

DARK CARNIVAL

A STORY OF HORROR AND RETRIBUTION

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

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CHAPTER 7

Kelsey O'Neil

Towards the end of February, I came down with a nasty cold thanks to Jenna, who had passed it on to me because she slept at my house while she was sick.

Ben worried about me over the phone, but I assured him I was fine and that he didn't need to worry. He was literally going to hop on a plane and come out, but I convinced him not to. He made Jenna promise that she'd take me to the school nurse the next morning and get some medicine.

The next day, I obligingly rode to the nurse with Jenna, who was trying her best not to breathe around me...which was pretty shitty considering she was the one that had made me sick.

The nurse checked me out thoroughly and determined that I had a virus and that she couldn't give me anything that would cure me. She could only give me medicine to help with my symptoms. She was a bit worried because I apparently looked pale (though I tried to tell her I always looked pale) and because I was dehydrated. She ordered me to drink plenty of fluids and get lots of rest. She gave me a list of over the counter medicine to get to help with the stuffy nose and the sore throat and then she was done with me.

I grabbed my coat and was on the way out the door, happy that I hadn't had to have a shot. Jenna was waiting for me and she took me to the pharmacy to buy the meds I needed. When I got back to the apartment, she made me get in bed while she made me some tea. I was on the verge of sleep when I heard my cell phone ringing in the other room. That would be Ben calling to make sure I'd gone to the clinic.

"Get the phone, would you?" I yelled at Jenna.

I heard Jenna answer and she came into the bedroom a few seconds later. She held the phone out to me and I took it, eager to hear Ben's voice. But it wasn't Ben on the other

end.

"Kelsey?" a female voice asked.

"Yes," I responded, confused.

"This is Paige at the university clinic. You were here this morning and saw the nurse, correct?"

"Yes, I did," I replied. Was I supposed to pay or something? I'd never been there before.

"Yes, well, the nurse discovered a discrepancy in your chart after you left and she wanted me to call and clear it up."

"Oh, okay. What is it?" I asked.

"You noted on here that your last cycle was around the end of December, correct?"

"Yeah, that's right."

"You are aware that you've missed a cycle this month and last month?"

"Well, yes, I guess so. I had a, um, procedure last summer and my cycles have been very irregular since then." I didn't feel like explaining any of that to her.

"Well, the nurse would like you to be absolutely certain that you aren't pregnant. Some of those over-the-counter medications she suggested to you wouldn't be safe to take if you're pregnant."

"Okay, I'll double-check, but I know I'm not pregnant."

"Would you like to come in to the clinic to be tested? It won't cost you anything if you do," she suggested.

"Uh, I guess so," I replied.

"We're open until six today. See you soon," she said before hanging up.

What the fuck? Like I needed one more thing to be paranoid about. I yelled for Jenna and told her what the clinic said, and that she'd have to drive me over there again.

"Holy fuck, Kelsey! Are you pregnant?" she asked, stunned.

"No, of course not...I told you...I am really irregular after that...surgery. The doctors told me it could take up to a year to go back to normal."

Jenna didn't look convinced so she shuffled me back out to the car and drove me straight to the clinic.

Twenty minutes later, I was in the exam room again. This time, Jenna came in with me. I was completely astounded when the nurse came back in and told me I was, indeed, pregnant. She lectured me for ten minutes about what I could and couldn't do and then gave me a blister pack of vitamins that I was apparently supposed to start taking. She also adjusted my medicine that I was supposed to take and told me to come back if I needed anything. I was supposed to find an OB doctor for future appointments.

Everything was happening way, way too fast. Somehow, I was back in my apartment and Jenna was just staring at me. She was more shocked than I was, or so it seemed. When the initial shock wore off and I realized that I was pregnant – again – I shocked myself. I discovered that I was happy. This was Ben's baby I was carrying and though I might have wanted to wait a while before this happened, I couldn't have been more excited about it.

Ben's baby...wow. I caught myself smiling like a damn lunatic, and that worried Jenna. She grabbed my phone and was about to call Ben but I stopped her. How was he going to take this news? Would he be happy? We'd never really discussed kids before...and we had just recently gotten back together. I didn't want to fuck things up.

And then, something even worse occurred to me. What happened if I told Ben about this baby and he was so excited...but then I lost this one too? I wasn't upset over losing Kevin's baby, because I had fully intended to terminate my pregnancy anyway, but I would be devastated if I lost Ben's baby.

I started to panic, and Jenna knew I was losing control. She tried to calm me down.

"It's okay, Kelsey. We'll figure this out...it's not the end of the world!" she promised me. She thought I was panicking about being pregnant. I figured it was time to tell her what was really stressing me.

"Jenna...I need to tell you what happened to me last summer before I came to school."

She stopped and looked at me, and then she sat down beside me on the couch.

I took a deep breath before I began telling her about my ordeal with Kevin.

“June felt bad for me because she was dating a new guy and I was always getting left out because I wasn’t with anyone. So, she took it upon herself to set me up on a date with one of her boyfriend’s friends. At first, he seemed like a really great guy. We had a group date together and everything was going well. Unfortunately, at the end of the night, I let him force me into doing things with him that I wasn’t ready for yet. He was horrible, and I never intended to see him again.

“However, I never told June about him because I didn’t want her to blame herself. Well, she ended up setting us up again for another date. We had gone to a party and I’d had too much to drink so I was pretty out of it when I realized that June had called him and was intending to leave me alone with him.

“One thing led to another...I won’t tell you the gory details, but he ended up drugging my drink and then he raped me when I was passed out. Although, I didn’t fully pass out...I was still pretty aware of what was going on while he was doing that to me.”

I paused, trying to get my emotions under control before I continued.

“Jesus, Kelsey! That’s awful! Why didn’t you tell me?” she asked, appalled. I just held up my hand to stop her from talking.

“That’s not all. June found me later that night and was livid, but I made her swear not to tell anyone. She kept her promise even though it killed her. The next day, I had to go to a clinic because he’d been so rough and ripped me up. Luckily, I healed up from that.

“However, I soon discovered that I was pregnant because of him. I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t want a baby...especially not one that was created in that way. I wanted to get an abortion, though my parents were against it. Throughout this whole ordeal, Ben was there for me. It was just a lucky coincidence that I ran into him when I was at my most vulnerable, and he took care of me.

“When Ben found out that I was pregnant, he was horrified, and he was extremely supportive of my decision to terminate the pregnancy. He was even going to come back to go with me to the clinic so I didn’t have to go through it alone.

“Before I could ever go to the clinic, though, I had a miscarriage. It was apparently pretty bad. I hemorrhaged and lost a lot of blood. They knocked me out and tried to stop the bleeding, and when they couldn’t, I had to have surgery and go on meds to get it under control. Ben was there for me too, when I finally woke up. He was so worried about me...

“Anyway, I’m not so much stressed out over being pregnant, because this is so much different than last time. I’m just worried about how Ben is going to react and then I’m worried about telling him and then losing this baby too. I mean...it happened once...it could happen again, right?” I looked at my friend and there were tears in her eyes. She was completely speechless.

She leaned over and hugged me and didn’t say a word, but I still felt comforted.

“Kelsey...I can’t believe all of that happened to you. I had no idea! And I did the same damn thing! Oh, God! Gavin could have been such a freak! I didn’t know him that well! Fuck!”

“It’s okay, Jenna. Really. Gavin was perfectly normal and he’s been a really great friend to me. I mean...Kevin was a psycho. What would the odds be that I would run into two psychos? Don’t even worry about that. But, can you see why I might be a little worried about telling Ben? I don’t want to say anything until I’m pretty sure this pregnancy is going to stick.”

“Yes, that’s a good idea. Your secret is safe with me, Kelsey. I promise. Let’s see...if you got pregnant in the beginning of January, then you would be around two months pregnant now. I’ve heard once you’re out of the first trimester, you’re past most of the issues that might cause you to lose it, so that’s what...three months? I think you should wait until spring break...he’ll be here the second

week of April and you should be between three and four months along. If you're still pregnant then, I would think it would be safe to tell him, don't you think?"

I nodded enthusiastically. Jenna was a lifesaver, and a true friend. I'm glad I had her for support...I didn't think I could do this on my own.

"You're the best, Jenna!" I said, hugging her again.

"I know it!" she said with a laugh.

So, now all I had to do was keep my secret from Ben, and that was going to be so very hard. I didn't keep anything at all from him, and he had a tendency to know when I was lying about something, so I would have to be extremely careful.

Also, I needed to call June and let her know. I couldn't leave my other best friend out of the loop on this. Besides, she knew I was back with Ben and she would be happy for me...and I already knew she could keep my secret.

Jenna stayed with me that night and kept me well medicated. I didn't know if it was the medicine or the fact that Ben's baby was growing inside of me, but I was feeling much better. I was nervous, though, when Ben called me that night to check up on me.

"Hey, baby. Are you feeling better?" he asked, sounding concerned.

"Much better. Jenna has been taking extremely good care of me all day," I promised him.

"What did you find out at the clinic?" he asked and my heart started fluttering. I had to be cool.

"Nothing much. I have a virus and they can't do anything about it."

Oh...and I'm pregnant with your child...that too. I smiled but said nothing.

"I'm sorry you don't feel good. I hope you get better soon. Are you sure you don't want me to come out?" he asked again.

"NO!" I yelled before I could stop myself. The last thing I needed was for him to show up...I definitely couldn't keep this a secret if he came here. He'd know right away that I was lying to him just by looking at my face.

“Okay...” he said, sounding a little hurt.

“I’m sorry, Ben. I’m just not feeling well and the last thing I want is for you to drop everything to come out here and watch me be sick. Not to mention I’d probably just infect you. And what good would that do? I’d rather you saved your trips for when I’m healthy enough to enjoy them,” I replied, trying to explain my outburst.

“I know...I understand. I just hate not being there with you. You know how much I worry.”

“I know baby, and I love you for it, but I’m fine. Honestly. Jenna is going to force-feed me my medicine for the next couple of days and I’ll be better soon.”

He seemed appeased for the moment and I promised myself that I would try to be more careful in the future.

We talked about work and school and the same old stuff for a while but soon my eyelids were drooping and I was half-asleep. He told me he loved me and he told me good night, and then he was gone.

Jenna checked on me often and over the next couple of days, I got better. Ben kept checking in and was relieved when I reported that I was over my illness. I pretended like everything was great and he seemed to be buying it.

However, I knew I was going to have to find a doctor and get a checkup soon, or I would go crazy from worry. Jenna promised to help me look, and I could use my parents’ insurance to cover the bills since I was still a dependent on their policy. I knew I would have to tell them soon that I was pregnant, but I figured it would be a few weeks or more before they got any kind of claim forms in the mail that alerted them to my situation. Hopefully I would have told Ben by then and could let them know the news.

I wasn’t sure how they would take it, but there wasn’t much they could do about it now. There wasn’t much I could do about it now, either.

In the first week of March, I managed to find a local doctor and get an appointment for the following Monday. I didn’t have to hardly ask before Jenna agreed to go. She was excited for me and was eager to help me with anything that I needed.

When I went in for my exam, I was nervous but it turned out to be not so bad at all. I got poked and prodded and had to pee in a cup and give blood, but then the doctor laid me flat on the table and rolled a heartbeat monitor over the bottom of my belly. I was begging and praying that everything was okay, and at that moment, a peculiar noise came from the small machine in his hand.

"There's the heartbeat...right there. Nice and strong. Just what we want to hear," he assured me with a smile. I listed in awe at the sound of the tiny heartbeat that was fluttering inside of me.

I looked over at Jenna and she was frantically wiping tears out of her eyes. After getting the news that all was well and progressing normally, I started to breathe a little easier. All I had to worry about now was my blood work results and then remembering to keep taking my vitamins.

The doctor estimated me to be about ten weeks along, and said that by the first week of April, I should start announcing that I was pregnant because I would be about fourteen weeks and the chances of a miscarriage were significantly diminished.

Jenna smiled at me with a smug I-told-you-so expression. I was so elated that day that I couldn't sit still. I had to calm myself when Ben called that night. Because I was so excited and didn't want to give anything away, I made an excuse to get off of the phone early. He wasn't happy about it, but he let me go.

However, over the next few days, I found myself avoiding his calls and finding reasons to get off the phone. I only had to make it a few more weeks and I would be able to tell him the good news. I just didn't want to slip up and tell him yet, and I knew I was in danger of doing just that every time I got on the phone with him.

Ben knew something was going on, but he couldn't put his finger on it. I lied and said I was busy with midterms and I was pretty sure he bought it, but I couldn't be certain. He even got so paranoid and called Jenna, but she acted weirder than me, so he didn't bother with her again. She was paranoid that she'd blown it, but she hadn't been expecting

his call and had to improvise.

About a week after my appointment, something strange happened. Ben was supposed to call me that night, as usual, but he didn't. I didn't worry about it too much because I knew they were in the middle of another move again. I figured he would call the next day, but the morning came and went without a word from him, and that night was the same. I began to get worried and tried calling him, but his phone went straight to voicemail. The next morning it went straight to voicemail again. I was almost so sick that I couldn't go to my classes.

This reminded me of before when he just stopped talking to me. Was he picking up that something was going on with me? Surely he wouldn't get so mad that he'd just stop talking to me, would he? And it wasn't like I was avoiding him entirely...I was just not talking to him as much as I usually did.

I hoped that something wasn't seriously wrong with him.

* * * * *

Gavin Sellers

Two days ago...

Look at her...the fucking cunt. Her and her bitch neighbor that introduced me. What a waste of my fucking time. Sure, I got to fuck her – once – but then she went and made me look like a chump in front of everyone. I haven't been able to live that day down.

Got left standing in my underwear in the doorway of her apartment while she chased after some other guy. She smelled like him when I saw her the next day...so I knew she'd fucked him. What? Wasn't I good enough? She pretended that she wanted to apologize and smooth things over with me and went on and on about how bad she felt...

Blah...blah...blah. So, yeah...I played along. Gavin's the good guy. Gavin will let you kick him in the nuts and still be friends. Now I got a damn reputation for being shit in bed

because the bitch I fucked ran off on me with another guy while I was still in her fucking bed. Not to mention everyone that saw her fucking lover boy – the girls, at least – went on and on about how hot he was. So fucking what? Just because he was older and has green eyes, he's some kind of supermodel?

Fucking cunt...messed shit all up. I already let one bitch fuck me over like that, and I wasn't going to do it again. I was the laughingstock of the whole school now, and it got worse every day. It got worse because she was always around me, rubbing the fact that her boyfriend called AGAIN in my face.

You know what? Fuck her...and her boyfriend. I don't give a shit. He can have her. She wasn't that great anyway.

It was just a load of shit that I had to sit here day in and day out and listen to how great her life was when mine was fucking shit. And something else was going on with her. I don't know what, but she seemed...happier. I asked her once, but she was all cryptic and shit. She told me that she was upset about having to keep something from her boyfriend, and that he was getting suspicious. I couldn't get anything out of her other than it was a surprise for him when he came for spring break. Apparently he'd even called Jenna to try to get something out of her...so Jenna was probably in on the secret too.

So, with this little bit of information, I was able to form a plan yesterday. I was going to pay her back for making my life so miserable. I knew just how to do it too. I saw how psycho her boyfriend was...he was crazy jealous when he realized I'd banged his girl. All I needed was a little bit of information, and since we were SUCH good friends, it shouldn't be too hard to get.

At lunchtime, I took my usual spot with a group of losers that included Jenna and Kelsey. I sat next to Kelsey and struck up a conversation with her. As with most chicks, she was content to rattle on and on about herself for no reason at all, so it didn't seem suspicious when I asked how things were going with her boyfriend.

"Oh, okay I guess. He's making me nervous though. I

know he's figured out I'm keeping something from him. I hope he just doesn't think it's anything bad," she worried.

"Oh, I doubt it. I'm sure he trusts you," I said with a fake smile plastered across my face. I would see what I could do to fix that, though.

We talked for a little while about school and spring break, and when I was sure Jenna's attention was diverted elsewhere, I made my move.

"Hey, Kelsey, do you think I could borrow your phone for a sec? I left mine at home and I need to call to see if my class was cancelled this afternoon." Another fake smile for her.

"Sure, Gavin...here you go," she said, handing me her phone without a second thought.

"Thanks," I said, jumping up and walking a few feet away. She wasn't even bothering to look my way now. I turned my back on her and quickly scrolled through her phone to find the number I needed. Once I found it, I pulled my own phone discreetly out of my pocket and punched the number in and saved it to my contacts.

Then, just to make it look good, I dialed one of the random school numbers on her phone. I think it was to the registrar's office. I let it ring a couple of times and then I hung up. I put my phone up and headed back to Kelsey, smiling at her and thanking her for her kindness. She smiled back at me and had no idea that she'd just helped fuck herself over.

Later that afternoon, when I was home alone in the apartment because I'd skipped class, I pulled up the number I'd swiped from Kelsey's phone. I had to admit I was a little nervous about this, because I was worried that it might backfire on me, but I really didn't care. If that bitch didn't want to be my friend anymore, well...I wouldn't really cry over it.

I dialed the number and waited for a few seconds. He answered on the third ring.

"Hello?" he said.

"Ben?"

"Yes."

"I'm calling about Kelsey..." I left it hanging for a second.

"Is she okay?" he asked immediately, clearly worried. How fucking sweet.

"Yes...better than okay, I'd say." Again, I left it hanging. I enjoyed toying with him.

"Okay, so I guess I'm confused then."

"Well, I'm going to clear up your confusion for you. You know how she's been avoiding your calls and everything? Well, that's because she's cheating on you...with me. That's right. I've been fucking your girlfriend behind your back. Apparently that dick I put to her a couple of months ago was too good to give up, and you haven't really been around to take care of her needs. You know something's up...and her little friend knows all about it, too. If I were you, I'd be a little pissed that she was lying about all of this.

"Don't worry though...I'll take good care of her for you. In fact, I plan on taking care of her in just a couple of hours. Right about the time you call every night. What do you think about that?" I sneered, feeling pretty good about the lie I'd come up with. I didn't know if he would believe it or not, but it would be enough to piss him off.

"You're fucking lying!" he finally shouted. Oh yeah...he was good and riled up now.

"Whatever you want to tell yourself, dude. But you know it's the truth...just think about how she's been acting. I've seen how she is when she talks to you. That's because she was with me and probably thinking about my big dick." I left it at that and hung up the phone.

I smiled to myself and went to watch some TV. Tomorrow would probably be pretty awesome.

As I suspected, the next couple of days were entertaining. I could see that Kelsey was worried and that something was bothering her. When I asked, she said she was upset because her boyfriend hadn't called her the night before or this morning either. Excellent. The next day, Kelsey was looking really ill. Apparently she called him last night and he didn't answer, and he didn't answer this morning either.

It looked as if my plan had worked. Let that bitch suffer like I had. I felt much happier when I walked home that

day...like I didn't have a care in the world.

I spent the next couple of days being super supportive of Kelsey as she unraveled. I gave her lots of hugs and patiently listened when she ranted about why he hadn't called her back.

I even frequented her apartment and helped her around the house. Whatever she needed...because I was just so kind as to help a friend in need. I made sure to make myself seen with her in case her boyfriend happened to show up unexpectedly. I wouldn't put it past him. He seemed psychotic like that. It would prove my little lie was real and make him crazy.

The weekend was here and I planned on hanging with Kelsey and Jenna for the weekend. I think she was almost on the verge of telling me what she was keeping hidden from Ben, and I would enjoy using that info to crush her further. It was payback time, bitches.

* * * * *

Ben "Junior" Stokes

I threw the cell phone down on the bed. I had just been blindsided by that asshole. I was so livid at the moment. I couldn't sit still, so I paced around and around in the RV. I bounced back and forth between calling her and not calling her. Maybe that asshole had been lying, maybe not. She had been acting weird lately. Even Jenna had tried to avoid me like the plague, and that was weird. Why would she be like that with me...unless she was keeping a secret for Kelsey?

She'd practically screamed at me the other day when I suggested coming to see her. Is that why? Because she's been fucking that other guy? Had she lied to me the whole time about only being with him once? I didn't want to think that about her, but I couldn't help but believe that asshole.

If he was telling the truth, he was dead. And not just because he was sleeping with Kelsey, but because he continued to do so knowing that she was mine and also

because he called to rub it in my face.

I was already planning the trip in my head. In three days we would already be set up at the new location and I could leave Marco in charge for a couple of days. I would fly out there, see what was going on, and then play it by ear.

Then, I would have to figure out what to do about Kelsey. If she was sleeping with this douche, then that meant she didn't really love me at all, and was just playing me. I wouldn't tolerate that at all. I'd let one bitch get away with it, and I wouldn't let it happen again.

It didn't take long to find them. I'd been watching Kelsey all morning. I saw her walk to class with Jenna, and she looked really upset. Her eyes were red and she looked pale. She also looked like she'd lost more weight since I'd seen her last. It was almost enough to make me go to her and try to comfort her. Then, I remembered why I was here. I wandered around the campus and waited for her morning class to end.

At lunchtime, she emerged from the building and met up with Jenna, who was sitting at a large stone table in the courtyard. The douche in question was waiting there. When she walked over to them, he jumped up and gave her a big hug. He took her hand and walked with her to the table, and it was all I could do to keep from walking over there and gouging his eyeballs out.

He sat extremely close to her all throughout lunch, and then he walked her to her next class. I waited some more, which didn't help my anger at all, and finally her afternoon class was over. I wasn't surprised to see Gavin waiting for her and Jenna as they all walked back across the street to the apartment complex. I followed behind and made sure they couldn't see me. Gavin went straight to Kelsey's apartment. He even unlocked the door for her and let her in.

I sat out in the parking lot in my rental car for the night. Gavin didn't leave and go home. It was after one in the morning before I finally gave up. I drove angrily back to the hotel. I didn't need any more proof. There was no reason for him to be all over her like that and staying at her apartment

all night. He'd messed with the wrong person.

The next morning, I watched in horror as Gavin and Kelsey emerged from her apartment. She looked worse than yesterday, and it was evident that she'd been crying. Had he hurt her? My anger towards him flared again as I watched them hug. I watched him walk off to a different building and let himself into a different apartment...it must have been his.

I would wait and bide my time. It was just a matter of waiting for the proper moment, and it would present itself soon.

The next morning proved to be useful. I was, once again, parked outside of the apartment complex. The asshole hadn't spent the night with Kelsey, so I was camping out in front of his place. I parked in the back of the lot so that no one could see me sitting in the car. He came out about six a.m. and jumped in his car. I slowly followed behind him so he wouldn't notice me. He drove for a few miles before he pulled over at a deserted park. The small parking lot beside the swings and slides was empty except for his car and one other small car.

As soon as he pulled up, the door opened on the other car and a petite young girl climbed out of the driver's side and sprinted over to Gavin's car. She climbed in and shut the door behind her. I parked my car on the street and watched, glad for the thicket of trees that lined the road. I couldn't really see what was going on, so I eased out of the car and walked through the trees until I was on the back edge of the parking lot. From here, I could see what they were doing.

My blood was boiling. This fucking cocky little prick was making out with someone in his car. I watched as she leaned down in his lap and from the motion of the car and the particular bob of her head, I could imagine what she was doing to him. So...that's why he didn't care about being with a taken girl...cause he was a fucking cheater himself.

I would make sure that he paid dearly for that. I leaned against the closest tree and waited while they did their thing. It didn't take long...not that I was surprised. The girl kissed all over him again and then climbed out of his car. She

stretched for a minute before jumping in her car and driving away.

I noticed that Gavin seemed to be looking down in his lap – probably cleaning himself up – and I made my move. I walked briskly over to his car, looking around as I went but there was no one in sight. I didn't waste one second when I got there. I yanked open the door and pulled him out of the car. He was completely stunned and didn't have a chance to react before I wrapped my arms around his throat and choked him. He struggled for a moment, but it was pointless. My rage fueled me as I continued to cut off his air supply.

When he was out, I pulled his arm around my shoulder and walked him to my car. I laid him down in the backseat before shutting the car door. I raced back to his vehicle, turned the car off, took the keys out of the ignition and, using the edge of my shoe, shut his door, taking care not to touch anything else with my fingers or hands.

I walked back to my car, got in, and drove away. I didn't pass anyone as I drove off down the deserted street. I knew exactly where I was going, because I'd found the perfect place when I'd arrived...just for this particular occasion.

The short drive to the edge of town went even quicker than I expected. The traffic was exceptionally light this morning, probably because it was just barely after six thirty and it was a Sunday.

The huge auto salvage yard was right across the city limits. It looked like it hadn't been used in years. The front gates were rusted and shut, but after closer inspection, it was clear that this was a popular hangout for the younger crowd. The gates were easily opened from the outside if you pushed on them hard enough. The inside, while piled high with damaged and crushed cars that had long ago been abandoned, was also littered with mountains of beer bottles, used condoms, and thousands of cigarette stubs.

I nudged the gate with the front of my car and they creaked open grudgingly. I went slow enough so that I wouldn't leave any damage on the rental car. Once I was inside, I got out and shut the gates behind me with a little effort.

Plenty of cars had been in and out of here recently by the looks of the multitude of the tire tracks. I was sure that I could get in and out of here without causing any suspicion. I drove around to the back of the lot...which took quite a bit of time considering the place was so damn huge. I was reassured by the emptiness of the place, knowing that teenagers wouldn't be hanging out here at the break of dawn.

Once I found a good, secluded spot, I pulled over and parked the car. I dug around in the glove box where I'd stashed a roll of duct tape and a pair of gloves. I put the gloves on and then proceeded to pull the asshole out of the back of the car. I dumped him onto the hard ground and heard him groan. He would probably be waking up any second.

I pulled his arms behind his back and quickly wrapped a thick layer of tape around his wrists. Then, I taped his ankles together and placed two strips over his mouth. I threw the tape back into the car and then turned my attention to the loser on the ground.

I started smacking his face with my hand. It took a minute or two, but he finally came around. His eyes fluttered open and after a few seconds his gaze intensified. He focused on me and then his breathing got rapid. I smiled down at him.

"Welcome back, asshole. Get on your knees," I growled at him as I yanked him up by the shoulder and forced him to his knees. He was a bit wobbly because his ankles were taped together, but he managed to stay upright.

His eyes were wide and his nostrils were flared...it was easy to tell that he was terrified. Good...he should be.

"Yeah...so I guess you recognize me, don't you? Nod if you do," I instructed him. He nodded.

"So, I'm going to go ahead and assume you know why you're here...because you...were...fucking...my...girl."

I paused to look around at the piles of cars that surrounded us, trying to get my temper under control. I didn't want to kill him hastily.

Gavin started screaming at me beneath the tape, but his words were muffled. I didn't much care what he was saying. I

turned around to face him again, and he was trying to say something. I ignored him.

“Yes...so you thought it would be funny to call me and rub it in my face, did you? Why would you think it would be a good idea to FUCK someone else’s girl and then BRAG about it to her boyfriend? What kind of FUCKING IDIOT ARE YOU?” I screamed at him. I took another moment to calm down.

“I don’t think you realize what Kelsey means to me. She’s everything, and now you’ve taken her away. She’s made a fool out of me, and she will pay for that...but you first. I have a feeling that you started all this trouble. And then what do you do this morning? You go off and cheat on her with some other girl. That’s multiple strikes against you, I’m afraid.

“I wanted to kill you the day you opened her apartment door. If it hadn’t been for all those witnesses, I probably would have. But, you see, the universe has provided me with an even better opportunity to get rid of you.

“It’s karma, asshole, and on behalf of karma, I’m going to give you what you deserve. You are a worthless piece of shit, so I doubt that anyone will be too sad when you’re gone.”

I sighed, ignoring him when he started screaming at me again beneath the tape over his mouth. I thought back at everything I’d done lately, and I knew that I was meant to do these things, even if some people thought that what I was doing was wrong. Holly was a nasty, mean, evil bitch, and I’d been able to get her alone, snatch her without being seen, and hide her in my RV for days. Even when my dad came in – sad as it was – the universe made sure that my secret stayed safe. It was a shame that he had to die, but that just proved that I was meant to do these things. Holly was found, but I never got caught.

And Kevin...he could have gone months without going anywhere secluded, yet I was able to follow him easily, sneak into the house without being heard, watch him while he abused another woman, and get close enough to push him down those stairs. I’d made sure that I went easy on him so that I didn’t kill him, but what were the odds that he would

slip into a coma and never wake up? It was karma...

Then there was this asshole. He has the nerve to fuck MY Kelsey behind my back and then rub it in my face. My Kelsey...shit. It still hurt when I thought about her with him. His dick inside of her, his hands on her chest, his mouth on hers, his load inside of her...touching my Kelsey when I was across the country and couldn't be with her.

The rage consumed me as I pictured him on top of her, and I had to walk a few feet away to keep from beating him to death right then. He was still screaming at me, sounding frightened.

But again, I was able to get to him without any troubles and I had found this place to dump him. It was as if I was destined to rid the world of these people. And I knew why, suddenly. It was the same reason I ever went after any of them in the first place...for her. I was supposed to be taking care of her and looking after her. I always knew what motivated me, but I had never really realized that there were higher forces at work that were aiding me.

I knew I was doing the right thing now. If I'd ever had any moment of doubt, it was gone. And I knew that none of this was Kelsey's fault. Still, I wasn't sure if I could trust myself to be around her right now, because I was still angry with her. I didn't want to hurt her...even though she'd hurt me.

When I was done with this asshole, I would try to stop on my way out to see Kelsey one last time. Hard as it would be, I had to tell her goodbye. I would keep myself under control long enough for that.

I knew what needed to be done next, and I had a lot of work to do to make it happen. I knew, without a doubt, that there was one more person that needed to be dealt with, and that I couldn't rest until Davina Davenport paid for what she'd done to me. She was the one who started it all...she was the reason I was so miserable because I couldn't have Kelsey. She was the reason why I wasn't GOOD ENOUGH for Kelsey. I was a damaged man that didn't deserve love, and it was Davina's fault. She...was going...to pay. Soon.

I walked back to Gavin with a huge smile on my face, a sense of conviction coursing through me. I was doing a good

deed today, and I knew that I didn't have to worry about getting caught now. This was all meant to be.

* * * * *

Gavin Sellers

Pain in my head...that was the first thing that I was aware of. My throat kind of hurt too. Where was I? I was lying on something hard, and my arms hurt. Had I fallen out of the bed?

Consciousness returned to me, and I really wished it hadn't. When I managed to get my eyes open, I almost thought I was dreaming. Where was I? There were cars everywhere, and I was lying in the dirt. It was hard to breathe...there was something on my mouth. I tried to move, but my arms were pinned behind my back. I felt something smack me across the face.

Finally, my eyes focused on the looming figure in front of me. It took a second to realize who it was, but once I did, I began to panic. Holy shit...this couldn't be real. It was just a dream, that's all.

Suddenly, he was pulling me up off of the ground and forcing me on my knees. My legs were bound together with something and I had to struggle to keep from flopping over.

His hand was on my face, forcing me to look at him...he was wearing gloves. He asked me if I recognized him...of course I fucking did! What the fuck!

He was talking...or ranting, more like it. Shit...he was really pissed because he thought I was seriously fucking Kelsey. I started yelling at him that I was lying, but the words couldn't get past the tape on my mouth. He didn't seem to even notice that I was screaming at him. If he would just take this tape off, I could tell him that it had been a misunderstanding, and that I was just being an asshole!

I tried to scream at him and get his attention, but he was talking about karma and the universe or some bullshit and then he wasn't even paying any attention to me. This guy was seriously fucking whacked.

Fuck, what was he going to do to me? He couldn't be serious...he's said he wanted to kill me the first time he saw me! But then he said he would take care of Kelsey, too...and he wouldn't really hurt her, would he?

Fuck! This was a seriously fucked up situation! She'd finally told me what she'd been keeping from him and I'd felt bad for what I did. I mean, yeah she's a bitch and all, but she's pregnant and now I've sent this crazy dude off the deep end and he's psycho and is probably gonna kill me and then he's gonna kill her and holy fuck it's all my fault! Why did I have to do that? I thought this guy had anger issues but I had no fucking idea he was a lunatic!

Fuck! I had to get him to take this tape off! Maybe if he'd just let me explain what happened he would calm the fuck down! Shit! I started screaming again, begging him with my eyes to listen to me. It was like looking into an empty well when I stared at him...he was just...gone. I doubted he could be rational at this point, even if I told him the truth. The dude was seriously bonkers! And I've pissed him off.

He was still staring off looking dazed, and I kept on screaming. Please, God, don't let me die today! I swear, I'll change! I'll do anything! Anything! Just don't let me die out here! Oh fuck...he's coming back...he's coming back! Fuck! I screamed louder, but it made no difference.

I struggled to get away from him, but I couldn't do more than flop over because of the damn bindings on my arms and legs. He was strong...and there was no way I was going to be able to fight him off. I said one last prayer, but it was pointless.

His gloved hands were around my neck, squeezing. I thought perhaps it wouldn't be so bad to die this way...maybe it would be quick, though my lungs were already burning for oxygen.

However, he didn't go easy on me. He grabbed my head and slammed it down onto the hard ground. I felt the pain explode in my head, and I could literally see stars. I cried out again, but he had a determined look in his eyes. I was going to die. I started to sob uncontrollably.

Bam! The impact was harder this time, and he wasted no

time slamming my head into the ground again. And again...and again. I was happy when the darkness started to close in on me. The pain was unbearable and I would much rather be unconscious when he finished me off.

He released me, and my vision started to return. What was he doing? Was he going to let me go? Or did he think I was already dead?

My questions were soon answered when I felt an intense pain in my groin...he was kicking me there. I didn't have to be a genius to know why. I tried to curl up into a tight ball, but I couldn't move very well. Another kick to the groin and I screamed from the pain.

I felt the stomach acid churning and then racing up my throat. Since my mouth was covered, the vomit came spewing out of my nose, burning me on the way out. I was going to choke to death on my own vomit.

Another foot to the groin, and then he was done. I was actually ready for him to kill me, just so the pain would stop. I didn't even try to get away from him when he once again wrapped his strong hands around my neck. I welcomed it. The sobs that were huffing out of me were suddenly cut off along with my oxygen supply, and I looked away from his face. I didn't want that to be the last thing I saw.

Instead, I looked at the sky and watched the clouds. I knew there would be no pearly gates waiting for me when I was gone. I knew karma had finally come back to get me...and it had nothing to do with Kelsey.

In my head, I apologize profusely for what I'd done to Bianca last year, and I begged God for forgiveness. I knew I didn't deserve it and probably wouldn't get it, but it didn't hurt to ask at this point. Bianca, I'm so sorry for what I did to you. I hope I didn't ruin your life forever. Jesus, I'm so sorry.

The blackness came once again, and this time it didn't fade away. I felt his hands crushing my throat and my lungs were screaming at me and I just didn't care. I let the darkness wash over me and then there was nothing.

Kelsey O'Neil

"Jenna, have you seen Gavin today? He was supposed to meet me for lunch, but he never showed up." I walked into Jenna's apartment and flopped down on her couch. I was tired...probably because I hadn't really slept in days.

"No, haven't seen him. I haven't really been out of my apartment all day though. Maybe he just slept in. I wouldn't worry about it. Have you eaten lunch?" Jenna asked, eyeing me suspiciously.

"No, not yet." And I didn't want to either. I wasn't hungry in the slightest. Tomorrow was Monday and I had no idea how I was going to face going back to my classes. I'd pretty much spent all day yesterday crying. And Friday night I was so hysterical that Gavin felt bad and stayed the night. He'd sat up most of the night talking to me, and I finally told him that I was pregnant. He seemed shocked more than anything.

He left my apartment yesterday morning, saying he needed to get some sleep, and I haven't seen him since. He was probably tired of listening to me cry, and I didn't blame him. I promised myself that I would check on him this afternoon, though.

Jenna handed me a baggie of crackers with a stern look, but I was in no mood to eat.

"Eat them," she commanded. I took them without much enthusiasm. "You've been crying again, haven't you?" she asked as she scrutinized my face.

"Maybe a little," I admitted. In fact, I'd been crying a lot. Every day, to be precise. I wanted Ben and I didn't know where he was or why he wasn't answering his phone. I instantly regretted being so weird with him. Of course he would pick up on that and know that I was keeping something from him. Why didn't I just tell him right away?

The tears pooled in my eyes again and Jenna grabbed my hand, squeezing it. She knew how miserable I was. If it hadn't been for her and Gavin these last few days, I would have never made it.

"It's going to be okay, Kelsey. We will figure this out, I

promise. If I have to drive you to whatever shit town he's in, I will. He's fine...nothing's happened to him. He's probably just mad because you've been so strange lately, but once you tell him why, he'll come around." Jenna hugged me and pointed at the bag of crackers.

"Eat. I'm going to make you something else for lunch, but eat those in the meantime. I mean it...I'll force-feed them to you if I have to," she said, looking stern again.

For some reason that made me smile and Jenna smiled back. I felt a little better. I just had to keep telling myself that Ben was fine and that he was probably just angry with me, but that he would understand. I would have to make him understand. I couldn't lose him again.

After lunch, I felt tired. I wanted to go back to my apartment and sleep, so Jenna came with me. I would have never admitted it to her, but I was glad she was there. I felt so needy lately, and I didn't want to be alone. She brought her books with her and stayed in my living room working on a book report while I passed out.

I felt like I hadn't been asleep for long when Jenna was shaking me awake. Had I already slept most of the day? It didn't feel like it.

"Kelsey! Kelsey, wake up!" Jenna said urgently. The tone of her voice made me wake up.

"What is it?" I asked groggily.

Jenna was beaming down at me, and I couldn't figure out why. "Get up!" she commanded.

I struggled to sit up in bed and when I did, I almost fell back down again. Ben was standing in the doorway, staring at me. The tears started running down my face as I stared at him, and Jenna moved out of the way so that I could go to him. He pulled me into his arms and hugged me, and for that small moment in time, I was happy again.

Jenna eased out of the room to let us be alone, but she didn't leave the apartment.

"Oh, Ben!" I cried, kissing his face. "Why haven't you called me? I've been so worried about you."

After the momentarily relief passed, I realized that he

hadn't spoken to me, and that he'd dropped his arms now and wasn't touching me. I leaned back to look up at him, and his face was blank. Quite frankly, the expression on his face scared me...it was like he wasn't even there.

"What's wrong?" I asked him. I stared into his eyes, and for a moment I felt scared. His look had changed from blankness to fury in a matter of seconds. I backed up to the bed, trying to put some space between us. What was wrong with him?

He didn't speak...he just glared at me for a moment. I cleared my throat and tried to find my voice. Now would probably be a good time to tell him...since he was obviously furious with me.

"Ben, I'm so sorry about how I've behaved these last few weeks." I sat down on the bed and looked down at the floor. I was now scared of his reaction...what if he wasn't happy about this at all? What if he didn't want a baby?

"I have something that I've kept from you, and I don't want to lie to you anymore," I said, trying to force the words out.

"I know," he said coldly.

My eyes snapped up to meet his, and he was more menacing than ever.

He knows? How does he know? Or is he just saying that he knows that I've been keeping something from him?

"You know?" I whispered.

"Yes, Kelsey. I know what you've been keeping from me, so you don't have to say it. I found out about it last week."

"How did you find out?" I whispered, desperately trying to figure out how he would have found out.

"Someone told me, but that's not what's important right now."

Who told him? The only people that knew were me, Jenna, and June...and Gavin just recently. And I know none of us had told him.

"What's important?" I murmured. I couldn't look away from his piercing glare. Those eyes...those beautiful green eyes...they frightened me now. It was like looking at a snake that was about to attack.

"I've come to say goodbye to you, Kelsey. I can't see you

again. I don't want anything else to do with you, do you understand? Stop calling me...don't try to find me...and don't try to change my mind. I can't do this with you anymore...not now."

My head started spinning. He was saying goodbye? Because I was pregnant and had kept it from him? I thought he might be stunned, or maybe even a little angry when I told him, but I never expected this reaction.

"Ben, you can't —" I said, but the expression on his face made me stop. He was clearly on the edge and I didn't want to push him too far. I could feel the rage emanating from him. His fists were clenched so tightly at his sides that his knuckles were white.

I finally tore my eyes away from his and said the only thing I could think to say.

"I'm so sorry...I should have told you. I was afraid of how you would react. I didn't mean for it to happen...it just did. I love you, Ben."

"I love you too, Kelsey...which is why I'm leaving you now. It's for your own good, trust me. I have to go now, before I do something I might regret," he muttered.

He was so furious...I'd never seen him this way. Not even the day in the hotel after he'd found out I'd slept with Gavin, and he was pretty scary that day.

By the time I looked up, Ben was walking away from me. I jumped up and ran after him. There was no way I could let him leave...if he did, I might not ever see him again. Was all this because of the baby? I hated myself for thinking it, but if he didn't want the baby, I would have an abortion. I would do anything for him...anything to make him happy...anything to make him love me again.

He was already at the door. Jenna was up against the wall in the living room, looking as terrified as I felt.

"Ben, please! Please don't do this! I will do anything you want! Tell me what you want me to do! Just tell me, and I'll do it!" I begged.

He whirled around to face me, and he clutched my arm so hard that I cried out in pain. His murderous expression cleared for just a minute and he released me. He seemed so

confused right now, and all I wanted to do was comfort him. I knew it probably wasn't a rational response, but I couldn't help it.

"There's nothing you can do, Kelsey. I mean it this time. Stay away from me. If you don't, you're going to get hurt. It was a mistake to come here at all today. I can barely look at you right now and keep myself in control. The last thing I want to do is hurt you, so please...just stay away from me."

I stood there, rooted to the floor, feeling stunned. It was as if he'd slapped me. His words hurt me worse than his grip had. He was out the door and gone, and all I could do was stand there and stare at the place where he'd just been.

He was gone...for good this time. He didn't want anything to do with me again, that much he'd made clear. I still didn't understand how he'd found out, and I sure as hell didn't understand his reaction. He was the one that stuck his dick in me without any protection, for crying out loud. Why would it be such a surprise that I'd eventually end up pregnant?

The tears were pouring down my face and my chest was aching. It felt like my heart had literally broken. I couldn't control the wild sobs that were ripping out of me. All I knew is that Jenna was there, pulling me to the couch, saying comforting words that I didn't hear. I couldn't do anything but feel pain and misery at this moment.

It was over. Ben was never going to be with me again, and I was pregnant with his child...a child that he quite obviously didn't want. All I ever wanted was to protect him, and I'd done just the opposite...I'd made it worse and ran him off.

I leaned on Jenna and cried myself to sleep. I didn't see how I would be able to make it through another day, knowing that the man I loved didn't love me back. It was too much to handle. I was glad when depression settled over me. It was like a numbing medicine that dulled all my senses. I would much rather feel nothing than to feel the immense, never-ending pain that was eating away inside of me.

Ben “Junior” Stokes

As hard as I tried, I couldn't keep my mind off of Kelsey. The tortured look on her face when I stormed out of her apartment clouded my thoughts.

I couldn't help how I felt, and I loved her. Even if she'd cheated on me, lied to me, and hurt me...I still loved her. I was immensely glad that I had gotten out of there without hurting her, because I would have regretted it forever.

Yet, I still knew that I couldn't be with her. If I tried, she would end up getting hurt. I was worried I wouldn't be able to keep my anger in check when I was around her. So, I was doubly miserable. Miserable because I loved her and wanted to be with her, but knew I couldn't. Maybe it would have been easier if I could just hate her, but I doubted that would ever happen.

Now that my life had no meaning or purpose, I didn't really care about being safe anymore. I was going to figure out a way to get to Davina, and I was going to make her pay for what she did to me. I just needed to do a little research on that bitch and I was certain that the ideal opportunity would present itself to me. The trip back was short, probably because I spent the better part of it planning.

The way I saw it, if anyone deserved to die, it was her. But she wasn't going to get off as easily as the others had...what I did to Holly would pale in comparison to what I had in mind for Davina. I wanted to break her...and I thought I might know just the way to do it...

* * * * *

Kelsey O'Neil

Despite what he'd said, I still didn't believe him, and I wasn't giving up on him. For the next two days I tried to call him over and over again. It was always the same...straight to voicemail. I left message after message begging him to call me back, to talk to me, to give me another

chance...anything, just as long as he called me.

By Wednesday I had to go back to the doctor to get medication to help me cope with everything. I'd missed school all week, I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep, and all I did was cry...when I was trying to reach Ben.

Jenna had finally had enough and made the appointment for me. I didn't want to take any medication, but both Jenna and the doctor insisted that it was better to take the medicine and accept that there would be a small amount of risks to the baby than to keep suffering, which could cause just as much harm.

Jenna also dragged me to the school counselor and made me talk to her. I had to admit that I felt a little better once I'd talked to someone about what was going on and get it all off my chest. She was extremely helpful and even made sure to send an email to my teachers on my behalf asking them for an extension on any schoolwork I had for the week.

I felt tired when I got home that afternoon and Jenna stayed with me. I think she's was worried what I might do if she left me alone for too long. I tried, once again, to call Ben. It actually rang this time, which made my heart flutter, but he didn't answer...I left another message.

I decided to take a nap since I didn't have anything better to do. Tomorrow, at the suggestion of the counselor, I was going to call my parents and tell them the news. They would find out soon enough anyway. I was hoping that Ben might change his mind and come back to me, but I couldn't keep waiting and hoping for that. I just hope they didn't take it too hard.

* * * * *

Ben "Junior" Stokes

Thursday morning came early, probably because I was too excited to sleep. Today was the day! I'd already made all the preparations here...now all I needed was Davina. I knew where she was, and that's where I was headed today. I didn't know how long it would take for the perfect moment to

come around where I could get her, but at this point I had nothing but time on my side. Marco was watching the business for me, and he was keeping a particularly close eye on my special accommodations for me. He didn't know what I'd set up the small tent for in the back of the carnival, but he knew better than to ask questions. He'd learned that from dad, who'd had some shady business practices over the years.

I borrowed one of the smaller RV's from Tommy, and he was going to take mine while I was out of town. I wanted to make sure I had somewhere to keep Davina safe on the trip back.

The drive took me most of the day, but I was happy to make the trip. I mostly thought about what I was going to do to Davina once I got her, and that kept me motivated. The only low points were when I thought of Kelsey. She hadn't stopped calling me.

I listened to every single one of her messages, though it killed me to do so. She was usually crying the whole time, begging me to call her. I had been tempted on many occasions to give in, but then I remembered the important task I was about to do to put things right, and I didn't want to be distracted.

I arrived in the small suburb outside of Franklin where Davina and her wealthy husband lived. According to what I'd been able to find, Davina was merely a trophy wife and wasn't required to work, although she was a big community volunteer. Anything for the press and whatnot.

I stayed in the nearby public camping grounds in the RV and started watching and waiting. I checked the news every day for the key piece of information I was looking for. It didn't take long at all for it to happen – further proof that I was on the right path, and that I was doing the right thing. I was only camping out for three days when I saw the article.

The newspapers did a front page story on Davina's man meat. He was a big supporter of charities and non-profit groups that were gonna save the world and blah, blah, blah, so he often attended fundraisers and functions to donate money or give a speech. Often, Davina, as it was reported,

had other engagements herself – she stayed very busy, of course – so she stayed home while hubby went out of town. Just such an event was happening tomorrow night. He was going to Canada for three days for some sort of huge conference that was taking place, and Davina was staying here to attend some sort of function for the local school district. It was all very touching.

Luckily for me, Davina's house was on a sprawling twelve acre lot in a secluded and private part of town. Her house was at the end of the street, taking up damn near the whole corner. I did a little research and found that the back of the house would probably be the best way to get in. On the back side of her property was a large apartment complex that butted up against the property line, but was separated by a large fence. I'd just have to wait until nighttime and sneak in the back way.

I got everything ready and went to bed that night feeling ecstatic. I hardly got any sleep at all. The next day, I had everything planned out down to the last detail, but I wasn't really concerned that things would go badly. And, if it did, well...I wasn't really concerned about that either.

When night fell, I headed out. I parked the RV on a quiet stretch of road in a business area where it didn't look too out of place. I'd worn dark clothes and had my mask and gloves stuffed in my pockets. I took off in the direction of Davina's house, enjoying the fact that it had rained just a bit and had caused some serious low lying fog.

I walked with a purpose towards the apartment complex, and when I got there, I met no opposition on the path to the back of the grounds. When I encountered the fence, I noted that the large trash bins were lined up against it, leaving the area quite secluded. The apartments were all facing away from the fence and, presumably, away from the trash bins. I checked to make sure no one was looking my way, but I didn't see a soul. I heard a few voices drifting from one of the apartments, but no one was visible. I shut the lids on one of the bins and climbed atop before scaling the fence.

The fence was higher than I thought, but I managed to scoot over it without too much trouble. The drop down,

however, was a bit harder than I had anticipated and it was just lucky that I didn't break my leg. Or maybe it was destiny...who was I to question it?

I crossed the property to the corner and walked adjacent to the fence that enclosed Davina's lot. There were quite a bit of trees that allowed me to stay hidden. The house was situated just a little more than halfway to the road, on the front portion of the property. When I got closer to the house, I noticed that there were security lights installed around the back yard.

I pulled out my mask and quickly slipped it on, and then pulled my gloves onto my hands. I crept up towards the house and paused for a few minutes, watching. There was no movement anywhere. Davina wasn't due back for about half an hour according to my watch. If she had any staff – which I'm sure she did because I could certainly not envision her cleaning anything – they were either asleep or merely worked here during the day and went home at night. Other than a few motion sensor lights in the immediate backyard, I couldn't see any other security in place.

I snuck up towards the back door, which was a glass patio door and peeped in. The house was empty, but not entirely dark. I turned and was rooted in my spot. There, hanging under the edge of the patio cover, was a tiny security camera that was aimed directly at the back door. I didn't move an inch. After a moment or two, I eased away from the back door. If anyone had been watching that was inside the house, they would have come out by now.

I hurried back over to the edge of the trees on the side of the house and crept up towards the front of the property. I watched and waited, preparing to flee if the cops suddenly showed up because I'd triggered some sort of silent alarm. No one ever came. Later on, I'd find out why.

A few minutes passed and a car pulled up in the driveway. I thought for a moment that it was Davina, but a man was driving. It wasn't her husband, but seeing how he strolled casually up to the front door, he was very familiar with the place. He apparently had the access code to get inside the security gate up front.

I edged closer towards the yard and watched as he put a key in the front door, unlocked it, and went inside. A few moments later, more lights started coming on in the house. I crept up to one of the downstairs windows and peeked inside.

The man had thrown his keys down on a coffee table and was pulling off his shoes. He was young – probably years younger than Davina. Hell, he may be a damn high school student for all I knew. He was wearing a striped polo shirt and extremely tight blue jeans. He had platinum blonde hair that was styled with extreme care so that it rose upwards into spikes. He was tan...very tan, and extremely muscular, especially in the arms. He looked like a prick to me.

He walked towards the back of the house, and I followed. He went into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator, taking out a bottle of wine and placing it on the counter. I watched curiously through one of the side windows. Who was he?

A few seconds later his cell phone rang. He dug into his pocket and pulled it out.

"Davina?" he said in a tone that I understood well. It was filled with pure devotion. "Are you on your way home? Yeah, I'm here already. No, no one saw me come in, I promise. I waited until there were no cars just like you said. How long? Ten minutes? No, I've got it already. Yes. Yes, I know. Okay. I'll be waiting. Hey, I left the front door open for you. Yes, I disarmed it. No, no problems. I'll be waiting. See you soon."

He hung up his phone and darted out of the room. I wasn't fast enough to see where he went, but a few seconds later I saw a light coming on upstairs in what I assumed was the master bedroom. It was now or never, I reasoned. I walked briskly to the front door and looked once over my shoulder. I saw another camera mounted by the front door, but figured that they must only be wired to somewhere in the house. I could find them later and destroy any evidence that showed I had been here.

I heard the doofus singing upstairs...he was bad. Really, really bad. But, to his credit, he thought he was alone, so I gave him some slack. I quickly toured the bottom floor of the house to get a feel for the place. There seemed to be a lot of

rooms with locks on them.

A minute later, I heard a car pull up outside. I darted for the one of the downstairs rooms – I figured it was a guestroom – that had been unlocked. I hid myself inside just behind the door, leaving it open a crack so I could hear what was going on.

The front door opened and I heard it shut quickly, followed by the sound of the deadbolt engaging. Then, I heard the electronic beeping of the alarm system pad that was by the door. She must have turned it back on.

“Justin?” Davina yelled, and the sound of her voice made me cringe as unwanted memories of her came flooding back to me. It was all I could do to stand there instead of rushing out to the front room and strangling her. The thought of what I had in store for her helped, though. Death was too easy for her...she needed to suffer.

I heard her race up the stairs, and then the two of them were talking. I slipped out of the bedroom and quietly walked towards the stairs. I took them one at a time, going as slowly as possible, ready to sprint back to the first floor if either of them came out of the room.

They didn’t...and as soon as I’d reached the top of the stairs, I knew why. The carnal sounds coming from the bedroom were nauseating to me...mostly because it was Davina in there.

Apparently she’d wasted no time getting right down to it once she got home. The bedroom was at the end of the hall. The hall lights were off, and it was dark upstairs except for the dim lights coming from the bedroom and from a light that was on in a closet at the opposite end of the hall. Between the stairs and Davina’s bedroom, there were three other doors. One was a bathroom and one was an office. I looked quickly into the office and saw that there was what appeared to be a closet door. I made a mental note of that, plus all of the places that might be a good hiding spot, should I need one.

The bedroom at the end of the hallway literally took up the whole side of the upper floor, and was accessible by two large French doors, one of which was partially open. Being

extremely cautious, I took a fleeting glance into the room to see what was happening. I nearly gagged out loud at seeing Davina naked. I'd seen her naked before, and once was enough to last a lifetime. I'm sure most people would think she was hot, but the bitterness and anger I felt towards her made me incapable of looking at her objectively.

All I saw was an evil person that needed to be punished. However, she was a bit preoccupied at the moment. She was down on her knees with Justin's larger-than-average cock in her mouth, and she was giving it everything she had.

Justin was staring up at the ceiling, his mouth open wide, as Davina took him completely into her mouth over and over again. The slick suctioning sounds that Davina's mouth was making were loud, even in the hallway.

I looked around the room for a moment so I didn't have to stare at Davina's naked body. She must have stripped in a hurry, because her clothes were strewn all over the floor just past the door. Justin's clothes were at the foot of the bed. I saw that the walls were adorned with picture after picture of Davina and her husband. How could she stand to be in this room doing THAT with another man while images of her husband's face stared down at her? Oh, right...she was a worthless cunt with no soul...I forgot.

An odd string of grunts started to come from Justin, and my attention was turned back to the two of them. Justin had his hands wrapped around Davina's head as she sucked his dick and moved her head up and down. I knew the look on his face, and turned my head away, not wanting to see him come in her mouth, but it was unnecessary.

"No, no, no...I don't think so," she said. I looked back just in time to see her spring to her feet. Justin looked annoyed.

"C'mon, baby...you promised!" he whined.

"Yes, I did...but I didn't say when, so you'll just have to wait. Don't pout...you know I hate it when you pout," she snapped at him as she wiped off her mouth.

"God, you make me mad! I don't know why I put up with you," he grumbled as he flung himself down on the bed.

"You put up with me because I pay you well, and you will continue to put up with me until I say we're done."

Wow...she was reduced to having to pay for sex. Somehow that cheered me up. What was wrong with her? I was certain that she could have probably had any number of men, so why did she have to pay?

"I know, I know! You don't have to remind me every single time," he barked at her.

She walked over to him and slapped him across the face, hard. "I don't like your tone of voice. Maybe you should work on that."

Justin rubbed his face, which was already turning red, but didn't respond.

"Now, tonight I think we can try something new," she said absentmindedly as she climbed onto the bed beside him.

He didn't say anything...he just watched as if she might bite him.

"Come on...don't tell me you don't want it, because I know you do. You know I don't like being rough with you, but it's for your own good. Don't we get along better when you let me make all the decisions? Now, let's go. I have to get to bed soon...Gabriella will be here at eight in the morning and I need my beauty rest."

Davina pulled on Justin's hand, causing him to fall backwards onto the bed. She climbed on top of him and started kissing him – his chest, his arms, his neck, his face, his mouth – and finally he smiled a little.

"I knew you couldn't stay mad at me, baby. You know how important you are to me," she said before lunging at him and shoving her tongue in his mouth. He responded instantly. He grabbed her fiercely and kissed her back before he rolled, taking her with him. In a few seconds, he was on top of her, crushing her into the bed.

He broke away from her and buried his face in her tits. She reached down and grasped his hair roughly as she moaned.

"Oh, baby...mmm...you know just how I like it."

I watched as he started nipping her breasts, tugging at her nipples with his teeth. Then he started biting them.

"Oh, fuck! Yeah! Bite me, baby!" Davina yelled.

He sucked, licked, and bit her boobs for several minutes,

causing Davina to moan almost non-stop. Justin worked his way down her body until he reached her pussy. He pushed her legs open wide and ran his nose back and forth across her slit, making her writhe on the bed.

He pinned her legs down and then attacked her clit with his mouth. She started to twitch on the bed, apparently enjoying what he was doing to her. He wasn't gentle with her at all, and that seemed to be how she liked it. He sucked her clit hard with his mouth, making loud sucking noises. He wasn't at her for long before she arched her back off of the bed and moaned loudly as she orgasmed.

Justin didn't move from between her legs...he just clamped her legs down harder and sucked harder on her clit, moving his head back and forth quickly.

"Fuck! Stop it! Stop!" she screamed at him, trying to push him off of her, but he was much stronger than she was. He pushed down on his crotch even harder with his mouth, and she was now beating at his head and shoulders with her hands. He didn't seem to notice.

I saw her trembling as she collapsed back on the bed, resigned to her fate. Her hips started gyrating, forcing Justin's face against her. Her nipples became extremely erect and she pulled on them hard with both of her hands. A few seconds later, Davina gasped as she tensed up and climaxed for the second time. I saw the liquid gush from her slit and soak the blanket underneath her. When she finally sagged on the bed, Justin released her.

"Fuck me...now!" she commanded him. He roughly grabbed her legs and yanked her towards him before plowing into her with his massive rod. Davina cursed out loud but seemed to be enjoying it.

Justin didn't seem unsure of himself anymore as he pounded into Davina. He seemed to be more in control now. He was forceful as he pumped his cock in and out of her, holding her arms down on the bed so she couldn't move.

Davina thrashed around on the bed, trying to get free from his grip, but it was pointless. His muscles were tight in his arms as he used his strength to keep her still. He pounded her pussy for what seemed like forever. Once again, he got

that distinct look on his face, showing that he was close to coming. Davina saw it too.

“NO! Not yet!” she snapped at him, and he stopped fucking her at once.

She looked at him with disgust as she pushed him away. She got up off of the bed and walked over to the dresser against the far wall. She pulled out the bottom drawer and dug around in the very back of it until she found a pair of handcuffs. She walked back to the bed and flung them at Justin.

“You want me to wear these?” he asked with confusion.

“No, you idiot! They’re for me!” she hissed.

She climbed back onto the bed and got on her knees in front of him.

“I told you we were going to be trying something new tonight, didn’t I?”

“Yeah,” he responded, still sounding confused as he held the handcuffs out in front of him.

“Put them on me,” she ordered as she put her arms behind her back. Justin did as he was told and snapped the cuffs onto Davina’s wrists.

“Now, push my head down into the bed and take me from behind,” she demanded.

Justin stared down at Davina for just a moment before he reacted. I watched as he grabbed the back of her head with his hand and shoved her face roughly down into the bed. He positioned himself behind her, pushing her legs out and pulling her ass up higher in the air. When she was where he wanted her, he grabbed his dick, pumped it a few times with his hand to make sure it was rock-hard, and then stuffed it deep inside of her cunt.

Justin grabbed Davina’s hips violently with his hands as he slammed into her over and over again. Davina’s moans were muffled by the blanket, and any time she tried to lift her head up, Justin would shove it back down again. Her tits were flopping back and forth with each thrust of Justin’s dick. Davina definitely seemed to be enjoying what he was doing, because she was pushing herself back against him, taking him inside of her even deeper.

Justin's breathing got ragged after a few minutes, and he started sweating profusely. He was fucking her with everything he had.

Davina's head popped up and before he could shove it back down again, she gave him another command.

"Justin...stop."

He stopped at once. He was still inside of her, but he wasn't moving. The only sound was his labored breathing.

"Justin, I want you to fuck my ass tonight," she said quietly.

He stared at her for quite a while before he responded.

"Are you sure?" he asked uncertainly, as if she were playing with him or something.

"Yes, I'm sure...you've earned it. You know what to do first," Davina said before putting her face back down on the bed.

Justin pulled his cock out of her pussy. He grabbed both of Davina's ass cheeks with his hands and pulled them apart, revealing her tight hole. I watched in disgust as Justin hesitantly leaned down and put his tongue on Davina's asshole. He relentlessly licked her hole, swirling his tongue around the edge of it. Davina was squirming beneath him, so he had to hold her down to keep her still. Justin assaulted Davina's ass with his tongue for several minutes.

Finally, he sat back and stuck his index finger in his mouth, lubing it up. When it was good and wet, he pulled it out plunged it deep into Davina's hole, making her cry out. Then, he put his other index finger in his mouth, soaking it down before shoving that in Davina's ass, too. He gently pulled her asshole open with both of his fingers, and then he bent his head down and stuck his tongue inside of it. He began sucking on it just like he'd done with her clit, bobbing his head up and down, probing with his tongue and then sucking hard.

After a minute or two of this, he extracted his fingers. His dick, already hard and ready to go, was positioned over her ass, and slowly he pushed it inside of her. There seemed to be resistance at first, but Justin managed to sink his cock completely inside. He moved gradually at first, relishing the

feeling of Davina's ass by the look on his face. After a couple of minutes, though, he increased his speed. Davina was groaning loudly as Justin pounded her asshole. He reached down with one hand and sunk two of his fingers into Davina's soaking-wet slit. She quivered beneath him.

Justin pumped his shaft in and out of Davina's ass while his fingers assaulted her pussy. He was holding on to her hip with his other hand, digging into her flesh with his fingers. After a few minutes, he pulled his fingers out of her tight hole and grabbed her cuffed hands. He pulled her arms towards him, forcing her to sit up and lean back. She looked back at him as he savagely fucked her ass. Davina was moaning and wincing as he did this – apparently he was going in even deeper now that she was practically sitting on him.

"Yeah...you like it, don't you? You dirty fucking bitch! You like having my big, fat cock inside of your tight little ass! Say it!" he shouted at her.

When she didn't respond, he yanked her cuffed hands again, forcing her to slam against him and pulling her arms. She cried out in pain as he viciously pumped his dick inside of her.

"Say it!" he commanded. He reached up and yanked her hair, forcing her head backwards so she was looking up at the ceiling. He leaned forward until his mouth was at her ear.

"Tell me how much you love it...admit that you like it when I'm rough with you. Admit it now or you won't like what I will do with you next," he threatened.

"Yes!" she screamed. "Yes, okay? I fucking love it! Now fuck me, will you?"

He smiled and released her, pushing her back down onto the bed and pumping his dick even faster. It wasn't long before he grasped both of her hips and started to tense up all of his muscles.

"Not yet, Justin!" Davina yelled at him, trying futilely to get out from under him.

"Shut up!" he yelled, holding her down tighter and slamming his cock into her ass once more. She wasn't able to move much because she was handcuffed and was being held down.

“Oh fuck...yeah...I’m gonna come in your ass, bitch...and you will like it!”

He thrust his dick inside of her once more before he finally stilled. A deep groan flew from his mouth as he held Davina tightly against him. He dumped his load inside of her, twitching as he orgasmed.

He reluctantly pulled his cock out when he was done, and a huge gush of liquid came with it. It ran out of Davina’s ass, over her wet slit, and down onto the bed. Justin smacked her hard on the ass before pulling her up against him.

“Get the keys...they’re on top of the dresser,” she said breathlessly.

Justin did as he was told and unlocked the cuffs. When Davina was free, she rubbed her wrists and stared at Justin. I couldn’t tell if she looked mad or impressed.

He just stared back at her, probably trying to figure out what she was going to do next.

“You’re getting better,” she said encouragingly. “I knew you would!”

“Yeah...I guess,” Justin said nonchalantly, though he seemed pleased with her words.

“It’s good, isn’t it? Bossing people around and being in control? I told you it was better.” Davina smiled up at him without malice.

“Yeah...it was pretty good,” Justin admitted.

Just then, a phone started ringing. I was startled and froze in place.

“Shit...I know who that will be. I forgot to call when I got home,” Davina grumbled. “Stay quiet!” she hissed at Justin as she darted to the bedside table and snatched the cordless phone out of its stand.

“Hey, honey. How was your trip? Yes, I made him a little while ago. Sorry I didn’t call you sooner. I was taking a bath...my feet are killing me. Yes, it was the same as always, but I knew what to expect. Yes, I miss you too. I really wish you could come back early. I hate being alone. I understand. I know...it’s okay. Yes, first thing in the morning. I’ll call you when I hear something. I’ve got a meeting tomorrow at ten. I don’t know, she didn’t say. Yes, okay.

Love you too. Bye.”

Davina tossed the phone on the bed and rolled her eyes as she looked at Justin.

“God, he’s so damn suffocating. I get chewed out when I don’t call him at the appropriate times,” she bitched.

Justin started to give her a hug, but she shrugged him off.

“You better get out of here. I have to get to bed,” she said dismissively. She turned and headed for the bathroom.

“Make sure you turn off the alarm before you head out or you’ll set it off again. And don’t forget to lock the door behind you.”

“You did remember to disable the cameras this afternoon, right?” Justin asked quietly as he obediently got dressed.

“Yes, Justin. Jesus, how stupid do you think I am? Of course I turned off the fucking cameras! Do you think I’d fuck some guy while my husband’s out of town and be stupid enough to have recorded proof of it? I shut them off before I left this evening and they will stay off until tomorrow morning. Now get out of here before you piss me off,” she fumed.

Justin pulled his shirt on and was zipping his pants up when I took off down the hall. I hid out in the office while he stormed down the stairs. I heard the loud beeping of the alarm system, then the slam of the front door. I waited a couple of minutes to make sure he’d really left, but I finally heard his car crank up and pull out of the driveway.

Finally...I was alone with Davina. The alarm system was off, thanks to Justin, the cameras were dead, thanks to Davina, and I had until eight in the morning to grab her and get halfway home before anyone realized she was missing. She’d already spoken to her husband, so nobody should be worried about her for the rest of the night.

All I had to do was wait for her to come out of the room. I figured she would probably head downstairs to set the alarm system again and check that the door was locked. When she did, I would grab her. She’d never know what hit her. I thought momentarily about pushing her down the stairs like I’d done with Kevin, but I didn’t want to injure her. I wanted her healthy and in one piece for what I had in mind.

Once I had her, I’d be able to drive out of here in her car.

No one would be suspicious to see her car driving out of here. Besides, it was late and everyone else was probably asleep.

However, at this point I was certain that a higher power was once again assisting me. Her husband was gone for a business trip just a couple of days after I got here. Davina was having an affair and by necessity had to shut off the security cameras. In order to keep this affair quiet, she also made sure she was alone in the house, and thanks to her boy toy, I didn't have to worry about tripping the alarm when I took her out of the house. How stupid was she? Why in the world would she give a key and the code to her alarm system to her fling?

Of course, Davina wasn't the type to worry about the repercussions of her actions. But she would soon...she would be forced to pay for an injustice that she'd probably already forgotten about.

I had to keep from laughing out loud with glee as I crouched in the office next to Davina's bedroom. I was hidden in the corner behind a huge leather chair, engulfed by darkness.

Davina had no idea what was in store for her now. I just had to be patient for a little while longer. I didn't want to be hasty and mess something up. No, I knew that I would be rewarded for my patience.

For a few minutes, while Davina was taking a shower or whatever she was doing in the room next door, I thought of Kelsey. I allowed memories of her to fill me up. I thought of all of the good things that had happened between us and allowed myself to be happy for a moment. Then, I made myself remember that Davina was the reason that I wasn't good enough for Kelsey. As the rage took over, I heard Davina's bedroom door creak open, and I was ready...

TO BE CONTINUED

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