

INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION

This is my first novel so please ignore my minor mistakes.

Many will think I have taken my characters from FIFTY SHADES OF GREY but you can't be more wrong. I agree I am inspired by them and to be honest completely obsessed by them but the idea of this story is completely mine as the idea of FIFTY SHADES OF GREY was completely of E.L JAMES.

I will appreciate true opinions but no bad mouthing. I will need all of my readers support.

THANK YOU

CHAPTER 1

"Congratulations Ms. Steele , you have provided us with another and more advanced software which will not only enable us to protect the country secrets from hacking but will also help us to form alliance with other countries." Henry, the president of America exclaimed proudly.

"This is the hard work of my whole team not solely mine." I replied coolly. i know right now my face is the epitome of impassive , a face I have mastered. My eyes are blank and cold giving no indication of turmoil inside me and my posture gives the illusion of calmness which in truth I am anything but.

"Ms. Steele thanks for your and your team's cooperation." President of Iraq said.

"There is the congratulatory dinner after this conference we all will be honored if you will attend it."The President of France requested. He is the one who organized this conference in bloody Paris.

"You very well know President, I shy away from all types of upscale dinners and parties so, if there is nothing else I will take my leave. Enjoy your dinner gentlemen." I declined my dinner invite politely.

With that I stand up to leave. Xavier, my head of security and one the very few people who know me, whom I trusted with my life started following me.

I came out of the room and exhale loudly. Even though the conference room was big and airy I feel myself suffocating there but then I always feel suffocating when surrounded by rich and pompous people not to mention I hate Paris.

"Let's leave this place immediately Xav." I pleaded while looking at Xavier and taking out my phone to check my mails. His face is impassive as usual but there was a gleam of amusement in his eyes.

"You know you don't look like a person who has become \$10 billion richer just now." Yes, the bastard was amused by my misery.

"A billion here and there don't affect me Xav. I am a simple, next door girl."

"Yeah, a simple, next door girl who owns a top notch and beautiful helicopter, more than one plane, and more houses than a normal person yeah totally next door girl." He teases.

"Shut up or I am going to cut money from your paycheck as a penalty for insulting your boss." I threatened him.

He actually shut up which was unusual for him. I looked up from my phone to see what had gotten him quiet only to see the President of Iraq's nephew and ambassador of Iraq, Roan, the irritating idiot, coming my way,. I stifled a groan. I was in no mood to play nice today nor do I have the patience for his self absorbed chat.

I pointedly ignore him and move towards the emergency staircase towards my left with Xavier quietly following on my heels. He knows my mood which he had successfully lifted was now again dark and I was better left alone with this mood of mine.

Xavier knows that Paris, which is a happy romantic place for many people, is a sore spot for me because **HE** lived here with his so called sophisticated family. We leave the beautiful building and move towards our car. The sky was dark and gloomy just like my mood.

We sit in our Bentley and move towards our destination with Xavier focusing on maneuvering the car through traffic expertly, leaving me alone with my dark thoughts.

CHAPTER 2

We enter the posh area of Paris where so called rich and respectable people live.

Xavier parked the car on the side but remain sitting in it, as was our routine whenever I visited this place. I sat on the nearby wooden bench which gives the clear view of the beautiful mansion on the other side of the road. Xavier didn't understand my need to come here and torture myself with the painful memories of past. To be honest even I don't know my reason to come at this spot.

I just have to see him with his so called beautiful family. I don't need him but I think I like to torture myself. Sometimes I wish I could to him ,my father, no he didn't deserve that title, my sperm donor to shake him and gloat in front of him that what his bastard child, a child he rejected had become, had achieved.

The wind pushed my flowing hair on my face. I impatiently pushed them back only to realize wetness on my checks. God, I look up, why I still cry thinking about my past, how my tears are still not finished despite me shedding so many of them. I shivered, it's windy today and I am sitting outside without any jacket and I know Xavier is fighting himself to ignore my orders and get out of the car either to take me back or to march up to the mansion and strangled my sperm donor.

I smiled to myself despite my mood and decided to get him out of his misery and walked towards my car.

I take out my phone and was checking my e-mails when Xavier voice hit my ear.

"Was it worth it." I don't have to ask what he meant nor do I am going to pretend I don't understand what he meant and insult both of us in the process of doing so.

"I don't know but I know this there is a time going to come in near future when I will be standing in front of him proudly and confidently and I will be the one with control." After that both of us get quiet, both lost in our own thoughts, moving towards airport to board the flight back to Seattle on my private jet.

CHAPTER 3

My flight landed in Seattle at 8:00 p.m. My car with my security team was waiting for me.

"Where to Ms. Steele?" Xavier asked me as soon as we sit in the car. I remember his joke about me having more houses than a normal person which bought smile on my face. I asked him to take me to my penthouse at Bay Vista Tower.

I enter my penthouse and a sigh of relief leave my mouth. One would think I would be used to travelling so much but a person only relaxes in their own home and as I didn't bother to buy a place in Paris because of my dislike for the place I had to stay in hotel. My housekeeper Mrs. Martha Joseph and her adorable son, Sam, were not here. I make coffee for myself and enter the library with my mug. I was tired and my mood was more gloomy than usual. I take out a book to read and settle myself comfortably on my sofa. Usually this comforts me when there is thunder outside but it was doing nothing to reduce my anxiousness. I closed the book and throw it on the table and closed my eyes. The gates of past which I keep locked for obvious reason, as they don't bring me anything but misery, opened and memories, painful memories, flooded my mind. Usually I pushed them back but today I let myself be swept and drown in them.

1997-1998

"Mommy....Mommy I am hungry." Mommy is not saying anything but I am hungry. I have not eaten for so many days. Mommy and the bad guy asked me to **shut up** but I don't know its meaning. I know I have to remain quiet there is bin outside I hope Mrs. Stee...Stee...Stewart have thrown her half eaten food with her rubbish. I searched her rubbish and found her half eaten apple. I like apple. It don't taste that good but I like it.

-----X-----X-----

Oh no...Mommy is eating this white thing. She always gets rude and scary when she eats it. She always starts shouting.

"You bitch... you destroyed my life. Can't you die already?" She takes out a thick stick. No no no no not the stick it hurt badly. I bleed.. I started shivering ...Oh no I peed in my pants.

Mommy mouth twisted and she said, "You really are useless."

And then she starts beating and shouting at me...

-----X-----X-----

4 OCTOBER 1997

Mommy is in good mood today. She has not eaten her white food. Bad guy have also not come. She is brushing my hair. Then she gives me paper.

"Baby girl this is an important paper. You have to keep it with you all the time. It's your birth certificate. Don't ever lose it. It's important."

"Mommy you told me today is my birthday. Is this my birthday gift?" "Yes, baby girl it is and mommy knows she has hurt you but mommy love you always." "I love you too mommy." I will always take care of this paper though I don't know why it's important but it's a gift from mommy and I love my mommy.

-----X-----X-----

4 OCTOBER 1998

The bad guy came with so many scary men today I hide in my closet. There were so many noises. I am so afraid. I heard the door closing. I get out from my hiding place and went to mommy. There is something sticky flowing under mommy, oh it's her blood. Is mommy hurt I tried to get her up. "Mommy wake up." But she is still sleeping. I put my blankie on her and sit with her I don't want mommy to get lonely.

A WEEK LATER

So many days have passed mommy still have not woken up. I am so hungry but I can't leave mommy like this. I have to stay with her. But she is so cold.

Suddenly the door opens and so many people come in. they are wearing clean clothes. They are also shouting but on one another not on me. I don't like shouting. I am afraid. They are taking my mommy away. No don't take mommy away she is hurt. I want to shout but then they will get angry with me I don't want them to shout at me. Then a lady comes to me. She is nice and friendly. She asked my name but I don't know what it is. Then I remember mommy sometimes called me, when she is in good mood, ARIAL ROSALINE.

CHAPTER 4

PRESENT

4 OCTOBER 2018

The sound of my library door crashing open brought me back to present. Xavier with his right hand man Carlos entered my library. Whenever Xavier has his day off Carlos step in his place that's why I trust Carlos as much I trust Xavier. I had appointed them at the same time. Both have served in military together and I trust no one the way I trust them. With buzz cut hairstyle, broad shoulders and intense eyes which miss nothing, they remind me of the only man who loved me, the one person to whom I owe my life, and whose name I take. 'STEELE', the man who lived to his name.

"As part of security it's our duty to save you not only from outside threat but from your own self." Carlos explained the reason for their presence. I just stare at them.

"You are more upset than usual." Normally at this date you drown yourself in work and locked yourself in your office. We are worried. We consider you as our child....."

"Not that we are old." Carlos quipped interrupting Xavier. Xavier glared at him and continued his speech."What I mean to say is if we are crossing a line here you can tell us but we care for you and we want you to know that if there is anything you want to share we are here to listen. Mrs. Martha was also worried for you. She didn't want to leave you alone today. I continued staring at them and reach decision to tell them about my past.

BACK AT SECURITY OFFICE

FEW MINUTES BEFORE

"Xav the boss lady did not go in her office like she usually do on 4 October. I have never seen anyone more sad then her on their birthday. Her blood curdling screams at night, whenever she bothers to sleep, make me shudder every time I remember them." Carlos commented sadly.

"We have been with her for four years and in all my experience I have never met a lady who is like her. Her eyes, whenever she put her guard down enough, screams the pain she is in. Her eyes speak volumes and tell us the story of hell she has crossed to reach where she is now. Not to mention I don't understand her need to go to that place whenever we visit Paris. It is as if she is torturing herself and reminding herself of something. I think it's time, we asked her about her story. Today when I asked her 'was it worth it' instead of ignoring it like she always does, she give a strange answer." Xavier tells him his observation. And then he told Carlos what happened today in Paris.

"Let's go to her and talk and pray as hell that she don't fire our asses for crossing our limits." Carlos says dryly.

CHAPTER 5

"I think its better you guys sit down for this story and better get comfortable because my story is full of melodrama, with evil witches thrown in the mix but no prince charming." I laugh humorlessly

"Better grap the brandy from wine cellar Carlos we will need it." I added.

They already know about the starting four years of my life. I had to warn them about my nightmares as I didn't want them rushing towards my room, embarrassing me further.

After all three of us settle down comfortably with glass of brandy in our hand I again closed my eyes and return back to my dreadful past full of anguish and pain.

11 OCTOBER 1998

The nice lady told me she will help me. I don't want her to help me. I am not hurt. Mommy is hurt. But I don't say anything, I am afraid. Speaking get you punish. Bad girls speak. Mommy told me that. The nice women take me somewhere. There so many kids here. She told me I have to live here. Then she takes me to a room. A lady is present there. She is scary. I am again afraid. I don't want to leave the nice lady. I started shaking.

"Did the authorities search the house and find anything about this kid. Her age, her family, anything." The scary lady asked.

"She was found with her dead mother. No family has come forward to claim her. She doesn't speak at all until asked a direct question." The nice lady replied

Suddenly the scary lady looked at me with interest. I don't like that look. Bad guys with mommy have this look before they touch me. I am more scared.

"She will do...She will do very well here." The scary lady said. Then she bent down and put her hand forward to shake mine while looking at me intently, she said, "My name is Jolene. Welcome to my orphanage."

JOLENE

Wow, a new sheep and so proper, she is going to make me so much money. She is a beautiful thing and very young too, only four or five years old, I think. Let me confirm.

"What do you think her age is?"

"I didn't find her birth certificate so we get it out from the office and according to it she has just turned five last week."

Oh yes, I will, of course, have to trained her with other girls but she will do. Its pity I didn't have her to sell at this year's event. Now I have to wait for at least three years to sell her as we can't risk arranging 'THE EVENT' every year or else someone will notice and report to the concerned authorities that we are involved in '**CHILD TRAFFICKING**'.

CHAPTER 6

3 YEARS LATER

2001

AGE 8

This place is so bad. They are so strict. Miss Jolene is scariest of all. Everyone is afraid of her. Me and some of the other children are treated so badly. The other kids are big so they are not scolded that much nor are they punished. She gives us clothes to wear but we have to follow a set of rules. The teach us but I think it's because sometimes police man come and check. Every time they come we are supposed to keep quiet and we are not supposed to tell anything to them just like I have to keep quiet when bad guys visit mommy so are they bad guys? I don't think so. They looked nice and good. I love books. I sometimes go to elder children room at night and take their books and read them. No one knows about this. I can't sleep at night. I wake up screaming. The other kids who sleep with me complain about this. I don't want them to tell Miss Jolene about it so I sleep very less. I know stealing is bad but I return the books back before morning, I just borrow them. I hope Miss Jolene never find out. The punishments she gives are so tough and painful. Sometimes she starve the kids who don't follow rules, sometimes she send us out and keep us there for the whole night and sometimes she beat us so badly. I don't like making her angry. I have gone through all the punishments because I don't understand all her rules but now I don't break them at all. I still don't like them.

1999

10 MARCH

"Arial why haven't you wear the dress I have selected for you."Miss Jolene asked.

"It's hot outside. I can't wear the dress you have given me. It's too thick."I replied

"You should be taught a lesson so you don't break any rules. You are being ungrateful, you bitch. I have provided you with food and you repay me this way. Go back to your room and remain there until I said otherwise and changed back to the clothes I have ordered you to wear today or there will be hell of consequences to face." Miss Jolene shouted

"But...."I wanted to say something

"Don't ever talk back to me."She slapped me so hard.

And I went straight to my room because I don't want to be beaten. As a punishment I had to stay there for four days. I was so hungry. My stomach was making noises but I dared not get out of my room.

14 APRIL

We are all eating soup today. I was about to take my bite suddenly; my other hand slipped causing my food bowl to fall down and break. Oh no we are not allowed to break anything; it's one of the rules.

"Ariel Rosaline how many times we have to tell you to not break the rules. They are there for your own good. Now come here you little shit, you deserve the punishment." Miss Jolene shouted at me. I don't like shouting.

"Please no. it was a mistake. I will clean it and be careful next time." I begged her. I don't want to be punished.

"Come here or else your punishment will be worse." I reluctantly go to her. She ordered me to take my shirt and pant off. Now I was only in my undergarments in front of all the children. I know this punishment. I saw her giving to the other child last month. I heard her say it's for my own good and then saw her raise the wooden stick with thorns on it to beat me in front of all people.

She beat me until she was tired and she kept repeating that it was for my own good. I have left one hell to enter another. I am in extreme pain and beyond humiliated. When will my test finish? When will I get reprieve from my punishments?

CHAPTER 7

20001

AGE 8

I have gone through all her punishments. Now I don't make mistakes and behave like a good girl. Sometimes I see Miss Jolene staring at me. I am very afraid. Once I saw some men come to the orphanage at night to talk Miss Jolene. I was awake then. I heard them talking about some kids and making good money. I don't understand it but I can't ask anyone. I don't like these men. Once they even come during day time. Miss Jolene called me and some other kids my age in her office. These men touch us. They touch our chest and face. I was very uncomfortable. Then they say that '*you have a good stock here Jolene.*' I don't know what that mean. My friends who were also there are also afraid but they didn't tell anyone.

5 DECEMBER 2001

Miss Jolene has punished some girls today because they were running in the corridor outside Miss Jolene office. When I did the same, Miss Jolene send me outside of the orphanage and kept me their whole night and didn't even give me any food. Today is so cold. How these girls will stay outside. I take one plastic bag and put my blanket in it and then quietly go to the kitchen and put some chips in it. I can't take any other food to them because fridge is locked and there is no food in the cabinets. I went outside with my bags but the girls were not present there. Oh my, maybe they are locked in the basement where mice are present. They must be so afraid. She locked me there once. I shouted so much but no one open my door. I saw some lights and then the voice of car stopping. They bad men came out of the car. What are they doing here? I can't let them see me. I immediately hide in the bushes and wait for them to pass me. I can't go inside right now in case they there standing in the hall. I move further back and outside the orphanage and sit on the side road but I make sure that I am hidden behind the big tree. I saw one more car stopping near orphanage. Some people came out. They are holding a bag.

"Are you sure you want to blast this godforsaken place." One of them says.

They are going to destroy the orphanage. What should I do? There are kids present inside. I know the word blast. I read it in a book once. It causes a lot of destruction and also causes fire.

"But there are kids present inside."

"A person had to sacrifice something for the good cause. These kids are sacrifice. Now shut up and do your work before someone come out and see us."

And they spread some wires around the house and leave. Before I could do anything, there was a loud noise and so much fire.

I just stood there and see the whole orphanage engulf by the fire with vacant eyes. I don't know what God have written for me. What should I do now? Where should I go now? How much more pain can I go through and survive. My eyes suddenly fill with tears but I harshly rub them back. I can't grow weak. I had to survive. God must have save me from this horrible death because of a reason. I just have to find that reason and keep on going. I turned my back on the wreck. The quiet night was filled with the noise of fire fighters trucks, police cars, and paramedics.

CHAPTER 8

5 DECEMBER 2001

AGE 8

It's so cold outside. The blanket from the orphanage is not helping either. I should take shelter somewhere. But I am not going to any other orphanage. I will survive alone. I know how to.

13 MARCH 2002

Three months have passed by. I am still homeless. But I am not alone. There are other kids as well. We sleep in an abundant building. I have to take care of my bag and guard it because there are kids who tried to snatch it from me.

I have learned to fight. I don't like fighting but I am good at it. Once a big boy tried to bully me and take my bag but I can't lose it so I fight back. After that I realized if I wanted to protect my things I had to fight for it.

2002

So much time have passed since I have left orphanage. Some kids eat the white stuff which mommy eats. I don't like that stuff.

Terry came from jail. He was telling other kids, how badly the police treat them. They beat them. Terry taught every one of us how to hotwire the car and stole it but because he stole the car he went to jail. I don't want to go to jail. I will never steal anything. He tells us jail is bad.

-----X-----X-----

I am living on the streets. I find the food from the garbage. The other kids also find their food from garbage that's why I have to rush to get food.

I have started going to the park. The park is so beautiful. All the kids come here to play. I don't play with them. When I first saw this park and want to go inside but the guard standing in front stopped me and said rude words to me and pushed me out. I don't like him. But then I found other way into the park. Now I visit this park regularly. There is a teacher who come with lots of students and teaches them in the quiet corner of the park. I hide behind the big tree and listen to her. I also watch the kids playing in the play area but never join them. All the kids present here wear so pretty clothes and my clothes are dirty.

I take bath once a week in the river in the forest. Yes, I found the beautiful spot accidentally. I have not shown it to anybody. I like to say it's my spot. I can't go there regularly or at night because I have to walk long distance to reach there and there is no light on the way and it get so dark at night that I am afraid to go there at night.

The kids at the park eat so many tasty things such as candy floss, cookies, banana, yogurt, chips etc. I have never eaten candy floss. It looks tasty. I hide on my usual place behind the tree so no one can see me and pray that at least one bite of their cookie or candy floss fall down so I can pick it up and eat it. I know it's bad to pray like this but I am not praying for their food to fall, just one bite. I really want to taste what candy floss is like.

CHAPTER 9

10 SEPTEMBER 2002

Today is the birthday of one of the students who comes with the teacher. He misbehaves but the teacher did not scold him like she usually does. Instead she said, "It's your birthday that's why you get free pass today." Oh! Now I understand. On birthday no one scold you. Yes, even mommy was good to me on my birthday; the people of orphanage were not good because they did not know that it was my birthday.

4 OCTOBER 2002

AGE 9

Today I came to the park and sit in my usual spot to listen to the teacher. She tells the students it's 4 October. OH MY GOD! Today is my birthday. I don't have to hide today. I can go and play with the other kids. No one will scold me today and if someone does I can tell them it's my birthday.

I rushed towards the play area. I was smiling. I am feeling so happy. I saw a beautiful girl. She looks my age but she is wearing such pretty clothes and my clothes are dirty but it's alright. She is eating candy floss as well. I hope she shares it with me. I went to her and introduce myself.

"Hello, my name is Arial but you can call me Ari. No one has ever called me this but I like it."

The girl didn't reply to me. I think she can't speak. It's alright I still want to be her friend. I continue to talk to her.

"This candy floss looks tasty. Can you share it with me?"

This time, to my surprise, the girl speaks, "you are dirty and I don't want to talk to you. You will dirty my new dress as well. Stay away from me." And she pushed me hard.

"Listen it's my birthday today." I tell her

"So what can I do? Go away."

"OH MY GOD! My baby. Someone is kidnapping my baby."

Suddenly someone shouts and race towards where me and the girl were standing and pull the girl away.

“Security! Security!” the new lady shouts.

“You allow this type of girls in your park. So dirty and so messy. She smells as well. What were you thinking allowing her to enter this prestigious park? I will make sure you are fired. She could have kidnapped my daughter. God knows how many germs she carries?”

“Maam I don’t know how she enters the park. I will throw her out this instant.” With that the guard holds my arm roughly and tightly. His hold is painful. “It’s my birthday today.” I shout to them. Surely they will release me now and let me play but they ignore me.

“You are not throwing her out. I am calling police. She should be in prison. She could be a criminal.”

“No, No I don’t want to go to jail.” I shout again which causes the guard to glance my way angrily.

“Shut up you bitch. I will not lose my job over a piece of trash like you.” the guard glare at me.

“But it’s my birthday today.” I remind him quietly this time. Maybe they didn’t like me shouting.

“The birthday of the bastards like you is the occasion of shame not proudness girl.” The guard taunts me.

“I am calling the police. You just hold her. How dare she touch my daughter?” the lady speaks again.

Oh no, I can’t go to jail. Terry told us that jail is a scary place and they lock you up and beat you. I have to run. I bite the guard’s hand and run for the exit. I can hear them running behind me.

I came out and continue running until I reached my spot in the forest. The sun has a long time ago. It’s dark. I was breathing heavily. I feel wetness on my hand when I put my hands on my face. I am crying but I don’t want to cry. There is no reason to cry. I lost my spot in the park today. I can’t go again or they will send me to prison. I am so stupid. I have to understand that I am not worthy of love and friendship. The guard called me bastard but I don’t know the meaning of that word but I remember many people calling me that. I remember my father calling me that before leaving my mother and me, I remember the bad guys calling me that when they come to visit mommy, I also remember Miss Jolene calling me that when she beat me. I don’t know what bastard is but that I am one. I have no friends and no one to talk to. I am so lonely. My life is full of disaster. I should have died with the other kids at the orphanage. I walked to the edge of the river with my miserable thoughts. The quiet night is disturbed by the occasional cry of misery of the beautiful, tortured girl.

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