

DARK CARNIVAL

A STORY OF HORROR AND RETRIBUTION

FICTION BY
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CHAPTER 3

Ben “Junior” Stokes

“Please, let me go...” the bitch begged for the hundredth time. I rolled my eyes at her even though she couldn’t see me through the blindfold. I stalked around the tiny RV, trying to get my thoughts straight. I was trying to figure out a way to fix this, but I couldn’t think of anything.

Okay, so maybe I’d planned on kidnapping her...especially since I’d stocked my car with everything I might have needed, but I wasn’t really sure I could go through with it! At least...that’s what I kept telling myself. It was irrational to snatch her, but it was done now. She’d seen my face and when she sobered up in a few hours, she’d probably put it all together.

How could I have been so fucking stupid? I knew the answer to that question right away...it was that girl...Kelsey. Seeing how Holly treated her tonight was my snapping point, but who could blame me? This bitch was seriously fucked up in the head. She wasn’t right at all. As if to prove a point, she started bucking and screaming again, pulling at the restraints on her arms and legs.

I quickly crossed the small space between us and backhanded her, hard. “Didn’t I tell you to shut the fuck up?” I muttered in her ear. She cringed away from the sound of my voice.

I checked to make sure her arms and legs were still secured before turning my back on her once again. I started pacing again, trying to assess my options, but they weren’t looking good. I knew if I let her go, that would be it for me. She’d call the cops and they’d all but bury me under the jail. For right now, all I could do was keep her quiet so that no one came to snoop, but she wasn’t making it easy.

Every few minutes, she’d start screaming again, yelling out a long string of profanities at me in her drunken stupor. I finally got enough of it and stuffed a rag in her mouth. I

should have never taken the duct tape off to begin with. At some point Holly finally passed out in the chair she was bound to, and I sagged with relief. At least I could have some peace and quiet for a little while.

As she slept off the alcohol, I secretly hoped that she would wake up and not remember anything. I could drive her back to her car and put her inside...and if she woke up there maybe she would think this was all a dream. Even if she didn't, there wasn't much she could do to get me in trouble. She was seriously drunk and the cops would probably just think she'd run off the road and hit her head. Besides, I wasn't even in that little crap town anymore.

I'd all but made up my mind to take her back when a loud banging interrupted me. Someone was at my door. I almost panicked, but a quick peek out the front door assured me that it was just Artie. I checked to make sure the bitch was still asleep before I eased out of the front door, careful not to let him see inside.

"What's up?" I asked when I was safely outside and the RV door was closed behind me.

"Well, Horace thought he heard some commotion coming from over here...thought maybe some drunks or some teens were out running around. You hear anything?" Artie asked grumpily. He looked like he'd just crawled out of bed.

"Nope, haven't heard anything," I said nonchalantly.

Artie grumbled something under his breath before looking around us. "If you hear anything, check it out. I'm going back to bed," he muttered.

I breathed a sigh of relief when he was out of sight. I'd have to make sure the little bitch didn't make so much noise again. As I crept back inside, I'd persuaded myself to take Holly back immediately before this got completely out of hand. Unfortunately, things weren't going to go quite as expected. Nothing new about that, though...

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Kelsey O'Neil

"I told you it was fine!" I said through my teeth. I was beginning to get aggravated with my best friend.

"But it's NOT fine!" June whined. I threw my hands up in the air, disgusted with her and this conversation. I just wanted to go to bed and forget that this day ever happened. June, however, wasn't going to let it go.

"It IS fine, June. Please, just drop it. I don't want to talk about it anymore. Seriously," I said in an annoyed voice. I think she finally got the hint.

"Okay, okay...I understand. I'll shut up...as soon as you tell me you forgive me," she mumbled, obviously embarrassed. I just stared stupidly at her.

"C'mon, Kelsey. This whole thing is my fault. I should have never made you go tonight. This is just as bad as the carnival the other night. When will I learn?" she complained. She only knew the part with Holly...I hadn't told her about what went down between me and Kevin in the woods, and I didn't plan to ever share that with her. She would only end up blaming herself, and she didn't need that guilt.

"It's okay...it's not your fault, you couldn't have known that this would happen. And I forgive you," I reassured her. "Honestly, I could forgive you a lot faster if you'd just let me get some sleep. I feel like a zombie."

"Okay, I'm going!" June said with a smirk. She hugged me tightly before I climbed out of her car. I waved and gave her a small smile as I watched her drive away. I stumbled quickly into the house, grateful that my parents were already asleep, and practically ran to my bedroom. I peeled my clothes off and jumped into the shower, wanting to wash all traces of HIM off of me.

I began shuddering as the hot water cascaded over my naked body. I made sure to scrub myself thoroughly before I got out and brushed my teeth...twice. I took some aspirin to help with the headache I could feel sneaking up on me and then climbed into bed. I just wanted to forget everything about this day. As I tried to sleep, horrible flashes of tonight plagued me. It was a steady stream of Kevin's cold face as he held me down and fucked me, and Holly's evil smile as she tormented me. Eventually, I passed out.

Several days went by without incident. June was more clingy than usual, and I knew it was because she still felt bad about dragging me out to the lake that night. Luckily, she never brought it up, so I wasn't required to fill her in on what happened between me and Kevin. After realizing that I wasn't mad at her, June started to relax and go back to normal. She was hooked on Jared, so he was often with her. I tried my best to get along with him, but every time I saw him, I thought of Kevin.

Fortunately, I wasn't going to have to endure the torture much longer. Just a couple months of summer left, then I was off to school and I could leave this awful town behind me. Though I would miss June, the pros of moving definitely outweighed the cons, and I was beginning to feel excited about a fresh start.

On an even more positive note, Holly was gone. Apparently the word was that she was off on some big senior trip that she'd been planning for months, and I was glad to be able to leave the house without worrying about running into her. All in all, everything was going great. Little did I know that in just a week, the shit was going to hit the fan in our crappy little town.

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Artie Stokes

"C'mon...answer the phone already," I grumbled. This was getting out of hand. I knew damn well that Marion was getting my messages, so why wasn't she calling me back? Once again my call went to her voicemail and I left another clipped message for her. Dammit, I needed her back...we were losing money. I was going to have to replace her. I couldn't see any other way around it now. She'd been gone too long.

I mashed the off button on my cell phone and flung it on my bed in disgust. This was a giant fucking mess. Gotta get

a new clown, Marion was MIA, Junior was all fucked up and out of commission. Christ, could things be any worse right now?

I collapsed onto the edge of the bed, worn out from the long day we'd had. Tomorrow I'd have to start looking for replacements, and I hated that more than anything. I didn't like bringing new people into the family...never knew if you could trust a bitch at first.

I was just about to crawl into bed when the phone started ringing – it scared the shit out of me. I snatched it up and checked the number...it wasn't one that I recognized.

"Hello?" I asked gruffly. There was a long pause and I was about to hang up when a timid voice finally spoke.

"Hello, Art," Marion said quietly.

"Marion! It's about fucking time!" I bitched. "Where the hell are you? I've been trying to reach you for days!"

"I know...I've been...busy," she mumbled.

I've never heard Marion sound so...meek. Usually, she was outspoken and bold. Something terrible must have happened.

"What's wrong, Marion? You know you can talk to me. If you need more time off, I understand," I offered.

"I will not be coming back, Art," she answered immediately.

It took me a moment to process what she'd just said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Look, I didn't want to do it this way, but I don't have a choice. I didn't realize that I would be missed that much."

"What? Of course you're missed! Marion, you've been with us for a long time...you're part of the family!"

"Thank you, Art. I know you mean that, and I considered all of you to be my family as well. But...I cannot put myself at risk by being there. I wasn't sure that I wanted to tell you this, but I would feel terribly guilty if I didn't." Marion paused for a moment.

I was intrigued by her words. What was she about to say? If I knew what was best, I would listen...Marion always steered me in the right direction.

"Tell me," I finally said when the silence grew thick.

“Art, there is a great evil there – a very dangerous, very potent evil. I sensed it before, on the night that I left, but I believe that it has gotten even worse. You need to be very careful,” she murmured.

In the years that I’d known her, Marion had always seemed very wise. This time, however, she really sounded like a rip-off palm reader. Was she playing a joke on me?

“Okay, what’s the punch-line, Marion?” I asked with a chuckle.

“Do not laugh, Art. I am trying to warn you. I fear for you, because you are closer to the danger than anyone else.” She stopped again, but this time I stayed quiet. Shit, she sounded serious. “It’s...it’s your son, Art. He is an evil man, and you’d be wise to keep your distance from him. You do not know what he is capable of. I’ve seen it...in a vision of the future. He’s going to do something so heinous I cannot even speak of it,” she said intensely.

I was stunned. I couldn’t believe what she was telling me. I could tell that she was dead serious, but Junior? She was talking about Junior? That kid didn’t have a mean bone in his body. I think I knew my own son better than she did. I was abruptly angry that she would call me and tell me these outrageous things.

“Now you listen here, Marion – if you think for one damn minute that I’m going to let you call me and start –”

She cut me off before I could finish my sentence. “Stop! I know what you think and I know that you don’t believe me. But I wouldn’t feel right if I didn’t try to warn you. You will see...you will see for yourself what your son has become. He was not always like this...something dark inside of him has consumed him. I’m not sure what happened to him that’s caused him to react like this, but it must have been pretty awful. Go to him, Art, if you don’t believe me. Go see him and you will see for yourself. He’s doing evil things right now,” Marion said hurriedly. “I must go...please, please do not try to contact me again. I will not return and I will not call you again. I will not be involved in this. I wish you the best, Art. You’ve always been a good friend to me,” Marion said before the line went dead.

What the hell did she mean? Junior was just beaten half to death and was trying to get over his injuries. What in the world could he be doing in his RV that was so terrible? I flung my phone down on the bed again and rubbed my temples with my fingers. Maybe Marion was a big fruitcake after all.

With a sigh I crawled into bed and tried to sleep. After a while, I realized that it was pointless, so I crawled out of bed. I decided to put my mind at ease. I was going to go see Junior, determine that Marion was indeed crazy, and then I could move on. Tomorrow I would start looking for her replacement.

I dressed quickly and took off for Junior's. He'd parked way out at the back of the lot, isolated from the rest of us. I hadn't thought anything of it at the time, but seeing his RV out by itself made me a little bit paranoid.

As I approached the RV, I could hear noises from inside. I figured he would be asleep at this point, but it was apparent that he was not. I hesitated at the door, not sure if I should knock or just go in. I heard what sounded like a struggle inside, so I just flung the door open – surprised that it was unlocked – and stormed in.

I stopped dead in my tracks. Surely I was dreaming...this scene in front of me couldn't be real. I shook my head for a moment, trying to clear it, before I found my voice.

"What in the hell are you doing, son?" I yelled, finally getting Junior's attention. Maybe this was just a big joke...it had to be. Marion would come running out of the bathroom or something in a minute, laughing like crazy at how good they got me. Only she didn't...and she wasn't going to. Marion was right, and Marion was staying safely away from this.

One look at the terrified girl that my son had just been choking proved that this was no laughing matter. She looked awful...bruised and banged up and haggard. What had he done to her? I shuddered at the thought. It was getting hard to breathe. I could feel a strange, painful tightening in my chest.

I took a few steps towards Junior, reaching out to him, but

I didn't make it very far. I could feel the constriction in my chest as my heart faltered. I sank to the floor as my eyes began to blur. My hand was clutched to my chest as my breathing became ragged. Junior was there beside me now, but the wild look in his eyes frightened me. I shied away from him.

"Son..." I managed to whisper, wanting to say something, anything to him...or maybe ask him a question. But, I couldn't make any words come out of my mouth. I could barely remember to breathe. Everything was so dark...the pain in my chest was almost unbearable. My eyes blurred out of focus once more and I turned my head away from him. I didn't want to stare into those eyes any longer.

I tried desperately to draw in another ragged breath, but it was like I was a fish out of water. I didn't know when or if I was ever going to recover from this, and suddenly I didn't know if I wanted to. My son...my only son...he was an evil man. How could this have happened? It was my fault – it had to be! I messed up, I made him this way...my fault...my fault. I closed my eyes and sank into the darkness that was quickly consuming me.

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Ben "Junior" Stokes

Fuck, this was bad...this was really, really bad. Never in a million years did I expect this to happen. What the fuck was I going to do? I was on the verge of tears as I held the lifeless body of my father in my arms. I could call an ambulance, but there would be no point...no one could help him now.

Behind me, the bitch started laughing. The sound sent chills up my spine. She was insane...fucking insane. I only thought I knew that before. Maybe something or someone had made her like this, or maybe she was born this way. Either way, she wasn't going to leave this RV alive. I could see that now.

She made it easier on me. She taunted me, laughed at me while I held my father in my arms, mourning him already.

She thought it was a fucking joke. I felt the rage and the anger boil up inside of me as I stood up. This was going to end...now. I stood quickly and covered Artie up with a blanket before I turned all of my attention to her. She stared up at me, maybe not quite comprehending what was in store for her, or then again, maybe she did. Who knew? She was a fucking lunatic.

Four days she'd been here...four long, agonizing days. My previously concocted plan to take her back to her car had been shot down almost as soon as I'd thought of it...if only Artie hadn't come to the RV that night, I might have had a chance.

Four nights ago...

I was going to have to be quick if I was going to get her back to her car before daylight. I didn't want to think about what would happen if someone had already spotted her car on the side of the road. I needed to get her wrapped up in a blanket or something so I could sneak her out to the car. For all I knew, Artie or Horace or any number of people could be out wandering around now...thanks to her big fat mouth.

Before I could take two steps towards the bed to retrieve the blanket, though, I heard her voice. She was awake – most likely because of Artie banging on my door – and she'd managed to get the rag out of her mouth.

"When I get out of here, you fucker, I'm going to kill you," she said quietly, making me jump.

I froze, not wanting to move an inch. I couldn't tell if she still sounded plastered or not. Shit...I couldn't remember how long we'd been here. Was it long enough for her to sober up?

"Take the blindfold off," she demanded, her voice cold as ice. "It's not going to do you any good...I saw your face when you pulled me out of my car," she informed me.

My heart sank. Fuck...I knew this was going to happen. Why didn't I wear a mask or something? I knew why, though, deep down...I knew I had every intention of killing her. Too late to chicken out now. She'd recognized me and there was

no way out of this.

I walked over to her and yanked the blindfold off. She blinked a few times before glaring up at me. She didn't seem the slightest bit scared.

"Let me out of this chair," Holly commanded with arrogance.

"No, I don't think so, bitch," I retorted. "You're not going anywhere," I said with authority in my voice. Inside, I was still floundering, trying to figure a way out of this, but on the outside, I was trying to be strong. I didn't want her to sense that I might be weak.

"Oh, now I'm scared!" she said with a brittle laugh. "What are you going to do to me?" she asked without fear. "You know, if you wanted someone to tie up and have your way with, why didn't you go after my boyfriend? He's more your type anyway, isn't he?"

I punched her right in the mouth. The little bit of hesitation I'd felt mere moments ago was gone now. Her terrible words brought back a slew of memories for me...the first night I'd had the misfortune of running into her at the carnival...her cornering me and trying to get me to touch her...the cops accusing me of fucking with her...her meanness to Kelsey...her hostility towards me as her dumbass boyfriend beat me in a field...her viciousness as the lake earlier...it all put it into perspective for me.

I hated this bitch, though I didn't know her at all. She'd gone out of her way to fuck with me, even though I'd tried and tried to keep my cool with her. Thinking about Holly forced me to recall memories of Davina, and the whole embarrassing incident with her...losing my job, being publicly humiliated, having to move, being hounded by the press...it was all too much.

I looked down at Holly and saw the fresh blood trickling out of her lip where I'd hit her. It excited me. She stared back at me with a murderous glare, but that didn't bother me...not now. I reached down and wrapped my hands around her neck, squeezing the soft flesh and constricting her airflow.

For the first time, I saw something flash across her face...alarm, fear, surprise...I wasn't sure. She struggled in

the chair, trying to twist and turn away from me, but she wasn't having much luck. Her eyes started to flutter open and closed, and she was turning a slight bluish color, so I released her. She gasped for air as soon as my hands were gone.

"You stupid fucking asshole!" she screamed at me as soon as she found her voice.

I backhanded her again across the face, silencing her. Boy, that felt good. So good that I did it again...and again. A few slaps, a couple of punches, my hands around her neck...this went on and on for a while. When I was practically panting from exertion, I stopped my assault on her. She looked dazed, as if she couldn't believe what had just happened to her.

"When I get out of here, I'm going to make sure that my boyfriend finishes you off instead of leaving you alive in a field," she threatened.

My blood was already boiling inside, and her words tipped me over some invisible edge that I didn't even know I was walking...it was all I could do not to rip her apart. Instead, I yanked her free of the chair with a few tugs on the ropes that bound her arms and legs. For a moment, I think she must have thought I was scared by her threat and was letting her go...until I flung her down on my small bed. I tied her arms together over her head, and fastened her ankles to the bottom of the bed. She wasn't going anywhere.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"What the fuck do you think, you stupid bitch?" I snapped. "I'm going to fuck the shit out of you right now," I clarified, just in case she really was too stupid to get it.

"Fine," she said. I paused for a moment, staring down at her. "Fuck me, and then let me go," she demanded. I put the rag back in her mouth and secured it with duct tape so she couldn't spit it out again. I was tired of listening to her. I decided to leave the blindfold off, though. I wanted her to see what was coming.

I grabbed a knife out of the single drawer in my kitchenette and sliced her clothes off quickly, shredding them in the process. I threw them on the floor and turned my

attention to her naked body. She stared at me, stunned, and was finally silent for once. She knew what was about to happen. Before I could stop myself, I stripped down naked and pulled a condom out of the small table beside my bed. I quickly rolled it onto my hard dick and shoved it inside of her.

I was going to make this bitch scream for real this time...I wanted her to be just as miserable as she'd made everyone else in her life. And, unfortunately for her, all my frustrations over Davina were going to get taken out on her.

I felt her whimper under me, but I refused to look at her. She was just a wet pussy for me to fuck. I refused to think of her as a person anymore. She didn't deserve that classification.

I clamped down on her arms to keep her still as I forced myself in her. It had been so long since I'd been with a woman. After Davina, I wouldn't touch them, and for good reason. All of my anger and frustration and agitation spilled out into Holly now as I battered and rammed her relentlessly. My fat dick pumped in and out of her at a speed that I didn't know I was capable of.

I finally looked down and she was staring up at me with an expression I couldn't place.

"Stop looking at me!" I screamed at her before forcing her to turn her head to the side. She must have realized that I was in no mood to be messed with, because she didn't fight me.

I bent down and clasped her bouncing nipple between my teeth, and she cried out through the gag in her mouth. I clamped her arms tighter, reminding her to be quiet, and she immediately shut up. I moved my hands from her arms down to her tits and squeezed hard. Her tits were too small for my liking, so I decided to flip her over.

She seemed relieved when I pulled out of her, but I untied her legs from the bed and then ordered her to get on her hands and knees. I saw something close to terror flash in her eyes. When she didn't move, I slapped her across the face with as much force as I could manage, knocking her into the wall.

"MOVE!" I yelled at her, and this time she scrambled to

her hands and knees in front of me, facing away from me. I slammed my cock back into her tight wet hole, and I could tell she was resisting...that just made it better. I wanted her to fight me; it didn't matter, because she wouldn't win.

I could feel the anger pouring out of me with each thrust of my cock. I grabbed onto her hips and dug in with my hands as I continued to fuck her. When I felt the tension building up inside of me, I slowed down and pulled out. I wasn't ready for it to be over yet. I waited a few minutes until I was certain that I wouldn't come as soon as I stuck my dick back inside of her, and Holly apparently thought I was finished, because she sagged down onto the bed.

I slapped her across the ass, startling her. "Did I say I was done? Get your fucking ass back up! I'm going to teach you a lesson, bitch!" I yelled at her. She got up on her knees once more in front of me, but this time, I claimed her ass. I probably shouldn't have been so rough, but at the moment I didn't care. I plunged my swollen dick into her asshole without bothering to lube it up. She screamed, quite loudly considering the rag that was stuffed in her mouth, and I forced her face down into the pillow to muffle her.

If she'd had her ass fucked before, I couldn't tell...it was tight and quite virginal feeling. It was much better than her pussy. I buried my stiff cock as far inside as it would go, then I shoved three fingers into her pussy. I reached forward and grabbed her hair, yanking her head back towards me.

She made a strange garbled sound as I filled her up with my dick and my fingers. I pounded on and on, enjoying the tightness of her ass around my cock. When I felt the familiar sensations again, I yanked my dick out of her. I flipped her over and shoved her down on the bed, untying her hands in the process so she could move. She stared at me warily, probably trying to figure out what was next.

"Touch yourself," I ordered. The bemused expression made it clear that she did not understand. I reached up to smack her face again, but she held her hands up in front of her, halting me. She pointed to the duct tape on her mouth, so I ripped it off harshly and pulled the rag out so that she could speak.

“What?” she asked.

“Touch yourself...I want to watch,” I said.

She trembled as she slowly ran her hands down to her breasts and massaged them. I shook my head, and she understood what I meant. She pushed her shaking hands farther down and stopped when she got to her pussy.

“Make yourself come...and don’t try to fake it. I’ll stay here all night until you do, and if I get frustrated, I’ll fuck you in the ass again,” I said menacingly.

Her eyes got wide as she processed my words, but she started rhythmically moving her fingers back and forth across her clit. It was clear that she did this often. She rubbed and massaged herself for several minutes as she stared at me, but she never reached climax. I was starting to get impatient with her. I waited for another couple of minutes, but still nothing.

I climbed up on top of her and pushed her legs up towards her chest. She struggled for a moment until I raised my hand, preparing to smack her again. She immediately stilled underneath me. I spread her legs as high and as wide as they would go and ground my erection against her ass. She tried to tense up and move away, but I wouldn’t let her.

“If you want me to tie you up again, I will,” I threatened. She stopped moving once again and clenched her eyes shut as I pushed my dick into her waiting asshole. It wasn’t as tight as it had been before...it was pretty lubed up this time. I forced it in deep and pulled out quickly before slamming roughly back into her. I kept up the pounding rhythm for several minutes as I kept her legs pushed up. When I’d had enough, I pulled out of her again.

“Now, let’s try this a second time, shall we?” I said with a hint of annoyance. I gestured to her crotch and she immediately moved her hands back to her clit and started touching it once again. I watched as Holly continued to rub herself, but she never seemed to get to a climax. I was extremely frustrated now.

“You’re starting to hurt my feelings,” I whispered when my patience ran out. I yanked the condom off of my dick and straddled her chest. “Put it in your mouth, you filthy fucking

where,” I commanded, positioning the head of my penis over her mouth.

She did as she was told and took me in her mouth. She sucked like a pro...not that it was a big surprise. I grabbed a fistful of her hair in each hand and fucked her mouth as hard as I could.

“Do you want me to shoot off in your mouth?” I asked her.

She shook her head as I continued to fuck her.

“Well, I’m giving you one last chance to rub yourself...if you don’t go, then I’m going to come in your mouth and make you swallow...understand?”

She nodded, indicating that she understood. I pulled out of her mouth and stood beside the bed, watching as she reached down and pleased herself once more. I absentmindedly began to stroke my cock as I watched her vigorously rubbing her clit. For some reason, this seemed to excite her, and she began squirming around on the bed as she massaged her swollen clit. I stroked my dick harder, tightening my grip.

I saw her nipples begin to swell and perk up as her back bowed slightly off of the bed. She bit her bottom lip and tensed her feet, curling her toes slightly, as she began to come. I watched as she reached her climax and began to shudder and writhe on the bed. Before I knew it, I was pumping my rock-hard dick over her and exploding with my own orgasm. I watched as my spooge shot out of the end of my dick and covered her body. I sprayed Holly down with my sticky goo, my muscles protesting from the tension and the exertion.

Finally, it was over. Holly was completely drenched in my spooge, so I yanked her off the bed and forced her into the bathroom where I quickly rinsed her off. When she was remotely clean, I dressed her in one of my old t-shirts before tying her up to the chair again. I replaced the gag and the duct tape, just in case. Then, I took a shower and got ready for bed. She didn’t look at me when I came back into the room, and that was fine by me.

I was going to keep her for a while...this might actually be fun. I was going to teach this bitch a lesson, and when I was

done with her, I would kill her. There was no other option at this point. She probably didn't know that yet, but she would soon enough.

Under the pretense of still needing to heal, I managed to get the next few days off of work. I stayed hopped up on pain meds to help with my ribs, but otherwise I felt fine. Maybe it was the adrenaline that kept me going. Holly learned that screaming did no good, so she finally stopped. I stayed in my RV, using her when I felt like it – which was pretty often – and relaxing the rest of the time. After the first twenty-four hours, I began to relax. No one came knocking on my door or stopped to ask me any questions, so I started to breathe a little easier.

After a few days, though, I was beginning to get bored. I'd fucked Holly in every single way I could imagine, and she wasn't even putting up much of a fight now. I was also starting to get a little edgy having her hid in my RV. I was ready for her to be gone. We were going to be picking up and moving again soon, so I needed to make this happen. Tonight was the night, I'd decided...day four with Holly...her last day on earth.

I went out to get something to eat and to try and clear my head. As resolved as I was, I still had the tiny little voice in the back of my head nagging me about what I was planning to do. What if I got caught? What if I couldn't go through with it? What about the evidence? What would the cops find? Where would I dump her body?

Despite all of these random questions bouncing around in my head, I felt relatively calm...as if I knew it would just all work itself out somehow. After I was done eating, I headed back to the fairgrounds and went straight to my RV. My anger – which had pretty much diminished after that first night with Holly – bubbled up again when I saw what was going on inside the RV. Holly had managed to wiggle one of her arms free from the chair and was struggling to get herself loose. She had the both legs free and was now working on the other hand when I came in. She froze, like a deer in the headlights.

I sprinted towards her and knocked her down. She put up a struggle but I was stronger. I bound her arms and legs behind her back and wrapped them in duct tape. I was probably a little excessive with the tape, but there was no way she was getting free now.

I struggled to get her into an upright position in front of me, but when I did, I roughly grabbed her hair and shoved my dick in her mouth. I fucked her mouth with as much power as I could manage. Then, she made the mistake of clamping her teeth down hard on my dick. I cried out in pain and tried to jerk free of her, but she just clamped her teeth down harder. I brought my hand down on her nose, striking her hard, and she finally released me.

"You stupid bitch!" I yelled, backing away from her.

Despite being bound and having a fresh stream of blood pouring out of her nose, she started laughing at me.

"Go fuck yourself, you big, stupid asshole! I'm going to get out of here at some point, and I'm going to enjoy watching my boyfriend beat you senseless. I'm not going to bother with the cops, because I have something much better in mind for you. I'm going to find the biggest, nastiest, fattest dick I can locate and pay that man whatever he wants...and I will watch as he fucks your ass until you beg for mercy. Then, I'm going to kill you myself!" Holly said vehemently.

I winced as I stuffed my dick back in my pants and stepped another foot away from her.

"But, knowing you, you'd probably like that, wouldn't you? You'd like a big fat cock in your ass...you're probably turned on just thinking about it! Is that what you've been picturing the last few days to get your dick up?" she said, laughing maniacally.

Something inside of me just...snapped. I wasn't sure what it was, but I felt the little bit of control that I had slip away. Maybe it was her words...words that reminded me of Davina. Davina, who'd called me a homo when I'd turned down her sexual advances.

My mind flitted back to the day that had started the downhill slide of my life. I didn't think anything about it, really, though perhaps I should have paid more attention to the

situation. That's what I got for trying to be a good teacher. Always trying to be their damn friend rather than their instructor. Davina knew that...she used it to her advantage...

"Professor?" Davina called as I was preparing to leave the classroom. Class had just ended and most of the students had filed out, but there were still several of them lingering. I looked up to see Davina racing towards me with a smile on her face. It had been three days since I'd agreed to help her with her project, so I assumed that was what she wanted. I politely returned her smile.

"Yes, Davina?" I responded. I placed my briefcase on my desk and leaned back against it. I noticed several of the students that remained were focused on me now.

"I wanted to talk to you about our...um, arrangement," she said haltingly. She glanced around the classroom as if she wanted to make sure that no one could hear her. I looked at her, bemused.

"Yes, of course," I said almost instantly, trying to figure out why she was acting so weird.

She stopped in front of me, but she was way too close for my liking. Unfortunately, I couldn't step back because I was leaned against the desk. Once again, she reached out and put her hand on my arm. I tried not to shrink away from her touch, but she was making me uncomfortable. She must have realized this because she flushed, dropping her hand and looking down at the ground.

I looked up and saw that several of the students were now eyeing both of us curiously. What in the hell was their problem? "Class is dismissed," I reminded them. "I'm about to lock up so all of you need to move along."

Everyone made their way to the door and left. I turned my attention back to Davina. "Okay, what is it?" I asked when we were alone. She seemed to have relaxed quite a bit.

"Sorry, I just didn't want to bring it up in front of anyone else. I didn't want people thinking that you were doing me any extra favors. People already assume that I bribe my way through school as it is. I'm grateful that you've agreed to help me with this project, though. I want it to be perfect." Davina

looked at me with what I assumed to be a genuinely friendly smile. I smiled back.

"Well, I offer help to anyone who asks, so don't worry about the other students. They could get the same help as you are, but most choose not to. That's their business," I reassured her.

"I know, but...you know how they all like to talk," she said cryptically. "Anyway, I was hoping that you would be willing to stop by my apartment tomorrow. I have already started on my project and I wanted your opinion on it. I know it's asking a lot, but I really want to show it to you. I think I've come up with a pretty interesting idea." She looked at me hopefully, and I hesitated. I knew going to her apartment was a bad idea. Yet, I also knew who she was. I would probably do better to play nice and maybe she'd mention it to her daddy, who might mention it to my bosses.

"I don't know, Davina," I said, still undecided.

"Please, please, please!" she begged. "I really need this grade!"

"Oh, okay. I'll stop by after class tomorrow, but just for a few minutes. I'll see what you've got going and then we'll discuss it in my office later this week."

"Well, I was hoping you could come by now, actually. I'm not going to be around tomorrow..." she informed me.

I quickly ran through my schedule for the rest of the day, and I didn't think I had any other appointments. Maybe it would be best to just get it out of the way.

I sighed. "Fine, let's go," I said, resigned.

She clapped her hands with delight and smiled at me. "Oh, thank you so much!" She grabbed her bag and her books and followed me out of the room. Her apartment was just across the street in one of the nicer complexes...of course. She insisted I walk across with her rather than getting my car, and it did seem a little silly to drive the short distance.

Davina stopped to speak with several people along the way, and I felt a little out of place. I wasn't at ease being seen with her out of the classroom, but I told myself I was just being paranoid. When we finally arrived at her

apartment, I recognized one of the students from class...they were neighbors.

"Hey Davina...hey, professor. Nice to see you," Kylie said quickly before darting into her apartment. That was weird.

Davina unlocked her door and held it open for me. I quickly stepped inside and watched as she shut and locked the door behind us.

"I need to be quick, Davina. I'm not comfortable staying in your apartment for very long," I muttered.

"Oh, of course. Come on...let me show you what I've got so far," she said, motioning for me to follow her. We passed through the living room, walked past the kitchen and dining area, and down a small hallway to a door that led to her bedroom. The warning bells sounded momentarily in the back of my head, but I ignored them.

Davina went into her bedroom and I followed her. Wow, she had a nice place. It was way better than anything I'd lived in while going to school, but then I knew Davina would never live in a dumpy apartment...not with her daddy being able to foot the bill for such a nice place. I cautiously walked over to the desk on the far side of the room and saw stacks of papers, journals, and printouts scattered all over.

Davina pointed towards the desk and I walked forward, trying to make sense of the clutter. What exactly was her project about? I could tell she'd been doing a lot of research, but I couldn't go through all of this. I just needed a general idea of what she was working on. I turned to ask her a question, but I realized that she'd gone to the bedroom door and shut it.

Before I could say anything, she was reaching up and pulling her shirt off. I stared, stunned, and frozen in place. What the hell was she doing?

She let her shirt drop to the floor and then she reached behind her and unsnapped her bra. It slid down her arms and she let it fall on top of her discarded shirt. She reached for her jeans and started to pull them off, but I was finally able to break through my shock.

"Stop! Stop! Davina, what are you doing?" I yelled, motioning for her to cease undressing herself.

“What do you mean?” she asked, looking confused.

“Davina, I came here to help you with a project! Why in the hell are you getting undressed?” I screamed at her.

“Professor, I thought this was what you wanted. I never really thought you meant that you were actually going to help on this project. I mean...none of my other professors really intended to help when I asked...this is what they all wanted,” she said as she wiggled out of her jeans and panties.

She was completely naked in front of me now. I hated the fact that my dick was getting hard. It had been a while...but there was no way in fucking hell that I was touching her with a ten foot pole. She was a student, I was a teacher...it was more than forbidden.

“C’mom...I’m not stupid! I know you didn’t really think you were coming to my apartment to look at a project!” she snapped at me.

“Yes, I was! Dammit, Davina! I don’t care what anyone else does...I’m not like that. I’m leaving now,” I said, trying to head for the door. She stepped in front of me, blocking the way.

“You don’t have to play hard to get...I understand. Student/teacher stuff...you have to act like you don’t want it so that you don’t feel guilty later.”

“No, that’s not it at all. I am not playing hard to get...I’m not playing at all. Now move out of my way,” I seethed, trying to skirt around her once more. She backed up, leaning against the closed door. If I wanted out, I was going to have to touch her, and there was no way I was doing that.

“Move out of the way, Davina. I mean it. Do it now, if you want to have any hope of passing my class.”

“Are you threatening me?” she asked, sounding startled.

“Not at all. I’m telling you what is going to happen if you don’t let me out of here. I will make sure the appropriate people are notified of this encounter and I will fail you. Now MOVE!”

“You can’t be serious,” she said. She looked at me strangely, as if she was trying to determine my mood. Did she really think that I was still playing with her?

She suddenly reached out and grabbed my hand, pulling

it to her and placing it on her bare breast. She squeezed my hand, forcing me to grope her tit, and I yanked my hand back quickly.

"I can tell that you're turned on, professor...I can see the big, fat bulge in your pants. Stop being coy...there's no one here to see...just you and me," she whispered.

Fuck...stupid damn penis always getting riled up at the worst possible time. I shook my head, trying to figure out what to do next. Davina noticed my distraction and jumped on me, knocking me down to the floor. She was on top of me...completely naked and on top of me. She started grinding her crotch against my hard dick, and I nearly exploded in my pants. Shit! I had to get out of here!

I tried to push her off of me, but she wouldn't budge. I was going to have to be rough with her to get her to move. I grabbed her upper arms with my hands and pulled her to the side, letting her slide to the floor as I started to stand.

"What the fuck?" she yelled as I scrambled to my feet. She was right behind me. I yanked on the door but it was locked. I fumbled with the damn lock like an idiot...I couldn't seem to get it to open.

"What's the matter with you, huh?" she snarled at me. "Do you know how many people would kill for the chance to be with me? I'm fucking hot, you asshole! And you're just going to run out of here like I'm not practically throwing myself at you?"

I finally got the lock disengaged and flung the door open. I hastily made my way to the front door, but Davina wasn't far behind me.

"I know what's going on here," she said with a chuckle. Her tone made me turn and face her, against my better judgment. "You're a fucking homo, aren't you? The rumors are true then. People have been saying it for a while...since you're not married and you never seem to have a girlfriend. I didn't believe it, but that's the only other explanation that there is!" she concluded arrogantly.

My temper flared. What the fuck was WRONG with this girl? Just because I wouldn't have sex with her mean that I was gay?

“No, the rumors are NOT true! I am not gay! That’s not the only other explanation, as you put it. I’m not having sex with you because you are my student, and it would be wrong. I’m not attracted to you that way, and I’m most certainly not going to trade sexual favors for a good grade. I’m not that kind of teacher!” I spluttered. “You will be lucky if I let this slide and decide to not flunk you automatically,” I snapped as I turned away from her and left her apartment.

I tried to maintain my composure as I stalked back towards the campus and my car. I didn’t want to draw any attention to myself. It was bad enough that I was stupid and went to her apartment in the first place, not to mention more than one student had seen me with her. Fuck, what was I thinking? Nothing happened, so there’s nothing to worry about. That’s what I tried to tell myself. I had no idea what would be in store for me in the very near future.

I shook my head to dispel the memories. Thinking about Davina and how she’d gotten back at me for rejecting her brought all my anger and rage right to the surface again. God, I hated that bitch, and I hated Holly just as much.

I lunged at Holly, taking her by complete surprise. I wrapped my hands around her neck and started to strangle her. She didn’t seem afraid...probably because I’d done this numerous times over the last few days. This time, though, I didn’t plan on stopping. I was going to choke this bitch until she was fucking dead, then I was going to dump her body and be rid of her for good. I stared down into her eyes with detached amusement as I watched her expression go from smug to confused to alarmed. She started fighting me, and I yelled at her to stop, trying to hold her still as I choked her.

This was it...this was the moment I’d been dreading – and somewhat secretly anticipating – for days now. It was finally here, and I was not backing down. It would have been fine if Artie hadn’t picked that moment in time to burst into my RV. I’d forgotten to lock my door when I’d come home and found Holly about to escape, and now it was too late.

“What in the hell are you doing, son?” Artie bellowed, standing in the doorway staring at me. His wide eyes darted back and forth between me and Holly.

I released Holly immediately, and I heard her gasping for air, but I couldn't take my eyes off of Artie. I just stared at him, not sure what my face was giving away. He stumbled a couple of feet inside of the RV toward me, reaching his hand out as if to touch me, but he never made it that far. He groaned and clutched at his chest before dropping to the floor. He was wheezing and making a strange choking noise in the back of his throat. I collapsed beside him, reaching out, but he cringed away from me. I froze, unsure what to do.

"Son..." Artie whispered, staring at me with a pained expression on his face. He turned his face away from me and inhaled his last breath before going completely still.

"Artie?" I asked, panicked. When he didn't respond, I shook him and turned his head towards me. "Dad?" I called a little louder. Still, there was no response. I stared down into his glassy eyes and I knew that he was gone.

It had all happened so fast that I couldn't wrap my head around it. I pulled Artie towards me, holding him in my arms. My mind began racing, but I couldn't concentrate. This was all like a really bad dream that I couldn't wake up from. I felt the tears starting to prick my eyes, and I barely stifled a sob. Then, the bitch started laughing behind me. She was almost on the verge of death mere moments ago, she was black and blue from the last few days, and she likely had a broken nose, but she was still laughing.

"Wow! Are you going to cry? Really? You gonna cry over daddy, now...you big fat pussy!!!" she said between fits of laughter. "Fuck, you really are a fag," she quipped in a raspy voice.

I covered Artie with a blanket robotically and stood up. My eyes rested on the big ax that I'd borrowed from Marco's truck the other day. It was leaning against the wall in the corner, and before I could think or process anything, I had the ax in my hand and I was lunging at the bitch on the floor. She barely had time to open her mouth to scream, but no sound came out. It was too late. I buried the blade of the ax in the top of Holly's head. It made a sickening sound as the weapon came into contact with her skull.

Blood started gushing out of her head and flowing down

her body. With a bit of effort, I managed to yank the ax free and I hit her with it again...and again...and again. My rage took over and I was in full flow. When my ribs began to protest, I slowed down and focused on what I was doing. I finally stopped and looked down at what remained of Holly. The RV was quite a mess, and there were literally pieces of her everywhere.

I slumped down to the floor, panting. I didn't know what to do now, but I strangely felt a sense of relief. The bitch was gone...it was done. All I had to do now was focus and get my head straight. I needed to clean this shit up and get rid of her.

I worked through the night while everyone slept. I knew I had about eight hours to get everything done. Luckily, I didn't have any carpet in my RV, so that helped a little. I swiftly stuffed what was left of Holly into trash bags, and then I started in on the cleanup. I scrubbed, wiped, mopped, and cleaned every surface that had been soiled. It took me hours, but I finally managed to get the RV back into order. When it was gore-free, I doused the whole place with bleach, just to be sure. Then, I opened the windows to chase the stench of the bleach away. I gathered all of the soiled linens – my clothes, the sheets, the blanket over Artie – and stuffed them in their own trash bag. I took a quick shower, making sure to clean the tub behind me, and got dressed in clean clothes. It wasn't daylight yet.

I paused for a moment to stare down at Artie as I prepared to leave, but I made myself move on – I would deal with him later. I snuck out to the back of the lot where Artie's car was parked, and drove it up to the RV. Luckily, I'd made sure to situate myself away from the rest of the crew...they all just thought I needed peace and quiet to recover.

I put more trash bags down in the trunk and then gathered the bags from inside. After I placed everything in the trunk, I grabbed a few things and then locked up the RV with Artie still inside. I jumped in the car and took off, knowing just where I was going.

There were a lot of back roads and hidden places in Danville that I'd found when following Holly and her asshole

boyfriend around. I knew of a place to go, and somehow it felt like it would all be okay. I wasn't stressed over cops or any of that right now. Maybe I was wrong – hell, maybe I was just as crazy as Holly had been – but I drove straight to the big river I'd crossed several times while stalking the girl that was now dead in my trunk.

I got to the river and was happy to see that it was flowing swiftly today...it must have rained recently. Checking to make sure there was no traffic, I climbed out of the car and pulled the bags out of the trunk. I ripped open the tops of the bags a little and then pushed them over the top of the concrete bridge wall. I watched as all three bags splashed down into the water and then began to sink. The water was flowing into the bags through the holes in the top, just as I'd expected. Hopefully the water, fish, and other creatures would get rid of any evidence that might be left on Holly's remains. When the bags – mostly submerged now – had floated down the river and out of sight, I got back in my car and took off for my next destination.

I went out to the lake where just a few days before Holly had been tormenting Kelsey. I'd seen the teens set a bonfire out there, so that's where I was heading now. When I got there, I took all of the soiled clothes and sheets out and put them in a pile where the bonfire circle was built. I set them on fire and watched them burn slowly. Then, I went back to the car and retrieved the dirty ax from the trunk and slung it as hard as I could into the lake. It made a satisfying splash before sinking to the bottom. It was so far out that it would be unlikely that anyone would stumble on it anytime soon. I grabbed the trash bags that were laid out in the trunk and added them to the fire with the clothes.

As I watched the sunrise, the fire continued to burn. When everything was completely incinerated, I made sure to stir the ashes around and bury them in the ground before piling fresh wood and leaves on top of the pile again.

When I was done with that, I checked the car and was pleased to find that nothing seemed soiled. I washed my hands off in the lake water and then headed back to the RV. When I got back, I took Artie's body back to his RV and

placed him in his bed. It would be best if someone else found him. I inspected him to make sure that he hadn't gotten anything on him in my RV, but the blanket I'd covered him with seemed to have kept him clean.

I crept back to my RV and waited, knowing it would just be a matter of time before someone came knocking to let me know that my father was dead. For some reason, despite what had happened to me in the last twelve hours, I found myself thinking of Kelsey. In a way, I'd done this just as much for her as for me. She'd been tormented by Holly for far too long, but no longer. I finally fell asleep, knowing that I'd killed a person, and realizing with surprise that I honestly didn't care. I was okay with it...and I knew that I was going to do it again, if the need should arise. I would never let anyone walk all over me again.

Three days later...

Things had worked out better than I expected. Well, my father was dead, and that sucked, but otherwise, I was a pretty happy camper. No news of Holly being found...so far; my father had been quickly cremated at my request and no one had been too shocked by his sudden death. Apparently he'd been having heart problems for a while. The family business was mine now, and everyone was looking to me for answers. It was time to pick up and move on. It would have been easier than falling into a routine...my dad had been very predictable and he had his plans laid out for months in advance.

However, I wasn't sure that I wanted to stay in the family business anymore. I hated it...hated everything that it reminded me of...hated feeling like a worthless piece of shit every time someone looked down their nose at me...

I was contemplating getting out of the business. Maybe I could sell it. Surely someone would be willing to buy it. Or maybe sell it piece by piece. The equipment was all in pretty good shape. Or I could just abandon it and let someone else deal with cleaning it up.

I brought it up that night...we were shut down for the day,

and I gathered all of the crew to voice my ideas. It didn't go over well. According to them, this business practically was their life, and they didn't have anywhere else to go. I could see their point. Many of these people had dutifully followed my father around for years and years. Hell, I grew up with most of them, so they basically were my family. The only family I had left.

After much persuading, I caved in and decided to keep the carnival going. Despite my reservations, I realized that it wasn't just about me now. I held the fate of the lives of these people in my hands. I thought back to when Artie had brought me back after all those years. They all welcomed me back like I was truly missed. There was no malice in their words, or pitiful glances cast at me because of what had happened between me and Davina. In fact, no one had even brought it up. That was much more than I could say for my so-called friends and co-workers...the assholes that magically disappeared from my life when the shit hit the fan.

No, these people were my family, and I would take over for my father and keep this afloat...for them. I could see the gratitude in their eyes when I assured them that they still had a home...here, with me.

So...that was it. We started packing up and began our next move. I was going to happily leave behind the memories of Danville...and Holly. I was a stronger, more confident person because of all that had happened. I needed that strength now to step in and take over my father's business.

Yet...I still couldn't keep thoughts of Kelsey out of my mind. Sure, she had stepped up and saved me from a life in prison, but that wasn't the entire reason I often thought of her. She was different, like me. She had been bullied and tormented, like me. She seemed like a pushover, but deep down she was a fighter...like me.

For some reason, I knew that I wanted to see her again. More like I needed to see her again. I planned a trip tomorrow to Danville. I knew it was going to be risky, but maybe I could slip in and see her and get back out without any trouble. I mean, why would Kelsey have any reason to

be suspicious of me? Not to mention, Holly hadn't been found yet. I'm sure that would be the top news story for quite a while when it did happen.

Maybe I should pretend that I was getting a check-up for my injuries. That seemed like a good excuse to be back in Danville. I still wasn't decided, though...I didn't know if I should see her again. It was probably be too suspicious. Maybe I could just follow her around and watch her, like I'd done with Holly. That was a better idea...she wouldn't even know I was there. I could see her again and she would be none the wiser. Just one last time...then I was done with Danville forever. I made sure that was one place that was off of our list. Just one quick trip...just a few hours...what could go wrong?

* * * * *

Kelsey O'Neil

"You're kidding!" I said with mild astonishment.

"Nope! It's been on the news and in the papers! Where have you been?" June said with irritation.

"Well, I obviously have been under a rock, June. I haven't been paying attention to any of that...I've been doing last minute stuff for school," I replied a bit grumpily. As if I cared about the subject at hand, anyway!

"This is a big deal, Kelsey! I mean...Holly's *missing*! How often does something like that happen in Danville?"

"Well, it didn't happen in Danville, did it? I thought she was off on her senior vacation or whatever?"

"I don't know...I don't think she ever made it there. She just disappeared. Well, that's what the reports are saying."

"June, you know I love you, but really...who cares? No one liked Holly...not even her boyfriend and probably not her parents. She's almost nineteen now...for all we know, she ran off to Vegas to be a stripper." I was a bit angry that June called so early to wake me up to tell me all of this.

“Wow...you're in a crap mood this morning,” she noted, finally picking up on my mood.

“Sorry...you just woke me up is all. I didn't sleep well last night,” I explained. What I didn't tell her is that I had another dream about Kevin. Ever since that night at the lake, I'd been having horrible dreams about him. God, he was a creep. I wished I'd never met that son of a bitch.

“I know what you need,” June chirped. “Get your ass out of bed. I'm coming to get you in ten minutes! We're going out today, and I'm not taking no for an answer!”

Jeez, she was relentless. I knew there was no point in arguing with her. She would just pound on the door until I let her in or someone called the cops on her. That thought made me smile, and my mood got a little better.

“Fine! I know there's no reason to object. I'll be ready when you get here,” I grumbled over the phone.

“Good! See you in a few minutes!”

I got dressed and was waiting at the front door when June pulled up. She honked the horn twice and I went out to meet her. I climbed into her car, still feeling a little groggy, and she sped off.

“Where are we going?” I asked, not really caring much. I was daydreaming about being able to sleep in...

“Shopping!” June said brightly.

“Are you fucking kidding me?” She knew I hated shopping...why in the world would she think that would cheer me up?

“Don't be such a bitch!” June retorted. “We're going to get you a new outfit for tonight. We've been invited to a party!”

I knew immediately that this party had something to do with Jared, and *she* had been invited. Now she was ridiculously extending that invitation to me, as if I wanted to go.

I grumbled a string of profanities at her under my breath, but she didn't seem to notice. I crossed my arms over my chest and made peace with my fate for the day.

I had to admit...shopping with June hadn't been SO bad. It was pretty awful, but she tried her best to pull me out of my

funk. I tried not to spoil her good mood just because I was a recluse that hated socializing with others. As promised, she paraded me around until she found the “perfect” outfit for tonight. Then, we went to an Italian restaurant for lunch before we headed back to her place to get ready.

Once again, she attempted to make me look presentable. Her actions brought back the unwanted memories of Kevin and that horrible night, but I tried to shake them off. When she declared me fit for public partying, I sat on her bed while she got dressed.

I thought idly about Holly and wondered if she was really missing. I thought about the bitch that had tormented me for years, and realized that I didn’t much care what had happened to her. She could be dead in a ditch for all I cared. Holly didn’t seem to be concerned with college or a career...she probably really did run off somewhere in search of some poor slob that would support her.

I couldn’t imagine someone being desperate enough to put up with her craziness. Of course, her dumbass boyfriend had been putting up with her for a while...God knows why. Fuck, she would probably show up pregnant in a few months...she seemed like that kind of girl.

June pulled me from my thoughts when she told me it was time to go. I sighed internally, not looking forward to tonight. Every time June forced me to go somewhere lately, it always ended badly. She seemed to have recalled this as we were on way.

“If you don’t have fun, we can go at any time, okay?” June reassured me.

“Is Jared going to be there?” I asked, already knowing the answer.

“Yes...he is,” June replied. Something was off with her response.

“Are you keeping something from me?” I asked, guessing correctly by the look on her face.

“Not at all,” she said innocently.

“June, you know I don’t like secrets!” I complained.

“Well, I’m not saying a word, Kelsey...so don’t bother trying to get it out of me!”

“I mean it...you know what happened the last couple of times you forced me to go out...I at least should know what I’m facing tonight.”

“Calm down, Kelsey. You don’t have to worry tonight.”

“Why not?”

“Well, because Holly’s gone...wherever she is.”

June stated this fact as if that answered all of my questions and solved all of my problems.

“What the fuck does that have to do with anything?” I demanded.

“Kelsey...look at what happened the last two times we went out. Both of them were bad nights for you because of Holly. At the carnival and at the lake...but that’s not an issue. Not for tonight, anyway. She’ll probably come dragging back up in a few days.”

I cringed and tried not to look at June. She knew when I was keeping something from her. I didn’t want to let her know that Holly was not the only reason for my hesitation tonight. She still didn’t know anything about Kevin. But, in a way, she was right. Holly was the biggest issue, and I didn’t have to worry about her.

I tried to relax a little as we drove to the party, and June seemed to realize that her pep talk improved my mood. We pulled up outside of a huge house, and my jaw dropped open. Where were we?

“Nice place, huh? This is Jared’s uncle’s place,” June informed me, answering my unspoken question. “Jared’s cousin is hosting a little...gathering...while his parents are out of town,” June said with a wicked smile.

“Oh,” was all I could say.

She jumped out of the car and motioned for me to join her. I quickly tried to count the cars lined up near the house...there were at least twenty of them, maybe more. How many people were coming for this “gathering?”

Though it wasn’t even close to being dark yet, the party was well under way. I could hear the music thumping from the driveway. June pulled me along behind her and ushered me into the house. We quickly found Jared and he was a little bit nicer to me than usual. That was odd. He was going

out of his way to talk to me. June and Jared stuck close by me while we went in search of Jared's cousin. We found him sandwiched on the couch between two older girls – they were obviously college-aged. Jared introduced me to his cousin, Derrick, and I was mortified when Derrick actually stood up and hugged me. What the fuck? Derrick looked a lot older than me, and this suspicion was confirmed when Jared told me that Derrick was in his last year of college.

Apparently Derrick still lived at home though...but who was I to judge? I was about to enjoy some of this guy's alcohol that I spotted when we came in earlier. I made polite conversation for a few minutes before telling June that I needed a drink. She shadowed me as I went in search of a beer.

"June, you don't have to tag along, you know...go hang out with Jared. Really, I'll be fine," I said, hoping that she would believe me. I didn't want her to have to babysit me all night.

"Oh, I'll hang out with Jared in a little while," she said, giving me a strange smile. What the hell was wrong with her? I shrugged it off and grabbed a beer. We found a small group of girls from our high school and mingled with them for a while as the huge house filled up. June didn't seem to mind that she wasn't spending every moment with Jared, and I wondered if they were having a fight or something. He didn't seem mad earlier...

About an hour or so after we'd arrived, I'd already downed four beers. June gave me a disapproving look, but wisely didn't say anything. After my fourth beer, I moved on to the harder liquor. Tequila seemed to be popular tonight, and I had a few shots of that. June finally pulled me to the side.

"Kelsey, what are you doing? I've never seen you drink so much!" She sounded genuinely worried.

"Don't worry, June. I'm fine! Practicing for college, you know," I said, trying to lighten the mood. It did the trick. June smiled and nodded her head. I was glad I avoided a lecture from her.

After I had just one more tequila shot, June pulled me to the side again, and I stared at her stupidly. Was she really

going to start in on me again? Surely not!

"What is it?" I asked, my head feeling a bit fuzzy.

"Come on...come with me," she said, pulling me towards the back of the house.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"Backyard," she replied, not really giving much away. Maybe there were more drinks outside. I hoped that there wasn't a pool. There was no way I'd be caught dead in a swimsuit or anything that even resembled a swimsuit.

Sure enough, when June pulled me through the back doors, I saw that there was a huge pool that was filled with half-naked people. June sensed my alarm and stopped walking.

"Take it easy! No one is making you swim," she said, rolling her eyes at me. "We're going to the pool house." She pointed past the pool to a small building. The door was standing open and I saw Jared hovering near the entrance.

"What's going on?" I asked June. I felt uneasy all at once.

"We're going to party," June explained.

I followed her into the pool house and Jared was close behind us. I stopped dead in my tracks when I saw who was sitting on the tiny couch in the corner. What was going on here?

"Hey," Kevin said with a menacing grin on his face.

"Hey," I replied breathlessly. What was he doing here? I whirled around to face June, and she was grinning at me.

"Surprise!" she said, looking proud. I stared at her with a blank expression on my face. "Kevin mentioned to Jared that he hadn't seen you since we went to the lake, so we invited him here tonight!" June was bubbling with excitement. "I figured, after Holly sort of ruined your night out last time, that maybe you two could have a do-over."

I was speechless. I guess June had no clue that I hated Kevin almost as bad as Holly. Why in the hell was he even mentioning me? Surely he wasn't so delusional to have thought I would still want anything to do with him...

June winked at me before backing out of the room. I was on the verge of a panic attack. I didn't want to be alone with this creep, especially after so many drinks. I wasn't thinking

clearly. Jared took June's hand and smiled at me as they shut the door, leaving me alone with Kevin. I turned slowly to face him, and I felt queasy.

"Alone at last," he said, and I felt like a helpless animal about to be slaughtered. He got up off of the couch slowly, crossing the short space between us.

"Look, we sort of got off on the wrong foot last time," he said, standing a couple of feet away from me. I was finally brave enough to look up and meet his gaze. "I'm sorry about what happened. Jared made it sound like that's all you were after, so I was a little bolder than I normally would have been. It wasn't cool...and I wasn't myself that night. I was having an off day." He smiled timidly at me.

I wanted to believe him, and unfortunately I did. If it had been an hour earlier – before all of the alcohol – I would have never fallen for his bullshit. Unfortunately, though, I was already mostly plastered and his previous transgressions didn't seem quite so bad. It was sad that I didn't think to recall all of the horrific nightmares I'd had about him.

I smiled back at him and he seemed to relax. He motioned towards the couch, and I carefully went to sit down. I was more than tipsy and I didn't want to fall on my face.

Kevin joined me on the couch and produced two beers from the side table, handing me one. They were ice cold. I quickly took a swig and it tasted good. Kevin practically swallowed his entire beer in one gulp. He seemed nervous. I almost felt bad for him...he must really be sorry about what happened the other night.

Fuck him! He's a loser, my brain was screaming at me. Too bad I didn't listen. I never listen when I should. I drank another sip of my beer and stared at Kevin.

"So, um...where are you going to school in the fall?" he asked, trying to make casual conversation with me. I easily answered his questions about school, where I'd be living, my schedule, my major...by the time I finished my beer, we both seemed more relaxed.

"You want another one?" he asked, nodding at the empty bottle in my hand.

“Nah...think I’ve had enough for the night,” I slurred. Fuck, I’d had too much to drink tonight.

Kevin nodded and smiled at me before launching into his own details for the fall. I listened and tried to be attentive, but I could feel the effects of the alcohol. My eyelids were starting to droop and my breathing was getting deeper. Shit, I felt like I was about to pass out.

Kevin continued chattering about school and a new job he was hoping to get and all sorts of things that I couldn’t concentrate on now. I needed to find June.

I felt a little nauseous and thought I might throw up. I stood up suddenly and almost fell on my face. My balance was way off.

“Whoa!” Kevin said, leaping up and catching me before I fell.

“I don’t feel so good,” I said.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“I don’t know...too much booze, I think.”

“Can you walk?”

“No...I feel dizzy. The whole room is spinning.”

“You better sit back down...before you fall,” he warned.

I took his advice and let him help me back down onto the couch.

“June,” I slurred.

“You want me to get her?” Kevin asked.

I nodded my head, unable to speak. My eyelids were winning, though I was trying hard to keep them open.

“Okay...stay right there. I’ll go find her,” Kevin said, but his voice sounded very distant.

I nodded again before I closed my eyes. It was weird...like I was right on the verge of sleep, but still sort of conscious. I could still make out noises and everything, but it was like I was too tired to wake up.

I heard Kevin rustling around somewhere in the room, and I wondered if he’d already found June and brought her back. I’d feel so much better once she was with me.

“Stupid fucking bitch,” I heard Kevin mutter. He was close beside me now.

I felt hands on me, but I didn’t comprehend what they

were doing. Not at first, anyway. My shirt was being pushed up, and my bra was yanked down. I felt the cold air on my nipples, and I knew that I was being undressed. I tried to squirm, but I couldn't make my limbs move.

I felt another tug at my waist and my pants were being yanked down my legs, along with my panties. My left leg was being pushed up towards my chest, and I realized what was happening. Kevin was suddenly on top of me.

I tried to fight the blackness that swirled around in my head, but I couldn't fight it. I couldn't force my eyelids open or get my body to move. I was lying there...completely immobile. I felt the hardness between my legs as Kevin roughly shoved his dick into my slit. He started grunting as he began pounding me. I wanted to scream and call for help, but nothing happened. It's like the transmission got lost after it left my brain.

"Yeah...you prudish little bitch...are you going to fight me now, whore? Like you tried to do in the woods? No? I didn't think so...I took care of that tonight. Now you have to just take it...oh, fuck...yeah...I'm going to fuck you until I rip you apart...then I'm going to shoot my load in that tight little pussy of yours. And you can't do a damn thing about it," Kevin whispered as he fucked me. "You shouldn't have fought me. You were lucky I gave you the time of day, you worthless bitch. You were a fucking cock tease...acting like you wanted it all night, then trying to turn me down. No one turns me down...no one."

Kevin grunted and groaned in my ear as he continued to pound me. I could feel each thrust of his dick as he rammed my pussy. He was much harsher tonight that he was in the woods. He wasn't holding anything back now. I prayed that at the very least, I would pass out and not have to be semi-conscious while he did this to me.

Unfortunately, my prayers weren't answered. If anything, I became more aware of each painful thrust of his dick as he continued to pummel me.

He let out a huge groan that was very nearly a shriek, and then he dumped his load of hot goo inside of me. I could feel the rigidity of his penis as he climaxed.

Then, his weight was gone. I didn't hear much else other than what sounded like clothes being moved around. Then, Kevin was at my ear again.

"Later, bitch...that was a pretty good fuck...especially since you were passed out for it." Then he did something totally gross...he stuck his tongue in my ear and swirled it around a few times before biting my lobe with his teeth.

His teeth moved down my neck, biting me along the way, until he reached my boob. He bit my erect nipple, and it was painful. I still couldn't move.

"Yeah, I definitely like you better this way," he said with a sadistic chuckle. Then, I didn't hear him anymore. I don't know if he left or just stopped talking, but I was left to the quiet as I tried to regain my consciousness.

Somehow...Kevin was going to pay for this. I would see to it. I was not going to let him get away with taking advantage of me...twice. Like I was some blow-up doll for him to use as he saw fit. Kevin was going to get what was coming to him, I was sure of it. I didn't know when or how...but his time was coming.

Little did I know that I would get my secret wish...with a little help from a friend.

TO BE CONTINUED

**THIS NOVEL IS PRESENTED IN SERIAL FORM. NEW AND
SUBSEQUENT CHAPTERS WILL BE MADE AVAILABLE AT
REGULAR INTERVALS.**