# Water Tainted Red

**Rating:** Mature  
**Archive Warning:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence, Major Character Death  
**Category:** Other  
**Fandom:** Friday the 13th Series (Movies) Horror - Fandom  
**Relationship:** Jason Voorhees/Reader  
**Character:** Jason Voorhees, Reader  
**Additional Tags:** Reader is non-gendered, Horror, Friday the 13th - Freeform, Blood, Gore, Things get real nasty, I try, Jason is authors favorite, He needs more love, Mommy's special boy, How Do I Tag, Violence, Murder, Reader-Insert, Reader is a virgin, and will remain that way, Asexual Reader, Swearing, Watch your mouth kiddo's, Naughty Stuff, Nudity, Gross, no chill, Reader's a frickin tank, Hurt/Comfort, Cops are dicks, anger issues, Everyone seems to have a crush on the reader, I have no idea how that happened, but we'll go with it  
**Series:** Part 1 of Slasher x Reader  
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## Summary

You know how the story goes. Horny teenagers go to a rundown, abandoned camp in hope to get down and dirty  
All but one, they have no interest in the people around them and only wish to spend their time here in peace  
Mistakes have been made and will be punished

[Mun had a suffered some memory loss and apologizes for the sudden change in writing style and any changed plot points and character personalities]

::canceled because I just can't remember my plot and I don't think I can rewrite the whole story, I'm very sorry::

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## Notes

* Porn Star Dancing by My Darkest Days
"I got a girl who can put on a show! The dollar decides how far you can go with her! She wraps those hands around that pole, she licks those lips and off we go! She takes it off nice 'n slow 'cause that's Porn Star Dancing~!*" The horribly dirty music was blasted out of the speakers of a slick, red, mustang that was recently bought by a couple of teen boys just has the summer had started. With school out and the days warm, these boys had the plan to take a few girls from their school to the famous Camp Crystal Lake in hopes to get some action.

There wasn't a doubt in their mind that the horrific backstory of this camp will make it easier to get some action. It the oldest trick in the book, but it worked really well. Every guy got scored, or at least said they did, when they tried this trick.

In the seat farthest to the back sat a lonely teen, who wasn't as eager as the rest of their peers. They just stared at the background as it blurred past them, obviously speeding. You sighed heavily. This wasn't how you were hoping to spend your summer. Trapped in a camp with people who just can't seem to keep it in their pants.

"This is going to be so fun!" One of the girls cheered, her long red hair flying wildly in the wind as she stood up on the seat of the car. How she didn't fall onto the street was a miracle. With the music changing to a more heavy, dubstep tune, she had found it appropriate to take off her shirt and wave it around in the wind like it was some kind of flag. Her name was Annie, Annie O'Donnell's and one of your closest friends.

No matter how...excited she tended to be.

"Sit down Ann, and put your shirt back on. You're not wearing a bra." You said with indifference as your friend continued to flash her nude chest to the world with pride. The boys in the front cheering along with her. The driver looking back a few times and you worried that he might end up running the car off the road and your summer with a sudden crash. Rolling your eyes, you gave trying to convince the hormonal teens to stop being so....hormonal.

It took around twenty minutes of horrible music and undressing until the car reached the destination. For an abandoned camp, it took fine, a little rusty but fine. The boys were the first ones out; Tom, Andre, and Kyle. Than the girls; Annie, Gina, and Michaela. You followed once the car was empty. With a headache you picked up your bags of extra clothes and bedding. The sleeping areas here were rumored to be actual beds and you didn't want to sleep on a mattress that was covered in leaves, bugs and branches.

"Once we get everything set up, I call that we all head down to the lake for a quick swim." Andre claimed, smiling as he wrapped an arm around Michaela, who only giggled with a blush. You didn't need to be told twice and already had a cabin in mind. It was closest to the lake and would be perfect to lock out the noises of the night.

"Can we go skinny dipping~?" Annie asked with a sly smirk, knowing that everyone would be more than open to the idea of it. When you were called out, asking if you'd join, you just rolled your eyes and waved your hand nonchalantly. The answer was no, but you didn't feel like taking all that time to say a two lettered word. Besides, they knew you well enough and probably already guessed the answer.
You were only here to get away from the town and relax. Not that you had any plans to relax. This is Camp Crystal Lake. There have been so many reports of murders in this one area, you shuddered at the thought. You really hoped that this Jason Voorhees character really was just a myth.

Opening the door to your claimed cabin, you felt some relief that it wasn't as nasty as you first thought. Yeah it was still dirty, but not to the point where you wanted to vomit. The room was fair sized with a bed against the corner and two windows; one facing the lake and the other facing the woods. There was plenty of light and even a small stove. The only reason you'd ever have to leave is to use the bathroom, shower or to swim.

"Hey!" Annie called out to you with enthusiasm, even though you groaned in the back of your throat with annoyance before turning to face her. There was no surprise to discover her completely naked beside a towel lazily wrapped around her. Your only reaction was to quirk an eyebrow. This was a game your friends often played on you, moaning your name or stripping bare to try and get a reaction. But there was none. Unlike most others who blushed at this, even people who shared your sexuality were flustered at the sight of a naked body, you found yourself uninterested and unfazed by anything considered sexual. It was your superpower.

"What?" You called back, leaning in the door way.

"Come swim with us!"

"No, I'm busy!" She pursed her lips in a pout, and stomped her foot like a child that was denied their favorite candy. Both disappointed that you didn't want to have fun and that you're still winning this fluster game.

Chuckling to yourself, you shut the wooden door. Swimming can wait, right now you wanted to clean up and make a quick snack. Your stomach has been growling for the past few minutes and s'mores sounded really good at the moment. With a quick peek out the window, you saw all of your friends swimming around in the lake, splashing each other and laughing happily.

Part of you really wanted to go join, but there was no way you were going to swim around naked. That's just gross. So with a sigh, you rolled up your sleeves, emptied out everything in your bags and got to work. Fishing out an old cd player that ran only on batteries, you clicked the play button and the music set a tempo for your cleaning. The cd belonged to your mother so it played some cheesy 80's music.

This was how you wanted to spend your summer. Relaxed and listening to bad 80's music.

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"My special boy~ Mommy has another job for you~" A sweet voice ran through the air. Echoing through the forest and trees and coaxing the eyes of a certain masked man to open.

"Those very naughty children have come back to our camp. Wont you be a dear and get rid of them for mommy?" Never going against his mother's words, he picked himself off of the ground, gripping his machete tight. Standing completely still in the depths of the woods, he listened for the sounds of the trespassers.

"HEY! I told you I was busy! Bring that back!" His head snapped in the direction of the voice. Eyes dilating and grip tightening, he made his way through the thick branches with the intent to search, find, and kill.

Jason Voorhees is awake.
Chapter 8 will be up shortly, hope you enjoyed c:

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Starting a few new stories; Names and chapters will be left here and updated accordingly
(all are /Readers)

Freddy Krueger - Welcomed Nightmares: 0/? chapters posted
Hannibal Lecter - Feast Among Monsters: 0/? chapters posted
Leather Face - The Taste of Kindness: 0/? chapters posted
Michael Myers - Bloodied Desires: 0/? chapters posted
(Titles may change before posting)
Let The Games Begin

Chapter Summary

The Reader gets the feeling that there was more to the camp than a scary legend.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Annie giggled mischievously as she ran around the camp with you close behind. She thought it'd be funny to sneak into your cabin while your back was turned and stole your cd player. She teased you about how ancient it was and maybe you should try to hang out with them more often and learn to have some fun, loosen up and chill a little. The others watched with amusement, Kyle was smoking what you guessed was weed or pot and Tom was drinking a beer.

"I'm not in the mood for your games!" You shouted, quickly gaining ground. Annie was still as naked as the day she was born while you were fully clothed and wore sneakers. Knowing she would lose this round, Annie tossed the music player to Kyle, who - at this moment - wasn't paying much attention to his surroundings. You heart jumped when you thought he wasn't going to catch it.

"Run!" Annie yelled once Kyle had caught the object, still seeing this as some kind of game. Seeing you dash for him, Kyle panicked for a moment, tossed his cigarette away and booked it for the lake's dock. He was barefoot from swimming and almost tripped on the slippery dock. At first you thought you had gain the upper hand in this moment when Kyle held his hand out and hovered your cd player over the water. Grinning almost evilly.

Sliding to a stop, you didn't think your day could get any worse.

"I'll only give it back if you strip." Taken back from the request - more of an order- you glared harshly at Kyle, hands balling into fists. Was he seriously expecting you to take off your clothes over the cd player? There was no way you'd do it. You flinched forward when Kyle allowed the object to slip farther down his hands, inches away from being dropped into the water.

"I mean it. Strip or I drop it." Your hands flexed and fidgeted at you side. You weren't going to do it....right? It's just a cd player and you could always get a new one. After three months of summer you could - yeah, no. You wouldn't survive three months of only hearing the kiddies play after hours with no crappy 80's music to drown them out. First day here and it's not at all what you wanted out of a summer camp.

With a heavy sigh, you pulled off your sweater, glaring at Kyle. If looks could kill, he'd be a rotting corpse by now. Annie had been watching from one of the cabin's window, getting dressed when she saw you undressing. With her brows knitting in confusion she lazily tossing on a shirt and shorts. What the Hell were you doing? You weren't that kind of person. Opening the door she saw you fiddle with the button of your jeans, still completely clothed besides your sweater.

"Kyle!" She shouted, tying her red hair back in a half-hearted ponytail, catching the attention of the blonde boy. With his eyes off of you for a moment, you had to act fast. Pulling your sweater over his head and snatching the cd player out of his hands. You didn't even look back as you sprinted
for your cabin. Hearing a splash told you that Kyle had fallen into the lake. Serves him right.

Shutting your door with a slam, you locked it tight and made sure that no one could get in unless they broke the door down. Annie shook the doorknob and tried to pull it open, knocking and apologizing for Kyle's actions. You didn't answer, just turned the music up as loud as it could go and shut the blinds to the windows.

"Oh c'mon. We were just playing." She said with a whine, still trying to get the door open. It was no use. Again she tried to call you out, whining loudly and knocked on the windows and wall. That was when you got angry enough to pull the curtains apart and glare from behind he glass. Asexual or not, being forced to strip was humiliating, even if you were still completely clothed, you couldn't believe you were actually about to go full birthday suit.

All Annie got from you was the naughty finger before you tugging the curtains closed. She should have gotten mad at Kyle, but her teenaged mind thought you were just being a prick for not wanting to have some fun. And she let you know by tossing a rock at the door.

"Fine! Come out when you're ready to have fun! Until then you can keep playing your shitty music!" She stomped away as Kyle pulled himself back onto the dock, tossing your sweater back into the water as he couched. Water had gotten in his lungs. Two everyone else, they were just being playful and you were in the wrong and just overacted. So much for some laid back summer fun.

Firing up the small stove to make a quick meal a quiet whisper from right outside caught your attention. The hair on the back of your neck stood on end at the sound of it.

Ch ch ch ah ah ah

There was light disappointment when you looked out the window and saw nothing but trees beyond the glass. Every part of you to stay inside and just ignore the sound but some other part of you was opening the door and quietly sneaking around the cabin so the others wouldn't see you and cause more problems.

Ch ch ch ah ah ah

Stepping over sticks and ducking under low hanging branches, you felt as if you were being lead deeper and deeper into the forest. The whispers getting louder and louder the close you approached a tree. It was pretty thick at the base so it was near impossible to see around it. Your throat ran dry. Taking a deep breath you jumped around the tree snd stomped your feet to scare whatever was making tht weird noise

"Aah! HEY!" Okay, gross. You didn't want to see that. Michaela rushed to cover herself as you had interrupted her 'little moment' with Andrea. She through a shirt over her and wrapped it tightly around herself while Andrea just laid there with a heavy sigh, mumbling to himself about 'being a cockblock'. Already done with the bull from everyone, his little comment only fueled the fire.

"You better drag your sorry asses back to the camp before I drag you back by your hair." Roughly grabbing Andrea by the arm and pulling him to his feet, you pushed both teenagers forward, snapping at them for being complete idiots. They frowned at you but didn't say anything. You, being declared the team's parent, often did this sort of thing. Standing completely still, the feeling of worry washed over you and the feeling that the camp isn't safe.

Tonight wasn't going to end well, you just knew it.
Hearing a stick snapped, your whipped your head around and glared into the forest. Call it overprotectiveness but you thought that if you gotten here a moment later, you would have found corpses instead.

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Jason watched as another teenager jumped out from behind the tree, scaring the two he had his sights on. This teenager seemed a little upset, forcing the other two back towards the lake with a shove, snapping at them.

His grip tightened around the large knife in his hands at the loss of his first kills. Oh well, if he can't have them, he'll take this one instead. With one step forward a twig beneath his foot snapped. The teen's head turned towards him and scanned the forest, eyes only stopping once they seemed to make contact with his own.

They held this stare, neither one of them blinking. The teen's glare as harsh and threatening, as if they were trying to ward him away. It would almost be intimidating if they hadn't turned away and followed down the path back to the camp.

Tonight was going to be interesting.

Chapter End Notes

Slight writer's block but pushed through this story to get it posted. Hope you enjoyed c:
Chapter Summary

Just as the tension between the Reader and their friends disappears, fear takes its place.

-WARNING-
There is death and blood in this chapter

REWRITTEN/EDITED

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Oh my gosh! You did what!?" The day had faded into night and a camp fire was lit in the center of teenage party. Michaela was blushing a bright red as Andrea had told everyone in the group about what had happened earlier that day, though he hadn't mentioned you spoiling the moment just yet. Maybe he wouldn't and just wanted to bask in the attention of being the first to get some sweet action. And on the first day too.

"Welcome to the Slut Team." Gina teased lazily, a cigarette in her left hand and a beer in her right with her short, black hair in knots from just getting up from a nap. Michaela was one of the virgins of the group but had let the smooth-talking Andrea take her v-card to which there are no returns. She wasn't one to boast and was shyly giggling and trying to shush Andrea, saying she'd faint from embarrassment as Andrea continued to give details about what happened. Very vivid details.

"Looks like you're the only virgin now~" Tom chuckled, playfully winking at you much to your distaste. With a scoff and eye roll, you ingored the comments of you being the only 'clean teen' of the group. As your mind wondered, it was easy to just relax and forget everything that had happened that day. The uneasy feelings, the frustrations. Boy you could really use the relaxation right now too. You're nervous were still racing and your muscles would tense at very sound.

The air was cool and everyone was unwinding from the exciting day, either wanting to get drunk or just sleep peacefully for the night. Despite everything that had happened and instead of questioning your friendship, you decided to remember what made you all friends in the first place to help ease your jumpy nerves.

You had known Annie since middle school, a new student in a new town and you were very shy. Annie came right at you and the moment she met you, declared you her new best friend. You had no choice in the matter. Right of the bat the two of you were very different. Annie was energetic and happy while you watched from the sidelines. You were intimidating to most while Annie was more approachable and very popular. Why she choose you to share secrets with, having wacky slumber parties or just being stupid with you is a question that still hasn't been answered. But you were thankful to have her.

One time - as freshmen - Annie had used all of her wits and charm to convince to go to the school dance, which one you forgot. That was how you met Andrea; the flirt. At the time he was Annie's boyfriend even though it never stopped him from being flirtatious with you. It took more than one
threat and glare to show him that you weren't interested. At first he was offended, believing that no one could resist his dashing good looks and fabulous red hair - even if it was dyed that color. After a while you both shared a love of pulling the oddest of pranks, you discovering that under all that charm, he had become one of your closets friends.

Gina was a different story, as in you met in juvenile hall. She was in there for drug use during school while you had were simply in the wrong place at the wrong time. Standing next to her and smelling like the drugs she was using. After that you both just clicked, having respect for one another. Gina was voted to be the cool one of the group, almost the scariest. Maybe it was because you both had the most in common out of the whole group, mostly the scary, taking no shit from anyone, kind of attitude. Her most noticeable feature was all the naps she took. At least fifteen a day.

Second year of high school, second time getting detention for incomplete work was where you met Kyle. You never liked him, hating his personality and constant comments towards you. The relentless teasing and judgmental stares. He only joined the group because of Tom - the leader - who was friends with him before hand. Needless to say the two of you still aren't very close. The words never stop and neither do the glares. If it wasn't for everyone else you would be enemies. You actually don't remember meeting Tom. He just showed up and been there ever since. He was relabel and trustworthy, someone you can talk to about anything and not worry about being judged. He was the most compassionate and even had a small crush on you, even if you were asexual and he was pan*.

Michaela is the child of the group and you the protective parent towards her. Speaking of being protective; you still haven't taken your eyes off of Andrea while he continued brag about getting down and dirty with Michaela. Explaining how loudly she moaned and begged for more, his words causing you to clench the water bottle in your hand. The precious baby was new to the school and needed the notes for the class you shared. You couldn't say no to those big, baby blues. She was short with wavy blonde hair with some chub and was the only person you just couldn't hate. Her naivety and optimistic look on the world was near addicting and you could never frown around her.

"HEY!" Jumping at the sudden voice, you glanced at Tom who was pointing at the beers, saying you had been ignoring him for the past five minutes and asking you to give him one. Taking a quick look around the camp you noticed Michaela was gone, Kyle sitting alone. Still smiling his smug smile. Handing the icy alcohol to Tom, something inside of you stirred. A gut twisting feeling and adrenaline overwhelmed you.

"Where's Michaela?" You asked, trying to hide the worry in your tone. Something was wrong and your heart began to race. A faint warning nibbled in the back of your mind, taunting you with the worst possibilities.

"Went to the toilet. Why?" Opening his beer, you shrugged at Tom's question and got up from your stump, stretching your arms and sighed tiredly. You commented on going to check on her and maybe grabbing some marshmellow's while you were up so everyone could make s'mores. The team muttered a few words of agreement before continuing their previous conversations about things you didn't care about.

The walk to the bathrooms was not something you enjoyed. The closer you got, the tighter the knot squeezed. Something was wrong, something was very, very wrong. You just knew it. Being the one who never ran from fear or intimidation, pushing open the door was the easy part. Seeing Michaela bloodied on the floor was hard.

Her bright, blue eyes were wide in fear, mouth hanging open with blood slowly dripping past her
lips. The clothes she wore were torn, stab wounds covered her. The blood pooling around her, making her body look so pale against the crimson liquid. Your first reaction was to tightly close you eyes and turn away. It wasn't real, you just having a nightmare. Michaela was fine, she was still sitting with Andrea, she wasn't dead. She wasn't dead, she wasn't- Barely opening our eyes, it was like a switch went off in your head. She's dead. She's dead. She....she....

Hands tightening into fists and rage, anger, denial, grief flooded over you and clouded any and all consistent thoughts vanished. You reeled your fist back and punched it right through the thin, wooden wall. And you kept punching. Destroying everything you could get your hands on, adding more and more holes to the walls. Kicking and knocking everything in sight over - even though it was only a few stools holding extra bathroom materials. Once the shower curtains were on the ground and a lose brick being thrown was your energy drained.

"No, no, no." Dropping to your knees at the lifeless body, shakily brushing the loose strands of hair away from Michaela's face, you screamed as loud and you could and began to sob.

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Ch ch ch ah ah ah

Jason waited behind the door of the bathroom. Silent and still so he would be noticed if someone came in until it was too late. The sound of leaves crunching just beyond the door told him that someone was about to walk into their doom. Mother always taught him to be patient, not to rush or hurry things along. Good things come to those who wait.

With a creak the door was pushed open as a girl much shorter than him walked in, looking down at her phone and complaining about the lazy wifi.

The small blonde girl didn't put up much of a fight. Not that she would have been able too. She was weak and light as a feather when Jason held her up as his machete torn through her flesh like it was nothing. His large hand covering her mouth to prevent a scream, but she did cry. Whimpering someone's name as if they could be heard and hoped to be saved.

She was dead after a few minutes. Jason was just a bit disappointed as most would put up some kind of a fight, but when she turned around to see him, all she did was drop her phone and gasp. Jason dropped her body and left the bathroom so he could stake out another victim.

One down and six more to go. Jason lazily cleaned the blade and on his way back into the forest when the same teen as before made their way to the bathroom, taking large strides as if they were worried or had their mind set on something. It'll be easy to take this one down while they stare at the bo-

Jason froze as a fist crashed through the wall, stopping inches away from his mask. The action was unexpected, but now there was a hole to look in and see what was happening. The teen was angry, very angry as they destroyed anything they could get their hands on before dropping to the body. Now would be perfect to finished the job, make Mommy-

Their eyes locked on him, just like before only this time they seemed to know that they were staring right at him.

Chapter End Notes
*Pan aka; Pansexual - not limited in sexual choice with regard to biological sex, gender, or gender identity

I fixed a few things and added a bit more but I’m still unhappy with this chapter. I hope the next one will be better.
Just Out of Reach

Chapter Summary

With one teenager down and six more to go, Jason catches himself in an unpredicted situation and the others soon remember why they needed you in their lives.

Warning: I will hurt your feelings

The fire had dimmed and the teens around the fading light were starting to grow tired, Tony yawning loudly and feeling a little tipsy from all of the beers in his system while Gina was already fast asleep with a burnt out cigarette in her hand. Annie was lazily kicking sand into the fire pit as Kyle stood from his tree stump, stretching his tired arms high in the sky.

"Michaela is taking really long. Do ya think she fell in the toilet?" He mused, staring at nothing as his mind raced with unrealistic scenarios, having quiet a few beers in his system as well.

"I hope not, she can't swim." Annie joked quietly, knowing no one would really care or even bother to laugh if they heard her anyway. With another lazy swipe of her feet, the sand had finally made into the pit of the fire and put it out. Now that the sun had set and the moon was high, the teens figure that they should call it a night and wait until morning to ask what was wrong.

That is until they heard a scream, a scream that sounded a lot like you. The noise startled the small group, Gina waking suddenly with a start and falling onto the sand below her. Annie was the first to move, running at full sprint in the direction of your scream. Something must've gone terribly wrong because you never made a lot of sound, normally silently watching from the corner, keeping a watchful gaze over everyone. Annie's heart pounded at the thought losing you in an accident so soon in the vacation. She fought back the tears of worry as the others followed close behind.

With a sudden stop, Annie's heart sank at the look of the bathrooms. The door was open a few inches, the lights off and the surrounding walls damaged. It looked like there was either a fight or a tornado had gone off inside of the tiny building. Either one wasn't a good option.

"Yikes." Gina commented with disinterest, pushing the open as it creaked and sent chills down the other's spines. Tony thought this was a bad idea, nervously fidgeting in his place while Kyle peeked into the small building with Annie glaring harshly at Gina, feeling a little insulted she was showing no emotion when you could be pain or worse. Annie was your best friend and she'll be damned if something happened while she was busy trying to get wasted.

"Ugh, it smells like something died in here." Gina complained, standing by the doorway as she watched the others blindly make their ways into the bathroom, arms outstretched ahead of them. The light switch was on the wall, but no one seemed interested in it and left it off.

Annie took slow and careful steps as Kyle used his phone screen as a flashlight, looking around the destroyed bathroom, dragging the light over the curtain on the floor and the bottled soaps leaked from damage. He muttered under his breath when Annie called out, falling onto the floor with a thud. Something slippery caught her foot and tripped her, falling onto the ground and using her hands as landing gear. The wood didn't provide a soft landing.
"What the Hell?" She snapped, feeling something wet underneath her. Her nose scrunched in disgust while Tony burst out in laughter, finding it humorous that Annie was the first one to trip over something in the dark. She scowled and rubbed her arms, still feeling the sticky substance on her hands and now her lower arms. Kyle snickered, moving his light to shine on Tony's face, playfully telling him to shut up and help her like a gentleman.

Tony made a childish face towards Kyle, thankful he was looking away and carefully moved to Annie, bending down to help pick her up when something wet caught under his foot and sent him falling onto the ground too, only something soft had broke his landing.

"Ah shit. Kyle! Shine the light over here, I think I fell on Annie."

"What? No you didn't. I'm over here." Annie voiced with concern, still sitting up right with her hands rubbing at her arms. Kyle rolled his eyes, turning the light up higher on his phone so it'd be easier to see at a wider range.

"I know you're into some kinky stuff, but could you try to wait until the rest of us could-" Tony screamed and pushed himself up, falling back against the wall with jumping up, screaming as loud as she could. Michaela's body still laid motionless, a few flies had made their selves at home around her and her blood was still pooled around her, now smudged from Annie and Tony's interactions. Annie looked down at her arms, almost fainting when she realized she had been rubbing blood all over them.

Kyle had to turn away as he released what was his dinner onto the ground, Gina standing completely paralyzed, eyes wide. She couldn't have lost another one. Oh please, she can't lose anyone else in her life. Not now. When finished, Kyle wasted no time in dropping his phone and running out, hand over his mouth incase his body decided he didn't need those beers in his gut too.

Annie began to sob, holding her arms out and turned away from the body. If this is where Michaela was then...where were you? Annie found herself sobbing at the thought that you could be dead too, leaving her all alone. Annie couldn't think without you, she could hardly breath if you weren't in the same room as her. Oh lord, please be okay. Please, please be okay.

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ch ch ch ah ah ah

Jason can't remember that last time he had to remain hidden or the last time he had to leave a murder so soon. Normally he could stay a few extra minutes to admire what he's done and how rewarding it felt to end the life of some whining teen who dared steep foot onto his mother's camp ground. But here he was, just a few feet away from the same teen who always seem to know where he was and they were not happy.

Jason can't remember the last time he was being hunted. This teenager was different, determined and now revengeful. It took Jason almost completely by surprise when they began to follow him, eyes filled with so much anger and hate. He knows what his mother must be thinking right now; What's taking so long Jason? Aren't you going to kill this one too? They're no different from the rest of them, why are you waiting dearie?

He took a few steps to the side when the teen jumped from the bushes, landing another few inches away from him, there only being a tree to keep him hidden. They're sweater covered in dried blood from the girl from before and a large tree branch in their left hand. Jason watched as they looked around, moving slowly and quietly, as if they had been following a deer and was afraid they'll frighten it off with too much noise.
Again Jason had to move around the tree as they began to come around it, dragging the tree branch behind them. He knew that if something didn't happen to catch their attention, he might have to end this game of hide and seek.

That was when screams from the camp caught his and the teen's attention and they were gone faster than he had expected. Already abandoning the hunt for him and running as fast as they could back towards their camp, dropping the tree branch along the way.

You were only inches away from coming face to face with what might've been your last few moments alive.
Ice Cream and Bandaids

Chapter Summary

With all of the panic and fright, the Reader decides to take everyone out to get their minds off what just happened and make a quick call to the police for Michaela's body.

Chapter Notes

Watched #ThrowbackThriller all night and boy do I feel inspired
Things are a little more light hearted and pure Reader parent-mode

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It didn't take long for you to make it back to camp, adrenaline pumping through your veins like an addictive poison as your heart beat raced in panic and worry as you approached the bathroom where you had left Michaela. A sudden, almost cold rush of relief flooded over you when you could see Gina standing in the doorway and you almost knock her over with the force behind your sudden and rather strong hug.

Gina broke down in tears when she saw you. Her entire body shook as her arms could barley return your hug.

"Are you alright? Nothing broken or bruised?" Hands moved to cup the pale girl's cheeks as her tears begin to stain with the mascara she wore that day, it smudging when you attempted to clean her tears away. Again your arms wrapped tightly around her as she sobbed into your chest, clutching at the sweater's fabric and almost ripping the cloth. Annie almost screamed your name when she saw you, arms still blooded as she wrapped them around you.

"It's alright, it's alright." You spoke smoothly and calmly, holding both of the girls in your protective grasp, petting Gina's hair in hopes to comfort her while you left small, meaningful kisses along Annie's forehead. The two of them were just relived you were alive and still around to make them feel safe. At the moment, Annie thought that if you were to let her go, that this might end up being a dream and you would disappear.

But you weren't going anywhere anytime soon.

Tony slowly emerged from the dark room, his shirt and hands stained with blood and your worried that it might be his, asking if you needed to get the first aid for any and all wounds he might have.

"Uh n-no, no. It's *Mickey's." Opening one arm, Gina whimpered thinking you where letting her go as you waved for Tony to come over. He did, slowly and nervously but welcomed the gesture anyway, able to find room against you as your arm laid against his waist and pulled him closer. Aw jeez, now he can see why the girls loved your hugs so much. It felt so safe and warm, like there wasn't a safer place on Earth. Despite his pride protesting, Tony began to cry, burying his face your shoulder.
Okay, okay. You all head to the car and I'll go get Kyle and Andrea." Annie's grip on you tightened, pulling at your sweater as she began to cry harder. Please don't leave, please don't go anywhere. Not now.

"It's okay, I'll be right there. It's alright." Your hushed whispered and another small kiss to her forehead, Annie slowly removed herself from you, Tony moved next as he wrapped his arms around himself, still feeling your warmth around him. Gina was the hardest to remove as she shook her head and only buried her face deeper into your chest, shaking so hard you were afraid she might fall to pieces.

You didn't mind, carefully lifting her head by her chin so she could look at you as you peppered her face with butterfly kisses and soft whispers. With her shaking settling, you pulled your sweater off and pulled it over her head, repeating to tell her to go to the car and wait for you. This time she nodded, her arms in your sleeves as she hugged herself close.

"Go on." Not needing to be told again, Annie, Tony and Gina headed towards the car, Gina cleaning her face of the smeared mascara. You smiled softly but was quick to act, heading towards the fireplace with a small trail of beer cans leading you in the dark like a bread crumbs. You found Andrea against one of the trees, completely wasted, his words slurring as he saw you, well, he couldn't really speak and just smiled so drunkly it almost looked like a happy grimace.

With an eye roll, you looped one of his arms around your neck and began to basically drag around as he seemed to forget how to use his legs. You called for Kyle a few times before finding him behind one of the cabins with his arms stilled wrapped around his stomach and a small pile of vomit just inches away from him. He frowned when he saw you, telling you to fuck off and that he wasn't in the mood for anything right now.

"Kyle, get to the car. I'm taking everyone out for some ice cream." You narrowed your eyes at him, telling Kyle you weren't in the mood for his attitude and to take Andrea with him while you looked for the cleaning wipes. The showers being completely out of the question.

Kyle stood and dusted himself off, sending a small glare your way as he took Andrea from you and staggered towards the car. For a few seconds you watched him, making sure he was going to in the right direction before going to your cabin to get the cleaning things. On the way, you walked quickly, hands in tight fists as any little sound or movement in the bushes caught your attention. If anyone was going to die next, it would be whatever you saw in the woods after you found Michaela's body. You thought you could see a hockey mask among the trees.

"Are we seriously going for ice cream?" Kyle asked, lazily dropping Andrea in the back seat next to Annie who was still trying to ignore the blood on her arms. No one bothered to answer him, not wanting to think at the moment, not wanting to breath.

"Hey!" Kyle snapped, making Gina flinch at the sudden loud noise.

"Are we really going to get ice cream with them? Don't you find it really weird that after they went to go check on Michaela we find her dead and then they disappear into the woods?"

"You can't be serous." Annie snapped, feeling personally offended that Kyle could ever accuse you doing such a horrible thing to someone you obviously cared about. Even the wasted Andrea looked at Kyle with disgust at such an accusation.

"Think about it! They've always had anger problems and they look at me like their going to eat me." He stated, feeling a little too confident in his words, even if the others thought he was being too cruel and bringing up an issue no one wanted to talk about right now. Annie ducked her head
down, trying not to cry again as the image of you stabbing Michaela flashed in her mind. No! No, that not like you. If Michaela went to the bathroom for more than five minutes, you worried that she might've gotten hurt. If Gina was out for a smoke, you'd worry about her over dosing, if Annie- she choked out a sob.

Annie remembers the night of a school dance, how you would circle around her like a hawk, judging what she was wearing and you even stuffed her in about three of your sweaters before getting the okay. 'One can never wear too many sweaters.' you had proclaimed. You worried about them and Annie knew that, not matter what Kyle said. It was even funny how you would just stare at them as if they were children if they ran around the house naked.

"Kyle, if I wanted to eat you, you'd know." Everyone jumped at your voice, Kyle almost fell out of the car. Getting into the drivers seat, you handed everyone some clean wipes, Annie finally getting the blood off of her and Kyle getting the last few drops of his dinner off of his chin. You cleaned Gina's cheeks yourself, acting so carefully and gently, as if you might cause damage if you pressed too hard.

"The nearest store is a few hours away. It'll be very early in the morning once we get there. Get some rest." Andrea had already fallen asleep, leaning against Annie who smiled happily to have everyone around her in a safe bubble. Gina pulled the hood over her face while Kyle had no plans on sleeping while you were driving. With a quick turn of the key's the car started and you pulled the hood back over the car and rolled the windows up. Everyone needed to get away from the camp for a bit. Thank goodness you had enough money to get some snacks.

"When push comes to shove, by ice cream."

Chapter End Notes

I realized I completely forgot about Andre in the last chapter
I am so sorry about that

*Mickey is Michaela's nickname
Say Please, Say Uncle

Chapter Summary

You are not to be pushed around and these punks better learn their place before you lose your temper.

Chapter Notes

Hinting at just how intimidating and scary the Reader really is
More pure Parent Mode
I promise I'll bring Jason back

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's nearly an hour past midnight when you finally get to the small market, the sky still dark with the moon just barely peeking out from behind the towering trees. The shop itself looked rundown, the wood rotting in multiple places and parts of the rooftop were barely being held down by the rusted nails. But, it looked operational with inviting bright lights and even a few people inside.

You pulled the car to a stop and pulled out a spare hoodie, tugging it over yourself so the cold air would bother you as much. Well, it's more of a comfort thing than the cold, you never liked going anywhere without a sweater over your head, it was just...weird. Anyway, you better gets those snacks and call the police before anyone wakes up. The door barely clicked open when Gina stirred to your left, her head lazily moving away from the car seat. She was still half asleep, yawning softly and rubbing her eyes to wake up more.

"Whatter you doin'?" She asked, mumbling her words. Her voice was barley loud enough to be heard from not being used in a few hours but it was loud enough to wake up Annie, who woke in a less quite manner. She jumped and knocked her head off of the window glass. Oh dear, you really didn't want anyone to wake up. You smiled softly anyway and explained that you were going inside to get a few things like you had promised. When Gina asked and her and Annie could come along, you just couldn't deny those big puppy eyes begging you to let them come.

"Alright, fine." You sighed, fingers crossed no one else would wake up. Before enter the building, you pulled both of the girls into a hug for reinsurance that everything was fine, Annie was shaking just a little and you had to guess that she had a nightmare and that was why she had jumped awake. It seemed to help them relax, Gina even smiled a little. Okay, now that everything was falling back into place, let's go and get some snacks.

The door opened with a tiny jingle, a bell hanging inches above the wood to signal whenever a new customer comes in. A young man, clearly in his mid-high school years with messy hair and pimples all over his face glanced up at you from behind the counter. He must be the lucky cashier today. Good for him, working during the summer instead of trying to get drunk and laid like a different couple of people you know. You told Gina and Annie that you had a good amount of money and they could get something a little extra if they wanted, but that had to keep it a secret
from the boys. With nods the three of you separated. You headed for the ice cream, Annie towards small, fluffy stuffed animal, and Gina towards to cigarettes. You really didn't want to buy cigarettes but you did say they could get whatever they wanted.

Maybe you need to be a little more strict.

You had managed to get about six ice creams, each a different flavor when you subconsciously reached for a seventh. Strawberry ice cream laid just inches away from your fingers, the chill sending a different kind of shiver down your spine. Strawberry was Mickey's favorite. You remembered how she would cling to your arm and beg you to get her some of the pink goodness whenever the two of you went to a store. Your fingers twitched, fighting the urge to pick it up and continue to deny that she's...gone. You had to shake your head to clear your mind and find to strength to pull your hand away. Six ice creams, one for Andrea, Kyle, Gina, Tony, Annie, and you.

Alright, now if you can just find the girls, you can leave. For a moment you wondered how you even managed to lose two people in such a tiny store, yes you were barley tall enough to see over the isles of snacks but two people? At the same time? Come one, you are way more responsible than that. Walking around the store with the ice cream in a bag, it didn't take long to find them and someone was going to get hurt. With a calm facade and hands tucked into your sweater pockets, the bag hanging off of your arm, you approached the small crowd of an obvious motorcycle gang.

There were three, full grown men dressed in black, slick, leather jackets and jeans with boots to high up their legs and too much gel in their hair. They had cornered Annie and Gina, asking the girls about 'favors' and providing them with a 'good time'. Though scared, you could see Gina was trying to be the braver one and was standing up to the biggest one there, even if she barley reach the top of his chest. You decided that maybe she could handle this without your intervention. She was a big girl.

"I said beat it! We're not interested." She spoke coldly with a shake in her voice, Annie clung to the back of her sweater(it's actually your sweater but we'll let it side). Your patients broke when you saw the bigger man grab at Gina's wrists and pulled her too close to his own body for your liking. Annie pressed herself closer to the wall in hopes to seem smaller and be forgotten as Gina tried to pull her arm away, sputtering insults and swears. Time to get involved.

With one tap in his shoulder, this giant of a man turned to face you. Being only a few inches taller then Gina, you barley reached his chin. Now that you got a good look at him, he was ugly. Tattoo's covered a good part of his neck and even his face, a terribly done haircut dyed a ridicules color. It took everything you had to not burst into laughter.

"Excuse me, your holding my friend a little too close. Can you, ya know, let her go?" You asked with a neutral tone, shrugged towards Gina as she continued to struggle against his grip, a small bruise already forming on her skin. A spike of anger sent a little extra adrenaline through you. Annie was lucky enough to make it past the other two men to hide behind you, hugging a tiny, fluffy toy cat close to her. The small gang laughed at your boldness, nudging each other like it was some kind of inside joke.

"Say please." The larger man said, voice booming and threatening as he stared you down like you were a piece of meat on sale at the slaughter house. The other two, small men chuckled, grin wide on their faces. Gina whimpered when he tightened his grip and pulled her back and into the arms of the other two. She was frightened and watched you with hopeful eyes that you'd do something to stop this.

"C'mon, say please." He said again when you remained quite, handing the bag of ice cream to
Annie so it wouldn't get hurt in case things got a little out of hand. You're a nice person and able to work with a compromise so you'll work with him for a bit, see if you can soften up the rough exterior and get Gina back before anyone tried anything nasty.

"Please." You said, leaning back on one leg to give yourself to more calm and neutral feel. He grinned, looked back at his goons with amusement. You could feel Annie shaking and the other store members watching the scene unfold. With a quick glance back, you could see the cashier with his phone out recording everything. The bigger man leaned down to your height, breath smelling of tobacco and beer with a mix of bad brushing habits. You cringed at the stench.

"Say it again." He demanded, lowering his voice another notch to sound more intimidating. Your hands twitched inside of your pockets. All you wanted was to relax this summer, to hang out with the people you cared about and just enjoy the warmer weather. Not have one them murdered, chase after a person through the woods who was wearing a hockey mask, deal with Kyle's attitude, and now play games with a bike gang. Well if he wants to play games, you can play games.

"Say uncle." This time you spoke up, leaning forward. You didn't care if this was only provoking the beast, you just wanted to call the police for Mickey's body, get back to the camp and having everything go back to normal without Gina getting raped or you putting some punk too large for his breeches in the hospital. You watched as he looked confused for a moment, not expecting yo to say anything other then 'please' like he had wanted.

"Say. Uncle." You repeated. He leaned back with a big laugh, looking back at his goons with the biggest smile you've seen on him. So he really thought this was a game? The final ticking point was when went to grab Gina again, having plans to just leave you and Annie and take Gina to....

Your mind blanked as you clenched your hand into a tight fist and collided it to the larger's man's jaw before he could even touch Gina. It was strong enough to send him stumbling back but you weren't done. Grabbing at his jacket to pull him back, you landed another hit against his nose and pinned him against the freezers behind the two of you and pressed your forearm against his neck and put all of your weight onto it.

"Say uncle!" You snapped, seeing as he started to gasp for breath, his goons watching with wide eyes from shock that you, someone smaller than this giant of a man, took him down with two punches. He couldn't speak and was starting to turn blue in the face from the lack of oxygen but still you refused to ease up. It wasn't until you felt a hand against your back. It wasn't a threatening hand and suddenly you remembered that you where here with two other people. Who were you with again? Wasn't Gina and Annie? Yeah, you brought them and the others here for some ice cream. You pulled back and the larger man slumped against the floor. Annie carefully hugged you to bring you back to reality. They were fine, you were fine, everything was fine. Taking deep, even breaths, you calmed down completely.

"Let's buy this stuff and get out of here."

Chapter End Notes

If you can guess which movie I got this idea from, kudos to you c:
Cops and Killers

Chapter Summary

"Hello police? I'd like to place a call about a dead body down in Crystal Lake."
"*sigh* Can you describe the victim for me?"
"Yes, a young woman around nineteen with blonde hair and blue eyes. Wearing a white tee-shirt and jean shorts with...multiple stab wounds."
"Alright, did you get a good look at the killer?"
"Uum..."
"Was he wearing a hockey mask?"

Chapter Notes

Hey guys, it the Professor her. Sorry for the sudden and long wait you guys! There is a reason why I've suddenly put this story on hiatus and that is a little while back I had a seizure and suffered some memory loss, one of those memories being the plot to this and several other stories and up until recently I was re-inspired to continue this. So if anything seems different or out of place, that's why.
(i did find my story notes so things shouldn't be too different)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The drive back to camp was quite. Not in a relaxing way liked you had hoped, but a tense, heavy stillness that thickened with passing second. Tony and Andrea had were awake in the back seats. Tony was simply gazing out his window, lost in his own thoughts as Andrea was just downing a couple painkillers you had gotten him to help with his hangover. Kyle, on the other hand, was giving you a sharp glare through the car's inside mirror. It's only a two hour drive back, if nothing happens and everything stays quiet, maybe it wont seem like such a long trip.

"Ton and me saw the fight." Kyle spoke up. His voice cutting through the silence like a sharp knife, his tone filled with annoyance and an undertone of his obvious displeasure towards you. He was trying to cause trouble, but that didn't stop you from clenching your jaw in annoyance, but you said nothing and kept your eyes on the road. Don't engage and don't react.

The police should already be at the camp waiting for you, right?

"That was pretty nasty. Thought you were gonna kill him." He continued. Arms crossing over his chest as his glare hardened. Gina was distracting herself on her phone with some meaningless and addicting game as Annie sent her own glare towards Kyle but kept quite and rested her head against the widow glass. She wanted something to go right and not have Kyle ruin it with his stupid attitude's and stupid accusations against you. Again, silence filled the car though Kyle gaze was ever present but easily forgotten as most of your attention was on safely driving down the curving road.

Yeah, the woman on the phone said they'd be there before you got back from the store. Did they
already pick up Mickey's body?

_Am I going crazy?_ You suddenly thought. Ever sense Mickey's death you could've sworn you saw someone wearing a hockey mask just outside the bathrooms, and again when you went to get the cleaning wipes. You even chased something into the woods with a stick and it...he? She? Was large, at least seven feet tall and broad, fast, and set you on edge whenever you thought about it. The hockey mask itself look worn down with dents, cuts, and dirt covering it and it looked rather aged as well. Didn't that Jason Voorhees character wear a hockey mask? Well this is Camp Crystal Lake - the site of many, many murders. There are even still reports of people apparently still seeing Jason walk around the camp, stalking the woods to keep outsiders out. However, according to the story, local legend, whatever you want to call it, Jason was ten years old when he died in the mid-fifties. His mother in the early eighties. If he had managed to survive the drowning, he would at least be in his elder years by now and you doubted a seventy-something year old man could run faster than you.

But what if he was still out there, still seeking revenge on young teenagers for the death of himself and his mother? No one had ever survived a run in with Jason, and if they did, they went crazy a few months later or would suddenly go missing and then turn up dead without explanation. The harder you thought about it, the worse your headache seemed to get. It made no sense at all yet seemed perfectly logical at the same time. What were you going to do if he was real? You can't just pack up and leave after only being here a single day and, if common description was anything to go by, Jason was much larger and stronger than you. Could you even protect your friends from him? After you couldn't save Mickey? After you let her die alone in the fucking bathrooms?

"Hey...you okay?" You heard Gina speak off to your side, though you didn't look back at her, the camp slowly coming into view, you simply said that you were fine, just thinking. Gina wanted to continue to press the conversation forward, but the grip you had on the steering wheel told her not too. Your knuckles starting to turn white from it. Nothing was fine, you weren't fine. You cracked in the store and almost choked some biker to death! The way you just suddenly snapped like that, the hatred in your eyes...Gina shivered at the memory. Kyle was right. It looked like you were trying to kill him and if Annie hadn't said anything, you probably would've.

The car pulled into the camp, the engine shutting off as the police were indeed already there along with an ambulance with cops waiting to ask you questions. As the car emptied, you again found yourself staring off into the thick forest, scanning over the looming trees and suspicious bushes. Was he watching you right now? Would he do anything with armed cops around? Off the corner of your eyes you saw something reach for Gina's arm and your first instinct was to grab her and pull her back, and you did, holding her close you almost didn't recognize the police officer.

"Back off." You growled deeply, the cop looking at you with a shocked expression for a moment, his own hand flinching for either his gun or a tazer. Maybe pepper spray. Why were you being so protective? It's a cop, he's going to help you. He means no- you still pull Gina farther way from his hand and closer to yourself, another growl slipping out. The officer took only a step forward, his hand still hovering over the pocket.

"Calm down, I just want to check the blood on her sweater." He spoke slowly and chose his words carefully, taking one, small step forward. Then another, then another. Still acting slowly as your gaze remained hard and protective as Gina just barley wiggled at the memory. Kyle was right. It looked like you were trying to kill him and if Annie hadn't said anything, you probably would've.

"I understand you must be worried, but I don't want to cause any harm. Just let her go, slowly. I promise nothing will happen to her." With his hand moving away from his belt and joined his other outstretched in front of him, it took only one more step before he was able to place his hands on Gina's shoulder and though your grip remained for a moment, you did let her go and watched as the
officer lead her to the ambulance, the others not far behind. Annie smiled softly at you in hopes to ease your mind.

"Are you sure they were the last one too see your friend alive?"

"Yeah, they kinda marched off to the bathrooms then just disappeared into the woods for a while. The sweater the black haired girl is wearing is theirs and that Mickey's blood all over it."

"Can you say how long they were gone?"

"Twenty minutes at least."

"Alright, anything else we should know before questioning?"

"Uh, yeah. They tried to kill this guy at the store and have been on edge ever since we found Mickey dead."

A tall figure stalked throughout the forest, one foot moving in front of the other without much purpose as sounds echoed throughout the forest, aside from the normal sounds as the forest, the peace was interrupted by talking and the flashing lights of red and blue. Oh, those teens have returned, with the police. Weird, normally they would just investigate on their own before even thinking about get the cops. Was it the sweatered teen's idea? Probably, they think differently then the rest. Not smarter no, but they trust their own thoughts and doubts more than the rest. Getting a little closer for a better look shouldn't be too hard.

"...and on top of that, we've been informed of your previous...problems. All we're asking is if you come with us to the station for some questioning." The teen rolled their eyes out of annoyance, pulling the hood farther down the face as their attention seemed to be everywhere but on the cops. They scanned over the forest for a moment when...

It must be so frustrating to be in your shoes right now, able to make eye contact with your best friends killer and being unable to do anything as he stared lifelessly back, his hand gripping a worn machete. Your eyes held the longest time, neither one of you looking away.

"So, you are real...Jason Voorhees."

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 8 will be up shortly, hope you enjoyed c:

~

Starting a few new stories; Names and chapters will be left here and updated accordingly
(all are /Readers)

Freddy Krueger - Welcomed Nightmares: 0/? chapters posted
Hannibal Lecter - Feast Among Monsters: 0/? chapters posted
Leather Face - The Taste of Kindness: 0/? chapters posted
Michael Myers - Bloodied Desires: 0/? chapters posted
(Titles may change before posting)
Please Believe Me

Chapter Summary

Back with a new chapter!

Cops are dicks and you don't like them
Why doesn't anyone believe you?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Look kid, I’m not saying it was your fault.” Yeah right.

“But we need to know what happened to your friend and the last person to see her alive was you.” Actually everyone saw her when she left for the bathrooms. You were just unlucky enough to be the first one to see her dead.

“So how about we drop the act and you tell us what really happened. Then you and your other friends can head back to camp and enjoy the rest of your summer. Alright?”

“Don’t try to be my friend.” The police officer sighed, his hands falling onto the table as his eyebrows twitched in his obviously growing annoyance. It was an older officer by the looks of it. His soft blue eyes just barely sunken in from, what you guessed, a couple years of working in the force. He even had a good amount of gray hair dusted his otherwise perfectly brown hair. He looked just as tired as you...But what right does he have to ask you questions? You told the police your side of the story, you said you went to check on Mickey when you found her dead, then you ran off into the woods, chasing her killer. You didn’t do it and you aren’t repeating yourself.

“Kid please, we want to find her murderer just as much as you do, but if you keep being stubborn we wont get anywhere.” With your arms crossed, you leaned away from the table and pushed yourself back in the chair with a loud screech as the chair’s legs scrapped against the cold, metal floor. The chair turned awkwardly to the side. The officer and his partner, who stood by the door, cringed at the sound. Both officers exchanged looks, a silent conversation took place for only a moment when they switched and the younger officer decided it was his turn to ask you a few questions. He was definitely younger, fresh out of training. His uniform barely had an aged wrinkle in it, a brighter blue even and he looked much more determined to get answers out of you. Let’s see him try.

“You what I think? I think you killed your friend and are too guilty to come clean about it.”

“Jessie-”

“Now hang on, it may not have been on purpose. I was informed that you suffer from some pretty bad anger problems.” You shift in your seat.

“Not only did you try to strangle a man in the store a few hours ago but you even had to see a therapist to help with your outbursts for a good three years. Am I right?” Oh, Jessie’s going to be that kind of a person, huh? Does he really think he can get anything out of you from being an ass?
You don’t say anything, simply tilting your head back and getting comfortable in the chair, you closed your eyes and sighed deeply. The people of this town must know something about Jason. He isn’t just some legend to them, he lived here and died here. They know something and once these cops are done having their fun with you, you can really focus on what’s important.

"The guy in the store was part if a biker gang and he was touching my friends and I didn't approve of it."

"So that gave you the right to strangle him?" Dear lord you hated this.

"Yeah, sure, let's go with that."

"So you admit to attempted murder?" You took a deep breath, trying to coat you annoyance in boredom as your foot began to tap, tap, tap.

"Listen, the sooner you drop this attitude the better and smoother things will go for all of us and the sooner you and your buds can go back to having sex and doing drugs at the lake."

Tap, tap tap.

"Come on kid, giving me the silence treatment isn't going to change anything ya know?"

Tap, tap, tap.

You heard Jessie sigh as he combed his fingers through his hair, taking a moment the scratch the back of his neck. With a glimpse towards the older cop, he stood from his seat. The chair just barley squeaking like your's had. He steps around the metal table and tucks his hands into the pockets of his pants, leaning most of his wait against one hip as he stood before you. With a small shake of his head, he made direct eye contact with you.

"So, I get this feeling you are kind scary to others right? That you're not someone to be messed, right? People often shrink away from you because you're oh-so scary. You don't like it when someone has power over you, you really don't like when someone is better than you and you hide all those insecurities under a big and tough exterior. It's almost sad that you even think that kind of intimidation is going to work here, on me. Well sweetheart, you aren't the first person to try and you most certainly wont be the last." He leans closer to you, looking serious yet smug as your jaw clenched and you stare hardened. "People like you always end up beaten buy people like me."

Silence fell over the room, you foot stopped tapping as anger boiled just below the surface of your skin. How dare he? How dare this no good, pretty boy cop take you away from your friends and how dare he speak to you as if you were nothing more than a pile of dirt, nothing more than a criminal. He isn't going to get the better of you, you wont let him.

"And you, Jessie, are a low paid, rookie cop who thinks he can save the town with good looks and hand-me-down pistol and pepper spray. You think that because you have age on your side you will be the better cop." You sat straight, stare unforgiving as you leaned against you knees, your features blank of most emotion. "You think you have some kind of moral code, that you're better than me. Well I have news for you, Jessie; you're never going to amount to anything more than a rookie cop with a mouth too big and a pistol too small." You stand, face to face with him and close enough that you could lower your voice to where only he can hear you as your hands clenched into fists.

"You're replaceable."

His own jaw locked as his cheeks flushed the softest pink, you struck a cord and you knew it.
Neither of you moved, gazes threatening and you could see that the longer you held eye contact with Jessie, the angrier he seemed to get. It took the older cop's actions to somewhat break the two of you apart, his hands gentle on your shoulder and his voice even gentler.

"Jessie-" His hand was smacked away as the younger cop gave you one last glare before he marched away, door slamming loudly. It made your ears ring for a moment. The hand was still resting on your shoulder, still gentle as the older cop sighed.

"I'm sorry for what happened and I'm sorry for my partner. He is young but he's a good cop. We just want to find your friend's killer." His tone was nothing but soft and laced with understanding.

"It was Jason." You spoke, unable to stop yourself.

"What?" Damn it, he probably thinks you're crazy now. You should've keep your mouth shut and just continued keeping quiet until you found actual proof. It's hard enough the Kyle is barking at you but you don't need the cops thinking you're insane too. You turn to face him with a slight resistance, a pout in your body as you stuffed your hands in your sweater pockets.

"Sorry, you can just forget I said anything. A teenager blaming a death on a legend must a common thing here." You took a good look at the cop's face and you were shocked to see his expression. The color had drained from his cheeks and his eyes widened and his grip on your shoulder tightened. You could've sworn you saw a couple of his brown hairs turn completely white.

"Jason Voorhess killed your friend?"

Chapter End Notes

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The house was quiet. Despite it’s age and rotten appearance there wasn’t a single creak coming from the aged wood, rather, any sound came from a group of young adults who had just spent most of the night partying and drinking there, a few disappearing upstairs while others had less decency and only escaped to any nearby closet. The house they decided to party in was the old Myers house as it’s popularity with murders, masked murderers and curses gave it quiet the spooky reputation and with it being the Halloween Weekend, it seemed to be the perfect spots for some fun. Now anyone with a sliver common sense would’ve known from the beginning that nothing about this party, nothing about this house was safe.

But legends are legends and legends are easy to ignore.

The echoing sounds of heavy breaths and snores roamed through the halls and walls of the house, many falling asleep where they stood, one person had climbed onto the counter to sleep with a spilled beer in his hands. A few others were lucky enough to take a room for themselves to do whatever they so please. A handful actually decided it was late and the sleep was more important than the company of others. You were one of those people. You never liked to party and you only came along because a couple of friends convinced you to, but after only two hours into the party you slipped into one of the upstairs rooms and went to sleep. Having spare clothes in case anyone threw up on you proved to make better pajamas. Shorts and a shirt too large was rather comfy to sleep.

Of course help was provided by a very dear friend of yours. You had never been in the Myers house before so it's layout was new to you and getting lost was a very real threat with you lack of vision. Well, you were never one to view your blindness as a hindrance but walking around a new place alone was never a good idea. Everything was dark and everything will remain dark to you.

It hadn't taken you long to fall asleep as the bed, though it smell a little odd and the blankets itched with age, the empty sounds of the house served as the perfect lullaby. With most of the house asleep, the halls echoed with the new sound of footsteps. Heavy footsteps that stalked down the halls, slowly, carefully. The owner clad in a blue, dirtied and torn jumpsuit, large boots and an aged, white mask. A knife in his right hand. It wasn't unusual to have visitors, it wasn't unusual to have a group of young adults, but it was unusual to have visitors stay. The bluntness of they're stupidity would serve as the cause of their deaths. Many might run, many might even try to fight back but it didn't matter.

Micheal Myers was never a picky man.

So many people, so many doors. With most of these visitors fast asleep, it would be easy to take each out without much difficulty. Pick a door and take that victim, go to the next door, then the
next, then the next. It's almost like a game. The first door would be a wonderful place to start. It was at the very end of the hallway, away from any stairs and only a window that could serve as any kind of escape. The door wasn't shut all the way, it sat ajar and the space between the door and the wall was just wide enough to see who was there.

Well there was someone laying in the bed, their form easy to make out as they laid against their stomach, arms under their head with the covers lazily pushed off the mattress. A feisty sleeper? Pushing the door open, Micheal entered the room. With a lazy nudge, the door was pushed back to it's original position. Whoever this was had only a pair of shorts and a large shirt to cover them, the bare skin of their legs exposed to the cold air.

The grip on his knife tightened as Micheal reached the end of the bed and looked their sleeping form over, eyes locking onto them as if they were easy prey in the sights of a hungry predator. He watched their back as it rose and fell in even breaths, watched as they just laid there, living.

He just barley let his finger touch at their skin, feeling how warm it was he slowly glided his fingers over the small bump of their ankle and up their calf, to the dip of their knee. He froze for a moment when they sighed and nuzzled their face against their arm still in a deep sleep. With another sigh they stillled, going limp and relaxed. Micheal could feel the muscles under his fingers tense and twitch as he continued his slow journey up their leg, taking a little longer on their thigh, pressing harder into the skin. Still they remained asleep. His fingers traced the curve of their spine and they squirmed just a little at that, mumbling under their breath. Gently Micheal dusted the tips of his fingers against their cheek, brushing away any strands of hair. They shivered and turned their head away from him. His fingers returned to their skin of their neck, pressing just right so he could feel the low and steady beat of their heart. His hand slide down to their neck, his thumb rubbing against the beck of their neck as he slowly, slowly squeezed. Their heart beat getting stronger against his hand the harder he began to squeeze.

*Thump*

In an instant Micheal tore his hand away and looked towards the direction of the sound, able to see through the slip of the open door that one of the others has gotten up, their clothes still a mess as they lazily made their way down the hall. He can come back later, Micheal needs to deal with this person first.

Being pulled away from your rest, the dreamy darkness of your sleep disappearing to the darkness of reality, you rolled onto your back and sat up in your bed with a yawn, stretching your arms high into the air. Most of your senses still drowsy from sleep and you limps feeling heavy. There was an odd tingling sensation against your skin and your neck felt a little tighter. Huh. Maybe you shouldn’t sleep on your arms anymore, you might end up accidentally chocking yourself if you aren’t careful.
More Questions, No Answers

Chapter Summary

-The original draft was deleted and the holiday vacation is the reason for the long wait-
-This being posted on Friday the 13 was a complete but awesome accident-

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

What a frick'n cockblock. The second you think you actually found someone who might believe you, even the slightest bit, you are shooed out of the interrogation room and pushed back into the waiting room with the rest of your group. It was really only Annie and Tony so Kyle, Gina, and Andrea must still be interrogation. If any cop makes Gina cry or Andrea break and admit to something he didn't do, someone was going home with a black eye and broken nose. You're getting real sick and tired of this summer already and it's not just because of the killer heat.

With one step into the waiting room, you were almost knocked back when Annie threw herself at you and wrapped her arms around you in a tight but meaningful hug, her head resting comfortably on your shoulder as she squeezed you. Not meaning to be rude, you just sighed and rested your arm loosely around her waist, not very interesting in the hug though you did nothing to push her away. Tony visibly tensed at this and looked away from the two of you.

There are two cops standing by the door. They eyed you suspiciously. Weird.

"So? How'd it go in there?"

"They think I did it." You're tempted to make a joke, something to lighten the mood, but Annie's expression went sour so you knew that wouldn't be a good idea. With a loud huff and(slightly obnoxious) groan, she pulled herself away from you and crossed her arms. Marching to a nearby chair and sitting down, crossing her legs and sticking her nose to the air. A clear and obvious sign she wasn't very happy. Well, you could guess no one was very happy because who wants to dragged to a police station in the middle of the night? honestly?

"Why does everyone feel the need to blame you?" She asked in a huffy tone, tapping her fingers against her arm so you knew that wouldn't be a good idea. With a loud huff and(slightly obnoxious) groan, she pulled herself away from you and crossed her arms. Marching to a nearby chair and sitting down, crossing her legs and sticking her nose to the air. A clear and obvious sign she wasn't very happy. Well, you could guess no one was very happy because who wants to dragged to a police station in the middle of the night? honestly?

"Why does everyone feel the need to blame you?" She asked in a huffy tone, tapping her fingers against her arm as you leaned against a nearby wall. The pieces don't fit together, or do they? Jason is nothing but a myth to these people, a legend, a story. Nothing more then a dark spot on their history. But why the tension surrounding his story? That cop visibly paled when you mentioned his name. That is not the reaction you would expect from a myth. If there is a real danger and no one is telling you... There has to be a reason for this. Why wouldn't anyone warn you or your friends about Jason? Everyone thinks it's just a legend. In fact, the only reason your friends decided to go to Crystal Lake was because the scary story got people laid.

Your stomach felt hot from anger.

If Jason was - is real, why didn't anyone warn you? You got a couple of questions you need to ask those cops. They are holding something from you and you're not having any of that. Not when the lives of your friends are at risk.
"'Cause I'm big and scary." Maybe the anger in your tone was more obvious then you intended, or maybe she saw you clench your fist, but Annie's face immediately softened when you looked back at her. You crossed your arms over you chest and just gave a sigh to her expression. Tony, however, seemed eager to jump at the chance to make you feel better or at least make you smile.

"I think the cops are just jealous they're not as big and scary as you." You raised a brow at his slightly odd behavior. Tony was a nice person yes, but more of a background guy. He's always there but really quite, shy. It wasn't in his character to suddenly speak up like that, even for a friend. Hell, he hardly started a conversation with you, you normally had to start the talk. Hm, his interrogation might've made him jumpy. You send a small smile his way and barely noticed his face light up with a faint blush.

"Are they almost done with Gina and Andrea?" You asked to no one really, the question was just thrown into the air though you hoped one of the police members here would assume you're asking them and would answer. If not you can force an answer out of them.. or can you? You'd probably get arrested for using force on a cop so that was a bad idea. Man, you should start to rethink some of your actions, you're starting to seem more like a mindless brute than an angry teenager.

"Almost." Oh good, one of the cops by the door answered you. His tone was kinda cranky but you'll take it. You wondered if these interrogations are timed or if the cop was just answering you so there wouldn't be a lingering and awkward silence because of your question. You almost snicker at the thought of making the police uneasy, almost. Gotta keep those jokes to yourself before you are locked up for police annoyance.

Okay you snickered at that one.

For the second time in under twenty minutes, you were almost knocked back with hug, Gina almost knocking you to the ground as she sprinted out of the room as was in and into your arms. You couldn't help make a quiet 'oof' as her arms tightened around you. With a bit of work you were able to free your arms when Kyle walked into the waiting room, sending a frown your way when you made eye contact.

"How'd the questioning go?" You asked Gina gently, placing one of your hands on her head, stroking her hair softly as your other arm wrapped around her torso. The police have taken the bloodied sweater you gave her so she was standing in the middle of this chilly room in her short cut, black tang top. The poor dear must be freezing. You cuddled her close when you heard Kyle scoff.

"Feeling jealous over there?" Teasing him may not be the best of ideas right now, but hey. It's now or never because everyone knows the assholes always die at some point in these horror movies. You could just feel his annoyance seep off of him and you definitely smirked at that.

"Why would I be jealous of someone who's going to spend the rest of their days locked behind bars." You gave him a doubting looking. Really? Jeez Kyle, he might hate you but you think it's a little too soon to make threats like that. The cops don't even have enough proof that you did anything. Yeah your sweater might be covered in blood, but so was Tony's shoes and Annie's shirt. So haha Kyle. You've won this round.

"I found your army knife on the ground and it was covered in blood. I told the cops I found it by Mickey's body and when they prove that if has your fingertips and Mickey's blood you're going to be locked up until your hair turns grey." That asshole. That lying asshole actually went through the trouble to frame you? Is Kyle trying to frame you for Mickey's death?
"You lying piece shit!" You almost jumped at Kyle, only being held back by Gina as she still held her arms around you and your parental instincts told you Gina needed this more than you needed to shove Kyle's face into the nearest brick wall.

Kyle squeaked and hid behind Jessie. "I would rather stay the night here if that was okay with you officers." He tried to sound confident but you could hear that shake in his voice as he glared at you. Yeah, it made sense the coward would rather stay the night here with the cops or behind a spare set of bars instead of with you in an abandoned camp but he would be safe here because if Jason didn't stab a knife through this boy's heart, you sure as Hell would.

"Can we please leave?" Hearing Gina's small and helpless voice brought your anger down to a complete zero has her safety quickly became your number one focus. She sniffled against your chest and shivered. With a sigh, you again tugged off your sweater, this clean of blood, and pulled it over her head and spoke gently.

"Alright, you take everyone to the car and I'll met you there. I just have a quick questions for the cops." Reluctantly Gina nodded, Annie grabbed her arm and Tony held the door open as they all left the police station. Sadly Kyle was going too, though he wouldn't be able to leave you behind. You have the keys to the car so haha. Jessie entered the waiting room with his older partner behind who paled the moment he saw you, a completely look of sadness clear in his expression as you stuffed your hands into your pockets.

"Let's keep this between us, but if you cops find anything at all relating to the legend of Jason Voorhees, I want you to tell me. I don't what you say or try to tell me, he isn't some made up person, he's real and I saw him. He is responsible for the death of my friend and if you try to pin this on me..." you glance at Jessie, remembering the little moment you had. "...Please believe me when I tell you that Jason isn't some town horror story, the safety of my friends means everything to me and if you cops are as loyal to this town as I hope you are then you'd know I'd die for them just as you would die for the law."

With that small speech, you left, climbed into the car, announced that you were taking everyone back to the store for another treat and headed off down the road.

Chapter End Notes

Starting a few new stories; Names and chapters will be left here and updated accordingly
(all are /Readers)
Freddy Krueger - Welcomed Nightmares: 0/? chapters posted
Hannibal Lecter - Feast Among Monsters: 0/? chapters posted
Leather Face - The Taste of Kindness : 0/? chapters posted
Michael Myers - Bloodied Desires : 0/? chapters posted
(Titles may change before posting)
He's standing only three feet away from you, the edge of a tall bush serving as the only thing standing between you and a very familiar, cracked and dirtied hockey mask. Your entire body tensed and froze, fear suddenly spilling into your veins and you found yourself unable to move, unable to scream. Jason Voorhees stood much taller than you originally thought, your head just barley reaches his shoulders and he was wide. If you were to put your arms around him, your hands wouldn't be able to touch. The machete in his left hand has definitely been used on more than one occasion. The darkened stains sent an unpleasant shiver down your spine.

He looked down at you and tilted his head to side as your hands began to shake. You can't move, your body wont listen to your brain. You can't move. You can only shake in your building fear and you hated it.

What bothered you the most was his eyes. Though one was deformed and sat a little lower then the other, they were so full of life. As if he still had a soul, as if he could still feel. His gaze wasn't dead, cold, and as unfeeling as you thought and you felt tears gather and fall down your cheeks. It was almost as if you were staring right into the eyes of a curious child, his eyes were so blue, so bright.

It scared you.

Tears continued to fall though you made no sound, your arms shivering as you watched Jason's eyes flickered from your eyes to your cheeks, his grip loosening on his machete. You were scared, lost, you looked just like him when he was younger. So small and vulnerable, but strong. You're not running from him, no matter how much the tears fell, you were standing against him.

How curious. Mother was wise and kind, she never ran from him too. She's always been there for him, always ready with kind words when he would cry when he was a little boy, he remembers how it felt to be so scared, how it felt to be so small. You didn't even flinch when he slowly moved around the bush, not making a single sound as he stood closer. Your gaze moved to his hand as Jason slowly began to extend it, slowly and carefully reaching his hand out to you. The tears began to fall faster and more heavily, but still you couldn't move or make a sound. You desperately wanted to close you eyes and pretend that this was a dream, that your mind was just playing tricks and this was all a figment of your imagination. But you couldn't tear your eyes away from him, only able to hold eye contact as his fingers finally made contact with your cheek.

His fingers were warm and he was gentle when he touched you, wiping away the salty water that fell from your eyes.

"Gina! Tony! Guys!"

You heard your name being called, the sound of Andrea's voice giving you the will power to look away, to turn and face where his voice was coming from. You could see Andrea running towards
you, already out of breath and red in the face with exhaustion. Turning back to wear Jason was standing, you found that he had gone. No one was there. Your legs gave in and you collapsed to the ground, falling heavily onto you arms and knees, your entire body shook with adrenaline, fear, and hate. You couldn't do anything! You just froze! How can you expect to save what was left of your friends if you couldn't even stop Jason when he was close to touch, when he did touch you!

You were weak and you hated it.

**NOTE: STORY CANCELLED**
I'm very, very sorry that I had to let you guys down like this but I just can't seem to remember anything else about this story. The chapter you see above you is months old and I haven't touched it til now and I just thought I should finally cancel this story. I have been trying to rewrite the plot but it just isn't working out and I'm getting frustrated. Again, I'm very sorry for letting you down and I hope you're not upset.
-PGB

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!