

Web of Lust

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Chapter 1: The Last Bell

The corridors of Hanil High smelled like chalk dust, sunscreen, and sweat. Students ran through the hallways, laughing, shoving each other lightly, shouting over lockers that slammed in time with their excitement. It was the last week of school, and the energy was nearly unbearable.

Minseo walked slowly, a notebook tucked under her arm. She didn't run with the crowd, didn't yell or throw her bag onto a locker. She just watched.

Couples held hands tightly, whispering promises to meet over the summer. Groups of seniors posed for photos, arms draped over each other's shoulders, smiles too perfect to be real. Even the teachers seemed lighter today, their usual seriousness replaced by soft chuckles in the teachers' lounge.

"Hey, Minseo! You coming to the rooftop later?" Jaehwan called from the end of the hallway. He was leaning against the wall, laughing at something Yuna had just said.

"I'll see," Minseo replied, scribbling something in her notebook. She didn't need to be there. She preferred observing, catching the little details no one else noticed. Like the way Taeyong's smile faltered for half a second when a junior leaned in too close. Or how Jisoo, who never spoke in class, kept glancing at her phone, fingers tapping nervously.

Down the hall, Mr. Han was crouched by a volleyball net, straightening it with meticulous care. Even on the last week, he was coaching, encouraging, smiling at every student who walked by. Girls from the volleyball and soccer teams waved at him, running up with bright eyes. He laughed, teasing one student about her jump shot, then clapped the next on the shoulder. Everyone loved him.

Minseo made a note: *Teacher everyone trusts. Everyone loves.*

The bell rang. It was one of the last bells of the school year, a harsh, sudden sound that echoed through the building and sent students bolting in every direction. Some ran to the football field, some to the parking lot, some just collapsed in the hall, hugging their friends.

No one noticed the quiet moments yet. The moments that would matter tomorrow.

A small group of seniors whispered near the bleachers, their voices low but urgent. They glanced at the walls, the field, the empty corridors, as if something extraordinary was about to happen. Something that would make the whole school remember them forever.

Minseo felt it too, a subtle tension beneath the laughter. The air smelled different now - electric, charged, waiting. She closed her notebook and followed the crowd toward the field, just far enough back to see everything.

Even on a week full of goodbyes and jokes, Minseo knew that secrets were walking beside them. And some secrets didn't like to stay hidden.

Chapter 2: Under the Surface

The next day the football field was buzzing. Students crowded the bleachers, leaning over the rails, pointing at the empty concrete wall where the mural would soon appear. No one knew who would do it or what it would be, but the rumor had already grown taller than the scoreboard.

Yuna and Jaehwan sat on the bleachers, holding hands so tightly their knuckles were white.

“I heard it’s going to be huge this year,” Yuna said. Her voice was playful, but her eyes flicked nervously toward the field.

“Yeah, they’re saying it’ll be the biggest senior prank in Hanil Highschool history,” Jaehwan replied. He tried to sound calm, but the way he kept scanning the crowd told Minseo otherwise.

Nearby, Taeyong leaned against the railing, chewing on the edge of his sleeve. He had heard whispers too - whispers about who had been with whom. He hadn’t done anything serious, nothing worth being worried about, but his chest still thumped. Guilt had a way of exaggerating mistakes.

Jisoo sat alone, sketchbook on her lap. She rarely spoke, rarely smiled, and today was no different. But her eyes didn’t leave the field. She could sense it coming, the thing that would upend everything she thought she knew about the people around her.

And then there was Mr. Han. He walked along the edge of the field, clipboard in hand, calling out encouragement to the girls’ volleyball team who was doing cardio for the day. His energy was endless, his smile effortless. Even in the midst of chaos, he was calm. The students adored him, and many trusted him completely.

Minseo watched him from a distance. She noted the way students instinctively straightened when he passed, the way girls on the volleyball team whispered just a little louder when he wasn’t looking. She wrote it all down in her notebook, careful to remain invisible.

The chatter grew louder. One group of seniors joked about who would be on the mural, their voices tinged with excitement and fear.

“You think they’ll put Jaehwan and Yuna?” someone whispered.

“Definitely. And Taeyong, probably with Jisoo,” another said.

Taeyong’s stomach knotted. He hadn’t been with Jisoo, not really. But even an accident, a moment taken lightly, could come back to haunt him in a place like this.

Minseo closed her notebook and scanned the field again. Everyone seemed normal - laughing, shouting, waiting. But normal was always a mask. She could feel the tension, the fragile threads connecting friendships, romances, secrets. One wrong move, one truth revealed, and everything would unravel.

And she had a feeling that the prank, whatever it was, would not just unravel the seniors. It would ripple through the whole school.

The air smelled of grass, sweat, and anticipation. The last week of school had begun, but no one truly knew it would end in chaos.

Chapter 3: The Prank

The first students to reach the football field froze.

It was impossible to ignore. Overnight, someone had covered the wall beside the bleachers in a mural so massive it seemed to stretch forever. Lines crisscrossed, connecting names like a spiderweb to students in the school who had any type of sexual relations, no matter how big or small. Minseo's stomach twisted as she read the first few names. Every line was precise, every connection clear.

Students gasped, pointing at familiar names. Phones came out instantly. Photos and videos began circulating before anyone even spoke.

"Is this real?" someone whispered, voice trembling.

"Look at that-Yuna and Jaehwan!" another shouted.

Yuna and Jaehwan stared, frozen. Their hands unclasped slowly. The laughter that had followed them since the bell was gone.

Taeyong's face went pale. He squinted at the mural, heart hammering. Lines connected his name to someone he barely remembered, someone he'd promised he'd never see again.

Jisoo lowered her sketchbook, eyes wide. Her name was there, too, tangled in connections she hadn't expected anyone to know. The lines were everywhere. They didn't lie.

Minseo moved through the crowd, notebook in hand, observing. She didn't laugh. She didn't scream. She simply watched.

The teachers arrived, hurrying to contain the chaos. Principal Lee's voice cut through the noise, sharp and panicked.

"Everyone, step back! Step away from the wall!"

No one listened. Phones hovered above heads, recording every detail. Some students cried. Some yelled. Couples argued, pointing at names, voices raised in disbelief.

And then it happened. Someone, scanning the bottom corner, froze.

"Wait," a girl whispered. "Who...who's that?"

A thin red line connected a student's name to a single word, written larger than the others:
Teacher.

The air changed. The laughter, the shouting, the excitement-it all vanished. Students whispered urgently, turning toward one another. Phones stopped recording for a moment as everyone tried to figure out what it meant.

Mr. Han, who had been walking along the field, checking on his volleyball team, paused mid-step. His smile faltered, just for a fraction of a second. But no one noticed.

Rumors began before anyone even spoke. "It's him." "No, it can't be." "Did someone see him with a student?"

Minseo wrote everything down. Faces twisted in shock, fear, and confusion. Couples who had seemed perfect moments ago now glared at each other. Friendships teetered on the edge. Secrets, long buried, were suddenly exposed in bright spray paint for the entire school to see.

No one knew who had done it. No one knew what would happen next. But one thing was certain: the last week of school was no longer a celebration. It was the beginning of something that would consume the entire school. Relationships were to be tested, secrets uncovered and the anxiety of everyone would soon be on display.

Chapter 4: The Fallout

By lunchtime, the field was quiet, but the whispers never stopped. Students clustered in small groups, phones out, showing videos of the mural over and over. Everyone was talking, everyone was pointing, everyone was judging.

Yuna and Jaehwan walked side by side, hands brushing, faces pale. The lines on the wall connected their names to others, and the reality of what was revealed hit harder than any prank should.

Taeyong laughed nervously with his friends, but every glance at the mural made his chest tighten. His name was connected to someone he hadn't meant to hurt, and now everyone seemed to know.

Jisoo sat alone in the cafeteria, notebook open but untouched. Her name was there, tangled in lines with others she barely knew. Small hookups at parties and interactions she deemed meaningless at the time. The whispers around her grew louder, slicing through the chatter like knives.

Groups of juniors and seniors argued, dissecting every connection, comparing notes, replaying videos. Friendships frayed. Small fights erupted over names that didn't match memories, over rumors that had always been half-true. No one knew what was truth on the mural, or was it purely to cause drama.

Even the teachers were on edge. They tried to calm students, redirecting them to class, telling them to put their phones away, but it was useless. Social media had already spread the mural across the city, and everyone had an opinion.

Minseo moved quietly among the chaos, notebook in hand, writing down faces, conversations, emotions. She didn't judge. She just watched. She knew that in a few days, no one would remember the laughter of the last week of school. Only the web of names, and the secrets it had revealed, herself included.

By the afternoon, the air was thick with tension. Students were arguing, crying, texting, hiding, whispering. Some couples no longer held hands. Some friends no longer smiled at each other. And through it all, the mural remained, a quiet, permanent witness to every secret no one had wanted anyone else to know.

Minseo wrote in her notebook: *The last week of school wasn't a celebration. It was a reckoning.*

Chapter 5: Broken Bonds

The days dragged on, but the chaos didn't ease. In the hallways, groups of students clustered, whispering, arguing, and laughing nervously. Phones glowed in every hand, showing pictures of the mural, videos that looped endlessly, lines connecting names that no one wanted to see.

"I can't believe this," Yuna said, voice shaking, clutching her phone. "How could they even know?"

Jaehwan ran a hand through his hair. "It's not just us. Look at everyone-everyone's names are on it. People are freaking out."

A junior leaned over their shoulder. "Hey, is that... you and Taeyong?"

Yuna froze. "No! That's wrong. That's not-he's not..."

"Exactly," Taeyong muttered from across the hall, trying to sound casual, but the tension in his voice betrayed him. "Someone's making things worse than they are."

Jisoo, sitting on the steps near the lockers, looked up at Taeyong. "Not everything is made up," she said quietly. "Some of it is real. And now everyone knows."

Taeyong's face fell. "Yeah. Great. That's just what I needed."

Across the hallway, a group of seniors was whispering heatedly.

"I swear I never hooked up with her!" one boy shouted, throwing his hands up.

"Then why's your name right there?" a girl demanded, pointing at a photo on her phone.

"I don't know! I don't know!" he yelled, pacing back and forth. "Someone put the wrong line or something."

Yuna's voice cut through the argument. "It doesn't matter if it's wrong or right. Everyone's looking, and everyone's judging. That's what matters!"

"Exactly," said her friend Mina. "This is the last week, and now we're all just...exposed."

Taeyong muttered under his breath, "Exposed...yeah, that's the perfect word."

Even during lunch, the tension didn't let up. Students sat in groups, heads bent together, gossiping in hushed tones. Phones flickered with texts from friends sharing every detail.

“I heard Jisoo was actually with someone from the volleyball team last month,” one girl whispered.

“Really? I saw her with Taeyong once,” another said.

Jisoo looked down at her notebook, trying to disappear into the pages. “Stop,” she said softly, but no one heard.

Minseo watched from a distance, notebook open, jotting down every whispered accusation, every shouted argument, every face twisted in disbelief. “Secrets have teeth,” she wrote. “And they bite hardest when they’re exposed.”

By the afternoon, the hallways were quiet in comparison to the morning, but the tension had only deepened. Couples avoided each other. Friends gave cold nods. Every glance seemed measured, every smile strained.

“I can’t even look at him,” Yuna said quietly to Mina, nodding toward Jaehwan.

“He probably feels the same,” Mina replied. “Everyone’s walking on eggshells now.”

Minseo closed her notebook, looking up at the quiet, tense faces around her. The mural had done more than expose secrets-it had fractured the last week of school into pieces, and she knew the cracks would stay long after the walls were repainted.

Chapter 6: Rumors Spread

By the next morning, the mural had become more than just paint on a wall-it was the pulse of the school. Students crowded the hallways, phones out, whispering, laughing nervously, and pointing fingers. Even the teachers noticed the tension thick enough to touch.

“I can’t believe they put my name there,” Taeyong muttered to his friend, voice low as they leaned against the lockers. “I didn’t do half the stuff on that wall.”

“Yeah, well, who cares if it’s true or not?” his friend replied, shrugging. “Everyone believes it anyway.”

Yuna stormed past them, cheeks red, phone in hand. “Did you see this?” she demanded, holding it up to Mina. The screen showed a video of the mural, fingers tracing her name and Jaehwan’s along the lines.

“I saw,” Mina said quietly. “People are already sharing it outside school. It’s everywhere.”

Jaehwan, sitting on the bleachers during lunch, ran his hands over his face. “I don’t get why people think it’s funny. It’s ruining everything.”

“It’s not just funny,” said one of the juniors, leaning over with a smirk. “It’s...educational. Shows who’s been sneaky, who’s been hooking up behind everyone’s backs.”

Jisoo, sitting off to the side, whispered to herself, “It’s like...like everyone’s lives are out there for judgment. And we can’t stop it.”

Across the hall, small fights erupted.

“You were with her?” one girl shouted at a boy, waving her phone. “Why didn’t you say anything?”

“I didn’t! Stop accusing me!” he yelled back.

Students circled, some filming, some yelling, some whispering conspiracies into anyone who would listen. Rumors spread faster than the videos themselves. The senior prank had started to cause more controversy than laughter, but maybe that was the goal.

“I heard Taeyong kissed Jisoo in the gym last month,” one boy said quietly, and a crowd leaned in.

“Seriously?” someone whispered. “No way. That would explain why she looked weird in class yesterday.”

Minseo scribbled everything down. Every accusation, every laugh, every tear. She wrote in her notebook: *Truth doesn't matter. Belief matters. And belief spreads faster than truth.*

Even the teachers were on edge. Conversations that had been light-hearted a day ago now held a tense undercurrent. In the cafeteria, a group of seniors whispered behind the teacher's back, voices low but full of fear and excitement.

"This prank... it's insane," one student said. "It's like they know everything. Everything."

"I don't know if it's funny or cruel," another replied. "Some people are going to hate each other after this."

"And some people are going to be alone," a quiet voice said from the corner. It was Jisoo. "And not by choice."

The cafeteria buzzed with tension. Students glanced at each other with suspicion, over phones, over notebooks, over hushed whispers. Friendships that had seemed solid cracked under the weight of speculation.

Minseo watched, pen moving across the page. She didn't judge, didn't laugh. She just recorded. She knew that by the time the day ended, nothing would feel the same. And the mural, small and silent in the background, waited for the next revelation.

Chapter 7: Shattered Friendships

The hallways smelled of sweat and tension. Every step felt loud, echoing against lockers, voices raised in anger or disbelief. Students avoided eye contact, whispering to friends they once trusted.

Yuna and Jaehwan walked together but barely spoke.

“I can’t even look at you right now,” Yuna muttered, shoving her hands into her pockets.

“I know,” Jaehwan said quietly. “I don’t know what to say. I didn’t do anything wrong.”

“That doesn’t matter!” she snapped. “Everyone sees us differently now.”

Across the hall, Taeyong and Jisoo passed each other without a word. Their earlier awkward glances had hardened into silence. Even their closest friends noticed, exchanging nervous glances.

“I thought we were close,” one friend whispered to another. “Now it feels like we’re strangers.”

Mina, trying to mediate between two friends who had argued over a connection on the mural, sighed. “Do you even remember what happened?” she asked. “It’s been exaggerated a million times already. Why are we letting this ruin everything?”

“Because it’s not just exaggeration!” one shouted. “People’s secrets are out, and no one can take them back.”

A group of juniors laughed nervously, phones out, showing clips to anyone who would look.

“Did you see him?” one asked, pointing at a video. “He’s laughing in class like it’s nothing.”

“That’s because he doesn’t care,” another replied. “Or maybe he doesn’t realize what’s happening.”

Even lunch felt like a battlefield. Students sat in small, tight groups, avoiding anyone whose name had been on the mural. The cafeteria hummed with whispered accusations, snide comments, and forced laughter.

“I can’t believe I trusted her,” one boy said, glaring at his former friend across the table.

“And I can’t believe I trusted you!” she shot back. Their voices carried, drawing the attention of half the cafeteria.

Minseo moved quietly between tables, jotting notes in her notebook. Every argument, every tear, every glance was recorded. *People can't see the truth when it's tangled in fear and gossip*, she wrote. *And the mural has tangled everything.*

By the afternoon, the field was mostly empty, but the tension lingered. Friends didn't speak. Couples didn't hold hands. Laughter was strained, smiles forced. Every student carried the weight of what had been exposed.

In the quiet corners, some whispered plans for revenge. Others considered apologizing, but pride got in the way. Every relationship, every bond, had been tested-and many would not survive the day.

Minseo closed her notebook and looked at the empty wall in the distance. It was quiet now, but the chaos it had caused had left cracks in every corner of the school. And cracks, she knew, didn't heal easily.

Chapter 8: Social Media Storm

By the evening, the mural had escaped the walls of Hanil High. Screens everywhere glowed with photos, videos, and comments. Rumors that had begun in hushed whispers now raced across phones and social media.

“I can’t believe people are tagging teachers now,” Mina muttered to Yuna as they huddled in the library, phones in hand. “It’s like the whole school is exploding.”

“Yeah,” Yuna said, scrolling. “But...some of these posts...they’re not just about us anymore.” She hesitated, finger hovering over a video showing Mr. Han joking with his volleyball team. “People are starting to wonder about...him.”

Taeyong, standing nearby, frowned. “What do you mean? He’s...he’s the teacher everyone trusts. He coaches every team, volunteers after school. He’s not part of this.”

“Not publicly,” Mina said quietly. “But look at how some of the kids are whispering. Some of them are scared, and others are curious. Everyone’s noticing how he treats Journalin differently than the others.”

Jisoo, seated on a table at the corner, murmured, “It’s impossible to ignore him now. The more people talk, the more...questions arise.”

Even the teachers felt it. In the staff room, two of them whispered while sipping coffee.

“Have you seen the screenshots circulating?” one asked.

“Yes. And people are starting to connect lines. Not just students anymore. Mr. Han’s name keeps coming up in the rumors.”

“It’s insane. He’s respected, loved...how can anyone think he’d...”

Minseo watched silently from the doorway, notebook in hand, capturing everything-the whispered conversations, the anxious glances, the flickers of doubt in the students’ eyes. She noted: *The web is growing. Not just among students. One name still untouchable, waiting to fall.*

Chapter 9: Tensions Peak

By the next morning, the hallways were heavy with tension. Every glance carried suspicion; every whispered joke carried fear. Even students who hadn't been on the mural felt the weight of the gossip.

"I can't stop thinking about what happened yesterday," Yuna said, voice low as she walked beside Mina. "It's everywhere-texts, posts, stories. And now...people are talking about Mr. Han too."

Taeyong stopped walking and ran a hand through his hair. "Wait...what? That's...he's a teacher. People can't be serious."

"They are," Mina said quietly. "Someone saw him texting Journalin on that app. The one that deletes messages permanently once you erase them. That's why there's no proof...yet everyone knows he's there in the rumors."

Jisoo, who had been listening from a distance, whispered, "It doesn't matter if there's proof. People believe it anyway. And once belief spreads, no one can stop it."

The cafeteria was a battlefield. Students whispered behind hands, compared screenshots, and replayed videos. Friends argued. Couples avoided each other.

"I can't look at him," one girl said quietly to her friend, nodding toward Mr. Han across the field, still coaching his volleyball team with the same cheerful smile.

"I know," the friend said. "It's like...he's untouchable, but everyone is talking."

Even in the classrooms, teachers whispered in corners. No one knew what to do. The tension wasn't just about student secrets anymore-it was about someone everyone trusted, and the possibility that those rumors were true.

Minseo wrote quietly: *Rumors grow fastest when no one can prove them. Some truths can hide behind belief, and some lies leave scars anyway.*

Chapter 10: The Last Line

By the end of the day, the school was quieter, but the weight lingered. Students no longer whispered about themselves-they whispered about him.

The first messages appeared in group chats, careful at first, then bolder:

“Has anyone heard about Mr. Han and Journalin?”

“Yeah...they say he was texting her on that app.”

“They deleted everything though. Nothing can prove it.”

Even the most skeptical students leaned in. The idea that someone so loved could be involved with a student seemed impossible, but the evidence of belief-screenshots, gossip, nervous whispers-was enough.

Minseo watched from a distance as Mr. Han left the school grounds for the last time, coaching his volleyball team with that same calm, effortless smile. No one knew what he carried inside, or the fear of the rumor storm closing in.

Later that night, the police arrived at his home, not with accusations, but to speak with him about circulating messages. No one knew exactly what they were investigating.

They found him dead.

No proof existed of any wrongdoing. The messages had been deleted permanently. The app left nothing behind. No physical evidence, no screenshots saved outside students' memory. The student in question denied it adamantly, but everyone believed she was covering for him. Only belief remained. But his death, was an answer in a way too many students and parents. Did he end his own life because of the guilt, not wanting to get caught or maybe other reasons unrelated? Was he actually guilty of the heinous act people said he was, maybe. But now, no one would ever know for sure.

The next day, the school was subdued. Students whispered, looked away, avoided each other. Friendships were fragile, couples silent, and the memory of the mural hung in every hallway. Students ended the day and headed out to their summer breaks. Confusion, disbelief, curiosity and every other possible emotion associated with this years “prank”. Who spray painted the mural, no one knows, they were never caught. For that matter how did one student know so much about the relations of students at the school? Many believed it was a group of kids, but again nothing was ever proven.

Minseo closed her notebook after one final entry. *Belief can destroy, even without proof. Some secrets leave marks whether anyone can see them or not.*

And the last line of the mural before it was painted over stuck in everyone's mind, the one no one had ever expected to read aloud, now existed in every mind: *Teacher.*

Authors Thoughts

High school feels small, but secrets make it feel enormous. One prank, one rumor, one truth-suddenly everyone knows, and nothing feels private anymore.

I wanted this story to show how fragile trust and relationships can be, how quickly emotions spiral, and how a single action can change everything.

It's not about punishment or justice. It's about how belief, gossip, and perception can shape lives-sometimes more than facts ever could.

We all carry secrets. Some stay hidden. Some get exposed. And some leave a mark that lasts long after the last day of school.