

The Holiday Killers

By MK Staple

Smashwords Edition

Copyright 2013 MK Staple

Smashwords Editions, Licence Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

The Holiday Killers

Chapter 1

Nothing bad ever really happens in Junction Falls, Maine a sleepy little town with a rural flavour, yet, close enough to the I95 to be readily accessible to most of the Northeast USA. The people who live in Junction Falls are mainly long time residents who know each other, each others children and their children's children. The younger ones while they longed to stay and continue to make lives for themselves and their young families they knew that staying was becoming less and less a reality with the changing times. The recession of 1988 had made it difficult, if not impossible for them to stay. The two biggest employers in Junction Falls, Jameison Tires and Woodmans Furniture had suffered greatly due to the recession. Both companies had been around since the early 1900s and had been loyal employers and wonderful corporate citizens. They had tried to keep the wolves at bay by gradually reducing the work force, but in the end had to close their doors for good. The day the doors closed, was the day that life was sucked out of

Junction Falls. Most of the young left for the bigger cities where at least things didn't look quite so bad. The few that were left behind were either aging or had little skills to offer elsewhere. They were faced with only a handful of low paying jobs and with little or no retirement funds in place, the young and old alike were facing dismal times ahead.

The recession had also caused the real estate market to collapse in Junction Falls. Many people abandoned their homes when they lost their jobs and couldn't make the mortgage payments. The banks moved in quickly and foreclosed. The white picket fences, older homes and long driveways began to fall into disrepair. The cheap real estate made it easy for newcomers with disposable cash to pick up houses way below their real value. The face of Junction Falls was already changing and was about to take on a different flavour with the coming of its two newest residents, John Lee Harris and Roy Wade Boone.

Chapter 2

John Lee Harris grew up poor in the border town of Houlton. His father, John senior was a violent alcoholic who spent most of his days living in a drunken fog and whose abusive outbursts sent John Lee and his little sister scurrying for their lives. His mother was a mild, shy woman with elegant features which she passed onto John Lee, giving him his striking black hair and deadly good looks. She did her best to keep the family together by working long hours as a waitress at one of the local diners serving the tourists crossing over the Canadian Border. While her tips and the left over food from the diner kept the children fed she could not shield John Lee and his sister from the drunken rages that befell their father. The long hours away from the children, knowing what they would face each day after school only made her guilt that much more intense.

John Lee's mother was not immune to her husband's outbursts of terror and had come to work many times bruised and battered often taking the beatings to shield the children when she was able. While those who knew the family were aware of the abuse, there seemed to be little that could be done to help. The local police had been called many times to the Harris residence often leaving with John senior, letting him sleep it off in the tank overnight hoping each time that when he returned he would turn over a new leaf. John Lee's mother stayed out of fear heeding John senior's threats that he would find them if they ever left and murder them all.

John Lee was never able to carry on a steady relationship with a girl because of the abuse he witnessed at home, always believing that someday he would turn out like his father. As well he could not contemplate bringing home a nice girl to face what he endured every day seeing his half clad drunken father most of the time out of control. As John Lee got older his resentment of his father and the beatings that he, his sister and his mother had to endure would ignite a rage inside that would prove to shape his destiny.

When John Lee was 14, he came home from school one day to find his little sister hovering in a corner covered in blood with her eyes closed shut. John senior had beaten her to a pulp. Not sure if she was still breathing he went to her side. Just as he did he was sent flying across the room, hitting his head on the kitchen countertop. When he awoke he saw his father standing over his mother with a gun and she was pleading with him to leave them alone. John senior screamed "you're not worth it!" He stumbled off to the bedroom hurling abuse at them all. John Lee's mother composed herself and tended to both John Lee and his little sister. She called a neighbour who took them all to the

hospital where John Lee's sister was kept overnight for observation. John Lee's mother returned home with him and they stayed with the neighbour that night.

Something snapped in John Lee that night. He silently left next door and returned home. He quietly picked up a large knife that had been lying on the counter in the kitchen. He calmly walked to his father's bedroom, stood over his dad, and began stabbing and stabbing over and over again until he had no strength left to push the silver cleaver any further. He heard a small groan and then fell back into the chair by the window falling asleep in the cool air of the night. The next morning he awoke to the screams of his mother and sister who stood over the lifeless, bloodied body of John senior.

Thus began John Lee Harris' life of freedom from the pain of his abusive father. Justice would be swift in his case. He would have to serve time at a juvenile detention centre in Maine and undergo psychiatric treatment to prove that he could be rehabilitated into society. He felt that his imprisonment was worth the price he had to pay to free himself, his mother and his sister from ever having to endure the wrath of a cruel, evil man. John Lee's destiny had now been shaped by what he had done and what he would learn from others whom he came in contact with at Red Mountain Detention Centre.

Chapter 3

Roy Wade Boone was a pretty blonde boy with a mind of his own. He was an only child and grew up with a deeply emotional, somewhat neurotic mother who always seemed to be high on something. She was deeply controlling and revelled in controlling the one person in her life that she had control over, Roy Wade. He always listened and was a really good boy but he felt that somehow he was different from the rest of those his

age. He never knew who his father was and it was a sore point whenever he brought the subject up with his Momma. As he got older he had his suspicions who his father might be but even when he was little he was afraid to ask his Momma, as she would turn surly and mean and he would have to run and hide to avoid her rage. He longed to know who his Daddy was and the fact that he had no male role model in his life made him vulnerable to the strange ways of his Momma.

His Momma never worked however they always had money and the best of everything. They lived in a large house in Vermont and had a woman come in once a week to clean. They had a gardener who tended to the sprawling lawns and they never did ordinary things like shop for groceries. These were delivered weekly by a local grocer. She wore furs and had the best of clothes but had little to do with the community. While Roy Wade attended school he kept to himself and was known as a loner around school. While he liked girls he could never get up the nerve to even be friendly with one of his schoolmates and besides he would never be allowed to bring a girl home. His Momma would never handle this well!

They took lavish trips staying in the best hotels being tended on hand and foot. It was the cruises that Roy Wade hated most. This was a place where his Momma could meet strange men and where she could satisfy her sexual appetite. After all she was an attractive woman, refined and kept herself in very good shape. While the days were fine aboard ship, the nights were difficult for Roy Wade. He had to endure the sounds of his Momma and her men in sexual frenzy in the bed next to where he would sleep. The smells of booze and sex and the aroma of stale aftershave was something that he could never stomach, often hiding under the covers trying to block out what was happening in

the bed next to him. The men his Momma slept with made a point to be sure that Roy Wade knew that they were there and in control. He often heard them steal out early morning and he knew that he would have to lie still until his Momma awoke late morning, like nothing had ever happened. By lunchtime it was all forgotten and it was back to the routine of shuffle board and swimming until the next man his Momma picked up for her night time encounters.

Roy Wade's Momma was fascinated with old movies, with glamorous movie stars. She especially liked child stars like Shirley Temple and was mildly intrigued with Westerns with stars like Roy Rogers and Dale Evans who were wholesome and whom she held in high esteem. Why she even named her boy after Roy Rogers. Losing herself in these movies made her feel normal. She would spend hours watching the old movies and imagine herself and Roy Wade playing similar parts.

She became ever and ever obsessed with how she and Roy Wade could live their lives like those people in the movies. She would shop at girls' stores looking for clothes that would fit Roy Wade and then shop at places like thrift stores where she could pick up old wigs and other items which she could use in her makeshift movie scenes. She started dressing Roy Wade up in costumes when he was only a little boy and he had grown used to her shows as he grew older. Her obsessions would become more demanding as he got older.

May times she would dress him up to be Shirley Temple with the blond curls and when the movie came on in the home theatre his Momma would demand that he get up on stage and sing like Shirley or tap dance to the music. He always obeyed and as he got older he thought more and more that this was a game he could play to keep his Momma

happy. He particularly liked to play Roy Rogers, after all what little boy wouldn't like to dress up like a cowboy with a Stetson hat and the gun and make believe that he shot the bad guys when he had the chance. Roy Wade had learned to live his Momma's fantasies as if they were his own. However, as he continued to grow to be a teenager his resentment of his Momma's games and her awful boyfriends would become a compelling feeling of shame for a young boy about to become a young man.

When Roy Wade turned thirteen things began to really get mixed up for him. He liked girls and he was having feelings and thoughts, however being a loner he had no friends to ask or talk about what was happening to him. He had seen the girlie magazines in the drug stores and one day he had the nerve to pick up a copy and put it under his jacket. He managed to get away without getting caught. When he got home he was intrigued with the magazine and the beautiful nude girls inside the covers. He would get aroused by the pictures and the great pleasure he experienced seemed to calm a growing fire within him. He would make many trips to a variety of drug stores and steal away with these precious images of still life. He found creative places to hide his magazines all over his house, hoping that his Momma would never find his treasures.

Things were about to change for the worst for Roy Wade. One afternoon when he arrived home from school he was met with his Momma dressed as elegant as he had ever seen her. Something was not right though. Her eyes were blood shot and she had this mean look about her. He could tell that she had been drinking. She told him that it was time to play and she demanded in a loud, slurred voice that he put his tuxedo on for this scene. He was so scared when she came over to him that he tripped up the stairs. She told him to join her in the movie theatre. When he entered the room he could see a movie

playing on screen he had never seen before, a movie with a nude woman and man having sex. His Momma turned to him and with one of his magazines in hand she cuffed him on the side of the head. He reeled and fell back. She stood over him screaming and yelling “if this is the kind of boy that I’m raising then you need to be part of scenes where you can act out your fantasies.”

She grabbed him by the arm and began slapping him madly, out of control. He tried to defend himself but she was relentless pushing him to the ground and kicking him, all the while swearing. He managed to grab her by the foot and she fell to the floor. As she began to get up he ran to the chest of drawers at the far end of the room. He knew that she kept a small pistol in the drawer for protection. He grabbed the gun and turned. She stopped and started to laugh wildly that he didn’t have the nerve to shoot her, besides she was only teaching him a lesson. She lunged at him and he pointed the gun and shot her until all barrels were empty. She lay dead on the floor with six bullets in her and blood oozing out of her mouth. Roy Wade stared at the lifeless, blood spattered body and for the first time in his life he felt at ease.

He picked up the telephone and dialled 911. When the operator answered, he calmly told her “I’ve shot my mother and she deserved to die.” When the police arrived they found Roy Wade’s Momma dressed in her prettiest night gown soaked in blood and lying on her bed with Roy Wade next to her. They took Roy Wade to a hospital for the mentally ill where he was assessed and later found fit to stand trial. He pleaded guilty in front of a judge and was sentenced to 10 years for his crime. He was transferred to the Red Mountain Detention Centre in Maine to serve out his time.

Chapter 4

Red Mountain Detention Centre was a juvenile correction centre for child male offenders who had committed serious crimes such as murder and was touted as a facility where the boys could receive psychiatric treatment and become rehabilitated. Life at the centre however was harsh with regimented chores that were designed to give the boys some life skills such as washing clothes, cleaning bathrooms and mopping floors. Time was set aside for schooling and as the boys got older, they would have the opportunity to learn a trade or take college or university courses. The boys learned over time whom they could trust or not trust and some boys were attracted to the small cliques or gangs that form naturally in places like Red Mountain.

John Lee kept to himself finding solitude in reading, all the while dreaming of the day when freedom would be his. He was quite an intelligent boy and the Warden seemed to recognize his talents. He allowed John Lee to work in the infirmary where he would assist the nursing staff with wrapping wounds, setting casts and other minor medical tasks. The staff liked John Lee and encouraged him to take nursing courses through the community college. He excelled in the nursing profession and would receive his diploma as a practical nurse.

Roy Wade was also someone who kept pretty much to himself but seemed to flourish when he was around tools. He had a knack for putting things together and fixing just about anything. He took courses in carpentry and would make bird houses, tables, chairs, just about anything that could be made from wood. He also dabbled in electrical, plumbing and auto mechanics and became known as a jack of all trades. He had a keen mind for anything that needed fixing and could build just about anything. When the staff

needed something special for a loved one they turned to Roy Wade who always delivered a unique gift that could be found nowhere else. He would become a favourite with staff and they made sure that he was kept out of harm's way when some of the other, more unruly inmates would try and pick on the pretty blonde boy.

It was through an accident that he got to know John Lee. He was working on wooden doll house for the Warden's daughter for Christmas when the chisel slipped and lodged deeply in his hand. He was sent to the infirmary and John Lee was asked to tend to his wound. While both of them didn't have too much to say to one another there seemed that a spark had been ignited and the return visits to the infirmary for check-ups on Roy Wade's hand gave the boys a chance to get to know each other. The boys were close in age and had quite a bit in common having come from dysfunctional families. The more they talked and got to know each other, the more they discovered how much alike they were. They began to eat their meals together, traded books and magazines and both had a love of chess playing. A deep bond was formed with the boys making a pact that they would look after each other from here on in on the inside and look after each other when they were set free.

Chapter 5

The time sped by and with good behaviour John Lee was set free just after his 25th birthday which was in January. The records of juveniles convicted of child murders were sealed from the public and with the assistance of the nursing staff at Red Mountain, John Lee was taken on as a nursing aide at St. Jude's Hospital in nearby Augusta, Maine. Roy Wade had another year to serve before he would be released back into society and having John Lee nearby would make the time go by that much faster. John Lee made it a point to

visit Roy Wade whenever his work schedules permitted and visiting was allowed. The corrections people did not think this to be something to be cautious of as both boys had been model inmates and some even thought that it was good to see the two bond like brothers when they had no one else in the world to relate to.

Roy Wade bided his time and kept busy with his woodworking and reading. Computers had also become a passion and the daily news of the outside world made time fly by. John Lee meanwhile went about trying to make a life for himself, working hard and all the while saving as much money as he could. He rented a small apartment, always paid his rent on time and paid in cash. He purchased a used van from the classifieds which was in good condition and reliable. While he kept to himself, he did make a point of trying to be friendly with the people he worked with and had a reputation of being very thorough and performing his job above and beyond. He would volunteer for any and all overtime to continue to build on the small fortune he was amassing. He had little in the way of a social life and ate a rare meal at the local pub where he relished in sitting back having a cold beer and watching all the pretty girls who would sometimes come on to him. He would always shy away and leave before anyone could really get to know him.

Roy Wade was finally set free from Red Mountain on February 13th the next year and John Lee was there to meet him. As Roy Wade looked back at the daunting facility he hoped that he would never have to darken the door steps again. The boys shook hands and hugged and they drove away into the late afternoon sun. John Lee had fixed up the spare room for Roy Wade and both celebrated with a six pack of beer and some spicy wings and chips from the local greasy spoon. Roy Wade looked up to John Lee like his big brother and John Lee took Roy Wade under his wing making sure that he found

employment as a mechanic in a local garage. They were both settling in just fine. Both were saving money and would soon have more than enough to enjoy life the way they wanted to.

Chapter 6

John Lee and Roy Wade wanted a place of their own, a place where they could be free to live their lives without fear of having their pasts come back to haunt them. Given the current drop in house prices they decided that they would start looking around for a more permanent residence, somewhere where it was quiet and nobody knew them. The town would have to be close to Augusta because they both had jobs there. They were interested in a place that was reasonably priced, perhaps needed a little work and they could pay cash for. They did an exhaustive search through the classifieds and began looking in earnest. They would take their time and first drive by and if they liked a property, they would then scout it out a little more.

During one such drive on a beautiful fall day in September through the sleepy little town of Junction Falls they happened upon an older home on Carter's Lane. It was a large blue bungalow with white shutters and a white picket fence set back from the road. The nearest house was 200 hundred feet away and was also set back from the road to afford privacy. The house also had a long driveway to a decent size garage in a secluded backyard with many tall shady trees. Some were losing their leaves and looked magnificent in the sunlight. There were many evergreens which would keep the garden private even in winter. The home had a For Sale by Owner sign in the window with an out of state number to call. The boys parked in the driveway and got out to take stock of the property. They peered in the windows and could see that the home needed work

inside. This was a bonus what with Roy Wade being so handy and all. It was also mainly furnished, with drop clothes covering the furniture which pleased both boys. They marvelled at the garden and its peacefulness.

John Lee made the call to the owner and discovered that he was quite anxious to sell, as he had been forced to move his family out of state to look for work and start a new life in the big city of New York. The property had been for sale for some time and what with the real estate market being what it was, the owner had no luck with either lookers or offers. He was desperate to sell the blue bungalow on Carter's Lane and took the first cash offer that John Lee made. John Lee had an attorney in Augusta prepare the sale papers and the deal was inked and sealed in less than a week. John Lee and Roy Wade were now homeowners. They gave notice to their landlord and were able to move in the next week. The day they got the keys it seemed like real freedom was finally theirs to experience.

The first few days of the long weekend were busy for both boys, what with cleaning up the place and painting the walls with a fresh coat of paint. The boys took stock of their surroundings and were fascinated with the beautiful loft which Roy Wade would transform into a working studio with a beautiful view of the valley. He loved the large garage and now had a great place to construct his favourite pieces of art.

Chapter 7

Both boys had loosened up a little since moving in together and had needed an outlet for their pent up feelings. A little booze and weed went a long way to helping them mellow out and come out of their shells when they needed to on the weekends. The only

thing missing was the lack of female companionship which both boys craved dearly, but were reluctant to move on, not wanting to bring too much attention to themselves.

To celebrate their good fortune the boys decided to have dinner in Augusta and have a few drinks later at the local pub. They were good looking boys and the girls would fawn over them when they frequented the pub. Not wanting to get involved with the local girls, they decided that it was best to stay away from the girls who frequented the pub. They were feeling no pain when they left the pub and decided that they would look for some action at a large disco which they had driven by many times on the way home from work. Here they could get lost in the crowd and take in the action. They sat at a table on a higher level and began to take in the gyrating, sweating bodies of the beautiful girls who were moving seductively around the floor.

The booze and music were intoxicating and both John Lee and Roy Wade could not fight the arousing feelings that began to take them over. They decided that this was their night to break out. They left and decided to see what the local ladies of the night had to offer. They cruised the strip and were lucky enough to come upon a lone girl working the corner of Main and Davis. They pulled up along side in their van and the lady of the night seemed willing to go for a ride with the two good looking boys. She wanted to be paid up front before she agreed to go with them. The boys forked over the cash and she climbed into the van. They pulled up to a seedy motel off I95 called the Outback and John Lee with a large hat pulled down to hide his dark hair went in and paid for one night's stay. The motel clerk was not bothered much by the late check in as this was the type of clientele that the motel usually catered to. He didn't want to know the business of those staying and looked away as John Lee handed over the cash.

While John Lee was securing the key to the motel room, Roy Wade was getting to know the girl they had just picked up. He asked “what’s your name?” She told him that her name was Annie, a false name she often used when dealing with the johns. He said “my name is Roy and I like your pretty blond hair.” She smiled as she stroked his blond locks. “I don’t usually get them as cute as you” she whispered. Just then John Lee returned and opened the door to room 7. It was barely clean with old chequered bedspreads on the two double beds. Annie said “I am going to the washroom.” Roy Wade went to the van and brought back a bottle of rye. When he got back he poured himself and John Lee two large sized drinks and poured one for Annie. She took her time in the washroom and the boys were getting anxious. Roy Wade banged on the door and asked “what’s taking you so long girl?” Annie answered “I’ll be right out I’m making myself pretty for you!”

She entered the room and poured back the tall drink of rye, not wincing at all. She looked at the boys suggestively. “Who wants to go first?” Roy Wade was already aroused and he lunged at her. She fell on the double bed and hauled up her short skirt. John Lee sat in the old chair in the corner and watched a mad frenzy unfold that made his manhood come alive. Roy Wade was ravenous and Annie complained that he was being just a little too rough. Before he knew it, Roy Wade had come and fell back in a heap next to Annie. By this time John Lee could take it no more. He pushed Roy Wade off the bed and then felt himself inside Annie thrusting madly until he too came and fell back in a heap. Roy Wade wanted more. Annie shouted “you’ll have to pay extra if you want it again.” Roy Wade felt that they had already paid enough for the night. His mood changed and Annie could see that she needed to get out of there as fast as she could. She picked herself up

and grabbed her purse and began to head for the door. Roy Wade grabbed her by the hair and spun her around. She shrieked. To shut her up he punched her in the face and she fell back on the bed. When she awoke she was completely naked with each of her hands tied to the bed posts with a face cloth stuffed in her mouth. The boys were sitting back and whacking back the booze and ogling her. Annie knew that she was now in trouble.

John Lee and Roy Wade took turns all night mounting and dismounting Annie. They fell asleep in exhaustion. John Lee was the first to wake just before dawn and nudged Roy Wade. As Roy Wade opened his eyes, he turned away when he saw Annie lying in the blood soaked sheets with a bloody knife next to her on the night stand. What had they done? John Lee was quick thinking and wrapped Annie in an old blanket that he kept in the van. He opened the door, peered outside, the coast was clear and he laid Annie's body on the floor of the van. By the time that he had returned to the room Roy Wade had cleaned up the booze bottles and had bagged Annie's clothes and purse. He asked John Lee "what are we going to do with the blood soaked sheets?" John Lee went next door and gently shimmed the lock, went in and took the sheets off the bed of the adjoining vacant room. He came back and remade the bed with the clean sheets making it look like the bed had been slept in. He took the bloodied sheets and threw them in the back of the van. They drove slowly away and headed home. They barely spoke to one another on the way back to the house. They pulled into the long driveway round the back of the house. Roy Wade opened the door to the basement and John Lee brought Annie's body into the basement and put her in the freezer. This would give them some time to think of what to do next.

John Lee knew that prostitutes went missing all the time so he was not concerned that anyone would miss Annie. He just had to figure out what to do with her body, so that her killing could not be traced back to himself or Roy Wade. He said to Roy Wade “let’s go for a ride.” They headed out towards I95 and they could see that there were many old winding woods roads off I95. They drove down a couple of the old cow paths and one in particular looked like that it was not well travelled and was treed with large old fir trees. Roy Wade said “I think this will do.” Later that night they took Annie’s cold body and all her belongings and travelled to the old dirt road off I95 being careful not to attract attention especially from the state police who frequently patrolled the major roads in the area. They found a small hollow and began to quickly dig a hole and when they were satisfied with the size of the hole they gently placed Annie’s body and belongings in the hole. They covered her body in the hole and John Lee placed a large piece of plastic over the hole before completely covering it in. This would lessen the scent and keep the animals from digging up Annie’s grave. They said a quick prayer over Annie and then they both stole away into the night back to the sanctuary of their home on Carter’s Lane. Neither one of them spoke but there seemed to be an aura of calmness and yet euphoria about what had just taken place.

Chapter 8

Life carried on as normal in Junction Falls with John Lee travelling to his nursing job each day to St. Jude’s and Roy Wade feeling accepted at the local garage in Augusta. Roy Wade decided that he needed a vehicle of his own and had purchased a fixer upper that had been left at the garage. He took his time in repairing the little red Ford Fairlane

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

