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Message 1 of 14 in Discussion

From: The Lady (Original Message)

Sent: 12/13/2003 7:15 AM

There are some times when I don't try to sleep. The long hours of the day show me images so bleak and so harsh that I know if I tried to close my eyes longer than the instantaneous blink they would come back to haunt me. But then I rarely sleep to begin with. Because in my sleep I do not dream.

I only have nightmares.

When I think back on it, sometimes I can almost begin to laugh. It seems like something out of one of those horrid slasher films, so stereotypical. The ones where the virgin always lives, but then maybe they figure that any beautiful girl who remained a virgin for that long can fend off evil. After all sex crazed boys and serial killers are often on par, or one in the same. But then real life isn't like that. In all those idiotic movies the girl falls in love with a nice boy and then people start dying and at the very end he confesses how insane he is but how much he loves her. She defeats him and gets away having only known of his insanity for perhaps an hour or so. She turns him over to the cops and then the movie's over.

That's not the way it happens though.

No in real life the girl doesn't always get away with her virginity. In the truths of reality she doesn't have to realize how stupid she was and get away in a day. No, she has to live with her decision, caught in the psychopath's clutches for months until finally things become too noticeable and she can finally break free.

But what happens to her when the months are over? After so many weeks of living with insanity, I imagine it rubs off. Yet, at that point perhaps insanity is more realistic than reality.

When I think about it the whole time really seemed like a nightmare I just couldn't wake up from. It's a cliché phrase that you hear a lot but, this time it really was like I was lost in a fitful sleep that just never ended. Maybe I'm still sleeping and I'll wake up from this horrible past and realize that I'm still an innocent young girl. But even if it were all just a dream, I know that either way I'd never been innocent and carefree again. It's an impossibility that only true insanity could break. Perhaps that's why it sounds so tempting. Shall I tell you my story? Are you really sure you want to hear it? It is not a nice tale, and it is long. Again you hear that a lot I know, but I have to make sure. I don't want to be responsible for your nightmares.

Unless you'd take mine from me.

But, I'll begin at what I thought was the beginning. It seems the best place to start since I doubt I'll ever know where the real beginning truly lies. Now get comfortable and sit back. Drink your tea.

But don't picture yourself in my shoes. You'll only end up like me.

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Message 2 of 14 in Discussion

From: [The £ady](#)

Sent: 12/13/2003 9:27 AM

Now it all began the day HE appeared. I might not have remembered the day so clearly if it hadn't been the fact that my favourite teacher had died in a car accident two days before and we'd found out the day before he came. It was a Monday and they announced it over the intercom first thing in the morning. One could expect that a lot of students would have started cheering and being complete jackasses, but she was actually a pretty well liked teacher.

Especially with me. I remember telling my boyfriend as much as I sat with him and my best friend in the counselors office. The poor lady had to deal with a lot of upset girls and they didn't mind that I was bawling on my friend and boy friend rather than them.

"I realize you never liked her Kieth but...she was my friend. She was the first person at this school who smiled at me. She helped me when my grandmother died. I could just...talk to her about anything."

Kieth wrapped his arms around me and rocked me back and forth while Lily brushed her fingers on my hair and tried to hold back some tears herself.

"You know you can tell me anything, I'll always be here for you, baby doll," Keith whispered. I don't remember when he began to call me baby doll. At first it seemed endearing in a way but it began to grate further and further on my nerves every time he did. But at that point I was beyond caring.

"I know, Keith. I know, but there are just somethings that I can't talk to you about. Girl things." I gave a very wet chuckle. "If I could tell you everything what would I need Lily for?"

Lily objected and it turned into a joke, or so I thought at least, perhaps not. But they helped me cope and by big brother came to pick me up from school with his girlfriend so someone could drive my car back. Wisely they decided not to let me drive myself. But then if I had maybe I would have died in a car accident and none of this would have happened. It would just have been tragic accident that we had two deaths that way in three days. No body would drive for months.

But I had shed most of my tears by the end of the day and woke up the next day feeling better. Honestly I felt a little...I can't even describe it. But I imagine you know what it's like to lose someone you adored, even as a mentor. You know what I'm talking about.

So I went to school, my brother drove me again, showing extreme patience for which I'm still grateful for. I got to school and some of the people who knew me better gave me a hug and I hugged others who suffered the loss more than the rest of the school. We were mourning but we were all right.

I went to the office, to ask about the funeral since I'd missed the announcement the day before and the Director of Admissions, a nice lady named Miss Hasstin, saw me and called out my name. I turned to look at her and noticed that she had another person standing behind her, trying to look cool rather than overwhelmed. A new student.

"I'm so glad I found you, Iris. I have a new student that I need you to lead around the school. He'll be getting his schedule tomorrow and will follow you around...oh well you know the drill." She laughed and motioned for him to come forward. "This is Brandon Vaughn. Brandon this is our student cabinet president, Iris Thompson."

I smiled and extended my hand and he took it in his firm grip and we both said hi with that fake sort of excitedness you have when you are greeting someone and are expected to like each other without exchanging word or reason.

"I'll be happy to show Mr. Vaughn around the campus and introduce him to people." I smiled. I actually really didn't usually mind this job so much, if I did I wouldn't have signed on for it. But, I was too tired that day, too strained. Maybe I showed that because Miss Hasstin's smile slipped into a look of sympathy.

"I heard you went home early yesterday, Iris. Are you sure you are okay to be here today?" She put her hand on my arm comfortably.

"Of course I am, Miss Hasstin. Since it's so close to time for school to start could you please send me a note later about the time and day?" when she nodded I smiled again at Brandon.

"Follow me please."

Perhaps I should break from this monotonous intrigue and tell you some descriptions of the people you are hearing so much about. It was back when even I looked different, my hair a lighter brown and straightened daily from its natural wave. But let me tell you about everyone, they are locked in my mind forever now.

I should start with Keith perhaps. Keith looked all American boy then. He had a tanned muscular body, his eyes were summer sky blue and his hair was super blonde. But he was hardworking and earned all the above by working every summer outdoors, not the fake way. In that he was genuine.

Next should be Lily I guess. We always joked about Lily. When you think of the word probably the first thing that comes to mind is white. Funeral white. So perhaps Lily should look blonde haired as well? But no. She was born with ink black hair. Her mother was a laugh at the world and said that she had given birth to a pitch-black Lily. And we agreed. For she was black haired, long waves that went to her hips and had grey eyes. Her skin was pale though and her look innocent. She was a senior in high school at the time and still a virgin. So, really, a pitch-black Lily, all innocence and purity.

But most importantly I would have to tell you of Brandon Vaughn. When I saw him that first time he wasn't dressed in the grey slacks and white button up shirt and tie that uniform dictated. He looked almost wild, but still nice. He wore a skin tight black shirt that hugged his muscles, of which there were many though toned not bulging, his pants were black, but baggy. The sleeves of his shirt were rolled up and he had a chain on his wallet. He looked like a skater boy. His hair was as black as Lily's perhaps darker if possible, but as unruly as mine wanted to be. It hung down in his face, not long but not short. But mostly I remember his eyes that first time. They were violet. Not violet as in so blue they're...but purple. Light purple.

And now you ask why I spend so much time talking about a complete stranger? Well because he was the important one. The catalyst, the instigator. He started everything, only at that point I didn't realize it.

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[Message 3](#) of 14 in Discussion

From: [The Lady](#)

Sent: 12/15/2003 12:47 AM

Now I suppose I should return to this long drawn out tale that you are undoubtedly confused about. Don't worry. It gets worse. But I shall return to the day when I met the boy who caused my life to change so dramatically, though I had no inkling of that for some time to come.

This Mr. Brandon Vaughn followed me casually, hands in pocket and curious eyes wandering around at the miscreants that looked at him up and down. The girls were giggling over him for more than one reason. However he didn't really seem to notice their adoration and merely turned to me after a moment.

"Did someone die?"

I looked at him since he asked it so bluntly. There wasn't a trace of sympathy in his voice but mild curiosity and perhaps a bit of keen intelligence.

"One of my teachers died in an accident Saturday."

"First time I heard of a student going to a teacher's funeral."

"That must be because a teacher has never died around you before. Anyway, Mr. Vaughn, it is my duty to get you acquainted with the school. I'm sure you know that the dress code prohibits...well everything you are wearing."

"I'll walk around in the penguin getup tomorrow. Give me my freedom on my last day before the noose tightens."

"Fine." I proceeded to talk like a demented tour guide and explained a few odds and ends of the school. The lockers, gym, things that people would try to get him to fall for. The usual jokes that people play on the new kid.

"And I repeat there is NO elevator and there is NOT a pool on the roof."

"Uh, there isn't even a third floor. Don't tell me people actually fall for that garbage?"

"You wouldn't believe."

We were reaching my class and before we entered the class room I explained first thing morning procedures. We say the pledge, of what we are never quite sure, we have announcements while the procrastinators finish their homework and lay abeds finish their sleep. Then school starts proper.

He sat quietly through the first class of the day, taking notes from paper I let him borrow. The teacher loved him. Who ever heard of a student taking notes and participating in class before they were even properly enrolled? I spent a good portion of the time trying to figure out if he was a brown noser or if he was actually interested. First period was math, which is the most cruel subject to give anyone first thing in the morning no matter what your aptitude and since I was upset anyway I just leaned to the side and doodled the whole time.

"You know, you shouldn't show off your legs so much. You might give guys the wrong impression."

I glared at him as we walked in the hallway. Admittedly my skirt was a bit shorter than usual but that was because i had freakishly long legs. And now I was being criticized because I crossed them in class?

"Vaughn, back off."

"Oh you know you want me Thompson."

I turned to look at this creature who was so self assured. Slowly I looked him up and down then concentrated on his eyes. His eyes held a sort of wildness in their frigid deps. He was a dangerous man. I didn't care then though. I was already stressed.

"Listen up," I said poking him in the chest. "I have a boyfriend and am very happy with him. Just because you have good looks doesn't make you sex god on earth so keep your eyes to yourself and your tongue in your own damn mouth before i get REALLY angry."

He smirked. "I see fire in you Thompson. But then, I like fire."

I narrowed my eyes and stepped towards him menacingly.

"Now now, student cabinet president, you wouldn't want to beat up the new kid would you? Especially when he was only being friendly and not trying to hit on you at all."

I glared at him then turned on my heel. "Whatever. Follow."

I spent the rest of the day leading him around like I was supposed to but had my fun while I did it. I flaunted my legs and myself without being obvious. Just enough so that I knew he wanted to comment. And every time he opened his mouth to make some snide remark I glared at him. My behavior didn't go unnoticed though and people began to laugh at the silent battle we were having.

Yet at the end of the day I just said, "Later, Vaughn," turned on my heel and left. And that was actually it. The next day we didn't have any classes together and our school was too cliquish to have us sit together for lunch. IN all actuality I didn't speak to the wild eyes for a month complete.

And so you are asking yourself, 'But didn't she say that he was the important one? Isn't this all about making a mistake in a relationship?' And so I answer you. Yes I said all those things. But I never said that Vaughn was the man I so tragically made a mistake with. Now you ask then how is he so important. The answer is simple. He was the catalist. Sure, I never did any nice thing to him that whole day, but then, to an obsserver, did it look like I was being mean?

So I answer you, it wasn't him that did the acting, but the actions that were observed. Now I ask myself, what would have happened if I had never set eyes on Vaughn or if I had not been in such a bad mood that day. I ask millions of questions. Would things have happened differently? I don't think so. I'd just have someone else to blame.

Don't worry now. I realize I speak in riddles. So sit back and sip your tea, I'll tell you more, but only as I remember it then. If I told you what I see now in what was seen then...well, the story wouldn't be the tale it was. So dramatic you think. Of course. But then insanity begs the dramatic, it seduces it and brings it into play. Insanity would be sane if not for drama. So listen and I'll continue my story. Stop asking questions because I'll answer them.

Maybe.

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Message 4 of 14 in Discussion

From: [The Eady](#)

Sent: 12/15/2003 5:25 AM

Now, when this whole melee of fun started I was innocent. Virginal. You know, the kind of people that when you see them in life you wonder what the hell kind of mentality they really have? That was me. At first anyway. The kind of girl who is just begging to get it. Begging for someone to throw black paint on her white soul.

And then, well someone did.

After the funeral, some students were allowed to go to the wake afterwards. Wake is a funny term you know. For all its real roots I still think it is a bit much to use. But I went to the mockery of the word and smiled about the times when she was still alive and tiredly I went home.

Kieth went with me, holding on to me, being my life preserver in the harshness of reality. Ironic. But I held on to him and he walked me up to my room and he just sat there holding me. Eventually I laid down and he stretched out beside me like he had done many times before. And I don't know what it was. Maybe it was losing her or maybe it was the way I felt comfortable or maybe it was everything or maybe it was even nothing at all. But for the first time I accepted the wary advances of my long time boyfriend. He had been trying to get me to agree with him for months but backed off when I said no.

But that day I didn't. Stupid me.

When I woke up it was dark outside and raining. The black sky fit the black mood and the black deed that had been done. I woke up much saner than I had been a few hours before and looked in horror at my boyfriend as he lay naked beside me. I couldn't believe that I had actually done that. Especially with Kieth, who while I liked him a lot, I wasn't in love with him and had no real plans to marry him. My god what if i got knocked up?

My mind was racing about a thousand miles a minute and finally I panicked and shook him awake.

"Kieth, get up! Wake up now!" I was screeching and hysterical. Pathetic right?

Finally the lump of male woke up with a satisfied sated look...you know the one I'm talking about, and smiled at me. "Hey, Iris. What's the matter?"

"Kieth, oh my god, what was I thinking! YOU need to go. I need to be alone. Please leave."

He looked at me for a long time while I kept just...speaking gibberish and tried to sort out my mind. Yet, when he spoke, in his cold low voice, I immediately shut up and stared at him.

"Were you using me?"

I gaped at him. What?! He'st he one who actually got the jollies out of this! I hurt like HELL and he was thinking I was using him?!

"God no! I never wantd this! Keith please just go! I just..." I couldn't think, brainless idiot that I was. I couldn't think and I couldn't see the signs.

Without a word he got up, pulled on his clothes and left the room, closing the door softly.

There were so many things that my scared and unbalanced mind didn't notice things that I should have picked up on then and have made me run like the spawn of satan was after me.

Which, he was of course.

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Message 5 of 14 in Discussion

From: [The Lady](#)

Sent: 12/16/2003 9:08 AM

So I was no longer pure as driven snow, which to me is a pretty idiotic way of phrasing purity, but I was no longer a virgin. I got over it. Not like I had any choice in the matter anymore, but about an hour and three fits of hysterics later, I got over it.

Then I cleaned up the mess. God, whatever else, sex is messy.

And the next day I ran to his house, teary eyed and begged his forgiveness as soon as he opened the door. I explained that I was just shocked at my behavior and life and, well I was blathering like an idiot, but I got him to believe me that I wasn't a heartless bitch or something. He got over it, or at least he wanted me to shut up and take a breath or

something. He gave me a hug and explained that he was just so girlishly hurt and betrayed. He didn't want to lose me, i was the best thing that had happened to him.

You know, I should have taken it as a sign right then and there that when a girlfriend who has a mental breakdown after sex was the best thing that happened to a guy, he's a bit off. But I didn't I was realieaved.

The weekend passed and the following monday I started recieving these little notes in my locker. Secret Admirer notes. I threw them away after sharing them with Lily, giggling. But that's it. Well at first anyway. After awhile he stopped talking about how pretty I was and all that and kept mentioning how much he wanted me and how much he looked at me.

That was kinda creepy. I mean, stalkerish almost. Now I didn't know who was writing these little notes but after three weeks I remarked casually to Lily that I was going to have to find this guy and have a talk. But I didn't mean it and the comment would have passed into oblivion as nicely as it was meant to, except that Keith heard it.

And aparently Keith knew who my secret admirer was. And he had only heard me say "I'm gonna have to find this secret admirer and teach him a thing or two about girls." He never heard anything else about how freakish I thought this guy was. No he only heard what any already jealous guy would have freaked over. And he reacted.

Badly.

Right in the middle of lunch, in the middle of the whole school, literally, he comes up to me and grabs my wrist in this ridiculously strong grip and dragged me forcefully through the school until he cornered me alone in the av room. Which has no windows might I add.

Now by then my idiotic brain was beginning to realize that this was not exactly normal behaviour and I shold be just a might worried. And don't say that as an exaggeration. Dense, right? But he drags me into this room and throws me against a wall and squeezes my arms until there are tears in my stupid eyes. And the only thing that could come out of my innocent and foolish mouth was, "Are you mad at me, Keith?"

Seriously.

"Mad? Mad?! Why would I be mad when my girlfriend is a f---ing slut!! I mean, she has sex with me, then she starts carrying on with a new guy a couple weeks later! I knew I should have watched out for that bastard Brandon the moment I saw him following you around school. Now you are having sex with him? Bitch!"

He slapped me hard there and the force of it made me hit my head hard against the wall. I cold barely see as I tried to explain to him that I didn't know about who the admirer was and I didn't even like the guy but he wouldn't listen. He was screaming at the top of his lungs and I couldn't manage above a whisper.

Finally when he saw me crying I think, he started to calm down. I was just begging him then to believe me. In my little brain I was thinking about how much I had hurt this guy and how stupid I was for not telling him about the secret admirere to begin with. It made me sound guilty to begin with.

"Kieth I swear, I never knew who it was. It was just a joke to me. You can ask Lily!"

"So you told Lily but not me? Great, I'm your boyfriend and I don't know this?"

"Kieth please. I'd never cheat on you! Believe me I swear." By then I was begging, not because I wanted him back, but because my head hurt too much and I knew if he shook me one more time I'd wind up unconscious on the floor where he could do god knows what. But it worked. His twisted mind finally stopped screaming and he looked at me, then, shockinging the holy hell out of me.....he hugged me.

I mean, it was like he thought that a hug would make it all better. He was sitting there soothing my hair and holding me like he always had in the past when i was upsest about

something.

"It's alright. it's over now. It's all right," he kept murmuring these phrases as if he had found me on the scene of this brutal beating and was now going to save the day and make me all better. And yes, by then I was sane enough to realize that this boy had major issues. I shoved him away and looked at him like he was derranged. "Keith...what are you doing?" "I'm forgiving you. I'm sorry that I had to hurt you like that, but you had to see reason. I could never let you go. But you see reason so I dont have to. It's allright now. I dont' ahve to hurt you any more."

"What?" I asked pretty damn stupidly. I mean, he sounded like soemthing out of the friggen futal era and he was forgiving ME? The innocent one?

"Well, just the thought of you makes me feel a bit...odd. I don't know what I'd do if you left me. I mean, I can't say what I would do, I just lose myself when i think those thoughts. But now it's fine. You are back to normal now."

I just stared at him. I didn't know what to say or even if saying something was a good idea so I just nodded. Which was the only smart thing I really had done in the whole time. It probably saved my life.

Of course, that being a good thing is totally subjective. Depends on how you view the contents of my tale.

But at that time I nodded. I heard the first bell ring then and mumbled something about having to get to class and he agreed that it was the right thing to do. Then he kissed me. My god, I almost lost the small bit of lunch I had consumed. I managed to hold it in though and turned to walk out the door. And when I opened it I found half the student body outside and a few falculty members. Just looking at me in all my tear stained glory and Keith and his smug view of forgivness that wasn't deserved.

And I knew that they had only heard his side. And that they believed him. Keith the Student Body Presedent was to be believed.

So i just walked past them all, knowing that I had been branded as a slut and that Brandon would probably have the reputation of a god by the end of the day. But I bore it and just left the hallway.

At the end of the day i went to my brother's apartment and just cried on him. For some inexplicably foolish reason I just couldn't tell him what had happened. If I had then, well,Keith would have been in the hospital lickity split and I wouldn't be deemed a slut but a victim. But i didn't That would mean I would have to tell all my dirty secrets to my brother who saw me as innocent as I had been but a few days before.

I left after crying on him for some time a little before midnight. Mom and dad probably figured that I stayed at his apartment, I did that sometimes, and never called for me to come home. I walked through the building and to the car park beside it.

When i got in the elevator up to the third floor my heart fell to my feet. Aparently Brandon lived in the same apartment complex and was leaving home at that time too. I just closed my eyes and mental begged him to make some sort of comment or another so I could bash his head in.

That would have relieved a few of the days frustrations. Someone beat the crap outa me, I would pass on the lovin feeling. That would have been nice. I'd probably have ended up much more sane if I had. But no. Instead of him making some sarcastic comment on my rumbled school uniform something else happened. Something so incredibly horrid that I knew then that both God and Fate were real and hated me as much as I hate them.

The elevator broke down. The call box out of order and cell phones out of service. I had stepped right into the seventh circle of hell.

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Message 6 of 14 in Discussion

From: [The £ady](#)

Sent: 12/17/2003 8:31 AM

Warning: The content of the rest of the story is meant for mature readers. It contains graphic scenes which may disturb readers. It is advised that no one under the age of

18 read them... Meh that sounds authoratiative enough.

Now whatever psychoanalysts can, have, and will say about the actions following the stop of that elevator, ignore them. I think I know my own mind much better than any outsider with a useless degree that allows you to sit on your ass all day. Even if my mind doesn't know me. But I'll let you pretend to judge me well and make of it what you will.

When the elevator stopped I just lost it. The day had been hellish and like something out of a bad movie and I just couldn't take it anymore. I turned on Brandon, who was smirking and wailed on him.

"This is all your fault!" I started hitting the idiotically surprised boy hard in the chest. "You are the reason my boyfriend is insane and started beating me. You are the reason that the whole school thinks I'm a slut. You are the reason my head hurts like satan himself is whistling. It's all your f---ing fault!"

I kept hitting him over and over without reason. What can I say. It had been a bad day. Eventually he got over his shock, though I'm pretty sure he didn't hear half the things I'd said, but he got over it and backed up against the far wall.

But I kept on hitting him, screaming over and over that it was his fault, even blaming him for the elevator stopping. He kinda lost it at that point too and grabbed my wrists, effectively preventing me from hitting him again. But I was a fighter, at least I was then. Somehow I think that fighter's instinct died a quick and dishonoured death in the following days. But I tried to get away from him and his vice like grip.

"Let go of me! God can't you just leave me alone!"

"Leave YOU alone? You are the one beating the crap out of me!"

"You managed to make sure I had the worst day of my friggen life! You and those stupid letters you were writing me. You freaking stalker!"

He narrowed his eyes at that and, for the second time that day, I found myself shoved against a wall with a guy's face only inches away from mine speaking dangerously.

"Listen to me you little witch. YOU are the one who walks around in that slutty little skirt, which you haven't even changed OUT of yet. You are the one who spent my whole first day of school giving me hellacious mixed signals. WHILE having a boyfriend I might mention. And I don't now what issues you are having with your boyfriend but they have NOTHING to do with me, do you understand? If he thinks for some reason that you are a slut I haven't seen ANYTHING to take away from that so shut your little mouth."

And in that moment I really and truly hated the man in front of me. It was also that encounter that taught me something about love and hate. They both are born from passion. And passion is passion. Even when you don't want it to be.

After this long spiel I was so angry that I couldn't even breathe right. For a moment I was speechless. The bastard was just asking for it. He had messed with the wrong girl on the wrong day and I was going to make him pay for it. And I opened my mouth to give him hell. But then the bastard kissed me. I was standing there with my wrists pinned over my head against an elevator wall with this guy I HATED kissing me. Of course, like any person in my obviously so stable mental state, I kissed him back.

So for like five minutes we just sat there making out. The twilight zone was more normal than that scene had been. Of course that was mainly because I liked it. I liked it a lot. Now, why would anyone with any sense or self respect like that situation? because it felt good. It felt good to do something stupid and it felt good to do something I would never do. It felt good to let out all that energy.

And my did we let it out.

Before my derranged brain could register, his mouth wasn't on mine anymore but was trailing down my neck and onto my shoulder. I didn't object, but clenched my hands around his, which were still locking them in place above my head. I sighed silently and was going right along with him, not even noticing that he only had one hand holding my two until I felt fingers on my upper thigh.

"God, you are even wearing a thong. What a slut," he muttered against my neck.

"F--- off! My underwear is my priority, asshole." And my words empty. He was still pissing me off, but it didn't seem to matter right then. It still felt too good.

"I'll take that as an invitation," he murmured. A moment later I felt the hand leave my leg only to be replaced a moment later with the feeling of cold metal against places you REALLY don't want to feel metal.

"My God what are you do-" I broke off as he stuck his tongue down my throat. His hands worked quickly and I realized a moment later exactly what he was doing. I was no longer wearing any underwear.

I squealed, finally gaining some sense and tried to bite his tongue, pulling on my arms to get away from his ridiculously strong grip. But it didn't work. He pulled his mouth away just enough that I couldn't do him any damage. I felt him laugh a little and look me straight in my blazing eyes. I heard something unzip and I just stared at him, my mouth hanging open in unintelligently. He stared at me for a full minute, daring me to say no.

And like the idiot that I have already proved myself to be, I didn't.

A moment later I didn't even want to object. He was good, ten times better than Keith had been. Or maybe I was just more physically attracted to him, obviously, or what. But it was good. I'm being foolishly repetitive, but I dare you to find a better word in such a moment. Not only was he better but he was, shall we say, three times as good.

Now, at the time I didn't know much about sex or about how hard it is for a girl to get off, especially in that kind of situation with little foreplay and...well anyway. So I didn't realize that the idea of multiple orgasm was something not everyone believed in and that a guy who knew what he was doing was a god send.

All I really got at that point was, why was a guy who seemed to hate me as much as I hated him bother with something my own psychotically obsessed boyfriend didn't? Which really should prove to you just how stupid I was then.

But, after a sum total of 20 minutes from start to finish we both sat there gasping. Finally I came to my senses, the ones that hadn't been utilized in the past few minutes...which weren't many to be honest.

"God, get off of me," I nearly screamed.

He just looked at me and then down at the floor, at what I'm presuming were the remains of my underwear. Then, creepily enough he pulled out a handkerchief and began to clean me up. There.

I just stared at him with shock, not really able to do much since I was still being held up with one hand. I'm telling you this guy was pretty out of this world.

But he finished and let my hands down at last. KEEPING the handkerchief. Creepy right?

I just stared at him for a moment, confused beyond all words then looked down at my underwear.

"F---ing A, my underwear!" I glared at him with all the hatred I could muster. Which was a surprisingly high amount considering I had just let the boy screw me blind. He frowned at me then, suddenly smirking.

"I'll buy you another pair if you show them off to me."

"You bastard!" I started wailing on him again and probably would have continued to do so until he was dead or we had a repetition of events, but the elevator started moving again.

Gasping I dived for my underwear and shoved them into my abandoned back pack. When the doors slowly began to open I nearly died of shock. Not because the repair guy was amazingly hot and had managed to fix the elevator without us ever calling in the problem. No, that would have been something another person would have gotten to do. A decent ending to the day from Dali's nightmare.

Instead I saw Keith. Staring at me, then at Brandon.

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Message 7 of 14 in Discussion

From: [The Lady](#)

Sent: 12/20/2003 1:51 AM

And so I stood there for a full minute or so while Brandon answered the technicians questions, staring like an idiot at Keith. It was confirmed that this was not only the day from

hell but I had gotten on an express elevator to it.

Huffing slightly, I walked out of the elevator and past the two men talking. One of the techs called out to me but I ignored him. Too much was too much and I was going home. I tried to brush past Keith but he decided to follow me the long walk to my car. It was horrible. My skin was crawling with fear and revulsion at him and what I had just done.

I really was a slut now. I just had sex with a guy I barely knew without even using a f---ing condom. If only the school could see me now. I was furious with myself and with Brandon and most of all Keith who had driven me to do it. When I realized that he wasn't going to stop talking to me I whirled on him.

"Just go the f--- away Keith!"

"No, you need to be punished. You were a bad girl. I forgave you once and you were a bad girl." His voice was sickly and it gave me the creeps. He reached out for me but I stepped quickly out of the way.

"Keith, I'm not your girlfriend anymore. Back off, you psycho." Ironic my choice of words.

"You wouldn't want to leave me, Iris. Think about it, I told you that when I don't have you I'm just not myself. You wouldn't want to see me when I'm not myself would you?"

More than anything I just didn't want to see him ever again. I didn't want to play into his sick fantasy world and I didn't want to see those eyes that shone with perversion instead of delight. So in the only sane thing that I had done in hours, which was ironically the worst thing I could have done I spoke.

"Keith, I never want to talk to you again. I'm not going to give you the attention you think you need. Leave me the f--- alone." I turned on my heel and got into my car.

But I didn't miss him say in that soft nauseating voice, "You'll be back. I'll show you that you'll be back." He started chuckling then and I just turned my car on and drove away as fast as I could. Nothing else could possibly go wrong and I was already ashamed to know myself and nothing could make that worse.

Of course, silly me, I was about to learn how wrong a human being could possibly be.

I stayed away from school for the rest of the week. I felt sick and couldn't stop crying. My parents were scared that something horrible had happened and I didn't have the heart to confirm them. So I just curled up in my bed and tried to make my horrific brain settle into some sick version of normality. It didn't work to weel but the following monday I went to school and hoped for the best.

Instead I found that the worst of humanity resides in high school walkways. I had gone from being rather popular to despised by most everyone. In some ways it really didn't matter since I had never cherish popularity like the rest of adolescent america that dreamed of having everyone worship the ground they float above. But being hated by everyone that used to smile at you in affection made me feel even worse.

I finally met up with Lily at lunch and she just looked at me as if she knew exactly what was wrong.

"Lily, I had the day from hell last week. Can I please come over to talk about it, or do anything?"

She gave me a big hug. "I was gonna tell you to do so anyway. I command you that right after student cabinet meeting you come straight to my house where I'll have ice cream and hot chocolate waiting for you."

As I stared at my friend who was sitting in front of me with the purest of smiles and all loyalty I realized how blessed I was to know her. Lily was the only thing in my life that was keeping me sane and I knew she would try her hardest to make me feel better.

I hugged her tighter and just whispered, "Thank you Lil. You know I love you right?"

I felt her laugh. "So do I. Now let go before everyone thinks you are a lesbian as well."

We giggled and the bell rang. As she walked off I watched her as she turned to wave one last time. I was already feeling better and was glad I had come to school.

I was also eternally glad there after that we had that conversation in some ways. And in others it just added to my horrible guilt.

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Message 8 of 14 in Discussion

From: [The Eady](#)

Sent: 12/20/2003 2:11 AM

The meeting was horrible. I was asked, ahem, politely, to get the hell out of the club and never grace the club room with my stench again. And it took forty minutes to tell me that as well. In some ways it hurt to have something I had worked so hard on to be washed aside in an instant...but in some ways I was glad. Being President was what brought Brandon around and look at where that had gotten me.

So I packed up my things and left the room and eventually the school. And I will forever remember that crystalline moment of when I stepped out of the doors into the grey skied day. That was the last time I ever left that school in what could be idiotically argued as normality. Or sanity perhaps.

I drove to Lil's house. The rain had started to come down and it was slow getting there. In my mind I still wonder what would have happened if I had decided to skip the meeting or if it hadn't been raining. But then what if's are the bane of reality. But reality is it's own poison isn't it?

Some where between the school and her house I started to get a bad feeling. I tried to ignore it but it just got worse reaching a peak of utter horror when I ran up to her front door and found it partially open.

Now, Lil's family had never been the best at keeping the door locked, which was kinda sad since Lily was almost always the only one home until 9 or so at night. But never in all the time I had known her had she ever left the door open.

I stared at the door and could barely breathe. I knew instantly what had happened and didn't want to confirm it. But, like every stupid idiot on the face of the earth, otherwise known as teenagers, I just HAD to. I entered the house, clutching my keys in my hand as if they would be some sort of retardant to any attacker.

"Lily?" My voice cracked and was barely audible. But it still echoed through the completely silent house. "Lily, answer me!"

But even I knew at that point that she would never answer. I put one hateful step in front of the other and walked through her house to her bedroom. The door was open slightly and I could see black hair on her white coverlet.

"Lily are you asleep? Don't scare me like that!" I said, relievedly, opening her bedroom door. And it really did look like she had fallen asleep on her bed at a weird angle.

Until I saw that it wasn't white anymore.

There was blood everywhere. It had seeped from her and into the white bedsheets creeping ever slowly so that only a little white was left to be seen. It stained her beautiful hair and made it sticky and clump together. But the blood wasn't the worst of it.

Worst of all was her eyes. They were still half open, frozen in a state of shock. Her face was bluish, greyish white. It was sickening. Purple lips were held only a few inches over an endless red gash that separated itself entirely from the smooth skin above and below it.

I couldn't tear my eyes away from her. I saw that her hand had blood on it, she had obviously tried to stop the blood flow at first. She was still wearing her school uniform now the gruesome colour of her own death. But her eyes kept staring at me. And I'll remember those eyes for eternity. They stared at me without life, accusing me, blaming me for this atrocity.

I felt my stomach begin to clench and I ran to the bathroom to empty the contents of my stomach. When there was nothing left, after I had been heaving still for a few minutes I finally got up and rinsed my mouth out.

Lily was dead.

And it was my fault. I was a murderer. I should have told someone that he was coming that he would have killed her. I tried to block the thought out of my head as I called the police to report the crime.

I stood in the living room still as a statue and waited for them to come. A few of them stayed with me and tried to get as many details as they could. I told them why I was there and how long I'd been there. But in my head I could only hear the words 'murderer...your fault...killer...murderer' racing over and over through my head. The police thought I had just been too stunned to speak correctly, for obvious reasons.

They didn't know that I was to blame, and who would guess that a small good girl would be responsible for her best friend's death.

I completely lost it when Lily's parents came home.

They were bawling and screaming and her mother, who I had known for years, came to me and held me in her arms. She was crying and trying to comfort me who had first seen his atrocity of evil and trying to comfort herself at the death of her only child. She just held on to me for dear life.

And I lost it. I couldn't stand for the woman to seek me for her comfort. I had killed her child. I couldn't think anymore. I tore away, ignoring her, the police, everybody. I just ran out into the freezing rain and ran until I couldn't breathe anymore. At last I fell, frozen and alone in the middle of the street totally lost to consciousness and got the last rest I would have for a very long time.

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[Message 9](#) of 14 in Discussion

 From: [The Lady](#)

Sent: 1/3/2004 12:41 PM

Frozen and alone in the middle of the road I wonder now if it would have been better for me to have been hit by the car that sped towards me and ultimately stopped just short of ending my life. If my life had ended then perhaps more life had been saved? It seemed like a meager exchange really. But fate is twisted and has a black humour rivalled only by the great serial killers. Of course Fate, it would seem, is more serial in her killings than anyone.

"Iris! Wake up!" The voice called to me distantly. In fact it wasn't the voice that woke me up really as much as the realization that I was freezing to death while being gripped fiercely by my upper arm. It was rather uncomfortable.

So I opened my eyes and looked into a pair of amber eyes that stared down at me. "Thank god, Iris. You scared me! Why are you lying in the middle of the road?"

The voice belonged to a girl from school by the name of Moira. She was a quite kind of girl which really makes it all the more surprising when someone like that is shaking you and yelling at you only a few minutes after you just found your best friend in the entire universe brutally murdered with you to blame as if you had pulled the dagger across her throat yourself.

But then she didn't know any better. She helped me stand up shakily and led me off the road. Dimly I realized that her silver car had its hazard lights blinking and that was why we both weren't being run over in the middle of the road. She led me to the side walk, continuously pestering me with questions until at last I answered, or maybe you could call it that on a bad day, which this was marked under the A category of such things.

"Lily, oh my god so much blood! It was just everywhere!"

"What?!" Moira gasped. Everyone knew Lily so of course she would gasp like that.

Especially when the equally popular girl, or at one time at least, was the one muttering about seeing her in blood.

"He killed her. Lily she's dead, Moira. Oh my God! I didn't get there on time, I was supposed to be there! But I wasn't and he killed her!"

Moira was shocked enough to let her fierce grasp on me drop and like a caged animal finally set free I bolted, ignoring her pleas for me to come back and explain.

But at that point I was beyond coming back to anything or anyone. I was already gone.

I ran home as fast as my tired and insensible body would let me. No one was there and by the looks of things I could tell that whoever had been had rushed out in a hurry.

Of course the cops had probably called mother and father to pick up the raving lunatic who had lost it at the scene of her best friend's gruesome death that was their daughter. Cops are sensible like that.

I wasn't. I ignored the mess and ignored the vague mental suggestion that I should call my parents and tell them I was home. I just drug my tired body upstairs to my bedroom. My cold dark bedroom that was both a comfort and a torment and could only be seen clearly through the random flashes of light that the natural electric lights show provided. It was harsh looking and unfamiliar in the glancing sort of light.

Numbly I reached up and flicked the lightswitch. The dying bulb brought back some sort of feeling of normality to my inalterably shaken world. But it also shed light on white envelope carefully laid on my bed where I would so obviously see it.

It also shed light on the series of polaroid pictures that fell from the envelope into my lap. Taken in succession from right before Lily had gotten her throat slit, to her grabbing desperately to keep her blood still inside to the cold look I had seen before with much less blood surrounding.

I nearly retched again but my poor stomach was empty and wasn't obliging enough to settle my horrendous feelings by letting me mindlessly puke what remained of my guts out. Everything just kept getting worse and worse.

With shaking hands I reached out to grab the accompanying piece of paper with printed words soaking through. I scanned it briefly, stared for a moment then threw my head back in uncontrollable laughter.

The justice of it all was so very ironic. Every god from every legend was laughing at me as I sat with a confession note and pictures taken not only at the scene of the crime but OF the scene of th crime. But no, they were meaningless. The small note that was explaining to me about my punishment and need for more unwavering obedience or else further punishment would insue was printed out from some word processor. Nothing about it would point to any killer. Especially not the real one. Not the killer who had a city judge for a father and a sheriff for a uncle.

I was the one first at the scene of the crime and I was the one with the evidence of murder sitting on my lap. Who would believe the ex-girlfriend as she maddly pointed fingers to take the blame off of her?

It was just too hilarious for words.

But then words are just too often insufficient for real communication. I think it takes losing your sanity to realize that. And at that point I was well on my way.

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Message 10 of 14 in Discussion

From: [The £ady](#)

Sent: 1/4/2004 6:47 AM

It was a harsh reality that I wasn't quite willing to accept. After all, what is reality? The reference of something being real is whether it seems reasonable in our small human minds for something to be true. We spot truth from fiction by using our mind and sense of reason. But when fiction seems more real than truth which way would you lean? So I sat alone on my bed, laughing hysterically as my lap was filled with pictures of my friends death and waited to wake up.

But I never did. Well not in any way I wished for.

I heard the front door open and my parents call out to me frantically. I guess they took the maniacal laughter for unreasoned tears and thought it was all normal. I didn't disillusion them. After all explaining to your parents that you were the driving reason for your friends death was not something that anyone would take lightly.

So, like an idiot, I hid the pictures under my bed along with the sheet of printed paper which crinkled and tore under my ministrations. I was finished just in time to have the traitorous door be flung open and reveal me kneeling before my bed looking absolutely prostrate with grief, which I was, and more than a little scared, which I most definately was. However, thankfully, I think I manged in those first few days to hide the abnormality of the situation. Heh, the abnormality of murder. Ironic, yes?

My parents pulled me up and mom brushed her fingers through my long hair as I sat shaking incontrollbly in her arms. I don't think even from the beginning that anyone saw me cry after that first horrible scene. There are something that tears are far beyond and this was far beyond that. I sat like a lost puppy in my mother's lap like I hadn't for years. I sat there for hours as my my mine thought over all the twisted hard details and realities that I would have to deal with.

And as I sat there shaking in my mother's lap as she sat there and tried to convince me that everything would be okay, I realized that it was farthest from the truth. Nothing would be fine. I would have to bargain for the lives of my family and friends, bargain with my body as the

price. My torment was only beginning. The only thing that would stop it, if anything could have at that point, would be my own demise. But back at that moment of crystalline understanding I was still too pure and in love with life as a whole to contemplate it for more than the briefest of instants.

Now I wonder why it never came into play.

A week later to the day I immersed back into the world that held Keith in it. For a week I had submerged into the world that was wrapped only in thoughts and plans for how to keep my world safe. It is moments of absolute lucidity that I realized I was playing sacrificial lamb and was out of my mind and should run to the cops or something. But lucidity is hardly something I could afford to buy and it didn't keep me company long.

The first day back into the world I once called my own but no longer could pay the rent for I met with teachers first thing. They were all sympathetic, thoughts of what had happened only two weeks before completely erased from everyone's mind. The most well known girl in school had lost her best friend in a horrid and gruesome way. Who just happened to be the most popular girl in school herself.

Everyone approached me with their condolences and assured me that she was well missed. Few people asked me how I was, some asked how her family was doing. Everyone asked me what it was like to be the one to discover the scene.

I couldn't help letting my blank eyes bore into them as they asked the most inhumane question there was. Make someone see something to give her nightmares for years then ask her how it felt to see it. People have less common sense than a cactus which at least has thorns to keep the busy bodies away. But it wasn't long til far worse came.

I had to speak with Keith at lunch. To act as if he was still my boyfriend and one of the foundations of my world. Ironic that he was now THE foundation of a completely different plane of existence. The support of my insanity and weakness.

And worse, what made me want to retch the only meal I had gotten down in a week of self torment, he accepted it as if nothing had happened. He pretended to consol me and pet my hair as if I was some small child who had to be comforted from the harshness of a rival parent who had punished me. He was playing both parents in his mind, though perhaps one conveniently forgot the other.

"Why don't you come home with me, Iris? I'm sure I can make you feel better?"

In silence I nodded.

The definition of rape doesn't give amendments to coercion. The law does, but not the dictionary definition. And even the law gets a little shady on something being considered rape when there was no drug involved or no solid form of blackmail. Just an overhanging promise that held like the fabled greek sword as I stood stock still and let the taker of life slowly pull my clothes off of me.

I wasn't stiff, but compliant. When I think about it now, he must have thought it was seductive, the way he acted. But unlike him I had frame of reference. I knew he was just a child pretending to be a man. With little to compensate for the pretense.

And as he pulled off my last article of clothing and pushed me onto the waiting bed I remember that a single thought ran through my mind before I blocked anything from entering at all lest I lose all reason and become what I hated him most for.

A simply thought. That it felt like I was selling my soul and body to Lucifer himself in exchange for the lives of those I held dear.

Now I know I was right.

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Message 11 of 14 in Discussion

From: [The Lady](#)

Sent: 1/4/2004 7:21 AM

Two days returned to the normal world and I noticed something extremely odd. Something else that is. Since the cursed age of eleven I had my period every month on a flat 28 day schedule. There was no variations in all my seven years of being a real woman. An idiotic term since most real women would give an arm and a leg not to deal with woman's most infamous malady.

And I was late.

I immediately talked to my mother about it. She was all that was comforting and explained that it was probably due to stress and I should just be happy that I got a little reprieve. I nodded and went but something seemed wrong about it. I let a week pass in the detestible arms of my eventual killer as he tried to convince himself and me that we were in love and meant to be. No matter what my actions were then he still took the prize for insanity and I gladly let him have it. Delusional too. I kept my perceptions skewed enough to let reality filter in. He avoided it like the plague.

A week passed and nothing more came. Perhaps having to be subjected to continuous bad sex would be enough to let me skip the irritating monthly curse. But then it was only once a month for a few days. This was every day for an hour. I preferred the curse. Then when two weeks had passed and most people seemed to forget that Lily had died as she did and people forgot that I was once a lively person who smiled as she sauntered down the hallways instead of looking like a pale excuse of life. It is amazing how quickly people can forget what was when there is a slight shadow cast over it to change the mask of reality. But then forgetfulness can also be the greatest human asset, another one of which I was deprived. Two weeks had passed and reality had changed.

And I started throwing up in the mornings.

I sat alone in my room, pretending to my mother that I had a stomach virus and stayed home. They too had forgotten that I was different or perhaps they found that they preferred the subdued version of me which readily obeyed their commands and rarely smiled to show for it. I plastered on a fake smile onto my pale and chapped lips just often enough that no one noticed what was really wrong.

Or perhaps they would if my brother had still been living with us. He was always the observant one of the family. Pity he never saw what I was screaming silently. Especially when I woke up one morning and realized that I wasn't late from stress but had postponed any signs of monthly menstruation for at least ten months in favour of giving life to some creation which I would undoubtedly horribly disfigure mentally as they grew into a sunny face that deceived the world as well as I did.

And worse I found myself calculating mentally like any common slut or whore when the child had been conceived. The first time was too early and if I remembered correctly, the daunting first step into daily sexual abuse started on the day I should have. I was baffled and for a moment genuinely believed perhaps it was all stress and a stomach virus.

Then I remembered that I was even less pure and harshly forgotten of innocence. I hadn't had to calculate one set of dates for sex, but two. And as realization came, my twisting mind smirked at the idea that at least that if I bore a child it wasn't from rape or coercion. It was sprung from hate. A child of hate and raw passion, but at least consensual. And I would have to tell him. I wouldn't tell anyone else until I had to, but the man who fathered the creation which ultimately led to my complete loss of any grip on reality, would have to know. I was going to get child support dammit.

I passed no note, I whispered nothing in his ear. I didn't even say anything in private. Nor did I say anything at all. Words can be overheard, especially by those who are least needing of the news telling. Instead I stood there conspicuously where everyone could see but most ignored. But I knew I had his eyes.

Through all the time since that interlude which was so memorable but had managed to be forgotten in deference to harsher and less enjoyable realities, I had felt him watching me. His eyes rarely left me when they were there to be held. So I knew I held his eyes, I had only to find him.

At last I did and turned to meet him straight on, eye to eye. He faced me through the many paned glass windows that watched out into the blustery courtyard, his attention captivated now that his favourite form of entertainment was watching back.

I looked him in the eyes and slowly raised his hand towards him, as if beckoning. It wasn't a finger pointed but he knew that it was nearly identical in meaning. Then slowly and deliberately I placed my open palm over the hidden flesh which hid the few dividing cells which would one day become recognizable as a human child.

He looked down to my hand and I watched him as he stared at it for a few minutes, uncomprehendingly. I knew the moment he did understand though as his eyes widened and jerked back up to meet mine. He took an involuntary step forward, almost into the glass before realizing the ridiculousness of trying to get to me when I so obviously was trying to be unobtained. He placed his open palm on the glass and frowned. Clearly asking if I was sure.

Slowly, I nodded. Then I turned on my heel and walked away to where Lucifer waited for me to take me into his cold and steely prison embrace. I sat there and felt so tired and so empty of a soul, despite obviously carrying two, that I began to wonder if comparing Keith to Lucifer was a disservice.

I didn't have anything so particular against the keeper of Hell.

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Message 12 of 14 in Discussion

From: [The Fady](#)

Sent: 2/3/2004 3:42 AM

There is something to be said for pregnancy and what it does to your mentality. I'm pretty sure if I had not already lost some hold on my grip to sanity, being pregnant would have done that to me. Especially when I had once been such a model student and such a normal girl.

Turning into a statistic does that to you I think. Make you lose reason I mean.

Anyway, I managed to hide my pregnancy from my mother for the next two weeks or more. I'm not quite sure how since she had probably assumed I was sexually active. Maybe she too was caught up in the idea that I was still an innocent girl who couldn't have bodily functions that would bring forth life into being.

But then at times I wonder that I was able to myself so I could hardly blame her. No matter what reality you live through, the unreality of your situation always presses down on any mortal human and I had a whole lot of unreality hitting me at that time. Perhaps mother did to.

Or perhaps she felt that my constant nausea was due to losing my best friend in a completely horrific manner. I mean, I think that even if I hadn't had gotten pregnant, having to have sex with Keith regularly knowing that he had brutally murdered my best friend would probably have eventually lead to me throwing up every morning like clock work. But then that is only speculation and will never be subjected to the light of day most likely.

I spent a lot of time with my brother those two weeks. This was just barely permissible to Keith since he knew that Brandon lived in the same building. Some idea of me getting down and dirty with him again flashed through the insane idiot's mind and even I couldn't entirely blame him since rationally I still couldn't really conceive that well...I conceived with that man. But like the good girl he was forcing me to be, I made sure Keith knew I was only going to my brothers. If bro was confused at Keith's sudden desire to say hello to him, personally, on the phone every time I went to visit, he didn't comment.

No, bro just ignored it and went along with what he was doing. Never once did he question the fact that I was always there, probably assuming I was having a fight of some sort with our parents. Never once did he ask about my sudden bouts of nausea nor did he seem to mind when I would suddenly start crying.

I never asked him what he thought either. We had that kind of relationship. Neither of us really spoke when we were together. We would just sit in silence or talk about some movie or another. We knew we loved each other and we knew we cared about the other's problems, but that was all really.

And to this day I wish that during that horrific time I had been more open with my brother. I don't know if even now I would've told him about Keith but perhaps I should have told him about the child I was going to have even if it wasn't even my boyfriends. I'm sure his eyes would have lit up at the idea of being an uncle.

But it will be my continual shame that I never got the chance to tell him about an eventuality that never happened.

No matter how much I loved and trusted my brother I couldn't tell him. Then again, it could be that I loved him too much and didn't want to hurt him. But probably not. Bro respected me if nothing else and telling him would have lost his respect.

A fat lot of good respect did me.

There is no accounting for what made me act the way I did that day two weeks after I found out about my pregnancy. Maybe by then I truly had lost what was left of my sanity, but no, not then. That was for later in the same day. And I will eternally wonder in the back of my godforsaken mind what would have happened if I had not said what I said, done what I did.

But as it is forsaken, no answer will come. Nor would it have been any better most like.

It was a saturday. At that time I loathed saturdays as much as I had before loved them. During the school days I could climb out of the hole I had so uncermoniously dug myself, I could creep away from my own guilt trodden mind which reminded me that I was ever responsible for the death of my best friend and the only person on the planet who had been there for me unconditionally.

At school I could get away from Keith.

On saturday's I was not so lucky. It was only nine a.m. before I found myself at his house, pretending to enjoy myself as we watched movies together. They were sickeningly sweet movies. the kind I might have enjoyed watching if either of us had an ounce of sanity left to call our own. If we weren't murderers and whores. The kind of movie that made me want to waste my own life then and there in hopes of stopping the madness if not for the life growing inside me.

And it all began to get to me as we sat there and watched the ending of a sappy movie. Sitting beside him calmly as if he weren't the sick psycho bastard he was and as if I actually even remotely liked him was making me feel even more sick that mornings usually did. So I stood up and without caring what he would do to me, I began to leave the room without explanation.

He quickly followed and caught up to me at the top of the stairs, grabbing me by my wrist, tightly enough to stop the blood flow.

"Where are you going Iris. We haven't finished the movies yet. Do I need to punish you for being rude now?"

I turned to look at him, sickened by my own presence and the calm way he spoke of such violence as if he were suggesting that I was a child who shouldn't recieve treats anymore. And I snapped. That last bit of wisdom left in my body left me.

"I'm going home, Keith."

"We haven't finished the movie, Iris," he said, tone getting a little lower and more serious. More threatening.

"Did you know I'm pregnant Keith?"

His eyes widened and he began to grin with male pride. "No, I'm so happy though. Don't worry, I'll take good care of you and the baby."

"It's not yours."

Nothing could really explain what made me say it. I knew eventually he'd have to learn about my pregnancy. And I could just have well passed it off for his, he was stupid enough not to know better. He would have stopped hitting me too probably. Not wanting to hurt his own child.

But no. That would have been the smart thing to do. And I was far away from being intelligent then.

He reacted instantly and so quickly that I could even begin to protect myself. In a fluid motion he pulled me to him with my wrist and then just as suddenly threw me down the stairs. Instinctively, I tried to protect my belly and my head, one arm wrapped around each as I tumbled down the long, deep steps. But both got knocked to the side as I fell endlessly and my head landed with a sharp crack against the marble floor of the entry way.

In the seconds it took for me to loose consciousness, I heard him mutter something.

And I recongized it as, "Next time don't be so rude."

I don't know what happened next really or how long I was unconscious. More than one part of my brain and soul wishes that I had died then and there. But that cruelty of fate and laughing God demanded that I wake and be alive.
Only to bear more punishment, horror and shame.
Yes, there was Fate and God and both thought of me as their own cruel twisted joke.

I woke to bright lights and the sounds of mechanical purring. With mountains of effort, I drug my eyes opened and tried to focus on something around me. Which turned out to be an orderly who quickly gasped and rushed towards me.

"Dear you're awake! We were so worried. You'd been unconscious for near twelve hours."

"Where am I?" I managed to force from my dry and sore throat.

"You are at the hospital and lucky to be alive. Your boyfriend brought you here himself before leaving to go tell your family personally what had happened. He came back briefly and told us that your parents were out of town on business and that he couldn't get ahold of your brother."

"Keith did?"

"Yes, I think that was his name."

I groaned slightly, hoping desperately that my instincts were wrong. Bro was home, he was always home. He should have been there. Mom and dad really were gone but bro should have been there.

Then another thought struck me and I was about to speak before the nurse continued.

"He just left, he did. But before he left he told me to give you this envelope when you woke up. I promise no one opened it."

Reaching for it, hyperventilating a little, I asked what I was afraid to ask.

"Ma'am what about my baby?"

As my fingers clamped on the envelope and I instantly recognized the contents to be polaroid pictures as I had been afraid they would be, I heard her answer as I knew she would.

"Oh, I'm sorry miss. I should have told you straight off. They baby died, miss. I'm so sorry."

Crushing the envelope in my hand, I turned my head away from her and began to sob uncontrollably.

There was nothing left to hold me to the world anymore. Yet still it kept its claws into me and wouldn't let go. As I sobbed I prayed for death, for release and held on to the spot where my child should have lay and the pictures that told me exactly why they couldn't find my brother.

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Message 13 of 14 in Discussion

From: [The Eady](#)

Sent: 4/25/2006 5:18 AM

I am still unsure when he came into the desolate space of that hospital room. I was beyond sensory perception...beyond seeing, hearing, all but feeling...because I could feel the agony. I could feel the guilt. I could feel that I was broken.

"I killed them. I killed them. I killed them. I killed them." It was my mantra, the only thing in my world. I. Killed. Them. It was that simple. My best friend. My child. My brother. Who knew whom I would murder next? My parents?

It might be better, better they die than see what I had become...a murderer. Better they rest and be happy than feel the loss of their son. Better they go.

I don't know when he came, but suddenly the envelope I was clutching was gone. I felt a masculine hand touch my arm and flinched away so violently I almost fell from the bed. No more. No more. There was no saving grace for me, but please no more.

"My god, he did this to you didn't he?"

It was a hoarse whisper, barely audible over my own chant, barely slipping through a crack in the wall of my hearing. I turned but it was unwilling. Why would I want to look at the face

of he whom I had stolen from?

Why let him see the face of a murderer?

Yet I didn't. I saw him slip through the door, radiating with purpose. The sort of purpose I had grown all too accustomed to: violence.

No.

No one else would die. NO one else's blood would be on my hands. I would not murder anyone else and watch the scene play over and over in my mind.

I gave chase.

Nothing penetrated my mind but my purpose. Somewhere an IV ripped from my arm and monitors fell from my chest but these were irrelevant. All that mattered was him.

I am still mystified at how he seemed to know exactly how to find him. How he knew directly where to go. Perhaps they had run into each other in the hospital already...it is not my knowledge. But like lightening finds a conductor, Brandon found Keith.

"You did it. You pushed her down the stairs. You made her miscarry."

"Of course. She had to be punished. She had sinned against me. And the child had to be destroyed, it was unnatural."

"Wha-...Are you even human?! You would kill her to kill her child?"

"I didn't mean to kill her. If I had, I wouldn't have brought her here. Just that thing inside her."

"Thing? IT WAS A HUMAN BEING! SO IS SHE!"

"She had to be punished. So I destroyed that thing and took away one of her things."

"Things?! Do you mean this?"

"Where did you get that envelope? That is not yours! It is her punishment! You have to give it back!"

"You Murdered her BROTHER and it was PUNISHMENT?! You are sick...I'm calling the cops."

"That isn't sick...it is justice. Everytime she does wrong, she is punished. Everytime someone tries to take her away from me, I take them away from her."

"Ever-y...time...?"

"Of course. The teacher first, that was easy to stage, then Lily...it was all so simple and necessary."

"You are messed up. I'm calling the cops right now. Don't even bother trying to run. You won't make it"

"I don't think so. You tried to take her from me too. You should go as well. You created that thing too."

I watched as he pulled a knife from his shirtsleeve as if it were the most natural thing in the world. It was only a flash before the acrid smell of blood flooded the small area of the stairwell. I slowly crept up the stairs from where I had been hiding through the interchange.

There was blood, but it wasn't on my hands yet.

"You are psychotic! Do you think you could get away with murdering me in a hospital?! With a knife?"

"No. But I can get away with self defense."

"What? Why would anyone believe that?"

"Why, because I found you trying to attack Iris and I was forced to stop you. Right, Iris?"

Brandon jerked around and saw me...fury and terror storming in his eyes. "Are you insane? Go back to your room before you kill yourself!"

"That is no way to talk to my woman."

"She is NOT your woman you f**ker!"

"That is for me to decide."

In that improbable way that water always seems to flow slowest when it is moving faster than ever, the next few seconds seemed to take an eternity. Slowly in my mind's eye, Brandon lunged for Keith but rather than grab hold of him, the opposite came into action. Keith stepped to the side, clutching the back of Brandon's neck and sent him hurtling towards the stairs.

It was my own body that moved faster than light. No second had passed before I had shoved him back away from the stairs. My own balance lost, I made deathgrip on what I knew I had to: Keith's arm.

All at once time sped forward and we both fell down the stairs. I heard the sounds of vertebrae breaking and saw the look of betrayal flash before all became night.

But I knew I had washed my hands at last.

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Message 14 of 14 in Discussion

From: [The Lady](#)

Sent: 5/30/2006 7:15 AM

I would like to tell you that that was the end of it. No more Keith, no more monster haunting my every waking moment and shredding my mind to bits.

But I can't.

I came to in a hospital bed, the second time in so many hours, with Brandon lighting stroking the back of my hand. I wanted to tear it away from him, not let him dirty himself by touching my flesh...but I couldn't.

My hand wouldn't move.

Later he told me it was a soft whimper that drew his attention from my hand to my face, signalling that I was awake at last. And it was his eyes that told me what I needed to know.

Nothing he could tell me was good news.

With a pained expression he hit the call button, summoning a nurse to do the dirty deeds.

Fractured vertebrae. Paralysis on the left side. Hopefully temporary but they couldn't be sure. Sever bleeding from the previous trauma of miscarriage. A severe blow to the head on top of the previous one.

All in all, I considered it to be the perfect prognosis: a just punishment for all my crimes.

Yet, the harshest of punishments was the refusal they made to accept my guilt.

"It wasn't your fault," they said. "You didn't kill anybody."

Yes, yes I had. First by stupidity, then by silence. I killed them. I killed all of them. Even my own child. I had murdered them by letting him get away.

"When the police got to the stairwell, he was gone. There was no sign of him at home...only that his car was missing and perhaps a few personal belongings."

"He's gone."

I closed my eyes and begged for a release that I didn't deserve. Let me just drift away and let it end. Let me see my brother again and say I was sorry for killing him too. Let me apologize to everyone that was gone.

Even if I had to go to hell afterwards, let me rest now.

"Your parents will be here any minute now."

I didn't want them. They would only see what I had become. I didn't want to see their disgust.

"And of course, when he has recovered a little, we can bring your brother in to visit you."

At that I stopped and turned my head to look at the nurse for the first time.

"He-he's alive? He-he's still here? He d-didn't leave t-too?"

Shocked, she nodded, oblivious to what had been concealed in the envelope which seemed lost to the corridors and stairwells. "Yes, miss, he is only just down the hall."

I finally broke into sobs. He was alive. I hadn't killed my brother. I hadn't killed him too. He was alive.

"You didn't kill anyone, Iris," Brandon said softly, a touch of desperation to his voice. "You didn't do anything but get hurt. Stop telling yourself that you killed them. The only thing you did was live."

I turned ot face him, tears rolling down my cheeks, and met his gaze for a long time. His eyes were really beautiful, in that deep soul entrenching way that you see so rarely. They said so much in that time.

They told me that no matter what, he believed in me, believed in my innocence.

I stared back at him and nodded.

"Thank you."

~~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

So now you have your story. I hope it makes a nice little paper and you make a nice grade on it or whatever obnoxious commentary that will be marked upon my life's horror.

It is not a pretty story, and I am really not sure why you would want to share it - truly it is beyond me. But when you do write it all up and you submit it to your teacher...make sure you include one thing.

All these horrible things happened and from it our little town grew world weary, grew into

adulthood. But most importantly, you must remember that he is still out there...doing it to someone else.

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