"The Dealer"

December 17th, 2024

Maxie, I have a lot I want to say to you. There's so much I'm feeling right now. I literally don't know where or how to start, so I'll take the advice you gave me in middle school and write down all of my deepest thoughts in a journal and then try to make sense of it all. If I can, that is.

Okay, so as my first official entry, I want to go ahead and address the elephant in the room and say,

WHAT THE ACTUAL (—) SARSFIELD?!

When did we become so distant and enemies? Yes, I used the word enemy because that's exactly how I perceive our situation and your recent change in behavior towards me. Don't try and deny the obvious and say I'm over exaggerating, because I'm not. Everyone sees it. Just as our teachers, our classmates at school, your friends at the church or your pastor. Do you know how many people from that church have personally come up and pulled me aside and asked me what I did to you?

Time out. Shouldn't they be asked what you did to me? I'm the victim here, not you. Do you know what it's like to be publicly humiliated by Purty Vale's most elite and notable citizens? It's almost as bad as netcitizens destroying their favorite idol over a scandal. Basically, once the talking started I couldn't go out and expect the same treatment before the trial. Cameras flashing in my face as I go to and fro, news reporters rushing up to me, asking a dozen questions I don't know the answers to, getting side eye glares from teachers and classmates because they now think I had something to do with the scandal.

You get the idea, right? How did we get here Maxie? Seriously, how? We grew up together, did everything together and were always seen together about town. We were inseparable, and I liked that about us. I protected you from the bullies in the shadows, making deals with them so they would leave you alone. I paid them off. Every. Single. One. Including the bullies that wanted to (---) you in grade school and middle school.

Actually, let me go back in time and point out something important. In 2023, I saw a man watching you from his white van when we were getting ice cream at Dairy Queen. I sadly knew who that man was and what kind of "work" he specialized in. Bryce Lennox was his name and he is Purity Vale's worst.

Ask me how I know that, without asking me how I know. In case you happen to stumble across this journal in the future, I'll go ahead and mess you up. Bryce is my father's disowned brother, high school drop out and a wanted criminal. This is why Bryce's last name is different from my family's name. He legally had it changed after father forced him to change it. Father asked me not

to say anything that would expose Bryce, for he loved his little brother, so much to the point that he overlooked his sex trafficking trade and allowed him sanctuary in Purity Vale.

It's messed up, I know, but this is my family. Family I happily protected ***you*** from. Note, I don't refer to Byrce with uncle in front of his name because a true, moral uncle wouldn't do what he does. Now that you know this key information, let's focus on why Bryce was at Dairy Queen that day. Truthfully, Bryc had been scoping you out for a while. By a while, I mean five years.

The only reason he watched from a distant is because you were always with me and he didn't want to risk my wrath. He knows if he hurt you, I'd tell father and it would be over for him. At the end of the day, I am father's weakness and when I make it known I am displeased with something or someone, he does exactly what I say.

Bryce wouldn't dare transgress against father, the mayor who protects and advocates for criminals like him and loose his protection from the law and before you say anything, no I don't agree with this. I never have. The one time I asked father why he does this, he told me his King insisted he do it, despite his personal disagreements and moral convictions.

Again, before you ask, no I don't know who my father's "King" is or why this King is forcing father to run a town that protects criminals. He didn't give me those details nor did he tell me what kind of King this man was, the country he ruled over, his deeds and such. What I do know is, father was adamant that no one else outside of me could learn about it. Not even my mother could know. I found out by pure accident. He was drunk one night and I came into his study and he started talking about this weird crime culture called "Le Jeu" and that his one regret was getting mixed up in something so twisted and dark.

He rambled on and off in his drunken stupor, saying that the King had lost his respect because the King had become selfish, greedy for more Territory that wasn't here in the United States and longed to return to the home base. He passed out after that and the following day, I confronted him about it. His eyes widened and he pulled me into his study and made deal with me. His own daughter. He wanted me to be silent and never mention his King to anyone in Purity Vale or anywhere I went, he said they would come for me. Who is "they"? Who is his King? Or is this someone else who works for his King? Either way, I agreed not to tell anyone. Now, how does this tie in with Bryce?

Evidently, Bryce also worked for my father's King and Bryce was being paid to abduct potential candidates for Le Jeu. For five years, I watched that lurker lust over you. Adduction was the furthest thing on his mind. The looks he gave you told me Bryce wanted you for himself. Well, I had enough of it and that day at Dairy Queen was the final straw for me.

Obviously, I didn't want you to see me settle this family business deal, so I went inside of Dairy Queen and told you to wait for me in the back of the restaurant and to not come outside no matter what. You are so obedient and submissive, two traits that I like about you. Anyway, moving on. Once I you got settled, I walked outside, went right up to Bryce's van and without warning, I pulled out my custom made, hammer window breaker tool and let him have it. I busted that window, startled Bryce terribly. He cussed and demanded to know what I was doing. I told him,

"I am protecting what is mine. That's what."

I grabbed him by the throat with one hand, saw his gun on the dashboard, swiped it u in my other hand and put the barrel to his temple. I gave him two options. He could (—) off and leave Purity Vale and return to his King empty handed and risk being punished or relocate and find another group of kids for this Le Jeu that his King wanted. Believe it or not, I scared him so badly, he pissed himself and agreed to my terms.

I added if I ever saw him lurking around you or your hangout areas again, I would use my glock, the very one that father gave me on my tenth birthday and blow his brains out. Bryce left, I went into Dairy Queen and found you. I sat down and smiled, relieved to see that you were enjoying your desert and burger. Once again, I saved your life, but I couldn't tell you what I did to preserve your life and I reasoned unless it was a life a death situation and you had to know these dark secrets of my family and all I did to keep you safe from bad people, I wasn't going to tell you.

You get it now and understand how your confession in court about my father would anger me and put me against you? I didn't... want that. I could tell you didn't either, but I want to bring up the facts of your situation and what makes me believe you bought this terrible mess upon yourself. When we were kids, you told me you liked older men, that you had a weird obsession with handsome, rich men and would kill to be the object of their affection.

I assumed you were going through a phase, like most young girls do and your hormones were just getting the better of you. Maxie, you told me, on more than one occasion that you are attracted to men with beards, yet couldn't understand it. You blamed it on a demon, claiming that this demon was making you have these urges at a young age. You were nine, at the time. When you turned fourteen, those preferences hadn't changed. If I am recalling it correctly, you also told me that it wasn't right for you to be so aroused at such a early age.

You claimed your intent was to not be lustful or to seek older men and held to that discipline, but the urges remained so you concluded that everything you thought and felt about older men and your desire to be romantically driven, was simply a demonic influence from Hell. Ironically it was this struggle you had with older men, that got you in church. I didn't want to go to church and I defiantly didn't fit in with the Christians of the Purity Vale Fellowship Church for personal reasons. The only reason I became a member of the church was to keep an eye on you.

Christians can be bullies too and I didn't want you to be alone in a new setting without someone you knew and could count on. But I also was curious to see if a demon was truly responsible for your "problem". Pastor Yoel, the man who spoke with you, told you it was in fact, a demon. A Lust Demon to be exact and that it was responsible for creating those urges in you, but he made it clear that it was your responsibility to rebuke it and not act on such misplaced desires. See, knowing all of this and that you were wrestling with that Lust Demon, made me seriously wonder if what you said on the stand was a front to cover up your sick desire to be with olden men.

Your tears were real, I'll give you that. You don't fake cry, but do you lie? Maybe you would and I'll tell you why I think that. I've known for a long time that your family struggles with money, lives paycheck to paycheck, constantly struggling to make it. Mainly because your father is starving artist.

In 2022, your mother, Lizette told my mother, Celine, that Rhett predicated if something didn't change by 2024, he was going to file for bankruptcy and Lizetta wasn't sure what would come of her family or Rhett's artist career if that happened. So here comes 2024 and with that, this alleged rape from my father. That night was supposed to have been the best night of our lives. We had been crowned as prom queens and the only two girls in history to be elected. Everyone agreed we were the most beautiful people in our grade and the judges couldn't pick one, so they declared both of us winners.

It was an unexpected turn out for the judges, but no one was upset about it. We were going to attend the gala together with our Plus Ones and were going to be personally escorted by our schools elite VIPS. Drake Reynalds, the Prom King of 2020 and the new Prom King and quarter back, Shawn Freeman. To be seen with them and have them as our escorts was top tier social status.

That night would have been perfect... only, it wasn't. I admit, I was running late getting home because mother and I were picking out the perfect dressed, jewelry and hair décor. I know how you feel about dressing up and stuff, but you're my soulmate and I wanted us to appear as equals to the public. Imagine my shock when I finally did come home with three hours to spare before the gala and discovered that you had went home and weren't attending. At the time, I thought it was something you ate. I know at lunch you said the meal hadn't agreed with you and you felt sick to your stomach, so I honestly didn't think much of you backing out at last minute and going home.

Looks like the joke was on me. I leave you alone with my father and find out on months later that you and him had sex, in my house... on the night you and I should have been shining as stars at the gala. Maxie, do you have any idea how much stress and sorrow you've caused me and my family? That confession was not what I was expecting and it nicely came out of nowhere. Why? Why?! Why didn't you tell me before your court date?

If you are innocent, I believe you should have come to me in private and explained yourself. Instead of facing me, you kept this information to yourself and dropped the "truth" on everyone. That's what upsets me more than anything. If you're so innocent, why didn't act like anything was wrong before it all went down? You avoided me at school, at church a few times and didn't seem comfortable being alone with me, that much I picked up on.

But in my defense, I thought you were keeping some distance due to you feeling guilty about dissing me at the gala. A week and weekend pass, you appear and act fine. You're not being distant anymore, you were okay and suddenly, we're back to doing what we always do. Sneaking out of our houses to go party with my friends uptown, meeting up at the tree house to eat junk food and talk about whatever came to mind. Nothing and I mean nothing, would have made me think you were suffering a trauma. Your front fooled me and I never would have suspected you had been raped by my father. Take this information of what I saw from you into account when I made my decision to side with father.

I wanted to defend you, but that is one person I cannot defeat. Even if I was able to run to your defense, I was too shocked and angry to consider siding with you. I would have preferred you to confess your attraction of my father so I could have warned him. I'd protect him and you in the same breath, as you both are the two ultimate loves of my life. Well, was. You were one of the ultimate loves of my life and maybe... you still are. I want to think I would have still embraced you after the trial and did my best to comfort you, but since I have perceived your confession as a lie to cover up a past fetish you made known to me for years, I can no longer protect you or run to your defense.

Now there's rumors going around that I set you up to do it and that the two of us were in on it. This isn't true, I never pressured you to have sex with my father. Why would I do such a thing? Your father, Rhett Sarsfield and my father, River Chamott, are childhood best friends. Their friendship was solid, transparent and honest.

The idea that I would sabotage their soulmatehood behind their backs and encourage Rhett's own flesh and blood to lay with mine is too much. It's just too much! I could how this would work if I had a beef with your father, but I have never had vendetta against Rhett. I loved him like a second father and he cherished me, like a second daughter.

Despite being interrogated by the police and forced to prove I had nothing to do with your decision that night, I'm still looked at like I'm the villain by certain crowds. As if things couldn't get any worse, I'm getting the cold shoulder from our peers at school then I faced harsh judgement from the church that I am proudly no longer a part of. All it took was one person accusing me of staging the whole thing and I was done. Evidently the church folk believe you're innocent and thoroughly have convinced themselves I was the "demonic" influence over you from the beginning.

I told you didn't I, that Christians can be bullies. Judgy too. Thanks Sarsfield. Now our town is divided. Half the town is for you and the other half is for me. Even though I am ticked at you, I'm more livid over being barred from seeing you. I understand why, but I would think you and I sitting down face to face to talk about what happened would have been the better choice for our situation, but our parents didn't think so. We aren't allowed to hang out at all and this somehow is more damaging to me than your trial.

Your father is forcing you to stay home, far away from me. My father isn't forcing me to stay away from you, but he's making it known that I shouldn't go around you and keep distance in public if we cross paths to avoid further damage to our families. I can't believe in the middle of this stupid war your family did in fact, go bankrupt and are currently preparing to relocate elsewhere. For the public's sake, your father will say it's because the economy is bad and that he can't make enough money to sustain his family, but I know its because of the trial and what allegedly happened between you and my father.

When I sit down and look at everything, I want you to know something so pay real close attention. You had medical evidence that my father penetrated you, the Forensic Team did prove that he was drunk when the rape happened, so that I can't say you made up. However, my father's version of what happened makes more sense and I will happily tell you why I choose to this day, to stand with my father and approved of the jury finding you guilty. Like me, Father knew of your family's financial situation. He did offer to pay everything and anything, but your father didn't feel right taking so much money and not having a way to pay it back.

After being rejected five times by Rhett, father came to my room one night and told me he was deeply concerned that your family would do something bad. If not to him, to someone in town. He went so far as to say you all would rob a bank. I rebuked this nonsense and assured father that your family wasn't bad and your deity, Elohim, doesn't condone sin or approve of wicked acts like that.

Father understood me and where I was coming from, but gently argued that hard times and pressure can change a person if they're not careful amd that rough situations bring out the worst or the best in people. His concerns were warranted because shortly after this conversation, our gala event took place and well... we all know what happened next.

Look, enough ranting and rambling on about stuff I can't fix. I need time Maxie. I need time to review the entire situation and revisit father's testimony and finally, your testimony before I can make a sound decision in the future. However, I can't do that if you refuse to answer your texts, emails, physical mail or pick up the phone and talk to me. I can't hold onto our soulmatehood for much longer either. It seems odd to refer to you as my soulmate when you aren't even here or remotely active in my life at the moment. Oh yeah... before I end this pointless entry, there's more thing I need to jolt down. Something I hope to make sense of one day.

Set aside everything that's going on and think with me, all right? If you ever read this, I have a serious question for you. One that I think you should also think about. All right, so... at the courthouse in the lobby waiting to go into the court room with me and so many others, was this man. He stood out from everyone there. He was very handsome, had tan skinned, rich, brown eyes and dark auburn hair slicked back with gel.

He had a beard, but it was well kept and trimmed and he dressed like he was straight out of the Old Money era. His posture was calm, but I could tell there was a powerful presence to him. We made eye contact one time. He smiled at me briefly and when I was going to leave mother's side to go see who he was, the doors opened and everyone hurried inside. Everyone except for him. That man waited for every person to enter the court room and only stepped inside after the bailiffs walked past him and started to shut the doors.

I was there for you and my father, but I found myself looking over my shoulder in my seat at the back, right at that man. He had a lot of admirers because at that point, several citizens had taken notice of him. I heard the hushed whispers of the elders and the excited squeals of the young women, all who hoped he was single. He ignored them all and his facial expressions remained very serious, so much to the point I wondered if maybe this man was sent from another district to observe the trial. Or maybe he was a government official and was forced to attend the trial? Either way, he was not happy and while you were talking about the incident and what father did to you that night, that man honed in on your confession.

Unlike me and most people in the room, he appeared to be for you, not against you. The longer you spoke, the more I caught him crossing his arms, wagging his knee back and forth and shaking his head, as if he couldn't believe that father did such a vile act to a person. When father took the stand, his demeanor changed so fast it startled me.

Maxie, please tell me you saw the way my father paled when he that man stared at him? Did you see it too or were you too busy keeping your head down? I hope you saw what I did because it left me feeling confused, concerned and anxious. Father was being asked several questions by your lawyer. He would nod or shake his head when your lawyer pressed him, but his eyes were slanted in anger and his gaze was set on that man in the back, sitting in the bench closest to the exit. Father's testimony was slightly shorter than yours. He talked for twenty-five minutes and during that time, he never flinched, he never became emotional or lost his composure.

He and that man in the back stared each other down and I glanced between them, struggling to understand the connection he had with my father and how he cold affect father like that. There was something off somewhere. There was an unspoken tension in the air too. I felt threatened by it and wanted to escape it, but with so many people around and my mother gripping my hand in worry, I couldn't get up and ask that man to leave the court room.

Clearly, he was making father uncomfortable. The judge didn't seem to pick up on any of this, neither did the bailiffs. I really wanted him to leave and eventually, he did. He was the last to enter the court room and after father gave his confession, that man was the first to stand up and ask for permission to leave. The jury hadn't been dismissed, the verdict had yet to be announced and that man wanted to leave? After all that flex of intimidating my father, he up and left?

The only reason I'm brining this man up right now and asking if you noticed him, is because I wondered if you knew him. Apparently, after he left the court room, went down to the clerk and left a note addressed to me, but the message was for you. By the time mother and I left the court room, it was well past noon. She wanted to go to the lobby where the clerk's station is located and get a snack out of the vending machine.

While mother was occupied with finding a snack, the clerk waved me over and told me the man had left me a message and it was for my eyes only. When I asked her if she got a name, she shook her head and said that he didn't offer her his name and insisted that I read the note. I took the paper, opened it up and the message read,

"Think what you want about what happened to your friend and your father. No matter how you feel about the outcome of this trial or who you think is telling the truth, it will not change the fate of your friend. My client has informed me of her gift and I simply cannot let such an opportunity slip away. Given with what has happened, Miss Sarsfield will be at a loss and possibly withdraw from society due to the scandal. As much as I feel for her, she has been selected to meet with me and my client. This is not a suggestion or a scam. I simply returned to Purity Vale to collect Miss Sarsfield. When you see her, tell her not look for me.

I will find her and if you interfere with our meeting, I will not hesitate to have you escorted away from the meeting location. This message was made with Black Crystal, so once you have finished reading it, the note will dissolve and leave no trace. It is pointless to go to the police and report this. You will not have evidence to support your case, so do yourself a favor and don't get the authorities involved. The only reason I am going out of my way to tell you about this is because I know for a fact, that out of everyone in Miss Sarsfield's life, you are the biggest obstacle and threat I would have to deal with. Be good little girl, do as I say and warn Miss Sarsfield for me. If you fail to do so, it will not prevent what I came to Purity Vale to do. I thought it would be kind of me to give you a opportunity to say goodbye to her before I recruited her for Le Jeu.

Signed,

Your Enemy."

I've seen so many death threats and messages like this growing up in my house it, the man's note was child's play. I didn't take his threat or his order to get up with you to heart, but maybe I should have? You would think such a cryptic, demanding message would motivate me a little bit, but no. I was too mad and wounded over what happened to really take the message seriously. It's only been a few days since the trial and I haven't gotten any more messages from that man and I haven't see him lurking about town either.

I know we're fighting and all, but I'm not so heartless I'd let you walk into a trap or get mixed up in… what did he call it? Le Bu? Le Jeu. That's right. I know that word. It's French for, "The Game". With so much going on, is it so strange that a random, handsome man would show up at your trial and basically want to strike a deal with you? I wish I could say it wasn't a big deal and I could ignore it, but I can't. I suppose at the end of the day, you will always be my weakness and I, being the heroic knight that I am, will always want you to be safe.

That man—whoever he was, was definitely not safe. So, you know what? If that man wasn't blowing smoke and he really intends to find you, I will literally drop everything I'm feeling over this situation so I can rescue you from him and his client. Our fight is personal and deserves a peaceful ending. I can't have that if someone else spirts you away from me and puts you in dangerous situation.

For your safety and possibly your future's sake, we will have to meet up, sooner than later. I think I will end this here, get dressed, grab my gun and risk going to your house to meet with you. That man wanted me do that, but please know I'm not going to risk our parents wrath to see you for that (———).I'm going to see you and I want to figure out a solution. One that will be favorable to us both. My plan is to reconcile and repair our relationship and figure out the truth so I can sleep easier at night.

And I need to do this before that creep fins you because I... because I still love you and can't stand the thought of living without you.

If I refuse to let our parents divide us over what's going on I sure as (——) won't tolerate this man and his client wanting to swoop in and intercept you. Besides… his message mentioned something about you having a gift. What. Gift? When I finally get to you, not only are we going to get to the bottom of what happened that night between you and my father, but you are going to enlightening me about this gift. It's not fair that some third party stalker knows about it and I, the best friend, have no clue about it. That's another strike against you, but I'm going to let it go. I think the stuff going on with my father and now this mystery man, is enough for you and I to deal with.

December 19th, 2024

Once again, you owe me Sarsfield. I went and met that man and his client and arranged a deal to keep them away from you. However, before I get into all of that, I want to talk about something else... something I've been meaning to tell you for a while. So... um... do you remember the foreign exchange student that was in our class. Amber Fierce. Does that name ring any bells? If not, that's okay. I know you weren't close with a lot of our classmates, much less would take notice of a babe like Amber. Honestly, how could you? The majority of our classmates bullied you, refused to talk to you or just didn't want you hanging around them for whatever reason.

This attitude from the masses made you withdraw, cower away easily from building relationships and numb to the world around you. It's no wonder you didn't pick up on Amber or see the way she looked at you. As Amber's closest companion, I can say on her behalf that Amber wanted to be friends with you Maxie. In fact, she desired for the three of us to be a close knit ring, similar to a court of maidens and when I reveal who Amber Fierce really is, you'll understand why she wanted an inner circle of people she could depend on.

Going back to Amber, I can't believe how someone as charismatic, charming and direct like her couldn't get your attention, build up the courage to speak to you on campus or in town. When Amber first arrived at Purity School, she was instantly popular with everyone and stood out in a lovely way. It was totally her French accent that made her desirable by the boys and her flawless figure that made the cheerleaders and preps's neck break in resentment. Hands down, Amber. Is. Hot. Hotter than me and you know it's serious business when I can admit another girl is prettier than me and you.

Yes, you. You don't give yourself enough credit in this area and it (---) me off when you don't see that or think you're attractive. You know, Amber thought you were extremely talented. After she got settled in and familiar with the layout of our school, she found herself watching you take photos of me and nature and such. I showed her the photo prints of and she was impressed with your work. She also admitted she thought you were very pretty and she wished she could look like you. Yeah. You heard right.

She, a girl who looks like she's straight out of a model magazine or a K-Pop band, was jealous of your long silky, dark hair, grey-blueish eyes that sparkle in the sunlight, your creamy skin and your curvy, slim body. To be fair, I can see why she would be jealous. I'm jealous of your beauty too, despite that majority of the citizens of Purty Vake are immigrants from France and Britian and a large number of the families around here have striking genetics.

You're part Irish and French, I'm fully French and Amber? That bella is primarily French, but a little bit into our friendship, she told me she's also British on her father's side. I **love** how her British accent comes out when she's tipsy, drunk or stoned and how she will only speak in French when she's angry. How do I know this? Because Amber and I... sort of became soulmates and got to know each other pretty well. We hang out in our secret lair and do illegal activities when no one is looking. Before you flip out, no, I never took her to the tree house. I would never take Amber there because that's our special place and it doesn't seem right to bring her there without your knowledge or permission. Your dad built it for us so as a get around, Amber and I hang out in a shutdown warehouse factory my family owns. It was there she and I got personal and learned more about each other.

If you're thinking a month's time is too sudden or we rushed everything, please don't. You and I bonded in a week when we first met in pre-school. A week, Sarsfield. Look what we accomplished in a week and over time, naturally we just got closer. Amber may not have grown up in Purty Vale with me, but she still managed to steal my heart, just like you did. Let's see, if I remember correctly, Amber transferred to our school in August and by the end of the month, we hit off and became closer than either of us anticipated. I believe Amber and I are soulmates, but you told me that Book soulmates have a spiritual connection and the Lord ties the souls together and that it's a unique bond, one that far surpasses physical attraction for the opposite sex.

King David and Jonathan were soulmates and had this unique bond and Elohim knit their souls together and when he died, you told David admitted his ahavah for Jonathan went beyond his physical desire for women. You know, I have to admit to you that don't really get all that, but you did and insisted we had that between us.

Despites my doubts, I eventually believed you and didn't question your spiritual discernment on that subject. You are the stronger Christian and seem to have enlightenment of the Lord where I do not. That's our history though. Amber isn't a Christian and doesn't seem to think one needs to be a Chistian to have a "soulmate". After attending a few services with you two years ago, I confessed Christ and got baptize, confessed Christ as my Savior with sincere intentions. Do I study like you do? Not anymore, but back then I studied and learned enough about the Book and the requirements to live a sanctified life to inherit eternal life. But now things are different. You're mixed up in a scandal with my father, we're not on good terms, you're not even trying to speak to me and even though I try to reach for you, the second my parents see that I'm going after you, they cut me off and forbid me to contact you.

Ironically, all I have now is Amber. Well, hold on. Let me retract that. I was already clinging to Amber in secret, running around Purty Vale and doing stuff behind your back long before your trial was even a thing.

Since you're not exactly active in my life right now, I've been pouring all my extra time into her and I don't live the life of a Christian anymore. I suddenly found myself backsliding when Amber came into my life. I thought I could handle it though and keep it quiet and not worry about it too much, but the more we hung out, the more wilder everything got and before I knew it, I was her top pick and favorite person to be around.

This is partly due to how she saw through my act to be a "good person". See, with you gone, there's no reason to try to be a hood person. There's no one spiritually sound in my life to remind me that what I say and do, will get me in trouble with Elohim. Temptations are present when Amber is around me and I am unable to resist those temptations. When we sneak out to see each other, that's the worst "sin" we do. Breaking curfew on occasional and having pizza at the tree house is child's play compared to what I've done with Amber.

We never got high or got drunk. The most we attempted when it came to savoring alcohol, was tasting my mother's wine last year at New Years. Our families were together and gave us permission to sample the wine. It was so bitter and nasty thought. I didn't have anymore after that that second sip. I was fine and went about the evening, but twenty minutes later, you put a hand on your stomach and said you didn't feel good and before I could ask you what was wrong, you grabbed onto me and threw the wine up... right on my chest and ruined my dress in the process.

That incident doesn't count seeing as how my mother poured the glasses for us and our parents watched us drink the wine. When I drink with Amber, it's fully intended and when we get drunk we always wind up in the strangest places outside of the warehouse. Not all the time, but sometimes we wake up in locations we didn't anticipate visiting. Like at the beach, the park or the closed down trailer court where Crazy Jimbo used to live. Maxie, when I'm with Amber, it's like... I'm fire and she's gasoline.

When we're together it's a blast, a high I cannot get when I'm with you. I mean no offense when I say that, but it's the truth. You have your secret struggle with older men, but to your credit you didn't act on the urge until you decided to pounce my father. Until I can get you alone and talk to you directly, I will say alleged. (---) the jury and the "evidence" father's lawyer had. We need to talk about it in depth. You're going to face me and tell me everything one way or another.

Let's pretend for sake of argument, you gave into your urges. You're so devoted to Elohim you'd ask Them for forgiveness and work really had to not fall into the snare trap of enemy to avoid committing inequity. Hmm. Once upon a time, I was on that path with you and didn't seem to mind it. Working on my sanctification wasn't boring when we were doing it together, but I faked my relationship with the Lord, four weeks after Amber arrived in town.

Sadly, I just couldn't let go of my fleshly desires and that probably makes me a bad person in your eyes, right? I lied after all, about my faith when I hung out with you. I pacified you because I knew once before, I faked being a Christian to impress you and keep you close. Please know that when I confessed at church I meant it and up until Amber came into my life, I was solid in my faith and working on myself, but now? Sigh. Now I've reverted back to my old ways.

I should have told you about it, but I couldn't find the right time to do admit it and now I'm not able to be with you, which in a way, justifies me turning to Amber since you're just not a option at the moment. I fully admit, in this journal, that when I'm with Amber I cuss more, I wear indecent clothes and have transgress the laws that Elohim hates. You know what this whole ordeal with Amger have done for me? It's shown me my true self. I just can't be a good Chistian when I'm with Amber. I openly walk into the snare traps of the enemy, don't care what happens and thoroughly enjoy myself.

It's obvious that you two affect me in different ways and I'm not sure who I want more. You've been with me since we were kids and have known me for years. Amber's only been in my life for a month and so many weeks and yet, it feels like a lifetime. Before all this scandal happened, we had a phone call and I wanted to be reminded about soulmates. Mainly because I wanted to be sure I was telling Amber the correct information and I wasn't going to do my own research at the point. You had already done it, so it seemed pointless to dig into the Book when I had walked away from the faith.

On that call you explained to me how we're connected, are soulmates and meet the Book's definition of the word when I asked you what made us soulmates. After listening to your words, I realized Amber met all of those qualifications. Just through away the holy part and she's right there with us. I guess I should say sorry for using you like that, but the cause was just. I think? Well. Now you know about Amber. Oh yeah, I also asked Ambe to me my second soulmate one day on the drama club and she resisted at first, thought I had a crush on her.

I did not and made that abundantly clear to her. After we became besties I have decided to protect her, just as I have done with you. If you ever read this and get edgy over the fact that I asked Amber to be my second soulmate, I don't know what to tell you. Get over it? Shove off? It was my decision, I asked her and I'm glad she did. Even she eventually admitted being soulmates was worth it, but she doesn't claim the holy aspect of it. Which is fine, I guess, I just know that what Amber and I have is equal to what I have with you. Our ahavah is more than just basic friendship and goes beyond mortal comprehension.

If and when Amber Fierce repents of her double life and ungodly ways, I will have no choice I guess but to come clean too, repent and return to Elohim like a defeated dog with its tail between its legs. You're already a Christian, I am no longer a Christian and Amber is not a Christian and could care less about that stuff. I was sincere when I went to church with you, but she's defiantly not going to church or interested in having a relationship with other Christians.

Yet she knows you're saved, goes to church regularly and wants to ask to be her friend? Sounds like chaos waiting to happen, but hey, at least you two would have me as common factor and if things get too heated, I know what you two like and I know how I'll diffuse situations that would lead to a falling out. That is the last thing I would want in a trio. And this is solely based on if you are innocent. If you're not and I find out you truly have lied about my father, I refuse to let Amber be your friend and our soulmatehood will officially be annulled.

Moving back to Amber though, do you see why it came as a surprise when she told me she wanted to seek you out and become your friend too? I had already informed her about your personality, openly told her you went to church and weren't about a sinner's life, Amber didn't care. She glossed past the warnings and pursued you anyway. She debated for weeks on how to approach you. I caught her staring at you with a combination on fear and determination on her face. I couldn't stand to see how hard she was reaching for you and you indirectly leave

the classrooms or get up from a bench and walk off as she was approaching you, so I decided I would talk to you about it and formally introduce the two of you when the right opportunity came.

Amber was thrilled to hear this news and said she'd wait for me to do this, but Amber didn't get the chance to meet you because Amber is missing. She's been missing for quite some time. She and her family, are nowhere to be found. The police are looking into the this and believe she, and her parents were murdered or moved away without telling anyone. Your trial was on December 12th. I reported Amber missing on December 2nd after school when she failed to answer my texts, calls and skipped school in general. You didn't notice her missing I bet. You didn't really put in much effort to notice her from day one, but you should know that Amber has never missed a day of school since she transferred to Party Vale.

If you think I'm overreacting, I'm not. Amber is punctual and would never miss, not even if she felt like ditching. Amber wanted to have a good track

record, she also wanted to make a good impression with our teachers. She did this to keep them occupied and wanted everyone to see her as a role model student, but in reality, it was a front she used to conceal her true identity and motives. Are you ready for this Maxie? Amber Fierce, is a princess! I was drunk the night she told me this and woke up to her on top of me and staring at me with such a chilling expression, I shuddered on the bed, almost fearful she was going to hurt me. She asked me if I remembered what she had said last night, I said no, I didn't remember. She must have thought I wouldn't believe her either way, because she had a briefcase with her. She got off me and went to the table opened the briefcase up for me to see. I got off the bed, went over to sit at the table and inside of the briefcase was documents with official seals from people I don't even know about in France.

For this next part to make sense, I need to inform you of what she told me, so there's no misunderstandings here. I know very little about my French heritage, but Amber knows so much more about it and when it came to her royal

title, she had some concrete evidence that I couldn't debunk even if I wanted to. So, let's start with the facts of French history. There are several pretenders to the French throne. There are descendants of Louis, the Bourbonists, the descendants of Louis-Philippe, the Orléanists and the descendants of Napoleon, the Bonapartists.

They all more or less pretend to be the rightful king of France. They are not taken seriously by anyone and I think it's because the ideal of the French Revolution stuck in people's minds, the rights of man, et., and the overturning of the old feudal system where the common people didn't have a voice. The flag and the principles of the Revolution are still things that are in the minds of French people today, the Citizens' Rights are even on the wall of school classrooms. The Revolution certainly didn't work out like that initially, but the principles were always strove for.

The French actually restored their monarchy a few times under different guises and they had various systems of republics as well. They actually didn't want to restore the monarchy in the late 18th Century, but the claimant, the Comte de Chambord, refused to take the throne unless the tricolor flag (from the Revolution) was changed. The Government refused, so they reverted to being a republic and have remained so. In Britain it was different.

Once Charles I was executed, what replaced it was a strict dictatorship under Oliver Cromwell, who was basically king in all but name. His position of Lord Protector even passed on to his son after his death. The ideals attached to the republic were strict and Puritan, too strict for most people. So, they invited Charles II back on the condition that Parliament made the rules. He of course accepted and power from the monarch continued to be eroded. I also think the key thing here to understand, is that when France had a republic, the people agreed with the principles and subsequent monarchies were not successful. In Britain, people did not agree with the republican principles and the subsequent monarchy

was successful. Amber's family, is not connected to this. She's royalty and has a kingdom in France that governs a republic that her family purchased. So basically, she's not the princess of France, but she is the princess of this republic in France, a city that was bought out by her father, Jousue VI.

The Government of France acknowledge this move on Jouse's part and evidently, regard her family as royalty. As royals, they are also aware of the French history and being French, they don't claim the throne like the "Pretenders" do. They jut got up with the right people, got approved and boom. Royality. I really didn't want to think she was telling the truth, but those documents and royal seals said a different story. So, there's that. What I can't quite understand is why Amber and her family wanted to leave their republic and their people to come live in Purty Vale Oregan in the United States where they don't have any tug or control over anything.

Amber said she has a big brother who was the firstborn and should rightly inherit their father's throne, but her mother, Olympia, did not wish for this. She wanted Amber to be the queen and reign instead. Josue agreed to Olympia's terms and Amber was then promoted to inheritance should something happen to them and obviously, if something happened to Amber, her brother, Jousue VII, would take over and become the king. Amber didn't want anyone outside of me to discuss this so I can't tell you the name of the republic in France or where her republic is located.

I get that's she's not here right now, but in the chance that she does pop up or the police find her and her family and you two do get to meet, I don't want to betray her trust. Amber is my other soulmate, a real princess and she's missing Maxie. I've looked all over, asked people if they've seen her and no one has any leads. Sadly, the only thing this town seems interested in—is you. You and my father. It's upsetting and bothersome and I the longer this drags on, the higher chances of her being found alive are slim to none.

And to think, she went missing ten days before your trial. Not to mention, that man who wanted to meet with you shows up at your trial and left that note. Is this all connected somehow? It sure looks that way. All the more reason that I go meet him and see what he wants. I am going so I can protect you, I am going going for my own curiosity, but I'm also going because I strongly suspect this man knows about Amber. I believe he knows exactly who Amber and her family is and if that theory is true, then my life is about to get even more stranger and dangerous. Not that danger has ever intimated me. If I find out that Bryce is also involved and has done something with Amber, I might be in the courtroom next. Wanted for murder. Yes. Murder.

Don't take this wrong, but I am not kidding when I say I will kill for you and I will kill for Amber. If it came down to choosing you and Amber over someone else and we're all in a life or death situation, don't you know, I'd destroy the one who is threatening you two? I'd take them out and not think twice and self-defense isn't my only motive when considering to take a life.

You two are the only people I sincerely and deeply love. You're irreplaceable. Bryce was once a threat to you and I put a stop to that. I had his gun in my hand and was all too willing to blow his brains out to keep you safe. Now, there's this mystery man in the mix and his client who wants you for some deranged reason and Amber is nowhere to be found. When people start messing with what makes my heartbeat, they best expect bloodshed if I don't get my way. Having our parents keep us apart is heart wrenching, but not knowing where Amber is at is pure torture.

I won't harm our parents obviously, but outsiders and anyone daring to interfere with my soulmates like this are different. I will hurt them. So, if it does come out that my father truly raped you and conjured lies to defame and frame you for a crime you didn't commit, as much as I love him, he will pay for what he did to you. Will I take my father's life? Not physically, but socially and declare him dead to me? Absolutely.

The only way I would physically end my father is if tried to hurt you in my presence. Then and only then would I restrain him and if came down to pulling a trigger... so be it. As much as I want to continue writing this, I need to stop now and get ready. Later tonight, I have to go meet with that man and his client again. Their names are foreign to me. Gustavo was the man who left me the note in the lobby and his client's name is Yaso' Fe Lawn. Gustavo said to come alone and to not let anyone see me leave the manor. I agreed to their terms, but only because I want Gustavo and Yaso to leave Purity Vale and my family alone. Weird things are going on currently and it's making me feel really restless.

For starters, mother hasn't come back from the store. It's 8:45 PM and she left the manor at 2:00 PM. We didn't need a lot of food and for her to be out this late for a small food run isn't like her. At all. Father is acting frantic and packing luggage. He said earlier that he wants the entire family to spend the remainder of my winter break at our lodge in Bend. I'm down for that, but I made it known to him I wanted to see you.

He said no, like I knew he would. Too bad for him, after I'm done meeting with Gustavo and Yaso, I am going to your place to see you. Personally, I told him if he up and went away in the middle of the scandal, it would make him look bad. I said a guilty man would run off so soon after the trial and that it was in his better interest to stay in Purity Vale. Father insisted he was innocent and that you were the villain here and that the pressure from the media and the trial is too much for him to handle and wants to take a few weeks off.

Guess when you're a Mayor you can do that? Pfft. Whatever. He can't leave until mother comes home anyway. From the looks of it, she isn't coming home soon and my meeting with Gustavo and Yaso is in 15 minutes. Either way, I am not going to be here for father to order around. When I'm done with those men and my own little investigation, I will come find you and we'll figure this out. Properly. For your sake you better innocent Sarsfield.

Siding with my father wasn't easy, but it's going to get even more complicated for me if he's the villain because then, I have to apologize to you, ask for forgiveness then figure out how to deal with him legally. I say legally, because I made it clear earlier I would take his life if he dared to harm you in my presence. I meant that. Anyway, wait for me a little longer. I'll see you soon and after I get to bottom of what's going between you and father, maybe you and I can team up and look for Amber together. I'd... really like that. Although even if it comes out you lied to me and father is innocent, I would never be able to off you. You're always going to be dear to me and my weakness, which will make any kind of threat useless when I'm around you.

Umm... I'm really sorry for not telling you about Amber before now. I wasn't ashamed of what we had and I wasn't trying to hide her, but given with your Christian lifestyle and me not able to maintain my walk with Elohim, I knew that it would be an unequally yoked exchange. I'm greedy Maxie. I wanted you and Amber both, so I kept her a secret and you close.

She wanted to meet you and I was going to introduce her to you, but I had to seriously figure out how to go about that and how to explain the real Amber to you. Not the Amber you saw at school or out and about in public eye. I suppose this is Elohim getting back at me, eh? I kept Amber hidden, engaged in darkness and couldn't find the right opportunity to let you two meet each other. Now both of you are out of my reach, we're not allowed to see each other, Amber and her family is missing and I hate it. I (-----) hate how this has turned out and I feel like I've lost everything.

Money, fame, popularity doesn't come close to what I have with you and Amber. I... I really hope Gustavo or Yaso know what happened to her. If they don't, maybe I can find her brother, let him know what's going on and he can help me? Yeah right. There's no way a prince would help a commoner like me. But you never know. If I can convince him that Amber approved of me and showed me the briefcase it might change Josue's view of me.

If and when that happens, I want you with me and I want us to find Amber together. It would make me happy and maybe after she's found, we can become the trio Amber was hoping for. (—) it Maxie, you need to be innocent. Writing all these scenarios out and reading it for myself makes me realizes two painful facts. A, I can't hate you and push you away forever. You are truly a love of my life. B, guilty or not, I can't stand seeing you hurt by anyone, even if that someone is me.

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