

## Love that Kills –

### Miss Bad Luck by MadlainQ

#### 1 Miss Bad Luck

He was sitting in the corner of a chamber. His face was shrouded in shadow, but I could feel his hot gaze fixed on me. The silk nightgown I was wearing smoothly clung to my body, exposing too much of the parts that were meant to be hidden. My eyes blinked, and he was suddenly only an inch away from me. I almost choked on my breath, acknowledging how easily he towered over me. Shadows still embraced his face, but the soft moonlight generously revealed his bare, broad shoulders, the muscled arms that slid around me before I could gasp, and the carved-to-perfection chest, which I would gladly explore with the tip of my tongue. He closed the distance between us, moving fast, parting my lips, and entering me with lush licks. His hands traced my body through the thin fabric, expertly finding every swell and valley. His scent, his touch, and his caresses robbed me of my reason. And as he removed my nightgown—the last thing that separated our bodies—I was ready to give myself to him along with my soul.

His lips left mine to leave a searing trail of kisses down my neck. My fingers tangled in the silky, black curls of his hair that felt too smooth to be real. God... The pleasure I felt was sinful, but I would gladly go to hell just to make it last. One of his hands traveled down the curve of my buttocks and glided between my thighs. I moaned as he teased my most sensitive skin. Suddenly, he leaned his head back to face me. His lips—the only part of his face I saw clearly—opened slightly as if he was about to speak. I stilled, anticipating hearing the sound of pure seduction...

"Miss Wallace!" An angry voice made my heart catapult to my throat.

"Present!" I shrieked, jumping to my feet, my act rewarded by the mocking laughter of students surrounding me. I needed a moment to recover from the state of bewilderment. First, my eyes fell down, and, thankfully, I confirmed that I wasn't naked. Second, I was in the lecture hall, which probably meant that I fell asleep during class. Wait... I didn't moan or make other erotic sounds while I slept... did I?

I sucked in a deep breath, ineptly commanding my head to stop spinning. Then my eyes began searching for the owner of the angry voice, Professor Jensen, whose gray suit perfectly blended with the gloomy-looking podium.

"Down here," he hissed, his foot tapping the floor as if he wanted to kindly give me a hint on where I should look for him.

"I... I'm sorry," I muttered, not knowing what else to say. Of course, I could tell him that his voice sounded so boring that my mind turned it into a humming lullaby, but the last ounce of logic within me warned me that it would be an extremely bad idea.

"I don't want my students to be sorry, Miss Wallace. I want them to pay attention!" Jensen growled.

Well, I would gladly pay attention if it weren't for the exhaustion from working the night shift and then making early morning food deliveries just before heading to my classes without even changing my clothes. I would gladly elaborate on all my reasons, but, somehow, my entire statement shrank to repeating, "I'm sorry," and lowering my head.

"This is the third time you fall asleep in my class. You showed me enough disrespect. Leave." His voice was cold enough to freeze the blood in my veins.

"But... but I—"

"Leave!" he thundered.

Perfect. Just perfect. Now I really wondered how I was going to pass Professor Jensen's course. It would probably end up with me begging for his forgiveness and trying to bribe him with homemade brownies. It worked before. Unfortunately, I had to wait a week until he calmed down.

I sighed and left the room, tossing another murmured apology before I closed the door. I was so exhausted I briefly thought that it was a miracle that I stood up and managed to walk a few steps. I leaned against the wall in the empty corridor and then slid my back down to sit. My legs stretched themselves. Sleep came almost immediately...

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A giggly girl's voice brought me to awareness. My eyes opened. I was sitting on the floor, curled up against the wall, where I had fallen asleep. The only change was that now the corridor was filled with people. Not that anyone noticed me.

"Have you heard about Nala?" The giggling girl, dressed in a barely-covering-ovaries skirt and tight shirt, almost stepped on me as she passed me by. Her name was Sarah Duncan. She belonged to the rich-snob elite, which, in her mind, gave her the right to be above all those who actually had to WORK for their money.

"About who?" Michelle, Sarah's friend, asked.

"Nala Wallace!" Sarah placed her hands on her hips and frowned. "You know, Miss Bad Luck!"

My eyebrows rose. I was sitting three feet away from them. That didn't even qualify as talking behind my back! They were right in front of me!

"Oh! What about her?" Michelle chuckled and clasped her hands.

Sarah snorted. "She fell asleep at Jensen's class! Again!" She exclaimed for everyone else to hear. "The poor thing overworks her body at night, so it's too hard for her to study!" Then she and her friend started to emit all kinds of meaningful moans, as if she needed to clarify what kind of night work she meant.

A bulky guy laughed. "Who would want to fuck Miss Bad Luck?! I would like to see a guy so desperate to—"

"Hey!" I snarled, slowly rising to my feet. "I suggest all of you shut the hell up!"

Sarah smirked and stepped closer, looking me up and down. "Or what?"

I grinned darkly. "Or I will curse you and infect you with my bad luck."

She gasped and stepped away. "Crazy bitch!"

I stomped forward, and she leaped back, stepping on the other guy's foot. He hissed in pain as her five-inch heel met his soft-looking shoe.

My hand covered my mouth in a wide theatrical gesture. "Oh, no! I think the infection is spreading already!" Then I gracefully turned around and walked as far away from those toxic people as possible.

It wasn't always like that. Well, all right, they were always toxic, and I was always poor, but I wasn't always the one who brought bad luck. It all started with a nasty rumor... that, unfortunately, fit most of the strange occurrences happening around me.

Since I began my studies, lightning struck the campus ten times, and every time it hit right next to me. Many objects fell or broke in my presence, including a water pipe that caused a flood on the entire ground floor of my dormitory. I wasn't sure how it was supposed to be my fault, but I got thrown out of my cheap room because of that incident and was forced to rent a much more expensive apartment outside the campus.

It was no surprise that Miss Bad Luck had no luck in romance either. I wouldn't call myself ugly, but because of the rumors, all the guys in the university ran away from me as if dating me could make their dicks fall off. After a while, those rumors spread beyond campus, and now I would probably have to move to another state just to get laid.

I hated my life, and I hated being the one that everyone hates. My reality felt suffocating. The only moments I could breathe were when I read another romance book and dreamed of becoming an amazing heroine, desired by an extraordinary man... or a werewolf, or a vampire, or a demon, or some other sexy supernatural creature that could never exist in this screwed-up real world.

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I somehow managed not to fall asleep in my other classes and survive the rest of the day. Then I returned to my tiny, falling-apart apartment, but only to take a quick shower, change my clothes, and run to the convenience store as my shift was about to start.

"Thank God you're working today, Nala!" Cassey, my colleague, rushed toward me as soon as I entered the store. "I was supposed to be closing today, but I can't. You can close the shop instead of me, right?" She grinned and blinked her green eyes at me.

I took a deep breath in and then out, trying to erase all the thoughts of strangling her. "I'm on a short shift today. I am really tired, and I just want my FOUR hours of work to pass, and I am certainly NOT turning it into SIX hours and closing the store."

She pouted. "But it's Friday, and I have a date. You don't know what it's like because you don't go on dates, but for me, it's something tragically important."

The thoughts of strangling her returned along with an inward scream. I stared at her in silence while fighting my murderous instincts before straining, "I'm not staying longer—"

"Mr. Collins!" Cassey waved her hand at our manager. That old, bald jerk walked over, grinning at her while completely ignoring me. "Nala agreed to replace me today," she proudly announced.

"What?!" I snapped, my eyes widening as I watched Cassey shrug. "When did I—"

"Perfect," Mr. Collins said before pulling the set of keys out of his pocket and shoving them into my hand.

My irritation grew. "Mr. Collins, I really, really can't stay longer. Not tonight." I gave him a pleading look, hoping that he would for once take pity on me.

He smiled wryly and patted my shoulder. "Be a good friend and do Cassey a favor, Nala. She's got a date after all."

With that undeniably "reasonable" argument, the conversation ended. Not only was I forced to stay longer, but I also stayed the entire shift alone, since somehow, Cassey convinced Mr. Collins that she needed at least a few hours to prepare for her date. Had I mentioned how much I hated my life yet?

By the time I closed the shop, I resembled a zombie. I even walked like one, stretching my arms slightly forward to keep my balance while swaying my way to the nearest ATM. "Money for rent... money for rent," I mumbled as if my mind needed a reminder of what I was doing.

I collected the banknotes—emptying my account—and put them into my wallet. I was about to hide the wallet in my purse when someone snatched it out of my hand. I stopped breathing. For a heartbeat, I stared at my empty hand in terror before my head snapped toward the thief, who was now running away with my possession in his hand.

"Help me! He stole my wallet!" I cried out, my voice echoing through an empty street. Was there a limit to my bad luck?!

I darted forward, following the guy in the black baseball cap through the dark alley. This was probably one of the worst ideas I had ever had, but I needed that money. It was all I had!

"Stop!" I shouted as if it could possibly make him listen and obey. The guy made a turn, running into an even gloomier, narrow alley between two old buildings. I stormed after him, but then a sickening shriek forced my feet to a halt.

A cold shiver ran down my spine as my eyes locked on the shades I saw in front of me. The single lamp light tossed a shade on the wall of the building. I saw two shapes of men: someone who resembled my thief and a person in a long coat. The man in the coat grabbed the guy in the cap by the throat and lifted him, letting his feet desperately hang in the air. I muffled a scream with my hand as I witnessed a scene resembling those in horror movies.

Another sharp, cut-short cry pierced the air as the man in the cap fell to the ground. Then all noises were swallowed by the night's silence. I stopped breathing for several seconds, locking my eyes on the end of the alley and waiting to hear footsteps or any sound at all.

"Hello?" I breathed out, half-questioning my sanity since anyone's answer could result in me being either harmed or dead. Anyone with a brain would already be half a mile away from this place, but my ridiculous need to know what happened pushed my feet slowly toward the end of the alley.

My heart thundered, matching the rate of my shallow breaths. I must have lost my mind. No one in their right mind would go in the direction I was going. So, what was I doing? Wallet. I needed to get my money back because my landlord could be scarier than most of the demons I read about in my books.

With my legs wobbling more with every step I made, I somehow managed to get around the corner, entering the dimly lit back alley. The nauseating smell of blood made me stumble back. Then, as my eyes shifted to the ground, a silent scream tore my mouth open.

The thief was lying dead in a puddle of his own blood. His throat was ripped as if he had been attacked by a vicious animal. I stood there numbly processing the horrifying sight... until my eyes turned to the side, and I noticed my wallet and all the money—every single bill—drowning in a thick red puddle.

Panic and desperation forced a humorless chuckle out of my throat. "I'm doomed."