

Mike, Hopper and Dean were currently frozen to the spot as they listened intently to what was going on, on the other side of the door.

It was beginning to make their crotches stir.

The sound of running water and hot steam easing out of the cracked door was only the beginning of it.

Mike, Hopper and Dean could also hear three, feminine, voices describing to each other how great the touch and feel of the sensual massages they were, supposedly, giving to one another felt and that they were eager to continue exploring one another.

Grabbing each other in excitement, it was Hopper who first made the move.

He was drawn by a scent...

A scent, he was positive, belonged to Shontasia.

He had to see her.

Telling the other two to calm down, he crept toward the cracked door. Peering inward, he was met with nothing but steam.

Confident that he could open the door further, as the multiple girls were somewhere deep within the bathroom, he began to do so slowly.

As the steam further poured out, the giggling and sensualization of the three women in moving forth with their exploration became louder and more prominent.

With the door now open sufficiently and the steam fully cleared, Hopper did not find three naked women in his line of vision.

Instead... Hopper was staring down the double barrels of, what he was definitively certain, a shotgun.

Before he could do something simple as react in scream, the shotgun had already blasted away, obliterating Hoppers head in its entirety. The blood splatters and few, miniscule, pieces of Hoppers head remains did douse Mike and Dean, though not in full saturation.

The two stared in anguish as the headless corpse managed to take a few steps backward and then topple over.

It was Dean who then made the first move. Tearing past Mike, he was out the door and ripping down the hallway.

Mike too joined in the fleeing when suddenly the entire hallway, beyond the hallway, safe to presume the entire Sorority complex, became lit by considerably bright, radiant lights.

The prior blaring party music had vanished along with all other sounds. All that could be heard, emitting from in-built speakers throughout the Sorority complex, was that of giggles.

Multiple giggles.

Unnerving, distressing giggles.