

True Love?

Shania Hill was just like any other single twenty year old girl. She liked to hang out with the other girls, shop, play volleyball on the college team, and especially meet boys. Shania was popular and made friends with anyone she ran into. She was also from an incredibly rich family so she was used to getting what she wanted, except boys. You see, Shania had problems with arrogance; she always looked down on the poorer girls and the less talented. Because of that big flaw, boys did not really want to go out with her in fear of a bad relationship. As any one could imagine, Shania began to get desperate in finding the right guy.

One summer day, Shania and her best friend, Marsha, were at the beach, getting tanned by the rays of the sun. As the two were discussing their plans for the day, a football out of nowhere hit Shania in the shoulder.

“Ouch!” Shania shouted, “What was that?” As she said those words, a stunningly attractive man ran up with a look of concern on his face.

“I am so sorry,” the man said, “Are you ok?” Shania got up quickly and brushed herself off and said, “Ya, I’m alright.”

“I’m glad to hear that,” the man said. “By the way, my name is Peyton.”

“I’m Shania, and this is my friend Marsha, it is nice to meet you,” Shania explained. “Well my friends and I are having a barbeque just a little ways down. You two can join us if you want,” said Peyton.

“We would be happy to go!” Shania exclaimed. So the three headed over to a group of about thirty dancing college students down by the pier and began to dance with them. After three hours of dancing and goofing off, the party started to dwindle down, and soon enough only Shania and Peyton were left sitting on the shore talking away. They chatted about their lives as college students and about the future.

“I know this is a bit soon,” Peyton started, “but will you be my girl?” Shania sat there a moment staring at him, thinking about how she would respond. Sure she had been on many

dates, but no one ever before had asked her to be his girlfriend. Before she even knew what she was saying, Shania replied, “Sure, I would love to be your girl.”

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A few minutes later, Peyton was in his apartment thinking to himself about how he would execute his plan. His roommate, Burt, asked him if he had found the right girl to even perform the plan on.

“Are you sure she is the right girl? You only met her today. She could outsmart you and your plan,” Burt explained to Peyton.

“Don’t worry; I know she is the one.” Peyton whispered, “She agreed to be my girlfriend today and I barely know her, no smart girl would do that. She is too desperate for love, she is perfect.”

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Several weeks afterward, Shania and Peyton were enjoying a very expensive dinner together. Shania was thinking about how such a sweet guy Peyton was and how he did everything for her, it was like she was the king and he was the loyal servant. She loved that about him. Just as she was thinking that, his voice broke her thoughts.

“So I have been thinking,” Peyton expresses softly, “we have dated for several weeks and I feel that we love each other and have a very strong bond because of all that we have in common. You see, I am just so in love with you that I want to marry you.” Shania almost choked on the food in her mouth.

“I uh...uhhh,” she stuttered, “Isn’t it a little too soon for marriage? I mean I love you so much as well but we have only been dating for eight weeks.”

“I thought you loved me and would be willing to do anything for me. Come on babe, we can do it,” Peyton pushed. After about five minutes of convincing arguments, Shania finally gave

in and agreed to do it. Once they finished their meals, Shania and Peyton went over to Peyton's apartment to watch a couple movies. Just as Shania was leaving his house, she asked him a big question.

“So when are we getting married, honey?”

“Well I was thinking tomorrow would be a good day.” Peyton replied.

“What? We cannot get married tomorrow; we have not even planned anything!” Shania panicked. “Ya, I planned for us to leave to Hawaii and elope there. Our plane takes off at two tomorrow afternoon,” Peyton said.

“No, you are crazy. I'm leaving. The wedding is off.” Shania turned to go but Peyton grabbed her arm and stared into her eyes with an intense glower on his face.

“You aren't going anywhere!” Peyton yelled at her. As she kicked and screamed and tried to get herself released from his grip, he just pulled her inside the house and locked the door. He dragged her up to his room and tied her to the bed. Just at that moment, Burt walked into the room and started talking to Peyton.

“Is it time?” Burt asked softly, Peyton nodded his head brusquely and said, “Hand me the knife.”

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By this time Marsha could not reach Shania on her phone and began to get worried. *I hope Shania is ok, she never stays out this late without calling me, she thought. I always thought that there is something strange about this Peyton guy, I better check him out by the police.* In a nervous quickness, Marsha grabbed her car keys and headed to the detective's office. When she got there, she hurried to a detective and asked if he knew about this Peyton Marks guy.

“Peyton Marks,” the detective said slowly as he scrolled down his record. “We need to get the police out there fast, Marks is a serial killer who targets young, desperate women who will fall in love with him and want to get married. But before he ever does, he murders them.”

“Oh, no!” Marsha said in a scared voice, “Shania is at his apartment tonight probably, please save her!”

Sirens screamed down the highway as the police tried to get to Peyton’s house as fast as possible before something terrible could happen. By the time the police barged into the apartment complex, Peyton had his left arm around Shania’s waist and a knife in his right hand to her neck. Shania stood there sobbing as he held his tight grip.

“Drop the knife or we shoot!” A gruff police voice said. Peyton stood there for a while looking at the scene going on around him.

“I will never give up on my duty,” Peyton said as he began to slice her throat. But before he could cut open her throat, the police had shot one single bullet through his head. Peyton was dead.

From that moment on, Shania never fell in love with a boy that quickly again. Instead she wanted to have time to get to know the guy first and then go for the next step. One day, several months after the whole incident of Peyton’s death, Shania and Marsha were walking in the park when a good looking guy ran up to her.

“Oh no, not again,” Marsha groaned.

“Hey my name is Carter, I was wondering if you two would like to join my friend and I for a nice little picnic.” The man smiled. Shania and Marsha just looked at each other and laughed.

“We appreciate your offer but I don’t know if we can or not,” Shania replied. Carter looked downtrodden but said, “Well ok, suit yourselves, it was nice meeting you two.” The girls gave each other a little smile.

“Wait,” Marsha called after Carter, “we want to come with you.”

“But promise me, Carter,” Shania said, “let’s only be friends.”