Paparazzi

by Danesincry

Summary

Y/n was home alone when he gets a phone call.

Someone was inside his house, and they had a liking for horror movies.

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Male xReader because there are none? Reader is a p feminine guy ngl. But yeah. It was originally Ghostface in general, but I started to write a second part and BOOM. I thought why not make a couple parts. (Danny/Jed is Ghostface from Dead by Daylight)

Notes

Me, a gay kid just trying to indulge in struggle fics but finding none.

Why are there only girl struggle fics >(; and there's barely even those. They're only fuck AND struggle.

Okay, but character analysis for Reader: he's actually a pretty shy and anxious kid. But once he was secluded and put in a dangerous situation, he became more brave. He is in
college, his second year. He keeps to himself and his few friends.

The final scene seems like a r/pe scene, but it IS NOT one. I promise.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Y/n was sitting on his bed, idly looking through a coupon magazine his mom left on the countertop. He had scissors in his hand, cutting out the coupons he wanted and the pictures he liked or needed.

Y/n was a small nerdy kid. He was about 5’3” and barely 100lbs. He wore circle glasses and a lot of sweaters and skinny jeans. He liked being comfy and didn’t care much for style. Anyone could tell by the sight of his mix matched room. His room was a large attic that had a small window. He had projects of sceneries made of cut outs from magazines and pictures. A lot of them were remakes of horror movies he loved.

Y/n yawned, setting down his scissors and stretching. He picked up his phone before getting up and going down the ladder to the rest of the house. He dropped the last foot and wandered down the stairs to the first floor of the house, to the kitchen.

He sat his phone down on the kitchen counter before going to the fridge. He opened it and pulled out a bottle of soda. He opened it and hopped on the counter to sit down. He sat there a minute, sipping his drink and looking around the kitchen. He had lived there for about three months and the place already felt like home.

From the side, the home phone started to ring. He looked to it and leaned over, snatching it from the charging port. He looked to the number, seeing it was an Unknown number. He grinned at it. He loved prank calls. He answered in a heartbeat.

“Hiya. Thank you for calling the Westside Sperm Bank. How may I direct your call?” Y/n put the phone between his ear and shoulder briefly as he got off the counter.

“We both know that this isn’t a sperm bank number.” The voice said from the other side. It sounded like a guy, but weirdly echoed.

“You got me there, my friend.” Y/n smiled and picked up his bottle.

“You obviously know me. What are you trying to do? Play a game before you murder me?” Y/n walked over to his window and waved into the darkness behind his house. “I know I’m depressed, but damn. Can’t just take what’s not mine to give.”

The voice laughed at his response and seemed to gloss over his question.

“What’s your favorite scary movie?” The man asked.

“Ooooh. Okay, Mr. Murderer. Have you seen As Above, So Bellow? It’s an interesting movie. The film style is like a documentary, where one of the characters is filming the whole movie. It’s more suspense, so not a slasher. Which is probably your style, am I wrong?” Y/n moved back to the kitchen and leaned on it. The man laughed again. “What’s yours?”

“You got me there.” And surprisingly, he asked. “Mine is Nightmare On Elm Street. The original.”

“I saw that when I was a kid. I liked it. It kinda got me into horror movies.” Y/n sighed. “You’re in my house, aren’t you? I didn’t even tell you my name! How rude am I. I know you won’t so let me just be formal. I’m Y/n.”

“Well, hello, Y/n. And you’re not half wrong.” With that, there was the sound of Y/n’s parents
bedroom door opening. He knew the sound because it was the only one that sounded like it needed oil.

“So there’s two of you. You’re the one in my backyard.” Y/n mumbled before speaking properly. “He’s in my parent’s bedroom.”

“ Aren’t you a smart one. But it’s only me. My friend couldn’t make it tonight.” His voice said. Y/n could hear it now in the hallway.

“Well aren’t I lucky?” Y/n smiled. “Did you sneak in through the window while I was ranting?”

“Maybe.” The man was amused by his comments.

“Well, Mr. Murderer, I know how long it takes sneaking from there to where I am. So tell me while I wait for my inevitable death, are you upset that I kinda figured everything out quickly?” Y/n asked and got on the far side of the counter top. He watched the doorway that the killer probably would enter. He was panicking on the inside, but he knew that he could probably get away since he didn’t lock any of the doors.

“Maybe a little. This was very entertaining.” The man spoke. Then the line went dead as a figure came from the doorway. The figure was in black robes and a white ghost mask. Y/n could see a knife in his gloved hands. His build looked like he was 19, the same age as Y/n but obviously fit for their age. Y/n might even go to the same college as him. Who knows.

“Hi there.” Y/n waved and bit down his anxiety and fear. “Would you like a drink? We have straws so you can get it up your mask.”

Y/n pointed to the straws that were in a mug on the counter.

“No thanks, kid.” The man replied.

“You look like you’re an 19 year old. Don’t kid me. Now, are you gonna come kill me or not?” Y/n sighed and took a sip of his soda. He put his drink down and slowly approached the guy. The mask followed his movements. Y/n didn’t know why suddenly he had no fear. Maybe it was accepting his fate. Maybe he had hope that it would make him not want to hurt him.

Y/n stopped in front of him and slowly took the hand that had the knife in it. Y/n raised it up to his chest and pressed the knife to his chest. Y/n looked back up from the knife to the killer, who stood over him. Y/n didn’t realize how close they were.

“What’s your favorite movie, Mr. Ghostface.” Y/n gave him a name. He could hear the breathing from behind the mask, slightly picked up by the voice changer. Y/n could feel the fear pierce through him in full fledge. He schooled his face as he stared at the mask.

Silence stretched between them before he jerked his knife back. His other hand shot out and grabbed for Y/n. Y/n reacted almost automatically by jumping back. He let out a gasp as he tried to move away. His glasses slid down his nose as he turned away. As quickly as he could he sprinted out of the kitchen and towards the front door. If he could just get out he could escape-

His thoughts were stopped in the middle as a body came crashing on him from behind. Y/n let out a small cry as his face smashed into the carpet. His glasses fell off as he pushed his face off the carpet, fighting against the weight on top of him. He struggled to twist onto his back. He managed to get his legs to his stomach. He pushed his legs against Ghostface’s stomach and pushed his hands against his shoulders. He couldn’t see well, just the blurs of black and white of the costume. A gloved hand put itself on his neck, pushing his head back slightly. His other hand brought the
knife up to Y/n’s face.

“W-what are you doing?!” Y/n asked in fear. He was starting to hyperventilate now.

Without replying, Ghostface pressed his knife into Y/n’s forehead, above his left eye. He cut down to his eyebrow, lifting up only for his eye and bringing it back down on his cheek down to his chin. Setting down the knife, he then brought up Y/n’s head, leaning in close.

“Nightmare on Elm Street.” He said it before hitting Y/n’s head onto the ground, knocking him out.
“What do you mean you were attacked?” The girl next to Y/n asked. Y/n just shrugged. “Don’t shrug at me!”

“Alex is right.” The boy next to Alex said. His name was Damien. “You can’t just shrug this off. He had your home number and got inside you parent’s home.”

“I know, I know.” Y/n sighed. He was doodling the mask he remembered. His face was covered in patches, a tell tale that something happened to him. All day people kept asking him what happened and he just said an accident happened. It had been two days since the attack. His parents had found him on the ground when they got home late.

The three sat in the library where the students scattered at the tables doing their work or studying. Y/n was with Alex and Damien to do homework for their history class. The two seemed afraid for Y/n. There had been murders in their smaller town for the last few weeks and there had been no survivors. No clues. No connections other than that they were college students.

“Y/n, someone broke into your house and hurt you. This could be the killer. You saw him!” Alex smacked her hand on the table and some of the students around them jolted and looked to them. Y/n knew they were listening in.

“I… what if they know I snitched? What if they just don’t come back because I didn’t snitch on them. I didn’t even see their face. I only got a movie title out of them.” Y/n frowned and looked around. The students had went back to their own business, for the most part. But Y/n could see someone across the library watching him. The guy looked away quickly and went back to the book he was holding. He looked oddly familiar.

“Who cares? The police can stick you in a cell and give you the key. Get you out of town for crying out loud!” Alex fumed and when she realized Y/n wasn’t paying attention suddenly, she seemed to get more irritated. “Hey! I’m talking to you.”

“Alex.” Y/n looked back to him and frowned. “Who is that kid standing in aisle 3b?”

Alex rolled her eyes and turned and looked over to the guy he was talking about. She took a good look at the guy before turning back.

“His name is Danny. He transferred here mid semester last semester. He is in the newspaper club here. Why?” Alex frowned then gasped. She leaned in suddenly to whisper. “Is that him?”

“No, no. I don’t think so. He just keeps watching us.” Y/n felt uncomfortable now.

“Maybe he heard Alex’s loud ass and wants to write a story about it.” Damien sighs.

“He’s not a creep. He’s pretty nice also. I had class with him.” Alex reassured him. “Tell him to buzz off and he will.”
Y/n nodded slowly before looking back to his books. He looked at the small doodle and ripped it out of his sketchbook.

“Oooh, can I keep that?” Alex reached her hand out. Y/n gave it to her.

“Just don’t give it to anyone or sell it. Or show it.” Y/n closed his books and shoved them into his messenger bag.

“Of course not. I’m putting it in my collection of your drawings.” Alex grinned and pulled out a small notebook and glue. She ripped the excess paper off and glued Ghostface next to a sketch of a naked girl he drew on a passed back term paper.

“That’s still very weird.” Damien commented and packed his own stuff up. He turned to Y/n then. “Want me to walk you back to your dorms?”

Y/n actually had dorms, but his roommate was a weird guy. A guy named Billy Loomes. He was nice and all, but sometimes Billy would just… stare at him. Made Y/n feel uncomfortable. He told him that he had to house sit for his parents a lot (which wasn’t a lie), so he wouldn’t always be there. It worked out nicely for Y/n. He didn’t see the cute but very creepy roommate as much and he got to see his parents more.

“Nah. I’m pretty sure Billy is out of town for the weekend. I’m gonna crash there this weekend.” Y/n answered. He waved to his friends and walked off. “Bye!”

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Y/n laid in his dorm bed with his switch in his hands. He smashed the buttons on the joycons almost violently. He was concentrated on his game and almost missed the door opening. He didn’t glance up, but ignored it. When the light flipped on, Y/n groaned and dropped his switch in favor to cover his eyes.

“Nooo! Turn the light off!” Y/n groaned. “Jesus Christ.”

“Oh. Sorry. I meant to call, but my parents sent me home early. I’m guessing your parents didn’t need you to house sit?” Billy answered. Y/n internally groaned as Billy walked in. Billy paused though when he saw Y/n’s condition when he uncovered his face. “Hey, are you okay?”

“I… do you want the truth or what I’ve been telling everyone?” Y/n sighed. “My friends only know a little bit. Well, besides Dwight and Jake.”

“You can tell me, Y/n. I won’t tell anyone.” Billy sat down on his bed and watched as Y/n sat up and leaned against the wall.

“I was at my parents house, watching the house. They were getting home around 11 at night from their trip. I was in my old room doing my scrapbook projects. Decided to go downstairs and get a drink. My home phone got a phone call and I answered it.” As Y/n explained, Billy’s mouth went into a thin line and his brows furrowed. “It was an unknown number. Thought I could just mess with the person. They’re obviously a prank call. Uno reverse it, you feel?”

“Yeah.” Billy nods.

“Well, ends up that he likes horror movies. I Uno reversed him again. I like horror movies too. Coincidence? I think not. Just kidding.” Y/n cracked a small smile. “I basically called him out about probably being there to murder me. I was right, by the way. He said it was only him, and his buddy wasn’t there. Lucky me, am I right?”
“Lucky you.” Billy didn’t say much, probably to let him continue. Maybe he just never heard Y/n talk this much before. Y/n usually just listened to Billy and said a few words.

“Well, I get him to come out finally. Offered him a drink and a straw. Oh! He was wearing a ghost mask and black robes. Something out of a cliche slasher that makes you go “wow, how did they not get caught? No one has those?” But in the end, you know they won’t get caught because exactly that reason.” Y/n sighed. “I just… lost all sense of my worth and just walked up. Took the hand that had his hunting knife in it, put the knife to my chest and asked him what his favorite scary movie was. He then proceeded to chase me and tackle me. He cut my face before smashing my head into the ground. My parents found me all bloody from it.”

“Wow… are you okay? Why didn’t you go to the police?” Billy leaned forward and Y/n just shrugged.

“If I go to the police, he might come back to actually kill me. Bring his buddy this time.” Y/n sighed. He looked to his hands before looking back up to Billy. “Thanks.. For listening to me. I know I don’t talk to you really, but I just.... I just… I wasn’t so freaked out about it during the moment until he chased me. It’s like… I had no worth and deserved it. You know? Someone was ought to do it to me eventually. No one would miss me.”

“That’s not true and you know it.” Billy offered. “You have friends and family that care.”

“You know, I know that but something tells me that no one would.” Y/n shut off his switch and put it in the dock. “Last night as I laid in my bed, at my parent’s house, with my face patched up… I thought to myself that if he climbed up into my room, I wouldn’t mind if he actually did shove the knife into my chest.”

“Hey.” Billy’s voice had an edge that caught hold of Y/n’s social anxiety. It made Y/n automatically stop and shrink back. Billy seemed to backtrack. “Don’t… don’t speak like that. It’s not healthy. You know this.”

“You’re right.” Y/n nods. “I think I’m going to go out and see if my friends are up.”

“Have fun.” Billy nods, seeming to understand the smaller male’s want to escape the suddenly reality of the situation.

Y/n got up and collected his phone and wallet before exiting the room. He didn’t go far, just down the hallway. He knocked on the dorm room and it only took a second for someone to open. A brunette with black glasses smiled at him. His friend from high school who was socially awkward. Dwight.

“Hey, Y/n! Are you okay?” Dwight opened the door more, showing Jake standing behind Dwight quietly. Y/n knew both of them from parts of his teenage years, longer than Alex and Damien.

“I… I told Billy what happened and I don’t know. I just wanted to escape the situation.” Y/n looked down to avoid the glance that Jake and Dwight shared.

“You can come in.” Jake spoke calmly. Y/n nodded and came in as Dwight let him.

Dwight and Jake were a couple. They were probably Y/n’s biggest support on the campus. He didn’t like people like Jake did, so he stayed close. Dwight seemed to be fine with it, as he was just never popular.

Y/n slowly moved to Dwight’s bed and face planted onto his pillow. He let out a very exaggerated
“Can I sleep here?” Y/n asked through the pillow.

“Sure. I’ll sleep in Jake’s bed.” Dwight responded and Y/n knew it was him who was rubbing Y/n’s back.

“Thank you.” Y/n sighed.

Dwight didn’t say anything as he moved to Jake’s bed. They sat in silence before Jake spoke up.

“So did this Ghostface man have a nice body?” Jake asked out of nowhere.

“Jake!” Dwight scolded. Y/n let out a snort and sat up.

“I mean I guess.” Y/n shot a smile at Dwight, who gawked.

“You’re both lunatics.” Dwight mumbled.

“Being chased must have been exciting and terrifying.” Jake ignored his boyfriend.

“I can’t continue with that, Jake. I just almost cried over thinking about him killing me.” Y/n shot back.

“Got me there.” Jake cracked a small smile.

“Lunatics.” Dwight grumbled.

The next day, Y/n was by himself in the library. He had a small internship as librarian and tended to take morning or late night shifts. The library was almost open 24/7, for convenience. Currently the librarian was out so he where there instead for her.

Since it was around 10 at night, the library didn't have anyone in. It was quiet, other than the cranking of the A/C cycling on and off every ten minutes. Y/n yawned as he leaned back in the chair.

The desk phone rang softly and Y/n answered it.

“Sal University Library.” Y/n answers.

“Hello, Y/n.”

Y/n’s blood ran cold at the voice. It was him. It was the killer. He was here.

“Am I speaking to the buddy of Ghostface?” Y/n asked. “Theoretically since there's a lot of windows here and if the buddy is back, one of you is outside.”

The voice chuckled.

“You really are a smart guy, aren't ya, Y/n?” The voice asked. “This is his buddy. I can see you at your desk.”

Y/n didn't look up, just waved towards the large windows near him.

Lockland comes back.” Y/n asked.

“You're an eager one, aren't ya? Let's play a game.” Buddy said.

“I don’t know, Buddy. I kinda just him to do his job so we can all go home.” Y/n got up, bringing the phone with him as he walked around the desk.

“That's no fun, though.” Buddy pouted.

“I'm not a fun guy.” Y/n shrugged. “I'm pretty sure Mr. Ghostface told you I tried to get him to just kill me but he refused. Just gave me a nasty slice on the face.”

“You didn't like his art?” Buddy sounded amused. “He might get offended.”

“I don’t mind it. Might scar. One helluva story of you don't kill me. Mr spooky and his pal cut me up instead of killing. I can hear the headline now. Local twink gets toyed with by serial killer duo.” Y/n waved his hand as he talked. “Mr. Ghostface do you like it? I miss talking to you. Come out, my friend.”

Y/n finally saw movement in the aisles and smiled.

“There you are. Buddy, do you mind holding real quick?” Y/n asked.

“No no. Put one killer on hold while you chase after another. Smart plan.” Buddy said.

“Mmhm. Okay smart cheeks.” Y/n put him on hold and wandered into the aisle.

He tried looking for movement but couldn't see him moving anymore. It took him a few aisles before he ran into the killer, straight in the chest.

“We gotta stop running into each other like this.” Y/n laughed, well knowing there was a knife in his hand. “Are you here to confess your love or murder me, hot shot?”

“And why would I do either? I could write my confession in the blood of some girl who looks in your direction.” Ghostface put his hand on Y/n’s shoulder.

“Buy me dinner first, jeez.” Y/n snorts. He looks at the hand not on his shoulder and sees the knife. He slowly takes the hand and presses the flat side of the knife to the underside of his chin, where it connects to his neck. “Are you here to play or are you here to off me?”

There was a pause between them. It felt just like the first time they met.

“Have you read the articles? The ones about our work?” Ghostface asked. He didn’t move the knife.

“I did. I’m a horror junkie, remember?” Y/n smiled. “I thought they were just as cheesy as the movies.”

“Why aren’t you kind?” Ghostface took the knife back and put his hand up to Y/n’s face. The gloved hand brushed against his face and Y/n put a hand up to hold onto it. “Tell me, are you afraid?”

“No.” Y/n leaned his cheek into the hand. “How angry would you be if I stabbed myself right now?”

“I’d be disappointed.” Ghostface admits. Y/n felt himself relax slightly at it. “It’d be a shame.”
“Why me?” Y/n asked. “You don’t seem intent on killing me anymore.”

“I’ve been watching you, Y/n. Of course, my buddy helped. But I’ve been planning everything out. You’re hard to get a grip on. You were beautiful and elusive. I believe most of your classmates would agree with me. The quiet and smart kid in the back of class. The one that holds the crown of looks. But no one can seem to get close due to the knights.” His words seemed endearing, but Y/n knew the true heavy meaning of them. He was being stalked. “Then I met you face to face. In the heat of the moment when you thought no one was looking, you showed your true self. Now tell me, what would happen if we made it to where no one would look at you because no one would be there? Get rid of your knights?”

Y/n’s blood ran cold. He was threatening his friends. His classmates.

“You can’t-!” Y/n started.

“It’s not my choice. I wouldn’t do that. My buddy had tried. Your friends are smart ones, by the way.” Ghostface leaned in and pressed his masked forehead against Y/n’s. “I promise no harm towards your friends.”

Y/n couldn’t relax. He felt slight relief. He leaned up more to press his face against the mask lightly. He closed his eyes before putting a hand on the knife again. His small hand lightly gripping Ghostface’s larger hand.

“You kill me friends,” Y/n whispered as he slowly pulled the knife up to Ghostface’s stomach. He opened his eyes to look into the mask’s eyes. “And I gut you like you did to those students. Both of you.”

Y/n dropped the hand and backed off. He turned his back towards the stunned figure. He started to walk back to the desk, but paused.

“You better leave before I call the police.” Y/n told him before walking back.

Y/n could hear the rustling of fabric as he walked back. He picked up the phone and hung the call up.

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Alex wrapped her arms around Y/n’s neck from behind before planting a kiss on his cheek. Y/n seemingly ignored her as he kept drawing.

“Y/n, darling. What are you drawing?” Alex asked. Dwight and Jake looked up from their food, now interested.

“Nothing. Leave me alone you whore.” Y/n mumbled. Alex gasped in fake offense.

“You little slut, don’t call me that!” Alex then laughed in Y/n’s ear as Y/n cracked a smile. She kissed his cheek again before looking back to his drawings. “That’s a good drawing though. Did your boyfriend visit you again?”

Y/n could feel the prying eyes of his friends and a few students looking towards him expectantly. He was drawing the figure that he sees in his sleep and now twice in person.

“First off, I’m single.” Y/n mumbled and the students who were looking in seemed to relax and look away. “Second of all, I’m pretty sure I found a connection to the murders.”
“Oh shit…” Alex stood up straight, her arms dropping to her sides. She looked to the couple at the table. The area around them seemed to still. “Really?”

“He did.” Dwight nodded.

Y/n paused in his drawing to pulled out a folder. Alex took it as it was presented.

“What is this?” Alex asked.

“Woodsboro, 3 years ago. A killing spree at the local college happened. Eight people were killed. Two were left holding onto their lives. They were all students at the college, but never have they had classes together at the college. They knew each other by growing up in the same town. They were killed with passion, multiple stab wounds. Some of them were hung by… their insides. But it was premeditated. Cold. A student by the name Jed Olsen was caught but got away and disappeared. He worked for the local newspaper and did articles on his own killings. Like the rest of the city. Some victims were stalked before they were killed.” Y/n explained as Alex took out newspaper clippings and articles out. Diagrams. Police reports. He then pulled out another folder and Alex lined up the first set before taking the new set. “Fogsgale, Florida. Five murders within the last semester. All in similar taste, but just stabbed or sliced and left. More clean. More precise. Everyone is writing about it. I was told I was being stalked beforehand. Look at the reports from both.”

Alex looked dumbfounded as she read through the clippings. He had pulled everything together to make a seamless case.

“Do you really think… Jed Olsen is here?” Alex looked up.

“It has been a while.” Jake mumbled and Dwight nodded.

“He’s right. Things are now on the low. No one would know or notice.” Y/n then smiled. “But I keep up with stuff like this. True crime is literally scary movies and slasher movies brought to life. My dad also worked over there to help in the investigation. I guess we’re just lucky that fate played out this way.”

“Shit you… really did it.” Alex let out a small laugh. “But you said there was two?”

“Oh! For the Woodsboro there was a guy who got majorly injured. He was arrested for helping the killer. Hear me out, though. He called the victim before their deaths. A distraction.” Y/n pointed to the photos of two men. “The one on the left is Jed. Stu is the one on the right. He called to lure them into sight.”

Jed had very short hair and Stu had a similar style. They looked like normal kids.

“You should be a detective.” Alex pats Y/n’s hair.

“I’m debating on it.” He shrugs. “I’m going to type up a story and bring it to the newspaper club here. See if I can lure them out.”

“I say do it.” Alex ruffled his hair and kissed his head. “Well, I’m proud of you.”

“Thanks. I worked hard.” Y/n recollected his evidence and put it away.

It took about two days to type it up, but he had done it. So there he was, standing in the school
newspaper office. He waited quietly before a man walked in.

“What can I help you with?” He smiled.

Y/n recognized him as Danny Johnson.

“I wanted to submit an article.” Y/n held out the paper.

“Sure.” Danny smiled. He took it and skimmed over it. Y/n could see his eyebrow twitch as he read it. He looked back up. “This is really interesting. What's your name? I'm Danny.”

“Y/n.” Y/n held his hand out. Danny shook it.

“I like this article. It's interesting to think that Jed Olsen is here. I remember that string of murders.” Danny turned and put the article on the desk. “I'll put it in the next paper.”

“Thanks. I appreciate it.” Y/n nods and waved. “See ya.”

With that, Y/n left. Leaving Danny by himself.
Don't Threaten Me With A Good Time

Chapter Summary

Spice and death.

Chapter Notes

Jed is out there to get some.

Y/n’s article had been published three days ago and it was the talk of the campus. Multiple students who knew who he was would approach to talk about his experiences but would get chased off by his friends.

Right now he was laying on his dorm bed, reading a book while he sat on his stomach. Billy was out with some of his friends, which left Y/n free to lay around.

The door behind Y/n opened and shut, footsteps coming in.

“Hey, Billy.” Y/n called out. He didn't look up from his book as the footsteps neared. It wasn't uncommon for one of them to not answer the other.

Y/n kept reading until a hand placed itself on his shoulder. Y/n looked up and froze as a ghost mask leaned in.

“What are you reading?” The robotic voice asked.

“Wouldn't you like to know, weather boy?” Y/n smiled. The hand on his shoulder squeezed his shoulder as he dog eared the page and closes his book. “Tell me, Jed. Did I make you upset when I figure you out?”

“No. Not really.” He admits. “You don’t know my cover name still.”

The hand moved from Y/n’s shoulder to cup his face. Jed slowly moved the mask up to show his mouth and he kissed Y/n’s forehead. Y/n stared up at him as Jed moved back. Y/n could barely see the outline of eyes through the cloth of the mouth. Y/n reached up and slowly kissed him.

So they sat there, like the college kids they are. Kissing like the world depended on it. Y/n relished in the feeling of someone bigger and more fit than him pressed against his body. After a minute or two, Y/n broke away and covered his mouth. He looked away as Jed pulled his mask back over his mouth.

“You can’t be here.” Y/n finally told him.

“Okay, okay.” Y/n tried to ignore the slight hurt from the killer’s tone.

Slowly, Jed got up and left the room.
“You WHAT?!” Dwight seethed. Y/n had never seen the nervous guy so angry before. “Y/n you're so stupid!”

“Dwight I'm not hurt so-” Y/n tried but it made Dwight more irritated.

“No! Last night a girl died!” Dwight yelled at Y/n.

They were inside of Y/n’s dorm, Billy being out with his girlfriend. Jake sat on the floor, watching his boyfriend explode at Y/n.

“That girl was in my biology class! I knew her!” Dwight’s voice cracked as his eyes filled with tears. “He’s going to kill you!”

Y/n was silent as he stared at his friend. His own eyes had tears in them. He wasn't arguing back. Just taking what he deserved.

“I don’t want you to die at the hands of that asshole. He's killed so many of us and now he's playing around with you. You're lucky you survived the attack originally.” Dwight reached his scarred hands down to Y/n’s face and put them on the side of his head. “If we lose you, I would never forgive myself.”

Dwight then moved to hug Y/n, pulling him to his body. Y/n hugged him back without hesitation. He loved Dwight like a brother. He knew Dwight was right. This was dangerous. He was being stupid. This needed to stop.

“I… I need to disconnect. I have to start being with others.” Y/n told Dwight as they broke apart. “I'll start staying in groups. Never be alone. Especially at night.”

Dwight nodded and smiled. The door pushed open slowly, Billy’s head peeking around the door.

“Everything okay? Me and Sid heard yelling and we waited until it died down.” Billy asked as he pushed the door open. Behind him was a girl, Sidney. Billy's girlfriend.

“Yeah. They… I did something dumb and Dwight is trying to help me.” Y/n placed a hand on Dwight's arm. Jake got up to move out of the way as Sidney and Billy moved into the dorm.

“Oh okay. I hope everything turns out alright.” Billy offered.

“Thanks.” Y/n smiled and got up. “We’re gonna head out now. Have fun, guys.”

Billy just nodded and the trio left the dorm room. Y/n missed that Billy was typing away at his phone, sending a message to his friend like his life depended on it.

Y/n didn't know why he agreed to this.

Damien and Alex took it upon themselves to give Jake and Dwight a break from Y/n to take him out to a party. They claimed that a killer like him wouldn't strike while there is an audience. Yes, Y/n was 22, but drinking and partying wasn't his scene.

Y/n sat in the corner of the living room, a can of Cheerwine. He watched as students stumbled by, laughing and talking to each other over the music. The music was a pop remix and the volume was enough to hear over the talking, but not loud enough to make you yell.
Y/n looked around to have his eyes lock with another student. Y/n recognized him as Danny Johnson.

Danny had girls all around him, chatting his ear off to him and the others. They didn't seem to mind that he wasn't keeping his eyes on them as they talked. He would nod and give some type of verbal response every few seconds to indicate he was in fact paying attention to them.

Y/n couldn't lie, the guy was pretty cute. He was attractive and dashing. He would be his type of he wasn't so popular. His brown hair was grown out and wavy, like he always had it up in a man bun. It wasn't too long, but long enough to be stylish. He was wearing a black hoodie and dark wash jeans that tucked into combat boots. The boots caught Y/n’s attention. They seemed worn down. Heavily used. Y/n hadn't seen him wearing them any other time (Y/n knew that he obviously had multiple pairs of shoes, but still). They looked a lot like the ones that Billy would wear when he went walking at the park trails nearby.

Danny turned to the girl who was talking and told her something. She just grinned and nodded, saying something back before glancing in Y/n’s direction, like she knew that Danny was scoping him out.

Y/n quickly looked away and focused more on his drink. Y/n tried to ignore the fact that Danny moved through the light crowd of students and made his way over. When he got there, Danny sat on the floor next to where Y/n was. Y/n sat on a stray chair, so he had to look down on Danny.

“Hey there. We meet again.” Danny grinned.

“Hi.” Y/n’s social anxiety kicked in.

“So, tell me how a guy like you ends up at a party like this?” Danny asked. “I know it's not that couple you're friends with. Is it those two preppy friends you have?”

Y/n shrugged and sent him a look. How did he know that?

“Oh, I didn't mean to seem weird. Believe it or not a lot of people know who you are, especially after that article. You're the unapproachable cute kid that seems like a cryptid.” Danny grinned. “No one can get close without being chased off or you disappearing. Some of the girls have been watching you but haven't came up.”

“Really?” Y/n asked. That came as a slight surprise. He knew that people have tried to approach but never get close. He isn't that keen on new people and public eye.

“Yup. Like Katelyn. She's one of my friends. She thinks you're amazing. She had 2D Art Skills with you last semester. She says you did really well on portraits and had beautiful designs.” Danny offered a kind smile before pointing to a girl with frizzy red hair that is pulled up in a bun. She had freckles across her face and blue eyes. Gorgeous. Y/n barely recognized her. “She praises you a lot.”

“That's nice of her. She's very pretty.” Y/n commented. He looked back to Danny to see his smile twitch, like the comment bothered him.

“She really is. Bright girl.” Danny looked down at his phone, typing something that Y/n couldn't see. Danny looked back up and put his phone away. “So, tell me about yourself, Y/n. Why did you agree to this?”

“I… grew up here. In this city. I like horror movies and games. I don't like people as much. I grew up with Dwight and Jake as my only friends. People always held me up to a standard that I hated.
My sister is an ivy league student. I'm an art student. Not a scholar.” Y/n looked down to his hands. “Art and media is important. I want to contribute to the world in that way. In my own way.”

Danny was silent as he took in what Y/n said. Y/n felt like he said too much.

“That's really humble.” Danny said. His hand came up and put itself on Y/n’s wrist, carefully laying over it in comfort. Y/n looked to Danny to see him smiling. Y/n offered a small smile back.

Their moment was then broken by screams from other students. Y/n jolted, dropping his drink onto the white carpet below. The pair looked up to see one of the girls from earlier running out, blood on her hands from up the stairs. The music cut and everyone went silent as they stared up. The girl was sobbing as she stumbled down the stairs.

“H-he killed Katelyn!” The girl cried out. “I-I left her for two seconds and I came back to her dead and a man hopping out the window.”

Everyone in the room became visibly panicked and looked around to see if they could see the killer. Y/n could see Damien and Alex quickly make their way over to Y/n. They barely glanced at Danny as the two pulled Y/n close to them.

“Okay! Please don't panic!” The guy that Y/n recognized as the student who was holding the party yelled out. “If it’s that guy he won't kill us all. He kills one and leaves. We have to stay here and call the police. We're all witnesses.”

His name was Ace. He was a law student that likes to gamble and throw parties. He was partnered in biology his second semester.

Danny stood up and turned to Y/n, opening his mouth. Damien quickly shut the guy down.

“Back off, pretty boy.” Damien said in a growled tone.

Danny backed off with his hands up. He looked at Y/n, who just mouthed a sorry. Damien and Alex lead Y/n away and into the crowd of people. Danny was left to stare at them as they disappeared.

- 

“So. Can you tell us about the party?”

Y/n sat in an interrogation room with two officers in front of him.

“My friends Alexis Carter and Damien Smith brought me to the party. I knew the host so we got in quickly. I don't drink or enjoy those types of parties so I grabbed a drink and sat down. I just watched the students as they did dumb things and had fun.” Y/n spoke truthfully. “Before the murder happened, probably five minutes, Danny Johnson came to talk to me. We talked about how I'm bad at parties and apparently people admire me. Or so he says.”

“You knew the girl who died, yes?” The officer on the left asked.

“Yeah. Well, I knew of her. We had art together before. I never talked to her though.” Y/n answered.

“Her friends told us that the only reason she went to the party was to see you. Apparently some guy told her you were going so she decided to attend. Did she approach you?” The other officer asked.
“No. I think we looked at each other at the same time once, but that was it. I think before Danny came up she was with her friends.” Y/n shrugged. “I don't know what happens after Danny shows up.”

The officers nod and one writes down everything. They look at the notes they had already written earlier before looking back up.

“If so, multiple students noted that you had written an article calling out the killer as Jed Olsen.” The officer who had spoken first, the female with the black hair, stood up more. “Your criminal justice professors have actually reached out to us about it. But what caught our eye was the fact that some of the students think that you were the original target. They said that ever since you've been visited and written this article, no one has seen you alone.”

“My friends think he will come out and kill me. I survived because I humored him and he took pity on me. You've seen my records. I take pills for anxiety and bipolar depression.” Y/n sighed. “I told him to kill me. I played his game. He let me go.”

They nodded. The woman officer spoke again.

“Do you think that this Jed Olsen is infatuated with you?” She asked and leaned in. “He is known to stalk his prey and the girl who died was known to have a thing for you.”

“Maybe…” Y/n nods. He frowned. “Sometimes I feel like sometimes people are watching me or following me but i never see them.”

“Do you have an idea of who it is? Would your roommate or friends?” She asked.

“No idea.” Y/n shrugged. “You can ask him, but I don't talk to Billy as much. I house sit for my parents a lot so I don't see him as much as I should.”

“Alright. We can call him in. Thanks for your time.” The male officer smiled and they let him go.

Y/n walked out of the room and out of the precinct. He felt eyes on him, but didn't see anyone. He chalked it up as his imagination and went back to his dorm.
Good Kid

Chapter Summary

Good kid, just trying to be fucked up.

Chapter Notes

This is so short.

Everything felt off.

Y/n was at Dwight’s aunt’s house for their study session instead of the library. The police told them to shake up their schedule outside of school. Do their normal activities in different places. So Dwight decided that study night was at his aunt’s. She wasn’t home at night, so they had full reign.

Y/n was on the first floor grabbing drinks as the others were on the second floor studying. He grabbed a handful of water bottles and a box of gushers before turning to head up the stairs. His phone started to ring and he balanced the box and bottles so he could answer it. He saw it was an Unknown number and sighed.

“Hello?” Y/n answered as he walked through the house.

“Hello, Y/n.” A robotic voice said. “Tell me, do you like scary movies?”

“I’m guessing this is Buddy? If you’re gonna ask for my favorite, Jed already knows. Just ask him.” Y/n sighed. “If he's here, it’s not a good idea. I have a group of college kids upstairs waiting for their drinks and snacks.” Y/n felt nervous suddenly.

“He isn't here. It’s just you and me this time.” Buddy spoke to Y/n. That made Y/n’s stomach drop and he stopped walking.

“Don’t come in here.” Y/n said as he put down the bottles and box. “I’ll scream.”

“I’d like to see you try.” The voice came suddenly from behind Y/n. He quickly turned and went to scream, but a hand went over his mouth.

Y/n dropped his phone and struggled as he was quickly overpowered.

“You know, you’ve been pretty annoying. You’re all that he talks about. Y/n this. Y/n that. We can’t kill him. He doesn’t need to be part of the plan.” The buddy growled out. “Good thing Jed went to see his family tonight. It gave me an opening to get you out of the way. You would ruin us.”

Y/n managed to bite his hand and get a few feet away. The buddy jumped onto Y/n’s back, getting him down onto the floor.
“N-no!” Y/n got out before he was flipped onto his back.

The buddy had raised the knife and got two stabs in. Y/n screamed bloody murder as he was stabbed. Commotion came from up the stairs as the others came down.

“Y/N?! ARE YOU OKAY?!” It was Jake who yelled out first to Y/n. The buddy looked up and stabbed Y/n in the arm once last time before getting up and running out the back door.

“H-help!” Y/n cried out as his friends came into view. Alex screamed when she saw him and took her phone out.

Dwight, Jake, and Damien dropped next to Y/n, taking off their jackets and trying to put pressure on the stabs.

“H-hello? 911? O-our friend was just stabbed. Please send an ambulance.” Alex fed the operator the information they needed quickly.

“Hey, you’re going to be okay.” Dwight held Y/n’s head, trying to keep him looking at them. “You’re going to survive.”

Y/n gasped out as he felt blood in his mouth. Tears were running down his cheeks from the pain.

Y/n was glad their town was smaller, so the sirens came quickly. His friends kept talking to him as they tried to keep him conscious. He finally passed out as the EMT’s came into the house.

Danny wasn't one to get angry. He was actually level headed and sane. He killed because the people who died all deserved it. Billy had caught him and wanted in, so he let him. Billy hated his rules, but followed them.

Danny knew Billy was getting restless. The reason why he targeted Y/n was just out of obsession. Danny admired him and wanted to be close to him. Billy helped get him closer and it made Billy angry.

So when Danny heard that Billy tried to kill Y/n when he went to see his family, he wasn't surprised. Just absolutely livid.

Danny had gotten back in town and was hanging out with his friends when he heard it.

“Did you hear that L/n was stabbed at his lower friends aunt's house? That ghost guy that's been killing everyone snuck in and stabbed him when he was separated. I'm not surprised though, the guy figured one of them out.” His friend told him as their group laid around the common room of the dorms.

“He did what?” Danny frowned.

“He just stabbed the guy and ran. The guy is in the hospital and they're only letting his friends in. Apparently one of his lab partners went to give him his work and they got stopped by officers.” The friend just shrugged. “Word is that even his creepy ass roommate isn't allowed to see him either. Kinda sucks for him.”

“Do they have suspects?” Danny asked.

“Nah. I think they questioned everyone around him but they couldn't get a connection.” His friend
seemed impartial. “Who knows who the hell tried to kill him.”

Danny nodded and looked down to his phone. He knew Billy was out with his girlfriend in the library studying. Danny got up and smiled to his friend.

“My roommate needs help with something. I'll see you guys later.” Danny excused himself and left.

Danny quickly left and went towards the library. He walked in and slowly walked through. He spotted Billy and Sidney quickly. Billy locked eyes with Danny as Danny motioned for him to follow. Billy seemed to excuse himself from Sidney and followed him to one of the back areas.

Once secluded, Danny shoved Billy against the wall.

“What the FUCK? We had a plan.” Danny gritted out.

“I was growing tired of your plan. Yeah the guy is nice and doesn't fit our perimeter, but still. He's onto us. He had to go.” Billy said back.

“Should I kill Sid then?” Danny glared at Billy. It seemed to light something in Billy.

“No. She didn't do shit. I got over what her mother did. She isn't her mother.” Billy replied.

“Y/n isn't bad. If you touch him one more time, I'll kill you. We are in this together. Don't go against me.” Danny threatened. Billy just nodded and gave a small smile.

“I promise I won't go for your boyfriend.” Billy put his hands up. Danny let him go and stalked off.

Y/n laid in the hospital bed quietly, staring up at the ceiling tiles. He could hear the doctors and nurses moving about outside as the day went on. It was pretty boring. He was hooked up to machines and wires to help him recover from almost dying.

There was a soft knock on the door and it was pushed open right after.

“Mr L/n, your boyfriend has come by today.” His nurse, Ella, said as she came in. Ella was a sweet girl who was new to nursing. She said he was one of her first patients.

Y/n sat up more, mouth opening slightly to object that he didn't have one when it clicked. Jed Olsen. Whoever was behind her was Jed. He was the only one cocky enough to do that.

“Thanks, Ella.” Y/n smiled. Ella just smiled in return and moved out of the way. The person who was behind her stepped up and Y/n’s heart stopped.

Danny Johnson stood in the doorway, smiling. Danny thanked Ella before shutting the door behind him. Danny walked over to the chair next to him and sat down.

“Hi, Y/n.” Danny smiled.

“Hi Danny…” Y/n replied. “You're…”

Danny nodded.

“What's your favorite scary movie?” Danny asked. Y/n looked down at his hands and took a deep breath.
“You already know that.” Y/n replied. Danny just nodded. “Why did he do it?”

“He was growing anxious I think. He doesn't hate you. He saw you as a distraction. And obstacle that we needed to get over.” Danny replied. “I told him that if he touches you again that he'd be the next body to be found. He has enough blood on his hands to be considered a target.”

“I… I don't know what to say or do. At first it was so surreal. But the reality that I have a serial killer who is out to date me….” Y/n looked back up to the roof, sighing. It terrifies him. The reality of the situation made him feel unsafe. “Who is Danny Johnson. The original.”

“My second cousin. He lives in a basement. He actually doesn't have a job or anything. He just… exists basically. He's the same age as me. So when everything hit the fan in California I asked to take over his life. He said yes. He finished high school and so I just picked up where he left off. Jed Olsen isn't directly connected to him so I had no worries. Your dad wouldn't have realized it.”

Danny explains. “I like his name better anyways.”

Y/n nods slowly. He didn’t say anything but look back to Danny. Danny sighed and reached out to touch Y/n’s hand. Y/n flinched back slightly but let Danny take it.

“I don't want you hurt. That night I wasn't there to kill you. I… I've been interested in you for a while. I didn't know how to approach you.” Danny confessed. “I told you, a lot of people like you and admire you. I had to be careful.”

Danny lifted up Y/n’s hand and planted a small kiss on it.

“Would you want to go out with me?”

End Notes

Songs for each chapter:

1: Killer (The Hoosiers), Pity Party (Melanie Martinez)

2: Young and Beautiful (Lana Del Rey)

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