

Dark Tales

Chester Lee

I Dedicate this book to everyone who has ever felt alone. Sometimes we need to feel this way to bring the best out in us so smile and come along for the ride.

The contents of this book are not based on any person living or dead.

Any names or places used are purley coincidental .

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CHAPTER ONE

Temptress

I guess sometimes we look at the world or the one we have created around us and simply question its very meaning. As I sit there looking into the mirror placed upon my old wooden dressing table, all I see is a broken woman staring back at me.

Blond hair cascading down my peach shaped face. My eyes still blackened from smudged make up I had refused to remove the night before.

"Amy look at yourself" I said in a slight huffed voice

"Pull yourself together" Dam I needed to sort out my life.

Now you may ask yourself what could be so bad that I felt the need to change. My childhood was the same as any other child or so I thought anyway. I remember playing out in the garden my father sat with uncle Mike sipping on an ice cold beer while my mother was baking cookies in the kitchen. I can still smell the aroma in the air. I close my eyes and take in a deep breath before opening them and within a few moments I'm transported back to the dying reflection that now stared back at me. I was twenty one years old yet to me I saw an old woman inside. Sucking every ounce of youth that once lived out of me.

My life had always been crazy. Just one big mess I could never escape from. But the one thing I had around me now was people I could trust, or so I thought anyway. Little did I know how wrong I was? I guess I never really learned to trust anyone not fully anyway. Who could I trust no one understood me. I'm not sure if anyone even cared I know I didn't. So many memories I had blocked from my mind but one stuck firmly there forever. That moment in the tree house will always haunt me. Every time I close my eyes I'm pushed back to been a child a helpless little girl who craved to be loved. Today was the day I changed no more was I living in the past from today I was on my own my future panned out before me.

My friend Rhianna had got me this job in a club not ideal at first but hey we all need money to have a new life right? Rhianna and I had been friends from high school and in a way she was just as fucked up as me. Well maybe slightly a bit more. I guess it was in my teens I started to go off the rails. Staying out late partying. I used to drink and I mean I drank a lot. Numbing the pain inside me I was feeling. Slowly isolating myself from the whole world around me. My whole family started to turn against me I had lost so many

people harbouring this secret. Too scared to tell truth or to relive those moment that affected me most. By the time I had reached fifteen I was on every drug I could think off. Drinking no longer blocked the pain I felt inside so I need to find a sense of relief. That was the first time I had ever took heroin. I was at party with a few friends well I called them friend but I guess I knew deep down I was just been used. I was the easy girl. The girl who would do anything to get her next hit. I remember leaving my family home on the night of 31st of October at the age of fifteen and never going back. As I made my way to another party it was here I met Rhianna little did I know on that night that several years later we would still be friends.

Rhianna broke me from the trap I found myself in. She help me get clean If it was not for her I'm not sure if I would still be around today. A part of me was always grateful to her for that. It was our friendship that made me strong. I never spoke much about my childhood not to anyone. I just wish I still had the closeness with my father after all a daughter and fathers love could never be broken.

I remember the moment I walked up to the dingy little club just off North Street. I had lived in London for three years now. It was not much but it was home. As I approached the club there was a neon sign with half the bulbs missing attached to the side of the building.

It reminded me of something you would see in a tacky American diner. I glanced up to the sign to see it clearly read Temptress. I took in a deep breath and slowly opened the shabby wooden door at the entrance. The paint on the door was peeling at the edges worn out by the elements. It rained a lot in London in fact I don't remember the last time I saw sunlight through the thick smog that now covered the city. I always thought London was the city of dreams. So far it was like the city of nightmares. As I walked into the club I noticed the walls were painted a deep purple barely viewable in the very dim lighting. I wondered to myself what type of place I had walked into but that answer soon became clear. What the fuck had Rhianna done no way was I working in a place like this.

Out of nowhere came a tall red headed women she was wearing what looked like a dark blue bra which pushed up her large perfectly formed breasts and a small skirt that just covered her crotch.

"Ah you must be Amy? Her voice was sweet and tender

"Urm yeah" you could hear the nervousness in my voice as I spoke.

"Rhianna has told us a lot about you. All good mind. Rick is expecting you."

I wondered to myself what she meant by that comment. Even though we had been friends for years I still kept a lot from Rhianna. So what she could have told them I didn't know. I didn't want to know.

"Follow me please" The women placed her hand out to mine as I stood there for a second before reaching out to her while not saying a word.

As I'm lead me down the hallway and into what looked like an office. I notice the walls are painted another vile colour, this time a blood red. I never did have a thing for blood red to me it seemed cheap. Then again nothing about this place cried out class. Well not the type I thought of anyway. Everywhere I

turned tackiness poured out from every angle. I felt a sickness in the pit of my stomach as I'm slowly lead into the office. In the far corner of the room was a desk.

A large blue lava lamp glowing. Cascading a slight shadow over the face of a dark haired man who sat firmly out of view. Slowly the man stood up from his high backed leather chair. His face now perfectly visible in the blue light. His skin was smooth and tanned like a golden beach glowing in the sunlight. Maybe this place was not as bad as I first thought. Well if every man who worked here looked like him I knew I was in for a good time. As I approached closer I notice his crystal green eyes shimmering. I gaze deep into them mesmerized as he began to speak in a soft cool voice.

"Amy come sit. I'm Rick" I slowly take a seat in the dark high backed leather chair, desperately trying for him not to notice me blushing.

A slow sexual energy creeps over my body. Twinges of sexual excitement emerge between my legs as I flowed away into a hypnotic trance.

"So Rhianna tells me your looking for a job, well I think we have the perfect one for you. Drink?"

The more he spoke in his soft tender voice the more I became sucked into the sexual fantasy that now raced through my mind. Visions of his soft hands stroking down my neck onto my tender breast and working his way down to my crotch.

I could feel his warm breath on my neck as he slowly kissed me. Suddenly I awoke from my fantasy realizing I was still in the room. I composed myself as I cleared my throat before speaking.

"Thanks ill have white wine" I think he could hear the slight fear in my voice as he just stared directly at me and gave a slight grin before turning away as he headed to the bar in the opposite side of the room.

"So what is this job that's so perfect? I asked.

You could still hear the hint of fear and excitement in my voice as I cleared my throat once more. As Rick slowly walked over I noticed he had a slight swagger to the way he walked. I think it was this what made him so much more attractive. He had that certain smoothness about him that made him too hard to resist I was putty in his hands and he knew it.

"Just be here tonight 9pm" Rick just gave me this sweet smile and I was gone. It never entered my head to ask what the job was I was too mesmerized by Rick to care. All I knew was that in less than four hours I was going to spend the first night of my new life working with a gorgeous man, and hopefully many more.

To me this couldn't get any better. I walk briskly home visions of what my night would be like raced around my head. The firm image of Rick imprinted in my mind. It had been a long time since a man had that effect on me. Not since my high school sweet heart had I even wanted a man to touch me so bad. To feel that sweet sense of passion that made me tingle in every inch of my body. I was fourteen the last time I felt like this and even then it was nothing like looking at Rick there was something electric about him. Something deep inside that I now craved. I was like some sexual beast that had awakened

something that had been hidden deep inside me. I walk out of the club with a beaming smile across my face and head my way back down North Street into the bustling city. Oblivious to my surrounding. People rushing past me stuck in their own little world. Office workers in there sharp suits racing in and out of food stores. Children screaming as there been dragged along by the mothers who are carrying mountains of shopping but yet still searching for the next sale on shoes?

If there was one thing that London did well was separate the wealthy from the poor. I knew my place in society and it was worlds away from the middle class people I found myself surrounded by. As I approached my apartment block it was a clear reminder of how much I wanted more. I walked into the run down building that I called home. A strong stench of urine filled the air. This was normal and a smell I had become accustom to within my first few weeks of living here. Graffiti covered the walls along with excrement. In the far corner of the hallway lies a man his coat covered in mud. His pale face pressed against the wall with saliva slowly dribbling from his mouth. We called him smack head Pete. It reminded me of when I was younger. I saw an image of how my life would have turned out if Rhianna had not saved me from that world. The first few times I saw him lying there it scared the hell out of me but if there was one thing that living in London taught me was to get used to the drugs fast. This city was full of them it was a constant reminder of my past, a world I was so heavily involved in. It was not an image of something you expect to see from the most famous city in the world. Well that's what all Londoners think anyway. I slowly make my way up the six flight of stairs that now faced me. The elevator was always broken and even if it was not I still found myself using the stairs. The last thing I wanted was to be stuck for hours in something that was no bigger than a shoe box. After what seemed like ten minutes of walking up each flight of stairs I found myself out of breath. I was not the fittest person in the world far from it plus I smoked I had ever since I was a child.

As I enter my apartment I notice that my window was ajar.

"I was certain that I closed that" I said to myself as I entered with caution.

I scour the rooms for any signs of a break in but nothing. I guess the window must have just slipped my mind. I throw my pink Dior bag on my heavily stained couch. Its vibrant colour stood out like a sore thumb against the brown worn leather it rested upon.

My Dior bag was a gift from my grandmother it was one of the few thing I received worth any value. It was my only designer bag in fact it was my only bag and I loved it. I guess in the same way any woman loves her prize possessions. Some girls its shoes others it's diamonds. Mine was this bag and I held onto it with dear life.

I head over to the window and pull it shut creating a gust of wind filling the air with the stale smoke smell of the bustling city below me. I hated that smell but It was better that the smell of urine that filled the air of the tower block lobby. I head back into the kitchen and switch on the old plastic kettle and make myself a strong cup of tea before slumping back on to the brown leather sofa

that stretched the length of my living room. I sit down and close my eyes only for a moment before drifting off into a nice long nap.

When I awake a few hours later I glance up at the golden carriage clock that rested upon the top of my television. Another gift from my grandmother. I had always admired it as a child I guess I somehow knew that one day it would end up in my possession.

I see that the time reads 7.30pm I pull myself from my slumber and head into the bathroom to get ready only a few more hours and I was going to see the fine specimen of man that is called Rick.

As I walk into my bathroom I stare deeply into the mirror still in a fixation on tonight when I see a figure move in the reflection. I turn around quickly to discover there was nothing there. As the hairs stand up on the back of my neck a rush of fear enthralls my body.

"Who's there?" I wait for a moment before calling out again "who's there?"

I slowly walk out of my bathroom into the hall. If this was Rhianna playing a joke it was not funny. She was known for playing jokes sometimes it crossed my mind if she was all there but there was something about her I loved. Rhianna is my best friend and one of the good ones.

"Rhianna if that's you this isn't funny anymore"

As I walked into the living room I felt a hand reach out and grab me on my shoulder. Suddenly I was in the mist of darkness as a blindfold was placed across my eyes. The grip on my shoulders becoming tighter as I struggle to break free. All that raced through my mind was this had to be some joke. It wasn't my birthday or I'm sure it wasn't. Sometimes I even had to remind myself of that.

As I'm lead out of my apartment and down into the lobby of the tower block. I could hear the sounds of racing traffic. The sounds of people rushing past grew louder. I questioned why no one helped me as I struggled to break free. That was another thing about London no one cared. So many people vanish without a trace in this City. Who would care if I was just one more?

I'm slowly bundled into the back of a car which raced off at some speed. After what seemed like a fifteen minute journey the car came to a sudden halt. The door to the car opened and I am pulled from the vehicle with such force that I fall to the ground banging my head.

At this point it began to cross my mind this was no longer a joke. Panic begins to set in as I wonder to myself if I was ever going to get out of this alive. Dragged by my hair across the floor I find that I was suddenly thrown into a blackened out room scared I tare the blindfold from my face and drastically search for an exit.

Frantically I bang my fists against the walls. What the hell was happening to me? I was trapped struggling to break free from this nightmare that I now found myself in.

CHAPTER TWO

A Nightmare Awaits

After sitting for what seemed like several hours in pure darkness I hear the sound of a door open from across the room. I froze for a moment as I watched a Grey haired man wearing a blue Hawaiian shirt head towards me. His beer gut hanging over his orange swim shorts. Within seconds door slammed shut and I was once again back into darkness. Scared I scramble to the far corner of the room. A few moments later I felt a firm grip on my waist and I was thrown to the ground hitting my head causing me to black out. I wake with a slight confusion and one hell of a headache to find the man pressed upon me his hands groping my breasts working them down to my thighs. I grab at him struggling to push him off me. He grabs the back of my head and slams it back down onto the stone floor. As I look up into his eyes they looked black and empty. I feel a tug as he tears off my knickers before a sharp pain as he enters me.

Pushing as hard as he could like a wild animal. He leans toward me his mouth drooling as he puts out his tongue and slowly licks up my neck. "Hmm tastes good"

His voice was cold and callous I felt a shiver race over my body as I lay there powerless to stop what was happening. I just close my eyes and wait for him to finish raping me. Sweat dripped off him and into my face as he pushed harder and harder so hard that I screamed in pain. I lay there just praying for it to stop. In an instant it was all over the man pulled up his shorts slowly as he stood there staring deep into my eyes like I was his prize. There was something in those eyes something I recognized as the door opened I search for a slight moment of light before again been trapped in darkness. I lay there still trying to understand what had happened. But I knew what had happened deep down inside of me I knew, it had happened to me before.

The sound of music began to filter in the background, voices from the ground below grew louder filling the air. I scream out in the hope that someone, anyone would hear me.

"Help, please anyone help me!" I begin to bang furiously against the walls screaming louder. "Help! For fuck sake anyone? Can you hear me?"

I knew no one was coming no one was going to save me from this nightmare I was all alone. Trapped and scared in some crazed world I had found myself in.

After a few hours of sitting there in complete darkness trying to salvage what

ounce of dignity I had left I hear the sound of the door creak open behind me. I race to the exit in a hope to escape to only be met by a tall figure.

I look up to try and see into the eyes of this dominating person above me. A few moments later I felt a hard slap across my face making my head fling back with the force. I reach out to grab my balance gripping onto the black hood that covered the figures face to find long red hair. It was the woman I had met earlier in the club.

"You... It's you"

The woman just turned to me and grinned before walking out of the door slamming it behind her. I was once again plummeted back into darkness. Just as I had just began to adjust to my pitch black surroundings the room filled with bright light. So much so that it distorted my vision. Before once more I found myself back into darkness.

I slowly try to focus as I hear the door once again creek open. Within a split second the room grew light then dark again seconds later. It was like an over powered strobe light flickering on and off. Before I knew it a man was standing directly in front of me. Just standing there staring.

As I try to focus I put out my hands to feel my way. I feel a firm grip around my throat as he slammed me against the wall. Every few seconds the room flicked from light to dark preventing me from been able to gain my focus. I could feel myself choking gasping for breath as he gripped harder as I watch the room slowly fade out as I collapsed on the floor.

I didn't know what happen in those few moment all I knew is when I woke up the room is now dimly lit and once again empty. My blouse had been torn exposing my breasts. As I sit there I feel the trickle of bloody flowing down my thigh from between my legs. Panic sets in causing me to shake in fear. As the hours pass the sound of the music starts to dim. I hear the sound of footsteps once more approach the door. I prayed they would stop for them to walk past and just leave me alone even if just for a second. I take in a deep breath as in walks a tall dark haired man I watch him approach me focusing on his walk. It was a walk I remembered it was Rick!

That smooth swagger oozed out of him as he slowly walked towards me. I looked up directly into his eyes.

"You bastard" I spit directly into his face as he knells down towards me.

"Now Amy is that anyway to treat your boss?" he said while wiping his face. I just stared at him before speaking

"Fuck you"

You could hear the anger in my voice in the space of a few hours Rick had gone from been my sexual fantasy to becoming my worst nightmare. Rick just laughed gently

"I told you I had the perfect job for you"

Rick just stood up dominant above me before turning to a woman who stood in the door way. She had short black hair and thin rimmed glasses framing her pure white delicate face. She was dressed in a navy blue business suit that hugged her size 10 figure.

"Bring the next one in"

The women turned as if to coach someone into the room. From that moment I knew this nightmare was far from over in fact it was then that I realized that it had only just begun.

As the night went on more and more men came into the room. Some raped me. Others just touched themselves as they watched their friends beat my head against the wall like I was some personal peep show.

As they watch me fighting with all my might all I could think is that I had to survive. I had beaten this before and I knew I was going to beat it now.

CHAPTER THREE

Fight To Survive

After what seemed like hours eventually the flow of men stopped. I lay there trying to cover myself with what torn clothes I have left. Not a tear in my eye just hate and anger. I didn't know why this was happening to me. All I knew is I had to survive.

The next morning I wake to find Rick stood there gazing a smile upon his face. I jump up and raced towards him throwing out as many punches as I could in the hope that just one would strike him so hard that he fell to the ground. Rick grabs a hold of my arms throwing me against the wall.

"Remember this Amy you work for me now. Bring her in"

A tall man wearing what looked like a regimented uniform with G.D.S wrote on the left hand pocket walks into the room pulling at the arm of a slim framed women. The man passed her over to Rick. You could see he was terrified. Too scared to even fight.

"Amy I brought you a friend, to let's say take the load of you a bit. Oh and this is for you"

Rick slowly bent down towards me and pushed a £50 note into my face.

"Payment Amy. You work for me remember"

As Rick turned away to walk toward the door I screamed out at him

"Fuck you Rick I'll kill you for this I'll Kill you"

Rick suddenly froze still and in the blink of eye whipped round and struck me straight across my face.

"I think not Amy. If any of us is to die my dear that would be you" Rick walked out the door slamming it behind him.

As I turned to face the women I noticed she has a small rose tattoo on her right hip. I moved over to get a closer view when I realized who the women was it was Gemma my niece.

Her bruised battered face was barely recognizable. Her nose had been shattered both her eyes black and puffy. Scratch marks down the left hand side of her face leading to her bloody lips.

"Gemma wake up please wake up" I shook her in a panic

"Gemma please wake up"

Slowly Gemma started to open her eyes

"Gemma it's me Auntie Amy, oh baby what have they done to you" I just sat there for a moment holding her while she sobbed in my arms.

"its ok baby your safe now, your safe now" I wrap my arms around her in a

hope she would feel safe even if for just a moment

A few hours later the door opened once more. A tall woman stands in the door way holding a steal tray. Slowly the woman bends down and places the tray on the floor and pushes it in my direction.

The tray had water and food plus two black lace dresses the ones you would normally find in the sex shops of Soho. As I picked up a lace dress out fell an envelope containing a note

"Get cleaned up and get her ready."

"Fuck you" I said to myself I took the water and gulped as much as I could.

I had not eaten or drank since yesterday. From that moment I had to make sure she was ok and that we both got out of this. What I couldn't figure out is why she was here what the connection was. I sat there dreading what Rick had planned as I put on the lace dress I stand there staring at Gemma waiting in anticipation. After a few hours the door creaked open. I sit there shaking as I whisper into Gemma ear. "Its ok baby it's ok"

I remember the last time I saw Gemma we had just celebrated her 18th birthday that's how I noticed the tattoo I had paid for it as a birthday gift. I remember Stacy my sister going crazy at me for getting it her. It was so typical of me she said. Then I was always seen as the black sheep of the family. That never really did bother me much.

In walked Rick his head up tall with a grin on his face.

"I thought I told you to get her ready" he said there was sternness in his voice.

"Fuck you Rick, fuck you. What do you want from me?" I screamed at him while slamming my hand against the ground in anger.

"Amy this is business you two were chosen. Do you really think it was by chance you got the job here? Where is your precious Rhianna when you need her?"

"Right here"

I hear Rhianna's voice from behind the door as she slowly enters the room. I couldn't believe it was her she was involved in this the one person I thought I could trust.

"Why would you do this? Why?" Rhianna slowly walked over to me

"Why do you think? What possible reason would anyone want to hurt poor little Amy?"

You should thank me if it wasn't for me you would not be holding that £50 note you have screwed up in your hand. Strange really after everything we put you through you still seem to hang on to the money. Well we will see how far you will go for money won't we"

She was right from the moment Rick had shoved the note into my hand I had not let it out of my grip. Maybe they were right. I would do anything for money after all I was always seen as the easy girl.

I felt a deep sickness inside me as I felt a realization that this was my fault. I had always been known as the bad girl. Always out for what I could get. The only person I had ever let get close was Rhianna. I remember the first time she met my mother Ruth. We was in town and had been out for a few too many. I must have been no older that sixteen.

This was normal for us at weekends. I did like to drink.

As we stumbled out of a bar on Lime Close. I fell into the road on top of this Grey haired woman wearing a deep maroon over coat. It wasn't until Rhianna helped me to my feet that I realized I had just landed on my mother. I had not seen her since the night I had left. I was in a state of shock and horror unable to speak. In that moment I wanted the whole ground to open up and swallow me. Despite their first meeting my mother took a real shine to Rhianna and welcomed her into our family like her own daughter. She had met all of my aunties and uncles she was just part of the family more so than me. I suddenly froze for a second. The Grey haired man from the night before flashed into my mind. I could see his face luring and drooling over me then I noticed his eyes. It made me remember I had seen them somewhere before but where? As I sat there racking my mind searching for that mental picture I knew I had stored away somewhere. I suddenly felt a feeling of pure sickness overcome my body. I had remembered where I had seen those eyes before. I just stared at Gemma laying there cowering in the corner. I knew those eyes from when I was a child. Sudden images of a man walking into my room when I was about four or five flashed before my eyes replaying itself like a video tape on repeat. Sounds of his voice racing round my head

"It's our little secret sweetheart. Come now you only have to touch it" I knew I had seen those eyes before. They were Mike's. Gemma's Dad... Suddenly everything came flooding back the night in the tree house. The visits to my room. Reliving those memories was something I had feared the most.

It was a part of my brain I had switched off. A memory pushed as far back as I could. There where so many memories from my childhood I had tried to forget but I guess some things you can never hide from. I remember holding Gemma waiting for the nightmare to begin and soon it did. Within seconds the room went pitch black once more. This time things were different I expected the bright light to follow in sequence like a strobe light on a timer. I waited but nothing just darkness. No one entered the room. There was no music playing in the club below. Just silence and a very faint odour. Within seconds I felt my body start to shake blood dripping out of my left nostril. My eyes become droopy as I slowly breathe in more of the fumes.

I drastically search the room just in the hope I could feel where it was coming from. As I search along the bottom of the walls I find what feels like a vent. The pressure of flowing air entering the room. As I try and block the vent with my torn clothing I collapse on the floor. My eyes feeling heavy until I eventually pass out from the toxic gas.

I wake in a slight haze to find I was still in complete darkness. The sounds of grunting filled the room. As I tried to find my feet I felt the heaviness of a shackle around my ankle. I look down at my feet to see I had been chained to the vent I had discovered earlier. As I struggled to try and free myself the sounds of grunting became louder followed by Gemma's screams. It had begun.

"Who's there? Leave her alone you bastard I swear I'll kill you for this"

I tugged vigorously at the sold iron chain binding my ankle searching furiously

across the floor for anything that would help me break free. Within the blink of an eye the room once again turned bright distorting my vision. As I try to focus I see Gemma laid in the corner of the room there was a short haired women semi naked pressed on top of her dressed in fetish clothing, violently hitting Gemma's head against the stone floor. I scream in fear as I watch Gemma fight for her last breath her eyes facing me as I struggle to reach her. As the women slowly stands up I noticed a scar across her face as she turned to look at me. I stare deep into her eyes to see nothing but emptiness a sense of pleasure embraced across her face. She continues to stand staring directly at me with only the sound of the door opening drawing her attention. It was Rick

"I'll kill you I'll fucking kill you" Rick just smiled before speaking

"Oh poor Amy don't you think that's getting a little old now, I'll kill you I'll kill you" Rick mocks my words in a childlike manner.

"We both know that's not going to happen Amy but I do have some good news for you. I think I'll bring you another friend as this one didn't last too long"

Rick walks over to Gemma's body and kicks her arm with his foot.

"Oh and before I forget" Rick pauses for a second before turning to the women who's still stood there her eyes transfixed on me.

"You can pay her direct. Let's call it a customer perk"

She slowly bent down towards with what looked like yet another £50 note in her hand. As she leaned in closer I just grabbed her. My hands in a tight grip around her throat squeezing as tight as I could. Slowly watching her turn blue as she struggled to break free. As I watched every bit of life drain out of her I felt a sense of power and control. As I drop her limp body to the ground I turn to face Rick and say to him two simple words

"Your next"

In the few hours that followed all I could vision was Gemma's eyes staring directly at me from across the room. I gripped the chain attached to the vent tugging with every ounce of energy I have left in the hope it would loosen the grill covering it.

After what seemed like hours I finally hear the sounds of the bolts loosening. Exposing a gap between the grill and the wall. As I place my fingers in the gap I see a shadow on the wall I turn around and descended back into darkness as a black hood is placed over my head. I wake to the sound of traffic racing past me.

As I looked through the cracks in the hood covering my face I notice the car approaching an old disused warehouse surrounded by woodland. As the car comes to a stop I see Mike stood in the distance. Images of Gemma once again raced through my mind. As he slowly walked up to the car anger rushed through my veins. He slowly placed his hand through the opened window and removed the hood. I stare blankly into his eyes. My body filled with so much anger that I wanted to explode.

"I always said you were my little princess" There was a cold callous tone to his voice.

"How could you? Your own daughter? I screamed at him as I waited silently for an answer

"But you're my real princess"

I watched as he slowly inserted his hand into his trouser touching himself

"Come princess just like I showed you touch it"

Mike grabbed my hand placing down his trousers slowly rubbing back and forth

"See you do remember" I just smiled at him for a second.

"Yeah I remember, remember this!" and with all my might I pulled as hard as I could forcing him to slam against the car.

"Ah my dick, you fucking bitch my dick"

The more he screamed in pain the more I pulled as hard as I could

"So I'm your little princess yeah?" With one mighty pull my hands where covered in blood as I dropped his dick to the floor.

I watched my Uncle Mike fall to the floor slowly bleeding to death. I quickly opened the door as I climb over Mike rolling on the floor covered in blood a race of excitement rushed over me as I ran to the wood. I had finally escaped I was free.

CHAPTER FOUR

Freedom

Those moments that followed as I raced deeper into the entwining woodland that surrounded me gave me strength. I held on to the hope that my nightmare was finally over.

As I raced through the thorn bushes and nettles my legs and arms been ripped apart in the process I enter a clearing in the woods.

I remember the smell of fresh woodland flowers that filled the air. Sunlight beaming on the freshly cut grass creating a carpet of warmth beneath my feet.

I walk leisurely across the lawn soaking up every ounce of tranquillity that surrounded me. As I took in a deep breath a sense of relief flowed through my body. I had finally broken from the nightmare.

I close my eye blissfully unaware of what was next to come as I open them slowly I am greeted with the face of a small frail women. Her white dog tailed hair blowing in the gentle breeze.

"She's here baby I got her she's here"

The women stood giggling at me as she pointed into my face

"I got you" I stood there for a second wondering who she was talking to surely it wasn't me?

"You sure did momma you sure did"

As I heard that voice I froze to the ground. Rick walked through the woodland onto the clearing. You could see the joy on his face as he slowly approached me holding a Benally M4 shot gun. If there was one thing I knew it was guns my dad was in the army all his life I remember sitting on his knee as a child hearing stories of his time in war. BANG!

The sound of gun shots echo in the air. I instantly jump to the ground frantically panicking.

Rick slowly walks over to me pointing the barrel of the shot gun directly at my head.

"Don't move"

You could hear the anger in his voice a darkness filled his eyes as the evil that flowed through him filled his body.

I was laid on the fucking floor fearing for my life where would I go?

It wasn't long before I found myself once again back into darkness and been dragged by my hair across the ground.

I lay still choosing not to fight I guess I just didn't have the strength.

I expected to find myself waking in a slight daze back at the club but this time

it was different. The smell of wood burning filled the room. There were sounds of footsteps creaking the floorboards below them. I could feel a cold breeze blowing onto the back of neck.

I wait for a blow around my head but nothing came. Apart of me wished that someone would strike me, kick me, anything but still nothing.

As I gently open my eyes the glow from the fire blinds me as I focus on the room.

Then like a speed of a bullet I felt a hard slap across my face throwing my head back. I finally grab my focus as I feel the tight grip from Rick's firm hands around my throat.

It made me think of a few days before when I had wished for anything just to have his hands touch my body. It repulsed me that at this point I was having these thoughts race through my head but I just couldn't help it.

I gaze into Rick's eyes while I gasp for breath hoping that I might get a slight glimpse of someone human behind those clear mesmerizing green eyes.

The more I looked the more sexual my body became I felt sick to my stomach that a part of me enjoyed what was happening.

I found myself pushing my throat deeper into his grasp. Rick suddenly loosened his hand.

"You're enjoying this aren't you?" There was a sense of confusion in his voice as he spoke.

I gasp for breath gulping in air as much as I could as I stare at him before slowly nodding my head.

What was I doing I could not understand how I could be thinking this never mind feeling it but something inside me craved more.

I wanted his hands on me more than anything. There was something telling me what I was thinking was not right, but the more I knew I should not be enjoying what was happening to me the more it seemed to turn me on.

Things changed in that moment I went from feeling scared and angry to feeling this rush of sexual energy racing over my body.

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