

BEHIND VENETIAN BLINDS



*Little Wit
&
Creative Goth*

*Behind
Venetian
Blinds*

LITTLE WIT & CREATIVE GOTH

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ISBN: 978-0-9923254-0-4(sc)

ISBN: 978-1-4834-0380-9 (e)

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Lulu Publishing Services rev. date: 10/24/2013

We would like to give thanks to Gary Anderson for his unique artwork and talent that inspired his creation of the book cover design and illustration.

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Chapter 1

*Welcome to the reality behind the illusion of the
venetian blinds. Please, come in and have a look around,
you look like you haven't been here before.*

Little Wit

The warm sensation spreading through her silk pyjamas forced April awake. “What the . . .” April eyed Gavin warily through half-opened eyes as he stood defiantly by the side of the bed, pissing over her as though it were acceptable. Instinctively she made to move away from the steady stream of urine that flowed over her, and was met with a hard heavy hand, straight across her face. Her head bounced off the headboard, and blood filled her throat as she bit down on her lip, momentarily causing her to gag. “PLEASE GAVIN, I’m sorry . . . please don’t . . .”

Grabbing a handful of her hair by the roots he straddled her, pinning her arms down with his knees, his other hand gripped tightly around her neck. Pushing her head back into the mattress, he directed the flow of urine upward towards her face, saturating her hair and the bedding beneath her.

Unable to move, tears of fear flowed freely as her words came out in strangled gasps. “Please . . . let me go. Whatever it is, I’m sorry, it doesn’t have to be like this, Gavin. Why are you doing this?”

“You don’t warrant respect, April, you only warrant being trashed. You deserve everything you get, you unashamed bitch. I despise everything about you, and your stupid ideas about your stupid job concerning the plights and needs of your nutcase patients.” Continuing to hold her steadfast he sank his teeth into her right breast, and she felt him harden as she screamed in pain. “Keep it up, baby; this is how I like it.” He laughed a low dirty growl as he taunted her. She let out a sob as he yanked at her hair again, wrapping her tresses around his wrist. He stalled and studied her a moment; he was aghast that she allowed him to treat her in this way. She let him get away with exactly as he liked and never really objected, he just couldn’t help himself, he got hard at the thought of it. He liked the way she was beginning to appear androgynous since he had put her on a diet; her rib cage was jutting out, her voluptuous chest diminishing, and her waist he could almost encircle with both hands. Pushing her long blonde urine-matted hair away from her pretty face, which he only allowed her to wear down behind closed venetian blinds, he looked at the shiny bruise that was beginning to appear on her cheekbone. Fleeting, he felt a pang of guilt, he was normally more careful to inflict damage on parts of her body not immediately visible to others. He dismissed his guilt quickly, it wasn’t like he had broken her bones or anything, nothing that wouldn’t heal or wash away, plus he knew she wouldn’t talk. It would be more than her life was worth. She stayed fixed in his grip, as he began to masturbate over her.

“Let’s see if you can actually satisfy me for once.” He threw his head back as he manipulated himself and the familiar waves began to accumulate through his abdomen. “Ahh . . . ahh . . . Gonna

come, April . . . , don't stop, don't stop." Gavin slowed his pumping groin, deep sighs of sexual satisfaction emanating from his throat as he ejaculated over her. Satisfied, he pushed her roughly away by the palm of his hand against her forehead, rolled over and went to sleep. April forced herself to lie there, covered in his piss and semen, whilst Gavin snored beside her, the cold wet sheets clinging to her skin and the urine beginning to pool beneath her bottom. Her pubic hair was full of his cum, the rough curls matted, sticky and bonded together. She had long since given up trying to fight Gavin off when he approached with his depraved intentions. The consequences of her saying 'no' only resulted in assaults of increased severity. Gingerly shifting position, she tried to get comfortable as she winced in pain. Her head throbbed; her throat was raw, and her upper body covered in varying shades of bruising. She moved her jaw a little and winced at the ache in her cheekbone. She would have to look at that as soon as she was able.

Staring numbly at the venetian blinds of their newly purchased home, her head wandered towards her three year marriage; it always did, even if she wasn't giving it primary consideration, it lay there festering at the back of her thoughts. She indulged herself, with a private laugh, that she had hoped that their recent move to London might have been a turning point for them. She had left behind her friends and family in Manchester, and the job that she loved in elderly nursing, and accepted her current position nursing acute mental health patients so that it all fitted in with Gavin's promotion, area transfer and an extremely lucrative wage. She had toed the line at every cost to herself and her own needs, she did, she just did. She had no idea what she was going to do. Since their marriage three years ago, he had begun to enforce his physical presence on her at an increasingly rapid rate. April's fear of him, coupled with shame, grew

at a phenomenal pace. Gavin got her so she couldn't think straight. She felt profoundly unsure of herself, and humiliated by physical agony and disgrace. She tipped her head up slightly toward the clock that sat on her oak bedside table. Half past four. Gavin would not be awake until its alarm rang shrilly at half seven, when he would get ready to go off to his precious job. She closed her eyes, unwilling to think anymore, and began to run through a list of household chores; she would start with the vacuuming and then clean the windows. When he had left for work in the morning, she would strip the bed, scrub the mattress and turn it to air thoroughly. She liked her surroundings to have orderliness about them, it distracted from her reality and helped her feel calm and relaxed when she tidied, dusted and cleaned. She knew she appeared the epitome of upper middle class society, she had the mortgage and marriage thing happening at the age of twenty two, and her life seemed to be steering forward in the usual, unremarkable, carefully manufactured fashion. Vaguely, she wondered what people would think if they knew the truth behind Gavin's startling baby blue eyes; flitting her eyes over to the venetian blinds, she thought about how they could do with dusting.

Chapter 2

Mine is just the same old story, you know the one where we struggle for meaning and purpose to our lives? And nothing fills that void within; it just gets bigger with each passing day. I have no idea why I am here and I am almost afraid to ask myself, is this it?

Little Wit

For fuck's sake, Jay, turn the light off, will you, I'm trying to sleep!" Groaning, Sienna glanced sleepily at the clock. It was three in the morning. Turning over, she tugged the duvet up over her head and closed her eyes. He was pissed, again.

"Si . . . Sienna . . . I'm sick, like." Jay tripped over her shoes, which she had kicked off carelessly before getting into bed. "Do you have to leave everything lying at your arse, Si, Jaysus; a bloke can't even make it from the living room to the bedroom without encountering an assault course." He fell clumsily on top of her, holding his stomach and groaning loudly. "And you don't give a shit that I'm ill. I might need a doctor."

"You're always sick, Jay, when you mix drink with drugs, which is, oh, let me see now, virtually every day. How much speed have you snorted tonight? Oh for God's sake . . . get *off* me." Kicking him

off herself, she rose to turn the light out. She crawled back into bed, shoving him further over to his own side as she did.

“NAAH! . . . Think it might have been that pizza earlier.” He spoke with conviction.

“Oh *really*.”

“Some fucking nurse you are.” He groped at her.

“Jesus, Jay, not now, I gotta be in work in a few hours!”

He leaned right over her, squashing her into the mattress. “Why don’t you just phone and tell ’em you’re sick, like, and get some other eejit to go and do all your nut job activity programs for the day, like. Because I can think of some nice little activity programme just for you . . . with no patient involvement what-so fucking-ever . . . but it’ll do you good, therapeutic like.”

Sienna closed her eyes and pulled the duvet tighter to her body, further up to her neck. “No Jay, not now, just go to sleep or go somewhere else.”

“Awwww . . . Si, . . . go on, go on, go on . . . what’s up with you?”

“I’m pregnant.”

He lay still for a moment, staring at her, momentarily sobered, and then he started laughing. “You’re pulling my pissar; you had me going there for a moment, Si.” His throat dried up when he was met with a stony silence, and he suddenly found it difficult to swallow. He raised his hand and stroked his neck, rolled off her and settled back to his side of the bed. “What the fuck, Si, you can’t be.” He scratched his head, perplexed. How was he ever going to make something of his life now Sienna had dropped this bombshell on him? “How did this one happen, like?”

“I fell off the chair and banged my head, Jay . . . how the fuck you think it happened!”

“Well, how soon can you get rid? I mean, you can’t be thinking of having it, like, I mean there’s just no way. I’m not ready for this kind of shit; I got my degree and all to finish, like.”

She slowly turned, moving the cover back as she did, looking at him in disbelief. It was something that had crossed her mind, without doubt, but it was not the conclusion she had expected Jay to reach immediately, without careful consideration. “You mean your philosophy degree? That same degree you been studying for the past six years since you were eighteen, and you’re still trying to make it through the first semester of freshman’s year? That the one you’re talking about, Jay? Huh? The only achievement you’re ever going to make is into the Guinness book of records for being the longest standing student ever!”

“Och, Si, don’t be such a bitch.”

Snatching a cigarette from its packet, her hand trembled as she lit it. “Good old Jay, who just can’t cope with life. Good old Jay, who reckons that spending all day propping up the bar talking philosophical bullshit to his mates is going to steer his life in a different direction from everyone else on this planet. It might help if you made it to class once in a while.”

“You’re the one that’s changed, Si, you’re the one that doesn’t come out anymore since you started all this nursing bollocks.”

“Well, someone’s gotta earn the money to pay for your drug habit along with the bills. It’s called growing up, Jay.” She slammed the lighter back down on the bedside table.

“Now, just hold on a minute . . . There’s no need for that, Si . . . And did you have to tell me that you’re pregnant tonight, like? The lads are still next door, Si, how am I meant to go back in there and pretend everything’s normal, huh?”

“Good on ya, Jay. Thanks for your support. I’m sorry this is such an inconvenience for you . . . Thanks, Jay . . . Thanks a fucking lot.” She wondered at her feelings of wanting to smack him if he said ‘like’ one more time, and she had found it so endearing in the beginning. “East Belfast class,” she muttered to herself as she swung her legs out of bed and yanked the bed cover completely off, ceremoniously balling it up and burying it in the corner of the room before flouncing out and slamming the door behind her.

Sienna lowered the porcelain lid of the toilet and sat on top of it. She shivered involuntarily in the small confines of the damp-smelling bathroom. Their one bedroomed flat was always cold, no matter how many layers she put on, nor which season they were in. The tiny radiators did little to take the chill out of the air. Blowing her nose, she opened her toilet bag and unwrapped another pregnancy testing kit. Every day for the past three weeks Sienna had got up, thrown up, unwrapped another pregnancy test and tried again, in vain. She had spent a small fortune and tried several different brands. She had even urinated in a variety of positions . . . she waited . . . hoping that this would be the one to prove all the others wrong, this would be the one that would be negative, this would be the one to pull her out of the shit; nope, no sirree, not a chance. She knew damn well her behavior was completely idiotic and she was attempting denial, but she went ahead anyway, it helped her retain just a little hope. She watched as the two blue lines came clearly into focus. Sienna Saverese, twenty two years of age, sensitive to dust mites, pollens, latex, avocado, animal hair; you name it, she was allergic. And her contraceptive pill had failed her. It was symptomatic of her existence. Prescription drugs didn’t suit her system either. She was most definitely pregnant. She had dreamed of escape for months now, something different, and something not so humdrum and ordinary.

She stared at the venetian blinds and realized how much she hated the entrapment they represented, suburban dreams and two point four children. She suddenly hated the accommodation they inhabited in London's West End. It seemed suffocating. Her whole lifestyle was closing in on her, and simultaneously shifting out of her control. She thought about ringing April, her closest friend, and then dismissed it quickly. It was late, or early depending on how you looked at it, and a phone call wasn't going to change the facts that confronted her right now. She would catch up with April soon enough at work. She wanted to run and hide; only this time there was no cover, so she sat there and, flicking another lighter into life, sucked on a bong Jay had thoughtfully left half-consumed, ledged in the bath. She felt herself float away, and the pain of her own existence began to subside.

As a young child, Sienna had always found ways to slip away from reality, more often than not she floated on a cloud and detached herself from the girl below that had long dark, nearly black hair. Sometimes she felt sorry for the little girl she left behind, like when her mother trapped her in the corner of the kitchen, near the cupboard under the stairs, and nipped her all over her small body, the tiny pinches leaving their sting in her soft skin. She could never remember what made her mother so mad, only that she had made her angry for some reason, like the time she had fallen and cut her knee and got blood on her school uniform. As she reached adulthood, she had found that the quickest way to float away was through recreational drug use. It worked quickly and it worked a treat. Crossing back into her bedroom and clambering back into bed, she lay there listening to the bass of Primal Scream dancing its way through the thin plaster board which divided the walls, as Jay and his throng partied on next door.

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