

AVALON UNIVERSITY

BLOOD
&
BETRAYALS

BOOK ONE

JEANETTE ROSE & ALEXIS RUNE

BLOOD & BETRAYALS

AVALON UNIVERSITY

BOOK ONE

ALEXIS RUNE

JEANETTE ROSE

CONTENTS

[Content Advisory](#)

[Prologue](#)

1. [Summer](#)
2. [Summer](#)
3. [Summer](#)
4. [Summer](#)
5. [Summer](#)
6. [Summer](#)
7. [Summer](#)
8. [Summer](#)
9. [Summer](#)
10. [Summer](#)
11. [Summer](#)
12. [Summer](#)
13. [Summer](#)
14. [Summer](#)

15. [Summer](#)

16. [Summer](#)

17. [Summer](#)

18. [Summer](#)

19. [Summer](#)

20. [Summer](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

22. [Summer](#)

23. [Summer](#)

24. [Summer](#)

25. [Summer](#)

26. [Summer](#)

27. [Summer](#)

28. [Summer](#)

29. [Summer](#)

[Chapter 30](#)

31. [Summer](#)

32. [Summer](#)

33. [Summer](#)

34. [Summer](#)

35. [Summer](#)

36. [Summer](#)

37. [Summer](#)

38. [Summer](#)

[Chapter 39](#)

40. [Summer](#)

41. [Summer](#)

42. [Summer](#)

43. [Summer](#)

44. [Summer](#)

45. [Summer](#)

46. [Summer](#)

47. [Summer](#)

48. [Summer](#)

49. [Summer](#)

50. [Summer](#)

51. [Summer](#)

52. [Summer](#)

53. [Summer](#)

54. [Summer](#)

55. [Summer](#)

56. [Summer](#)

57. [Summer](#)

58. [Summer](#)

59. [Summer](#)

60. [Summer](#)

61. [Summer](#)

62. [Summer](#)

63. [Summer](#)

64. [Summer](#)

65. [Summer](#)

66. [Summer](#)

67. [Summer](#)

68. [Summer](#)

69. [Summer](#)

70. [Summer](#)

71. [Summer](#)

72. [Summer](#)

73. [Summer](#)

[Chapter 74](#)

75. [Summer](#)

76. [Summer](#)

77. [Summer](#)

78. [Summer](#)

79. [Summer](#)

80. [Summer](#)

81. [Summer](#)

82. [Summer](#)

83. [Summer](#)

84. [Summer](#)

85. [Summer](#)

[Chapter 86](#)

87. [Summer](#)

88. [Summer](#)

89. [Summer](#)

90. [Summer](#)

91. [Summer](#)
92. [Summer](#)
93. [Summer](#)
94. [Summer](#)
95. [Summer](#)
96. [Summer](#)
97. [Summer](#)
98. [Summer](#)
99. [Summer](#)
100. [Summer](#)
101. [Summer](#)
102. [Summer](#)
103. [Summer](#)
104. [Summer](#)
105. [Summer](#)
106. [Summer](#)
107. [Summer](#)
108. [Summer](#)
109. [Summer](#)

110. [Summer](#)

111. [Summer](#)

112. [Summer](#)

113. [Summer](#)

114. [Summer](#)

115. [Summer](#)

116. [Summer](#)

117. [Summer](#)

118. [Summer](#)

119. [Summer](#)

120. [Summer](#)

121. [Summer](#)

122. [Summer](#)

123. [Summer](#)

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***For all the readers who watched their world burn to ash, and
could do nothing but scream.***

CONTENT ADVISORY

Extreme Violence

Stalking

Gore

Explicit Sexual Content

Implied Sexual Assault [Historical]

Emotional Abuse [Historical]

Physical Abuse [Historical]

Torture

Alcohol & Drug Abuse

Death

Grief

Portrayals of Anxiety & Post Traumatic Stress Disorder

Portrayals of Undiagnosed Borderline Personality Disorder

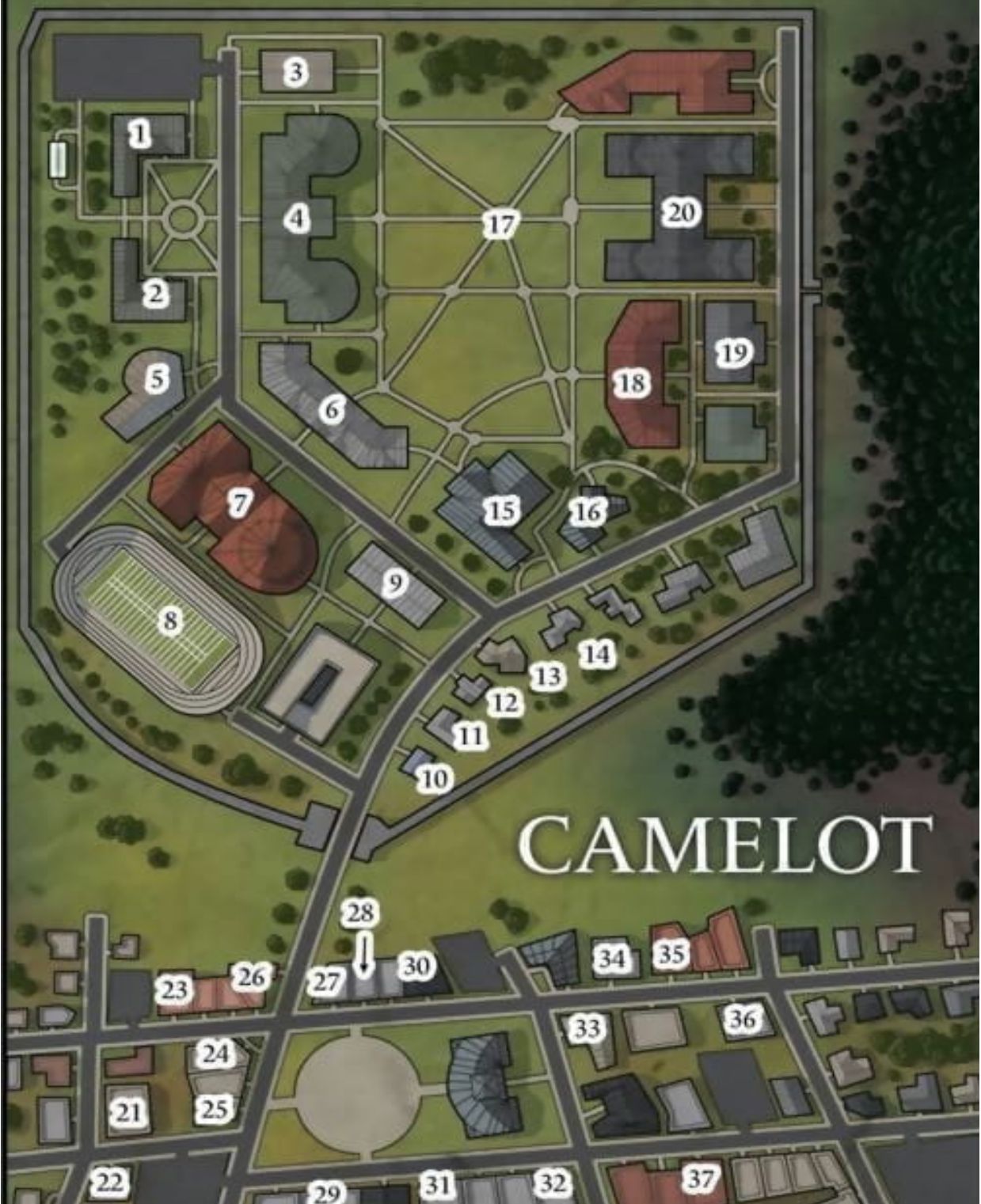
(Summer) *

**** It should be noted that at no part in this series does Summer become diagnosed or come to this realization herself, nor should she be considered a completely accurate representation of those who experience this disorder. BPD affects 2 in 100 adults, mostly young women. People with BPD often have***

other mental health conditions, including anxiety disorders, eating disorders, and substance use disorders. You are not alone.



AVALON UNIVERSITY

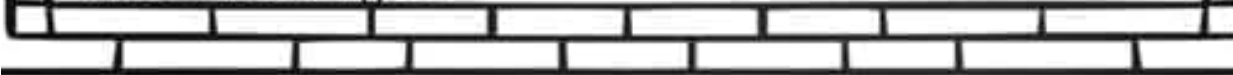




Avalon University

- | | |
|-----------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Chimera Hall | 11. Ghoul House |
| 2. Arachne Hall | 12. Redcap House |
| 3. Student Union | 13. Draugr House |
| 4. Manananggal Hall | 14. Banshee House |
| 5. Fenrir Hall | 15. Dullahan Hall |
| 6. Ambrose Library | 16. Alpha House |
| 7. Grootslang Health Center | 17. The Mythic Bean |
| 8. Rae Field | 18. Ammit Hall |
| 9. Adze Hall | 19. Aswang Hall |
| 10. Morningstar House | 20. Kelpie Hall |

Camelot

- | | |
|---------------------------|-------------------------|
| 21. Azure | 30. Finding Treasures |
| 22. Simply Secrets | 31. Bloody Mary |
| 23. Holy Flora | 32. Black Dog Bar |
| 24. Kingston Pie | 33. Magnolia Bistro |
| 25. High Street Boutique | 34. Noodle Box |
| 26. Beauty of Brown Pages | 35. Krystal's Crystals |
| 27. The Cat's Meow | 36. Central Grocery |
| 28. Main Street Crafts | 37. Wesley's Apothecary |
| 29. Astro Burgers | |
- 

PROLOGUE

A fly crawls into her vacant eye socket. Its wings move back and forth rhythmically in the hypnotic dance of a scavenger. More move deeper into her flesh, nearly a hive of them filling the vacant cavity in her skull. Is it a hive if it's not bees? What's a group of flies called? A swarm? Maybe. I want to look it up on my phone, but my hands don't move. My eyes, either. I need to look away. I need to do something, anything, but I can't stop staring at that fly.

Its gossamer wings flutter back and forth, and it flits through the gore to the other eye socket. I stare, caught in her empty, pitiless gaze. Her head has dropped over the edge of the desk, her hair dark hair falling to the floor in a blood-matted mess. The fly struggles as it gets trapped in the dark rivulet of blood running down from her chin to her nose before dripping from her forehead.

At one time, this was a fae girl. Or I think she was fae. It is hard to tell with her staring back at me with those cavities packed with buzzing insects. It's as if they are seeking to replace her missing eyeballs. If I try hard enough, I can imagine them as they would have been in life, pale violet irises with a splash of dark magenta around the pupils. All fae have the same colored eyes, after all. I'd heard the more magenta a fae has in their eyes, the more powerful they are. That might just be a rumor, though.

I'm still pretty sure she's fae, even though whoever draped her over the instructor's desk in this classroom took her pointed ears. Or maybe it's just the angle. If I step forward, will I see them so similar to my own rounded ones? Will I see the graceful slopes ending in delicate points on either side of her head?

Her high cheekbones were left untouched, and her bow-shaped lips are still there. The only thing that mars her face is the single streak of blood dripping down the middle and onto the floor. And her eyes. Oh, and her ears.

If I just focus on her face, I can call out for someone. I should do something, call for the deputy headmistress, anything but just stare. Hot coffee is spilling from the cups in my hands as I squeeze them, but I can't take my eyes off her. If I look at my hands, I'll have to come to terms with what I first saw when I followed that pool of blood leaking from under the door.

There were just too many things for my brain to process. Too many weapons impaled her naked form, pinning her to the desk at the front of the lecture hall. In that first look, I had identified spears, daggers, swords, broken chair legs, and sharpened pieces of metal. There are probably more, but I can't bear to look again. All I know is that there are too many, way too many, to not be fatal. Even with fae healing, there is no possibility that the girl could survive, even if I got those *things* out of her.

Her mouth is open wide, and the echo of her scream is loud in my head. How many of her screams came and went before the last one rattled out?

The coffee burns the back of my hands. They're shaking. The cups. Or maybe it's my hands. I can't pull my eyes away from the girl in front of me to check. There's the distant sound of some liquid splattering onto the floor of the classroom. It could be the coffee or the blood still dripping from her forehead, joining the lake of crimson beneath her.

I should move. Or scream.

The blood is creeping closer. It's about to hit my shoes.

Someone opens the door behind me and lets out a scream, snapping me out of my terror-induced trance.

I

SUMMER

TWO MONTHS EARLIER

Ber

*O*bsession. The temptation to feed into one's obsession is so obscenely delicious and relentless. How can something so perfectly decadent be so wrong? Once you've felt its claws sinking sharply into your very soul, there's no way to replicate the feeling, and there is no going back. The only way to combat it is to starve it, to take the object away and let the desire shrivel until you're nothing but a hollow husk. And that's exactly how it feels. The emptiness creates an aching void that nothing can ease.



*Eagal. Teine. Furaidh. Chan eil fios gu leòr.
Fear. Fire. Fury. To know is not enough.*