



Trick or Treat

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Category: Horror

Description: Scarlett was a good girl, always followed the rules and did what she was supposed to, until one night everything changed. A night out with her friends, and one of them ends up dead. Now a secret is kept within their sacred group, but as the year passes, each one either vanishes or ends up dead...except her. When strange things start happening around her, she begins to panic and worry that she'll become the next one to meet her fate. When Halloween comes around, the anniversary of the death of her friend, she finds herself held captive in the hands of four dangerous, masked strangers, and they're out to make this Halloween one that she'll never forget.

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Saint

Dead leaves rustle in the breeze, cascading from swaying branches and leaving them nearly bare. The intoxicating scent of cold rain mingles with the metallic tang of fresh blood, enveloping me like a warm blanket and greatly enhancing my senses.

A grin spreads across my lips as I gaze around the eerie yet familiar town of Salem, a sense of excitement bubbling within me—I know already that I’m going to enjoy every second of my time here.

Everywhere I look, the image reminds me of a postcard, even under the moonlight when the vibrant hues of autumn foliage aren’t at their brightest. However, it’s at night that the true beauty of this place actually reveals itself.

Some say the town is haunted by the spirits of the witches who were burned alive; whispers of their screams can be heard while the world lies fast asleep, naive and unsuspecting. Given Salem’s rich history, I wouldn’t be surprised if it is haunted—carrying traces of those lost souls. But regardless, it remains fucking breathtakingly beautiful.

There’s a haunting allure in death, and an even greater one in ending a life—sort of climactic . And I should know—I’ve taken more than fifty lives across the country, each death possessing its own unique beauty and allure .

... But nothing fucking compares to being here in the heart of Massachusetts, savoring the act of taking a life. I feel a profound yet unusual connection to the many men who walked these cobblestone streets before me, drawing the same fucking

thrills from the act of murder. Like me, they also sought to rid the world of those they deemed unworthy of breathing the same air.

Maintaining a smile, I begin my stroll back to the abandoned house tucked deep in the woods behind one of the many cemeteries—home for now, to my brother, our friends, and me since we arrived in Massachusetts two weeks ago.

We aren't the type of guys who need anything fancy—everyone we know is right here. Plus, keeping a low profile suits our lifestyle, especially considering the nature of our jobs. Traveling from state to state has its advantages, sure, but we do it for one simple reason: to not get fucking caught. And for the last decade, it has worked out very fucking well for us.

The flicker from the golden flames inside the fireplace brings a faint glow to the outside of the house as they spill streaks of light out the windows, giving off just enough for us to be able to see. I walk inside; the smell of beer, stale smoke, and dried blood permeates the air, and I follow the scent closely like a fucking bloodhound.

Descending the creaky basement stairs, I hear Blade, Riley, and Nixon deep in conversation, to the point where no one even realizes I'm standing here, watching them dress for the adventure we're about to embark on.

Looking around the dust-filled space, a glimmer of something silver and shiny catches my eye, bringing another wide grin to my face—my mask. Just as I'm about to retrieve it, my brother speaks up, finally noticing me as I walk toward them, my feet shuffling across the concrete floor.

“Where the fuck have you been, Saint?” Blade asks, zipping up his all-black sweatshirt, wearing matching jeans and steel-toed boots, allowing him to blend in with the shadows of the night.

“I was doing a little exploring,” I tell him, picking up my silver-coated mask and placing it on top of my head, already donning an all-black outfit. “I overheard some college kids talking about some party at Howard Street Cemetery.”

“Then it looks like we’re going to be crashing it,” Blade says, grabbing his black mask and wiping it off with a rag.

“It’s been two fucking weeks and we haven’t killed anyone,” Nixon huffs, his white mask covering his face.

And as Riley pulls on his red mask, he nods his head, anxiety growing inside him. “Yeah, I feel weird, Saint. I’m dying to have a little fun... pun intended,” he chuckles, always coming up with the dumbest shit and thinking it’s the funniest thing he’s ever heard.

“Relax,” I assure them, taking the lead as we ascend the basement stairs, anticipation lacing every step. “We’ll pop our Salem cherries tonight... I promise.”

Outside, the air is crisp and cool, the wind blowing even harder than the rain still sprinkling from the thick storm clouds floating across the dark sky. We keep our masks on and our hoods up, staying in the darkness that swallows the town, hoping not to be seen.

As we approach the cemetery, music echoes in the distance, bouncing off the trees surrounding the graveyard like a fence. Noticing flames from a fire shooting up into the sky, we follow the soft lighting and the sound of voices blending together, louder and louder with each step .

Coming to the back of the cemetery, we crouch down behind a row of large, crumbling headstones and watch the group of unsuspecting college kids, who have no idea that tonight will be the last party they ever go to—for one of them, anyway.

Suddenly, Riley gasps, lifting his mask off his face and putting it on top of his head, trying to get a better look.

“What is it?” I ask, trying to see what he does, but I’m confused as fuck as to what it is.

“My fucking sister is here,” he says, seething, his beady eyes landing on a girl with red-painted lips sitting by the fire to keep warm, her hair so blonde it’s almost white.

“Shit, I forgot you said she was going to Salem State,” I whisper, taking in the sight of her.

“She can’t know I’m in town,” he insists, pulling out a cigarette. “She’ll fuck everything up for us.”

My eyes flick from her to another girl sitting across from her, writing in what looks to be a journal, her jet-black hair falling in wet strands in her face. But even with the hair in her face, I can see how fucking beautiful she is, and I know immediately that I have to fucking have her.

The way the fire flickers across her features pulls me in like an irresistibly strong magnet, and my focus sharpens despite Riley’s growing agitation beside me. There’s something grave about her presence, as if she carries a story deeper than the one she’s scribbling in ink on the paper in front of her.

“Keep it together, Riley,” I mutter, my eyes glued to the girl. “We can still have our fun. Just let her be for now.” My voice is drowned in the pounding anticipation resonating in my chest.

“Are you out of your fucking mind?” Riley snaps, taking a long drag from his cigarette, the ember glowing brighter in protest. “She’s a fucking liability! We can’t

have her wandering around asking questions. ”

“Relax, man. She’s just a girl sitting by the fire,” I urge, suppressing my need to pounce on the opportunity. “ One little distraction won’t matter . Think about it—your sister being here can work to our advantage.”

Riley exhales sharply, the smoke curling in the air. “And what’s that supposed to mean?”

I cast a casual glance back at the group, noticing a couple of them getting restless, fueling my imagination as I formulate a plan.

“What if she screams my name? I can’t let her see me. I’m not risking it,” Riley insists, already able to tell what I’m thinking.

“Just put the mask back on, Riley,” I demand, letting a dark chuckle escape my lips. “This way you get to keep your secret while we all still have our fun. You can always claim you were in a different part of the city.”

He hesitates, still unconvinced but swayed as the growing excitement in my voice ignites the darker corners of his mind. “Alright, fine... Just... just make sure she doesn’t see me.” He gingerly puts his mask back on, but I can see the trepidation masking his aggressiveness.

“Trust me; I plan to stay far away from your sister and that other girl.” I turn my attention back to the group of oblivious students, already whispering the mantra in my head: blood flows, and the world thrives in chaos. My fingers twitch with anticipation.

“Let’s move,” I say to the group, making my way toward the edge of the firelight, blending in with the shadows as I venture closer and closer to the scattered group.

The intoxicating buzz of youthful laughter fills my ears—intoxicating enough to drown out the growing sense of dread that comes with what we’re about to unleash.

In the back of my mind, the haunting folklore of Salem runs like a twisted lullaby. The witch trials, the whispers of blood-soaked earth—it all bleeds into my thoughts as we approach the unsuspecting gathering. Every shred of my being ignites with the thrill of the hunt. My senses tune in sharp as I note the subtle shifts in their laughter and the way they lean into each other, clueless to the fate that awaits them .

I lock eyes with the girl with black hair again—she doesn’t see me, but I see her—and a thrill courses through me, a silent promise; she will not walk away unscathed.

“Sil,” Nixon whispers, using my nickname now that we’re hidden beneath our masks. “What’s the plan?”

“I’ll lure one of them in. Just like hunting deer during mating season; act weak, and they’ll come charging at me. I don’t want any witnesses, so we grab the easiest one.”

A shared grin spreads amongst us as we step closer, huddling together in the darkness.

Riley, though agitated, nods subtly. “White,” he mutters to Nixon, using the color of his mask as a nickname. “Just get my sister out of there. Once you do, don’t let her out of your site until we’re ready to go.”

The beauty of the night dances before my eyes, mingling seamlessly with elements of danger and deception. I adjust my mask, ready to play my part in the game we’ve turned this into.

I’m going to make this night unforgettable—both for me and my new muse. And as

we emerge from the shadows, a promising deathly silence begins to wrap around the party like a shroud.

“Time to pop them cherries,” I say, a vicious grin splitting my face. “Let’s give them a night to remember but that they’ll so desperately want to forget.”

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one

The Muse a turn of his head might reveal who he is—but he remains still, his gaze suddenly locking with mine in an almost provocative manner. Even from a distance, I can feel the intensity of his stare, as if he’s challenging me to look away. I notice the corners of his eyes crinkle, hinting at a smile hidden beneath the fabric of his hooded sweatshirt, causing my breath to hitch unexpectedly.

I can’t tear my eyes away from him; in fact, I don’t want to, and I don’t know why. He carries an air of intrigue that pulls me closer, though I can’t define its source. He’s enigmatic and captivating, with a demeanor that’s radiating confidence and an odd intimidation, even though all I can see are his piercing eyes. His stance is intriguing, reminiscent of someone in the military—strong, poised, and commanding. Yet, beneath that exterior lurks a hint of something secretive, a glimmer just beneath the surface of his dark, dilated pupils.

I’m aware that most people wouldn’t notice, but I can read him like a book, a skill I owe to all those extra credit psych classes I took in high school.

But why can’t I look away?

I want to know more about him, yet I can’t quite grasp why—he’s not mine. I don’t even know his name. He belongs to Carli, after all, so why am I caught in this intense stare-off with him?

Our gazes remain locked, and then, with a subtle wink, he offers another hint of a smile—challenging, almost—that deepens the lines around his eyes.

Just behind him, a sleek black Mercedes pulls up to the curb, and the passenger window rolls down. An arm clothed in a black sweatshirt gestures for him to come on. Remarkably, he doesn't turn around; he walks backward, maintaining eye contact as he steps toward the vehicle, also refusing to look away.

Why, though?

The Mercedes has at least two other people inside, but as the back door opens, I catch a glimpse of another man seated inside. Four of them now, including the one in the blood-red sweatshirt who can't take his eyes off of mine.

Still gazing at me, as if equally entranced, he moves to enter the car, lowering himself inside just as the back window rolls down. My heart races, the moment between us pulsating with unspoken energy. He sits, and as the door shuts, he leans into the window, eyes still riveted to mine, maintaining that electrifying connection even as the car slowly pulls away from the curb.

I'm left standing at the window, unable to move, my mind racing long after the Mercedes has vanished from sight.

What the fuck was that about? Why the hell did he stare at me for so long? And in the way he did? I should've looked away when our eyes first met. But for some reason, I couldn't. I shouldn't have provoked him, especially not knowing anything about him except that he's dating my roommate.

Fuck, is he going to tell Carli that I was the one watching him, painting me as the creep ?

Finally coming back to reality, I step away from the window, struggling to swallow the lump in my throat, the whirlwind of uncertainty leaving me breathless. I drop the blinds and twist the wand to close them, putting up a temporary shield from the rest

of the outside world—the scary, intimidating unknown. And while I still have no idea what just happened, there is one thing I’m quite certain of—I’ll be asking Melanie if she has a room so I can move in with her.

I take a deep breath, still feeling the phantom warmth of the stranger’s gaze, as if it had seared itself into my memory. The rain outside beats on, echoing in the silence of the room, and I turn my back to the window, trying to push the strange encounter from my mind.

I need a fucking distraction.

Without thinking, I move toward the small kitchenette, finding comfort in the simple act of making a cup of coffee. As the Keurig begins to hum, I grab a mug from the shelf, feeling the cool ceramic against my palm.

But even on the third floor, with all the blinds and curtains closed, I can’t shake the sensation of eyes on me—the unnerving feeling that I’m being watched. It’s not the crazy part of me seeping out; I took my medication, but maybe I need more.

Moments later, my phone buzzes, snapping me back to the present moment; it’s another text from Carli.

Sorry about that surprise... He’s close friends with my brother. You’ll like him.

I’m slow to respond, frustration seeping back in. How could she think I’d be okay with being alone with a strange man in the apartment? Especially when I wasn’t warned ahead of time he’d be here.

I told Carli and Melanie a few nights after I met them—we were tripping on E—why I am the way I am, especially around guys. I didn’t go into too much detail, but enough so they know that I was assaulted and stalked, and the guy was never caught.

Carli, you can't just leave strange men here and not tell me. What happened to not having random guys over? Or fuck, at least you could've warned me that he was here so I knew.

Trust me, I was just as surprised when I bumped into him, and with all the excitement from the night, I completely spaced telling you. I'm wicked sorry for that. But he's wicked cool and safe to be around; you'll understand when you meet him!

I groan, leaning against the counter, the coffee pot now making loud noises as the rest of the water's sucked out, coffee dripping into my cup. I pour the chilled cream into the cup, watching the air bubbles dance in the liquid as I struggle to process my conflicted emotions.

What did she mean I'd understand?

As I sip my coffee, my insides warming up, still lost in thought, something in the back of my mind clicks. What if the man in the red hoodie had a connection to the unsolved murders? The eerie coincidence gnaws at me, and as I walk back over to the same window, I set the cup down, anxiety flooding my system. I twist open the blind to open each row, but I never fully pull it up.

I nervously glance through the glass again, almost expecting to see him there still—waiting, watching. But the sidewalk is empty, and in the street, the traffic is growing heavy with everyone on their way home from work.

A sudden banging noise breaks the silence, startling me. I jump and rush to the door, heart pounding as I grasp the doorknob. The world outside the peephole looks painted in blurry shades of gray and uncertainty.

“Carli?” I call, unsure if she's back early or if something else entirely awaits me on the other side.

Nothing. Just the sound of the rain, relentless and unyielding as it whips against the windows .

Taking a deep breath, I pull open the door, peering into the dim hallway. It's empty, eerily quiet except for the distant sound of thunder and faint noises from inside the other apartments near me.

Deciding to distract myself further, I walk away from the door after locking it, pick my coffee back up, and then plop down on the couch again, trying to pick back up where I left off with my paper. But the words swim together in front of my eyes, blurring like the rain outside, and I can't seem to piece anything useful together—not with the current events still fresh in my mind.

Each time I glance toward the window, I find myself hoping for another glimpse of the tantalizing guy in the red hoodie—the curiosity mingling with unease in a way that both terrifies and excites me, but more than anything else, distracts me.

Hours pass, or maybe just minutes; it's hard to tell. The late evening moon begins to peek out from behind the clouds, casting streaks of light onto the wet pavement outside. Finally, as my nerves ease, the door swings open, and Carli steps in, shaking off rainwater from her coat.

“Hey, sorry I'm late. Traffic was a fucking nightmare,” she announces, kicking her wet boots off on the mat beside the door.

I force a smile, my nerves still lit with unanswered questions. “So, about this boyfriend of yours...”

Carli chuckles, ignoring my hesitance. “Oh, don't be mad. He really is great.” Her smile is bright and wide, and I can tell how excited she is. But I'm still concerned.

“But you... You fucking started dating him without even knowing anything about him. With no warning or anything,” I retort, still shocked by her careless attitude.

“I know I did, and yeah, we sorta just jumped into things,” she giggles. “But Scarlett, we have this crazy chemistry, and besides, he’s technically not a stranger to me since he’s one of my brother’s friends. ”

“Chemistry, huh?” I cross my arms, rolling my eyes, but am unable to hide the concern that slices through my tone. “What do you really know about him?”

Carli blinks, surprised by my intensity. “I know more than you think! He’s... he’s different. You’ll understand once you meet him. I promise.”

I hesitate for a moment, then speak carefully. “Did he, um, have any friends with him when he left?”

A flicker of confusion crosses her face before she nods. “Yeah, my brother and a couple of their other friends. Why?”

“Just curious,” I say, trying to sound casual. “What’s his name?”

“I can’t say just yet,” Carli says, her eyes sparkling with excitement. “He’s in town for a bit. I’ll have him come over and introduce himself one of these nights.”

As nervousness wraps around my stomach, I manage a weak smile, knowing meeting the mystery man sooner rather than later is inevitable. But beneath the surface, excitement is an undeniable, nagging reminder of the danger that seems to lurk in the shadows of this cozy little town—the thought of the unknown rewriting the course of my life in ways I never expected.

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two

Bartenders it reminds me of the little things—how I’ve missed lighthearted interactions with new people—someone who brings an energy that makes my heart race rather than pound in anxiety.

“What about you?” I ask, leaning closer, truly curious, and out of nowhere, the hair stands up on the back of my neck. “What’s your story?”

“I’m a bit of a wanderer,” he shrugs, taking another drag and flicking snow from his shoulder. “I moved here to help my aunt with her bar after my dad passed. Figured it could be a fresh start, you know?”

A pang of sympathy hits me, and I quickly try to mask it with a smile, ignoring the prodding feeling of being watched. “I’m sorry to hear that. I can’t even imagine how tough it must have been.”

“Yeah, it sucked, but my aunt is pretty amazing; she helps keep my head above water.” He glances back toward the bar, the laughter inside calling him like a siren. “And managing this place keeps things... interesting.”

“Seems like it,” I reply, my eyes darting back to the bar, subtly scanning my surroundings to see if anyone is watching me .

The only person I see is Melanie, waving me over, and I catch her distracted look as she gestures to the bar, cutting through the intimate bubble River and I created.

“I should get back in,” I mutter reluctantly. “I didn’t mean to ditch my friend. She probably thought something happened to me.”

“Yeah, I need to get back in too. The other bartender is probably cursing my name up and down.” River nods, hesitantly stepping aside, but not without leaning in for one more close whisper. “How about you sit on my side again, and I’ll get you another drink?”

With a coy smile, I nod my head, slowly walking away. “Okay, one more, just to keep me warm for the walk home.”

As I head back into the bar, I can’t shake the feeling of anticipation swarming in my stomach, walking over to Melanie. She grins widely, putting her hands on my shoulders to hold me in place so she can get all the yummy details before we sit at the bar.

“So,” she says, a deep drawl in the single word. “Tell me everything .”

Blushing, I glance at River behind her, returning his smile before forcing my focus back to Melanie. “Well, I have a date for this week,” I exclaim, all giddy and shit.

“He asked you out?”

“Yeah,” I answer, smiling so big that my cheeks hurt.

“And you said yes?” She looks surprised, but I don’t blame her.

“And I said yes,” I say, anxiously chewing on my bottom lip.

“Ahh, I’m so happy for you! And I’m wicked proud of you for letting your guard down.” She pulls me in for a hug, squeezing me tightly. “Watch, you two are gonna

end up dating for real... Just wait,” she remarks, winking and pulling me toward the bar.

And as I think about it, I’m extremely curious about where things might lead, and I can’t wait to see if she’s right.

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three

Twisted Obsessions

Blade

Sil is completely immersed in the TV, sitting inches away from it with his silver mask on. He chuckles as the news anchor explains the gory details of the most recent murder to shake up the streets of Salem.

Red sits on the other side of the motel room in the wobbly wooden chair near the window, his feet kicked up on the table as he shoots daggers through his mask at Sil. He still isn't happy about what he did. I don't think he'll ever get over it, and if I'm being honest, it was a dick move on my brother's part, but at the same time, smart as fuck.

With Nixon out picking up some last-minute things, I'm left sitting here alone, suffocating in tension so thick you need a fucking chainsaw to cut it.

The winter is always our slowest season, since not many people are out and about late at night. So we take this time to prepare ourselves for when we start up again. However, being cooped up in a small house with three other guys tends to make us all a little stir crazy—hence the random spike in murders over the last six months.

Another laugh from my brother jolts me back to the present, and I sit back and study him carefully, feeling like he might be hiding something from me—from all of us. But I can't for the fucking life of me figure out what it might be .

“So are you done being a fucking dick and ghosting my sister?” Red snaps, smacking Sil on the back of his head.

He spins around in his chair so fast I get whiplash. Enraged, my brother rips off his mask and throws it onto the couch, glaring at Red.

“First off, it’s none of your fucking business. Second, your sister is fucking crazy. She’s putting me through hell, and I can’t deal with it.” He shakes his head, putting his finger to his temple and making the crazy gesture with it.

“She thinks you’re seeing someone else,” Red confesses, scowling hard.

“The fuck I am! I ain’t seeing anyone else, and you all should know that. Besides, Red, the relationship I have with your sister is a fucking scam, and you know that. I did it for one reason and one reason only, not because I love her or want to be with her.” The tension in the room is palpable, thick enough to drown out the muffled sounds of the news anchor’s frantic voice spilling out more horror stories.

Red leans in closer, his gaze unwavering. “Yeah, I get that, but you could at least treat her—” he starts, his voice low and dripping with frustration.

“Treat her? Treat her how?” Sil shoots back, his voice rising with indignation. “She’s not a damn princess in a fairy tale, Red. She’s either on board with the plan or she isn’t. I owe her fucking nothing.”

Red’s fists clench on the table. “You owe her fucking human decency! She cares about you, and you’re just using her to play some sick game; it’s not fucking right.”

“Right?” Sil explodes, standing up and knocking the chair backward. “What’s right? That I should let her think this is real? That I should throw myself into some fucking emotional pit just so she can feel validated? No fucking thank you. I’ve got enough

on my fucking plate without trying to manage her feelings.”

“I’m just saying, keep it real. This isn’t a fucking video game. When you fuck someone over, it doesn’t just reset,” Red insists, unwavering even as Sil seethes.

The silence hangs for a moment, thick and vibrating with hidden truths. From the corner of the room, I watch the exchange unfold—the unsteady dance between anger and betrayal.

“Hey, how about we switch the topic back to... I don’t know... the fucking murder? It got worse than that police report on your sister last week.” Red turns to me, momentarily distracted, his brow furrowed. “What, you’re just going to ignore this?”

“No, I’m paying attention. I’m all for your little moral high ground... But let’s not forget we’ve got enough on our hands right now,” I growl, making it a point to roll my eyes so he can see.

I point toward the flickering screen, where the news anchor moves on to some blurry footage from a security camera, the grim reality of the city unfolding through the static. “You want to talk about crazy? That’s what fucking crazy looks like, not whatever bullshit drama you’ve got going on.”

But Sil isn’t finished. He narrows his eyes at Red. “Look, if you’re so worried about feelings, maybe you should try being her brother for once.”

“Whatever,” Red mutters, but I can see hesitation ripple across his face.

He misunderstood what it meant to play both sides—the protector and the realist—and that was a dangerous position to inhabit; it made him vulnerable, torn between what he wanted to believe and what was real.

The commotion fades as we absorb the news report, the anchor listing victims and motives with a clinical detachment, flashing images of familiar faces from around town.

I feel anger pulse through me, a reminder of why we have to tread carefully, but I can't ignore the knot in my stomach—a nagging sense that what Sil has turned into isn't going to be easy to fix, and it is far from over.

“Listen,” I finally say, the weight of choice hanging heavy on my tongue. “Whatever’s going on with you guys, it can’t stay like this. We need to move before our shit gets hot and our fucking lives are turned completely upside down.

“Move where?” Red scoffs, still clearly invested in the mess between him and Sil.

“Wherever,” I say, biting back the sigh that threatens. “We need a break from this place—new faces, new vibes. The walls are closing in. Silence can be worse than danger.”

Sil shrugs, adamant, the anger slowly softening in his tone. “You might be onto something. But I’m not ready to leave this fucking place. We can move houses, but I’m staying put.”

Saint

Trapped and utterly drained from the relentless arguing with Riley, I feel a suffocating weight surrounding me as I wrestle with my temper. I understand that not every situation demands a reaction, yet I find it impossible to keep silent when it comes to this—him, her, all of it.

A surge of seething anger washes over me as I glance back, catching a glimpse of him sporting that infuriating expression that gnaws at my very core. Exhausted from

arguing, I rise, reaching for my black hoodie and slipping it on before striding toward the door.

“Where are you going?” my brother asks, concern lacing his voice .

“Out,” I snap, not bothering to turn around.

I fling open the front door and step into the biting cold, letting the frigid air envelope my heated skin. Despite the steady snowfall surrounding me, I walk down the lonely street, hands shoved deep in my pockets, my thoughts consumed by a single person—her .

She’s still unaware of my presence and of how I’ve been watching from the shadows, sneaking into her room at night just to listen to her sleep. She might sense something, but she has no inkling of the intensity of my obsession, and that feeling clings to me, refusing to let go.

But the guys are oblivious. I can’t confide in them—playing dumb is my only option, pretending I don’t know who she is. I know I’m making too much of it; they don’t even know who she is, and they haven’t mentioned her. I know they saw her when I did; it’s undeniable that she didn’t catch their attention.

But dammit, she caught mine, and now there’s no escape from the fixation consuming my mind.

Now, Riley’s fucking sister has thrown everything into disarray. She was never part of the plan, yet here I stand, grappling with a reality I never wanted—one I never anticipated facing.

It all began with the uncertainty of whether she’d notice me lurking one night in her friend’s room. I had no idea if she saw the blood staining my hands and clothes or

caught a whiff of death and charred flesh that lingered on me. I couldn't take the risk, so I drowned my fears in alcohol and approached her—the rest is history.

The crunch of snow beneath my feet is almost deafening, but it doesn't drown out the tumultuous thoughts spiraling in my mind. Each step takes me further from my brother's concerned gaze, further from the binds of our twisted reality.

I arrive at a small park; the trees are stripped bare of leaves, and a ghostly white coating blankets everything in sight. It's beautiful, in a desolate, melancholic way, mirroring the turmoil rolling within me .

Thoughts of her flood my mind—the way her laughter lights up the darkest moments, how her eyes crinkle when she smiles, the warmth radiating from her even on the coldest nights. Each detail is etched into my memory, as if I am creating a mental shrine in her honor. But each memory is tainted by the agony of my choices—even though I've enjoyed every single fucking moment.

Settling down with someone—someone like Carly—feels like a fucking gravestone marking the end of my life. The chaos that has seeped into my existence is now rooted in something deeper—darker—from which I can't escape. My heart doesn't long for her; it cries out for the girl with the glossy black hair and the laughter of an angel.

I only wanted to get closer to her, yet my life spirals in ways I've never foreseen. I should have stayed away; I should have let her remain an untouchable dream. But the thrill of secrecy, the pulse of danger—it's intoxicating.

I need to fucking see her again—now.

As the wind picks up, sending icy particles swirling through the air, I close my eyes, wanting to block out the reality waiting for me back home. Amidst the chaos, a

voice—a soft whisper—breaks through.

“Why did you do it?”

Startled, I jerk up to see her standing there, her silhouette framed against the dim glow of a nearby streetlight. Snowflakes descend silently around us, creating an intimate space just for the two of us. I want to hide everything—my turmoil, my guilt, the truth—but something in her eyes urges me to respond.

“Do what?” I reply, my voice dripping with ignorance, fully aware of the question she’s truly asking.

She takes a cautious step closer, her breath forming small clouds in the air. “ You know... her.” The simple question hangs in the frosty air, heavy like the night itself. I choke on my words, caught between the urge to confide in her and the instinct to shield her from the gruesome truth lurking just beneath the surface .

“Because I had to,” I finally admit, the words slipping from my lips before I can stop them. “It was the only way to keep you close.”

I see a tremor in her hands, her eyes widening with an emotion that I can’t decipher—fear, perhaps, or something deeper. I can’t hide from her. I can’t put on a mask because she’ll see right through it.

The snow falls softly around us, and suddenly, I blink, jolting back to reality where I sit alone in the park, lost in my thoughts—without her. Seeing people. Hearing voices. I’m losing my fucking mind.

Rising to my feet, I start to walk again, laughing at the momentary insanity that just gripped me. One thing could help me feel better, and I don’t stop walking until I’m outside of her apartment, gazing up at her window. The light inside intrigues me.

Thinking I might catch a glimpse of her, I climb the fire escape, attempting to remain as quiet as possible. Settling into my usual spot beside the small table, I peer through the window, my heart lifting at the sight of her dancing in nothing but a delicate black nightgown.

But as soon as my smile breaks through the frown, it falters, and anger surges through me like wildfire. My heart sinks as a tall figure enters her bedroom, clad in low-hanging sweatpants and no shirt. He wraps his arm around her waist, pulling her close and kissing her lips, which are supposed to be meant for me.

My blood boils, and I retreat from the window, unwilling to endure anymore of the bullshit I'm watching. It feels as though my heart is being twisted, a torrent of knives piercing my back as I descend the fire escape, desperate to distance myself.

Maybe Blade was right when he said it was time to move. Knowing she has a boyfriend now, I realize that I can't trust myself. She makes me completely unhinged, and I'm terrified of what might happen if I linger around and obsess over her any longer.

We need to leave Salem... but we'll be fucking back.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:31 pm

four

Graduation it's Halloween after all.

I've always been a fan of horror films and things that most people find scary, including everything having to do with Salem around Halloween. Most twenty-three-year old girls want to spend their time shopping or clubbing, but I'd rather be watching horror films or hanging out in cemeteries, pretty much doing what I'm doing right now, but with a whole lot fewer people.

Everyone is drunk; some are tripping on acid or ecstasy, enjoying their night as graduates, knowing that in the morning the rest of their lives will begin—some of them anyway.

Carli and Melanie disappear in the crowd, leaving me and River near a line of headstones, sprawled out on the grass just gazing at the bright, twinkling stars above us, while Shawn has his tongue down some broad's throat and another on his lap with her mouth on his neck; he's living his best life.

"What's going on inside that brilliant mind of yours, Scar?" River asks, his voice rasping as it slips deeply from his throat .

"Nothing...absolutely nothing, and I like it," I answer, turning my head to meet his gaze that he has locked on me and smiling as he licks his lips, showing off the shiny, silver barbell through his tongue.

River and I met when I first started college, and we started dating right away. Four

years later, here we are, trying to figure out where to go from here now that we've all chosen different career paths.

With my arms under my head, my shirt rises and shows off my midriff, giving River a view of my stomach, which makes his eyes light up even more. He sits up and hovers over me, his hand grazing my exposed flesh, giving me goosebumps as his rough, calloused fingers toy with the band of my leggings.

“So, we've graduated now... Have you thought anymore about letting me get some?” He smirks, wiggling his brows as his eyes lower to my waist, his hand sliding down and caressing the heat between my thighs that I've never let him or anyone else have before.

It's not that I'm saving myself for anyone special or waiting until marriage; I just saw all the shit my mother did and put me through all for a fucking dick, so I chose to stay as far away from them as I could. Focusing on my education and making something of myself was more important than letting a man put his cock inside of me. I guess we all have different preferences. I will say that River putting up with my virgin ass for four years makes him a fucking trooper, though. But it's not like I left him hanging and gave him blue balls for our entire relationship.

As River rubs me over my leggings, my eyes flutter, and my back arches into his touch, making the soft, damp blades of grass glide against the skin on my back as I move with him. His green eyes glimmer under the beam of the full moon as I stare into them, a glossy look taking over from the alcohol coursing through his body.

“Feels good, huh, Scar?”

“Of course, it feels good, River,” I moan, practically panting in his ear as he lowers his head, brushing his lips across the front of my throat, his body now completely on top of mine .

Just when I think things are going to progress between us, I hear a shriek, and he jumps off of me, both of us bolting up to see where the noise came from.

“What the fuck was that?” I ask, fixing my clothes, trying to catch my breath.

“No idea, but it looks like a lot of people have already left,” he says, looking around at the almost empty cemetery, and I notice the same thing but wonder when that happened.

Shawn comes over, walking out of the shadows in front of us, a grin on his face and his neck covered in dark red hickeys as the girls happily skip behind him, drunk and fucked up off their asses.

“Hope we’re not interrupting anything. I come bearing gifts,” Shawn says, pulling a Ziploc baggie out of his black jeans pocket and dangling it from his hand.

I see a stack of orange pills in a corner of the bag and assume they’re E pills, and my mouth begins to water right away.

“You sure know how to kill a mood, Shawn,” River huffs, sitting back down next to me with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth.

“Cry me a river, River . You’ll be fucking in no time, and it’ll feel even better once you take a couple of these,” he laughs, dropping a couple of the ecstasy tablets into the palm of his open hand.

He drops two into mine as I hold out my hand eagerly, as well as Carli's and Melanie's, who both squat down next to me. When Shawn sits down and takes two pills from the baggie, we raise our glasses, pop the pills into our mouths, and wash them down in unison, ready for whatever wild trip they'll take us on. He isn't finished, though. He pulls a sheet of acid out of his wallet and rips a strip off, placing

it on his tongue and passing it to River next.

“Open up, angel.” A perfect square is torn off and put on my tongue as he speaks.

He puts one on his and presses his lips against mine. As the drug residue on the paper dissolves into our saliva, ushering us into a pitch-black chasm of the complete unknown, our tongues curl around one another in a frantic struggle.

Saint

My heart beats furiously inside my chest as a result of the blue lights behind me that are flashing right in my fucking eyes, driving me mildly insane. I take a few deep breaths, move to the right side of the road, and wait to see if it's me they're looking for while silently praying that they'll keep driving and leave us alone.

“You were going too fucking fast, Sil; I warned you,” Blade spits while fidgeting with the Saint Christopher pendant he's holding in his hand and nervously scanning his side mirror.

As we continue down the freeway toward the cemetery with a dead body stuffed in the trunk, they zoom past us with their sirens blaring, and all the tension in the car leaks out of all four open windows. Riley and Nixon are seated in the back, acting as if they don't care about anything, with their eyes glued to the night outside their windows as it passes by in a blur.

"I was following the speed limit, Blade. Simply fucking put, they're out tonight because it's Halloween. Relax."

“Relax, you say. Relax? We have a fucking dead body in the fucking trunk, and you're telling me to relax?”

“Blade, you do need to relax. You’re working yourself up for nothing,” Nixon pipes in, sticking his head between the two front seats with a cheeky grin on his face .

Blade turns away from him and peers out his window, anxious and impatient. I can see Riley's knife in the rearview mirror, glinting in the moonlight, and just thinking about what the sharp blade can do to a human body makes me aroused.

As we draw near, my grip on the steering wheel becomes more firm, and excitement surges through me as I consider the unfortunate man in the trunk who crossed our paths tonight and met his demise.

In no way were we raised to be respectable members of society. With the parents we grew up with, Blade and I never stood a chance in life. Despite the fact that I don’t know much about Riley and Nixon's early lives, I assume they weren’t the most idyllic either.

We enlisted the moment we were able, hoping that the military would help us develop the structure and discipline we lacked. Even though it was a terrible mistake that I immediately regretted, it gave me the knowledge and abilities I needed to pursue my true passion, which is killing.

In the military, Blade and I connected with Nixon and Riley, and the four of us became close because we all shared a passion for homicidal acts of torture and murder. Killing enemy combatants and dismembering their bodies for amusement to see what it would be like was initially considered harmless.

From enemy soldiers, we gradually advanced to people that nobody would miss. We were honorably discharged after serving in the Marines for a decade, but we had undergone significant change as a result. In fact, we are as far from honorable as you possibly can fucking be. With the exception of children—the only innocent people left in this corrupt world we live in—the four of us continue to do our due diligence

and practice our beliefs on whomever we choose, now that we're all back in the United States and retired from the military. To avoid getting caught, we now bury the victims that we do not burn or dismember in the cemeteries near Salem .

A soothing chill spreads across my back and cascades down my spine as soon as we pull through the gates and begin to slowly drive the Mercedes down the lonely, winding road to the Mausoleum at the back. My nostrils tingle as the smell of death drifts through the air, and I eagerly take in as much of it as I can.

The thought of holding a blade in my hands and experiencing the velvety feeling of the blood as it drips down my hands and paints them red makes my hands itch. Blade still glides his pendant through his hands, an annoying tick he has picked up from his battles with severe PTSD, and yet, there is so much more he's hiding beneath the mask. Then again, aren't we all hiding something beneath our masks?

We pull up and get out, stretching our legs after the long drive. My eyes scan my surroundings, feeling like something is off tonight. Blade, Riley, and Nixon head for the trunk as I hit the button on the key fob, opening it to reveal our prize for the holiday.

"You killed him , Saint?" Riley's tone is one of pure shock as he peers into the trunk, noticing whose throat is slashed to his spinal cord, bleeding out on my brand new fucking carpet.

"Yeah, I sure the fuck did," I reply smugly, and my brow raises as I begin to walk the perimeter, trying to listen for the laughter that I could've sworn I just heard.

"Everyone is going to be looking for this mother fucker, Saint. You don't just go around slitting some frat kid's throat." Blade tries to play the big brother card, even though he's only a year older.

“It’s already fucking done. Now get him inside the fucking tomb,” I spit, and hear the sound again, determined to find out where it’s coming from. “I’ll be right in. I’m gonna go look around to make sure we’re straight.”

I walk off as they work on getting the dead kid out of my trunk, his blood still stained on my hands, along with hundreds of others, but obviously I don’t mind. I know these graveyards like the back of my hand. We live in these places, and even though we have our own places, we spend most of our time here.

I follow the sound of panicked voices, keeping in the darkness with my blade out, hoping I’ll get the chance to use it again. Crouching behind a headstone, I see a group of kids in their early twenties, fucked up and out of their minds by the looks of it. I look between the four of them, but my gaze only catches one. She’s fucking beautiful.

It’s her ... Her jet black hair shines under the beam of the moon, making her eyes glow as if she were possessed or something. The tight fitting outfit she’s in leaves little to the imagination and shows off all the beautiful curves of her body, perfect in every fucking way. But what catches my attention more than her exquisite beauty is the gun in her hand and the crazed look on her face as she holds it, frozen in place.

Scarlett

It feels like there’s a demon inside of me that’s telling me to do these things, but there’s this other voice—a good voice—telling me not to do them. I look down at the gun in my hand and furrow my brows, trying hard to remember how I got it, and where it even came from.

“Scar, give me the gun.” I hear River’s voice, and I turn toward the sound of it, seeing his silhouette but not his face.

It's the drugs, I tell myself; I'm probably having a bad trip. I stumble toward River and give him the gun, feeling myself collapsing right after.

"Where did it even come from?" I ask, still trying to figure out what happened that led us here.

"It's mine. You saw it and wanted to play with it, and I guess you liked the feeling so much that you didn't want to give it up," Shawn laughs, taking his gun back from River and spinning it around his finger by the trigger.

"I wanna play with it!" Carli yells, jumping up and down, making me dizzy with her childish outburst, especially with the killer headache and short temper I have right now.

A brisk gust of wind whips through, rustling leaves and snapping twigs popping in my ears, snapping my attention in front of me, but all I see is darkness and a tiny spot illuminated by the full moon.

"It's not a toy, Carli. It's a fucking gun." I hear Melanie say to her, but I can't tear my eyes off of the line of headstones on the other side of the cemetery, feeling like there's something back there, even though I can't see anything.

Shawn's spinning gun still tortures me out of the corner of my eye, and Carli still jumps up and down, a bad feeling suddenly tightening all the muscles in my throat and making me feel like I can't breathe. And then I hear it. The gunshot. It rings loud and echoes in my ears, feeling like they're bleeding as I sit here, frozen, noting that Carli is no longer jumping up and down.

"What the fuck did you just do, Shawn?" River screams and runs over to Carli, trying to see if he has a chance at saving her from the bullet that came from Shawn's gun.

When I see River's face paling instantly as he stands up and backs away from her body, I know right away that my best friend is dead.

"Why aren't you trying to save her?" Melanie yells, running up to Carli's lifeless body, but River and Shawn hold her back.

"She's dead, Mel. I'm sorry."

"How do you know she's dead?"

"She's got a fucking bullet in her damn head!" Shawn screams, his hands running frantically through his hair as he begins pacing .

River watches him, not knowing how to console our friend who just killed our other friend.

"We have to call the police and tell them what happened," Melanie begs, and all three of us look at her, fear crippling all of us to our core.

"We're not calling the fucking police. All of our careers will be fucking over, and you know it. They're not going to believe that it was an accident, Mel!"

"Then what are we supposed to do, Shawn?"

"We bury her out here and never tell anyone about this. If the cops ask us anything, we tell the same story—that we haven't seen her since she left to go home for the holiday. Everyone find something to dig with; we need to dig up one of these graves," he says it like it's nothing to him, while the feeling of being watched still seeps into my pores and chills my bones.

As we get to work on digging up a grave to bury our friend, nausea pools in the pit of

my stomach, and it takes everything in me to hold it down. I can't look at any of them, or at Carli, lying on the wet grass in a pool of her own blood, a bullet hole perfectly between her eyes. Shawn's right, though; the cops around here won't believe the three of us or the fact that it truly was an accident, and that we were tripping and playing around with the gun. Not when the wound to her head is a perfect fucking shot.

Fuck, talk about a bad trip.

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five

Come Out, Come Out Wherever You Are

A couple weeks later...

Blade

My eyes are fixed on my prey as he scampers around the woods, attempting to hide as I slowly creep around, dragging the hatchet blade across the thick trunk of the tree. He has no idea that he's fleeing and hiding not only from me but also from three other unhinged, savage beasts, and that we're all still craving the taste of blood as much as we were the previous night. I hear him running through the leaves, his crunching sounds revealing his location, so if I didn't know where he was before, I do now.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are..." As I crouch behind a headstone, I tease, watching and waiting to see what he does.

Unaware that there is currently no service in the middle of the cemetery, he takes out his phone. He leaps up and tries to flee, believing that we can't see him. With perfect aim and precision, I pull back my arm and thrust it forward, sending my hatchet flying in his direction. The sharpened blade lands right beside his spine in the middle of his back, knocking him to the ground .

I approach him as he fumbles to stand up, calm but tense with anxiety. Blood pours from the gash in his back, paralyzing him, which was my intention all along. The

pursuit of these motherfuckers becomes tiresome after a while. I need to be in the mood for a chase, and tonight, I'm not at all in the fucking mood for one.

"HELP!" he yells as I approach him, grinning behind my mask while fully conscious that he can't see the evil grin I'm wearing.

Even though they're no longer required, the rest of the guys slowly approach with their masks on and weapons in hand.

"No one is going to come and save you, Shawn, so scream all you want," Saint spews as he crouches down next to him, smearing the blood on his back in circles with his gloved fingers.

"What...what do you want? I'll give you anything! Please don't do this... please, " he begs, even though it's too late for all that shit.

"I want nothing other than what's in front of us at the moment." I grin, feeling the sweat from my brow drip down the sides of my face.

He screams a bloodcurdling scream from deep within his lungs as I rip my hatchet out of his back, and the sound reverberates throughout the deserted cemetery. Nixon and Riley grab his arms and begin dragging him toward the Mausoleum as more blood spills out. Saint and I follow behind, admiring the crimson river that is flowing down his back.

"This is the one that killed the girl?" I ask my brother, my eyes fixated on our next victim, my mouth watering as I think about the things I'm about to do to his body.

"Yeah, it's him, alright."

"Good, he's fucking mine tonight."

"You can have him, but the girl's mine, Blade," Saint threatens, his tone completely unplayful.

As we approach our secret chamber, the smell of blood and death becomes more overt, and I pull my brother against the side of my body while draping my arm over his shoulders .

"She's all of ours, Saint, but you can have her first. You know how this shit works."

We don't even bother to tie Shawn down because his ass is paralyzed; he's passed out from blood loss and lies limp inside the concrete dungeon—as we like to call it—on a slab stained with blood and bodily fluids from our numerous previous victims. Red pulls out his pliers and hammer, and admires them like they're gold medals, while White pulls out the hacksaw and starts ripping off the old blades to replace them with brand-new ones. With his earpods in and Tech N9ne blasting into his ears, Silver simply leans against the door while twirling his knife around and smoking a cigarette, loosely tucked in the corner of his mouth.

I crack open a fresh bottle of gin to start the party as we prepare for another night of torture and mutilation, wondering what this girl looks like and why my brother already seems to be infatuated with her. He has never been this way with anyone, not even his ex-wife, and after their divorce, he just withdrew into himself like a fucking recluse. She has got to be some kind of special, even to his twisted soul, because the other night, when all this shit happened, I saw his eyes sparkle with color for the first time in years.

Saint

With fire, desire, and absolute salvation coursing through us, the four of us, covered in blood from head to toe, look down at the body parts and slabs of flesh lying around the plastic liner covering the floor. I save the best for last, taking my machete and

aiming the piercing, razor-sharp blade at the neck while standing over the skinless torso. I split the head off cleanly with one hard, accurate swing to the spine, then watch with satisfaction as it rolls over to White's feet.

"Give me that shit. I have plans for it," I bark with a little proud tone in my voice.

"I don't even want to know, Sil," Red says, shaking his head as he starts picking up the scattered limbs and tossing them into a black contractor bag.

"No, you don't," I chuckle and take the head from White's feet, wrapping it in a heavy cloth to help absorb any remaining blood that has not yet been drained from the body. Making sure I don't forget it on our way out, I put the wrapped head into my bag and leave it by the door.

"What's the plan after we clean up? Are we getting the others? I mean, we don't know if they saw us with the dead frat kid," White adds, chewing on a toothpick as the E pills begin to kick in, his pupils big, black, and wild.

"Eventually, Mr. Impatient. We can't take too many so close together. You know that. That's how people get caught." My brother throws his wisdom into the conversation, standing back and observing Red and White cleaning up the bloody scene.

"We're going out tonight. I need my dick sucked, and I'm in the mood to play a little game... how about you boys?" Black looks at me and grins, knowing how much I love me a good game and a good fuck, and right now, that's exactly what I fucking need.

But all I keep thinking about is her—Scarlett . I've gone back to see her every night since I first laid eyes on her four years ago, but she still hasn't seen me yet. It's better this way, especially if I'm going to have to kill her.

Scarlett

Another day that I wish I hadn't woken up.

It's well after six p.m., so I've slept the day away, which is a good thing. The wind is whipping so hard that leaves are slapping against the window panes and sticking to them like glue as I stretch, yawn, and turn on my side to see another gloomy fall day. All day long, Carli's murder plays over and over in my head, messing with every fiber of my being. Even though I'm on the verge of jeopardizing my hard-earned career, I've managed to keep it a secret like the others.

My phone starts vibrating back-to-back before I can finish waking up, making the same noise as my vibrator on high. I grab it, and a tingle shoots through my hand, spreading to the rest of my body and jolting me slightly awake.

It's River. I should've known. I mutter to myself as I scroll up to the first message, click on it, and take a deep breath.

Hey, have you heard from Shawn?

Thirty minutes went by before he sent another one.

Scar, I need you to call me. I think something happened to Shawn.

I look at the time on the next one and notice it's from two hours later.

Scar, Shawn never came home, and he's not answering his phone. His location says he's in the cemetery...

Scar, pick up your phone. I think something is seriously fucking wrong.

Usually, River can be dramatic, and I'm only saying that because I love him. But as I read the messages over and over, I can sense the panic in River's words. Dread fills my stomach, and my skin starts to burn as I dial his number and put the phone to my ear.

"What the fuck, babe? Where have you been?"

"I've been sleeping, River. I was finally able to fall asleep for the first time since that night. My bad... What's going on with Shawn, though?"

"I'm glad you were able to finally rest, and I'm sorry for being a dick, but I'm fucking worried, babe. Shawn never came home, and he still isn't answering." Panic drips from his shaky voice and starts working me up even more.

"Couldn't he just be with some chick?" Trying to sound hopeful, I offer a suggestion, but he's quick to shoot it down.

"No, he hasn't been going out like that since... yeah... He was only going to grab pizza from down the block, and that was 24 hours ago."

"What's this about his phone saying he's in the cemetery?" Hearing myself say it, a bitter taste consumes my mouth, souring my taste buds and making nausea start to creep up my throat.

"I checked his location, and it says he's at the cemetery we were at the other night. Why would he be there?"

"Maybe to visit... her?" Guilt gnaws at me at the fact that I can't even say her name.

"You wanna take a ride over there with me to see if he's there?"

"Not really, but I guess so."

"Get ready, cus I'm coming now," he insists, making me roll my eyes as my head sinks further into the pillow.

Despite feeling like I'm about to have a nervous breakdown as a result of Carli's murder and the recent turmoil it's caused, I hang up without objecting because I want to be there for my boyfriend and my friend.

I was under the impression that the police would be all over us and would have made a big deal out of her disappearance, so I'm surprised that they haven't done anything to look for her. They explained it away by saying that since she was an adult who had just finished college, she probably wanted to go have some fun. I worry about it every day, but they never come banging on my door. However, there are times when I wish they would. That would imply that they're actively pursuing her case as opposed to doing absolutely nothing.

When I'm dressed and presentable, so that I don't appear depressed and strung out, I emerge from my room expecting to see Melanie, but our apartment is empty and strangely quiet. She's usually home.

Cold chills run through my body with each step I take toward the door. The wind is swirling the colorful leaves outside and slamming twigs and branches against the glass panes as I approach, with howls drifting in through the cracked, open windows. When I open it, wanting to be out of this creepy apartment, I run smack into River's strong chest, my nose watering from the hard impact.

"Whoa, are you okay?" He wraps his arms around me and kisses the top of my head, reaching behind me to close my front door.

"Yeah, I just got spooked. Hey, you know where Mel is?"

"She's working; she said she didn't want to wake you," he informs me, and I breathe a sigh of relief.

"Thank God. She made me worry, too."

The worry in his eyes is evident as he smiles, but it doesn't quite reach them.

We keep our conversation to a minimum on the drive to the cemetery because neither of us knows what to say. Since the accident, things have been extremely tense, which currently casts doubt on the status of our relationship.

We stroll around the cemetery, knowing the paths so well that we can navigate them without looking. Nothing stands out to us, and we don't see anything from Shawn. When River looks up Shawn's location on his phone, it takes us to a Mausoleum at the back of the cemetery. Shawn's smashed phone is to the right, on the side, still turned on, but there's no other sign of him.

"What the fuck is going on? This is so weird," River asks, running his hand through his hair.

"I don't know, Riv. But I think we should go and maybe file a missing person report on him."

"Yeah, I think you're right. Let's get out of here, babe."

Even after filing the missing person report for Shawn, hours later, when River and I leave the Salem Police Department, he has yet to make any contact with us. River is a mess, but I don't blame him in the slightest given that his best friend is missing.

It's a solemn drive back to my apartment. He won't even reach over to hold my hand like he usually does, and knowing the gravity of the situation, I don't bother trying to

push it. When we return to my apartment, I'm a little surprised to see him get out of the car with me and hold my hand as he leads me to the door, after I had assumed he would just drop me off. I look up and notice the light in my living room is on, even though I know it wasn't when I left.

Melanie must finally be home. I buzz us inside after entering the main door's four-digit pass code, expecting River to simply kiss me goodbye before leaving. However, that doesn't happen.

"Do you mind if I hang out here for a while tonight?" he asks as we walk toward the elevator, his voice low and sad.

"Of course, Riv, you know I always want you to come up."

He smiles and squeezes my hand, bringing it to his mouth and quickly running his lips over my knuckles.

When we get to my door, I try the knob, but it's locked. I furrow my brows and take out my key, unlocking the main lock and the deadbolt, which is weird and unusual for Melanie to do when she's home, even since Carli's murder. What's even weirder is that when we walk inside, the apartment is pitch black, when I could've sworn I noticed the light on from outside when we walked up.

I squeeze River's hand harder, flipping the light switch on for the living room, and notice that Melanie isn't home after all. I look around cautiously, making sure that nothing is out of place, which so far it isn't, and keeping my worries to myself so I don't freak River out for nothing. I probably mixed up apartments and saw the light on next door.

"I'll be right back. I need to piss. Why don't you make yourself comfy and put on one of our shows?" he suggests, his brows wiggling in a playful manner for the first time

in a while.

I smile at him as I take my jacket off, draping it over the back of the couch. "Sounds good. Let me run to my room and throw on my pajamas then. Can't be more comfortable than that." I finally get him to laugh, and his eyes light up, giving me a glimpse of the old River—the one I have been missing so much.

When I enter my room and turn on the light, I hear the bathroom door close and feel a chill spread across my bones as a breeze enters through the window I left open. I quickly change out of my clothes and into my pajamas, and am about to return to the living room when I notice something strange.

As I approach the window, I see what appear to be blood smears on the ledge, even though I know they weren't there when I left. I shiver and scan the area of my room, paying close attention to the bloody markings that form the word 'boo'.

I try to comprehend what I'm seeing as I gasp and cover my mouth with my hand to keep from screaming. When I look more closely, I see an arrow that has been drawn in the same dark, crimson substance. I then follow the arrow with my eyes and discover that it leads to my bed. I swallow hard and slowly as I approach my bed, noticing smears of blood on my pillowcase. My hands shake as sweat seeps profusely from every pore in my body, making me feel like I'm about to pass out from the horror my mind is going through.

This is just a dream, right? It's not real. That's not blood on my windowsill. This isn't blood on my pillowcase.

My entire body trembles even harder as I grip the hem of the pillowcase and tug it, carefully lifting it up to see if there's anything underneath it. I back away quickly and drop the pillow to the floor. A scream rips from my throat that I don't even bother to try and muffle this time. River comes running in, a panicked look on his face as he

barges into my bedroom, running over to me.

He looks to where I'm pointing, and his face pales, falling as he backs away slowly, fear crippling him as it did me. "What the fuck is that, Scar?"

"I...I don't know, River... It looks like someone's finger."

Saint

As we maneuver through the crowd, strobe lights flash in my eyes. The bass is pounding hard and resonating through our bodies, sending tingles to the tips of my fingers. After a long day, I scan the sea of people, obliterated and free, just trying to find someone to play with tonight. The smell of sex and death is overpowering as I breathe in, taking advantage of all the bodies in front of me but only wanting one in particular—Scarlett.

Even thinking about touching her makes my hands itch, and I've been wondering constantly how my sinful touch would feel on her innocent skin; when good and evil collide, so to speak. It'll be delightful, I can tell you that.

The four of us make our way to the bar while navigating the club, stopping occasionally to chat with a few girls who are fortunate enough to catch our attention—fortunately for us, not so much for them.

While Blade and I take a seat at the bar and concentrate on the booze in our glasses, Riley finds a girl first and tricks her into getting a drink with him. Nixon is probably around here somewhere, looking for a small piece of ass to bring back and play the game with us. We keep things low-key by limiting our number to two.

With Scarlett heavy on my mind and her black silk thong shoved into my pocket, I don't even bother looking for a girl to fuck around with tonight. Why bother? Pussy is

pussy after a while. They all fuck the same, just as all bodies bleed the same. Don't ask me why, but I have a feeling Scarlett is unique, and her pussy is going to be something special.

"What's on your mind, Sil?" Blade tosses a shot back, hissing through the burn as it coats his throat.

"Nothing, just ready to play." My eyes stay locked on Riley and Nixon as they talk up their girls, trying to convince them to leave the club to come and party with us .

"Give it time, brother. They're working their magic." He smiles, showing off the smile all the girls drop their panties for, making his dimples pop against his caramel complexion.

My thoughts wander back to Scarlett and the gift I put under her pillow as the music rumbles through the club and the bass vibrates through me. When she realizes who did it and whose fingers they are, she'll hate me, but she'll get over it. After all, she can't be mad at me if she's dead, can she? Forgiveness is a bitch, and if she doesn't bestow it on me before I slaughter her lovely soul, it's not like I'll fucking cry about it.

The girls stumble as they make their way back to the cemetery, clinging to Nixon and Riley for dear life, their laughter coming out garbled from the countless shots they downed before we left.

"You ready to play a little game, ladies?" Riley asks, a sinister grin curling on his lips as he licks them, eyeing his choice up and down like she's his prey, which she is.

"What are we playing?" one of them asks, almost faceplanting, tripping over a twig purposely placed in her way.

"You'll see...for now... run," Nixon speaks as the four of us disperse into the shadows, leaving the girls frozen in terror and unsure of what to do, despite the fact that we had told them to run.

We hide in the shadows and watch them, our masks going over our faces, bringing us into character as we get ready for the moment we've been waiting for all night. Eventually they run, trying to stay together, but somewhere in the dead of night—in the pitch black—the girls separate, each going in different directions. We follow both of them, each girl running into a different trap set up around the graveyard, anticipation coursing through me as I lurk in the darkness, waiting for the right time to pop out.

When the blonde runs through the path near me and Nixon, her leg gets caught in the bear trap, and the contraption yanks her upside down. Her scream echoes through the night as she swings, hanging by her ankle. Nixon and I emerge from our hiding spot, masks on, bat in his hand, knife in mine, circling her as she thrashes frantically upside down, trying to free her ankle from the trap while her blonde hair brushes against the dirt and leaves. The blood in my veins is frozen, but I've never felt more alive. Nixon steps up to her, his pants already hanging down to his ankles, as the girl cries, begging to be set free.

He cups her cheek, thumbing her lips, doing his best to get her to relax. "Shhh, it's just a little game."

"It doesn't feel like a game," she whines, tears pricking her eyes as she looks frantic at the masks covering our faces.

"But it is, you'll see. Open your mouth like a good girl for me," he says, guiding his cock to her trembling lips.

She opens and takes him inside, still hanging upside down from the tree by her ankle,

nothing but eerily silent around her, leading me to believe that Riley and Blade have already caught their prey.

Nixon tosses me the bat, and I circle them, dragging it around in the dirt, patiently waiting for my turn to annihilate her. Still, I can't get Scarlett off my mind, wondering if she's found the surprise I left her yet. In the midst of my thoughts, a piercing scream pulls me from them, and I flick my eyes to the girl hanging in front of us, her platinum blonde hair now streaked with bright red.

"What the fuck was that, Nix?"

"The bitch fucking bit me, so I cut her throat," he says casually, tucking his cock back into his pants and wiping his blood-soaked blade on his tongue.

"Mhm, tasty." He grins, the girl's blood staining his teeth as he leaves her there to bleed out in search of the other girl, and of course, I follow right behind him.

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Always Watching

November

Scarlett

River and I decided not to go to the cops after discovering the finger under my pillow and blood smeared all over my windowsill. Because of what happened to Carli, we assumed it was someone who witnessed the incident and wanted to fuck with us, which neither of us found amusing.

There have been no sightings of Shawn, and the cops, like Carli, haven't done much to find him. River is losing his mind without him around, even worse than he was after what happened to Carli. Melanie and I are perplexed, but we're afraid to question him. For the past week, he has been nothing more than a shell of a man, and I'm at a loss as to how to help him, so I try to avoid him as much as possible.

I can feel Melanie's eyes on me as I sit on the couch and flip through pages in the manual from the prison I'm trying to work at, but she says nothing, which irritates me even more than her constant, incessant glares. Even though Halloween has long passed, she sighs heavily as she watches reruns of the same two horror films. She sighs once more and taps the remote with her nails in an effort to get my attention. I slam the handbook shut and look at her, my eyes narrowing and squinting from tiredness.

“What, Mel?” I huff, hearing the annoyance in my voice, so I know she can hear it too.

“Have there been anymore fingers? Or body parts in general?” she asks curiously, referring to the single finger we found under my pillow a week ago, a grin appearing on her pink painted lips.

“No, and you know that, so why are you asking?” I roll my eyes, making it a point to show her—not just tell her—how annoyed I am with her shit.

“Please don’t sit here and act like you tell me everything . I know there’s something you and River aren’t telling me," she scoffs, pointing her finger at me.

“Like what?”

“I don’t know, Scarlett, but this is too fucking weird. First, Shawn kills Carli by accident, and we bury her body in the cemetery; then he goes missing, and some random finger ends up under your pillow?” She hugs the couch pillow against her chest and grins, living for the horror surrounding the nightmare of our lives.

I shrug, taking a generous sip of wine from the coffee mug in front of me, trying to block everything out and wanting to forget about it for at least one night. “You were there, Melanie. Nothing else happened. I don’t know what to tell you.”

“So you think Shawn’s dead too, right?” she says calmly, as if she knows something that I don’t.

“I’d like to think that he isn’t, Mel. But where is he?" I look out the window, catching a glimpse of Salem at night and the danger that lurks in the shadows.

The thought of not knowing what’s out there waiting for me sends shivers down my

spine. In the alleyway across the street, something flashes in the dark, but I only have to blink before it vanishes. I rub my eyes and sit up straight, fixating my sight ahead, but nothing's there when I focus .

“What is it, Scarlett?” Melanie looks out the window, trying to see what I'm looking at, but I can't even be sure myself.

My spine tingles in fear, but I can't look away. “I don't know. I thought I saw something.” My throat dries, my hands get clammy, and my eyes stay stuck on the window, getting lost in the darkness outside.

“You look fucking possessed, Scar, damn. You're scaring me now.” She tosses the pillow at me and gets up, stomping toward her room, leaving me clutching my coffee mug filled with wine and staring out the window into the eyes of the unknown.

Nixon

“She fucking sees me.” I stand here with a grin on my face, flashing it toward Silver as he obsessively stares at the girl in the window.

“Good, I want her to see us,” he sneers.

Even though he's wearing his mask, I can tell he's smiling just by the way his shoulders slump and he carries himself. He's infatuated with this chick, and he doesn't even know her.

A gust of chilly fall wind blows, scattering an array of colorful leaves around and kicking up loose dust as it whips by us. We stand here watching her for a few minutes before Sil makes a move, and even then it's like pulling teeth to get him to walk away with me.

“What the fuck are we doing here?” I ask, annoyed and ready to explore the night.

“I told you that you could’ve stayed with the guys,” he bites back, walking ahead of me as we leave her apartment, swinging the bag with the kid’s head in it in his hand.

“And I fucking told you that I was coming, so get over it.”

As we move toward the alley in search of a truck to move the girls' bodies from the other night, our heavy steps reverberate from beneath the bridge as the train squeals above us on the old tracks, coming to a rough stop at the station.

“What are you doing with the fucking head?”

“I haven’t decided yet,” he laughs, a sinister grin curling on his lips.

“So you’re just going to carry it around until you do?” I laugh, tucking a smoke between my lips, as we file down the dark alley in a line, using the flame from the lighter to illuminate our way.

“No, White. I was gonna leave it for her tonight, but I changed my mind. Just stop asking fucking questions,” he spits, sounding more uptight than usual.

We come to a halt when we hear voices ahead, and we duck into the darkness to avoid being seen. A female yells, and distinct male voices follow, building up my rage to the point where my veins bulge with burning hot fire. We exchange glances as we pull our knives from our boots, both of us aware of what’s about to go down.

I emerge from the shadows, smoking my cigarette, lighting the cherry, and causing the orange to glow brilliantly as the men push the girl against the side of the abandoned building. As I approach the men tearing at her clothing, Sil remains crouching, waiting for the perfect moment to strike. She screams again when I bolt up

and she sees my mask. I begin ripping the guys off of her and tossing them to the ground on their backs.

“Get out of here,” I tell her, not even giving her another glance.

She runs, and I turn around slowly, giving the predatory creatures a chance to get to their feet for a fair fight. I notice Sil slowly making himself known, stepping into the dim street light with his silver mask on and his blade gleaming in his hand .

“Who the fuck are you weirdos?” One of them laughs, slurring his words as he points to the masks on our faces that protect our identities from the world.

“Your worst fucking nightmares,” Sil bites back, still as calm as can be. Compared to the shit we’ve done, this is nothing.

Without noticing the knives we have in our grips, they charge at us, each one slamming into the sharpened point. I dance around my guy as he tries to flee, twisting the knife as I press it deeper into his stomach, while Sil continues to play with his. Blood splatters everywhere, staining his white shirt and turning my hands bright red. After I knock him to the ground and remove my knife, I re-insert it into his neck, slicing his jugular in half and almost completely removing his head.

“I wasn’t planning on killing them here, White,” Silver shouts as he swipes the blade across the guy’s throat as he lies still underneath him, decapitating him completely so that his head rolls down the small hill toward the end of the alley.

"Now look at what we've fucking done," I laugh, rolling the limp, bloody body to the side, blending it in with the bushes, while Sil fetches the bloodied head like it's a fucking basketball, tossing it where the bodies are piled.

"So, we just add them in with the girls' bodies, and we bury the four of them together.

No biggie," he replies with a casual shrug to match.

We return to the cemetery after getting a truck to move the new bodies. Sil is quiet, gazing out the window, and is probably losing himself in compulsive memories of the black-haired beauty from Halloween night—the one he saw holding a gun.

Riley appears to be passed out when we enter the Mausoleum, clutching a bottle of Jim Beam and sprawled out on the top of a coffin. Blade approaches, looking at his brother, but Saint brushes past him and helps himself to the sheet of acid on the small wooden table near the bloody concrete torture slab .

"What the fuck? Why does it look like you two got into a fucking fight?" Blade eyes us, anger seeping off of him as he grits his teeth and steps into my face.

"Because we did. Their bodies are in the truck. We're putting them with the girls."

"What the fuck, Nixon?" He glares at me, bearing his teeth.

"It wasn't our fault they ran into our knives! We ripped them off of some girl they were going after."

He shakes his head but smiles and pats me on the back. Blade, being the oldest, took on the role of big brother; even though he's Saint's actual big brother, he's all of ours in a way. We became close during our shared time serving in the Marines. The four of us are as thick as thieves—or killers , depending on your perspective.

He approaches his brother and pulls him toward the small room we constructed for privacy before leaving me alone with a snoring Riley. I snatch the bottle of Jim Beam from his hand and take a few sips before starting to load the girls' bodies into the truck so I can take them to the cemetery on the other side of Salem.

Blade

I can tell something's eating at Saint, but trying to get him to talk is like trying to get a junkie to get clean. After he's placed the tab of acid on his tongue and shot gunned his first beer, I hand him a lit cigarette and tug him out of the Mausoleum, hoping the fresh air and change of scenery will help him open up.

"Fucking spill it, Saint," I say the minute we step outside .

"Ain't nothing to talk about, Blade. I'm fine. I already told your ass that."

"It's got something to do with Scar, doesn't it?" Once I say her name, he looks at me, his curiosity instantly piqued.

"How'd you know her name, Blade?"

"I know fucking everything, Saint. And I told you, I want her just as bad as you do, and I will have her first." I smirk, knowing I'm getting under his skin, but that's just what we brothers do.

"You're not having her first. I saw her first; she's fucking mine," he bites back with venom in his words, spit flying from his gritted teeth.

His obsessive, compulsiveness is coming out, and he's starting to become manic, which doesn't happen too often. Usually it's me who has constant manic episodes, but he's been having them more often lately, and being off his medication isn't helping the matter.

"You know she's a virgin, right?" His voice is low and shaky, and I can tell he's aroused just talking about it.

"No, I didn't know that," I admit, now wanting to up the ante and have a little fun to lighten his mood.

"Yeah, that's why I fucking want her so bad, Blade."

"I'll fight you for her pussy, Saint, and that's the best I'll give you."

"Fine, a fair fight, though, and it's gotta be before Halloween since we've got plans for her."

"Oh, it will be... But how would you like to go have a little fun now with her ?" As the sky fills with brilliant stars and darkens due to the swift, full clouds that disperse in the night, his eyes widen and glisten beneath the crescent moon.

"What kind of fun are you thinking?" He grins, kicking the sole of his boot off the headstone and already walking toward his BMW.

"Bring the fingers with you," I tell him, making his eyes light up even more.

Pleasure surges through us as we begin the drive and cruise the streets of Salem. My brother's eyes flash with wonder as he guards the severed fingers of the friend we killed for our little troubled angel, ready to use them on her whether or not she realizes it. With a smile playing on his lips, he rubs them between his hands, and I can tell he has a fucking boner. He's fucking twisted in that way, but I am too, so I can't say much.

We are absolutely fascinated by blood and horror, so it's impossible for us not to enjoy what we do. Because of the terrible things we've witnessed in war, we've developed some rather odd desires. The girls we've found seem into it at first, but we always take it too far. Depending on whether they want to cooperate or not, we either kill them or set them free. I'm not going to lie; we've killed more than we've set free.

There's something about feeling the life drain from someone's body and the way their blood feels like velvet coating my hands... I just can't seem to get enough of it.

Scarlett seems like the kind of girl who will work with us; she acts as though she would sacrifice anything for forgiveness. As if she'll go to any length to be accepted. She appears to be the type of girl who will get down on her knees and suck your dick if you promise her it will get her into heaven. I'm curious what she will do if I tell her I have the power to send her to hell. Because none of us—even her precious soul—are going to heaven, and that's God's honest truth.

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seven

The Finger Games

Scarlett

I've always felt especially alone during the holidays. With my father serving a life sentence for murdering my mother and no other family to spend them with, I usually spend them with my friends and River, but things are different this year. River has completely left Massachusetts and is not returning my calls or texts, except only to inform me that he's still alive and just needs some time to gather his thoughts.

Since Melanie won't be back until after New Year's, I'll have two months to myself while she spends the holidays on a cruise with her family. Just me. Shawn is still missing and most likely dead—if I'm being honest with myself.

With nothing to do and nobody to talk to, I'm going crazy by myself in my apartment. If I wasn't afraid of being murdered or stalked, I would go to the bar and have a drink or something, but I'm too scared to leave my apartment. I understand that being trapped inside for such a long time is unhealthy, but can I really bring myself to leave?

I've been considering going to the location where we buried Carli and simply sitting with her and smoking a blunt there. I need to let go of a lot of pent-up emotions and guilt, so this might be the best place for me to finally atone for my sins.

I grab a joint and my flask, fill it with absinthe, and pull my white hoodie over my

head. I fix my black curls so they fall over my shoulders and down my back, ignoring the uneasy sensation in my bones and the nerves jangling in my stomach. I turn on the entryway light and grab my keys, triple-locking my door behind me.

I start out on my journey to Howard Street Cemetery in the New England end-of-fall weather, keeping my eyes down and my ears perked up, listening for the sound of footsteps to make sure I'm not being followed. I can already smell winter approaching and the impending snowfall as I breathe in.

As I continue to walk, ignoring the winds that are tearing through Salem and the strong currents that cause the street lights to flicker on and off, chills run through my body. As I approach the cemetery, darkness engulfs me. Despite this, I make an effort to maintain my composure. I keep looking to the sides to make sure no one is watching or following me, but so far, I haven't noticed anything.

I walk through the ancient iron gates and turn to my right, following the concrete path that is strewn with orange and yellow leaves, blown about by ferocious winds that have gotten stronger during the short walk here. I cinch up my sweatshirt even more and continue to move forward in my quest to reach Carli's grave. I can still clearly recall where it is, feeling like it was just yesterday.

As the wind whips tree branches around like something out of a horror film, I continue on the unlit path all the way to the back of the empty cemetery. I take a sip from my flask, trying to get a buzz going to calm the nerves swarming in my stomach, desperate for some relief before I drive myself insane. I look at my phone, and with no word from River, I shake my head, sigh, and pocket it, furious at how he's handling things.

I understand that his best friend has gone missing, but Shawn was also a friend of mine. In addition to being my friend, Shawn also murdered my best friend and persuaded the rest of us—while intoxicated—to bury her body and keep it a secret so

that our lives would not be destroyed by an accident. River acts as if this shit is only affecting him, but it isn't, and that's what irritates me.

Finally, I sit in front of the headstone where Carli's body is buried, sipping more from the flask in my shaky hand. I stretch my legs out in front of me and lie back, resting my head on a pile of leaves and flowers left by whoever came to visit the man Carli is buried with, staring at the pitch black sky with only a handful of twinkling stars visible.

"I miss you, Carli. fuck I miss you, and I'm so sorry for what happened to you." Knowing I'm by myself, I speak freely, hoping Carli will hear me from wherever she is.

I light a cigarette and blow the smoke straight up, causing my vision to become blurry and my eyes to start to water as I watch it swirl into the sky and disperse into the night. When I close them, I hear the sound of crunching leaves behind me. Afraid that someone will be standing over me if I open my eyes, I take a slow, deep breath and keep them closed. That's just my imagination, though. Right?

It's all the scary movies me and Melanie watch. I repeatedly tell myself while tightly closing my eyes and letting the alcohol flow swiftly through my veins like water through a stream.

Everything is quiet, calm, and almost peaceful around me, despite the fact that my heart is thumping in my chest. However, internally, I'm terrified.

"We know what you did..."

My eyes fly open when I hear a voice whispering in the distance. I'm immediately confronted by two figures, one wearing a shiny silver mask and the other wearing a black mask, just a few feet away.

I scramble to my feet and scoot back, slamming my spine against the headstone, unable to stand due to a sharp pain shooting down my legs and through my back. I reach out for the grass next to me and search for anything I can use to defend myself, thinking of my pocket knife in my sock. I reach down and fish it out, but the masked men don't even budge when I fling it open.

"Get away from me!" I scream, but it doesn't seem to phase them.

"We're not going to hurt you, Scarlett. But don't think that we don't know what you're hiding, pretty girl," the silver masked guy says, his voice dripping with darkness and desire.

I blink a few times to make sure I'm not hallucinating, but even after rubbing my eyes, the two masked men remain crouched in front of me, silent as can be, staring at me through their creepy masks.

"What do you want?" I ask, my voice trembling in absolute fear. Neither of them say anything, though.

My legs give out as I attempt to stand up, and the shooting pain that feels like a hammer being swung at my back continues to travel along my spine. I tremble and remain silent as I lean against the tombstone, still confused as to what the fuck is going on.

Wake up, Scarlett. You're having a bad dream.

I close and reopen my eyes, and the masks are even closer now than they were a second ago. How the fuck is that possible? I didn't even hear them move.

The man in the black mask takes my flask from my grasp and brings it to my mouth, gently tipping it back against my quivering, parted lips as I stare into his blackened

eyes.

"Open up and drink, trouble... We don't bite...unless you want us to."

I flick my eyes between the two of them as I open my mouth for him, drinking every drop he pours while still trembling like a leaf in the presence of their menacing gaze. Even though their masks hide their faces, I can tell they're smiling by the way their eyes squint, which calms my nerves a little.

Black—we'll call him—empties the contents of the flask into my mouth, then tosses it to the ground, wiping the remnants of the liquor off my lips with the smooth pad of his thumb.

"Good girl." The person wearing the silver mask says as he moves closer and runs a tattooed hand up my exposed thigh.

His blue eyes pierce into me as he holds a bag in his other hand, which only makes me shudder more. As I sit here, fearing that I'm about to be killed by these enigmatic, masked men, my heart thumps in my chest and feels like it's about to burst. Who are they and what are they after?

"What do you want from me?" Finally finding my voice, I manage to utter out in a shaky tone.

They snicker and share a look before turning their focus back to me. "You, trouble. We want you..."

Saint

"What do you want from me?" As she looks between Blade and me and cries out in a low, trembling voice—which is to be expected—Scarlett's small body shakes

hysterically.

In front of her, on our knees, we torture the cute little thing, while grinning behind our masks. Her jet black hair gleams in the moonlight, half falling in her face as she leans forward, unsure whether to run or not, but with her back hurting from the spill, she can't seem to get to her feet to go anywhere. Her chocolate eyes sparkle like big, dark buttons against the light of her milky white skin as she jitterily blinks at us.

"You, Trouble. We want you..." As I move away, holding the cloth bag with her friend's fingers inside of it, I mutter into her ear.

Blade remains close by, running his hands up and down her silky thighs, causing her full lips to part ever so slightly whenever his fingers touch the heat that radiates between them.

"Get away from me... I don't even know you." She tries to fight back, swatting Blade's fingers away, but he grabs her wrists with one hand and shoves his other hand over her mouth to keep her quiet .

"You might not know us, but we know you, and we know what you did."

Her eyes widen, and a few stray tears roll down her cold, rosy cheeks, landing on Blade's palm, which is covering her beautiful lips.

"That's right, trouble..." Her anxious eyes dart between my brother and me, not sure who she should be watching.

I pull a finger out of the bag in the shadows where she can't see it and slide the tip up her bare leg as I watch her innocent lashes slowly flutter. "I was the one whose eyes you felt on you that night. You know, when you kept looking around, holding the gun in your hands, right before you gave it back to Shawn, who used it to shoot Carli?"

"Bu...But I... I didn't do anything..." she murmurs softly against his palm as she begins to feel a little more at ease with us.

She seems more interested in what we are doing here than anything else. I inch the severed finger higher as Blade parts her legs for me, his hand still planted firmly over her mouth to keep her screams muffled in case she wants to let one out. The higher I raise the finger, the more tense her body becomes. As I grab my blade and use the point to sever the delicate silk fabric of her underwear in a single swift cut, she trembles in fear of what we might do to her.

"Don't worry, pretty little thing. We're not going to hurt you. Not yet , anyway. And when we do, I promise you're gonna fucking love it."

Once more, I roll circles over her swollen little clit with her friend's finger, causing her eyes to twitch uncontrollably. Because she doesn't want to be enjoying the pleasure, I can see the torture whirling around inside of them. My cock throbs against the spandex of my tight underwear as the scent of her arousal fills the night air.

"Would you like me to stop, Trouble?" I ask her, still rubbing her clit and making her pussy gush for me.

She shakes her head nervously, an embarrassed look in her eyes, as her body continues to betray her while her mind struggles with the concept of right and wrong.

"Use your words, Sinner, and tell my brother if you want him to stop," Blade orders as he removes his hand from her mouth so we can hear her answer.

" No," Is all she says, her eyes fluttering closed as I keep flicking her clit.

"You virgins are dirty girls, aren't you?" I ask, a smirk hidden beneath my mask.

Her eyes widen as she wonders how I knew she was a virgin, but I've been doing my homework and know everything about her. Blade places his hand over her mouth once more, this time gently grabbing her throat and applying gentle pressure, causing her face to turn a light shade of red.

She would probably have a panic attack if she knew I was playing with her pussy with Shawn's severed fingers.

I continue strictly rubbing her clit with Shawn's fingers because I want to get my fingers inside of her first. As I do, I watch her terrified, glossy eyes roll back in disbelief at the pleasure her body is experiencing. A muffled moan escapes her throat, but we can hear it through Blade's hand as I roll the pad of the finger faster and harder in concentric circles, making her clit swell beneath it. I can tell the alcohol is loosening her up the longer the three of us sit here against the headstone in the back, right above where her friend is buried.

Blade pulls another finger from the bag and places it on her clit as well, giving the impression that we're both using our fingers to play with her sopping wet pussy while she has her eyes closed and her hands gripping the grass next to her. Even though I want much more, I'll be content for the time being with the finger games because watching her and hearing the sounds that emanate from her throat are half the fun.

Scarlett

I make an effort to ignore the fact that I'm in a cemetery, sitting here while two masked men finger me, but I can't. At the very least, I'm not able to block it all out. I'm not sure if it's the overwhelming sense of fear or the incredible amount of pleasure coursing through my body, but I can't seem to get away from them. But what's even worse is that I can't find my voice to tell them no either. A part of me doesn't want them to stop because it feels too good. But why does it feel good when it's undoubtedly fucked up beyond belief?

"Are you still with us, Sinner?" Black's silky voice fills my ears as I lie here with my eyes closed, my head resting comfortably against the headstone Carli is buried beneath.

When I try to respond, I nod, but no words come out, despite the fact that my lips move as if I am speaking. My entire body has a hazy, light sensation that makes me feel as though I'm floating on a cloud in the sky.

"She's good. I think she's just drunk. She chugged that shit back quick."

"Who knows what she had before she got here."

I can hear them talking, but I keep my eyes closed. My lower belly muscles start to contract quickly as I enjoy the sensation of their fingers on my body.

"Scarlett, open your eyes. I want you to look at me when you come." Silver's voice is more possessive than it has been all night, causing me to slowly open my eyes and desperately search the night for him.

I try to control my breathing as a surge of urgent desire rips through me while licking my lips and taking slow, deliberate breaths. Even in the complete blackness and behind the confines of his mask, I can make out the blue of his eyes staring back at me from behind the swirling darkness.

"Good girl. Now fucking keep them on me."

Both of them tease me by circling my opening with the wetness they have extracted from my pussy without actually pushing their fingers inside of me. Black presses down on my clit while my legs tremble and my climax rips through me like a current. As they mercilessly rub and flick my clit, sending me over the edge into one of the most intense orgasms I've ever experienced, my back arches, but Silver presses down

on my stomach, keeping me grounded to the grass.

As they smile at me and gradually remove their hands from between my trembling legs after I'm done, I almost feel embarrassed to look at either of them. My hearing is completely distorted, and my head is pounding. The men in front of me start to appear to be doubled, giving the impression that there are now four of them.

As my vision starts to play tricks on me, the image of four masked men is now staring down at me, so I rub my eyes and make an effort to sit up. And then everything around me turns black as I feel myself slowly slipping backward into a terrifyingly dark abyss.

I have no memory of how or when I arrived at my house, but a few hours later, I wake in my bed wearing only a plain black T-shirt that I have never seen before. It has a strangely satisfying aroma of cologne and death.

With Melanie away for the holiday, I know I'm alone, and the chills that attack my body are no joke. I pull the blanket up to my chin, trying to concentrate on the TV rather than the wind-smacking tree branches against the window. The moon is obscured by clouds, but a streetlight in the alley next to my window shines in, illuminating something on the windowsill. I take a deep breath, recalling the blood smears in the same spot not long ago.

What is that?

I would rather stay in bed than get out to check. Of course, if I don't know what's over there, there's no way in hell I'll be able to sleep.

Still perplexed by the shirt, but enjoying how the fabric feels against my bare body as it sways against it, I throw the blanket off of myself, still trembling and sore from the bizarre, terrifying events that just happened earlier. I approach the window and take

the box that has been precisely positioned in the middle of the ledge as my heart beats a mile a minute and my stomach is in knots. A note is taped to the top of it, sealed with a bloody lip print.

What the fuck is going on? Is this some kind of joke?

I bring the package and the note back to my bed, where I sit down, a wave of fear and confusion washing over me. I open the envelope and take out a pearl white slip of paper with blood red writing. As I start to read it, my breath becomes shallow as I brace myself for what lies ahead.

You virgins are dirty girls, aren't you?

My shoulders relax as I release the breath I've been holding in embarrassment and crumple the piece of paper. It wasn't that bad. I recall Silver telling me that. But what's inside the box?

Once more holding my breath, I untie the ribbon, letting the satin fall to my blanket, releasing the lid of the mysterious box. I lean over and peer inside, letting out a piercing scream. I flip the box in a panic and jump back, sending the contents flying across my room.

What the fuck! Were those...fingers?!

I scramble to my feet and look around, noticing two fingers and another note on the floor. My heart is racing as I slowly stoop down and grab the bloody note, trying not to look at the severed fingers next to it that match the one that was left for me under my pillow.

This is fucked up. What is going on?

When I open it, I can see that the paper is smeared with blood and that they kissed it. I shiver and start reading, hoping not to faint from the shock.

In case you wanted to make yourself come again since they did so well the first time...

I drop the paper and fall to the floor, my eyes wide in absolute fear and disgust. Did they really use severed fingers to make me come?

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:31 pm

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Tasting Blood

Six months later, May

Scarlett

A side from the breathtaking views in the fall, The Patriots, and wicked funny accents, Massachusetts is also known for its humidity. And this summer is already off to a rousing start.

When I go to the beach, I usually unwind by lying in the sun. While sweltering in the scorching heat, I've been tossing and turning for the past hour. Nantasket is one of my favorite beaches, and I've always come here to relax and get away from it all. I don't know if it's because River and I broke up, but I think that's the reason this trip feels different. The stress of what happened to Shawn became too much for us to bear, and it got in our way. We promised to remain friends, and we have. But dating isn't an option anymore.

I turn around to face the sun and notice a group of guys peering over the seawall. Something about them draws my attention, sucking me in so that I can't look away even if I wanted to. They all smile at me, their lashes flashing in flirtatious winks that make the heat between my thighs swelter hotter than the humidity. Flashbacks of that night in the cemetery hit me out of nowhere, and random tidbits of recent, horrifying encounters begin to invade my mind, frightening me to my core .

"What are you zoned out about now?" Melanie tugs at my bikini string, trying to pull my attention back to her, and it works.

Unwillingly, I tear my focus off of the fully tattooed works of art and roll my eyes at her, slightly annoyed at her for disrupting my naughty fantasy.

"Huh?" is all I can manage to utter.

"What are you daydreaming about now? I swear, ever since you and River broke up, you've been lost in your own little world."

"Nothing, Mel. Just thinking," I lie, but I don't feel like going into depth with her about the truth right now.

She wouldn't understand how I feel like I've seen those guys before. I look over my shoulder, hoping to catch another glimpse of them, but they're gone.

"Are you nervous about the new job?" She smiles, reminding me about the position at the prison I start on Monday; that couldn't be further from my mind.

"Actually, no. I'm not nervous at all. I'm excited, and I'm ready. You know that," I reply with confidence, more than ready to start working, putting the degree I worked my ass off for to good use.

"I think you're the only person I know who doesn't get first-day jitters, Scarlett. I wish I was you, girl," she laughs, and all I can do is smile and think to myself, No, you don't.

The fiends have already gathered outside when we return to our tiny, run-down apartment in Salem, which is located on the top floor of what is now a well-known dope house, drawing unwanted attention to our formerly quiet street. Melanie and I

pass by a slew of characters as we climb the narrow stairwell, clutching our purses close to our chests to avoid being snatched like before. I can hear her muttering under her breath the entire walk, but I keep quiet, ignoring the dark, dangerous eyes that follow us.

"Ugh, I hate living here now." She throws her stuff on the couch as I lock the door.

"I know. A lot has changed. I'm surprised the landlord is putting up with it. They threatened to have us evicted for having our music up too loud past nine that one Christmas, remember?" I shout, opening a bottle of wine, as she puts the TV on and sinks into the couch as if she's had a long day or something.

"Yeah, how could I forget?" she laughs mockingly, then she gasps, grabbing my attention immediately. "No shit..."

"What now?"

"They're doing a segment on TV about the graduates from the college who went missing last year, and Carli and Shawn are all over the news."

I swallow hard and timidly walk into the living room to watch it, scared to see their faces after all this time. Sure enough, Shawn and Carli, along with ten other missing student's pictures flash on the TV screen with a short explanation about what happened to them, which is, of course, only speculation. I collapse on the couch and stare blankly, zoning off again. Moments later, my phone goes off, and when I check it, I'm shocked to see a message from River.

Hey, are you watching the news?

Yeah, I'm assuming you saw Shawn and Carli on it too?

Yeah, shit is crazy, isn't it? I can't believe they still haven't found him yet.

Hopefully, they still will.

I wait for a response, but it never comes. I have a gut feeling Shawn's gone. There were too many things going on for him to simply give up on life. But the question of where his body is if he is dead and what happened to him remains unanswered.

As I sit here, staring blankly at the screen, I get a very deep chill that racks my body wildly as my mind drifts back to one of the many nights that I still have nightmares about.

Flashback, December

Deciding to call it an early night, I crawl into bed and tuck myself under the covers, curling into the fetal position to ease the brutal cramps contracting inside my stomach. After eating more Midol than I should've and running out of all the hot water in my baths, I've given up on trying to get rid of the pain radiating throughout my body. With River working, trying to take his mind off Shawn still being missing, and Melanie probably at the club, I once again have the apartment to myself.

I've never been one who likes being alone, even though that's how I grew up. I adjust the volume on the TV, drowning out the sound of the city's traffic below, and close my eyes, trying to fall asleep, ignoring the pain from these killer cramps.

I feel my legs being spread open, and a little tickle on my clit jolts my body out of a dead sleep. With my eyes closed and my mind still locked in half of a dream, I reach my hands down and feel a head full of soft, curly hair between my legs. I'm not sure if I'm dreaming or not, but I can still feel a small smile spread across my lips as I tug the tousled strands through my fingers, parting my legs wider as long, thick fingers dig into my achy thighs.

Teeth nip at my oversensitive clit, making my head shake from side to side, but exhaustion prevents my eyes from opening. Pleasure rushes through me, and my back lifts off the bed as a tongue dips into my opening, toying with the string of my tampon, before a set of teeth give it a little tug. My eyes fling open when I feel it being pulled out of me, but all I can see is a silhouette as I glance toward the end of the bed at the man between my thighs, still thinking it's River.

"River...what are you doing? I have my period."

"So?" is all he says, which comes out in a whisper, and then his head is back between my legs, his tongue licking from my opening to my clit in one long, slow lick, setting every nerve in my body on fire.

I let my head fall against the pillow, allowing myself to enjoy the feeling of his tongue down there while I'm 'on the rag', which is something we've never done before. He uses his teeth on my clit, tugging it roughly, while mercilessly driving his tongue in and out of my pussy, making me feel things I've only felt one other time—in the cemetery. The memory hits me hard, almost as hard as the orgasm that rips through me, soaking his mouth as he sucks my release out of my pussy.

He drops my quivering legs from his shoulders onto my bed and sits on his knees, silently looking at me in the dark. I reach over and go to turn the light on, but his voice stops me, making me shake more than my orgasm.

"I wouldn't do that, Trouble."

Remembering that name from the cemetery, I freeze, my heart hammering in my ears. I turn the light on anyway and gasp when I see the sight in front of me. I notice the silver mask placed beside him on the bed and know right away that it's the same one that used the severed fingers on me that night.

He's now sitting in front of me, his eyes covered by sunglasses, and his mouth, nose, and chin stained with my blood and glistening with my cum. I snatch my blanket and cover my lower body from his hungry, sadistic eyes, trying to scoot back against the headboard to get away from him.

"What are you doing here? Get out!" I scream, but he doesn't budge.

"That's not what you were saying a second ago." He smirks, licking my blood off his lips, sighing in satisfaction.

"You're disgusting."

"It's blood. What's so gross about it?"

"Everything, it's blood! What's so appealing about it?" I argue, not knowing why.

"The blood's red color is alluring, don't you think, Trouble? Red is associated with love and lust, and it evokes feelings of passion and desire. Did you know that?"

"No, I didn't."

I look at him in shock. He grabs his mask, turns around to take his sunglasses off, and then slides the silver mask over his face, never wiping the blood off. He gets off my bed and heads toward the window, which I assume is the same way he came in.

"Wait... why do you keep showing up? What do you want from me?"

Keeping his back to me, he puts his hand on the window and hangs his head as he speaks. "I told you what we wanted." Anger drips from his voice as he speaks.

"Yeah, but why do you want me?"

"Payback, Trouble. Carli was Red's family, and you and your friends killed her."
After his admission, he sneaks out my window, leaving me more shocked than I was
when I found out River wasn't the one with his head between my legs.

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Double Trouble

Blade

Because the Mausoleum gets hot and stuffy in the summer, we spend those months at our apartment. The moment I enter the room after making a quick trip to the grocery store, I can tell the guys are losing their minds from boredom from the expressions on their faces. We go out and do things every day, but we haven't done the one thing that gives us all the release we crave.

As I pause in the kitchen to store the food and the alcohol, I catch sight of Saint on the balcony, chain smoking and holding a pint of Jack while he peers over the railing.

"Riley, what's up with Saint?"

"No clue. He's been dead ass quiet all day."

I scratch my chin and shoot him a look of confusion as I pop the top on a beer. "Has he been out there long?"

"Ever since we got back from the beach." He never takes his gaze away from the TV as he and Nixon sit in front of it, playing Xbox.

I throw the cap in the garbage, lean the bottle against my lips, and move toward the door. As I open it and step outside onto the patio, I let the beer slide down my throat.

Closing the door behind me, Saint doesn't even turn around. But he knows it's me behind him.

"What, Blade?"

"What are you doing out here?"

"Just watching the view."

I follow his gaze and notice he's staring directly into Scarlett's apartment, a pained grin on his lips as he puffs on a thickly rolled joint, his gaze never leaving her bedroom window.

"Halloween is coming soon enough, brother. We'll have her in no time." I pat him on the back and fix my gaze on her apartment, a smile twitching at the memory of the night we first met her in the cemetery. Since then, there have been other times we've seen her, but she still has no idea who we are, and I don't think she ever will.

Saint

As Scarlett pulls her shirt over her head, my eyes widen even more as I welcome the burn from the glaring sun. My eyes already sting from not blinking, but I widen them even more.

Even though we lived across the city, we seized the opportunity when a building opened up across from hers. I now frequently come out here to keep an eye on her. The wait is fucking agonizing since Halloween is five months away. My cock aches at the plans we have for her, and I know they're torturing Blade and the boys as well.

Any guy, whether he wants to fucking admit it or not, dreams of stealing a precious girl's virginity.

I lean over the railing and keep a close eye on her as she changes from her bathing suit into a simple black T-shirt. As I recall dressing her in my shirt the night we brought her home from the finger games, a sly grin tugs at the corners of my mouth.

“What are you smiling at?” Blades asks, nudging my elbow with his.

“Nothing, don’t worry about it,” I sneer, never taking my eyes off Scarlett’s window.

“Alright, have fun with this. Me, Riley, and Nixon are going out tonight. Do you want to join us?” My brother asks, mischief flashing in his ice blue eyes.

“Nah. Raincheck?”

He casts a quizzical look at me, but I still keep my eyes on Scarlett. “Sure, raincheck.”

At 11:34 p.m., Scarlett finally turns off her light. I feel a smile spread across my lips as soon as I realize the significance of the time. It spells hell upside down and backwards .

Every time I smoke a cigarette, I go out onto the balcony to check on her, but all night long, she has been simply lying on her bed. If I had to hazard a guess, I would say she's likely waiting until the wee hours to see if any of us sneak into her room like we have. She waits for us only to watch what kind of suffering we subject her to next.

Initially intended as retaliation for the death of Riley's sister, it has evolved into more of a game—a sick obsession between the four of us—and her. Whether she likes to admit it or not, I know she fucking likes it.

I take a seat in the chair and raise my feet up on the handrail. I let myself be carried

away by a vivid memory of one of the nights Blade and I broke into her room a few months ago as I light my cigarette and stare into the gloom of her room.

Flashback, February

I chose the room with the best view of Scarlett's on purpose, and I just finished unpacking. We have been waiting for a while for an apartment close to hers to become available for rent, and fortunately, one just did. So we took it.

Nixon is throwing a small party tonight, so we've been munching on ecstasy pills like skittles to get ready. Blade walks into my room with masks in hand and a sly grin on his face while Nixon and Riley are preoccupied with the female guests they've invited. He throws me my mask and nods toward Scarlett's apartment as his dark, wild eyes pierce through mine.

"Ready to have some fun?" he asks, licking his dry lips as the drugs run rampant through his body, turning him into a monster, hungry and desperate, much like myself.

"Ready for... what?" As the E begins to take effect, the lights blind my eyes, coursing through my veins like lava and warming my entire body.

As I follow his gaze and land on Scarlett's window—exactly where I was watching moments earlier—desire overflows my senses.

"What the fuck do you think?" he sneers, adjusting the boner that's already growing between his legs.

"I was born ready. What is it tonight?"

He mulls it over as I pull my sweatshirt over my head and fasten my mask over my

face. We go to the window and open it, preparing to climb down the fire escape .

"Let's see how eager she is to get on her knees for us ." He grins before he puts his mask on, making my cock twitch at his brilliant idea.

Once we arrive at her window, we see her dozing off in bed while her bedroom is only illuminated by the light from the TV. I take my knife and cut the window screen, ripping it open so we can slide through. By this point, she has probably replaced it numerous times.

Blade and I stand by her bedside and gaze at her, drooling as our eyes travel over her body and land on the enticing, off-limits cunt between her legs. My mouth is already watering, but I smile under my mask as I recall the taste of her blood on my tongue. Blade moves to the other side of her bed while I stay where I am, both wielding our knives, waiting for her to sense our presence and wake up.

She doesn't wake up even after I gently poke her with my knife while she's still sleeping, pressing the point against her erect nipples and through her sheer pajama top. Her eyes fling open as I lower my knife and slide it under her top as Blade takes his and glides the spine deftly across her collarbone, leaving goosebumps on her soft, innocent skin. I quickly slice it in half, exposing her bare breasts, which are made even harder when the cool air hits them.

"Ahh!" she screams, and I slap my hand over her mouth, not wanting her to wake up her roommate.

"Shut the fuck up, sinner, " Blade says, narrowing his eyes at her as he turns his knife around and presses the sharp edge against her throat. "You're gonna keep that pretty little mouth shut, and you're gonna sit the fuck up for us, aren't you, sinner?"

She slowly sits up with her back pressed against the headboard, nodding her head

slowly and flicking her wide-open eyes between our knives. By removing the blanket from her, he reveals her lower body and the fact that she's only wearing a pair of white underwear.

How appropriate for a virgin.

I move closer to her legs, dipping my head to her pussy. I pull apart her trembling thighs and breathe heavily over her clothed clit, causing it to swell and arouse her even though I'm not touching her.

"You've got a pussy full of sin even though no one's ever been inside of it, don't you, trouble?" My breath on her pussy is as hot as the fires in hell, as I ask, flicking the ball of nerves with the tip of my tongue.

She trembles as Blade moves his knife smoothly over her tits, piercing her skin with the point until blood drips from the wound. Intensely sucking on her tit, he dips his head and keeps his eyes on her while hungrily lapping up the blood. The other one is cut, leaving a mark on both of her supple tits, and her adorable little eyes take on a terrified expression.

I take my hand and rub her pussy roughly with the ball of my palm, getting her to arch her back off the bed slightly, knowing I'm seconds away from ripping her panties off and slamming my cock inside of her. Her eyes are tormented, and I can see how she despises her love for it.

My brother sucks the tiny slices dry, pulling his mouth away from her chest and wiping his lips, leaving behind vicious bite marks that appear to be painful. "Time to get on your fucking knees, sinner."

"For what?" she bites back, pissed off and in pain.

He grabs her hair and drags her toward the edge of the bed, about to throw her onto the floor.

"Fine! I'll go on my own," she yells, but in a whisper, knowing better than to raise her voice so her nosey roommate doesn't come in and ruin everything.

"That's what I fucking thought."

"Don't sit here and act like you're not having fun, trouble," I taunt her as she positions herself on her knees in front of Blade and me.

"Yeah, wicked fun," she scoffs, tying her hair in a ponytail, already knowing what's about to happen.

"Look at you. Such a good sport getting ready for us." I move closer to her mouth by pulling out my cock and twirling the piercings in my head, which causes jolts of gratification to erupt throughout my body.

Blade has already started to stroke his, maintaining a firm grip at the base while squeezing the tip and playing with the piercings lining his shaft. Her eyes enlarge when she first sees our cocks, almost as if she has never seen one that's pierced—or one that is covered in piercings, for that matter. I push the tip of my cock against her quivering lips while stroking it, amused at her reaction to the sight of it, with swirls of colored ink and shiny, silver barbells all over.

"What? You've never seen a cock like ours before, have you?"

"No. Did that hurt?" she asks shyly, making Blade and I smirk underneath our masks.

"Nah, after the first one, all the other piercings were nothing," I answer, tugging on a barbell that's pierced near the middle of my shaft.

"What about the tattoos? Did those hurt?" She looks at Blade, turning her head slightly so my cock pokes against her cheek.

"Have you ever gotten a tattoo, sinner?"

"Yeah."

"Did it fucking hurt?"

"Yeah... a little."

"Alright then. There's your fucking answer. Now shut the fuck up and open your mouth for me," he huffs out, sounding impatient, as the drugs wreak havoc on his mind.

She complies, sits up straight on her knees, and parts her lips just in time for Blade to ruthlessly slam his cock between them. He pumps into her mouth, repeatedly thrusting forcefully against her uvula as tears sting her eyes. In order to give him a better angle down her throat, I fist her hair, messing up her ponytail, and pull it back.

"If her throat is this tight, just imagine how tight her cunt is." He winks at me and slides his cock out of her mouth, pulling thick spit strings with it .

I give her a moment to breathe, and when Blade has her hair firmly in his grasp, I turn her head and approach her, smearing the clear beads of precum all over her puffy lips so they shine for me. "My turn. Now fucking open that mouth for me, trouble."

Nervously, she opens her mouth, taking me in as I gently push between her lips. Once fully between them, I squeeze her mouth shut, making her lips kiss the skin at the base of my cock, my hips wildly pumping away. She gags and slurps, trying to suck as I brutally thrust and Blade tugs viciously on her hair. I pinch her nose, cutting off

most of her air, so she basically chokes on my cock, making her throat constrict around my shaft. And it feels so fucking good.

Stroking his cock, he presses the tip against her cheek, letting his precum smear across her skin. She widens her jaw and takes me deeper, squeezing me down her throat while licking my piercings with the tip of her tongue. Fuck. My eyes roll, my stomach tightens, and a shudder racks my body. I let go of her nose, and she gasped, giving me the chance to squeeze down her throat some more. Blade stands beside me, turning Scarlett so she's looking at both of us, swatting my hand away from her mouth as he forces her lips open as wide as he can.

"This might be uncomfortable, but I know you can do it."

She looks at us, fear filling her big, beautiful eyes.

"Just don't fucking bite us... The last girl who did got her fucking throat slashed," he says proudly, reminiscing about that night when White cut the bitch's throat.

She opens her mouth as wide as she can, still keeping my cock inside. Blade pushes his between her red, puffy lips, forcing it in as far as it'll go. She bobs her head, sucking both of our cocks as we fuck her mouth in unison. I grip her throat while Blade fists her hair, both of us spilling our come down her throat, filling her mouth so hot liquid drips from the corners of her swollen lips.

"You are a little sinner, aren't you?" Blade says, emptying the last of himself on the back of her tongue.

"Imagine what both of us in your tight little cunt are going to feel like...at the same time," I whisper as the last wave of pleasure rips through me, delivering a final thrust that sends the tip of my cock slamming against the back of her throat.

I can't fucking wait for Halloween.

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The Ruthless Red Mask

July

Scarlett

I sigh and rub my throbbing temples, hoping my medication will start working soon. After noticing the time on the wall and the loud, taunting tick of the clock in my ears, I grab my coffee mug and walk out the door. Naturally, I would have a migraine today.

The drive to work is fuzzy. When I try to push the events of last night out of my mind, everything else becomes a massive blur. It seems as though every memory but that one has been erased from my mind. I shouldn't have gone out.

Every time I close my eyes, I keep seeing his mask—his red mask—and it makes me gag. How is it possible for one person to make you feel so dirty? I shiver as I finally pull into the prison's parking lot. After arriving at my office, I set up for my first patient while taking a few extra minutes to enjoy my coffee and try to put these gruesome flashbacks out of my mind.

The two months I have been working here, counseling prisoners who are about to be released, have been great. It undoubtedly aids in distracting me from Carli and Shawn. It'll be a year in just a few months since she was murdered and he went missing, and there's still no word about either of them. It's like they were forgotten

about. I 'd hate to see what would happen if I were to ever end up dead or missing.

Riley

"You did what? " Blade and Silver growl in unison as I smirk and bite on my apple, my feet kicked up on the couch.

"I went to see her last night."

"But she wasn't home!" Saint spits through his clenched teeth as he yells. When I told them, I anticipated their outrage.

"That's cus we didn't make it back to her place. I followed her from the bar."

They stare at me as if they want to rip off my head, which I find amusing.

"You're not supposed to touch her, Riley."

"Relax. She's still a fucking virgin if that's what you're getting at. Besides, you seem to be forgetting that it was my sister who was killed, not yours. Why can't I have a little fun?" In defiance, I bite back and finish my apple before throwing the core behind me into the trash.

"You take shit too far, Riley, and we agreed we'd visit her together, " Blade bites, clearly pissed off.

"It was one fucking time; relax." I keep a smirk on my face that makes both of them squirm.

"Tonight, we take the fucking ex. It's time to play another game," Saint hisses, turning on his heel and speaking with a tone that makes my skin tingle.

They sprinted out of the apartment, leaving me alone with Nixon, who's so absorbed in whatever game he's playing on his Xbox that he didn't even hear the argument we had just moments earlier.

"Did you hear that, Nix?" I challenge him while flinging a crumpled piece of paper at the back of his head.

He spins around, itching the spot where the paper hit him and staring at me through his dark, evil eyes, the tattoos covering his face giving him a sadistic appearance. But they're quite fitting, really.

"What the fuck, Riley?"

"It's paper, Nixon. Boo fucking who."

"What do you want?"

"Did you hear Saint?" I ask, a smile curling dangerously on my lips as I lick them.

"Nah, what did he say?"

"Tonight we play."

His eyes light up and he sets the controller down, shifting his body so he's focusing on my face now. "Oh, and who's the unlucky player this time?" He grins again, clearly wanting to play along.

"River, the ex." I rub my hands together just as his brow raises intriguingly.

"Oh fuck yeah. This ought to be fun."

Scarlett

After work, I spend the entire drive home looking over my shoulder, in my rearview mirror, and in my side mirror, making me feel like a fucking crackhead, for God's sake. I haven't stopped looking over my shoulder since my terrifying encounter with the man in the red mask last night. It was very different from the visits in the middle of the night with the men wearing the Black and Silver masks. And while these visits are already terrifying enough, this one truly shocked me.

Since they usually don't bother me when I'm out in public, I figured I would be safe walking. Normally, they torment me while I sleep, but not the man in the red mask. As I was returning home after meeting Melanie at the bar, he came for me. She wanted to get drinks because she was spending the night at her boyfriend's apartment. She persuaded me to meet her at the nearby pub because it wasn't too far from our apartment.

When I arrive at my house and pull into my spot, I quickly gather my belongings and dash inside, checking to make sure no one is following me. I'm hit with a vivid flashback of my walk home and the horrific events that followed the moment I walked through the door, bolted the locks, and turned on the lights.

Flashback, the night before

"I'm gonna take off, girl; it's getting late!" Over the loud music blasting from the pub's surround sound speakers, I yell to Melanie.

I take my final sip of absinthe and return the glass to the bartender, oblivious to the burn that is coursing down my throat.

"Already?" she pouts, sitting on her boyfriend's lap.

"Yeah, I have to be at the prison pretty early tomorrow," I say proudly, already loving my new job and not trying to fuck it up by being hungover .

"Alright, bitch. Make sure you text me and let me know you made it home safe."

"Always, girl." Before I leave the pub, the warm summer air caresses my body in an endearing way as we exchange a quick hug and kiss on the cheek.

I start the short walk home, enjoying the breeze as it continues to blow, cooling me off from the alcohol rushing through me and feathering light kisses over my skin.

I considered stopping by the cemetery to see Carli, but I decided against it because I knew it would not be a good idea given what happened the last time. Ugh, the severed fingers... ewww. The memory makes me gag and shudder uncontrollably. That was the worst thing those nefarious, devilish, masked men have ever done to me in the past nine months.

As I approach my apartment, I can see it just a few blocks away, but as I get closer, I can hear the faint tapping of footsteps behind me. I turn slightly, but no one is in sight. I abruptly come to a stop as I look back toward the front of me, and a figure wearing a dark red mask walks out into the open in my direction. I immediately realize that whoever he is, he must be with them , and I freeze. As I stand here frozen, unable to form a single word, my body begins to shake.

"My my, look what we have here," he says, his tone commanding and rough, sending an intense tingle along the base of my spine. "Looks like it's my turn tonight."

He has me lifted over his shoulder with my ass in the air, carrying me off into the dark alley faster than I can blink. I desperately hold onto the hem of his shirt as he guides me into the unknown. Finally finding my voice, I managed to speak up.

"Put me down, or I'll scream."

"Then fucking scream, Scarlett. I prefer my girls to be feisty. Besides, once we get where we're going, I'll give you something that will shut you the fuck up." Upon hearing his threat, I avert my eyes and lower my head to the ground in resignation, realizing that there is little I can do while in his grasp.

Why am I the one getting punished and tormented all this time when I'm not the one who killed Carli? I get that I helped bury her body and cover up the murder, but I didn't actually kill her.

When we get to the cemetery—the same one where Carli is buried—Red takes me towards the back, right to the Mausoleum, where River and I found Shawn's phone the night we came to look for him. My head hits a crumbling tombstone as he throws me to the ground. I hold the area and rub it while I look up into his menacing, sadistic eyes, trying to get the throbbing to stop.

Fearful of what he's about to do, I start to shake. "Why'd you bring me here?"

"The guys were right. You do ask a lot of questions for a girl who's about to... never mind." He trails off and then stops, looking around the cemetery as if he's deep in thought. "I figured you'd want to be with your friends, you know, Carli, who's also my fucking sister ." Hearing him say it makes me tremble, and I know immediately he's not going to take it easy on me tonight. "Did you know we're the ones who killed Shawn too?"

My jaw drops hearing him admit it, even though deep down I had a feeling it had been them all along.

"Yeah, we had a little fun chasing him through here; cutting him up was even better." He bends down, grabs my throat, and pulls my body against his so that his lips are

right next to my ear. "Drinking his blood was the best part, Scarlett. We drained every last drop from his body, cut him up, and scattered his body parts across Salem."

My body convulses as he continues his confession, and tears painfully prick my eyes, threatening to stream down my cheeks.

"Oh, but you have a few of his fingers, and I'm pretty sure Saint still has his fucking head."

My jaw drops, and I try to scoot back, but Red's grip on my throat tightens immediately.

"Where do you think you're going, Scarlett? You're mine for the night, and we're gonna play a little game." He lets me go and roughly shoves me to the ground. "I can't fucking wait until the time comes for us to bend you over one of these fucking headstones and ruin that tight virgin pussy."

I gasp for air, frantically rubbing the spots on my neck left by his fingers.

Oh my God! Those are Shawn's fingers? They used Shawn's fingers on me!

He paces in front of me as I gag and try to contain the bile rising in my throat. He rubs his hands together and looks at me once more, his dark eyes glistening and his black pupils widening as if something in his mind had finally clicked.

"Tell you what. If you can find your way out of here, then I'll let you go home, and I'll leave you alone tonight."

I look at him, worry making my brows crease. "And what if I don't find my way out?"

"I'm glad you asked... If you can't find your way out in time, well, then you're mine,"

he laughs coldly, and the sound reverberates throughout the pitch-black night as birds fly through the trees and across the starry sky.

Riley

When I explain the straightforward rules of the game that me and the boys invented, I notice utter fear swirling in her terror filled eyes. I know she doesn't want to play, but she has no choice. She's definitely aware that she 's being set up to fail, but it's still entertaining to play with her perception by making her think there's a way out when there isn't.

I extend my arm and reach my hand down, helping her to her feet. She sways back and forth, attempting to maintain her balance with the help of a tombstone beside her—the same one she cracked her head on when I shoved her ass down to the ground. A tiny gash on her head catches my attention, and blood is already dripping from the nasty wound, making my mouth water and my cock harden. I approach her, licking my lips, eager to taste how delectable she is.

I take her face in my hands and lower her head, pressing my lips against the cut. I swish my tongue over it softly, licking away the oozing blood that coats my tongue and teeth. My taste buds are roused by the metallic flavor, and internal fireworks begin to erupt. I try to clean the gash while sucking on her skin like a fucking vampire, savoring the taste of her blood on my tongue despite the fact that I'll soon be tasting more of it. I couldn't wait.

She writhes, and I eventually release her, leaving her with a look of complete shock as I wipe my lips with my fingers and immediately suck them into my mouth.

"Yummy."

"Gross," she scoffs, like she's better than me or something.

"You haven't even seen gross yet, trouble. I'd get running if I were you. You don't wanna see what happens if— when I fucking catch you... so run. "

She finally musters the strength to move her feet, which are frozen in the dead grass, and runs through the eerie cemetery as quickly as her long, sexy legs allow her. I take my time, knowing the graveyard is rigged with traps, and casually walk in the direction she runs, grabbing rope, a pack of smokes, and my lighter, knowing how much pain I can inflict on her with just these items. This is going to be so much fun.

Even though I'm pretty sure which way she went, I take my time lighting one of the cigarettes and looking for her. I hear a light scream shortly after hearing the rustling of leaves not too far away. I turn to face the source of the noise while grinning, the corners of my lips pulling up. She's huddled down in front of me, wailing and clutching her twisted ankle as she's caught in one of the nets Nixon has strewn about.

"That's not fair! You didn't even give me a chance!" she cries, cowering as I stand over her, dangling the rope above her head.

"Nobody said anything about rules." I make a noose out of the rope, loop it around her neck, and tie the other end to her hands so that if she pulls, the end around her neck will get tighter. "So, I heard you work at the prison in Bridgewater, huh?" I pull her pants down and force her to her knees, revealing her chubby little ass. She lets out a painful gasp as I grab a handful and dig my fingers deep into it. Ripping her thong off, I run my hand over her pussy, coating her ass with her wetness, knowing what I'm about to do will hurt like hell.

"Who told you that?" Her voice is shaky as she tries to transport herself elsewhere in her mind—anywhere but where she is right now.

"I have my ways. You should know that by now." I plunge two fingers into her tight, untouched hole without warning, causing her body to jerk and the rope around her

neck to tighten as her hands moved in surprise. "Hold still, or you're going to choke yourself to death. Unless that's what you fucking want."

I pull out my cock and tap the tip of it against her quivering lips to get her to open her mouth. She sucks me inside, ever so willingly, while gently massaging my shaft with her tongue and gazing intently into my eyes. I brutally, rhythmically press my fingers into her ass to prepare her for the surprise we have in store for her on Halloween.

By now, we're all aware of how good she is at sucking a cock, but we'll all be surprised by what she's capable of doing with her pussy and her ass.

Still smoking my cigarette, I take it from between my lips and taunt her with it. She cries out in pain as I lift up her shirt and start to bite at her skin, leaving menacing-looking bite marks all over her tender, olive flesh. But when I press the glowing end of the cigarette against her breasts, she screams at the top of her lungs, opening her mouth wide enough for me to slam my cock down her throat and see the outline of the area I'm obsessively massaging.

She writhes as I press my fingers deep into her ass while she continues sucking on my cock as hot liquid leaks out and collects in her belly. I slip out of her mouth, allowing my cum to spurt all over her lips and neck, showering her skin and ruining her tear-stained face.

"Even more beautiful, covered in cum, Scarlett. Who would've thought?" I laugh, but she doesn't think it's funny.

She's held captive exclusively for me by the rope that's still wrapped around her wrists and neck as I pull my cock away and push her to the ground. I yanked my fingers out of her ass and put them in my mouth, sucking her juices clean off. Her taste lingers on my tongue, reawakening my cock.

Once I'm behind her, I kneel down and spread her ass apart, licking a line from her sopping cunt to her tight, bloody ass while slurping up the juices I've already extracted from her. Her whimpers echo around us as she writhes on the grass, careful not to move her hands. I dip my tongue in her pussy and then move to her ass, repeating the act until her body shakes with need. When I slap her cheek with my hand raised in the air, the other cheek vibrates and bears a vivid red imprint. I slap her again, ripping yelp after yelp from her throat with each strike.

By the time I'm finished, her ass is raw and bright red, and she's lying in a heap beneath me, panting from an orgasm and sobbing from the pain I've caused her. I take my knife out of my pocket and cut the rope to release her from my wrath—at least temporarily. She scurries to her feet while desperately looking for her clothes. Like the fool that she is, she runs... so I chase her.

Scarlett

As I run, I can't see anything. My body trembles violently, and tears cloud my vision. I just want to be clean and tucked back into my bed. I want to be free of him. I feel filthy, but how come it feels so good? This is fucked up. They are monsters, and I can not get away from them because they are real and not just in my head.

Although my body is in excruciating pain, I run as quickly as I can. My skin is covered in bite marks, which are swollen and painful beyond anything I have ever known. The burn marks give off an unabating sensation of fire melting my flesh. Everything hurts more in the cold air. My ass stings, and the pain grows worse with each step I take. My heart overflows with hope as I see the iron gates that will eventually lead me outside of this bizarre prison. The sensation is transient, though, as the man in the red mask approaches me while brandishing a bat. I pause and take a step back, shrieking and shaking even more than before.

"P...please. Let me go home." Even though I know it's pointless, I beg.

These men do whatever they want. The chase is what they wanted all along. He expected me to flee, and I fucking fell for it. How stupid can you be, Scarlett?

He remains silent. Instead, he approaches me, raises the bat in the air, and swings forcefully, the blood-stained wood striking my shins with great force, knocking me to the ground like a sack of potatoes. I lay here staring up at him when an instantaneous, blinding pain shoots up my spine, rendering me helpless .

"We're not done yet, trouble. We're far from finished, you and me." He strokes his cock once more, and I catch myself licking my lips as he lowers to his knees and directs it toward my mouth.

I close my eyes as I feel the wet, swollen tip rubbing against my lips. Here we go again.

eleven

Unmasked Manipulation

Scarlett

Since our apartment's air conditioner broke, the sweltering heat has followed us inside, engulfing us in brutal, suffocating heat waves. Melanie and I are sitting on the couch, fanning old newspapers in front of our faces, attempting to create some sort of fan to cool our hot bodies. This summer has been brutal, and I'm glad it's coming to an end. But with it comes autumn—and Halloween. It will be a year since Carli's murder and Shawn's disappearance. I shiver at the thought, fanning the newspaper in front of my face in an attempt to think of something else— anything else.

"Ugh, can we please get out of here and go do something?" Her body sweat covers the leather cushions as she adjusts her position on the couch.

For once, I agree with her, desiring to leave the apartment, even if it is late at night. We are both aware of the dangers that lurk in the shadows, but for the time being, we're willing to take a chance.

"Yeah, but what?" I finish the wine cooler in my hand, adding the empty bottle to the others on the coffee table.

"How about we go down to the lake and take a little swim?"

"Oh, that sounds like a good idea."

"And maybe we can see if River wants to come. I mean, we all used to hang out there, Scarlett."

"And now you went and ruined it." Rolling my eyes, I shrug my shoulders and get up from the couch, stretching out my sore, tired muscles.

"Come on, girl. Please ? It's too hot here, and with River with us, we wouldn't have to worry about any weirdos coming after us."

"I don't know, Mel. We haven't hung out much since we broke up."

"So, just tell him we don't want to go alone at night. We need his protective, manly ass to go with us." She makes a joke of it, giving me a wink as she gets up too.

"Fine, I'll text him, but I can't promise anything." We walk down the hall, each going to our rooms to change.

Before I undress, I grab my phone and send a text to River, hoping he texts back, but a small part of me hopes he doesn't.

Hey, Mel and I are going to the lake tonight to cool off with a swim. You wanna come with us?

Since we broke up, we haven't hung out, but we've talked. I'm not sure how awkward things will be if he comes with us tonight. Luckily for me, I guess, he texts back right away, and I hold my breath in anticipation of what his message says.

When are you guys going?

Getting dressed now.

Yeah, I could go for a swim too. You want to all go together, or you want me to meet you guys there?

I only think about it for a second before my fingers quickly tap away on the screen.

Can you just come here, and we'll all go together?

Lol yeah. Still afraid of the dark, huh?

A little, yeah. Can you blame me, though?

If he only knew what happened to me in the dark, he would understand why I was still afraid. Not only am I afraid to tell anyone about the masked men, but I'm also ashamed of how much I enjoy the way they make me feel. Not the pain, of course, but the pleasure.

Shaking the disturbing thoughts from my mind, I lay my phone down on the bed and get up to change, quickly removing my shirt. When I look down, the bruises, burns, and horrifying-looking bite marks all over my breasts and stomach serve as a stark reminder of what the man in the red mask did to my body.

I cringe and blink, trying to keep the tears from falling, knowing there's no way in hell I'll be able to wear a bathing suit without being interrogated by Melanie and River. I decide on a t-shirt and a pair of booty shorts, slip my feet into a pair of flip flops, and gather my belongings before heading out.

When we walk outside, River is standing at the curb, a cigarette tucked between his lips. As he looks down at the ground while kicking loose stones with the tips of his sandals, his long, dark hair falls into his eyes. Under the streetlight, his sharply defined jaw pops as he tightens it.

Before he realizes we are outside, I briefly admire him and miss the man I used to be able to call mine—the one who put up with my shit for four long years and stuck by me until circumstances made it impossible to continue. His shirt clings to his body, revealing the rippling muscles that define his abdomen beneath. He turns as we approach, grinning, and flips his hair out of his eyes.

"Ready to go?" As he speaks, he grins, his eyes glinting in the moonlight.

"Yeah, let's go."

When we arrive at the lake, we notice that there are a few other people swimming there as well. We lay our belongings on the grass, and while River and Melanie change into their bathing suits, all I do is slide my feet out of my sandals, which earns me a couple of odd looks.

"Um, why are not you wearing a bikini like you usually do?" Melanie exhales, pulling her bottoms out of her ass.

"I just didn't feel like wearing one."

River looks at me suspiciously, his gaze falling on my ass, lingering, and making me shiver. "It's hot out, though."

"Yeah, and we're at a lake . I'll be cooled off in no time." Leaving the subject alone, she dashes for the water and dives in.

The moment River raises his gaze from my body to my face, a flirtatious grin forms on his lips.

"You're still sexy as shit, Scar. I've fucking missed you." He takes my hand in his and pulls me toward the water, and I follow him without hesitation.

As we jump in, everyone here turns to look at us, wide, bright smiles on their faces. They're the same guys from the beach, I think. I give a nervous smile in return and dive under the water to cool off. When I come up, I notice them still staring at me, not even trying to be subtle about it as they float in the water on their backs.

Saint

I keep staring at Scarlett, and as we drift closer to her and her friends in the water, I keep flashing her enigmatic, playful smiles that catch her attention. Rage surges through me as I notice she isn't in a fucking bathing suit, and I know it 's because of the encounter she had with Riley last night. I jerk my head in his direction, and my eyes narrow.

"What the fuck is that look for?" he chuckles, scratching the stubble on his chin.

"You know what it's fucking for. She should be in a fucking bathing suit right now, not in a damn t-shirt."

I turn my attention back to her and watch as she swims about with her friends, laughing carefree. That's all about to change again...tonight. My cock twitches at the sound of her laughter, and I know my brother is suffering just as much from it. Halloween can't come soon enough. I can't wait to tell her how this all started.

She's unaware of the dark, twisted secret that started this whole mess. The secret that will change everything when we finally tell her, is that when she finds out, it'll be too late to do anything about it because everyone she cares about will be dead, and soon she will be too.

We have no idea why we do what we do. We might do it because we thrive on excitement and pleasure. And we have never felt such intense pleasure as we do with Scarlett. We yearn for the chase, the taste of blood on our tongues, and the sensation

of blood on our hands. One of the most beautiful sights in the entire fucking world is the fear in their eyes as they realize they are about to die. Almost nothing compares to it.

We move from town to town and state to state, terrorizing whoever the fuck we want. Everywhere we go, we leave our mark, and one day, the entire world will have experienced our wrath. We have never left one alive before. No one exists to tell the tale of what transpired to them. Nobody can describe the sadistic horror we subjected them to because we chose to slaughter them all. We discussed letting Trouble live, but once we're done with her, she'll be begging us to kill her... I almost feel bad for tricking her...almost.

"What are you in your head about over there?" My thoughts are interrupted by Blade's voice, which forces me to refocus.

"Oh, just the usual. "

"Should we make our move?" Nixon looks over at the group with a sadistic expression covering his imposing green eyes.

"Might as well. Riley, back the fuck off after what you did last night," I growl a warning and dive beneath the surface of the water, swimming right over to my troubled little dead girl.

Blade

Even as I stand on the grass, smoking my cigarette, I keep my gaze fixed on my little black-haired sinner. She looks in this direction occasionally as she paddles her legs through the water while holding out her arms. She already has my cock hard and throbbing.

The soft fabric of my shorts brushes against the piercings in my shaft as I walk, causing pleasure to jolt inside of me every time. My knife felt almost as though it were burning a hole inside my pocket as it pressed against my thigh. I just want to use it . Soon enough.

I grab the football and make sure I have a firm grip on it by putting the pads of my fingers over the laces. I walk back toward the water, my cigarette in the corner of my lips, and throw the ball in a spiral in the direction of my little sinner. Saint and Nixon dive after it, oblivious to Sinner or her friends, and purposefully collide with them. Gotcha. Saint leaps into the air and catches the ball, landing next to her with a splash.

"Shit, sorry about that." I keep my voice low, even deeper than usual, making sure she doesn't recognize it from our many other encounters.

"Oh, you're fine." She smiles—God, does she smile—and it's the sexiest fucking smile I've ever seen. She wipes the water from her eyes and runs her hands down her face, missing my grin.

"You wanna toss the ball?" Nixon looks at River and asks while feigning an evil grin.

"Yeah, sure." He takes the bait and swims in our direction.

I see Melanie batting her fake lashes in a blatantly flirtatious manner as her inebriated eyes flick at each of us. A timid smile appears on my little sinner's pink lips as she alternately casts her curious gaze between Saint and me. It's working.

"What about you, ladies? Do you want to play? " Melanie squeals before Scarlett can respond, sounding like a pig being gutted, and it makes me want to slit her fucking throat right now. But it's not her turn just yet.

"No, I think we'll just watch you guys. At least I'm going to watch you. I don't know

what Scarlett's doing."

I turn to face her and smile while feigning ignorance of who she is. Saint swims up beside me, lowering himself so that only his eyes are visible above the surface of the water as he looks at her. The moonlight falls on us, bouncing off the surface of the water and giving it a sinister glow. As I bore my eyes into her, the darkness whirled in them as I watched to see if she saw a similarity between Saint and me.

"Scarlett, huh? Such a pretty name." My voice is raspy, which causes her to shiver as she smiles at the compliment.

"Than..." She pauses, and as I follow her gaze, I grin, realizing she's looking right into Saint's eyes, which I know she recognizes. She attempts to shake herself out of the trance he has trapped her in by clearing her throat and shrugging her shoulders. "Thank you." Her voice is shaky as she finally speaks.

She jumps as Saint rises for air, which causes her to heave a small gasp. As she struggles to remember where she has previously seen those eyes, she blinks and tries to suppress a nervous smile.

"This is Blade, and I'm Saint." He shakes his head and hurls water at us while grinning devilishly.

Without warning, he spins around and tosses the ball to River. I catch a glimpse of my little sinner looking directly at me out of the corner of my eye.

Scarlett

They seem to have a certain familiarity about them that I can't quite place. When they look at me, a chill spreads through my bones, as though I have seen those eyes before. But where?

We emerge from the water and sprawl out on the grass, gazing out at the lake while still drinking and hanging out with them. River laughs, seemingly at ease—the happiest I have seen him in a long time. Riley caresses Melanie's bare thigh and whispers into her ear as she relaxes on his lap, despite the fact that she already has a boyfriend. She devours his words, which is truly sickening. But who am I to say anything? Being out here in the night like this reminds me of my time spent in the cemetery both times. And I sort of like it.

I'm left seated here with my feet in the water, sandwiched between the two brothers of the group, while Riley and Melanie flirt and Nixon and River chat.

"I haven't seen you guys around here before. Is this your first time? Melanie asks inquisitively while popping her gum between her teeth.

"We come all the time, but we prefer to come at night." Keeping his gaze fixed on mine, Blade tells her.

"Oh, we usually come during the day. That's probably why we've never seen you before." One of them lights a blunt, and the smell of Marijuana permeates the air, tingling my nostrils as it wafts up deliciously.

"Do you guys want to hit this?" Saint asks with a soothing, hypnotic voice. With her eyes glazed over from the alcohol, Melanie reaches for it as she leans over my lap and smiles cunningly.

"Yes, please!" She laughs and takes a huge rip off the blunt.

The guys all look at us with interest, including River, who is taken aback by her actions. She is usually much more cautious.

"It's not laced or anything, if that's what you're worried about." In keeping with the

seductive tone of his voice, Blade continues with a sexy smirk on his lips.

"Nah, we brought shrooms with us, though. We don't lace our weed." Now the three of us are looking at each other, remembering what happened the last time we all tripped in the woods. We tripped in the graveyard the last time, but it was acid and ecstasy.

"Did you guys want to have a little fun?" Saint asks, his brows raised, and as he licks his lips, I start to perspire.

My stomach flutters with nervousness from their intense gaze, but when I notice River's unperturbed expression, it seems to calm me down.

"By fun, you mean?" I ask, wanting to know what we are getting ourselves into.

"Well, we can smoke, eat some mushrooms, and play a game of manhunt—the adult version," Blade responds, moving in closer, his hand brushing against my thigh.

His smile soothes me, and his crystal blue eyes make me melt against him, assuring me that everything will be fine. As the alcohol flows through me, it warms me up, lowers my guard, and unknowingly makes me stupid. I take the blunt out of Melanie's hand, inhale the flavor-infused smoke, and let it fill my lungs. Blade takes the blunt from me and puffs on it before grabbing the back of my neck and pulling my mouth to his. Instead of pulling away when he grabs my lips, I allow them to part and fuse together as he blows smoke into my mouth, giving me a shotgun.

I can feel the blush on my cheeks as I pull away, but the darkness around us prevents the others from seeing it. Thank God. Along with the alcohol, the blunt is passed around, and before I know it, the baggie of mushrooms has been opened, and Nixon is handing us the foul-smelling dried stems and caps.

We eat them, chewing without breathing and trying not to taste what we're swallowing as they slide down our throats. I gag and try to ignore the taste of the rotten mushrooms as I sip the beer Melanie gives me. In an instant, Nixon and River are standing and laughing together as if they have known each other for years.

"We'll be right back, we're going to grab some wood to start a fire." River winks at me, and I return the gesture, grinning that he's finally enjoying himself following the Shawn incident.

I'm left sitting with Saint and Blade, who haven't left my side, as Melanie and Riley are still deeply absorbed in each other. And, strangely, it's oddly comforting out here in the woods to know that I'm not alone with those sadistic masked men still on the loose.

"So, Scarlett, are you having a good time tonight?" After River and Nixon have left, Blade is the first to speak, his hand still resting on my upper thigh.

"Yeah, surprisingly, I am."

Saint reaches up and tucks a strand of hair behind my ear, and I smile. "Sorry, I couldn't see your smile," he says, which, in my opinion, makes my blush even more obvious. "Do you have a boyfriend? Is someone going to come out of the woods and kill me for sitting so close to you?"

"No, River and I broke up."

The corners of his lips pull up to meet his gleaming blue eyes as he jokes. His choice of words causes a shiver to run through my body and slowly descend my spine, but I ignore them and continue to smile.

The wind blows, whipping tree branches back and forth, giving the impression of

long arms reaching out to grab me in the shadows. I shiver and blink a few times, aware that I'm just hallucinating due to the drugs taking effect. My eyes are drawn to Blade and Saint, whose large, button-like pupils catch my attention. Their curly hair reminds me of a shaggy carpet, and I want to reach out and touch it. The clouds in the sky behind them resemble cotton candy, fluffy and dark blue and glistening with glitter. I try to reach up and touch it, but everything appears to be so far away.

"Feeling okay?" One of them asks, but I'm not sure which.

My head is cocked, and my gaze is fixed on the clouds. I have no worries in the world as I gaze at them both and feel as though my body and I are feathers floating aimlessly in the sky.

"Oh, I'm feeling great. Everything looks so pretty out here."

"That's the shrooms talking." Intense shudders run through my body as Blade whispers in my ear, sending my body into overdrive. "But you're right, everything does look so pretty out here."

I look down and notice both of them staring at me, hunger visible in their eyes. Saint begins to feather his fingertips up my thigh, while Blade drags his across my forearm, tracing over my Nightmare Before Christmas tattoo.

"I bet that feels really good... doesn't it?" Blade poses the question, his touch turning playful and his voice dripping with seduction.

"Actually, it does," I admit that as the Psilocybin invades my body and the drugs run through my veins, shaking my world with uncontrollable hallucinations, everything feels more intense.

"I bet I could make you feel even better," Blade says, almost like a challenge.

"Actually, we could make you feel even better," his brother adds, giving the spot right near the apex of my thighs a gentle brush .

I shiver, losing myself in the bright blue swirl of their eyes as mine flicker back and forth between them. "Is that right? And how would you do that?"

"Let's play a little game, Scarlett... You'll see," Blade remarks while grinning mischievously as River and Nixon return carrying firewood.

My body lightens even more as I giggle out loud and struggle to sit up on my own, enlisting the brothers' assistance. Like I'm trapped in a Van Gough painting or something, my head feels heavy as the world around me spins and the colors become more vibrant.

I'm eager to find out what this game is all about.

twelve

Manhunt Horror

Blade

Sinner and her friends are fucking tripping balls, while me and the boys are only on a mild trip, nowhere eating close to what they did... on purpose . Yes, we enjoy playing games and getting high, but we also need to have some mental clarity to make sure we know what we are doing.

Saint gets up and offers to help, giving me a knowing, impatient look as Nixon and River work to start the fire. Riley is still completely smitten with Melanie, so I think he'll want her when the time comes for her to meet her end. He rocks her against his lap as I keep my gaze fixed on my mask and knife in my bag, just feet away.

"So, what exactly are the rules of this game?" Finally removing her mouth from Riley's and addressing those of us nearby, Melanie asks.

Sinner simply stares off into space, losing herself in the iridescent velvety sky that's hovering above us and giving the impression of swiftly swirling water. Fuck, I love shrooms. Once the fire is going, Saint returns, hands River, Sinner, and Melaine new drinks, and this time takes a seat even closer to her. The four of us observe as they sip them without hesitation, unaware that they're laced with a flavorless, odorless substance that will make them forget everything that transpired here tonight.

"It's easy. Have you ever played manhunt before? "

“Yeah, but not since I was a kid,” Sinner says while still dazzled by the vibrant colors all around her, as if she has never seen anything like it.

“Well, our version is a little different; there will be two of us trying to find all of you guys. And when we find you, we get to choose what we want.” Saint smirks as he speaks; his voice has a sinister tone, but no one notices because of the drugs.

“Like something dirty?” My little sinner inquires, finally looking at us and licking her lips as the drugs begin to make her horny, just as we had hoped.

“Exactly.” She shivers from the sensation as I croon in her ear while nipping roughly at her lobe.

When I pull my mouth away from her ear, I catch a glimpse of jealousy in River's eyes, and all I do is smirk, irritating him.

"Wait, what if they don't want this?" He chimes in, trying to come to their defense.

"Do you ladies want to play?" Saint inquires, specifically to Scarlett and Melanie, but primarily to Scarlett.

"Yeah, I do!" Melanie shouts with enthusiasm. In anticipation of her response, we all turn to face Scarlett.

"I do too, River. It sounds like a lot of fun, and that's what we need right now." She continues, attempting to reassure him that everything will be alright.

She's too gullible, which is going to be the fucking death of her...literally. At least we have her consent, but to be fucking honest, it doesn't matter if she consents or not.

"Fine, I'm in too. Who's going to be hunting us?" Riley, Nixon, Saint, and I exchange

glances before turning to face the group of unwitting victims, sly grins forming on our lips as our hands itch to grab our knives.

"Me and Saint will be the hunters first." I take a cigarette from my pack and hand it to my brother, watching my little sinner's eyes light up as if she is seeing something she has never seen before.

She smiles, her eyes hypnotic as she sweeps them across my face slowly. She moves slowly toward me while licking her lips and tucking her hair behind her ear, as though in a trance.

"Can I have one of those?"

"You smoke?" I ask her, taking another one from my pack, lighting the end as she sticks the filter between her shiny, luscious lips.

"On occasion. I kind of just feel like smoking one right now." I light the cherry with the lighter, creating a lovely orange glow as I watch her puff on the cancer stick.

As she blows the smoke into the air, a smirk appears on her lips and the flame on the zippo goes out.

"You know, those things will kill you . You need to be careful," Nixon remarks in a mocking manner while prodding the fire's hot coals with a long stick.

"Nowadays, anything will kill you. It's getting pretty ridiculous," Melanie chirps as she takes another swig from her beer bottle.

The drugs are running wild through Scarlett's veins as she sits next to me, rocking back and forth and keeping her eyes glued to the stunning sky above. Her wild, large eyes dart back and forth quickly as she tries to remember how to blink. This should

be fun.

Scarlett

This trip is unlike anything I've experienced in a long time. I recall meeting Carli and Melanie at a frat party when I first started college. Everyone was tripping on mushrooms, so I took some and ate them with Carli, and the rest is history. I clung to her and Melanie all night that night, and we had one of the best trips of our lives. This almost compares to that... almost .

As I gaze at the night sky, everything appears to be stunning. The stars appear enormous as they flicker, as if dancing in the darkness. The sky itself looks like I can reach out and grab it, but deep down I know it's too far away. Everything seems to be moving slowly, and my hearing is incredibly sharp. The leaves rustle as if they were right next to my ear, but they aren't.

As Blade bumps shoulders with mine, a shiver runs down my spine as he tries to jolt me back to the group and out of the delusion that I'm actually running when I'm not. For a brief moment, as I stare at the water, it appears to be snowing, with heavy flakes falling quickly, piling up so high, and posing a threat to engulf us all and bury us alive. But when he wraps his arm around my back and grabs my thigh with a firm squeeze, the terrifying vision of all the snow fades and everything returns to normal.

"You alright, Scarlett?" He beams a smile, and the full moon's dazzling light catches the gleam in his eyes. His voice rings loudly in my ears, and his breath is as hot as the fire in front of us as it tickles the skin on my neck.

"Yes, I'm fine. Is it snowing, or was I seeing things?" I ask timidly, kind of already knowing the answer. Everyone laughs, not at me, but with me, as I chuckle at my own statement.

"It's basically August, Scar," River laughs, finishing his beer. "You're seeing shit, baby."

I cover my face with my hands, trying to contain my embarrassment as everyone breaks out into a fit of laughter around me. Blade tugs on my wrists, yanking my hands away from my face, wanting to see me. A drink is thrust into my hands from Nixon, and I take it with a smile, noticing it's a bottle of water.

"Drink up. You don't want to get dehydrated, trust me. It happens easier than you think." Heeding his advice, we all opt for water while Riley messes with the fire and the brothers get to their feet, clearly ready to start this game they've been talking about.

As I chug the water from the bottle, a wave of heat overwhelms me. As I gaze out at the lake, I hear a voice from behind me tell me to jump in. These damn hallucinations. Still, I get up, put down the water bottle, and begin to move in the direction of the lake, grabbing Melanie's wrist as I go.

"Where are you going?" Saint asks, his voice dripping with intrigue.

"For a quick dip. I feel like I'm burning up," I answer with my back toward them.

"Well, why don't you take those damn clothes off and go in the water in your bathing suit?" I hear Blade ask intriguingly, sending a nervous chill to my bones.

"I didn't wear one."

Someone approaches from behind me and tugs on my shirt, attempting to pull it up. I shriek and try to run for the water as I panic about the marks on my body, hearing a rip as I manage to escape the hold.

"What the fuck was that?" Riley laughs, and as I jump in the water and turn to face them, I see him standing there, holding a piece of the fabric from my shirt.

"You ripped my shirt?"

"I was trying to take it off."

"I didn't want it off!" I argue before submerging my head in the water in the hopes that he didn't rip a part where any marks are visible.

However, by the time I come up for air, the drugs have fogged my mind, eliminated all logical thoughts, and transformed me into a person who doesn't give a fuck about what's going on around her. Melanie swims up to me while the guys chat among themselves, grinning mischievously. She keeps watching Riley while talking to me.

"Girl, what do you think about the guys so far?"

"I don't know. They're alright, I guess." I look over at Blade and Saint with a subtle shrug.

"Stop playing, Scarlett. I can tell you've got the hots for those brothers, but because River is here, you're being weird about it."

"Well, it is weird, Mel. River and I-

"You guys broke up months ago, and his ass has already moved on over and over, if you know what I mean. So why can't you?" Her statement stabs me in the heart as she smiles at me with narrowed eyes.

I didn't know River was already fucking other people, but I'm not surprised. I didn't give him any, so of course he ran to the girls who would.

My attention is drawn to Blade, who maintains a sinister grin on his full lips. Even though I'm submerged in water, my body trembles, and heat accumulates between my thighs. There's something about those two... but what?

"So, are you going to play their game when they find you?" she asks, winking amusingly.

"Fuck it. Why not, right?"

"That's my girl!" she exclaims, wrapping her arms around me. We swim back toward the shore, eager to see what all the fuss is about. I mean, it's just adult manhunt, right? How exciting can it really be?

thirteen

The Bloody River

Saint

I have to adjust my cock a few times as I watch Scarlett come out of the water, and I catch a glimpse of the boys doing the same thing, including River for fucksake. He had her, but he lost her; it's too late for him. I mutter an angry snarl.

She and Melanie are walking up the grass with their bodies dripping wet and glistening in the moonlight, and she keeps her eyes fixed on Blade and me the entire time. Birds scatter across the midnight sky, their wings spread wide, some blocking the light, creating an eerie atmosphere.

"Cooled off now?" Nixon asks, one corner of his mouth pulling up to meet his eye—his trademark devilish smirk.

"Oh, yeah. I feel so much better." As she picks up a beer bottle that has been spiked, Scarlett speaks, taking a sizable gulp that drips from her bottom lip and runs down her chin.

"Good, are you ready to play?" I ask, rubbing my hands collectively, eager to get things going.

"Yes!!" They all shout, their enthusiasm surging as the drugs amp them up even more.

"All right, let me go over the rules again. Blade and I will be the hunters, with the five of you as our prey..." We grin, watching their expressions as they listen intently to the rules.

"You'll hide, and we'll search for you. As we find you, you'll have to do something that we want, and then you'll join us in finding the others. The last person to be found is the winner. Got it?" I nod subtly and smile at Riley and Nixon, knowing the result of the game, before turning to the group.

"This sounds so fun!" Melanie squeals again, still sounding like a pig.

"Get fucking going, y'all. You don't want us to find you... Trust me." I make a joke, but only the boys know I'm not.

Blade and I take our time moving through the complete darkness while pulling our knives out of our bags and stowing them in their sheaths that are tucked in our wristbands after letting them disperse into the woods. I sling my backpack over my shoulders and walk towards Scarlett, eager to feel her mouth on me more than anything else.

"So, how do you think this shit is gonna go?" Blade asks, keeping his voice low so we can hear where they're going.

"Nix and Ri are keeping eyes on River and Mel, so we'll have time with trouble. It'll go fucking smooth."

"I can't fucking believe they fell for this shit so easily," he laughs, lighting an unlaced blunt.

"I can. Drugs make people do crazy shit." With my forearm, I stop him and gesture toward where they're running in front of us. "Case in point."

Nixon and Riley shoot off their guns to make noise to frighten them, and we laugh as we watch them run with fear in their eyes as they frantically search the woods for a place to hide.

"Oh, this is gonna be fucking good." Blade and I pull our masks from our bags and put them on, finally feeling whole in the dark, desolate woods.

As we slash through the leaves with our blades in search of the troubled young girl we're about to fucking ravage, we embrace the darkness, the fear, and the terror. As we approach a clearing, cutting branches out of the way and stepping on twigs, I hear heavy panting coming from behind a bush. I put my finger to my lips as Blade approaches from the other side, both of us remaining silent.

Looking down, I see the sole of her white sneaker and nod, letting him know I've already found her. She wasn't that hard to find. I try to frighten her and it works as I lower my blade to the bush, making sure she notices it. As I drag it around, it scrapes against a rock and makes an eerie, unsettling sound akin to nails on a chalkboard. She leaps up and unknowingly cuts her arm on the blade as she jumps into my arms.

" Found ya."

"Ahhhhh!"

I lift my mask and smile, causing her scream to stop. A confused expression crosses her face, but it quickly fades, and a shy smile appears on her quivering lips. Nothing is said about the mask, which is likely due to her mental state. I slam her against the thick tree trunk behind us, kissing her for the first time.

As Blade approaches from behind, I force my tongue down her throat, denying her the chance to breathe as I sweep it around, trying to explore every inch that I can. I lose myself in the kiss and reach under her to begin rubbing her already wet pussy in

an effort to make her even wetter because I know she needs to be saturated for what I'm about to do. Panting, we break the kiss, and I place her next to Blade.

"How did you find me so easily?" she asks shyly, oblivious to the masks on the tops of our heads.

"You didn't really hide that well; besides, we know these woods like the back of our hands."

"Not fair," she giggles while biting her lower lip. I take her shirt by the collar and slide my knife under it to sever it with a few swift strokes. "Hey!"

"Rules are fucking rules, Scarlett. "

My blood starts to boil as soon as I notice Riley's hideous marks all over her beautiful body. I ignore them and grab the band of her shorts and yank them down, exposing her shaved pussy and plump, bare ass .

"You do anything we fucking want. Remember? "

"What do you want?" I hold my blood-stained knife up in the light as she asks, her eyes huge and black, looking completely gone as she stares blankly at us in anticipation of her punishment.

"Have you ever had a knife in your pussy?"

Scarlett

When Saint shows off his knife and asks if anyone has ever used one on me, my body shakes like I'm having a seizure. I'm unable to speak as I stand here, frozen. He takes a step closer, Blade close behind, both of them treating my body as if it belongs to

them.

"I already know the answer, trouble," he says, Deja vu is hitting me hard. But I have no memories of anything.

As Blade sits down and pulls me onto his lap, his hard cock prods at my exposed ass, paralyzing me with fear. He roughly spreads my legs open wide, while Saint remains in between them, like a doctor delivering a baby. Although he's not—he's a deranged man holding a fucking knife that he's about to slide into my pussy, hopefully handle first.

As Saint moves the long, sharp blade toward the ache between my thighs, Blade wraps his hand around my throat, sinking his teeth into the side of my neck, undoubtedly leaving marks from his teeth behind. I writhe in agony on his lap but stop the instant the coldness of the knife handle presses into my pussy. Saint looks at me with a devilish grin as he presses it deeper into me until only the blade is visible. I groan under the strain as it stretches me out and forces me to dig my nails into Blade's thighs. In fear, I keep my mouth shut and my gaze fixed on the fluffy trees above me as Saint fucks my pussy with the handle of his knife.

"That's right, keep still so I don't accidentally cut you. We wouldn't want that now, would we?" he chuckles, and the evil in his tone causes goosebumps to painfully prick my skin.

Blade inserts his free hand between my legs and mercilessly twists my clit, causing me to jerk my body in response to the pain. A sharp stinging sensation occurs in my pussy, and warm liquid begins to flow down my leg.

Saint smirks as he dips his head between them, licking his lips. "I told you not to move or you'd get cut. Now look, I have to clean you up." He flattens his tongue and begins lapping up the blood leaking from the cut on my pussy lip, while Blade grips

me tightly and prevents me from moving.

I lean against him, trembling in terror, as another wave of euphoria sweeps me away to a faraway place, distracting me from what's taking place right now. The next thing I know, I'm lying on a patch of grass, not on Blade's lap anymore, staring up at a black mask and a silver mask, trying to reach up and touch them with a smile on my face. In no way phasing me this time, both men lean in and drag their knives' points over my breasts.

Blade's fingers slide into my pussy, thrusting hard as he curls them against the spot that causes my legs to tremble. Saint's fingers suddenly start to painfully slide into my ass, thrusting ferociously to keep up with his brother's rhythm and attempting to push me over the edge. They're out just as quickly as he pushed them into me, providing some relief from the burning, stretching pain. I breathe once when I'm empty, but it doesn't last. With Blade's fingers still in my pussy, he inserts more until his entire hand is inside of me, forming a fist that he viciously pounds in and out, making god awful slurping and suction noises that echo in my ears in the dead of night.

Saint puts his fingers back in my ass, this time adding more than two like he did before. They both brutally abuse my body however they fucking want, making a mess of me in the process. As soon as I open my mouth to scream, one of them shoves Saint's knife handle into it and forces my lips shut tightly around it; however, I'm unable to see which one is doing it.

I close my eyes and let my climax rip through me as I lay here being finger fucked, fisted, and made to lick the handle of the blade clean, silently praying for this nightmare to end, even though the pleasure coursing through my body as my belly contracts feels so fucking good.

Blade

After giving Scarlett a fresh shirt to wear and doing our best to clean up her bloody, battered body, we stowed our masks back in our packs and retreated into the woods, this time looking for Melanie. I cast a quick glance at her to see if she even understands what happened back there, but based on the wild expression in her eyes, I don't think there's any chance of that happening given how far she's already gone.

"Where are we going?" she asks, my gaze fixed on the vivid bite marks and dried blood smeared all over her neck from where I choked and bit her.

"We're trying to find Melanie next. I wanna see what you two can do together," I confess to her as the idea makes my cock throb.

Saint smirks, holding her elbow tightly in his grip as he guides her through the dark woods. Knowing she's with Riley and knowing exactly where they are, I lead the way in their direction, pretending to find them by chance. I smirk as I notice the limp in sinner's walk, a chuckle slipping from my throat as I recall how we annihilated her back there, fisting her pussy before our cocks were even inside of her. We're trying to get her ready for when we're both inside her.

"Are you okay, Scarlett?" I ask, grabbing the back of her neck.

"Yeah, great." As she speaks, she fixes her gaze on the horizon.

I come to a halt when I notice the gleam of Riley's blade and place a finger to my lips as I pull sinner against my chest. " Shh, look over there... There are two of them." I raise my knife and aim it at Riley and Melanie.

" What do we do now that we've found them?" s he asks with interest as her lips swell into a devilishly seductive grin.

"Take this and draw them out." As I give her my knife, I nod my head in their

direction in anticipation of her response.

She takes it, shuffles over to them, and with a trembling hand, points the knife at her friend. Saint and I chuckle as we watch her approach the tree and actually insert the point into Melanie's arm, drawing blood immediately.

"Oww!" Melanie yells and leaps to her feet, clutching her arm, blood dripping through her fingers from a small but noticeable cut. "You cut me!"

"Yeah, but I found you!" Scarlett yells, laughing with abandon as she swings the knife around. Riley jumps out too, pretending to surrender.

"Alright, time to accept your punishment, Melanie." Saint smirks at her as he pulls Scarlett back against his chest.

"What did you have to do, Scar?" Her gaze wanders over Scarlett's body, widening in surprise at the outfit change and noticing the dried blood on her arms and legs.

"They f-"

"That 's for her to know, Melanie. Everyone's is different. Don't worry about it."

"Give your friend a kiss for us." Riley orders her, sliding the point of his knife under her chin to lift her head. Her eyes widened in surprise.

"What?"

"You fucking heard me. Kiss Scarlett, now." Saint rams Scarlett into Melanie, and as the three of us watch with frenzied hunger, she slowly moves her mouth to kiss Scarlett's soft lips.

"Grab her pussy, Scarlett," Riley yells as he starts stroking his cock while watching the two girls make out.

He moves his knife away from Melanie and puts it on Scarlett, as if she hasn't had enough knife play tonight. He grins, dragging it along her spine and making her shiver as she starts rubbing Melanie's pussy.

"Blade, kiss your brother for me," he orders me, a grin on his face as he jerks himself.

Knowing we are not real brothers, I move in on Saint and seize his lips, shoving my tongue down his throat for a quick taste of him. It's not like we've never kissed or fucked before.

But I pull back and smack Riley across the side of his head, glaring at him as I wipe Saint's spit from my lips. "You don't order me around, mother fucker. If I want to kiss Saint, I will. If I want to fuck Saint, I will. You order your bitch around, not me. Got it?"

"Yeah, Jesus. It's just a fucking game."

As much as I would like to sit here and watch this, I'm more interested in Scarlett than Melanie. And, knowing there's one more participant out there who needs to be dealt with, I signal Saint to grab sinner so we can go deal with him. After all, I want her involved in his punishment. It's only fitting.

Scarlett

I don't recall ever seeing River or coming to this part of the woods. Saint and Blade are on either side of me as I stand here, but River and Nixon are in front of us, and River appears to be covered in red paint. Either that, or I must be having another hallucination.

I keep seeing someone holding a knife and repeatedly stabbing it into someone. There are screams and even chanting and cheering, and the person stabbing continues, becoming soaked in blood as it sprays from every gash in the body on the grass. What is happening? A ringing pierces my ears, and I go to cover them, only to realize I'm holding a knife. I drop it and back up, colliding with Blade, who shoves me into River.

"Scar, help." he begs in hushed tones, but confusion sets in, and I'm not sure what he's talking about.

As I spin in circles and look around, I see that everyone is laughing and enjoying themselves. Riley and Melanie have joined us in the circle and are also jumping around. Saint gives me a wink as I turn to face him, licking his lips like he's hungry—for me.

"What's the matter, trouble?" Deja vu strikes once more, but this time, my mind is completely clouded, and I'm unable to piece together the facts in a way that makes sense. So I just stop trying.

"I'm confused. What's happening?"

"What's happening? You stabbed River," he laughs, but I swear I heard him wrong.

I stumble over to Blade, collapsing in his outstretched arms for comfort as the trip threatens to turn bad .

"Aww, my little sinner, what's wrong?" He brushes my blood-stained hair back while running his bloody thumb along my lip and looking intently into my eyes.

"I don't know what's happening. What's going on with River?"

He shakes his head and grins as he kisses the tip of my nose. "He's just going for a little swim to clean off. He's a little dirty. "

Through hazy, blurry vision, I see River, Riley, and Nixon walk down to the lake and jump back in, my mind finally at ease knowing I didn't stab him to death as Saint claimed. I peer over Blade's shoulder, noticing Melanie now lying on the ground, gazing at the sky as if she's resting, and everyone else is unwinding for the night.

As the night comes to a close, I find myself getting comfortable in Blade's embrace, unknowingly covered in my ex's blood, letting the drugs take me away to the depths of my mind where I am safe and everything will be fine.

fourteen

Amnesia

August

Scarlett

A nother day, I wake up unable to move a single muscle in my body. As I attempt to sit up to silence my alarm, my skin and bones feel pierced by a million knives, and I wince in pain. My head hammers, feeling like my skull is cracking, and grabbing it doesn't help. My ears are hurting too. They experience a loud ringing that makes them feel like they're bleeding. My body feels heavy and sluggish, and I can't seem to get myself to move. What the fuck happened last night?

I lay here, clueless and a little frustrated that I can't recall anything, trying to search my mind for the last thing I do recall, but I can't even think at the moment. When I look down, my eyes are sore and throbbing, and I notice marks on my hands and arms, which I quickly pull the blanket over to conceal. A groan escapes my scratchy throat, and I manage to turn on my side. I close my eyes again, ignoring the pain and hoping for a few more minutes of sleep before I have to get up to get ready for work. But that doesn't happen.

Melanie's scream penetrates the silence around me, causing my eyes to flutter open. My door slams open, and she rushes into my room, jumping on my bed in terror.

"Scarlett, you need to wake up!" She shakes me, thinking I'm sleeping.

"I'm awake, Mel," I groan again, my gaze fixed on the window, watching the rain fall.

"What happened last night? I can't remember shit," she asks, trying to get me up.

"I can't remember either. Did we go out?"

"No idea. Why can't we remember? Were we drugged or something?" She asks, her voice panicked, as she scrolls through Instagram on her phone.

"Who would have drugged us, though?" I finally turn to face her, rising slowly.

I reach for my phone and unlock it, oblivious to the radiating pain. When I launch the app, my heart sinks and bile rises in my throat. "Uh, Mel... Have you seen what's trending?" With tears already welling up in my eyes, I turn my phone so she can see what's at the top of my feed.

She draws a breath, drops her phone, and grabs mine from my hands. "No fucking way! Is that River ?!"

I sit here with my eyes cast down, picking at my nails frantically as she screams while reading the article. I nod, but nothing comes out of my mouth. She puts the phone down and picks up her own while desperately looking for additional news reports about what happened. Picking up my phone again, I read the article slowly, feeling a lump in my throat that won't go away when I swallow. My body trembles, my hands sweat, and nausea threatens to knock me to the ground.

His body was reportedly found at the lake early this morning, according to reports. When they recovered his body from the water, they discovered that he had been stabbed more than 70 times. His head and hands had been severed. I sputter, puking all over, not having time to make it to the bathroom. Melanie sits motionless on my bed, unable to speak as she stares at me, mouth agape and eyes wild. What the fuck

happened last night, and who did this to River?

" Does it say who did it?" I ask, sounding hopeful .

As tears roll down her cheeks, she shakes her head. "No, it says they don't currently have any suspects, and anyone with information is urged to contact Salem Police."

I grab a towel and clean myself off while ignoring the marks all over my body and speculating as to who—if anyone—might be responsible. Who am I kidding? Of course, they're behind this. They killed Shawn; they must have killed River too.

When I regain my composure, the first thing I do is call my workplace and explain the gravity of the situation. Shock consumes me, not only because I didn't get to say goodbye to him, but also because I can't remember what happened last night. If I could, I might be able to figure out how River was murdered.

The buzzer for our apartment goes off, scaring the shit out of us and making us both jump frantically. Melanie follows me out of bed, clinging to my wrist for dear life. I press the button on the speaker box in the living room, my voice shaking as I speak.

"Yes?"

"This is Detective Holbrook from the Salem Police Department; do you have a moment to speak about River Wilson?"

"Yes, come on up." I buzz him up and stand at the door, fear coursing through my bones as I unlock it and wait for him.

Blade

"I still don't like the fact that we left a fucking body for the cops to find," I blurt out,

taking a sip of my coffee, as we sit on the balcony, staring into Sinner's apartment.

"We've never left them a body before, and one wrong move could cost us everything."

"Relax, Blade. We covered all of our bases. Besides, it's fun watching everyone squirm," Nixon chuckles as he puffs on his first cigarette of the day.

Saint sits beside me, as quiet as can be, his gaze never leaving sinner's balcony. "When we're done in this town, I want to head to New Hampshire next," he says haphazardly, still obsessively watching her and drooling slightly.

As soon as the detectives leave their apartment, she and Melanie step out and sit down, their phones pressed to their ears, probably asking them about their whereabouts and connections to River. Last night was insane, and Scarlett killing River was the icing on the cake. Saint had the fucking brilliant idea to record everything so she could watch it when we have her with us, knowing she wouldn't remember a thing this morning.

Only two months remain, and they can't come soon enough. My thoughts are completely consumed by how much I'm going to fucking break her already-broken body when my eyes first land on it.

"We're not the ones who killed him anyway, so why are you so fucking worried, Blade?" Riley asks, a smug expression on his face as he steps onto the balcony.

I jerk my head in his direction and glare at him, my teeth clenching and my fists balling in rage. "Shut the fuck up, Riley. I'm not in the mood for your ass this morning."

As he backs up into the apartment, his hands are raised in mock surrender, and the

door slides shut behind him. Saint gets up and walks inside without saying anything, his gaze only leaving Scarlett's apartment when the door slams shut behind him.

"Well, someone is in a bad mood this morning," I laugh, turning my gaze to Nixon, who's sitting beside me and passing me the morning blunt.

As I lean back in my chair, his hand squeezes the area above my knee, and he smirks. "So wound up this morning, huh?" he asks, his lips curling into a smirk.

"Just a little."

"And why is that? Didn't you get your dick wet last night?" When I recall the games we played with Sinner, I'm unable to control my grin or the boner that appears between my legs.

"Yeah, but it wasn't enough," I admit, making him raise his brow intriguingly.

He licks his lips and lowers his gaze to my cock. "You want a little help?"

I recline in my chair as a shiver runs down my spine and tingles along my tailbone as he moves his hand toward the bulge in my pants, biting into his bottom lip.

"Sure, put your mouth to good use, Nix." I puff on the blunt and lower my eyes to my cock as a subliminal hint to him.

He licks his lips again and eagerly began to undo my pants. He pulls out my cock and starts slowly pumping it up and down. I can feel it pulse in his hand, and my breathing becomes labored as he quickens his pace.

"Fuck, Nix," I growl, letting my head fall back against the glass door.

He grins and takes my throbbing cock between his lips, slowly rolling his tongue around the base. My legs tense as he relaxes his mouth and shoves me deep between his lips. The head of my cock hits the back of his throat, and like a pro, he doesn't gag. Nixon tightens his lips around my shaft and continues sucking, working his tongue and lips up and down my cock. I fist his hair, shoving him down and forcing my shaft deeper into his throat.

"Fuck," I bite, pleasure swirling inside me.

He sucks faster, more eagerly, almost desperately. Every time I spill a drop of precum he licks the tip of my cock hungrily, and I struggle hard not to come down his throat. With the tip of his tongue, he tickles my balls, pushing me over the edge. I grip his head and fire my load down his throat, watching strings of cum drip from the corners of his mouth as he swallows. He grins, wiping the shiny substance from his lips and winks at me as he let my cock fall from his lips.

"Feel better?" he asks with sarcasm laced in his tone.

"Much. Now, let's go see what trouble we can get into with sinner, shall we?" I take my Birsa Thunder 9 from my waistband and cock it, satisfyingly listening to the hammer click. "Glocked, cocked, and ready to go. I'm in the mood to fucking torture her some more."

Two days later, River's funeral

Scarlett

I smooth out the black outfit I bought for today in the mirror, trying to look my best for River's funeral. The wake was held last night, and because he was missing his head, it was obviously a closed casket. It was difficult to be there, but as his girlfriend of almost five years, I felt obligated to pay my respects to his family, who were the

closest thing to a family I had ever had. Going back to the cemetery where Carli is buried no longer bothers me. I'm so overcome with grief and trauma that my body is numb to everything right now.

For the past two days, I haven't been able to eat, sleep, or do much else. Melanie and I have been sitting around the apartment like pitiful shells of ourselves. We are at a loss for what to do. The night before he was killed is still a mystery to us, and I don't think we will ever be able to piece it together.

"Hey, are you almost ready?" Melanie comes up behind me, scaring me half to death.

"Yeah, I'm as ready as I'll ever be." I force a smile, and she reciprocates, reaching for each other's hands as we walk out of the apartment.

When the priest delivers his sermon and speaks about River and how he touched so many in the congregation, there's not a dry eye in the church. His parents wanted me to sit in the front row with them, and I couldn't look them in the eyes and say no, not when they had just lost their son. And in such a heinous manner. My gaze remained fixed on the casket the entire time, knowing River's headless body lay just feet away.

I remained curious about what had happened to him and who his murderer was the entire time. Was it someone who came to his funeral? Is it someone we know? The more I thought about it, the more it irritated me, and I gradually drove myself insane. I kept looking around, wondering if I knew who had taken River away from us all.

I fought nausea with tears and held Mrs. Wilson's hand as she cried for her son. My heart was breaking for everyone. River's death made me sad, as did the fact that Carli and Shawn had still not been found. That they weren't properly buried like River. But at least some of us were aware of Carli's whereabouts. And now it was just Melanie and me. Only two of the five of us remained. And I spent the rest of the funeral wondering who would be the next to die between Melanie and me.

I didn't want to officially lay him to rest in the ground, but I overcame my fears and went to the cemetery with the family to say my final goodbye to River, my first love. Normally, on days like this, the sun shines brightly, as seen in movies and TV shows, and everyone smiles through their tears, saying, "This is what he would have wanted."

The sun, however, is obscured by heavy, black clouds strewn across the sky, which is fitting for River and who he was. They cast a dark gloom over Salem, showering us with thick pellets of rain as we huddled over River's dug grave, looking down at his customized casket with dozens of rose petals and guitar picks scattered on top of it.

Thunder rumbles in the distance, amusingly to the beat of 'Iris' by the Goo Goo Dolls playing. My face lights up as I hear the melody, and my hips sway back and forth to the beat. The lyrics bring tears to my eyes, and I turn my gaze to his coffin, allowing them to fall freely.

Lightning strikes, flashing brightly in the sky, giving me the impression that I'm in front of a giant camera. I blink and collapse to my knees, allowing the pain and loss to consume me.

"Are you ready to go?" Though I hear Melanie's voice, I don't turn to face her.

I'm stuck in a trance and unable to turn my gaze elsewhere. But I'm not even looking at anything. I'm simply stuck.

"I'm gonna stay for a while." Melanie can clearly hear that my voice is monotone and flat, which is not like me.

"Alright, what's going on?" She crouches down, rubbing my back to comfort me, despite the fact that we both need it.

"I just don't want to leave River yet." I can't take my eyes off his casket, which they've lowered a little further into the ground.

"You're soaked, girl. Your clothes look painted on. You're gonna get sick."

"I'll be fine," I assure her, even though I have no idea what the night holds. And right now, I couldn't care less.

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Source Creation Date: July 22, 2025, 1:31 pm

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Dodging Bullets

Saint

As I sit on my balcony and observe the devastation the storm is wreaking on the small town, I feel at peace. The video I recorded last night of Scarlett repeatedly stabbing River plays over and over in my head. For ever touching her, Blade severed his hands. His possessive ass. And Riley wanted to play around, so he chopped his head off. Since I collect skulls, I now have it in my collection, right alongside Shawn's. I can't wait to show trouble.

Just finishing getting ready, Blade exits his room while running his fingers through his thick, curly hair.

"So, I heard Nixon gave you head this morning." He grabs a beer from the counter, rolls his dark eyes, and pops the tab.

"And?" He takes a sip, keeping his eyes on me as he walks over.

"Nothing, I was just saying. I didn't know you guys were hooking up."

He grins. "You fucking jealous or something, brother?"

"Please, if I wanted you, I could have you." We laugh together as we watch the storm from the window.

"Nah, seriously, though. Since when?"

"It's been off and on. You know how bored we all get cooped up here."

"Yeah, I just didn't think it would be Nixon. " As he takes another sip of his beer, I shrug and avert my gaze, making him laugh.

"You feel like going out tonight?" I ask him, having an idea in mind about trouble.

"If it involves sinner, then yeah, let's go."

"Obviously it involves her. Who the fuck else would it involve?"

As a bolt of lightning brightens the sky and a clap of thunder shakes the apartment building, I bump his shoulder with mine, pushing him against the wall. The lights flicker, and then the power goes out, leaving us with evil grins on our faces as we imagine how much fun we can have without power. Too bad she wasn't home. We'd be able to have a lot more fun with her in her dark apartment.

"Are Nix and Riley coming?" Blade asks, intrigue dripping from his deeply quiet voice.

"Nah, they're out following Melanie around since Riley is fucking obsessed with her now," I tell him, and he scoffs, shaking his head in utter disbelief.

"What's so special about her?" he asks, still shocked that they chose her over trouble, but to each their own.

"Not sure, but with them fixated on her, that leaves Scarlett for us."

"Come Halloween, is the plan still to just take her, or are we taking Mel now too?"

"Nah, just Scar, and Mel will come after. You'll see..." I smirk, knowing that the devious plan I'm hatching will have them all dropping their jaws to the fucking pavement.

I don't know where I come up with these ideas, but I know they're fucked up. I belong on one of those murder mystery shows that airs on the Oxygen or ID channels. They'll make a movie about us one day, with all the victims of our crimes and torture. It's just a shame we won't be around to see it.

Blade and I left our apartment without turning around after getting ready, donning all-black clothing, slinging our backpacks with our masks and knives inside over our shoulders, and tucking our pistols into our waistbands.

We navigate the streets of Salem, walking in the direction of the cemetery, knowing exactly where Scarlett is. We take in the brisk temperature and the falling rain, letting it soak us in hopes that it washes away the sins that heavily coat our dark, sinister souls.

With each step, my gun digs into my hip, chafing the patch of skin where a skull and dagger are tattooed to conceal a gruesome scar from a knife fight Blade and I got into when we were teenagers. The memory hits me like a freight train, bringing a smile to my face as I allow myself to become lost in the past—a place I don't allow myself to visit very often. I recall lying in the hospital and nearly dying as a result of the stab wound, but, unfortunately, the doctors were able to save my life.

They told me I was a lucky kid. I didn't feel lucky back then. In fact, I was wishing Blade's assault had killed me. Growing up was a living nightmare. It's no surprise we ended up the way we did.

Growing up in foster care gave me the best life a kid like me could've had. There were no parents to love or care for me until Blade's parents took me in and fostered

me. But what did I do? I fucked them over and got myself into trouble, bringing Blade with me. They disowned him because of me, going to their graves, despising their only blood related son for the things he did... because of me . Guilt stayed with me all these years, transforming me into a man who held a grudge against himself.

Blade has no idea how much I regret what I did to him, and I will never tell him. But I owe him my fucking life, and if there's any way I can make amends for ruining his, I'll fucking do it. Even if it means sacrificing a life for a life, I would gladly fucking die for my brother, and I would die with a fucking smile on my face—anything for Blade.

Blade

I can see the gears in Saint's head turning wildly as we walk to the cemetery. Even in the downpour, we proceed in silence, our heads bowed, our hands in our pockets, and our own joints hanging between our lips. The air is thick with tension, but neither of us is interested in talking about it.

Usually, when he gets in one of his moods like this, he'll start having flashbacks of being back in the war. He'll experience severe PTSD symptoms, which usually result in a fight or in him going crazy and freaking out. Both of us have been off our fucking meds for months. We made the decision to stop taking them after Carli was killed, and we developed an obsession with Scarlett. When we are on them, our fucking minds get all foggy and disorganized, and we can't fucking think clearly. We're able to do whatever the fuck we want when we're med-free, feeling more liberated than a fucking bird.

Nixon and Riley are aware that we are off our meds, so they're extra cautious around us, carrying an emergency supply in case one of us goes into a psychosis or something and we need them. But so far, that hasn't happened. Knowing it could happen at any time does scare the shit out of me, though. For some inexplicable

reason, my little sinner silences the voices in my head. She restores sanity to the insane. She brings order to the chaos. She makes the wrong right. She makes every-fucking-thing okay.

When we first started this game, the plan was to fucking kill them all. But the longer things go on, the more attached I become to her, and the more difficult it is to fucking think about having to kill her. I've never gotten this attached to a subject before. Even after ten months of fucking with her, I still don't know what makes her unique or why she has such a fucking hold on me. Although Saint feels the same way, I know that his twisted ass is set on killing her when we're finished.

We take our masks from our bags and put them on as we walk through the cemetery gates, the silicone covering our wet faces and dimming our vision. Knowing exactly where River's grave is, I take the lead, with Saint close behind. Instead of knives, we take our guns from our waistbands and cock them; the sound of the hammer clicking sends blood to my cock, making it hard and straining against the back of my zipper. As I walk, my soaked clothes cling to my body, making me shiver as the wind blows. Again, thunder rolls and lightning strikes, transforming the cemetery into a horror movie scene and bringing a smile to both of our faces.

"This is going to be fucking fun," Saint whispers as we approach the gravesite.

"She's going to sit on my fucking gun tonight. I want to see how well she can ride it." His laugh is evil, making my cock twitch as I imagine the barrel shoved in her pussy while my cock is buried down her fucking throat.

Scarlett is hunched over River's headstone, drenched from the rain and clutching a half-empty bottle of tequila, singing "Somewhere I Belong" by Linkin Park at the top of her lungs, her voice raspy from crying all day.

She has no idea that she killed River because the drugs are making it impossible for

her to remember; we, however, dismembered his body. Saint and I sit on the soggy, wet grass with our guns gripped in our hands, puffing on our joints as we watch her take swig after swig from the bottle. She continues to sing, on the verge of losing her voice and her mind, unfazed by the torrential rain or thunderclaps that continue to ring around her.

We are clearly visible with each bolt of lightning that illuminates the sky, but she's unaware of our presence because she's not looking behind her. She can be so fucking dumb sometimes for a girl who's so smart. That, or she just doesn't give a fuck now that River is dead. She lost the will to care about her own life, which makes her even more dangerous because now she might even go along with our little game. Things are about to become even more interesting.

Stumbling, she drops the bottle and raises her face to the sky, allowing the rain to wipe away her tears. Saint takes a pill from his pocket, leans forward, and drops it into the bottle, both of us watching it dissolve.

Now she won't remember a thing once she sucks the rest of the alcohol down. One of these nights, we're going to stop fucking drugging her so she can remember shit. If we have to live with the shit we've done, so should she. We only do it so she doesn't go running to the cops and turn us in. But when we have her where we want her—with us—she won't need to be drugged anymore.

Another crack of thunder strikes, louder than the others, vibrating the ground we're sitting on. Scarlett recoils, clutching the bottle as fear knocks her to the ground. She chugs the tequila and hangs her head, not realizing we are right behind her, hunger coursing through our veins. Saint grows impatient, inching closer to her with his gun drawn, ready to start the game.

Scarlett

I'm not sure how long I have been out here, but the tips of my fingers look like they have been in a bath for too long; they're wrinkled and cold from the rain soaking my body, but I still don't want to go home. I know River will never return, but I can't bear the thought of leaving him.

I clutch the tequila bottle and take another sip, ignoring the slight burn that lingers after I swallow. Since my body is essentially numb, I'm no longer bothered by it. I've almost finished the bottle, and I can feel the alcohol coursing through my veins, fucking me up big time. I close my eyes, ignoring the chill that tickles the base of my spine and spreads quickly, almost as if someone is watching me again. Too fucked up to care, I lean back against the headstone, humming "Until The Day I Die" by Story of The Year.

Tears fall from my puffy, bloodshot eyes, but due to the rain falling and soaking my body, you can't even tell that I'm crying. Good.

In the distance, leaves rustle and twigs crack, almost as if someone is stepping on them. I keep my eyes closed, but I stop singing. If someone's there, let them come for me. Tonight, I don't care what happens to me. If they want to kill me, let them. Except for Melanie, every single person I fucking care about is gone. And let's face it, I'm sure she'll be the next one to go. If not her, then it's me. So fucking come take me!

I let out an ear-piercing scream. River's death is entirely my fault. I can feel it in my bones, but I can't explain it. Hopefully, everything will make sense one day. I swig from the bottle again, noticing a bitter taste on the back of my tongue. Ignoring it, I swish the alcohol around in my mouth like mouthwash, washing the taste away and swallowing it down.

As the storm intensifies, my vision swirls and thunder rumbles through the desolate cemetery, reverberating straight to my bones. A quick turn of my head as lightning strikes illuminated two figures just feet away from me caused me to remain seated.

My body is frozen, but my heart is thudding madly, almost pounding out of my chest. My grip on the bottle of tequila slips, spilling the rest onto the soaked grass.

The two masked men emerge from the shadows, this time holding guns instead of knives, instilling a new sense of fear in me. Are they finally going to kill me? Are they going to shoot me? Question after question runs through my mind, rendering me speechless as they approach, grinning behind their masks. Their stares penetrate my skin, making me shiver and slightly panic. I know I said let them come fuck with me, but I didn't mean it.

When I do not see the man in the red mask, I'm relieved because I know the torture won't be as heinous. Still, seeing the glistening chrome guns in their gloved hands gives me a bone-chilling shiver, and I don't like it. The man in the gleaming silver mask approaches from behind, the muzzle of his gun gliding down the back of my head and neck, tracing the curve of my spine. I shiver violently, a chill coursing through my body, penetrating my bones and causing them to ache with an unfamiliar sensation.

The man in the ghostly black mask approaches me, taking his gun and violently shoving the barrel between my lips until the muzzle touches the back of my throat, eliciting a light, involuntary gag. I back up, attempting to take a step away, but instead find myself flush against the silver monster's firm chest, embraced in his surprisingly muscular arms. The black monster smirks as he takes another step into me, closing the gap by pressing his firm, bulky body against mine, effectively sandwiching me between them. The heat from both of them engulfs me, making me hot despite the fact that I'm freezing from the rain. With the gun in my mouth, I try to breathe normally through my nose, using exercises that I've practiced with my patients at the prison. They're fucking right; this shit doesn't fucking work.

Feeling the silver monster's gun now sliding down the seam between my ass cheeks, I clench them, trying to keep him out. Even though I know he can still get in, I'm trying

my best to prevent it. I sway back and forth as euphoria hits me out of nowhere.

"You feel that, trouble?" Silver says, licking the shell of my ear.

"Enjoy the trip." He's biting at my lobe, which causes a sharp pain to shoot through me.

I know the alcohol was too much because I can feel my body becoming numb and weightless. At any moment, I'll turn into a useless mess that they can control and manipulate however they want.

I wonder if I'll be able to remember this tomorrow. If not, this explains why I can never remember anything. They're drugging me... and that means that I must have run into them the night River was murdered, and that's why I can't remember what happened. It all makes sense now...

"Sorry about your friend, sinner." The black monster speaks, slowly moving his gun in and out of my mouth, as if I'm sucking a dick... Even though he said he's sorry, he's still giving me a sadistic grin, but his lips look sexy as they curl and tug upward, meeting his dark, hooded eyes.

"Yeah, River, was his name?" The silver monster asks as if he does not know, which I find difficult to believe given that these men know everything about me and my friends.

I nod my head since I can't speak with the gun in my mouth. Finally, Black removes the gun. Smiling, he brings the soaked barrel to his lips and drags his pierced tongue along it, lapping up my spit with an animalistic growl, leaving me clutched in the arms of Silver.

"Want to play a little game tonight, sinner?" he asks, even though I know it's a

retorical question.

"What if I say no?" Finding my voice and my confidence due to the heavy amount of alcohol flooding my system, I ask.

"Well, it doesn't really matter what you fucking want; let's be fucking honest. You're playing, like it or fucking not," Black bites back, a sadistic chuckle coming from deep within his chest, just as a boom of thunder rattles the ground.

"Have you ever played dodgeball?" Silver asks, whispering in my ear from behind me. I nod my head, feeling the gun digging into my ass.

"Use your fucking words; I can't hear you." He growls angrily.

"Yes, I have."

"Well, this is kind of like that." He snickers. "Except instead of dodging balls, you'll be dodging bullets ." I whip my head around so fast I get dizzy.

"Wh...what? Bul...bullets?" I stutter, stunned, as they both stand here with evil grins on their faces. As another deep shiver rocks my body, lightning strikes them just right, casting an eerie glow over them.

"Yeah, unlike you, we didn't fucking stutter," Black spits in a threatening tone that makes me cringe.

"You're lucky you 're a fucking virgin; otherwise, we would've destroyed that pussy the first night we fucking saw you," Silver bites viciously on my earlobe, running his gun across my collarbone.

"Just wait, though. When the time comes, we're still going to ruin every fucking part

of you, sinner." Black's tone is threatening, actually making me scared for my life.

They both abruptly let me go, pushing me away from them as if I were infected with a deadly disease. I stumble in the muddy grass, grabbing a headstone to steady myself. They stand there watching me, guns in front of them, perfect posture as the rain soaks them, masks concealing their true identities. I stare at them in disbelief, not knowing what to do because I know if I try to flee, they'll either kill me or catch me.

"What the fuck are you waiting for, sinner?" Black asks, sounding wicked impatient.

"Um, what am I supposed to do?" Panic and fear drip from my voice as I try to hold back my tears, refusing to give them that satisfaction.

"You're supposed to fucking run, trouble. You're supposed to try and dodge our bullets like we fucking told you," Silver says, as if I knew the rules of their twisted game. "And I'm warning you now, sinner, I'm a good fucking shot. We both are. So you might want to fucking run fast... now."

When I hear Black's threat, I spin on my heel and run as fast as I can. I run through the cemetery, weaving through headstones, as the sound of bullets whizzing by my head causes my body to convulse. They're fucking crazy!

I don't know how long I've been running, but the sound of bullets hasn't stopped. Luckily, I haven't gotten hit with one of them. I wonder what will happen if they shoot me. I locate a row of tall trees and crouch behind them in order to try and catch my breath after hearing a lull in the gunfire while thunder still rumbles all around me.

I feel as though I'm looking through smudged, prescription glasses, as everything in my world is spinning and foggy. I try to rub my eyes, but that only makes my vision worse, and I can already feel myself drifting into a dream. My fingers start to tingle as my hands go numb, and as I look down at my drenched body, I see that something

red is leaking through my clothing.

I have to do a double take when I lift my shirt, but when I look again, even with my heavy, drowsy eyes, I can see a tiny hole just above my hip. Blood oozes from the wound, and my head spins as I graze my fingers over it, my entire body burning even though I'm soaked from the rain. A bolt of lightning blinds me, and I shield my eyes from the jolt. But as I go to lower my hands, my head starts to throb, and then everything goes black.

Something warm and wet brushes across my lower belly, rousing me from what seemed like the longest sleep of my life. I try to open my eyes, but they're heavy, and the light above me burns my irises as my lids flutter open slowly. When I try to bring my hands in front of my face, I realize I can't; they're held back by something cold and hard. I try to move my legs, but notice they feel the same way. Fear begins to turn my stomach, causing goosebumps to appear all over my body. A burning pain shoots through me, starting in my stomach and working its way up my legs and up my chest, making my throat so sore that I can't even speak.

Once my eyes have adjusted to the bright lights, they widen in shock as panic grips my throat, making me feel as if I can't breathe. A head of curly hair hangs down near my stomach, and I feel a tongue licking something across my skin. I try to move, but my wrists and ankles are bound by thick chains as I lie on a cold, bloody slab in what appears to be a tomb.

The man in the silver mask appears, his gun gripped in his hand, a long, black silencer at the end of it. Looking down again, I notice the man licking my skin is the man in the black mask, and when he lifts his head so I can see his face, my blood is all around his lips, dripping down his chin. He smiles, his teeth stained red, bringing the fear of the devil into my bones. What the fuck?

"Look who's awake," Silver says, coming closer.

"Where am I?"

"Don't worry about it."

"What are you doing?"

"Fixing you up. I told you we were good shots," Black says, while sticking his fingers into the hole in my abdomen, causing excruciating pain throughout my entire body.

Screams escape my throat, and I begin to shake as he digs deeper, eventually extracting a bullet from my flesh. He pops it into his mouth like a gumball and sucks my blood off of it before spitting the bullet into his palm.

"Wanna keep it?" An evil smirk crosses his lips.

"Fuck you," I scream, spitting at him as I thrash around, trying to free myself even though I know it's useless.

Silver comes closer, raising the gun and smacking me across the head with it. Again, everything around me goes black, and my body stills once again.

Blade

With sinner knocked out cold by Saint's brutal hit, I take advantage of her stillness and begin to sew up the bullet wound that pierced her delicate flesh. While he laps up the blood from her forehead wound, I lap up the blood covering her belly, cleaning her skin in preparation for what we have in store for her next. Whether she's awake or not, we've got a surprise for her. With only two months until we take what's ours, we need to get her ready.

After sewing her up and cleaning her blood away with my tongue, Saint and I stand

back, arms crossed over our chests, admiring our naked little sinner, chained and sprawled out on the slab we use to dismember bodies. Such a wonderful fucking sight.

My cock screams from the confines of my pants, desperate to be inside of her. If she wasn't a fucking virgin, I'd be fucking her now. But we have an aversion to virgins. We fuck them together since we fight about everything. Both of us will be inside of her at the same fucking time, so we wait. For now, we have fun with anything we can. And while Nixon and Riley are having fun with Melanie, Saint and I are going to have some fun with Sinner.

Saint pulls her frail little body up to the top of the table, allowing her head to dangle over the edge. He grins as he makes his way to the end, spit-coating the silencer on his gun and aiming it at her pussy. I take my place near her head, stroke my cock, and watch her beautiful eyes flutter open, a look of pure shock flickering inside them.

“So much for her riding my gun tonight,” he laughs, sliding it inside of her and jolting her awake the rest of the way.

She starts to say something, but I shove my cock between her lips, cutting her off. She starts gliding her tongue around my shaft on her own, sucking as her head hangs upside down, giving her the head rush of a lifetime. I take a step closer, squeezing down her throat as far as her tight muscles will allow, noticing the outline of my cock protruding from her neck. When she feels Saint's gun sliding in and out of her pussy, her jaw widens, and I slam my cock inside, the head tapping the back of her throat.

“Be a good girl, sinner, and keep sucking like you were. Don't pay him any mind,” I reassure her, smoothing out her hair and looking her in the eyes with my full attention.

Something happens between us when she looks at me, but it's too late for me to undo

what I've done, so I keep jerking my hips and fucking her mouth. Despite her best efforts, a moan escapes her mouth as I slide my cock out, keeping the pierced tip between her puffy red lips. Slowly, she circles her tongue around it as she warms up to the idea of both of us using her body as we fucking please. Since we started doing this, she has never said no to us. I wonder why.

As Saint lowers his head, he grabs her clit with his teeth and yanks ferociously, causing her to struggle against the restraints. She arches her back off the bloodstained table, and my cock slips from her lips as she opens her mouth to moan again. I stroke it against her cheek, smearing the clear beads of precum across her fair skin. Her face contorts with delight as she closes her eyes, not wanting us to see how much she enjoys what we're fucking doing. She's just as fucked up as we are, and I fucking love it.

"Are you sure we can't keep her, Sil?" I chuckle, slapping the tip of my cock against her lips, urging her to open up for me.

He shakes his head and lifts his head from between her legs, wiping her glistening juices from his lips. "No, we can't, Black. Rules are rules, remember?"

And just like that, he goes back to eating her pussy and trying to make her come while she sucks my cock, choking on the cum that spills down her throat. I lean down, my lips brushing against her ear.

"Sorry, sinner. I tried to save you..." A gush of hot liquid pours down her throat with one last pump of my hips, making her gag as I pinch her nose and hammer my cock between her lips.

As she coughs, cum spurts from the corners of her lips and drips from her nose, making her a mess, but she licks every fucking drop that I scoop up and shove into her fucking mouth like the good little sinner she is.

“Good girl. Now rest; that bullet wound is gonna hurt like hell tomorrow.”

sixteen

Chase You, Taste You

September

Scarlett

I feel a shiver come over me as I run the pads of my two fingers over the scar on my stomach. I lose myself in the kaleidoscope of colors as the wind swirls the leaves around outside the window as I zone out. Even though I should be paying attention to Hunter, I can't seem to focus on anything other than what's outside my window, even though there's nothing there.

It's my first day back to work since River's death. I needed more time after I was shot, the extent of which I still don't recall. I recall being in a dark room with the men in masks, but nothing else comes to mind.

Hunter clears his throat, attempting to get my attention. Reluctantly, I rip my eyes away from the window and force a smile, hoping it meets my eyes.

"Is everything okay, Dr. Stone?" Hunter asks, his bright blue eyes shining brightly.

"I'm fine, Hunter, and please, it's just Miss Stone, no doctor." For some reason, I never wanted to be announced as a doctor. The title just never felt right to me.

"Sorry, I kind of like doctor."

"We are not doing this today, Hunter. We're here to discuss what's going on with you." Trying to keep the conversation professional, I ignore his flirting and flip through his chart, skimming my notes.

When I realize that his release date is near Halloween, another unfavorable emotion comes over me, but I try to push it away as I turn to face him and put on another fake smile. "So, let's talk about how you feel about getting released."

Instead of going straight home after work, I go to the bar down the street from my apartment. Since River was killed, I've been mired in thought, and I haven't discovered a way to dig myself out of the hole. I take the seat at the far end of the bar, closest to the door, in case I need to leave quickly. I've always been like that when I go places.

The bartender spots me the second I sit down and brings me a beer and a shot, walking away with a smile, knowing it's what I've been ordering every time I come in. I was never a big drinker. I liked to trip more, but alcohol seems to numb the pain more than ecstasy or acid. I down the shot in one gulp and then take a sip of my beer, barely registering the burn. There's another one slid over to me, and I toss it down my throat.

I scan the bar, noticing the regulars I've been seeing the past month, but one stands out, and I've seen him before. Where, though? I return my gaze to the shot in my hand, chasing number three with my last sip of beer.

"Did you want another?" I recognize the man I was staring at as he slides onto the empty stool beside me, propping his elbows on the bar.

"Sure." I shrug, accepting the drink and nodding to the bartender for another beer too

"Rough day or something?" he asks when I finally turn my head, taking in all the tattoos covering his body.

I've seen him at the beach... and the lake. He grins, noticing my expression, as if he realizes I know who he is.

"I suppose you could say that. Hey, you were at the lake that night, weren't you?"

"Yeah, we all were." Bits and pieces of what happened start to rush back to me as he gives me the same smirk he gave me that night.

Nothing makes sense, though. Everything is still a huge fucking blur.

"Scarlett, right?"

"Yeah, that's right. I'm not even going to try to guess your name because I have no idea."

"Nixon, but some call me white. " As he runs his fingertips across my forearm, my hair stands on end, and goosebumps prickle my skin, sending a chill down my spine.

I want to remove my arm, but something in his eyes prevents me from doing so. My eyes fix on him as my body freezes to the stool, and I notice that his grin is growing progressively more menacing.

"Where's your friends you were with that night?" he asks, his gaze never leaving mine as he takes his shot.

"Melanie is doing her own thing, and River... well, River is no longer with us." His brows knit together with curiosity.

"Meaning what?" he prods, trying to decipher the message hidden behind my cryptic response.

"He was murdered that night." He doesn't even flinch as I say it, which gives me a rather uncomfortable chill, but I ignore it and look away from him, refusing to let him see the tears forming behind my eyes.

He places his hand on my arm, putting an end to the tickling his fingers were doing. The simple gesture causes me to turn my head and smile, meeting kind eyes rather than evil ones. I return his smile, forgetting about the gut feeling I had when he first came over, as the alcohol does its job of loosening me up.

"I 'm sorry about your friend, Scarlett. Did they find out who did it?" I can hear genuine sympathy in his voice, which calms my frayed nerves.

"Thank you, but no, not yet." Helicoptering my finger around, I signal to the bartender for another round, just wanting to forget about the hell that River went through for one night.

"Did you want another drink?" I ask Nixon, a smile on my lips as we lock eyes once more. "My treat this time," I add, offering him another flirty smile.

"Sure, I'd love to drink with you."

When our drinks are placed in front of us, neither of us hesitates to finish them. My cheeks quickly become hot and rosy. I've been laughing for a while at something he said that wasn't that funny, and I feel more relaxed than I have in the past month. Other than just that night at the lake, which I can't even completely recall, something about Nixon seems familiar.

Two hours after entering the bar, Nixon stands up and approaches me from behind,

placing his hand on my lower back and setting off small internal fireworks. No one has touched me like that since River... and the men in the masks.

"I'm going out to smoke a cigarette. Do you want to join me?" He smiles and whispers into my ear, tickling the skin on my neck with the warmth of his breath, which causes me to shiver.

"Yeah, sure," I agree, throw a few bills on the bar to pay for my drinks, and eventually leave the bar voluntarily with Nixon, not knowing what tonight will bring.

Nixon

Unlike Blade and Saint, I don't have to drug Scarlett to get her to do what I want. All I had to do was be nice to her and a little fucking manipulative in order for her to feel at ease around me. Her decision to come out to smoke with me was entirely her own; I simply pointed her in the right fucking direction.

I keep my gaze on her as she puffs away on the mentholated cigarette between her puffy, luscious lips as we stand in the dark, quiet alley between the bar and a strip club. Damn, what I wouldn't give to have them wrapped around my cock. The looks she keeps giving me and the raised brow she keeps flaunting make me think she has plans of her own while we're back here, away from everyone's prying eyes.

I can tell she's drunk—not completely obliterated—but she's definitely on the verge. Which makes my plan for tonight so much fucking easier, and without me giving her drugs to block her memory, I know she'll remember every fucking thing I do to her. But I'll take it easy so I don't scare her.

"So, Scarlett. Do you have a boyfriend?" I ask, already knowing the answer.

"Nope. River and I used to date, but after the death of our friend and the

disappearance of another, we went our separate ways. I guess the stress was too much on our relationship," she offers willingly, puffing heavily on the cigarette and doing her best to blow rings of smoke into the foggy air.

"So, are you looking to come back to my place for a little... company ?"

She smiles, fear no longer visible in her jet black eyes. "I don't know if I'm ready for all that," she says, without actually admitting her ass is a fucking virgin. But unbeknownst to her, I already fucking know.

"We don't have to do anything you don't want to do. I'm not one of them ." I keep a sweet smile on my face, attempting to reassure her.

She bores her eyes into me, taking her sweet time to sweep her heavily drunken gaze over the tattoos that cover almost all of my skin, trying to make sense of some of the artwork. I step into her, lightly pressing the front of my body against hers, making sure she can already feel how fucking hard I am. I expect her to blush due to our close proximity, so I'm surprised when she reaches out and grabs the hem of my shirt, pulling me closer so our lips are mere fucking inches apart. I wasn't expecting that. But I'll take it.

She rises on her toes, even in her heels, just to be able to reach my mouth comfortably. She kisses me without saying anything, letting her guard down with one of the only men she fucking shouldn't. Shit, should I kiss her back or pull away to pretend to be doing the right thing?

"Scarlett, is this what you want?" I ask her, trying to appear sincere, gliding my thumb over her glossy lips as her eyes follow my every move.

"Yes, it is, and I'm not just saying that because I'm drunk."

As I grab the back of her neck and crash my lips down on hers, she laughs and hiccups, her cheeks turning pink. Hungrily, I sweep my tongue around in her mouth, tangling it with hers. I catch each moan that escapes her throat in my mouth and kiss her like she has never been kissed before. She's panting against my lips when we break the kiss, and as she considers my offer to take her home with me, her eyes start to fill with curiosity.

"What's that look for, Scarlett?" I ask in the most subdued voice I've ever used, doing everything in my power to avoid alarming her.

"Is your offer still open about coming home with you?" As she asks, she blushes and twirls a silky lock of her black hair around her finger.

"It sure the fuck is." I grin and re-capture her lips, this time kissing her a little rougher, sinking my teeth into her bottom lip, causing her to softly yelp right into my mouth.

I might get myself into trouble with the boys tonight, but it'll be worth it.

When we separate for the second time, lust heavily clouds her eyes as she bats her dark, innocent lashes at me. Her smile is contagious, and I can't help but return it, thumbing her puffy bottom lip, red and swollen from my sucking.

"You want to get out of here, Scarlett?" Her name rolls off the tip of my tongue slowly, causing a breath to hitch in her throat.

I run my fingers up her stomach, feathering the tips over her breasts and watching her chest heave from the sensation. I watch goosebumps form as I slide them up her silky, caramel skin, sweeping them across her collarbone and slowly gliding them under her chin. I grip her jaw tightly, tilting her head so her eyes meet mine. Desire swirls within them, and with each blink, her pupils dilate.

Smiling and still waiting for her answer, I ask her again. "Are you ready to go?"

"Yeah, let's go. Do you live far?" She unexpectedly reaches out and takes my hand as we begin to move down the alley.

I don't know if she's trying to get closer or out of fear of what might be lurking out here in the darkness, but I lace my fingers with hers and squeeze her hand firmly.

"I live a block away, so I figured we could walk or..." I grin, and she raises her perfectly sculpted brow in a question.

"Or what?" she finally asks.

"...or we could play a little game." Her eyes widen and her smile fades slightly as she hears the word "game," but she quickly recovers with a smirk.

"What kind of game?" We reach the end of the alley and cross the street once the cars have passed, her hand still clutched in mine.

"It's called chase you, taste you." Her eyes sparkle with wonder as I wink at her, drawing her deeper into the darkness as we walk down the dimly lit street.

"What kind of game is that?" she laughs, and it makes my fucking dick hard. Thank fuck, we're almost home.

"It's the kind of game where you fucking run, and I chase you... and when I catch you—cus I will—I get to taste how fucking sweet you are." She swallows hard, her grip on my hand loosening as if she wants to release it, but she doesn't.

"Oh." That's all she says, looking straight ahead as the thoughts in her head race, and I already fucking know what she's thinking.

"Would you like to play? I'll make you feel really good when we get back to my place." I promise her, with no intention of lying.

"What apartment is yours?"

"That building, right up there." I point as her big, brown eyes widen and a small, sweet smile spreads across her glossy lips.

"No way. Really?" She looks at me, fear no longer visible in her eyes.

"Yeah, why?"

"I live in the apartments across the street from yours. That's funny," she laughs, finally warming up to me, which works in my favor.

"The irony, huh?" I playfully bump her shoulder, still gripping her hand tightly.

"So, do you want to play, Scarlett? All you have to do is run to my building and hope I don't catch you." I lick my lips, watching her eyes follow my tongue.

"I'm a little drunk, though. I don't know how well I'll be able to run."

"Give it a shot." I let go of her hand and shoved her back, urging her to run towards my building.

Even if the distance is only a block, the chase is still half the fun. I simply stroll behind her as she runs, her black hair flying wild in the wind. Watching her ass jiggle in the tight pants she chose to wear, I palm my erection over my pants, getting myself ready for when we get inside. It's a good thing the guys are at the Mausoleum tonight. I don't want anyone interfering with what I'm about to do to my little toy...

Scarlett

Other than the copious amounts of alcohol coursing through my veins, I'm not sure what made me agree to Nixon's game, but here I am, running down the sidewalk, attempting to beat him back to his apartment. I ignore the bitter wind on my face and breathe through my nose, trying to keep my chest from hurting from the cold invading my lungs. I'm not sure what causes me to turn around, but I do. And when I do, he's nowhere to be found.

It's dark, Scarlett. That's why. He's still coming.

I continue to run in the pitch black, attempting to stay in the dim glow of the fading streetlights, using them as a guide. I sigh with relief as I approach his building and note how close it is, realizing it's not far. Although the wind on my cheeks is cold, it soothes my hot body and helps to lessen the heat that's rushing through me.

As I turn to look behind me, I hear footsteps but see nobody. What happened to him? Coming to the front of the apartment, I grab the stair railing and hunch over, trying to catch my breath after the short run. My vision is obstructed by my hair, and I can't see anything, but a chill runs down my spine as I sense someone approaching me. As I turn around, a hand is placed over my mouth, and I am yanked against a firm chest. I recognize Nixon as the person holding me by the potent, woodsy scent, so I unwind in his firm embrace as he drags me inside the structure.

"Gotcha," he growls in my ear, nipping at my lobe. "That wasn't so bad, was it?" he growls again, this time in hushed tones, dragging me down the hall with him.

With his hand clamped over my mouth, I shake my head, still unable to speak. For some reason, I'm not afraid, though. He leads me into his apartment, closing the door behind us while his hand remains firmly placed over my mouth. I don't resist as he drags me toward his bed and throws me on, quickly taking my clothes off. He takes a

step back to admire my naked body, making me shiver and feel small beneath his intimidating gaze as he removes his own clothes.

“I chased you, Scarlett...” he says with a seductive tone and climbs onto the bed, hovering his entire body over mine. “...and now I’m going to taste you.”

He seizes my lips, wildly lashing his tongue against mine, while his hands slide down my body, exploring my breasts and cupping them firmly. I part my legs for him, and he wiggles his body between them, his cock pressing against my aching pussy.

Thinking this is my first time, I arch my back into his touch, relishing the pleasure he’s inflicting on my body. But when his lips move from my mouth to my neck and continue kissing down my body until he comes to a halt at the mound between my thighs, he looks at me and winks, completely throwing me off.

“What are you doing?” I ask, heavily panting.

"Tasting how sweet you are, just as I promised." He smiles as he reaches for my clit, tugging it between his teeth.

I grab his hair and pull it as he flattens his tongue, lapping up the moisture dripping from my pussy as I writhe beneath him on the bed.

“I thought...” My words trail off as he eases his fingers into me, slowly stretching me out while his teeth brutally tug on my clit.

“You’re not ready for what I have, Scarlett,” he says confidently, concentrating on devouring my pussy and making my eyes roll back.

My hips buck up against his face, chasing the sensation of his fingers inside me and his tongue tickling my pussy lips. I keep my hands tangled in his dark tousled locks,

guiding him where I want him, the build of my orgasm beginning in my core with the flick of his tongue. My back arches once more, but he presses his palm against my stomach, firmly securing me to the mattress. He rolls circles over my clit using the tip of his tongue, ripping hoarse moans from my throat that echo throughout his room .

His lips and chin glisten in the light with my wetness every time he lifts his mouth from between my thighs, giving me an embarrassed blush as I throw my head back against the pillow. He inserts his fingers deep into my pussy, prodding me with them as they curl up against my spot. My legs shake as the tips of his fingers press against the magical area, and I try to lock them tightly around his head. He pushes them open roughly, shoving my trembling thighs against the mattress as he licks me faster.

I chase his touch once more as he pumps his fingers more vigorously and deeply, feeling my climax taking hold and the muscles in my stomach beginning to tighten. I yank on his hair as he bites on my clit, the first wave of pleasure ripping through me, soaking his lips in my glistening cum. He puts his mouth to my opening, removes his fingers, and starts sucking my juices out of me, sending my body into convulsions as another wave of pleasure renders me useless.

As my climax surges through me with full force, I arch my back and pull his hair, holding his mouth against my pussy the entire time. When he comes up for air, he smiles and licks his lips in satisfaction.

“You taste so fucking good. That’s that virgin pussy, Scarlett. You haven’t been tainted by a cock yet... which makes you even more delicious.” He crawls up my body and seizes my lips, leaving a taste of myself on my tongue as he ravages my mouth once more.

“What if I wanted to have sex?” I ask, hesitantly, when he breaks the kiss so we can catch our breath.

He sits up beside me, chuckling, lighting a cigarette and scanning my naked body with dark, hungry eyes, as if contemplating taking my virginity.

“As much as I’d love to fuck you for the first time... I can’t.” His voice is laced with resentment as he puffs on the cigarette, sending a thick cloud of gray smoke toward the open window.

“Why? Is there something wrong?” Suddenly feeling self-conscious, I sit up and grab the blanket to cover my body.

“No, there’s absolutely nothing wrong with you.” He grins, yanking the blanket down to reveal my body once more.

“Then what is it?”

“You’re a special girl, Scarlett. Did you know that?”

“Um, no.” My lustful eyes swirl with confusion as I sweep them over his face, trying to make sense of his perplexing statement.

“Well, you are.”

“Why?”

“There are people out there who have plans for you come Halloween... did you know that?” Danger lurks behind his pearly whites as he smirks.

“They’re crazy, and I’m not just saying that; they’re literally crazy in the fucking head. They’re obsessed with you and they’re coming for you...”

“What do you mean by that?” I frantically look around the room for my clothes as I

Speak with a voice tinged with worry, ready to just leave.

"I know you know my friends... Black and Silver, oh, and Red, and we've all got plans for you, Scarlett."

seventeen

Trick or Treat

October

Scarlett

The bitter, cold autumn breeze floats in through the windows of my car, shaking my entire body and making my teeth chatter. I'm not sure if it's the cold or the threat that lingers in the back of my mind, but I cannot shake the chill that has settled into my bones.

That night with Nixon was supposed to be fun... It was, I mean, but what he said to me before I left wasn't. I'm still unsure what to make of his message. Other than the men in the masks coming for me, what the fuck do they want?

Driving home from work, I haven't been able to stop thinking about what day it is. Halloween. I pull into Wal-Mart's parking lot, needing to grab a bag of candy for the trick or treaters, trying to forget everything Nixon told me that night about the men in the masks having plans for me. Even though we live in an apartment building, all the kids usually come to everyone's doors, and I am completely unprepared. I am, however, prepared for Melanie and my Halloween party. I'm actually looking forward to returning to normalcy.

I have some reservations about Melanie's invitation of Riley, Nixon, and the brothers from the lake, especially in light of what Nixon recently revealed to me. Are those the

friends he was referring to?

I keep my head down and mind my business as I navigate the aisles to find the candy, hoping there's still some left this close to Halloween. I'm such a procrastinator. But to be fair, I've had other things on my mind.

Scanning the limited shelves, my eyes are drawn to a four-pound bag of mixed candy—the last one—and I grab it before the other shoppers. But just as I reach for it to take it off the shelf, someone else reaches for it and refuses to let go. My eyes widen as I turn to confront the candythief, and a slight but noticeable flush spreads across my cheeks.

“Oh, hi.”

“Hey, Scarlett. Small world, huh?” Blade says, still holding onto the bag of candy.

“Not really since we live across from each other and this is the only Wal-Mart in town.” Refusing to let go of the candy, I give him a sly response, still not sure how I feel about him yet. “I hate to be that person, but I really need this candy.”

“Oh, and why's that?” His dark eyes match the dark smirk curling on his lips.

“Because it's Halloween, and I need it for the kids in my building.”

“Well, I need it for the kids in mine. It seems we've found ourselves in a little predicament, Scarlett.” His tone is deep, dangerous, but playful as he steps closer, still clutching the candy tightly.

“Please, can I have it?” I beg, giving him my best pouty lips and puppy dog eyes, making him grin even more.

“Tell you what; how about we buy the bag and split the cost and the candy? That way, we both get what we want.”

“Hmm, I guess that’ll work.” Letting go of the candy, he tucks it in the corner of his arm and elbow like a football and walks with me out of the aisle toward the checkout.

Once the candy is paid for, we leave the store and walk through the parking lot, Blade still following me to my car.

"Can I get a ride back?"

"You didn't drive?" I ask, unlocking my car.

"Nah, I walked since it's just down the street."

"Yeah, sure." I smile at him and move into my seat as he moves into his, all the while casting a cunning glance my way.

Nothing is said during the five-minute drive home, but a lot is going through my head. I wonder if he knows about Nixon. I curtly smile as I pretend not to notice the subtle glances he gives me from the corners of his eyes while maintaining my focus on the road. Pulling up in front of his building, I put the car in park and grabbed the bag of candy.

"Here's your candy." Ripping it open, I dump half of it on my backseat, giving him the other half still in the bag.

"Thanks again for this," he says as he takes it, grinning dangerously wide that his eyes shine like stolen gems, making him so fucking bad that he should be illegal.

"Yeah, thank you too. So, are you coming to the party?" I ask hesitantly, not even

wanting to bring it up.

"I am, actually. The four of us are; Melanie invited us," he says her name as if it burns his tongue, but his smile remains as wide as ever.

There's something about him that I can't explain, but it makes a good girl want to do bad things for him...

"Yeah, she was in charge of the invites. She left me in charge of everything else." He opens the car door as I roll my eyes, his dark, predatory eyes scanning my body seductively.

"I'm sure it'll turn out great, Scarlett." He gets out of the car and shuts the door, leaning his head against the open window. "I'll see you tonight. Happy Halloween..."

I shiver as he winks at me and slowly backs away from my car, licking his lips. With my heart racing and my panties soaked, I manage to drive away, pulling into the complex right across the street. He's going to be trouble...

Melanie has the music blasting and Marilyn Manson busting from the surround sound we have set up in our apartment when I finally get upstairs, not giving a fuck about the landlord tonight. After putting the candy in the bowl by the door, I kick off my shoes and go look for her, assuming she is in her bedroom...

"Hey, you're home!" she yells over the music, hopping into her tight leather pants.

"Yeah, I had to grab candy. Oh, and I ran into Blade at the store." She smiles mischievously as she buttons her pants, her brow arcing perfectly, albeit deviously.

"He's got the hots for you," she exclaims in a whisper, as if it were a secret. "Riley told me."

"Of course, he's going to say that; they're best friends and roommates.," I scoff, attempting to ignore the pull I feel in my gut just thinking about him.

"It's more than that," she continues. "Riley said he's obsessed with you," she laughs, pulling on an even tighter shirt that exposes her tits.

"Just drop it, Mel. I'm not looking for anything like that. I'm just looking for a "one night stand" kind of thing."

Her jaw drops at my admission, given that I was always opposed to them before. Lately, I've been ready to have sex, but I'm not sure how to go about just 'picking up a guy' for it.

"Girl, he's the perfect one night stand! And if you ever wanna fuck him again, he's just right across the street!" she exclaims and claps her hands as though we have reached some sort of fucking milestone.

"You're making a big deal out of nothing, Mel. Just forget I said anything. I'm going to get ready." She turns around to say something else, but I keep walking, replaying her words in my head.

"Riley said he's obsessed with you."

I shiver, dazedly closing my bedroom door as I make my way to the closet, attempting to master the difficult task of selecting the perfect outfit for tonight.

I won't lie... That's kind of creepy, but Blade doesn't seem creepy. At least not to me...

Blade

When I walk into my apartment, the first thing I do is go straight to the kitchen and toss the candy bag into the trash. What a gullible little sinner. I smile as I walk into the living room, where the guys are, of course, watching TV and playing a serial killer game on Xbox.

Dressed in black from head to toe with their masks sitting on their laps, all three of them turned their heads, noticing me standing in the entryway with my hands shoved in my pockets, fidgeting with my Saint Christopher pendant to relax my anxiety about tonight- our master plan is finally happening.

"Where the fuck were you?" Saint sneers, a slight anger coating his deep voice.

"At the store. What the fuck does it matter?" I bite back with venom in my words, mirroring his demeanor.

"You need to get fucking ready, Blade. I'm not letting anything fuck up our plans for tonight." He goes right back to the game, Nixon and Riley following his lead as I spin on my heel and saunter off toward my room.

It's finally the night we've all been waiting for. Tonight, sinner will be fucking ours.

I change and put on something I can pass off as "party wear" before meeting the guys on the balcony. Each of them is fixated on Scarlett's apartment and the numerous drunk bodies already dancing around the cramped space.

"How's it gonna go down?" Nixon asks, fidgeting with something in his pocket.

"Easy. We'll go to her door while everyone's occupied with the party, and we'll grab her," Saint explains, never taking his eyes off of the black haired sinner smoking a blunt on her balcony.

"What if she screams?" Riley pipes in, sounding more enthusiastic than anything.

"That's what chloroform is for. Slap a fucking rag over her mouth the second she opens the door, and we'll be fucking golden," I chime in, reminding them why I had them get us some in the first place.

"So what are the rules for tonight? Is it an anything goes kind of thing?" Nixon's voice drips with curiosity, and he lets out an excited chuckle.

"We'll all have her, but Saint and I get her first ."

"Can we watch?" Riley asks with wonder in his sadistic grin.

"And while you two fuck her, Nix and I will have a little fun." He licks his lips at Nixon while grabbing his cock over his pants. In response, Nixon arches his brow and licks his lips, preparing for tonight's adventure.

"Sure. It ain't like we've never done that before."

I take a puff on my cigarette and fix my gaze on my little sinner, imagining how tight her little virgin cunt will be when I fucking break her tonight. Instantly growing hard, I don't even try to hide it. The guys all want the same thing— Scarlett .

"How long are we keeping her before we grab Mel?" Riley asks, his voice twanging at the mention of her name.

"Not sure yet, but we're not grabbing Mel..." Saint tells him, shocking everyone with the unexpected revelation.

"Since when?" I ask, rage coursing through my veins, convinced that he had changed everything without telling us.

"Since I decided that Scarlett would be the one to fucking grab her... I wanna watch her in action." Evil drips off of him like sweat beads as it seeps through his pores.

"Before we kill her, we're gonna teach her to fucking kill, and before we leave this fucking town, we're gonna wreak fucking havoc all throughout it."

He licks his lips and spins his blade in his hand as his eyes grow ominous. He is no longer concerned with the game; he craves the real thing. And tonight. We're going to finally fucking get it...

Scarlett

After getting ready for the party and greeting the many guests Melanie had invited, I grab a cup of the spiked punch and begin to mingle through the crowd. As soon as I start to relax and enjoy myself, another knock comes at our front door. I roll my eyes and walk over, my drink in hand, Melanie nowhere in sight. I grab the bowl of candy and open the door, only to be greeted by a swarm of costumed children.

"Trick or treat!" They yell in unison, holding out their candy bags. I take a sip of my drink before setting it down, smiling brightly as I admire their outfits.

"You guys look adorable!" I tell them, dumping handfuls of candy into their bags and buckets, just wanting to get rid of it so I can stop coming to the door and just enjoy my party.

Once they are content, they skip down the hall and wait ecstatically at my neighbor's door. As I return to my apartment and prepare to close the door, a powerful hand slaps the wood, forcing it open. I peer through the crack, terrified, and notice Blade and the other three from the lake. The sudden tightness in my throat dissipates, and a smile spreads across my lips as I open the door for them to enter.

"Trick or treat, Scarlett, " Saint says, pausing in the hall like the others.

"What, you want some candy too?" I laugh, grabbing the bowl off the stand near the door.

"No, actua-

"Are they here?!" Melanie shouts over the music as she sprints over to the door with me, swinging it open the rest of the way. "Hey, guys! Come on in!"

She tugs Riley's wrist, pulling him into the apartment. Observing the glances Blade, Saint, and Nixon are exchanging, a ball of nerves makes its way into my stomach, giving me the impression that something is strange about this evening.

"Well, are you going to stand in the hall, or are you going to come in and join the party?" I ask in a flirtatious tone, winking as I turn my back on them, leaving the door open for them to enter.

I can tell they followed me in because of the chill that grips my body, but I ignore it. Tonight, you're not worrying about the bad shit you've been dealing with all year. Tonight, you're going to have fun and enjoy yourself. You deserve this...

When I notice Nixon and Riley leaving with Melanie, I turn around to see Blade and Saint, who are dressed identically in black and have matching sadistic, sexy grins on their delicious lips. I lead them to the drink table, waving my hand across the selection of liquor and motioning for them to choose their poison.

"We have a lot to drink, so help yourself." I grin as I refill my red Solo cup with punch from the bowl.

Saint reaches for a cup and hands it to his brother before grabbing one for himself,

both of them heading straight for the punch. They look around the apartment, noticing the decorations and how happy and inebriated everyone is. Blade licks his lips and takes a sip of his beverage before turning back to me and flashing a smile that could brighten even the cloudiest day.

"The party looks good, Scarlett. I told you it would."

"Yeah, I was a little skeptical, but I'm glad." I am about to say something else when I hear another knock on my door, and I roll my eyes, wishing these kids would just go home. "Be right back. I have to hand out candy."

They watch me intently as I slink away, and I feel a deep, anxious chill spread throughout my entire body. I might attempt the one-night stand with Blade—or Saint—tonight. Who knows? Either of them would be fine.

Saint

Once Scarlett is out of earshot, I turn to Blade, anger noticeable in my eyes, but at this point, I don't give a fuck. Fucking Melanie ruined every fucking thing . Blade's baby blue eyes have the same look swirling around them, but something much more sinister flickers around his dark, dilated pupils, and I am curious to find out what's on his brilliant mind.

We make our way toward the sliding glass doors that lead to the balcony, noting that there's not a single soul outside. We open the door and step outside, breathing in the fresh air as we light a cigarette and a blunt laced with angel dust.

"So there went that fucking plan," I spit angrily, taking a big rip off the blunt, the dust tingling my tongue as it seeps into my bloodstream.

"Yeah, but this might work out better..." He speaks while licking his lips and tasting

the acridity of the dust, a grin curling across his face.

"What's on that mind of yours, brother? Anything good?"

"Oh, it's always good, Saint. Haven't you figured that out by now?" He grins once more and snatches the blunt out of my hand.

"Then fucking spill it before trouble gets out here."

"Let's just say that by the end of the night, this place will look like a scene from fucking Saw, and before we fucking leave, Sinner won't be a fucking virgin anymore."

He leans in and starts to explain his idea, and as I give him a slightly bewildered expression, hearing every fucking detail makes my cock hard and cum makes a fucking wet spot on my pants. Thank God they're black and no one can see it.

"Fine, you can have her now, but when we get her back to the Mausoleum, she's both of ours before Riley and Nixon join in."

"Sounds fucking good to me." He exhales, smoke billowing from his chest and floating into the starry night sky.

"Poor little girl isn't gonna know what the fuck hit her when we all take her at once," he says, a mouth full of smoke as he holds it in his lungs.

Unaware of the evil scheme we just came up with, the backdoor opens and she walks out. She takes her place in between us— where she belongs —and stares off into the night, a gorgeous smile on her innocent face.

"Done with the trick or treaters?" I ask, playfully bumping her elbow with mine.

"Ha, yeah, I purposely gave the last group of kids all the candy I had left and shut my light off so they'd stop coming," she laughs, eagerly accepting the blunt Blade hands her.

"Smart girl..."

It takes everything in me not to immediately bend her over the railing when she blushes because it's so unbelievably sexy. I cough, clearing my throat, and make an excuse to go back inside after picking up on Blade's subtle looks as trouble puffs away on the heavily laced blunt. It's time for part one of our plan.

"I'm gonna leave you two be and go mingle. Have fun now," I tell them, whispering into trouble's ear after licking the shell to make her shiver.

"We'll be in soon. Have fun!" she yells as I walk back inside and close the door behind me.

Blade

I step behind her and press my body against hers as she leans over the railing, obviously feeling the effects of the angel dust coursing through her veins. She turns her head and smiles over her shoulder when she feels my cock poke into her chubby little ass.

"You look sexy as sin tonight, Scarlett," I tell her, licking her earlobe as I wrap my arms around her, encircling her petite body and preventing her from moving.

Her eyes are large and wild, flickering back and forth, the drugs already having a strong effect on her. I spin her around and slam my mouth against hers, forcing my tongue between her red painted lips. She kisses me back without hesitation, fisting the hem of my shirt to try to pull me closer. My hand slides down her front as I reach

between our bodies, squeezing it in between her thighs and under her short skirt.

I growl into her mouth, rough-sucking her tongue between my teeth as I feel how saturated her thong is. I catch her moan in my mouth, sucking all the air from her lungs with the possessiveness of the kiss. She daringly runs her hand down, cupping my cock over my pants and ripping another dark, animalistic growl from my throat. I wrap my free hand around her throat while my other hand rubs her pussy, attempting to get her nice and wet for me. Panting, we break the kiss and lock eyes, and this time she doesn't even blush as we stare at each other.

"Um... do you... do you want to go to my room?" she asks apprehensively, worried that I will decline her.

Her body relaxes and she becomes at ease as soon as she sees my fucking smile, the blush on her rosy cheeks dissipating.

"You want to go to your room with an apartment full of people?" My tone is flirtatious and deep as I cup her pussy and press my thumb against her clit over her drenched panties.

She shudders, rolling her eyes back as she nods her head.

"Use your fucking words, Scarlett." Her eyes flutter and shift to mine, as if she has heard those words before. Because she has... at the fucking cemetery...

"Yeah, why not?" As I hit the blunt, she smirks, playfully licking her lips.

I take a huge rip off of it, gathering a mouthful of smoke and holding it in my cheeks, giving her a devious grin that causes her blush to return. With one hand on the back of her neck, I let go of her pussy and cupped her cheeks, squeezing them open. I slam my mouth on hers and blow the smoke into her lungs, giving her a shotgun, making

the poisonous smoke infiltrate her body to get her even more fucked up.

"Get on your knees for me, pretty girl." I clench my fists around her hair and shove her down, eagerly unbuttoning my pants.

Keeping my gaze on the party inside, I pull out my cock and stroke it as she gets to her knees, a shy smile on her face as she licks her lips, wetting them. I'm waiting for her to recognize it... my cock isn't like the rest of them. Her eyes widen in surprise as she places her hands on my thighs and I guide the tip of my cock to her eager, parted lips.

"You're pierced and tatted?" Her eyes find mine, flickering back to the many memories we've shared over the years, all with me wearing my black mask.

However, as the drugs spread through her bloodstream, a lost look consumed her gaze, and the words became lost on the tip of her tongue .

"You like it?" I ask, pushing the tip between her lips, preventing her from speaking.

She nods, her tongue swirling around my head, sucking me deeper into her mouth. I keep a grin on my face as she works her tongue around my shaft, leaning my back against the railing on her balcony, noticing the chaos in the apartment behind us. I cover her ears with my hands, holding her head, so she can't hear the screams from inside, even over the loud music. Sinner opens her jaw and sucks me down her throat as the guys mask up and scare the partygoers, bobbing her head slowly like she's bobbing for fucking apples at a Halloween party.

"Fuck, that's it, Scarlett." I grip her head tightly, pumping my hips as they tense.

Each brush of her tongue against the pulsing veins in my cock sends a rush of pleasure through me.

Looking up, I see Saint holding a knife and locking his gaze on me through the sliding glass door, pausing to watch Scarlett sucking my cock. He grins beneath his mask, twirling his knife for a moment before spinning around and grabbing one of the girls they were calling Summer. I watch as he slams her against the sliding glass door, his mouth crashing down on hers, his knife gliding down the front of her body. I fuck Sinner's mouth harder as she gags on my cock, sensing my climax on the verge of erupting. Saint shoves his hand between Summer's legs, ripping her dress and exposing her ass to the glass door.

The bass from the song rattles the apartment as he raises his blade, sending vibrations throughout my body and pushing me over the edge. As my cum spills into Sinner's mouth, Saint slashes the blade into Summer's throat, turning the glass red with her blood and causing chaos in the apartment as he stabs her repeatedly. I grip Sinner's ears even tighter, making sure she can't hear the terrified screams of the people inside being butchered as I finish coming in her mouth, making sure every drop trickles down her throat.

She locks her gaze on me, smiling with my cock still between her puffy lips, completely unaware of what's going on behind her. As soon as the drapes were drawn, I let her up while watching my cock slide out of her mouth. She licks her lips and smiles shyly before falling into my embrace as I wrap my arms around her.

"You're fucking amazing, Scar," I tell her, meaning every fucking word.

"Thanks... I was hoping you'd like it," she laughs, attempting to turn around to see why it has suddenly become darker, but I grab her and spin her around so she's facing me.

"Is that offer still good?" I ask, swiping the rest of my cum off her puffy bottom lip with my thumb. She nods, her eyes serious, as I press my thumb into her mouth.

"Yeah, it is."

"Good, let's go to your fucking room."

eighteen

Corrupting The Virgin

Scarlett

As I get to my feet, the cold air kisses my skin as a gust of wind sweeps through the air. Blade smiles and scoops me into his arms, still leaning against the balcony railing for support as he peers into my eyes, as if searching my soul for something.

Looking around, I notice the atmosphere is much darker than it was, and I see the drapes closed against the sliding glass door, a red substance smeared all over the glass. I shiver as he walks me towards it, protectively holding me in his arms, careful not to drop me. My body still feels as light as a feather as I wrap my arms around his neck.

This all feels so surreal, like it's one big dream. Is this even happening? Am I really about to finally lose my virginity?

I can hear muffled music and the obnoxious bass reverberating throughout the entire building. I'm definitely going to be hearing from my landlord tomorrow, but tonight, I don't give a fuck.

"You doing okay, Scar?" Blade asks, rolling my name off the tip of his tongue in a tone that makes my clit throb.

"Oh, yeah. I'm more than okay," I answer, giving him a smile that I know for sure

meets my eyes as my nerves swarm inside my stomach like first date jitters.

He comes to a halt just before opening the door, which causes me to look at him in confusion. He reaches into his pocket and pulls something out, slipping it over my head, a devious grin on his already sexy, shiny lips.

“Put this on for me.”

I raise my hands to my head and feel around, noticing a blindfold. I pull it over my eyes, sighing heavily as my hands begin to shake from fatigue. When my vision is blocked and everything is pitch black, I hear the door slide open and the music amplify, but there’s no sound of talking.

“Where is everyone?” I ask as he walks me inside, closing the door behind him. He holds me tightly, walking me to my room, stepping over things as he lifts his legs. I cling to him, afraid because I can’t see anything.

“They’re here just chilling,” he whispers in my ear because of the music. He enters my room, closes the door, and places me on the bed, my eyes still covered.

"How come I have to wear this?" Fear causes my voice to tremble, and the unknown causes me to panic. I can feel him close by, but all I can see is darkness, which is terrifying.

"Because I fucking want you to. And I always get what I want, sinner," h e says, the bed dipping as he gets closer to me.

A chill sweeps through my body, making me shiver, but his words are what I cling to, striking me like a domineering punch.

"Wh... what did you just say?"

He pounces on me as I reach for the blindfold, pinning my body to the bed with his. It feels like everything is suddenly erased from my memory before anything can sink in, and the words start to slip off my tongue once more. I feel something cold caress my hot skin as he slides it under my clothes—a knife... He swipes it against the fabric, and it falls open, causing me to shiver as the air feathers across my body. Whatever drugs I was given started to take over my mind, leaving me frozen on the bed. I can't move. As I try to lift my limbs, they begin to tingle and feel extremely heavy. He rips the rest of my clothes off my body, leaving me naked beneath him, satisfied grunts escaping his throat and going straight to my core, turning me on even more.

“Blade?” I ask, afraid of what he's doing.

“What, baby?” He puts his mouth right next to my ear, yanking my lobe between his teeth and causing my body to jerk violently.

“Can you take this off yet?” I ask, motioning to the blindfold.

He chuckles, straddling my waist, his cock poking into my pussy, giving me strange but enticing sensations that set my entire body on fire. I feel his hands on the side of my head as he slowly starts to lift the blindfold, and relief washes over me.

“You sure you want it off?” He pauses, waiting for my answer.

“Yeah, I want to see you.”

“Okay, as you wish...” He removes the blindfold as I hold my breath.

Half expecting to see something horrifying, I am relieved to see him naked on top of me, smiling as he pulls it off. He tosses it beside us and leans down, peppering kisses all over my face, lavishing me with affection. My heart skips a beat when I notice a long, sharp knife beside me, right next to the shredded clothes he cut off my body. He

grins as he cusps my face in his massive hands.

“What?” he asks, like, its no big deal what he just did.

“Did you really cut my clothes off?”

“Yeah, why not?” He dips his head and starts kissing my neck, inching down my body. He cups my breasts, squeezing them firmly, making me wince at the strength of his grip. “I’m not going to hurt you, Scarlett... Well, maybe at first, but I promise it’ll feel good after.”

Something in his tone gives me an uncomfortable chill, making me second guess this entire thing, but as I try to move my body, it’s like I’m cemented to the bed. As he lowers his head, tugging my nipple between his perfect white teeth, darkness clouds his crystal blue eyes, and evil flickers within them. My hands reach for his hair, yanking his curls roughly.

"Relax, baby..." he says seductively, his tone of voice hypnotizing me.

As he stands up, I lean back and spread my legs wide. He positions himself between them, his massive, colorful, pierced cock lining up with my opening, mercilessly rubbing my tingling clit to get me dripping even more than I already am. As he presses the head of his cock against my pussy, I clutch the sheets tightly, afraid of how much it will hurt. He smiles and reaches for my mouth, shoving something between my lips.

“Fucking swallow it.” He gives the order, his tone becoming more demanding.

When I feel a pill on my tongue, I gather spit in my cheeks and swallow, earning myself a smile from him when he sees that I have followed his order.

“Good girl. Now lay back and enjoy it.” He slams his cock into me as soon as my head hits the pillow, causing a scream to rip from my throat as he tears my pussy with the size of his cock. My bedroom door slams open, and three men walk in, terrifying me.

“Get out!” I scream, pain coursing through my entire body as Blade continues to fuck me, oblivious to the intruders.

“Relax, sinner. They’re here to watch the show.”

Confusion knocks the wind out of me as he pumps his hips, each vicious thrust ripping my tight pussy. I ignore the warm liquid trickling down the insides of my thighs, noticing Blade's eyes light up when he feels it as well. And that’s when I see them. They approach my window, the moonlight highlighting the masks on their faces. Silver...White...Red...No...

Blade

Her expression is fucking priceless. Her fixed gaze on the three masked men watching me fuck her draws my attention to the window. The pain isn’t even fucking bothering her anymore, even though she’s bleeding all fucking over me.

I grab her hips and thrust mine into her tight, virgin pussy, ripping her apart like I promised her so many times. Her blood and arousal soak her sheet, making my cock slide in and out of her with ease, even with her tight muscles trying to fight me out. She grips the sheet, frozen, as she stares at the guys, still unable to speak.

“What’s wrong, Sinner?” I ask, huffing in between strokes that make my fucking back ache.

She’s so fucking tight, and I’m not gonna last much longer. Fear flickers in the

browns of her irises as she shifts her gaze away from the guys and toward me. They widen as her back arches off the bed, and I pound into her as if she's been fucked before. Paralyzed in terror, her jaw drops and her pussy grips my cock as her orgasm begins to show it's pretty face, but she still hasn't uttered a single fucking word.

Leaning down, I seize her mouth, curling my tongue around hers with enough force to steal her breath. Her hands shove against my chest, but I'm too strong for her to fight off. She screams into my mouth as her pussy contracts, clutching my cock and soaking me. I let my climax rush through me as she experiences her first orgasm, easing my cock deep inside of her and filling her with my cum.

"Fuck, sinner. I knew you'd be worth the wait." I bite her lip, yanking it along with me as I pull my face away from hers, leaving her with a horrified expression.

As her body trembles beneath mine, she pants, trying to catch her breath. My cock gleams with her cum, soaked in dark red blood that drips down my legs, leaving me with an insatiable desire to have her again. I climb up her body, aiming my cock at her parted lips as she stares at me in shock, lust flashing in her eyes still. Cum spurts out in thick globs, landing on her lips and dripping down her chin, making a mess all over her pretty little face.

She stays still, her tits bouncing from her heaving chest, and her nipples so fucking hard they could fucking cut me like my own damn knife that's beside her head. I stroke my cock, spraying my cum all over her face, making her skin glisten even more.

Saint comes over when I climb off of her, leaving her shaking in absolute fear and shock, still frozen to the bed. He lowers his head and licks my cum off her face before crashing his mouth on hers, forcefully choking her with his thick, pierced tongue as he relishes the taste of me in his mouth.

Even after I wash myself up, she lies motionless, unable to turn away from the masked men who are still fixating obsessively on her naked, bloody body as though she were a piece of fucking meat. When she still doesn't move, I rip her shaky thighs apart and lower my head, licking a slow path from her ass to her clit, sopping up the blood leaking from her.

"Stop that! You're gross!" she yells, her face furious, as she scoots up toward the headboard, hugging her knees to her chest.

I grab her neck and squeeze it, crashing my mouth on hers, kissing her manically so she tastes the delicious blood that's coating my tongue.

"Ah, she speaks."

I lick my lips and sigh in contentment as I take a seat at the foot of her bed. Saint goes into her closet, rummaging through her clothes in search of something for her to wear. We can't take her out of here naked, although I'd love to.

"Wh... What did you do?" she asks, glaring at me.

"Nothing, Scarlett. I just fucked you like you wanted."

"Who are you?"

"You know who I am, so why are you asking?" I grin as Saint walks out, throwing some clothes at her. He throws my mask at me, and I put it on, making her beautiful, lustful eyes widen in terror.

"You!" s he screams, finally putting the puzzle together.

While impatiently waiting for her to get dressed, the four of us surrounded the bed,

preventing her from leaving.

“Surprise, sinner. Now get the fuck dressed. We have places to be.” I grab her clothes and hurl them at her, hoping to shake her out of her trance. But she refuses to budge.

"Do we have to dress you like a fucking child?" Nixon spits as he grabs her ankle and drags her down the bed.

“You sure as fuck weren’t acting like a child when Blade was balls deep in that pussy, were you?” He continues, taking the initiative to put her pants on.

She stares at the four of us, betrayal visible in her features, tugging at my heart, but I try to ignore it.

“What do you want? Haven’t you ruined my life enough over the last year?” she screams again, her voice becoming louder.

Nixon supports her legs while Saint drapes a shirt over her perfect body... for the time being.

“We’re only getting started. Now you’re ours, baby,” I tell her, leaning down to retake her mouth.

She tries to squirm, but the guys keep her firmly anchored to the bed. I squeeze her cheeks and force my tongue down her throat.

Scarlett

My darkest nightmare has come true. The four masked men who have been tormenting me all year stare down at me, cowardly hiding behind their masks, despite the fact that I know who they are. Even so, I can’t stop the flood of desire that rushes

between my thighs as my clit throbs, remembering Blade fucking me just moments before.

How can someone so vile make you feel so good? It's incomprehensible.

They dress me and step back from the bed, giving me a little breathing room. The music is still playing in the background, almost taunting me, but no one else's voice can be heard.

"Get the fuck up, trouble. It's time to go," Silver says, comfortably holding a knife in front of him.

As I focus my attention on the four of them, I notice that they are all holding knives and are dripping with blood. I sit up, slowly swinging my shaky legs over the edge of the bed, hoping not to collapse when I try to stand. Sensing that I'm taking too long, I try to hurry but end up falling to the floor and catching myself with my hands. Red circles the bed, reaching down and snaking his hand through my hair.

"Where do you think you're going?" Grabbing a handful of it, he pulls me to my feet, a firm grip on my hair, tears pricking the corners of my eyes as I'm dragged to the door.

Trying to ignore the knife in his other hand, I raise my knee and slam it into his crotch, causing him to hunch over in pain. I probably shouldn't have done that, but I need to get out of here. I frantically open my door and flee, hoping to get away from them. But what I wasn't expecting were bodies to be strewn about my apartment.

As I run for my life while being blinded by flashing lights and loud music, I find a shocking number of dead bodies and blood all over the place, which covers the walls, soaks into the carpets, and is smeared all over the windows. What the fucking fuck?

As I get closer to the front door, panic sets in, and I freeze. My entire body is in excruciating pain as the hair on my body stands on end and goosebumps cover my skin. I can feel their presence behind me, but despite having my hand on the doorknob, I just can't bring myself to open it.

"Where are you running off to, trouble?" Silver says slowly, creeping up behind me.

The point of a knife digs into the back of my neck, slowly dragging down my back against my spine, causing a violent shiver to wrack my body.

"You can fucking run all you want, but you know we're going to fucking catch you," Black says, reaching out and clutching my hips, pulling my body back against his.

I shudder as I feel his hard cock pressing against my ass. Both pleasure and fear swirl inside of me, perplexing me and leaving me unsure of how I should feel right now. Are they going to kill me? Or is this just some kind of sick, twisted game they want to play that turns them on? I think to myself as he runs his knife down the front of my body before bringing it up and pressing the edge against my throat.

He roughly grabs my jaw and turns my head so our eyes meet, causing my body to shake uncontrollably in his embrace, despite the fact that I was as comfortable as I could be hours before. Suddenly, an enraged Red charges at me, his knife raised above his head. He snatches my throat from Black, slamming me against the door and squeezing until I cannot breathe.

"You think that little fucking stunt back there was fucking funny, little fucking brat? Kicking me in my fucking balls?" he growls in a commanding tone that makes me tremble, my gaze fixed on the knife as he forces the tip of the knife into my mouth and pushes it inside.

I try to remain as still as possible, afraid that the slightest movement will cut me.

Toying with me, he swipes the blade across my tongue, making me think he is going to cut me.

“Let’s see who’s laughing when we’re fucking finished with your ass.” He presses the knife further between my lips until the sharp point touches the back of my throat, my eyes widening in terror as the familiar taste of blood trickles down my throat. He fucking cut my throat!

“That’s fucking enough, Red,” Black shouts, ordering him to stop .

Red reluctantly lets me go, sliding the knife out of my mouth and releasing my throat, leaving me a trembling shell against my front door. Black approaches me, cupping my cheek and looking longingly into my eyes. His eyes soften, and I almost fall for this side of him for a split second, but then I remember everything they have done, including the fucking bloodbath in my apartment, and nausea creeps up my throat, but I force it down, not wanting them to see me sick.

“Don’t fucking worry about a thing, sinner. We’re not going to hurt you. We’re going to make you feel so fucking good. I promise.” He cups my pussy and rubs his palm against it, forcing my body to betray me in every fucking way imaginable.

White reaches behind me and pushes me into the hall, causing me to stumble backwards and almost lose my footing. "This is your chance to flee, sinner... But I’m warning you now; you get one fucking chance to get away.”

They follow me into the hall, but stop as I start walking backwards, hoping to get away from them.

“What’s that supposed to mean? How the fuck am I supposed to get away from you?” Tears stream from my eyes as I inch closer to the door, hoping to make a break for it without being caught. Wishful thinking, Scarlett.

"You have such a filthy fucking mouth, trouble. But don't worry, we'll fix that, won't we, boys?" Silver says, grinning beneath his shiny mask.

"Oh, we sure the fuck will," White says, twirling his knife around, the blade gleaming brightly and catching my attention.

"If I were you, sinner, I'd start running... cus once we catch you, you're fucking ours for good , and we're never letting you go."

I turn around and shove my hands against the door's metal bar, pushing it open and allowing the cold air to slap me across the face, waking me up from my drugged stupor. Once my feet hit the ground, I run as fast as my legs will allow, and I don't bother looking back to see how close they are... but I know they're not far behind me.

nineteen

Double Fucked

Scarlett

Running through the dark streets of Salem, my chest hurts with each breath I take, and the taste of blood from Red nicking the back of my throat with the tip of his knife is still very strong on the back of my tongue. I shudder thinking about it as I flee for my life, knowing that four crazed, masked men are pursuing me and that I have little chance of escaping them.

I can't get the scene from my apartment out of my head. The blood everywhere, the dead bodies strewn about... But where was Melanie? I didn't see her anywhere. My thighs ache horribly, and running only makes the pain worse, but I know I cannot stop.

Trying to stay in the light rather than the dark, I stay on the sidewalks, hoping to run into someone who can assist me. For it being Halloween, there's no one fucking out! I'm double fucked. Luck is definitely not on my side tonight. Fear threatens to paralyze me and bring me to my knees, but it also drives me to persevere.

I can't let them kill me, and I know that's what they're going to do. I know too much. I've seen too much. There's no way in hell they're going to let me live after this.

When I see the Walmart, hope fills my heart, and I force my legs to carry me faster toward the illuminated store. Thank God! Turning around, there's no one in sight, but

I don't dare to stop or slow down in case they emerge from the shadows. They always seem to be one step ahead of me. Not this time.

As I get closer to the store, I allow a smile to break through the frown on my face, but it's fleeting. Before I can reach the doors and escape, a strong arm from behind wraps around my waist and violently pulls me backward, right into the arms of one of the masked men. Blade. I can smell him. His hand clamps over my mouth, preventing me from screaming, and he drags me into the dark alley beside the store, bringing me right up to the other three monsters who are waiting for me.

"I told you we'd catch you," he says, pride filling his voice as he licks the shell of my ear, making me shiver uncontrollably.

I thrash in his embrace—one that used to make me feel so welcoming—now trying to get as far away from him as possible. He shoves me away, and I fall to the ground, my knees scraping against the pavement.

"What are you going to do to me?" I ask, tears streaming down my cheeks as I keep my gaze fixed on the ground, refusing to look at them.

"Whatever the fuck we want," Silver says, pulling me to my feet by my hair.

"Remember, Blade told you that you were now ours, so anything goes, whether you like it or not, trouble. You're fucking ours."

"You guys are fucking insane!" I scream, hoping that someone will hear me. But they don't. Instead,

Red sweeps his hand across my face, drawing blood from the corner of my lip, clearly wanting me to stop talking. "Watch your fucking mouth. You never know who you're going to insult with your words, brat."

I look up, stunned. No one has ever hit me before. When I look up, I see Nixon, and I realize he tried to warn me about this. He warned me about how insane they were, how obsessed they were... and I didn't even think twice. Was he trying to save me? I clear the confusion from my head and turn to face the four of them, wondering what next cruel scheme they have in store for me .

"Now, we have to get going, sinner. Do I have to fucking knock your ass out and carry you? Or are you going to be a good little girl and walk with us on your own?"

I scoff under my breath at his ridiculous choices, but I know I have to choose one of them. Shit, I'd rather not be knocked out...

"Don't touch me... I'll walk on my own," I bite back, trying to keep as far away from him and the rest of them as possible as we begin walking again—to where I'm not sure. And to think, I just gave this asshole my virginity. I guess I have bad judgment, huh?

Blade

Scarlett says nothing on our walk to the car, but I wasn't expecting her to. She is fucking terrified; I can see it in her eyes, but this is what we fucking do. We're not nice guys, and we never fucking claimed to be. We're evil. We're murderers. We torture people. And best of all, we fucking love it.

When we arrive at Saint's car, he pops the trunk, and Scarlett's eyes widen, knowing exactly where she will be sitting on the way to the cemetery. I smirk at her while still wearing my mask and take a few steps towards her, which causes her to back up to the car, where she's caged. Her big brown eyes flicker with fear as she shifts her gaze between the four of us, silently pleading with us not to put her in the fucking trunk. Too bad, though.

“Get the fuck in,” Red growls at her, still pissed from when she kicked him in the balls.

She refuses to listen and shakes her head no, which irritates him even more. He pulls out his knife and charges at her, pushing me aside and taking my place against her body... which is mine. I stand back and watch as his knife presses against her throat, digging into her smooth, tanned flesh that I want to sink my fucking teeth into again.

“Don’t make me fucking cut you, mouse. Now get in the fucking trunk for the ride.”

She looks at me for some reason, her gaze softening as she begs me for assistance with just a glance. Shit, why can’t I resist that look? Should I fucking help her ass out?

“I’m not getting in the fucking trunk. Kill me right here if you want.” She crosses her arms over her chest and cranes her neck, causing the blade to dig deeper into her skin and cut her.

Trying not to show her fear in front of us, she keeps her face frozen, but I can still see the horror and torment clouding her beautiful eyes.

“Red, step the fuck away from her,” I order him, knowing he’ll listen to whatever I tell him.

He moves, and I take my place again, holding her hips with a tight grip. I press my lips against her neck, covering the cut in her skin. I suck her skin between my teeth and slurp the blood oozing from the cut, causing her to squirm in my grasp. She moans, fighting it, but the more she screams, the harder I suck until the blood drains from the tiny wound. I lick my lips as I pull away, staring at her. I can feel myself losing it—losing myself in her.

“You and White sit up front. White, you drive, and Sil and I will take the back with the mouthy little sinner here.” I watch her chest heave as she breathes a sigh of relief, but deep down, she fucking shouldn’t be. I didn’t save her... and I’m not saving her even if she thinks that’s what’s happening .

When we are all in the car and Scarlett is wedged between Sil and me, we both clutch her thighs and spread her legs open, wishing we were already between them. Soon enough, as soon as we get back, we’re fucking ruining her.

“Where are you taking me?” she asks quietly, trying not to be heard by White or Red, who she believes are the two evil ones among the four of us. She couldn’t have it more twisted, though.

"We're taking you back to where it all started, trouble..." Saint explains, his gaze never leaving the road ahead of us. I watch her swallow hard, her nails digging deep into the smooth skin on her palms.

"I'll do whatever you want; just don't kill me. Please, " she begs, fighting back tears.

Saint speaks up before I can respond, finally turning his head to meet her gaze. "That's cute that you think you're in a fucking position to negotiate with us." He slides his hand up her thigh, easing his fingers into her pussy before she realizes what he’s doing.

I notice the look in his eye, and I can tell that he isn't all there either. Our minds are feeling the absence of our meds, and we're about to fucking lose them. We both rip her thighs open and hold them that way as she tries to clench them shut. Red turns around, pointing his phone at us in the backseat, recording the whole thing.

"You know, so I can watch this shit later." As Saint drives his fingers into Scarlett's pussy, Red smirks and keeps the phone aimed directly at him.

I can see desire clouding her eyes, as much as she wants to hate it. She tucks her bottom lip between her teeth and leans back against the headrest, her legs spread and her hands relaxed beside her, allowing my brother to torture her pussy with his fingers. As I watch the show, I twist in my seat and lean against the window, palming my cock over my pants.

Sain t

Back at the cemetery, Scarlett is much more relaxed by the time we pull up to the Mausoleum and get her out than she was when we forced her in.

Probably due to the orgasm I just gave her. She comes to a halt at the door as White and Red enter, causing Black to slam into her from behind.

"Move your ass, trouble. It's time to go inside. We're going to have a little fun." Black gives her a gentle shove, launching her into my arms.

Her body trembles uncontrollably as I drag her inside, stepping over random human bones along the way. Panic fills her eyes, and each shallow breath she takes causes her chest to heave deeply. Her gaze is drawn to the blood stains on the walls and floors, and she pales even more, her knees weakening as she walks. She stumbles and falls into my arms, forcing me to carry her over my shoulder for the remainder of the walk. I can feel her body shaking tremendously against mine as we get closer to the table she was on before. But we're not going there right now.

"Please don't do this..." She sobs as she watches Red and White enter the small room off to the side. I cup her ass cheek and squeeze it reassuringly, my fingers sinking into her soft flesh.

"Calm down, trouble. We're not going to hurt you. We're gonna make you feel good. You'll see." Taking her into the room, I place her on the bed, and the four of us

huddle around it, staring down at her.

White reaches into his pocket and pulls out two small pills, grinning as he sits beside Scarlett on the bed. "Open up for me," he orders; his tone isn't one to be challenged.

"What are those?" She purses her lips, hugging her knees to her chest, her body trembling in terror. Dried blood stains her body, making my cock hard as I sweep my gaze across it.

"What you've been taking all year. Now open your fucking mouth, or I'll open it for you." He smirks at first, then bores his murderous gaze into her, causing her mouth to slowly open without resistance.

Good fucking girl. I sigh and cross my arms, growing impatient. He places the pills on her tongue and closes her jaw, forcing her to swallow without drinking. We watch as he rubs her throat as she swallows them, making the moment far more intimate than it should have been. This shit is becoming more difficult than I anticipated... will I be able to kill her?

Her body stops shaking as the pills take effect, and her horror-filled eyes turn dark and wild with lust. She relaxes her knees and leans back against the pillow, finally breathing deeply. I lock eyes with Black, and he nods, signaling it's time. I remove my mask and place it on a small table near the door, watching her eyes flutter as she notices my face. The guys gradually follow suit, revealing their faces to her as well.

She fucking laughs as she scoots up toward the rusty metal headboard, her shoulders visibly relaxing as she reaches for a cigarette from Blade's pack beside her. He flicks his zippo and lights it for her, their eyes locking and the moment becoming even more intimate before she snaps her gaze back to the rest of us, scrunching her nose.

"I fucking knew it was you guys. I was suspicious of you." She shakes her head and

stares at Riley as she recalls the night of torture she endured at his hands.

"We had a good time, and you fucking know it," he laughs, removing his clothes to get comfortable .

" You had fun. I was scared shitless." She does her best to avoid my and Blade's gaze, but when I pull my shirt over my head and walk up to her, her eyes widen and lock onto my bare chest.

"Fight it all you fucking want, Scarlett. This is your fate. It has been for a fucking year now."

I unbutton my pants and slide them down, watching her eyes follow my every move.

"And why is it my fate?" she asks, her voice much lower now.

"Because..." I kick my pants off and sit down, grabbing her head and laying it in my lap. "Once I saw you, I fucking knew I had to have you," I admit running my fingers through her hair.

"And what about you?" she boldly asks Blade, flicking her gaze at him as he begins to undress.

"What about me?" With a couldn't give a shit attitude, Blade scoffs and sits at the end of the bed in his boxers, running his dark, hungry eyes up and down her body.

"Why are you doing this?"

"Because I fucking want to and because I fucking can."

"Yo, you talk to fucking much," Nixon snaps, swinging the door open and walking

out in a huff.

"Let me know when she's fucking ready," he yells after himself, making Riley get up to follow him.

"Yeah, you three have fun. I'm going to get drunk, but Nix and I will be back for our turn soon." He blows Scarlett a kiss and walks away, a relieved expression on her face.

I'm not sure when things started to change in my head, but the longer I sat here thinking about her, the more regret entered my fucking mind, making me second-guess my entire fucking plan. Scarlett and I lock gazes as I fist her hair, pulling her head up to meet mine. All sympathy for her vanishes the moment I taste her lips on mine, and evil takes over. My body pins hers against the mattress in the blink of an eye, and Blade watches from the end of the bed, stroking his cock at the sight. She whimpers into my mouth, grabbing the sides of my body as she wraps her long legs around my waist, attempting to draw me closer. At least the drugs have loosened her up.

"Now, Trouble, this might hurt, but we've got you. Remember that," I warn her by thrusting my cock into her pussy in a single, slow thrust, causing her back to arch perfectly off the bed.

She moans, gasping deeply as my cock stretches her tight little pussy out, ripping her still virgin cunt to accommodate my size, which she isn't used to yet. Jesus fuck, she's so tight. As I continue to push deeper inside of her, she digs her nails into my back and rakes them down my skin, leaving bloody scratches. I see tears welling up in her eyes, but I ignore them as I do everything else and concentrate on the task at hand. Reaching under her chubby little ass, I press her cheeks together, burying my cock in her pussy, ripping a loud moan from her throat once I bottom out inside of her, my cock head hitting her magic spot.

"Ahh!" she screams, clinging to me as her body shudders from the pain, but nothing but pleasure flashes in her distant eyes.

"It's okay, sinner. Breathe through it. It's about to get a hell of a lot worse," he chuckles, stroking his cock against her cheek, the tip smacking her lips, her eyes glued to him as if she is in a trance.

Her legs part on their own as she becomes used to my cock, and her pussy drips like a fucking faucet with each stroke I deliver. Pressing on her clit with my thumb, her whole body trembles, a smile spreading across her lips as she opens them to take my brother inside. I clench my teeth and pound into her tight pussy, my balls smacking her bright red skin with each vicious thrust. Her moans grow louder, drawing Nixon and Riley back into the room.

"By the way she was moaning, I thought you were both fucking her already." Nixon expresses his dissatisfaction as he settles into a chair to watch the show.

"About to be," Blade says as he climbs onto the bed behind me.

Scarlett's eyes widen as I smile, thumbing her puffy lips in anticipation. "I warned you it was going to happen. That we'd both be inside of you at the same time."

"I assumed you were joking," she pants, fisting the sheet as she squirms to get away, my cock still deep inside her.

I pull out of her, and Blade slams in, making her eyes pop and her mouth open. Nixon walks to the head of the bed and grabs the rope to tie her wrists to the headboard.

"Please, don't tie me up," she begs him, making her best puppy dog face, which will never fucking work on any of us. I lied, because it has worked on me and Blade before. But it fucking won't tonight.

" Trust me, you're going to want to be tied up," Blade says, still fucking her, obviously unable to pull himself away.

"Trust you ?" She laughs but glares at him as he thrusts his massive cock into her pussy, causing her to bleed from the brutality of his thrusts. He is going to have a difficult time killing her.

Scarlett

The only part of me they leave untouched was my eyes, allowing me to see everything they are about to do to me as I lay here with my wrists tied to the rusty metal headboard by bloody rope and a gag in my mouth. Riley and Nixon are naked, sitting awfully close to each other, stroking their own cocks and watching Saint and Blade touch me in ways I have never been touched before.

The brothers climb on the bed again, dark, evil hunger in their eyes that I've never seen even over this last year. Even though my pussy is soaked from what they're doing to me, my body shakes in fear rather than pleasure. Yes, it feels good, but I'm terrified of these men, and I don't want to be here. Blade looks longingly at me as he rubs his cock against my pussy, causing my body to jerk against his, chasing the pleasure coursing through my body.

"Remember to breathe through the pain, sinner. It'll only last a minute anyway," he says, licking his lips as a seductive grin curls across them.

Saint pokes his head over Blade's shoulder, smirking even more devilishly than his brother as he prods his cock at my entrance, teasing me. I tug at the restraints, feeling both of them pushing at my entrance and making my body begin to shake wildly. I squeeze my eyes shut as an intense amount of pressure consumes my entire body as both men simultaneously push their cocks into my pussy, ripping a bloodcurdling scream from my throat as they tear me open just to fit inside me.

My back lifts off the bed, and my arms pull even harder on the rope that secures my wrists, chafing and bleeding them. Blade leans in and kisses me, hotly flicking his tongue against mine to distract me from the pain and catch my screams in his mouth, growling animalistically. He tastes so good, even if what they're doing is beyond fucked up. He lowers his body even lower onto mine, our sweat-soaked skin sliding together. While he fucks me, his cock buried deep within me, Saint fucks me too, his cock as deep as his brothers as he leans on top of Blade, rocking against him. The pressure is unbearable, feeling like they're about to break my pussy with each vicious thrust, but my focus is pulled off of that and onto the grunting and moaning coming from the other side of the room.

"You want to watch, don't you, sinner?" Blade queries after noticing that Nixon and Riley have now caught my attention. He grabs my jaw and turns my head, forcing my gaze on them .

"Then fucking watch, baby. Watch them fuck each other to the sight of us fucking you." He licks a path from my ear along my jaw, stopping at my chin and capturing my lips again.

Nixon and Riley jerk each other off, frantically stroking each other's cocks with their gaze fixed on the brothers fucking me. My cheeks flush, but whatever Nixon gave me is assisting me in not giving a fuck right now. I'm sure I'll care later, though. Nixon spins Riley around quickly, bending him over the back of the chair near the door. They wink at me as Nixon bends his knees and guides his cock to Riley's ass, shoving inside him in a single thrust that I am sure hurts, but Riley's face contorts into a grin of pleasure. Blade jerks my gaze back to him as he and Saint intensify their thrusts, slamming into my pussy hard and deep at the same time, stretching me wide and leaving a gaping hole from their cocks.

"You're being such a good girl, sinner," he says, his voice much calmer than earlier.

"Does it feel good?" Saint asks, peering over his brother's shoulder with hooded eyes.

When I don't answer right away, Blade's hand wraps around my throat, and his other hand reaches for his knife beside my head, making panic fill my darkened eyes.

"Fucking answer him, or I won't be sticking the handle of my fucking knife in your mouth this time." His angry tone is back, switching just like that, reminding me of a man quickly on the verge of losing his mind.

"Yes, it feels good," I lie, partly just to appease them, hoping to make this ordeal easier on myself.

"Good, it's about to feel even fucking better."

Both of them suddenly start fucking me faster, shaking the old, squeaky bed as they pound into me. Arousal and blood slide down the inside of my thighs as their cocks pulse inside of me, and my pussy starts to clamp around them in a vise grip. Nixon fucks Riley off to the side of me, slamming his cock into his ass, his hand grabbing his throat from behind, turning his face bright red. His balls smack against his ass as he fucks him wildly, and they both seem to enjoy it.

The sight turns me on, causing my clit to throb even more. My back arches, and the brothers slowly slide out of my pussy, grinning at me as their eyes sparkle with mischief. Blade licks his lips, his grip on my throat still tight. Saint smirks and raises his brow before sucking his lip between his teeth. They both slam back inside of me, causing my upper body to lift off the bed and back away, but I'm trapped. Blade clamps down on my hips, their cocks destroying my pussy with each brutal thrust, enough to send me over the edge and soak them in my cum. A gush of hot liquid pours into me as both of them come, spilling their cum deep inside of me, grunting in ecstasy as their climax hits them harder than anything before.

Blade

Staring at Scarlett's limp body, still safely secured to the bed, I still can't get rid of the raging boner I've had since before we fucking ruined her. With the guys at the bar, I offered to stay behind and keep an eye on her, which I preferred anyway. Still naked, my eyes roam her body, burning the perfect image into memory since I'll no longer be able to see it once we kill her. If we can.

As I enter the room, I take a seat on the bed, making it dip right beside her head. Her eyes fling open, fear filling them as it has so many times before. She swallows hard when she sees my blade twirling in my hands, terrified of the hell I might cause. Let's be honest, I'm fucking afraid too.

"You're awake." I smile at her, swiping my palm across the spot on her cheek where Nixon slapped her earlier.

"Um, yeah. I am," she says, her voice raspy from screaming. Her tits jiggle as she breathes, her perfect chest heaving with the deep breaths she takes.

"How do you feel?"

"Like I was just in a fight." Her cheeks are flushed as she tries to conceal how much she enjoyed it. But I know she liked it.

"You'll get used to it, sinner. I promise."

"You mean, it's going to happen again?" Her jaw drops, and all the hope in her eyes has vanished.

"Of course, but not always." I draw my knife across her throat, watching how slowly she swallows and enjoying how much her fear turns me on.

"How long am I going to be here for?"

"Oh, sinner. That I can't answer, cus I have no fucking idea."

"Well, what can you tell me?"

I lower my mouth to hers, my knife still pressed against her throat, as I snake my hand between her legs and slide my fingers into her pussy, wanting nothing more than to make her feel good... again.

"What I can tell you, sinner..." I pump my fingers quickly, causing her to arch her back off the bed, greedily pursuing my touch. "... is that nothing else matters other than this moment, because when we're finished, we have to fucking kill you."

twenty

Suck My Knife

Scarlett

I have been tied to the bed all night, helpless lying here as each man comes in and takes his turn with me. They keep me doped up, giving me pill after pill so I can escape reality and let my mind take me anywhere. The bizarre thing is that none of them have physically hurt me; they have simply messed with my head and taken me against my will. The drugs they feed me make it impossible to say no to whatever they want to do, and by the time they wear off, I'm fed more, so the high never ends. My body hurts, the scars all over me are getting worse, and I can already feel the progression.

As I lay here, Blade's words repeat in my head—the ones about killing me—and I shiver, hitting my core deeply. I knew they'd kill me eventually, but I'm hoping I'll have enough time to convince at least one of them to set me free or at least not kill me. If they want me to join them, I will. I just don't want to die.

I look around the stone walls, the blood catching my eye again, but this time it does not frighten me. What scares me is the skull sitting on the table beside the bed I'm on that wasn't here when they brought me in. I jerk my body and scoot back as much as I can for being restrained, fear shaking me like I'm having a fucking seizure. One of them told me Saint collects skulls. How fucking weird. Then again, all of these guys are weird.

I freeze when I hear commotion in the main part of the Mausoleum, knowing that whenever these guys fight, they take their rage out on me. Please don't come for me... knowing Halloween is now over and I haven't seen Melanie at all, it leaves me wondering if they've killed her too. I am curious what everyone will think when word gets out about what happened at my apartment. Oh my god... all the blood... all the dead bodies...

I try to sit up against the cold, bloody headboard to breathe through the panic attack that threatens to rock me. My heart tightens and my chest squeezes, almost closing up. Closing my eyes, I try to recall a pleasant memory to help me relax... but I can't fucking think of any.

Riley

Blade and Saint try to block my way into the room by standing in front of the door, preventing me from seeing my little mouse. They're being awfully greedy over her, and I don't fucking like it.

Saint initiated this nonsense, but when we do it, we all get equal time. But this time has been fucking different. Blade and Saint have gotten her way more than me and Nix, and every time I fucking want her, they come up with some pisspore excuse. Not tonight. She's fucking mine, and we're gonna paint the town red tonight... literally.

"Get the fuck out of my way, Saint," I growl, charging toward him, ready for a fight.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing, Riley?" He fires back, adamant about not letting me into the room with her.

"I'm taking her out tonight, and me and her are going to have a little fun."

"She's not fucking leaving this place unless she's going to our apartment, and that

ain't happening." Blade steps beside him, his bulky, muscular frame blocking the door and towering over me as I approach. He's fucking huge, but I'm on a fucking mission.

"Tell me how it's fucking fair that you two get to have her whenever the fuck you want, but I can't take her out for a fucking drink to pick up another girl?"

They drop their jaws and stare at me, still not moving from the door.

"I want to go!" she yells from the room, not knowing what she's agreeing to. She probably thinks she'll be able to get away tonight... but she's dead fucking mistaken.

"Shut it, sinner. We're figuring it the fuck out."

"Why the fuck are you taking her to get another girl?" Saint inquires, his thick brows knitted in wonder.

"Because I want to prepare her for the whole Mel thing. I want her to grab Mel. Irony, is not it?" I grin, arms crossed across my chest, waiting for them to agree that my plan serves a purpose.

"That's not a bad idea, but I don't want her in public. Have you seen the way she looks?" Blade says, possessiveness in his eyes as he turns around and looks at her across the room.

"Her face is unharmed, so all we have to do is cover her body, which is simple with the right outfit." As I rub my hands together in anticipation, the brothers exchange glances, mulling over the idea in their heads. Hopefully this works and I don't have to fight them for her pussy.

"Fine, she's yours tonight, Riley. But do not fucking make us regret it." They reluctantly step aside, allowing me to enter the room where my little toy is.

She smiles to try to hide the horror swirling within her eyes as she remains tightly bound to the bed, naked and on display for all of us. But I can see it. I can always fucking see it.

"Hope you're in the mood to go out tonight," I tell her as I work on loosening her wrist restraints.

I'm not sure why, but she gives me a grateful look. She puts her hands over her chest to try to block my ravenous eyes from seeing her gorgeous, perky tits, but I rip them down so I can see them once more, rubbing her sore, bloody wrists as I sit her up.

"Where are we going?"

"Out for a little fun. You'll see."

Taking her arm, I bring her wrist to my mouth and begin gliding my tongue over the dried blood smeared on her skin, cleaning her up. She moans from the feeling of my tongue, but shame fills her eyes as she tries to hide the fact that she likes it. She's so torn about how she should be feeling. If she were smart, she wouldn't bother trying to feel anything since she'll be fucking dead soon and it won't fucking matter.

Blade

I had to leave the mausoleum because if I stayed any longer and was separated from Scarlett, I was going to fucking lose it in front of everyone. My obsession is becoming more intense than Saint's, and it's fucking terrifying me. I'm not sure what it is about her, but I can't seem to get away from her. I doubt I'll be able to fucking kill her. What the fuck have I gotten myself into? Once I had her pussy I was done. But it's not just that. It's fucking everything about her.

I light a cigarette and blow the smoke into the darkness, watching it swirl and mix

with the fog that has settled throughout the cemetery. I can hear yelling inside, but I ignore it because I don't want to get involved in their drama. The door opens, but I keep my back to it, focusing on the gravestones scattered throughout the cemetery, which are covered in dead leaves and frost from the recent cold snap.

"What's going on, Blade?" Saint asks, coming to check on me like always.

"Don't worry about it. I'm fine." Deja vu hits me as I recall taking him out last year and asking him the same fucking question, and he gave me the same fucking answer I just gave him.

"It's Scarlett, isn't it? You fucking love her, don't you?" I stare at him, greedily puffing on my cigarette to make myself dizzy as all kinds of thoughts about her flood my mind.

"I don't fucking know, Saint. I think so," I admit, knowing I can trust him with anything.

"That isn't the plan, Blade. The plan is to kill her."

"I fucking know!" I scream and slam my palms against his chest, causing him to stumble backwards into a tombstone.

"Take it easy. We'll figure something out. We always do." He promises, but I can see the evil lurking in his eyes and can tell he's lying. He doesn't know what love is; he never fucking did. That's why he couldn't keep his fucking wife. To be fair, none of us had any idea what love was until Scarlett showed up.

Scarlett

"Put this on and make yourself pretty for me, baby." Riley rises from the bed and

throws me an outfit.

He comes to a stop in the doorway and turns to face me, flashing me a sexy grin that makes my stomach turn as I think back to the things he did to me.

"Where are we going? Are you going to tell me yet?"

"No. Just out, now fuck off with the questions," he tells me as he storms out of the room, leaving me alone. "Oh, and take those pills too. I'll be able to tell if you did or not," he yells from the other room.

My gaze is drawn to two white pills on the small table, and I cringe as I wonder what they are. In an attempt to devise a strategy, I take one and hide the other, keeping it for later until I can figure out what to do with it. Pulling on the clothes he gave me, I notice it is one of my outfits, and I breathe a sigh of relief that I am not wearing the clothes of a murdered girl. I apply a light layer of makeup, trying to pretty myself up for him like I was told, wanting to remain on their good side for as long as I can so they don't kill me sooner. Anything to survive...

Once I'm ready and I go to walk out of the room, I'm met by Blade and Saint at the door, blocking my way out. As I look deeply into their eyes, they are distant and torn; there is nothing but sadness inside them.

"You look fucking beautiful, sinner," Blade says as he reaches out and grabs my hip.

"Thank you, Blade," I tell him, smiling back.

He leans in for a sweet kiss like I have never had before, and I find myself kissing him back and enjoying it. What is wrong with me?

Saint is obsessively watching, but after what they have done to me, I am not afraid of

an audience. Riley's voice interrupts my enjoyment of Blade, causing us both to groan and shiver against each other's bodies.

"Let's fucking go," Riley yells, pushing past the brothers and grabbing my wrist, dragging me out of the room.

I avoid looking around the tomb, not wanting to see any more blood, bones, or tools for torture, afraid they'll be used on me next. Nixon has vanished, leaving me to wonder what he is up to. But I don't ask. I'm not that stupid. I take one last look at Saint and Blade before Riley viciously drags me the rest of the way out, the cold air stinging my skin from the wounds covering it.

He shoves me into the front seat and slams the door as he walks around to get in the driver's seat, not saying anything as he drives away from the dark, eerie cemetery that I will never look at the same way again. The entire ride, he has his knife out, resting on my thigh, as to serve as a reminder of who's in control and that if I make any sudden moves, he'll use it on me... and I know he won't hesitate to either.

Riley

Pulling up to the bar, I park and turn off the car, eagerly turning to Scarlett. I admire her tonight, smirking, knowing how she really looks underneath her outfit. I push my hand between her thighs, rubbing her covered pussy grinning when she leans into my touch, a moan slipping from her throat. Grabbing her throat, I pull her toward me and claim her lips, forcing my tongue into her mouth, tasting the bitterness of the pill on her tongue. Good, she took them. Pulling her onto my lap, I unzip my pants and pull my cock out, yanking her hand down so she can stroke it for me.

"Baby, get me hard. I'm gonna fuck you before we go inside." Her tiny, soft hand wraps around my cock, gripping me at the base .

I lift her skirt and use my knife to sever her panties, tossing them into the backseat. Pressing on her clit painfully with the point of my knife, she sucks in a deep breath and spasms in my arms, rubbing frantically against my cock. The knife isn't even phasing her. I press on it and rub fast, watching her eyes roll back. I spread her wetness around, lubricating her cunt so my cock can slide right in. She arches her back against the steering wheel, her lips parted, her eyes fluttering with desire. I fuck her with my fingers deep inside her pussy, not caring if I hurt her, only caring about how her pleasure makes me feel. As she strokes my cock, I jerk my hips, aiming for her pussy as a hint.

"Come on, fucking sit on it."

"Here?" Shock fills her lustful eyes as she slowly lifts her ass off my lap.

"Yeah, here. Now put my cock in that tight little pussy, Scarlett, and fucking ride me."

She obeys, afraid of me for what I did to her last time. She brings my cock to her cunt and presses the head against her opening, sinking on it slowly—too slowly for me. I slam her down on my cock while holding her hips, ripping her poor little pussy even more and making her scream inside my car. I frantically rock her against me, thrusting my hips so my cock prods deep inside her warm cunt, causing her to chase the sensation as she rides me fast and hard.

I grab my knife from the seat beside me and insert the blade into her mouth while holding onto the handle. Her eyes widen, and she stops riding me, earning her a hard slap on the ass.

"I didn't fucking tell you to stop, so keep riding my fucking cock." She continues, sitting up straight and slamming her ass down, taking me deep inside so she can feel it in her belly.

"Now, suck my fucking knife." Her eyes widen, but she obeys, sucking the blade of my knife slowly and carefully, putting on a perfect show for me .

She sucks it like she sucked my cock that night, being extra careful not to cut herself while riding me and enjoying the way my cock feels inside of her. The boys were right; her pussy is like fucking heaven.

I recline my seat, one hand on her hip, the other on the handle of my knife as she sucks it, her dark eyes on mine as she searches for a fucking soul that I don't have. I plow my cock deep within her tight, dripping cunt, making her luscious lips part in pure ecstasy as a moan of desire rips from her fucking throat.

She tilts her head back, her pussy clamping around my cock so fucking tight that she throws caution to the wind with the knife on her tongue and bounces harder. It's fucking over when our eyes meet. Something in them pushes me over the edge and sends my cum showering her insides in white.

"Yessss!" She screams as I remove the knife from her throat, blood trickling down her tongue.

Grabbing the back of her neck, I slam my mouth against hers, sucking her tongue between my teeth to clean the blood off of it. Her hands grasp at my body feverishly, as if she's trying to hold onto me for dear life, but she's hesitant.

"It's okay, baby. Grab me. Fucking choke me while you're at it." I smirk as I direct her hands to my neck.

"You want me to choke you?" she pants, rocking against my lap during a brief rush of orgasm, her legs tight around my hips.

"Yeah, you like it, right? Show me what it feels like to be fucking choked." She

wraps her hands around my throat, cutting off my air.

My eyes bulge, but the sensation in my head is euphoric, sending my nerves into overdrive. I reach up and grab her throat, squeezing it as tightly as she does mine. She brings her mouth to mine on her own, passionately kissing me as her body spasms against mine, my cum spilling out of her pussy and pooling at the base of my shaft every time she slams her ass on me .

"That's it, my little psycho... fucking choke me and soak me with that cum..." I growl, licking the shell of her ear as she shudders violently, not seeming to be afraid of anything.

Probably because of the drugs we've been feeding her... either that or her schizophrenia is acting up again and she's here for the chaos.

Scarlett

Riley and I get out of the car and pretended like nothing had happened. He grabs my hand, takes his finger, and forces my lips into a smile, sucking roughly on the side of my neck so he leaves a mark. His mark.

"How about we go have some fun?"

Without waiting for my answer, he takes me inside and drags me to the bar. I'm pulled onto his lap and forced to pretend that I want to be here with him. The drinks help, but the constant pain and humiliation make it impossible for me to forget. Riley scans the crowded bar, hunting for something, but he hasn't told me what. Knowing what they like to do, I know it can't be good. Should I ask him, maybe make conversation?

"What exactly are you looking for?" I can hear the nervousness in my voice, but I try

to ignore it by putting on a fake smile with my puffy, glossy lips.

"I'm looking for someone to take home with us. I'm itching, Scar," he says, and I'm not quite sure what he means.

"What are you itching for?" I ask, taking another sip of my drink, bracing myself for the answer.

He squeezes my thigh, licks across my collarbone, and lets out a hungry growl while looking at me calmly as ever. "I'm itching for a kill."

My heart slows and my throat tightens. Didn't they kill enough people at my apartment?

"How come you do that?" I ask, hoping it doesn't set him off.

"Because I fucking like it. It's an obsession of sorts. Like an addiction, and I can't fucking stop it."

When I look at him this time, there's no smile on his face or no scowl. His eyes are blank, almost empty, and nothing but blackness swirls within them. "Why do you need to kill someone, though? Can't you just fight it?"

"No, I've tried." As his brows furrow in frustration, agony consumes his handsome features. I can tell I've struck a nerve, so I keep my mouth shut, trying not to piss him off anymore.

"You seem determined to talk me out of it, Scarlett..." He pulls my hair back, exposing my neck to him, sinking his teeth in until he draws little drops of blood from his vicious bite. "I can just kill you if you want..."

twenty-one

A Twisted Train Ride

Blade

I 've never seen such a bad case of schizophrenia before. Scarlett is by far the worst. Still, none of us feel bad for using her precious body the way we have been, not when it feels so fucking good. Being off her meds doesn't help, nor does the array of meds we've been feeding her with and without her knowledge, but we do whatever we have to do to make it work, and so far, it has. So why would we stop?

"I'm making a run to the apartment to check on... you know," Riley says, licking his lips evilly.

He looks over his shoulder, his gaze drawn toward the room where Sinner and Nixon are, keeping his tone hushed so she can't hear him. Saint glares at him, still pissed that all the plans he had for this Halloween backfired immensely.

"And what the fuck are you going there for, if you already know she's good?" He snarls, licking the leaf of the blunt wrap.

"Because, I haven't checked on her for a few days, Saint. That's why," he fires back, snatching his keyring off the hook.

"Hurry the fuck up. We're gonna start Scarlett's training soon."

"And what do you have in mind for her?" I ask curiously, handing him a pretty purple nugget with a delicious aroma that wafts right up my nose the second I pull it from the bag.

"We're gonna prowl the park and she's gonna pick her victim. I wanna see her kill a mother fucker, and then we're gonna fuck her," he says nonchalantly, grinding up the weed without casting a single glance my way.

This is why we try not to make plans because every fucking plan we make goes right down the fucking drain. Being spontaneous is where it's at apparently.

Without saying anything else, Riley leaves the Mausoleum, slamming the old, concrete door behind him, grabbing the attention of Nixon. As he walks out of the room, he gives Saint and I an intriguing look, scratching the stubble on his chin as he walks out in his underwear, his cock already hard and sticking straight up. Saint's eyes follow it, finally looking up from his neatly rolled blunt to lick his lips as he sits down.

"Like what you see, Saint?" Nixon asks, smirking at both of us, grabbing the massive bulge in his lap that's taunting us.

"Always," Saint says, flicking the zippo, igniting the flame that he puts to the end of the blunt. "Matter of fact, why don't you get over here so I can have a little taste?" He licks his lips before sticking the blunt between them, taking a decent rip that makes him cough almost immediately.

Nixon looks at me intriguingly, and all I do is shrug. Ever since I told Saint about Nixon giving me head, he hasn't stopped talking about it. He's acting almost jealous for some fucking reason.

"What, you wanna suck my cock, Saint?" Nixon grumbles, walking over and sitting

down beside him, snatching the blunt right out from his mouth.

"Why not? Isn't that what we all do... together?" He grins, flicking his gaze between me and Nixon, jealousy rearing its ugly head once more.

"Well, I have a better idea." Now Nixon looks at me, then at Saint, a devious look taking over his features as he casts a subtle glance toward the room Scarlet's in.

"Oh, I'd love to fucking hear it," Saint says, rubbing his hands together anxiously.

"Yeah, so would I," I agree, my cock already growing hard in anticipation.

"Well..." Nixon begins, puffing generously hard on the blunt before passing it to me.

"How about we run a train. We haven't done that in a while." He wiggles his brows, eagerly awaiting our replies.

Saint and I share a look, not even having to think about it before blurring out our answers.

"Let's fucking go." Saint stands first, taking quick strides towards the room.

"Hold up, who's gonna be where?" Standing, I ask, already shedding my shirt, working on my pants next.

"I figured since Saint wants me so fucking bad, I'll take him, while you take Scarlett, and Saint takes you." I grin, knowing I'll get to have my sinner again, which is exactly what I fucking want anyway.

"Works for me," Saint agrees, rushing toward the room before Nixon or I can beat him to it.

Scarlett

Finally allowing my eyes to close, just as I begin drifting off to sleep from the meds Nixon gave me, I'm startled awake from the sound of numerous loud voices entering the room. As my tired eyes fling open, I'm met by three sets of hungry, dark eyes staring down at me as they sweep over my partially clothed body, my hands cuffed to the metal headboard... again.

It's like they don't trust me or something... but where the hell am I going to run to especially with this tomb heavily guarded by them and the security cameras everywhere around this place?

"Rise and shine, brat," Nixon says, taking it upon himself to remove my bra and underwear they were nice enough to let me wear to sleep last night. He uncuffs me from the headboard and kisses my bloody, bruised wrists with sweet, sensual kisses, a side I don't see much from him.

"What's going on now?" I ask, even though half the time my questions don't get answered.

Noticing that Riley is missing, I breathe a small sigh of relief that I keep to myself, knowing whatever they have planned for me, hopefully won't be as bad. Blade, Saint, and Nixon, all hastily undress, and my heart sinks immediately, knowing they're about to annihilate me once again. Still sore from the countless other times they've fucked me ruthlessly, my body begins to tremble as I imagine what sinister game they have in store for me now.

"What's going on is we're about to have a little fun... all of us," Nixon says, apparently talking for all three of them since neither Blade or Saint have yet to speak.

But they have no problem staring at me like I'm a piece of fucking meat they're about

to devour. All three of them start stroking their cocks to the sight of my naked body, and I'd be lying if I said I wasn't turned on watching them. Trying to squeeze my thighs together to ease the ache and stop the wetness from dripping down the inside of them, but the look on their faces has me freezing in fear.

"What the fuck are you doing, trouble?" Saint asks, taking another step toward the bed. "Open your fucking legs so we can see that pretty pussy, will ya?"

On command, I open my legs, letting them see me as I avoid their intense gaze. Hearing their grunts and the unmistakable sound of skin on skin as they manically stroke their massive cocks, I stare at the ceiling, wondering what they've got in mind this time.

"Touch yourself for us, sinner. Push those little fingers inside that tight, little pussy and play with it so we can watch," Blade says, grinning from ear to ear, his gorgeous blue eyes lighting up like the sky on the fourth of July.

A bit hesitant, I reach between my legs and sink my shaky fingers inside myself, feeling the warmth from my pussy as I push them deeper, my back lifting off the bed as I relish in the pleasure from my own touch. My cheeks heat as I tug my bottom lip between my teeth, hating myself that I'm enjoying this.

"Good girl. See, it's not so bad," he says, stroking his cock faster as he kneels on the bed between my legs, his eyes obsessively focused on what my fingers are doing to my pussy.

Following his lead, Saint gets on the bed behind him, and Nixon gets on behind Saint, making confusion fill my mind as to what's going on... but I don't ask. Just as I begin to get into the pleasure of fingering myself, Blade rips my hand away from between my legs and brings my fingers to his mouth, sucking them inside roughly. Feeling his tongue swirling around them, I let out an involuntary moan that has all three staring at

me intensely with devious grins curled across their sexy lips. You're just as fucked up as them for enjoying this Scarlett.

"You taste so fucking good, sinner. So sweet yet full of sin... a perfect fucking mix." He drops my hand and reaches over, grabbing the cuffs that usually secure my wrists to the headboard. I cringe and start shaking, fearing I'm about to be bound again.

"Get on your fucking knees and turn around for me," Blade commands.

I do as I'm told, fearing the worst. He grabs my arms and fastens the cuffs around my wrists, pushing my stomach onto the bed, and pulling my hips back so my ass is raised in the air.

"Now, let me tell you what's going to happen," he whispers into my ear as he smooths his hand down my back, running it over the curve of my ass and making me shiver as wetness drips from my pussy down the inside of my trembling thighs.

"First, I'm going to be putting my cock in here..." He pushes his finger into my ass without warning, causing my body to jerk violently against the bed. "And while I'm fucking this virgin ass of yours, Saint will be fucking me..." Chuckling, he adds another finger and pumps them slowly, making pain radiate throughout my entire body. "And then, Nixon is going to be fucking Saint... got it?"

And then he adds a third, causing blood to trickle from the hole, and when it does, he dips his head to between my parted legs and darts his tongue out, licking around his thrusting fingers, lubing the area while he pounds them in and out of my ass, making me writhe in agony beneath him as I bite the inside of my cheeks to keep from screaming.

"Fucking answer him, brat. That's the only fucking thing we're waiting on before we start," Nixon yells, clearly impatient and over stroking himself.

"Ye... yes. I unde... understand," I pant out, my voice dripping with pain, as Blade continues to lick and finger my ass brutally.

"Good, let's get this train on the tracks... shall we, boys?"

Nixon

Saint and I watch with euphoric, hooded eyes as Blade rips Scarlet's legs open even more, rubbing the wet head of his cock against her slightly bloody asshole, teasing her as he pushes it against her ripped skin. With her hands cuffed behind her back and her face pressed into the pillow, the sight is more arousing than a fucking porno.

I guide my cock to Saint's ass, teasingly running the tip along the seam, his body jolting from the sensation as we continue to watch, waiting for Blade to slam into her. Her sobs fill the room, but they go ignored, only turning us on more.

"Come on, what the fuck are you waiting for?"

"Easy, Nix," Blade says, grinning as he looks at us over his shoulder.

Licking his lips, he tugs on the cuffs around her wrists, pushing his cock head against her ass, watching her body jerk again. She gasps, feeling his massive cock where no one's ever been... but that's about to change right now. In a single, vicious move, Blade slams his entire cock into her in one thrust, making a piercing scream erupt from her throat as she cranes her neck back, giving him the perfect opportunity to grab her hair and tug it back. Holding onto it while his other hand holds onto her cuffs, he begins thrusting in and out of her tight, virgin ass mercilessly, grunting every time his cock disappears inside of her.

Saint pushes on Blade's lower back, getting into position between his legs as he guides his cock to his ass, pushing in like a pro. And like a pro, Blade takes every

fucking inch, grunting as desire floods through all of us listening to Scarlett's screams of pain that eventually, will turn to pleasure once she's accustomed to the size of Blade's massive cock in her tight little ass.

"Fuck, Blade... its been a while since I've been in here... but damn, does it feel fucking good," Saint hisses, grabbing his hips and leaning against his back.

As he does that, I grab Saint's hips, tugging him against me a little, careful not to pull him too much so his cock slips out of Blade's ass. I push the tip of my cock against his puckered asshole a few times, teasing him and getting his body to spasm as he fucks Blade, and Blade pounds into Scar, everyone seeming to enjoy themselves, even Scar, who's now moaning in pleasure instead of sobbing in pain .

"Saint, spread those legs, fucker." He listens, focusing on thrusting deeply into Blade's ass and not coming too quickly.

In a single thrust, I enter his tight ass, throwing my head back as desire rips through me, flooding my veins as my fingers dig violently into his hips. As we all begin to pound into each other's asses, finally we find a matching rhythm, slamming each other back on our cocks, making sure they go as deep as we can get them, and ripping loud, pleasurable moans from their throats.

Everyone shakes, grunts, and curses as sweat covers our bodies and fluids mix, with lust and desire clouding our minds from thinking anything rational. But this is what we fucking want. Nothing else fucking matters right now. We're all together, with the exception of Riley, but there will be other chances. We're far from fucking finished.

As our climax builds deeply in our cores, we pull out of each other, with the exception of Blade, that is. Saint and I stand beside the bed, stroking our cocks beside Scarlett's head, grinning at Blade as he knows what we're about to do. Flipping her over, he pulls out of her ass, giving her a much needed break while keeping her hands

cuffed behind her back. Looking at us with fear in her eyes—something we're used to seeing by now—Blade joins us in stroking his cock in front of her face.

"Wh...what?" She croaks out, almost losing her voice from screaming.

"Open that fucking mouth," I order her, and I'm surprised when she does it without a fight.

"Wider," Saint says impatiently, on the verge of coming.

When she does, the three of us get even closer, pushing the tips of our cocks into her mouth and squeezing her lips shut around them as she thrashes on the bed, glaring at us with murder in her eyes..

"Remember when you sucked both me and Saint at once?" Blade grins sadistically, getting a slight nod out of her. "Well, this time, you don't have to suck, sinner, you're just gonna swallow our cum... all three of us."

Her eyes widen just as the three of us let go inside her mouth, choking her with the amount that spills out as she tries to swallow so she can breathe. Some drips from the corners of her lips, but she swallows most of it, trying to gasp for air as Saint pinches her nose, cutting off her oxygen like a savage.

God, this is the fucking life...

Riley

Back at the Mausoleum, the guys have Scarlett outside for a change, and she won't even look at any of them. Knowing something happened while I was gone enrages me, but I don't even bother bringing it up. Snatching her arm, I pull her to her feet and drag her toward the car, ignoring her pleas to let her walk on her own.

"Let go of me! I can walk!"

"Not a fucking chance. Are you assholes coming?" I growl, pissed that they didn't wait for me before their next game.

"What's the attitude for, Ri?" Blade asks, puffing on a cigarette with a shit-eating grin on his face as the three of them slowly follow behind me.

"Fuck you. Let's just get this show on the road."

"Where are we going?" Scarlett asks as I shove her into the backseat.

"We're going to the park, now stop fucking asking questions."

"But why are we going to the park?"

"What the fuck did I just say? "

"Yo, lose the snippy attitude," Nixon says, giving me a curious look as he gets into the front seat.

"We're going to pick up a toy for you, Scarlett..." Nixon says, smiling with evil in his eyes. "It's time you learn to do what we do..."

twenty-two

Killing 101

Scarlett

Once again, I'm sandwiched in the back of the car, but instead of being between Blade and Saint, I'm between Riley and Nixon, and the chill that runs down my spine is getting progressively worse. As if we're just a group of normal people, Blade pulls up to a McDonald's drive-through and turns in his seat, smiling as his eyes lock onto mine.

"Are you hungry?" he asks, dropping his gaze to my parted thighs and then back up quickly, keeping that dangerous smile on his face that sucked me in from the start.

"I could eat," I answer in a soft tone, still nervous about where we're going once we leave here.

They said something about going to the park to pick up a toy. In so many words, I was told I'll be killing someone tonight and I feel sick to my stomach, but still, I'm starving.

A voice cuts through the speaker, asking if we'll be using the mobile app today, and Blade answers with a solid no, continuing with the order.

"We'll just take 10 mcdoubles, five small fries, and five large cokes; that's all." There's some sighing on the other end before the voice tells him to pull forward for

his total.

"Why work here if they're going to have a fucking attitude?" Blade scoffs, pulling up to the next window and taking his wallet out of his back pocket.

Once we have our food and are back on the road, we eat in silence, the sound of crinkling wrappers and slurping sodas echoes in my ears, but my eyes stay glued to the sight of Salem out the back windows—the town I haven't seen in days. It's funny, even though I know it hasn't changed, everything looks so different.

Buildings that used to be lit are dark as we pass them. Parks that used to have kids playing in them at this time of night are now empty and desolate, leaving a shiver scattering along my tailbone as I slowly sip on my soda, relishing the burn from the carbonation. I pop a fry into my mouth, sucking the salt off of it and letting it melt against my tongue before finally chewing it and swallowing.

"So..." Nixon says, rubbing his belly as he lets out a loud burp. "Are you excited about tonight, Scarlett?" He grins, rolling the back window down as he lights a cigarette, holding the pack out to me. I take one as my mouth waters, craving the taste of nicotine for some reason.

"Ecstatic," I sneer as he lights the cigarette for me, knowing they can all hear the sarcasm in my voice.

Riley leans forward, whispering something to Blade and Saint in the front seats, and as hard as I try to hear what he's saying to them, I can't. Blade and I lock eyes in the rearview mirror, and the look in them turns my blood cold, almost freezing it as it courses through my veins. I don't like it. The look. Somethings going on. I know it is.

They have something planned and I'm not going to like what it is. Out of nowhere, Blade pulls a random U-turn, sending me sliding into Riley. He wraps his arms

around me, kissing the top of my head as he lets out an evil chuckle.

"It's about time they listened to my ideas," he whispers into my ear so quietly that no one else can hear.

My body starts to shake against his, but as he begins softly grazing my thigh with the tips of his fingers, oddly, I begin to relax. Nixon reaches into his pocket, retrieving those two little white pills again. Grabbing my chin, he tugs me toward him and forces my mouth open, placing the pills onto my tongue.

"I almost forgot about these." He smiles. "We don't need you going crazy on us now do we?" He forces my mouth closed as the pills begin to dissolve into my saliva, leaving a disgusting, bitter taste on my tongue that I should be used to by now, but I'm not. I cringe, trying hard not to gag or throw them up.

"Swallow them, sinner. Be a good girl for me," Blade orders, still watching me in the rearview.

There goes me trying to save one. I think to myself as I swallow the pills with all four of them watching intensely. One of them has to be crazy because these are crazy pills they give to the insane and all they're doing is making me even more insane than I already was.

Noticing we're going back toward my apartment, panic surges through me, and I find myself reaching over and gripping Nixon and Riley's thighs, digging my nails into them deeper than I'm thinking I am. But they don't say anything; they like pain too much. I haven't seen a newspaper or a TV and I haven't had my phone since they took me, so I have no idea what they've been saying about what happened at my apartment. And what's even worse, I have no idea what they've been saying about me and if they're even looking for me. Plus, I have no clue where Melanie is.

"Why are we going back here?" I ask angrily, loud enough for all of them to hear as my eyes turn big and wild, a darkness taking over the color within them.

The pills are kicking in. I have to find out exactly what they are... not a guess; they feel like a poison to my body and I hate the way they make me feel—these ones anyway.

"Because, we have a little surprise for you," Saint chimes in, not even bothering to turn around as he speaks deeply with a devious tone.

"But I don't want to go inside my apartment... I don't want to see all the blo—"

"Who the fuck said that's where we're going?" he growls, growing angrier by the second, turning into a man that I've only seen a couple of times—a man on the verge of losing his mind and everything he's been trying so hard to control.

"Where are we going then?" I keep pestering them, a grateful smile claims my lips as I await the answer... but it never comes.

All that follows is silence as things continue to grow tense, and I know that whatever they have planned for me isn't going to be about sex tonight... at least not all about it.

Saint

Trying to distance myself from Scarlett is a lot fucking harder than I thought it would be, especially when all I want to do is just be with her all day long. How did it come to this shit? Where did our fucking plan go wrong? We don't fall for these girls. We don't fucking fall in love or whatever this shit is. We play around and have our fun with them... and then we kill them. But none of this shit is going according to plan and it's getting on my fucking nerves.

Pulling up to our apartment building, I see the realization in trouble's eyes as Blade shuts the car off and opens his door.

"Why are we here?" She asks as Riley opens his door and gets out, shutting it behind him.

"We have to grab something. Blade and I will be right back," Riley assures her, grinning sadistically from ear to ear as his eyes darken .

She slumps against the seat next to Nixon, suddenly mute and questionless, which I'm grateful for because her questions were getting on my fucking nerves. Holding the mask I got for her in my hands, I face forward, keeping my eyes on the doorway, knowing to pop the trunk when I see them coming.

"Are you guys really going to make me kill a random person?" She finally speaks again after a few peaceful minutes of silence, causing Nixon and I both to groan and roll our eyes again.

"No, we're not. So stop fucking worrying about it, trouble. Now just shut the fuck up, will ya?" Just as I turn around, I see Blade and Riley walking back out—the package secured in their grip. I reach over and pop the trunk as Nixon plants his hands over Scarlett's eyes causing a slight panic attack to frighten her.

"What are you doing, Nixon?" She screams, frantically clawing at his hands.

"Shh, relax. I don't want you to see your surprise." He winks at me as the boys put the goods in the trunk, closing it with a loud thud that makes Scarlett lean into Nixon for comfort. Now that shit makes me jealous... it should be me, not him.

When the guys get back in and Blade starts the car, he turns around and gives Scarlett a devious smirk as soon as Nixon uncovers her eyes.

"Ready to go have some fun, sinner?"

"I doubt it'll be fun, Blade, and I don't have much of a choice, do I?"

"Well, no, you don't have a choice. But I can promise you that it'll be fun."

Blade

Getting to the cemetery, sinner looks even more confused than she did when we pulled up at my apartment... probably cus she thought we were going to the park. But that was before Riley switched the plan around at the last minute. I hate to admit it, but I like this one a lot better. The four of us get out of the car, but she refuses to budge, being stubborn as fuck like always.

"Get out of the fucking car, Scarlett." I use a deep, authoritative tone, making her brown eyes widen as she slowly slides across the seat toward the open door.

Holding out my hand, she takes it for help getting out of the car. She doesn't bother looking around the cemetery; she's seen this place enough in her lifetime now I'd say.

"Here, we got this for you, trouble." Saint hands her a black mask, making her nose scrunch as she looks at it in disbelief.

"I'm not taking that!" She screams, backing up into the arms of Nixon, who shoves her toward me like a fucking ball in a pinball machine.

I snatch the mask and grab her head, forcing her still and pinning her to the car with my body. "You're fucking putting it on, sinner. Stop fucking fighting it." Slipping the mask over her head, I gently tug it over her eyes, smiling proudly as I take a step back to admire her.

The four of us look at her in silence, probably thinking the same thing—how fucking sexy she looks in a fucking mask.

"You're one of us tonight, sinner," I whisper into her ear, leaning in just to touch her cheek.

She sighs softly, swallowing hard, and only nodding in response, probably too terrified to do anything else. Taking her hand, I nod to the guys to retrieve her surprise from the trunk as I lead her over to a darker part of the cemetery, right near the area where Carli is buried. Taking advantage of the moment alone, I pull her against me and slide my hand under her chin, gripping it between my fingers.

"You look even more beautiful tonight than you ever have, sinner." Her eyes soften and the panic dissipates within them.

With her back turned toward the guys as they put their masks on, she can't see what they're dragging out of the trunk... but I can. Excitement rushes through me as I switch my gaze back to Scarlett, bringing my fingers to her mask.

"Do you like it?" I ask, gliding the tips of my fingers over the silky fabric surrounding her eyes.

"I like the idea of no one knowing who I am when I'm wearing it," she says, not batting an eye, a dead, distant look clouding them. The meds must be kicking in... I like her better when she's off them. Her crazy side is fucking sexy.

"That's true... you can do whatever you want, and nobody will know that it's you. "

Licking the shell of her ear, she shivers, reaching out to grab the bottom of my shirt. Clinging to me, she leans in, resting her forehead on my chest, making this shit even fucking harder than it was earlier. Mother fucker. This needs to stop.

Luckily, the guys walk up, interrupting the moment that I needed more than I thought I did, but I needed to stop it.

"Turn around, trouble." Scarlett looks at me and our eyes lock beneath our masks.

I smile and nod my head, giving her a boost of encouragement even though she's probably going to fucking hate me in a second. Slowly, she turns around, gasping and falling backward into my arms when she sees the sight in front of her.

"Oh my... Melanie!" With her hands in front of her bound tightly in rope and her mouth taped, Melanie stands there between the guys, mascara stained tears and dried blood coating her fair skin.

"Surprise!" Riley laughs, twirling his knife in his hand as he puffs on his cigarette.

"Is this some fucking joke?" Scarlett screams, clearly pissed off as anger finds her voice.

"Now, Scarlett. Have we ever fucking joked about anything before?" Nixon drags the tip of his knife down Melanie's cheek, making her tremble even more. Oddly enough, Scarlett stops shaking.

"I'm not killing her, if that's what you're fucking planning." Saint shoves Melanie to the ground and storms over to us, snatching Scarlett by the throat. Getting in her face, he hisses through tightly clenched teeth, his eyes wild and wicked with each word.

"Yes you fucking are, Scarlett. You're not the fucking boss around here, in case you forgot— we are. And you're going to drop this fucking bratty attitude or I'll give you something that will make you fucking drop it." He throws her down so she lands at my feet, tossing a knife down with her.

"Now pick it the fuck up, trouble."

Scarlett

I feel numb and it's not from the crazy pills Nixon keeps feeding me. I feel numb from seeing my best friend bound and bloody in front of me... and numb from the fact that I'm the one who has to kill her.

Staring at the knife, Saint's loud, threatening voice thunders in my ears, but I ignore it.

"Pick it the fuck up, Trouble."

I reach for the knife because I want to—not because he told me to.

"Good girl. Now how does it feel in your hand?"

I can hear Blade's voice now—a lot smoother than Saint's, much more calming. Focusing on the knife, I swipe the tip of my finger along the length of the edge, testing it's sharpness. I don't know what's happening to me...

"It feels... great—satisfying, actually." I can hear myself admit, but I still don't look up. I can't bear to see my best friend in the condition she's in, knowing there's nothing I can do to save her.

"He's talking about the handle; how does the grip feel, silly girl?" Nixon laughs, crouching down with his hand rubbing my back.

Moving my hand to the handle, I close my fingers around it, feeling pleasure rush through me rapidly as Blade inches even closer. Power surges through my veins as I hold it, feeling like I've never felt before, mixing with the pleasure and making me

feel on top of the world.

"Amazing..."

Maybe it's the meds. Maybe it's the lack of meds. Maybe it's the feeling of holding a knife in my hand...or maybe it's knowing I'm about to kill someone. I don't know. My mind is all fucked up. I don't know what's real and what's fake anymore.

Right and wrong have no meaning after the things that I've been through this past year.

"Good, you're ready for this, Scarlett," Blade says calmly, as if coaching me, pulling my mind from the trance the knife has sucked me into. "Stand up now, sinner."

On command, I stand up, feeling lost in a trance-like state, but nothing about this feels wrong to me... even though it fucking is.

Gripping the knife in my hand, I turn to face him, smiling for reasons which I don't understand. He pulls me into him roughly, grabbing me by my throat, and slamming his lips on mine the second I part them. Hearing the guys growl hungrily as they watch turns me on, making me only intensify the kiss.

What is happening to me? Our tongues fuse instantly, colliding fiercely as everyone watches, inching closer to Melanie as she thrashes around on the cold, wet grass.

"MHMMM!! AGGGRHHH!!" Her muffled, terrified screams fall on deaf ears as I get swept away in Blade's kiss, too busy enjoying the way his tongue feels as it curls around mine.

"You've never been hotter than you are tonight, brat."

Pulling away, Blade covers my hand with his, making sure mine is holding the knife tightly as he lowers me to the ground in front of Melanie. As I look up, my gaze heavily foggy, I see Nixon, Riley, and Saint all crouching down, their knives drawn, masks on, and they're all watching me... waiting for me.

"Everything comes down to this moment, Scarlett..." Riley tells me, but I don't focus on his face.

"You can do this, Scarlett. Make us proud," I hear Saint whisper, his voice smooth like silk, as smooth as I've ever heard it.

Looking down at Melanie, I try to picture someone else—anyone else—gliding the knife point down the center of her body.

Blade starts touching me, getting me excited as I watch Melanie tremble as goosebumps cover her bloody flesh, the knife still torturing her body. He starts kissing the back of my neck, holding onto my hips as he stays kneeling behind me, sending all kinds of feelings of desire, lust, confusion, excitement, and more rushing through me.

"Come on, baby... use that knife for me," he says, sinking his teeth into the nape of my neck, making me shiver as he carelessly rips off my underwear like it's nothing. Right now, for him, I'll do anything...and I don't know why that is...

The cool air kisses my pussy, making a hard shudder rock my body, and as calm as can be, I raise the knife, blackness filling my eyes as I stare down at Melanie. The second Blade bites harder, I plunge the knife into her stomach, watching as she convulses instantly and blood spurts from the gash.

"AHHHH!"

"Yes... Good fucking girl, sinner," he says proudly, kissing my skin even harder as his fingers find my dripping pussy.

He drills his fingers into me without warning, ruthlessly pumping them deeply in and out of my pussy for everyone to watch, rewarding me for what I just did. Unknowingly, I smear her blood around as he fingers me, dragging the edge of the blade along her flesh, still cutting her open.

"Yes, Scarlett... yes, baby," Saint cheers, giving me a grin and a nod of approval.

This is just a dream... right?

"Keep going, baby... keep fucking going until she's dead... but this time, go for her fucking throat." Licking the side of my neck as he pounds three thick fingers into my pussy, Blade tells me what to do, and I find myself listening to him like he's my master or something.

"Okay... okay."

Stabbing her over and over again, my mind goes completely blank and not a single emotion runs through me. I don't even realize what I'm doing. All I know is Blade's fingers are inside me, I'm stabbing my best friend over and over while Saint, Nixon and Riley cheer me on, and I'm acting like nothing is even happening.

But it feels so good—so liberating...

Covered in blood and on the verge of coming, he pinches my clit and thrusts his fingers in and out of my pussy viciously.

"Fuck... yes!"

"Look at you, brat."

"Fucking gorgeous, isn't she?"

"She's fucking perfect... too perfect."

"Nobody's... perfect... Saint."

Blade's intense thrusts make me plant my hands in a pool of Melanie's blood as I hang my head, moaning from the pleasure.

"Not fucking true, sinner." He pulls his fingers out of me, making me crave them desperately the second they're gone.

"No, no, no! Please!" I whimper, turning back to look at him, shaking hard as my pussy clenches around nothing.

"You can come when you slit her throat." He smiles so beautifully as his eyes glimmer under the full moon.

Turning around, I pick the knife back up, putting the bloody edge to Melanie's throat, desperate for an orgasm. In a single swipe, I make a deep gash from one side of her throat to the other, opening a deep wound and watching as dark, red blood pours out.

"That's my good little killer."

"I knew you had it in you, Scar."

"Yeah, it wasn't that hard, was it?"

They all comment, but I ignore them, only concerned about one thing as I turn to

Blade with murderous desire heavily clouding my eyes.

"Can I come now? please?"

"Give her what she wants, Blade. She's been a good girl... she deserves it."

"I'm so fucking proud of you, Scarlett. You deserve the fucking world after this," he says, sliding his fingers back into my pussy, pushing me on top of Melanie's dead body to finish me off.

He thrusts them into me hard and fast, pushing on my lower back to keep me planted down. I smile at the guys watching, oblivious to the sin I just committed. But in this moment I couldn't give a fuck.

"I told you, you are my little psycho."

"Yes, yes!!"

"You're one of us now..." Looking into his eyes, I soak his fingers, feeling calmness wash over my entire body as a smirk spreads across my lips.

They just made the biggest mistake of their lives and they don't even fucking know it.

twenty-three

Second Thoughts

December

Scarlett

Even though Halloween is long over, living with these guys makes it feel like it's Halloween all the time. Being stuck in a tomb is creepy enough, never mind all the scattered bones, human flesh, and dried blood all over the concrete, and the array of knives they have displayed everywhere. But I'm used to it now. It doesn't phase me anymore.

Ever since that night they made me kill Melanie, nothing phases me anymore. And she wasn't my only kill either. They've been taking me out more and getting off on watching me work the knife through someone's body, but their favorite is when I swipe it across their throat. My hands are stained with blood, and I don't even cringe about it anymore. It's become a part of me now, much like those little white pills that Nixon forces down my throat—the same ones I have in a pile hidden in a crack in the wall behind the bed I'm still chained to. I have a new year's resolution, and it doesn't involve being cuffed to this uncomfortable bed for another fucking year, I can tell you that.

"Ah, you're awake." Riley comes in smiling, holding a fresh set of clothes and the key to the cuffs, the guys following right behind him, each one looking exhausted for some reason, while I'm over here feeling more rested than ever.

"I've been awake," I fire back, exhausted from boredom.

"Get dressed. We're going out," Riley commands, his eyes locking on mine as he works on unlocking me.

After I'm uncuffed, the four men form a half circle around the bed and stare at me with dark, starving eyes as I strip off my blood-soaked lingerie, revealing my naked body to them. I love teasing them like this; watching their eyes glaze over is the best part. Every time their eyes find the cuts on my body, the streaks of blood, the bruises, or their bite marks, they fill with satisfaction and hunger—like right now. It doesn't take long for them to get hard, and my eyes find their cocks right away. I mean, they're not hard to miss, sticking straight up, straining against their tight sweats, making me drool much like I'm making them drool.

"Scratch that," Riley says, pushing me down on the bed, ripping his clothes off the rest of the way, and climbing on top of me, his mouth claiming the front of my throat right away.

"I need you first. I can't wait. Who wants to join?" I grin, knowing they're all watching, but I'm shocked when I see Saint sit down, putting his hand down his pants, and immediately begin stroking his cock.

"I'm sitting this one out. I'd rather watch today. But here's what's going to fucking happen. Riley, you can have her cunt; Nix, you can have her tight little ass; and Blade, fill her fucking mouth up."

Saint winks at me and I wink back, playing the game right along with him as the guys eagerly undress and climb onto the bed, getting into position. "Love you, trouble..." He mouths. I blink, momentarily taken aback by Saint's words; the thrill of the unknown sends a surge of excitement through me. I look at Riley, searching for any hesitation or compassion, but all I see is a burning desire in his eyes.

I nod, my heart pounding in my chest. "Fine," I whisper, my voice barely audible .

The room is filled with a mix of anticipation and desire, and I can't help but feel a sense of liberation. Riley's touch is electrifying as he enters me, his cock hard and thick, his movements filled with a raw passion that leaves me breathless as he slams me down on his cock with such brutality that I let out an ear piercing scream that shakes my entire body.

Nixon and Blade join in, their hands and mouths ravenously exploring every inch of my body. Pleasure courses through me, overwhelming my senses as I surrender to the moment.

Blade, taking advantage of my open mouth, shoves his cock between my lips, his large hand wrapping around my throat as his eyes find me and stay there. Swirling my tongue around his pulsing shaft, he grins, pumping his hips as Nixon enters my ass in a single thrust that has me jolting forward while Riley holds my hips so I can't move. Their hands caress every part of me, their fingers digging into my flesh, clawing at whatever they can as they rip me apart piece by piece. Every time I rock, they rock, thrusting harder and faster, ripping moan after moan from my throat even though they're muffled by Blade's massive cock.

"Fuck, Scar... God, this pussy feels so good." Riley slams me down again, reaching between my thighs to flick my clit, making my body twitch from the sensation.

"I bet her ass feels better," Nixon says from behind me, leaning against my back as he drags his teeth across my shoulder blades, eliciting a shiver from my trembling body.

Hearing Saint's desperate strokes as he jerks himself off to the sight of me being fucked, I can tell he's close to coming by the sound of the breathy moans floating from his mouth. Locking eyes with Blade again, he grins, wrapping his hand tighter around my throat as his cum begins to trickle on the back of my tongue.

"Fucking swallow it, sinner." Grinning even wider, he holds my head tightly in his hands, forcing his cock deep down my throat while I suck every drop out of him .

Instead of Riley and Nixon coming inside of me, in a sudden change of events, both of them pull out of me, shoving me to the mattress on my back.

"Look at you so flushed... so perfect." Nixon strokes his cock over my tits, spraying them with his cum as Riley aims his at my pussy.

"Fucking cover her," Saint orders, already spent from stroking and coming as he smokes a cigarette and watches with curious eyes as they start to paint me with their cum.

It's a dance of sweaty, writhing bodies, a ferocious battle of desire. The boundaries of hate and lust blur as we lose ourselves in the pleasure that consumes us. In this moment, there is no judgment, no shame. There's only the intoxicating, fucked up connection we share, a connection that transcended the physical and completely fucked with everything I believed about right and wrong.

Hours pass, we lay tangled together, our bodies spent and sated. The room is filled with a comfortable silence, broken only by the sound of our breathing. I look around at the faces of the men I loathe and feel satisfied as they all pull away from me, leaving me panting on the bed covered in their cum.

"Now get the fuck dressed," Riley says before leaving the room, his whole demeanor shifting as the guys follow behind him, leaving me alone once again.

Confused, sticky, and way past the point of my soul ever being saved, I sigh heavily, refusing to accept defeat—refusing to accept my fate they've chosen for me. Fuck this. I need to get out of here. I have to kill them... It's the only way I'll ever be free.

Nixon

I can smell the snow in the air as I breathe, but there 's no sign of it yet. The beautiful coated dark velvet sky twinkles with bright stars, looking like a blanket of silk floating above us. But when I lower my gaze, the gloom and dread of the haunting yet comforting cemetery bring me back to reality. They're right... up there really is heaven, and down here really is fucking hell; they even look like it too. But it's my hell and I fucking love it; it's where I belong.

"What are we doing with her?" I ask the guys, passing the blunt to Blade. Feeling the tingle from the angel dust tickling my lips, I lick them greedily, waiting for the drugs to kick in.

"What do you mean? We're killing her like we planned, nothing's changed. This is all fucking payback for killing my fucking sister, or have you guys forgotten?" Riley snatches the blunt out of Blade's hand and puts it to his lips, grinning as fresh flakes begin to fall from the sky.

Noticing the look on the brother's faces, I can tell that wasn't the answer they were hoping for, but to be fair, that was always the plan from the start; she was to be played with, tortured, and killed for having a part in Carli's murder.

"Why don't we just keep her?" Blade asks, his eyes heavily hooded and flickering with fucking love for this girl—this captive .

"And do what with her, Blade? She's just another fucking mouth to worry about—another person we have to worry about calling the cops on our asses."

"You really think after all this shit she'll call the fucking cops on us? She's fucking killed too, Riley." In an outrage, Blade gets up and storms back into the Mausoleum, most likely checking on Scarlett, leaving Riley shaking his head in disbelief.

"He's turning soft on us."

"Shut the fuck up, Riley," Saint bites viciously, a possessive, vengeful look swirling in his eyes.

"Are you turning soft too, Saint?"

"Don't make me shut you the fuck up." A single threat has Riley tight-lipped, sitting on the cold, snowy grass as Saint heads back inside too, taking the blunt with him. Glancing at Riley, I shake my head, conflicted about the whole situation myself.

"What, are you having second thoughts too?" he asks, dragging the tip of his knife through the snow.

"No... I'm not."

And although I am having second thoughts, I'm not going to tell him that. But that's not what's on my mind right now—my mind is stuck on something else—something that has never made sense to me.

How the fuck did Carli get hit with a bullet perfectly between the fucking eyes by a dumb fucking kid waving a gun around? It can't just be dumb luck, can it? But how can it be explained then? What really happened that night?

"What are you in your head about, Nix?" he asks, still playing around with his knife, swiping the pads of his fingers along the sharpened edge.

His curious eyes bore into mine as if trying to find the answer he's searching for, but this one I'm keeping to myself... for now, anyway.

"Nothing, I'm just bored. Can we go kill someone?"

He grins as soon as the words leave my lips, which I knew he would. "What do you have in mind?"

"I feel like a chase tonight... I'm missing the thrill. Don't get me wrong. I love what we have with Scarlett and how she's always at our fucking disposal, but there's nothing like the chase, Ri; seeing the fear in their eyes when they run for their fucking lives..." I look toward the sky, my eyes darkening as a fog of murderous desire clouds them, adrenaline coursing through my veins. "And seeing the look in their eyes when I put my knife to their fucking throat... it's the fucking best." He nods his head, grinning as sadistically as ever.

"I know what you're talking about... I miss it too. Since Scarlett, we haven't had that." We both sigh, looking toward the Mausoleum. I wonder if he's thinking the same thing.

"I know they want to keep her, Nix," he says, pressing the tip of the blade between his fingers until drops of blood drip onto the freshly fallen snow, painting it red. "But I think she needs to go. She's fucking changed everything up between us and I don't fucking like it." Pain coats his voice as he speaks, but his eyes still look diabolical.

"I love her, yeah, of course... but I think we need to kill her." He sinks the knife deeper into his finger and drags it down, making a small slice. Blood leaks quickly from the cut as he brings his finger to his mouth, curling his tongue around it to clean it up.

"What do you think?"

"What do I think?" I ask, not knowing the answer.

"I know that I love her. That was never part of this fucking plan and I think that's where it all went fucking wrong..." I sigh, shaking my head, already knowing her

fate regardless of what I want to do. "We all fucked up and fell in love with her fucking psycho ass."

"Yeah, I get that," he says impatiently, wanting to know the answer to his other question.

"What about the other thing? Do you wanna keep her or do you wanna kill her, Nix? You gotta pick one." He sucks on his finger, the blood from the cut staining his perfect teeth red. Grinning confidently, I pull out a smoke and light it, imagining running my blade over Scarlett's body, pressing it against her throat...

"I wanna k..."

Saint

Already feeling the effects of the dust, I pull out a cigarette and hand the blunt to Blade, trying to be quiet so Scarlett doesn't notice us.

"I'm good with this."

"There's still half a blunt," he says, shocked almost.

"Yeah, but there's a lot of dust on it and I'm high as fuck," he laughs, taking another huge rip, his eyes trained on Scarlett as she changes.

"Can't go through with it, can you?" I ask, not taking my eyes off of her either.

"Nope. I thought I could, but I can't fucking do it, Saint. I can't fucking kill her. I fucking love her too much." Finally, he admits it, which I had already known.

"What about you?" Feeling better having heard his admission, I take a drag off my

cigarette and tell him.

"No, I can't either. I think we should call it off..."

twenty-four

Lies and Obsessions

Scarlett

Being in their apartment is like being in a whole new world, one that opens my eyes to who these guys really are. With just me and Saint, it feels somewhat normal, but seeing random weapons and dried blood stains on the carpet remind me that this is far from fucking normal. Pushing me on the couch, he sits beside me, staring at me as if he has something on his mind he wants to get off.

"What is it?" I ask him, hoping he'll open up to me, but knowing deep down it's a long shot.

"Just thinking about Carli," he says randomly, a devilish grin taking over his sexy lips, and it makes a bone chilling shiver rock my body—something isn't right.

"What about her?" I ask, afraid of finding out the answer.

"Shawn didn't kill her. I did," Saint says, grinning, leaving me feeling like my whole world just got turned upside down.

"What are you talking about? I saw what happened," I yell, confused, not wanting to believe him.

"No, you saw what you wanted to see, Scarlett. I was there. I killed her. I planned this

the moment I laid eyes on you. I told you that you were mine from the start."

My heart sinks and it's then I realize this was all a fucking trap. No wonder the bullet was perfectly between her fucking eyes. Shawn couldn't have done that, swinging the gun the way he was.

My mind races as I try to process Saint's words. How could he have done such a thing? How could I not have seen any hint of his true intentions?

Anger and betrayal surge within me, causing my voice to tremble as I respond, "You're lying! You're just trying to mess with my head even more!"

Saint's laughter echoes through the room, the sound grating against my raw emotions. "Oh, trouble, you always were so na?ve. Shawn was merely a pawn in my game. I used him, manipulated him, just as I have done with countless others before him. And you, my little killer, were the ultimate prize."

A sickening feeling churns in my stomach as the truth starts to settle in. I remember the strange coincidences, the too-perfect timing of our meetings. It was all carefully orchestrated by Saint and the others to lure me in. A wave of self-disgust washes over me, accompanied by a sickening realization that I had been played from the very beginning.

"How could you do this? How could you toy with people's lives like they're nothing but playthings to you?" I hiss through gritted teeth, trying to control the rage simmering beneath the surface.

The person I had believed to be there by chance, had been the one orchestrating my downfall.

Saint's expression remains smug, his eyes gleaming with a twisted pleasure. "Oh,

Scarlett, don't be so righteous. The world is a playground, and we are all just pawns in the game of survival. You see, I have always been one step ahead, manipulating the pieces to ensure my victory. And you, my little psycho, were just another pawn in this grand scheme."

A flicker of defiance ignites within me, fueled by the desire to reclaim my power. I straighten my posture, meeting Saint's cold gaze with unwavering determination. "Maybe you think you've won, but I refuse to be just another pawn in your sick game. You may have fooled me once, but I won't let you destroy anyone else."

Saint's laughter morphs into a sinister chuckle, his face contorting with amusement. "Oh, Scarlett, you underestimate the lengths I'll go to protect my secrets. Your pathetic attempts to expose me will only lead to your own demise. You fucking belong to us now, and there's no escaping the fate that awaits you."

As he utters those final words, a chill runs down my spine, and I can't help but wonder if this twisted game will ever truly end. But despite the fear that lingers within me, I refuse to surrender. I will dig deep, uncover every secret, no matter the cost. Because one thing is certain—I will not let Saint's darkness consume me or anyone else. The fucking battle has only just begun.

Blade

Walking into the apartment, the atmosphere is grim and suffocating. Finding Scarlett cowering in the corner of the couch while Saint sits there and watches TV, I wonder to myself what the fuck he did now to make her so terrified of him when everything was fine when we left. While Nixon and Riley drag the helpless man to the back room, bound, gagged, and beaten so bad he's unrecognizable, I walk over and sit down between them, determined to find out what happened now.

"What's going on here?" I ask, looking at sinner but talking to Saint.

"Oh, she's mad again. What else is new?" He says callously, as if he couldn't give a fuck. His demeanor—his whole shift in attitude is changing, reminding me of how he gets when he's about to fucking snap.

"Why is she mad, Saint?" I ask, trying to brace myself for his response.

He shrugs, refusing to answer, so I scoot toward Scarlett and reach out to touch her. She flinches and cowers even more, looking afraid and even more pissed off than she's ever looked. Turning back to Saint, I shove him, but he doesn't react.

"What the fuck did you do to her?" I scream, causing Nixon and Riley to come running from the back room at the end of the hall.

"Whoa, what's the fucking problem?" Nixon tries to intervene, pulling me off of Saint.

Still not reacting, Saint sits there and watches some murder documentary on the ID Channel, looking hypnotized more than he ever has. He looks like he's about to have a psychotic break. He needs his fucking meds.

"Saint, I think it's time for your meds, brother," Riley says, taking the words right out of my mouth before I had the chance to say them.

The three of us look at each other, then look at Scarlett, then back at Saint, who doesn't even acknowledge us. Nothing but the sound of murderous screams come from the TV and sinner's sobs fill my ears, making me want to scoop her into my arms and hold her tightly. Growing annoyed, Nixon grabs the remote and turns the TV off, finally getting Saint's attention.

"I was fucking watching that."

"Well we were fucking talking to you," Nixon snaps, annoyed with his behavior, much like the rest of us.

"What the fuck do you want?" Saint bites, lighting a cigarette as he whips his head around to face Scarlett, his lips tugging up into a sadistic grin.

"What the fuck did you do to her this time? You were only alone with her for a few minutes." I keep pestering him, wanting to know the answer, hating seeing her so upset.

"I didn't do anything to her. I just told her the fucking truth."

"The truth about what?"

"About Carli's murder." He grins, looking toward Riley.

"What do you mean about her murder?" Riley asks, stepping closer to the couch.

"Scarlett, baby, why don't you tell them what I told you?" Saint laughs, definitely on the verge of a breakdown, I can hear it in his voice.

The three of us look at her, patiently waiting for her to tell us this big secret she's so afraid of him for telling her. She looks up, tears streaming down her face. But she doesn't look sad anymore—she looks fucking pissed.

"Shawn didn't kill your sister, Riley..." She glares at Saint before looking back at Riley, wiping the last of the tears from her eyes. "Saint killed her and made it look like Shawn did... all so he could have a reason to fucking torture me."

Our jaws drop as he turns to Saint, speechless. He grins, waiting for the yelling to start, but it doesn't come. None of us knows what to say.

"I take it by the looks on your faces, none of you knew that he fucking betrayed you." Scarlett gets up and walks down the hall, not even bothering to give us another glance.

Hearing the door slam, Riley finally speaks, charging at Saint, wrapping his hand around his throat. "You mother fucker! You killed my fucking sister?"

"Please, you always complained about wanting her ass dead, so I killed her for you. I saw an opportunity and took it. I bet each one of you would've done the same fucking thing." Saint gets up, shoving Riley off of him, and heads for the balcony, leaving us all shocked and frozen in our spots.

"Did you know about this, Blade?" Riley sneers, running his hands anxiously through his hair as he paces.

"Fuck no. I thought Shawn killed her. This is the first time I'm hearing this shit." And it's the truth. This whole year not once did Saint tell me the fucking truth about him killing Carli. But it does make sense.

"I fucking knew it didn't make sense how she fucking died," Nixon says, shaking his head in disbelief as he sits on the couch, opening a bottle of absinthe and chugging it like it's water. "The shot was too perfect to be a fucking accidental shot. But why would he keep it from us?"

"Probably because it was my fucking sister he killed; he figured I'd hate him for it. I hate him for fucking lying about it, but Carli was a cunt who deserved to fucking die." Riley walks to the door, staring at Saint, who looks lost as he gazes at the falling snow as it covers the city in a fluffy blanket of slush.

"Let me go fucking talk to him and straighten this shit out... you guys go cheer Scarlett up. Show her the surprise we brought home for her—make a mess while

you're at it."

Scarlett

Sitting on the bed in Nixon's room, I'm reminded of the time when he brought me back here after playing his "Chase You, Taste You" game. Hearing muffled screams from the next room, they're hard to ignore, but noticing they're getting even louder, I turn my head toward the door just as it opens. Blade and Nixon stand there, smiling sweetly for once, holding a bloody, beat up man in between them as they enter the room, closing the door behind them.

"Hey, my beautiful little killer," Blade says, coming closer to the bed as he lets go of the man to hold me.

Pulling me to my feet, his hands run all over my body, his eyes stay on my cave as he licks his lips, dying to kiss me as I lick mine to tease him. Unable to get Saint's betrayal out of my head, I make the first move, crashing my lips on his as I grab his waist and tug him toward the bed, pulling him down so he falls on top of me.

"Not so fast, killer." Nixon approaches with the man, throwing him down on the bed as he hands me a knife and my mask. "Put this on and take off your clothes, brat; we're going to have some messy fun."

Not in the mood to argue with them and in desperate need to feel alive more than ever, I slip the mask over my face as they put theirs on and quickly undress as they do. Looking up, we're all masked and naked, staring down at the man on the bed I'm about to kill—and I don't have a shred of doubt about it.

"You know what to do, sinner." Blade gets behind me, kneeling as he begins licking my pussy from behind as I bend over the man, raising my knife high, staring into his scared eyes.

Feeling his tongue licking me and dipping into my pussy, I can't move, the pleasure is too intense. But Nixon comes over and pushes me down more, his tongue licking around my ass while Blade continues to tongue fuck my pussy, making me writhe against the terrified beaten man beneath me.

Their fingers find my holes and begin their brutal assault, only lasting briefly before they decide to use their knives instead. Nixon slides the handle of his in and out of my ass slowly, making my body spasm with pure bliss as I drag my blade across the man's throat, getting off from the fear in his eyes.

"Good little brat," he says, kissing along my spine.

Blade works the handle of his knife deep in my pussy, using his fingers to roll teasing circles over my clit that have my hips bucking wildly from the incredible sensation.

"As soon as you plunge that knife into him, killer, we'll plunge our cocks into you... be a good girl for us." Blade kisses the inside of my trembling thighs, urging me to use my knife instead of torturing the man with it... and so I do, wanting their cocks more than anything.

Raising the knife, I plunge it into his throat, watching blood leak out immediately, pooling onto the sheet below. Right away, they take their knives out of my pussy and my ass and get into position, keeping me bent over the bleeding man. Blade enters my ass in one brutal thrust while Nixon slams into my pussy, both filling me to the brink.

"So tight... so wet... so bloody." Blade winks as I turn my head to look at him, wanting his approval so bad for some reason.

Plunging the knife into him over and over again, blood splatters everywhere, making a mess of Blade, Nixon, and me as we roll around in it. Still, they fuck me over the

dead body, thrusting harder and faster, smearing the dead man's blood all over me like they're fingerpainting.

"Yes, fuck..." Blade moans, holding me tightly.

How can something so vile be so good? How can two people who are so bad for you be so good for you? It makes no sense. I need to get away from them, but I want to stay. Holding the knife, I keep slashing as they keep fucking me.

The scene is a chaotic blend of violence and desire, the very embodiment of twisted pleasure and self-destruction. Each thrust and slash intensifies the conflicting emotions within me, leaving me torn between the urge to escape and the pull to remain entangled in this sadistic dance.

"Your pussy loves my cock, doesn't it, brat?"

"Yes, God, yes," I pant.

Blade and Nixon, my two partners in this maddening act, seem unfazed by the horrific display we've become. They revel in the macabre, finding pleasure in the blood that coats our bodies and mingles with our sweat. It's as if their souls are intertwined with the darkness, embracing the abyss without succumbing to its grip.

"Yes!" I scream.

As the adrenaline courses through my veins, I question my own sanity. How could I be drawn to such depravity? The severed connection between right and wrong threatens to unravel my very existence. But in the midst of this insanity, I found a twisted solace, a vile delight that defied reason.

"Look at how fucking sexy you look, sinner."

Every slash of the knife and every thrust of their cocks only deepens my obsession. It's a paradoxical addiction, one that defies all logic and comprehension.

Deep down, I know I need to break free from this destructive cycle. The pull of self-preservation urges me to abandon this morbid trio and seek shelter in the light. Yet, an inexplicable desire holds me captive, chaining me to the darkness that surrounds us.

My grip on the knife tightens, my movements becoming more frenzied as I desperately try to make sense of it all. The crimson stains on my skin soak into my being, marking me as a willing accomplice to this unhinged affair. It's as if I had become an embodiment of the demons that tormented my mind.

I long for clarity amidst this chaos, a moment of respite from the relentless torment. But with each passing moment, the realization grows stronger—the answers I want would not be found in their embrace. The only way to truly find salvation was to sever my ties with this perverse euphoria.

The knife slips from my grasp, clattering to the floor, its metallic echo serving as a grim reminder of the violence that had consumed us. My body convulses, my breath heavy and labored, the guilt and shame clawing at my conscience as my climax rips through me like a violent wave of forced pleasure—but I want it, all of it. They fuck me harder, ripping me apart, clawing at me, and smearing me in blood as their cum pours into me, mixing with the blood of the man I just killed for them.

"Good, brat. Come for us. Soak me, psycho. "

My pussy grips Nixon's cock while my ass tightens around Blade's, both of them grunting through their own release as the three of us tremble and scream, euphoria washing over us as we collapse on the bloody bed.

"I want you to stay," Blade admits.

In that fleeting moment, a flicker of clarity pierced through the darkness that surrounded me. The path to redemption may be treacherous, but I knew I had to embark on it. I had to break free from the clutches of these sinister temptations, for my own sanity and salvation.

As the echoes of our twisted affair reverberated in my mind, I turned my back to Blade and Nixon, and the haunting memories we had created. With every breath and memory that hit me at full force I felt the heavy weight of their influence lessening, allowing a glimmer of hope to permeate my shaken spirit.

Though the scars, both physical and emotional, would forever bear witness to the depth of my descent, I vowed to embrace the journey of rebuilding. For in the wake of darkness, there lies the potential for growth, for redemption, and for a chance at a life free from the shackles of self-destruction.

They want me to stay but I want to leave... I've never been more torn in my life. I was so set on killing them. I need to kill them, plain and simple. I have to kill them.

twenty-five

Poetic Justice

Saint

Since we've been staying at the apartment, things have been a lot more tense between the five of us. You figured since Scarlett has free reign of the place she'd be fucking happier, but she isn't. She's even more apprehensive now than she was at the mausoleum, but that's probably because she found out that I fucking played her this whole time.

Yeah, I killed Carli that night in the cemetery. The moment I saw Scarlett holding the gun, I knew what I was going to do. Seeing her that first time the four years before that, I never was able to get her out of my mind.

My brain, being all fucked up, didn't know how to go about it the right way, though. So, I concocted a fucked up plan to make her fucking mine. Seeing Shawn spinning the gun around only helped me out, and the fact that Carli was there was the fucking cherry on top.

Yeah, I married Carli only because I knew married couples couldn't testify against each other. The time I was sneaking around Scarlett's room when they were roommates, I wasn't sure if she saw me, so I had to marry her. Carli and I weren't married long, but it sure as hell fucking felt like it. We were toxic together, and even the guys agreed. She was too young for me—not that I have an issue with age, because I don't—but she acted too young.

When I saw the opportunity to kill her and end the torment she was still causing me, I took it, knowing that her death would get blamed on the innocent group of kids merely having a good time on Halloween. Boy, did I ruin their fucking lives. I got more than what I wanted, though. Carli was fucking dead and Scarlett was mine, so it was a win-win.

I just wasn't expecting all the shit that would come along with it. Falling in love with her was never part of the plan, but it happened and now we're all trying to figure out where to go from here.

Sitting on the balcony of our apartment watching the blizzard wreak havoc on Salem, we pass another laced blunt back and forth, none of us quite knowing what to say. Even though Scarlett's inside, I can feel her eyes burning a hole into my back, but I don't turn around. Keeping my eyes on the heavily falling snow, I hit the blunt and hold it in, passing it to Riley.

"Does Scarlett know you were married to my sister?" He asks out of the blue, keeping his eyes on the cars slowly driving below.

"Not that I know of. Why?"

"Just wondering. Are you going to tell her before we kill her?" He grins, blowing a cloud of smoke into Blade's face, pissing him off.

"We're not killing her, Riley."

"The fuck we're not, Blade. That was always the fucking plan and we're not fucking changing it." Riley glares at Blade and gets in his face, making Nixon get up, having to pull them apart again.

"Will you both shut the fuck up before she hears yo—"

"Fuck you guys!" We all turn around at the sound of her screams, watching her run away from the open sliding glass door.

"Well, fuck. Now she fucking knows everything." I stand up and storm back inside, the guys following closely. Somehow we need to fix this and figure out what the fuck we're going to do. Noticing four opened beers on the counter, we each take one and chug it down, thanking trouble silently in our heads for the hospitality.

Scarlett

Slamming the door to Blade's room, I find comfort on his bed, wrapping myself up in his warm blanket—that smells just like him— as a frigid breeze floats in through the cracked windows. Tears stream from my cheeks as I think back on what I heard... Carli was married to Saint... what the fuck? And I still can't get over the fact that he's the one who killed her, but what really bothers me is the fact that they're still planning on killing me. Now I don't feel so bad for what I've done.

I knew saving those pills would come in handy... and the amount of them that I crushed up and put into their beers is enough to make them overdose. If they don't die from them, I'm already prepared to kill them. I'm more ready now than I ever was, especially after listening to their talk on the balcony.

This is it. It all ends today.

Just thinking about it, a surge of satisfaction washes over me. It's been a long time coming, but today everything changes. The torment, the pain, the control—it all ends here.

Laying on Blade's bed, my mind races through all the atrocious deeds they've committed, the lives they have destroyed. Society may have turned a blind eye to their wickedness, but not anymore. Today, justice will prevail, even if it means taking

matters into my own hands.

No longer will they have the opportunity to prey on the innocent, to leave a trail of broken hearts and shattered lives. The darkness that once enveloped me has become my ally, providing the strength and resolve to carry out this final act .

Ever since the four of them kidnapped me and forced me into enjoying the sadistic pleasure they elicited upon my body, I've resented them as well as fallen in love with them.

The door to the room opens and Blade and Saint walk in, sadness in their eyes and regret all over their faces.

"I'm sorry, Scarlett," Saint says, breaking the ice first, which surprises me.

Noticing both of them holding a beer, guilt gnaws at me, knowing what they're drinking, but I don't say anything because as I look up, Nixon and Riley are standing in the doorway holding the other two beers.

"Sorry for what? Lying about Carli being your wife or lying about doing all of this just to kill me too?" I sneer, turning toward the window.

"We're sorry for all of it, sinner, but I'll fix it... I promise," Blade says as he sits down on the bed, putting his hand on my thigh with a tight grip.

"It's too late to fix anything," I whisper, shaking my head.

He sighs, shaking his head too as the others stand silent, drinking their beers.

"We're running to grab dinner. Are you hungry?" Saint asks, giving me a smile as he changes the subject.

"No. I already ate." Riley grins, giving me an uneasy chill, but I ignore it and snap my gaze away from his.

"Fine, Blade and I will be right back. Nixon and Riley are staying here, but they're not to touch you." Saint glares at them, making sure they understand him. They might have been told not to touch me, but no one said anything about me not touching them.

The second they leave, everything changes—but I knew it was going to.

Riley

The look on her face when Saint and Blade leaves is fucking priceless. Charging toward the bed, I grab her by her hair and snatch her off kicking and screaming, feeling a little lightheaded as I drag her out of the room.

"Let go of me!"

"No, I'm ending this shit!" Nixon just stares in silence, a lost look taking over his eyes as he sways on his feet, looking like he's about to drop.

"I don't feel too hot," he says, his face palling as he collapses on the couch, his eyes fluttering to try and stay open. Confused, I look at him, wondering what's wrong.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Standing over him, I notice his body convulsing as his eyes roll back in his head.

Still holding Scarlett's hair tightly, she gasps, grabbing my attention as Nixon seizes on the couch before my eyes.

"What the fuck did you do to him?" I bring my face to hers and roughly press our noses together, spewing at her through gritted teeth.

"I didn't do anything, Riley." I feel the familiar cold touch of a blade against my back, noticing the devilish grin on her lips.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing, Scarlett?" I ask, watching foam spurt from Nixon's mouth as blood leaks from his nose.

His body shakes violently for a few brief seconds and then all of a sudden it stops and his eyes still, turning big and black, staring toward the ceiling.

She glides the blade along my back and I pull mine out on her too, pressing it against her throat. The irony of the moment starts to turn me on, making my cock hard, poking into her stomach.

"We're both killers, Scarlett. You don't scare me with your fucking knife... but do you have the fucking balls to kill me?" She grins, making a deep slice along my spine, blood trickling down my back right away. But the pain doesn't even bother me; my body is numb. I feel strange, and everything slowly becomes foggy and disoriented.

"I killed Nixon, didn't I?" She says calmly, matching the evil in my smirk as she flashes one at me.

"You fucking poisoned him?"

"I told him I didn't want those fucking pills!" Now you all can feel what I've been feeling this past year," she screams, leaving me shocked. But I'm not surprised.

"I guess we taught you well..."

As our eyes lock in a fierce battle of wills, the echoes of our haunting memories hang heavy in the air. The adrenaline courses through my veins, fueling my determination

and clouding any rational thought. The room feels suffocating, consumed by the darkness that emanates from our shared secrets. I feel myself spinning, feeling trapped in a haze but I force myself to breathe through the fog.

Scarlett's words linger, resonating deep within me. She fucking killed Nixon... she poisoned all of us.

"You're forgetting one thing, though, psycho..."

A bitter smile curls on my lips as I remember the day her innocence was shattered, the day she stepped into a world where morality held no sway—our world.

Those who got in our way of her met a swift demise, their lives snuffed out with calculated precision. She's just a puppet, dancing to the sadistic tune that we orchestrated to bend her to our will.

But now, here we stand, the roles reversed and she's reclaimed her power—somewhat.

The scars etched upon our skin serve as a constant reminder of the horrors endured, fueling the thirst for vengeance. Scarlett may have wielded the blade, but I wield the knowledge that can bring her crumbling down.

"What am I forgetting, Riley?" She bites angrily, but still smirks as if she's won.

As crimson stains smeared across my back, pooling at our feet, a spark of defiance ignites within me. Her laughter cuts through the tension, sharp and unyielding. It's as if she can see the turmoil raging within me, relishing in the internal chaos. But little does she know that I have embraced the darkness, turning it into a weapon that can pierce even the most impenetrable armor.

I step forward, closing the distance between us, my blade now pressed to her throat. The scent of blood permeates the air, intoxicating and overwhelming. With each labored breath, I taste the bitter reality of the life we have chosen. There is no turning back now, no escape from the sins we have committed.

A sinister smile tugs at the corners of Scarlett's lips, her eyes glinting with a feral hunger. In her gaze, I see the reflection of my own twisted desires, a mirror image of the monster that lurks within.

The room closes in, suffocating us both, as the final verdict looms. Our shared history binds us; it always will. In this twisted waltz of blood and pain, the only certainty is that everything we once knew will be forever changed.

"What am I forgetting, Riley?" She urges me to tell her but all I can do is grin, seeing fear flicker in her eyes as she grips her blade even tighter.

"I told you, I'm always one step ahead of you whether you realize it or not..."

Scarlett

"I didn't want to kill you, Scarlett but you came in between us and I couldn't have that." Admitting the truth finally, Riley kisses the side of my neck, giving me all kinds of confusing feelings, but he's still being cryptic.

With his hand around my throat, he pins me against the wall, his eyes piercing through mine and making me feel things he's never made me feel. I hate him for what he's done so why do I feel like this? I need to kill him. I have to kill them all...

As I struggle to catch my breath under his grip, my mind races with conflicting emotions. The hatred burning inside me clashes with an inexplicable sensation of desire that his intense gaze unleashes within me. It's a cruel twist of fate, a wicked

game played by my own treacherous heart.

But amidst the chaos that rages within, a chilling determination mixes with a newfound clarity and begins to surface. The darkness that has consumed my thoughts for so long, pushes me to this breaking point. The time has come for me to take control, to release myself from the shackles of his oppressive presence.

"You might have killed Nixon, Scarlett, but you know you'll never make it out of here alive, right?" Riley sneers, squeezing my throat tight as he wields his knife, dragging it down the front of my body while I grip mine even tighter, blood still dripping down his back from the knife wound.

"You see, the same pills you drugged us with, were put into your drink and your food earlier. Your time is ending today too, killer."

"You what?"

"You fucking heard me. Looks like we're all fucking dying today, Scarlett."

As his grip tightens, I muster every ounce of strength, every flicker of courage, and unleash a vicious strike to his vulnerable side, stabbing him in the artery in his leg where I know he'll bleed out.. A surge of power courses through me as he staggers in pain, his grasp momentarily loosening. It's a fleeting chance, a slim opening that allows me to break free from his suffocating hold.

Gasping for air, I race through the corridors of my mind, mapping out the intricate web of their sinister plans. No longer confined by fear or doubt, a dark resolve settles within me. They had all played their part in this twisted symphony of destruction, and it is time for me to orchestrate their demise.

But as I delve deeper into the depths of my own darkness, a seed of doubt begins to

linger. Can I truly tread down this path of vengeance? Will it taint my soul, blinding me to what little good is left within? The weight of my decisions threatens to drown me, but I refuse to let it consume my resolve.

Yet, I can't escape the haunting question that echoes within me. Am I any better than them, seeking revenge in the name of justice? In my pursuit of retribution, have I become the monster I sought to destroy?

The battle rages on, both within and without. The line between right and wrong blurs again as the weight of my actions threatens to consume me. With every step closer to their demise, I feel a piece of my humanity slipping away. But I can't afford to dwell on it. The stakes are too high, the darkness too deep.

As the walls close in and the final pieces of the puzzle fall into place, I find myself standing at the precipice of my own soul. The choice lies before me, teetering on the edge of salvation and damnation. To kill or to find another way, that is the ultimate question that begs an answer. But it's too late.

With a resolve forged in fire, I take a deep breath and plunge headfirst into the darkness, determined to reclaim the fragments of my shattered soul. Whether it be through the blade of a knife or the cunning of the mind, I'd make them pay for the pain they had inflicted.

Blade

"Scarlett, What are you doing?" I ask, staring at her as she stands over Riley, covered in his blood; the knife she's holding coated in dark red. She grins, not moving from his dead body, no emotion on her face but her eyes pierce mine with a longing look.

"I told you I was going to get you guys back. I told you I wanted to go home," she says, moving closer as she lights a cigarette, coating the paper in blood.

"Where's Nixon?" I ask, looking around the apartment.

"Dead," she says calmly, taking a step back to reveal his dead body on the couch, slightly staggering on her feet as a grim expression washes over her face.

"Why, sinner?" I ask, pulling my knife out, her eyes widening, but not in fear

"Don't you feel the pills yet, Blade?" She grins devilishly and I realized I've been played.

My heart pounds in my chest, the realization hitting me like a freight train. Scarlett had been playing us all along, manipulating us with her sweet innocence and now, her true sinister nature had been unleashed. The sight of Nixon's and Riley's lifeless bodies and her nonchalant demeanor sends shivers down my spine.

I take a step back, my mind racing to find a way out of this nightmare. But as I glance around the blood-soaked apartment, it becomes clear that escape may not be an option. It's time to accept our fate.

The stench of blood and cigarettes fills the air, blending together in a sickening symphony. I can't help but feel a sense of dread as she takes another drag from her tainted cigarette. The red-tinged smoke dances around her, an eerie aura surrounding her wicked figure.

"Does it feel good, killer?" I manage to choke out, my voice trembling with hurt and confusion.

Scarlett's eyes gleam with satisfaction, reveling in the chaos she has orchestrated. "Yes and no," she replies without a hint of remorse, relishing in the destruction she has caused.

My heart sinks further, realizing the gravity of the situation. My mind races, desperately trying to make sense of the situation. How did I not see this coming? How could I have been so blind? My thoughts are interrupted by Scarlett's chilling laughter, piercing through the heavy silence.

Scarlett's grin widens, revealing her true nature. She takes a step closer, the cigarette hanging loosely from her blood stained fingers.

"Don't you feel the pills yet, guys?" she asks, her voice dripping with venom.

A rush of panic courses through my body as I realize the extent of her betrayal. The pills... she must have tampered with our medication, manipulating our minds to further her sick game. A wave of dizziness crashes over me, the room spinning as I struggle to stay upright. It all makes sense now. The hallucinations, the blurred reality. Scarlett had used our vulnerabilities against us, pushing us deeper into her wicked plan.

Scarlett

Blade looks at me and grins, twirling his knife around with his eyes on mine while Saint just stands there, unable to look away from his dead friends.

"I can't believe you did this, trouble."

"You were going to kill me first... but it doesn't matter, Saint."

I stare at Blade, my heart pounding in my chest. There's something unnerving about the way he holds that knife, his fingers dancing along its sharp edge. His grin widens, revealing a sinister glimmer in his eyes. A chill runs down my spine, fueling a mix of fear and curiosity. They don't know I'm dying, but I do.

"What's the matter, sinner?" Blade taunts, his voice dripping with malice. "Wanna play one more game?"

I take a deep breath, trying to steady my nerves. I refuse to show him any sign of weakness. With a defiant flicker in my eyes, I match his grin with one of my own.

"Oh, I'm definitely intrigued," I respond, my voice steady despite the tremor in my hands. "But I have a feeling this game isn't going to end well for you."

Blade chuckles, his confidence seemingly unwavering. He takes a step closer, his knife still twirling effortlessly in his grasp. The metallic glint of the blade catches the dim light, intensifying the tension in the room.

"Is that a threat, sinner?" he mocks, his voice laced with arrogance. "You seem to be forgetting where you are.."

With each word he utters, I can feel the adrenaline rushing through my veins. I know I'm stepping into dangerous territory, but there's no turning back now. I steady myself, channeling all my strength and determination.

"There's no way I can ever forget."

Blade's smug expression falters for a fraction of a second, his eyes flickering with a hint of doubt. It's enough to fuel my confidence further. I take a step forward, closing the distance between us.

For a moment, the room hangs in silence. Blade's eyes meet mine, searching for any signs of weakness or hesitation. And then, unexpectedly, a smirk tugs at the corners of his lips.

"You're brave, I'll give you that," he finally responds, his voice low and

contemplative.

Blade slowly lowers his knife, placing it on a nearby table. I exhale a sigh I didn't even realize I was holding, relieved that my gamble paid off, at least for now.

As the tension eases, we both understand that our clash is far from over. The ominous air hangs heavy around us, as if the room itself braces for the impending storm. We lock eyes once again, ready to continue this deadly duel of wits and wills.

"Let's take this into the room..." Saint says, grabbing my hand and dragging me away—and I let him.

As I lay there, fully aware that this moment could be the last time, I take a moment to savor the image of Blade and Saint's faces. Their features are imprinted in my mind, etching themselves into the depths of my memory.

Their hands explore my body with a skilled touch, eliciting a symphony of moans from within me. Every caress, every stroke, sends waves of pleasure coursing through my veins. My pussy responds eagerly, aching to be satisfied, leaving a wet trail on the bed sheet beneath me.

Their hard, throbbing cocks tease against my skin, their desire evident as they press against my legs. We're tangled together in a blissful mess of limbs and desire, consumed by a hunger that only intensifies with each passing moment.

Blade's words break through the haze of sensation, his voice dripping with longing.

"I want to fuck you again," he pleads, his eyes filled with a mix of desperation and lust .

Unable to resist his plea, I nod, my own desire urging me forward. But just as Blade's

intentions become clear, Saint's voice interrupts with a question filled with hope.

"Me too? Like old times?" he asks, his eyes searching mine for a hint of affirmation. A mischievous smile plays on my lips as I meet his gaze.

"Of course," I smile, excitement lacing my voice. "Just like old times."

With that, the air crackles with anticipation as the three of us give in to our most primal desires, creating a memory that will linger long after this moment fades into the realm of the past.

Instead of our usual rough fucking, they take their time, kissing every part of my body as I stare up at them. I can feel the pills doing their damage to my insides, but I keep quiet, savoring the pleasure for the last time. I'm lifted onto Saint's cock and pushed down by Blade. He watches as I ride him, dragging my nails down his chest until I draw blood. Blade gets behind me, rubbing his hand over the curve of my ass before he slips it between and plunges his fingers inside me. My body jerks and my pussy clamps around Saint's cock, but I keep bouncing up and down, even as Blade slams into me.

The pain serves as a reminder that I'm still here—the pills haven't killed me yet.

"Fuck, sinner. This is fucking heaven..." Blade nips at my earlobe as he fucks me hard and wild from behind.

I shiver, still riding Saint, staring into his hazy eyes as he tries to hold on a little longer.

Knowing they're both dying, they fuck me like it too. With deep, brutal thrusts they pound their cocks into me, owning my pussy and ass in ways they never have before, and I let them. Feeling my climax building, I cling to them, gripping Saint's waist as I

lean back against Blade, wanting this moment to last as long as possible. Feeling their cum begin to pour into me in hot spurts, I allow myself to let go, soaking Saint's cock one last time as my body shudders violently.

"I love you... both of you," I admit, sticky and sweaty, collapsing on the bed beside Saint as Blade drops next to me.

"So this is it, huh?" Saint rubs his eyes, feeling the drugs rushing through his body as he sinks onto the bed.

"Yeah... I had to end it and I heard you were going to kill me, so I wanted to beat you to it." They both look at me, slowly succumbing to the drugs overloading their system.

"I can't even be mad at you," Blade says, trying to smile.

"Yeah, but Riley drugged me too." They look at me in shock, not comprehending what I just said.

"What are you talking about?" Saint asks, his breathing labored. "I'm dying too..."

I take a deep breath, trying to steady myself as I look at Saint's fading form. The weight of my actions weighs heavily on me, but there was no other way. I had to protect myself, even if it meant resorting to this extreme measure.

"I'm sorry, Saint," I whisper, my voice filled with remorse. "I couldn't let you go through with your plan. It was kill or be killed."

Blade, still struggling to process the situation, reaches out to me weakly. "Scar... why? Why did you have to drug us? We could have found another way."

Tears well up in my eyes as I realize the pain and confusion I've caused them. "I wish there was another way, Blade. But I knew there wasn't. It was the only way to ensure our safety. I had to protect myself, and I had to protect you too."

Saint clutches his chest, his breathing growing shallow. "What beautiful fucking irony, isn't it?"

I feel a lump forming in my throat as his words hit me like a punch to the gut.

"I never wanted it to come to this," I mumble, barely audible. "I was forced into a corner, and I made a choice. A terrible choice."

Blade's eyes, clouded with the effects of the drugs, fill with a mixture of sadness and understanding. "Sinner, we understand. Survival can drive people to do unimaginable things."

As the drugs continue to overpower our bodies, I watch helplessly as our strength fades away, their once vibrant energy reduced to mere shadows. My heart aches at the sight, knowing that our bond will never be the same again.

But amidst the despair, a glimmer of hope flickers within me. Maybe, just maybe, there would be a chance we'd be going to the same place when we die.

Scarlett

Have you ever wondered where you go when you die? Like, is there truly a heaven or even a hell? Or perhaps a whimsical realm filled with endless sunshine, fluffy clouds, vibrant blue skies, and butterflies, and possibly some random dude playing piano in the background?

I have. I think we all have,

For me, my journey didn't lead me to heaven or even hell, for that matter, which made it seem like I was finally getting my karma.

I didn't step into some idyllic paradise adorned with clear skies and pearly white gates. What I got was darkness, despair, and confusion—exactly how I imagined my heaven to be.

I didn't get to see my dead mother, maybe because the memories of her I buried too deep and purposely forgot—memories I chose to block out after my father murdered her so I could heal from the extreme loss. The pain was too overwhelming, so I buried it, pretending I had no mother at all as I grew up, even though we shared some amazing moments before that horrific night I had to witness.

In my heaven, my father wasn't there, either. Nor was Carli, whose life was taken in a twisted cover-up that ultimately spiraled into my own demise .

In fact, I saw no familiar faces or any of those I had loved. There was no one there that I knew at all—no friends, no River, not even the places or people I once

remembered when I was alive.

Instead, I found myself lost in the darkest depths of my mind, where all of my alternate realities played on an endless loop. I didn't find solace among anyone I knew or the comforting places I once loved. Instead, I found myself brought back to either the cemetery or the mausoleum, in the company of the same four masked men who had torn my life apart in an instant.

Why was I here? I had no fucking idea. Why were they here with me? I didn't fucking know either.

Every day their faces remained concealed beneath their masks—one black, one silver, one red, and one white—haunting presences I used to have nightmares about. Yet oddly enough, I felt an unsettling sense of belonging, and I desperately clung to them, hoping they'd know how to show me the way.

Even being dead, I needed safety. I needed guidance. I needed familiarity. And with the four masked men who ripped my life apart, I found exactly what I needed.

In my heaven, the sky stayed dark and dreary, constantly drenched in rain. Ironically, this was my absolute favorite weather when I was alive, making it seem only fitting that it accompanied me into the afterlife. It was far from the vibrant, blissful takes on heaven that were constantly portrayed in books and movies.

But it was my version of heaven—how I imagined the afterlife—and it felt exactly right, like I was right where I needed to be. However, all of my pain still lingered, echoing the agony I had known in my life, but my crazy meds were no longer needed, and my mind was far less tormented than before.

In my version of heaven, no birds sang—there were none at all. People didn't laugh or smile; there was no one else around besides me, Blade, Saint, Nixon, and Riley—their faces always hidden behind those intimidating masks, though their eyes

still glimmered with the same dark warmth they had when we all were alive.

Heartbreak and sadness clung to me like a second skin, as if those were the only emotions I could comprehend. My dead heart still thudded—especially in the presence of the men who held me captive, who I had fallen in love with just before our lives were abruptly cut short.

The entire experience was a confusing clusterfuck, and I struggled with it. It felt like every time I grew accustomed to my reality, a literal blink later, I was transported to an entirely new reality—yet the four masked men were always by my side.

That was my heaven—or maybe my hell... I couldn't figure out which one.

Each masked man carried a part of me—fragments of my life, mixed with the broken pieces of their own stories.

Saint, whose intensity burned like fire, elicited the heat of passion I had never dared to express.

Blade, always calm and composed, radiated a sense of piercing clarity that often left my past heartbreaks throbbing beneath the surface.

Nixon moved in and out of the shadows, a ghost in the dark night, whispering secrets that tugged at my sanity.

And then there was Riley, whose presence danced between playful mischief and an all-consuming sorrow.

I felt drawn to all of them in ways I struggled to understand since they tortured me and ended up taking my life. Each day, the rain fell steadily, each droplet crystalizing the tension in the air, each splash a reminder of how fragile my existence has been before I met them.

But today was different.

When they turned to me—those intimidating masks hiding their intentions—I felt as though I could finally confront the chaos I had buried before we all took our last breaths. But I couldn't talk—I couldn't find the right words or any words for that matter. I needed to know why I was there or why they were.

Would they help guide me? Or were they still my chains, holding me in a place consumed with pain yet wrapped in dark comfort?

I wandered through the cemetery that felt both familiar and foreign, the gravestones glowing faintly in the dim light. It was a beautiful place, broken dreams colliding with memories that had become fuzzy and uncertain.

The masked men reached for me, their gloved hands extending like branches, beckoning me into the world between my past and whatever awaited beyond.

“You can't stay lost forever,” Blade whispered, his voice a low growl that sent shivers of recognition through me.

I could feel their presence—a magnetic pull towards the chaos I had fought to escape.

“You have to face the truth.”

But what truth? Was it the truth of my mother's death? The violence that had stained our lives? The longing buried beneath the rubble of my heart?

They moved closer, creating a path through the rain, guiding me to the center of the mausoleum—the one place I never thought I would return to, even in death. Inside, the air was thick with a pulse that rattled my fractured spirit. The walls seemed drenched with pain, whispers swirling around me like a haunting melody.

“This is where it happened,” I breathed, my voice barely rising above a whisper of my own despair. “This is where my life was shattered.”

“It’s time to piece it back together,” Saint replied softly, tilting his head as if to suggest they weren’t the ones to blame for the way things turned out. “You can only heal if you embrace what you’ve lost.”

But they were to blame, all of them. Could I still hold a grudge in the afterlife?

I stepped forward hesitantly, feeling the weight of their collective gaze on me. Flashes of moments and emotions flickered in the glowing light—each a reminder of what I had buried deep within .

The moment I allowed a memory of my mother to wash over me, it was as if the air went electric. I felt the warmth of her smile, the safety of her embrace, and then the sickening twist as the horror tore it all apart. I shook the memory out of my head, my heart racing, as the walls of the mausoleum began to morph. The bricks flexed, becoming faces and hands, twisting into the memories of my life. Each face was innocent, filled with joy or sadness—familiar yet unreachable. My heart ached as they faded in and out of existence, shadows of who I once knew, places that had been my sanctuary before everything fell apart.

“Remember ,” Saint whispered, gently nudging me forward.

And just like that, the grief continued, weaving itself around me, drawing me deeper into the place I thought I had escaped. Questions swirled, demanding answers I wasn’t sure I was ready to confront.

My afterlife had become a purgatory of emotional reckoning, and I wasn’t used to it. I was used to the rain. The silence. The comfort of knowing the masked men were here with me. Now it seemed like there were still plans for me after all, and I had no idea what to make of it.

In the heart of it all, they stood—my four masked men, guiding me through my beautiful, dark heaven. I was alive in a brutal reality of reckoning and acceptance, and whether I liked it or not, I had to rediscover who I truly was and try to transform my pain into purpose as I navigated this twisted new reality.

In the blink of an eye, everything changed again. But this—this was something entirely new.

A shrill beeping pierced my eardrums, and an overwhelming bitter taste consumed my mouth, my tongue and cheeks feeling as dry as cotton. I couldn't move, but this time I was lying down. I tried to open my eyes, but I couldn't; it felt like they were glued shut.

I felt panic rising in my throat, but I couldn't scream. The beeping only got louder as the seconds ticked on, and I kept forcing myself to try to move.

My eyes finally opened first, and an extremely bright light instantly blinded me, burning my iris' until I relented and squeezed my lids shut again.

Where was I? What was happening now?

“She's awake, ” someone in the distance said, and it left me utterly confused.

I felt suffocated, completely helpless because I still couldn't move, and most of all, I was lost in a new world where I couldn't see the masked men. What the fuck was going on?

“Scarlett .” I heard my name being called again, this time in a soothing voice that helped me calm down.

The beeping was still there, but much quieter. I felt hands all over me, checking things over that I couldn't see because my eyes were still closed.

“Scarlett, open your eyes for us,” they said, and I couldn’t figure out who was talking for the life of me.

Still, I fought hard to open my eyes, and when I did, my vision blurred for the first few minutes. A warm rag was wiped across them, shocking me awake even more. I blinked a few more times until the image in front of me became clear—still confusing, though.

People in blue and white huddled around me, masks covering their mouths while their worried, hopeful eyes pierced into mine. I still didn’t know what was happening and why this scenario would be a part of my heaven, but it wasn’t changing when I blinked. So I was forced to accept it and embrace it.

“You’re one lucky girl, ” one of the people said, sliding the mask down to his chin, smiling at me with relief evident on his face.

“What? ” I managed to mutter, my throat hoarse and painfully dry.

But I tried again, a sinking feeling in my gut that this part was completely different. “Where am I? ” I asked, the world around me coming into focus.

“You’ re at the hospital here in Salem. You were brought in almost dead from what looked like a poisoning, along with a few others. Luckily, after being in a medically induced coma for a couple of weeks, you were ready to wake up today.”

“I’m alive?” I was shocked, still wondering if this was all some fucked-up joke. But looking at them, I could tell they were serious.

“Yes, honey. You’re alive, and you’re going to be okay.”

I was really alive. I was going to be okay. But one question still haunted me, keeping me from fully embracing my second chance at life.

“Did anyone else make it, or am I the only one?” I closed my eyes and held my breath, bracing myself for the answer.

I didn’t know whether I wanted the masked men to live or die. I was truly torn about it, especially remembering all of the things they put me through. Still, a part of me hoped at least one of them was, and I couldn’t figure out why. My heart hurt, though; I could feel it breaking as the reality of my situation began hitting me all at once.

I might be alive, but all my friends were dead, my life was ruined, and things would never be the same no matter how hard I tried to fix it.

I looked up into the doctor’s eyes, waiting for his answer. He smiled at me and took my hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. “I’m sorry, Scarlett, it doesn’t look like any of them survived. You were the only one.”

I felt like I got hit by a bus when he said it, and I could finally feel tears falling down my cheeks. I no longer had them to guide me through this fucked-up world. But deep down, I knew I didn’t need them.

I had a chance at a second life, to move on from the horrors of my past, and I sure as fuck was going to take it instead of dwelling on the fact that my captors had lost their lives—that I killed them.

A smirk curled across my dry, cracked lips as I remembered how they died. I fought for my life. I didn’t just give up and let them win. I won in the end, and I took my power back.

I had a new life to live without having to look over my shoulder, and I was going to make sure that living it was exactly what I did.