

## Chapter 1

Jonathan took the few moments in his room before he left to look in his body mirror one last time. Making sure he looked good for all the girls he'd be getting tonight.

Claire tapped her foot, waiting in the doorway of Jonathan's bedroom, impatiently. She glanced at her overly priced watch, "Hurry up, would you? We don't have all night."

"Geez, sis. I didn't peg you for a punctual one," Jonathan said as he took one last glance in the mirror, walking to his sister and patting her on her exposed shoulder.

Claire scoffed and rolled her eyes, walking away from him. "And I didn't peg you for such a narcissistic asshole."

He followed her out. "You don't pay attention much, then." A smirk grew on his face as he playfully nudged Claire with his elbow.

They're other two friends; Margaret and Billie, were sitting inside Billie's car. Margaret impatiently puffed on her fag as her horny boyfriend sucked on her tan neck.

Claire and Jonathan climbed into the backseat of Billie's old truck. "If you keep sucking on her neck like that, Billie, she'll have a hole there," said Jonathan through a grin.

Billie laughed and repositioned himself to face the road, "Then I can fuck it."

Margaret shook her head disapprovingly and Claire mumbled, "Disgusting," before looking out the window.

Billie started the car, driving towards campus. Claire fiddled with her curls, Margaret puffed on her fag, Jonathan tapped on his phone, and Billie hummed to the beat of the soft radio.

## Chapter 2

Music radiated heavily through the dorms. As soon as the door opened, the four were slapped in the face by the sound of the speakers, and the people.

"Haha! Now this is a party!" Jonathan walked away, immediately chatting up a few broads, wrapping his buff arms around them and whispering sweet nothings into their ears.

Billie kissed Margaret's cheek as he went off to go smoke a bowl with his friends. It was just Claire and Margaret.

They smirked at each other, knowing exactly how the night was going to go down. A good looking boy would approach them, try and make them feel pretty. Then, all three of them would go upstairs and have sex. And that's exactly how their night went.

It was known around campus that the girls were sex-maniacs. Billie knew that Margaret cheated on him multiple times. He knew, yet he still stays. For unknown reasons.

"Hey, where's Mar?" Billie nudged Jonathan's side. He was just an inch shorter than Jonathan.

Jonathan shrugged, looking slightly apologetic, "Probably upstairs with Claire and some dude. You know how she is, Billie." He clapped a comforting hand on Billie's shoulder.

Billie pretended it didn't bother him and joked, "She better not bring home an STD." He walked away to go drink some more bottles of beer.

Upstairs, though, the girls were having the time of their life. They underestimated the boy, who was named Eddie. His woman skills blew Claire away. She'd ought to see him again, she thought.

In any case, the party was rough, wild, and filled to the brim with drunk, immature brutes and broads. As the night got closer to day, the people shuffled out and home. The place grew quieter, as the remaining few gathered in the living room for some childish games.

"Alright, pussies, lets play a good game of Truth or Dare," said Jim, a chubby boy who was well known. Since he was pretty much liked by everybody. "Who's goin' first?"

Everyone looked at each other, shrugging. Nobody ever wanted to be the one to start the game. The one who started always gauged how dirty the game would go or how clean it would be.

"Fine," Chloe sighed, "I'll start." She squinted her eyes as she looked around the circle.

"Kim...truth or dare?"

Kim scratched her nose in thought, "Truth."

"Lame. Okay. Kim, who was the best guy in the circle you've banged?"

Without hesitation, Kim smirked, "Jonathan." Jonathan grinned smugly and a few people whistled.

The game went on like that for awhile.

"Claire, truth or dare?"

Claire tapped her chin in thought. "Well, I'm not no pussy. So, dare."

"I dare you to make out with Carol." The boy said it as though he thought Claire would refuse. She looks innocent with her doe eyes, but she's really just like any other slut.

Claire shrugged, crawling over to Carol on the other side of the circle. She quickly connected lips with her, slipping her tongue into Carol's mouth. Carol was tense under Claire, she had never kissed a girl before and was confused because it felt so good.

Claire detached her lips and winked before crawling back to her spot next to Margaret. The boys whooped and yelled out vulgar remarks.

Margaret pulled out another fag, lit it, and took a long drag.

### Chapter 3

"You know what? Nobody fucking asked you Susan."

"Are you trying to start a fight?"

The two girls, Susan and Karen, started to bicker. It was really starting to annoy Margaret. She had a pretty high tolerance for people, but sometimes when she heard constant high pitched voices yell back at each other, her patience would wear thin.

Only not as thin as Claire next to her. One could see the smoke fuming out her ears. "Would you girls just shut up?!"

She broke.

The two girls snapped their attention to Claire. They immediately went silent. Jonathan was even a little afraid when his sister got angry. Which was more often than people would prefer.

One year, Jonathan, Billy, and Margaret checked Claire into an Anger Management Rehab. It had got so bad she started to physically attack people. Not just a couple punches and hair pulls, but using knives and baseball bats. Luckily, nobody got seriously hurt.

"Hey Mar, why don't we ditch this dull popsicle stand, and go somewhere a little more...private," Billy whispered in Margaret's ear, then lightly pressed a kiss to her ear.

Margaret looked at him out of the corner of her eyes. He was such a dog. She wondered why she even wasted her time on him, but then again, he was a pretty boy. Margaret couldn't resist pretty boys.

Billy had dyed blonde hair, with light blue at the tips, usually gelled back. He had lightly coloured brown eyes. And his body, oh his body, was just... godly.

"Sure," she shrugged. Billy took her hand and led Margaret to an empty room. You can imagine what went on behind those closed doors.

Jonathan sighed and leant his head back. He was starting to get bored. A girl next to him leant in close, "It's starting to get a little boring, eh?"

Jonathan smirked and nodded in agreement. "But, now that you're talking to me, I'm not as bored." The girl, Jessica, smirked in response.

"Wow, I'm swooned." He laughed.

## Chapter 4

The door creaked open, but the students were too busy messing with each other to notice. The first person to notice was a lean, lengthy boy.

"Hey, guys?" He looked at the door then back to the group. No one heard him. He tried once more to get their attention, "Hey? Guys? There's something weird happening to the door." Again, no one really cared or bothered to listen.

Doug was his name. He sighed, standing up. He hesitated before walking up to the door and opening it. Doug wasn't one for being afraid. But this eery door gave him chills.

"Hello?" he called out, "If there's someone in there, you're kind of freaking me out, dude."

Doug walked through the door, searching for a light switch. Failing to find one, he continued down the corridor. Continuously calling out. "Creepy as shit in here," he said to himself. It got suddenly chilly in the air. Someone must've turned the air conditioner on, he thought.

He heard faint steps behind him. Swiftly he turned his head. He couldn't see anyone. Obviously, it was dark. He could barely see three inches in front of him.

He called out once more, "Hello?" Again, no response. Doug was starting to get annoyed. He turned around by the heel of his foot and headed back the way he came. Before he got to the door, though, he felt someone behind him.

A hand clasped itself over Doug's mouth, muffling his noises in protest. Another hand wrapped around his thin waist. Doug tried to pry the unknown hands off his mouth, yelling in protest.

He was being dragged away, trying to fight himself out the arms of his attacker. After a few seconds, Doug was thrown into a room. Dim lighted and messy.

Before Doug knew it, a hard fist came crashing into his skull, sending Doug into an unwanted slumber.

Once Doug woke, he tried to move his arms. He couldn't. They were tied behind his back, so were his ankles. He tried to scream in panic, but his mouth was duct taped shut. His heart raced and sweat rolled down his forehead. He was frightened. Struggling to escape the ropes only made things worse for him. They scraped roughly against his skin, making him wince in pain.

A man appeared, seemingly from thin air. He was twice the size of Doug, which explained the almost too easy task of dragging Doug to the room.

He wore a mask. Doug discerned it as a ski mask. That's dumb, he thought, If they're going to kill me, what's the point of a mask?

"You seem comfortable," the man laughed at his own joke. It was loud and obnoxious. He was holding a knife, Doug couldn't take his eyes off of it. It shone in the harsh lighting.

Is he going to kill me with that? No, why would he do that?

Doug grunted in response. He looked angrily at the man. "You going to kill me with that measly knife?" Doug laughed. He seemed unfazed on the outside, but if you looked into his eyes they were flooded with fear.

The man snickered, plunging the knife into Doug's torso without hesitation.

The knife slid in seamlessly. Blood burst out, then slowed to trickling down the captor's hand.

Doug coughed, the red substance splattering. He gave a crooked smile, "Barely felt it."