

Prologue

The eerie screams are muffled out. Now, it is only silence... as if my soul left my body. I stand frozen, staring at the lifeless form on the beach. My fiancé's oldest sister is now a blue-swollen corpse. It is ironic, I should say.

As far as we knew, she was alive and well last night. I also knew for certain that no one except the staff and family were on the grounds of the manor at the time... the same family that is full of secrets and lies. There isn't space for a single ounce of love in there.

Witnessing it all, I feel like I am stuck in a cyclic coma. It is as though I am watching myself, but I can't control my body. I am in a state of shock. It seems like my body is shutting down. I can feel the cold sand beneath my hands, and the cool air brushing against my skin, but I struggle to breathe. I can see her face. I can see her body. I feel everything and nothing at the same time.

My breath hitches in my throat, a sob escaping my lips as I try to process what is before me. The blood on the sand is a crimson stain against the otherwise pristine beach – a stark reminder of the tragedy that has ended her life. The tragedy that has shattered their world.

I feel numb, all the way down into my bones. I am unable to process anything. The smell of the ocean air and cold wind against my skin hits me time and time again, sending vile chills through my body. Worst of all, I can feel the bile working its way up my throat.

And reality kicks in.

She is dead. I knew since the moment I stepped foot on Blackrock Manor something was not right. I saw the signs – the weird family secrets, the whispers. The family occultic ritual – or, as they liked to coat it, ‘traditions’ – never sat right with me, not once.

The sister-in-law who just yesterday slapped the victim looked as shocked as the rest of us. But is her reaction real? Are any of their reactions real? It’s hard to tell... their faces give nothing away, except pain and sorrow. It doesn’t matter – none of them can be trusted now. Not even my ex-boyfriend, who was dating the victim now.

I feel the weight of my decisions crashing down on me. Questions begin to flood my brain. I am certain she was a good swimmer.

How could she have drowned?

Why was she swimming in the middle of the night, alone, in the ocean? How did her boyfriend not notice the lack of her presence in their bed?

Lucas tries to comfort me, but I push him away. I don’t trust any of them right now. I can’t. To top it all off, after his betrayal this weekend, the thought of his skin as much as grazing mine could make me throw up in an instant.

I was never supposed to be here. The recurring dreams warned me. I thought it was all just a nightmare repeating itself. But what if I was wrong... wrong, about everything?

I don’t know these people. At this point, after catching him in the cellar last night, it is glaringly obvious that I don’t even know my own fiancé. I need to leave this place.

I need to leave now.



CHAPTER 1





Alexia

I can feel it, my wetness building up and running down my thigh. Slowly, I take his cock in my hand. It's hard and slippery, filling up my palm.

I lick down his shaft while my hand caresses his warm balls. I slurp, taking it into my mouth. I jerk my head back a little, moving my tongue back and forth on the tip.

"Ughh," he moans, sexy and masculine.

Craving even more, he desperately grabs the back of my head – as if I'm about to stop.

"Yes, baby. Take all of me in that dirty mouth of yours." He dunks my head deeper onto his cock while I stroke him with my mouth. I can feel his cock at the back of my throat.

I tenderly lick one of his balls, warming it and swishing it around inside my mouth, before I switch to the other. His breath grows harder. Yes, he loves it!

My hand begins to stroke his rock hard cock once again, but he is done with his teasing – it's my turn. Oh, I can feel the buildup in his body when he suddenly pushes me down on the couch.