknowledge his words. As if on auto pilot, I exit the same way I came in. Not paying attention to anyone or anything as I leave the cemetery, through the maze, and back into the university. Numb is what I feel and I’m not sure I can hide that from the girl waiting for me. I don’t want to hide it. I want her to know every part of me. The good, the bad and the unhinged.

I just pray she can accept me and the killer I am.

Liviana

The door unlocks, slowly creaking open as Hayes steps into the room. I immediately sit up as he comes to me with shaky bloody hands. Looking into his eyes, I see they are dark and void, but he places a gentle kiss against my lips.

“Shower with me?” He asks and I nod, taking the hand he’s holding out for me. The blankets slide from my naked body as he helps me off the bed.

We walk into the bathroom and he starts the shower, removing his clothes. In the light, I see the blood splatter all over his face, neck and hands. I want to know so badly who he had to hurt, but I also have to respect that he just told me I can’t know everything. He looks up at me as he removes the hoodie and tank from his body. My eyes can’t help but take him in, especially seeing him for the first time completely naked. Goddamn is he fucking stacked and tattooed. You’d never know underneath the uniform and hockey gear.

I’m so deep in thought that I don’t see him coming for me and I automatically take a step back. He takes a deep breath, raising his hands. “Please don’t be scared of me,” he whispers, not making eye contact. I move forward and wrap my arms around his waist, squeezing him tightly.

“We all have secrets, Hayes. I’m not afraid. I was in my head, drooling over the sexy man in front of me who’s been hiding under hockey gear and a uniform.” I say and he chuckles.

“So, you’re not scared?” he asks. I raise my head to look into his gorgeous blue eyes.

“Absolutely the fuck not. If anything, I’m turned the fuck on.” I admit and his eyes widen.

“I knew you were a fucking whore for me.” He says and I roll my eyes as he wraps his strong arms around my waist, spinning me as he walks us into the hot shower.

The warm water cascades down my body, making me groan as he presses me against the cold tile. He lifts my leg, lining his cock up with my entrance and slams into me. My head bounces off the tile but I revel in the pain taking everything he gives me.

“Are you always so wet and tight? Fuck, Liv.” He moans, digging his fingertips into my thigh as he thrusts deep, rolling his hips. My eyes roll in the back of my head as I pant and whimper. He feels so fucking good.

“Yes, but only for you, Hayes.” I moan, tightening around his length, causing him to groan deep in his chest.

“What if I told you, after you left the maze,” he growls, slowing down his pace as I dig my nails into his ass, pushing him deeper into my soaked cunt.

“Fuck, Liv. What if I told you that I killed Knight for touching what’s mine?” He grunts, pulling out only to slam back in making my tits bounce against his chest. I tighten at his words and he rolls his hips hitting my clit. Fuckkkk.

“Jesus Hayes. You did what?” I pant as he sucks my neck, leaving marks along my skin.

“I said, I fucking killed Knight for touching what is mine.” He growls, and again I tighten around him as my thigh trembles in his hand. Those words ignite the flame I buried so long ago, begging to set fire to the surface.

“Say it again.” I moan, bringing my lips to his, sucking his bottom lip into my mouth.

He shudders against me, grabbing my other leg and lifting me as I bounce on his cock. He grips my ass roughly, digging his fingertips into my cheeks. Slamming me against the wall, he growls as he pounds into me relentlessly. Jesus Christ, I'm so fucking close but I don't want it to end. He makes me feel so fucking good. My body shivers with anticipation, bringing my demons to the precipice, just waiting to bleed me out.

"You like that don't you? Knowing I killed that fucking frat prick for making you cum on his face." He groans as I tighten again, rolling my hips, meeting him thrust for thrust.

"You watching me is what made me cum. Not him, and yes, I fucking love knowing he's dead for touching what is yours." I say, working my hips faster as I claw at his chest. Snapping his hips, he hits that spot deep inside me that makes me see stars.

"I promise you now, Liviana, if I ever see another man's hands on you, the killing will never stop. No one gets to touch you, nor hurt you, but me. You got that?" He groans, taking a nipple into his mouth.

"Is that why you killed Chuck?" I pant, wishing he had his pen to leave his mark on me. He doesn't realize the obsession I have for self mutilation. These tattoos aren't for nothing. He bites down on my nipple bringing me back to the present as he leans up, taking my lips into his mouth, grazing his piercing along the seam ignoring my question. I moan but he pulls away, looking down at our joined bodies. We both watch as his thick cock slides in and out of me, moaning at the sight.

"Fuck, you feel so fucking good, Hayes." I moan and he growls.

"I love hearing my name being moaned from your lips," he groans, pressing me against the cold tile.

"Lean back, baby and play with that little clit. I wanna see you shatter around me."

He orders as I slide my fingers between my legs and flick my clit, pinching it, tightening around him.

“That’s it, baby. Take this fucking cock,” he grits, as I pick up my pace, slapping my clit rapidly.

“Yes. Fuck. Oh God. Fuck. I’m- I’m...” My mouth falls open with a silent scream, not being able to finish the sentence as my orgasm begins to hit me hard and fast. My entire body litters with goosebumps as my breathing hitches and my thighs quake. I rub my clit faster and faster as he pounds into me so fucking hard my pussy ripples around him. I scream as my orgasm completely takes over, my vision going white but I don’t stop. I meet his thrusts and roll my hips, pinching my clit as another orgasm rips through me and I squeeze his cock. My pussy flutters around him as he tries to slam into me again.

“So. Fucking. Tight.” He grits, pulling out and cumming all over my pussy as a deep growl leaves his throat. “Fucking mine.”

Taking both of my hands, I pull his face up to mine and kiss him with everything I have while the water washes away the mess we made. He pulls away, looking deep into my eyes.

“Yours.” I whisper and he smiles, placing me down on shaky legs.

“Let’s get cleaned up so we can get messy again.” He grins as he takes the shampoo, pouring some into his hand and running it through my long hair. After rinsing and washing me, it’s his turn but he has a far away look on his face.

“Please don’t ask questions.” He says as he turns around and I gasp, covering my mouth as tears pour from my eyes at all the scars, new and old, that riddle this man's back. I gently wash him, being careful around the fresh wounds.

Placing my lips against his back, I kiss every single fucking scar, every slice, every mark. A few times he hisses but I act like I didn't see or notice the pain he is in. His body litters in goosebumps with every swipe of my lips, wishing I could take away his pain and kill those that did this to him. When I'm finished, he turns the water off and steps out first. Grabbing us some towels, he hands me one and looks at me for a moment before turning around.

"Will you rub cream on my back for me? I keep reopening them and at this point they are never going to heal." He says and I nod.

"Of course I will." I say as he hands me the tub of cream. We leave the bathroom and he sits on his bed. I climb on behind him, wrapping my legs around his waist as I open the tub and take a handful of the cream, gently rubbing it on his skin.

We sit there in silence until I'm finished, then he gets up and pulls down the blanket for us to finally get some sleep. He lays down and I rest my head on his chest, falling asleep to the beat of his heart.

Waking up, I moan as Hayes slowly slides in and out of me. Cold sharp metal slices against my neck and I moan louder. Opening my eyes, I watch as he drags his favorite pen from my neck down my chest and around the hardened peaks, nicking them. My back arches off the bed as he sucks the blood from each nipple.

"Jesus, Hayes. Can we wake up like this everyday?" I rasp and he groans.

"Only if you promise to be this soaked every morning. God damn, baby. If you thought I was obsessed before I stuck my cock into you, you were sadly mistaken." He moans, snapping his hips roughly. "Fuck, always needy and tight. I'm fucking obsessed. I need this pussy before practice and after. Oh, and during classes. Fuck it. All day. We will never be leaving this room ever again." He laughs, picking up his pace.

“I kind of like the sound of that.” I chuckle and his eyes narrow.

“Kind of?” Slam, “Are we being a brat today?” he growls, gripping my hips and digging his fingertips into me.

“You’ll get used to it.” I say, rolling my hips and lifting a leg over his shoulder. We both groan as he sinks deeper into me. Taking his thumb, he rubs my clit with one hand and hands me his pen with the other.

“Leave your mark, baby. I want everyone to know I’m yours.” He groans, circling my clit faster. I tighten around him and he growls as I carve out the letter L on his shoulder, then drag the pen down his heaving chest to his abs, carving another L on his rib cage. Pushing him off me, his eyes narrow and I raise a brow.

“Anywhere?” I ask and he nods, sitting back on his elbows. I sit up and slide between his legs. Bending down, taking the tip of his cock into my mouth, I slowly start to slice.

L, suck, I, suck, V, swirl. His legs tremble around me as I continue to hold the tip of his dick in my mouth while slicing the rest of my name along his length. Once finished, I look up at him and slide my mouth over the fresh cut letters until they disappear. I swallow.

His body shivers as I swirl my tongue and suck the blood that pools on his skin. He groans, watching me as I continue to swallow him down my throat. He sinks his hand into my hair and pulls my head off of him roughly only to bring me up to straddle him. Wrapping my legs around his waist, I reach between us, gripping his cock as we both look at the mark I left him. Looking up at him, his eyes flutter to mine and I rise up on my knees.

“Mine.” I growl, slamming down onto him. He grips my hip with one hand as the other cups my face.

“My Sinister Valentine.” He says, smearing his leftover blood against my lips. I lick them and slowly ride his cock, shivering as he takes the same damn pen, slowly marking me with H’s as I cum all over his cock, making a mess of each other and the bed. We stay like this for hours, slicing into one another, bringing pleasure to our bodies as our souls feed each other like it's the last meal we will ever have.

Later that day, and many orgasms later, my stomach rumbles while in the middle of a movie. He rolls onto his side, laughing as his fingers trail over my breasts.

“Wanna get off campus for a bit? I’d like to show you something,” he says as his eyes glimmer with mischief.

“Fuck yes. The food here is good and all, but feed me something spectacular.” I beg and he nods, kissing my nose.

“Alright let's go.” He says, placing his hand out for me to take. Putting my hand in his, he pulls me up out of bed. I put my shoes on my feet and a hoodie over my head. Putting my hair up in a messy bun, he grabs his wallet, keys and phone. Opening the door for me, I step out and wait for him to lock up. He grabs my hand as we walk out the front doors and through campus.

Light flurries fall from the sky around us as the wind picks up. He wraps his arm around my shoulder as we walk to the front gates. Pulling it open for me, I step out onto the sidewalk, suddenly slamming into a hard body. Strong hands grip my waist to steady me as I look up to apologize, but instead I gasp.

“Hey Liv, long time no see.” He says as my eyes widen in shock.

“Dillon?”

To be continued in “Bleed With Me” Coming Summer 2025. Pre-Order Now.