

DARK CARNIVAL

A STORY OF HORROR AND RETRIBUTION

FICTION BY
AMANDA WRIGHTER

NOTE FROM THE PUBLISHER:

CONTENT AND LITERARY DESCRIPTIONS DISCUSSED WITHIN THIS WORK OF FICTION ARE NOT INTENDED TO REPRESENT REAL PEOPLE IN ANY WAY, SHAPE, OR FORM, EITHER LIVING OR DEAD. NEITHER THE AUTHOR NOR THE PUBLISHER INTEND FOR READERS TO ASSUME OTHERWISE, NOR DO THEY WISH TO PROMOTE OR IN ANY WAY INTEND TO LEGITIMIZE THE FICTITIOUS ACTS OF THE CHARACTERS DESCRIBED WITHIN THE WORK. THIS STORY IS A FICTIONAL DEPICTION OF DARK SEXUAL DESIRES AND AS SUCH, CONTAINS GRAPHIC DESCRIPTIONS OF DEPRAVED SEXUAL ACTS, PRESENTED AS A NECESSITY, TO INVOLVE AND INFORM THE READER OF THE ACTIONS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE FICTIONAL CHARACTERS. NO PROMOTION OF THESE BEHAVIORS IS INTENDED AND READERS SHOULD BE AWARE THAT THE ACTS AS THEY ARE PRESENTED AND DESCRIBED HERE WOULD BE ILLEGAL IN REAL LIFE AND SHOULD NEVER BE MIMICKED OR REINACTED.

IN SIMPLER TERMS, JUST BECAUSE YOU READ IT DOES NOT MAKE IT RIGHT. THE CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY ARE SOME SERIOUSLY JACKED UP, MENTAL WHACK-JOBS WHO ARE NOT ONLY DEMENTED BUT REALLY SHOULD JUST BE TOOK OUT AND SHOT IF THEY WERE IN FACT, REAL PEOPLE. THIS STORY IS WRITTEN AS A FORM OF HORRIFIC FICTION AND NOT INTENDED TO DIGNIFY THE ACTS OF THE CHARACTERS OR TO INTENTIONALLY TITILLATE OR SEXUALLY GRATIFY THE READER.

COPYRIGHT © 2012

CHAPTER 2

Ben “Junior” Stokes

“Sir, please step back. I’m not going to warn you again,” Officer Wendell said, eyeing Artie with what appeared to be annoyance.

“I’m telling you, you’re making a mistake,” Artie huffed, looking like he wanted to punch both officers right in the nose.

“Sir, we need to speak to your son and get his side of the story. This will all go a lot quicker if you’d let us do our job,” Officer Lanham barked.

I was still seeing red, and not in any mood to play nice with these redneck fuckers. Lanham, who conveniently happened to be the older brother of rich bitch’s friend, was more hostile than the bored-looking Officer Wendell – who looked like he’d spray-painted his snug uniform on.

“I’ve already TOLD you my side of the story,” I seethed. I knew what this was...they were going to keep pushing my buttons and eventually they were going to run me in. That bitch had told them God-knows-what and, by the disgusted looks in their eyes, I could tell they believed her.

“Well, why don’t you explain it *again*?” Lanham sneered.

“The *woman*,” I said heatedly through clenched teeth while making quotation marks with my fingers, “that filed the complaint is completely lying. She started harassing me earlier in the night while I was out on the grounds working, and I walked away without saying a word to her. I, unfortunately, happened up on her again while she and her friend were bullying another girl. I stopped them, she didn’t like it, and...you know the rest. I’ve said it once...I’m not saying it again. She made me extremely uncomfortable and I don’t want to discuss it further,” I stated rudely.

I could tell by the glare Lanham was giving me that he was buying any of it. I suppressed a sigh. I didn’t really think there was much they could do considering there were no

other eyewitnesses. I just hoped they didn't try to run my history...or I would be screwed. I could imagine what they would think if they saw those fucking charges. I had to take a deep breath to get my rage under control.

"And you have no idea where this supposed other girl is? The one that you heroically saved?" Officer Lanham said sarcastically.

"For the third time, no! I didn't stop to get her information!" I practically screeched at the stupid pig. He looked like a fucking pig...with his ugly pig nose...probably from years of inbreeding in this little hick town. He definitely picked the perfect profession. Did all the officers around here in Danville resemble pigs? Lanham had the pig face...Wendell had the pig body. God, I hated little podunk towns like this one.

"I'd watch your tone and your attitude, mister. We don't take kindly to outsiders harassing our townspeople," Lanham oinked. He made the terrible mistake of putting his finger in my face. I didn't like that very much.

I should have thought before I reacted, but I didn't. I reached up and slapped his hand away, obviously shocking him. He'd apparently not had much anarchy from the locals. My reaction pissed him off.

"That's it!" he said, attacking me and knocking me to the ground. I saw, in the brief moment before my face hit the dirt, the shock that crossed Officer Wendell's face. He wasn't prepared for Lanham's reaction any more than I was.

The next thing I knew, Lanham had wrestled me down, pinned my arms, and stuffed me in handcuffs. Fuck...this wasn't going to get any better.

"Get up, you piece of shit," Lanham hissed at me as he yanked me upright. I noticed that Artie was standing motionless, mouth hanging open as he stared at me and the officer as I was being dragged away.

"It'll be okay, dad," I shouted back at him.

I was mortified to see that the carnival was still pretty busy. Most of the families and little kids had gone home by the time I'd stopped working, but it was overrun with teenagers and college kids. Dad never shut down early if he

could make a few extra dollars. Everyone gawked at me as Lanham pulled me towards the front entrance. I heard Wendell behind us, shuffling swiftly to keep up. I knew better than to argue with this fucking asshole, because it would probably only get me in deeper water. I couldn't hope that they would just take me in for questioning without booking me or at the very least running my history.

We got to the front entrance and I saw the police unit parked right at the gate. Lanham opened the back door and stuffed me inside. People were starting to gather around the entrance, curious about what was going on. I looked out the side window and spotted the evil little bitch in question.

She was grinning sweetly at me, arms crossed over her chest, as she watched with satisfaction. I made sure to memorize her face as I glared back menacingly at her. I was happy to note that her smug little smile slipped a little when she absorbed the terrifying look that had to be on my face.

Lanham climbed into the front seat as Wendell leaned against the side of the cruiser. I heard Lanham speaking lowly to Wendell before turning his attention to the small computer mounted to the dashboard between the front seats. I noticed he pulled out my driver's license that I'd given him earlier. I'd completely forgotten that he'd had it. He navigated the software swiftly, waiting for something once he was done putting in my information.

I knew, with a sense of dread, what Officer Oinker was doing. And I knew what he would find when his crappy little computer came back with my information. And I knew what he would assume when he saw those charges. And I knew that I was going to jail tonight. I also knew that the little she-devil would pay for this. I didn't know when, and I didn't know how, but someday...someday she would get put in her place. Earlier when the thoughts of killing her popped into my head, I knew they were merely idle threats. Now, though...now it had gone too far.

I waited and waited in the backseat, and finally the computer binged and Lanham leaned over to read what he'd been looking for. He turned around to face me after a moment, and the smug little smirk he had on his face said it

all. I saw red again.

* * * * *

Kelsey O'Neil

“What’s going on?” I asked, standing up on my tiptoes to try and get a better look. I had finally convinced June to leave this stupid carnival, but when we’d got to the front, the entrance was packed full of people, and they weren’t moving.

The guy in front of us turned around and was kind enough to fill us in...though I did notice that he only spoke to June.

One of the carnival people got arrested,” he snickered. “He was apparently copping a feel with one of the senior girls...what a creep!”

I frowned as I listened to the jerk in front of us go on and on, seemingly to try and impress June. It sounded like he was making shit up at this point. Aggravated and not wanting to spend one more minute here, I started pushing my way through the crowd. I would wait for June at her car. She had to show up *sometime*.

As I poked and prodded my way through the crowd, I got a lot of colorful responses from everyone I shoved. But, I finally broke through the front of the mass of gawkers. I stopped, frozen in place, as I took in the scene in front of me. Holly and Heather were standing next to the police cruiser with Heather’s brother Mason standing next to both of them. I recognized Pete Wendell too, as he stood at the back of the cruiser, looking like he was annoyed.

I stared at all four of them, trying to figure out what was going on. Then, I looked in the back of the cruiser and saw a man sitting there. I couldn’t make out his face because his head was down. Without realizing it, I started to move slowly forward, trying to get a better look. Surely it wasn’t Holly or Heather who’d gotten someone arrested, was it? Heather probably just recognized her brother and came to see what

was going on, I tried to convince myself.

Luckily, Holly and Heather had their backs to me as they continued to talk to Mason. None of them noticed my approach, but Pete did. He looked up and smiled at me. I responded with a little wave. Pete had been friends with my dad since before I was born. They'd both went into the military together and both – for some unknown reason – stayed here in Danville when they'd got out.

I hadn't seen Pete in a while...probably because I'd avoided hanging out with my parents as much as possible once I hit high school, but he didn't look like he'd changed one bit. He ambled over to me, apparently looking for something to do besides lean against the side of the patrol car.

"Hey, kid, what's going on?" Pete drawled when he reached me.

"Not much," I said with a shrug. I was wondering if he'd be kind enough to fill me in on what was happening. "What's going on with you? Seems like you're having a busy night," I said casually, hoping he couldn't tell how curious I was.

"Oh, you know how it is. We always have trouble when this damn carnival blows into town. Got a fella that thinks it's funny to pick on teenaged girls. If I were you, I'd steer clear of this place from now on," Pete said, frowning.

"I didn't want to come in the first place, believe me, but I won't be coming back," I assured him. "What, uh, what happened?" I asked pointedly.

Pete turned his head and looked back at Mason and the girls before turning his attention back to me. He leaned his head down conspiratorially. "I'm not supposed to tell you, since it's sort of an investigation now, but your friends from school got, er, groped...by one of the carnival people tonight. They seem real shook up about it," Pete whispered.

"My friends? Who are you talking about?" I asked almost rudely.

"Holly and Heather over there..." he said as if I was stupid, or blind.

"First of all, they are NOT my friends. Second of all, I really doubt anyone felt up Holly or Heather without their

permission first. Those girls are total sluts,” I fumed.

Pete’s frown deepened as he processed my words. I couldn’t tell if he was upset or just contemplating something. “I don’t know, Kelsey. The guy’s got a CH that doesn’t help his cause any.”

As I was standing there listening to Pete, I looked over towards the cruiser again. The man in the backseat looked up at that moment and stared directly at me, like I’d called his name. I didn’t recognize him, but by the way he stared at me, he acted like he knew me. A thought belatedly crept into my head.

“Pete, who is that in the back?” I asked, still staring at the man.

“Um, I’m not sure I’m supposed to tell you that, K. I could get in a lot of trouble for giving out his information.”

“No, no...not his name. I mean, do you know anything about him...like what he does here at the carnival? He looks sort of familiar,” I said haltingly.

“Uh...no, I don’t know. I think Holly might have mentioned it to Mason, but I wasn’t paying too much attention.”

I knew it before the words were out of my mouth. I knew who that was, and I knew why Holly had done this. I was abruptly furious. “Is he that clown?” I asked pointedly.

I turned my attention back to Pete and watched some unknown emotion flicker across his face. “That seems about right, Kelsey, now that you mention it. Why? Did he do something? Did you see something?” he asked, suddenly back in “cop mode.”

“I think I did, Uncle Pete. But I need to know what Holly said, specifically.” That little bitch! I never in a million years thought she was capable of something like this! He never laid a finger on her! And if it weren’t for him, I’d probably be beaten to a pulp, lying in the gravel right now.

“Come with me,” Pete said, grabbing my arm and taking me to Mason and the two bitches. I glanced at the man in the back of the car again, and his face looked...relieved.

“Mason, I need to speak with you for a moment,” Pete boomed in his authoritative voice.

Mason looked a little shocked, or maybe annoyed, but he

knew better than to push Pete. Holly and Heather were glaring at me like they could strangle me. I smiled at them.

“What is it?” Mason asked, staring dubiously at me.

“I think Kelsey here might be the witness we were looking for,” Pete snapped.

Mason’s face lit up with understanding, then clouded over with irritation. He sighed loudly. “Come on, then. We need to ask you some questions.” I could tell my sudden appearance annoyed him greatly, but I didn’t care. If Holly was trying to have an innocent man thrown in jail just because she could...well, she needed to be stopped.

Mason popped open the back door and the man was already babbling away.

“That’s her! That’s the girl I was telling you about!” he said hurriedly, as if I might disappear suddenly.

Mason rolled his eyes before shutting the back door without speaking to the man in handcuffs. He then pulled me around to the other side of the cruiser; Pete followed and stopped Holly and Heather when they tried to tag along.

“You two need to go wait over there,” he said gruffly, pointing towards the front entrance. Holly shot me a withering look, but it didn’t faze me.

Once Pete joined us, Mason started in on the questions. “Okay...tell us what happened.”

“Wait,” I said, holding my hands up. “I want to be sure we’re talking about the correct incident here.” I still didn’t recognize the guy, though he’d been in full clown makeup and wearing a costume earlier.

“This guy says he stopped Holly from harming you with an object earlier. Holly says differently. If you were there, we need to know your version,” Mason said impatiently.

“Yes, I was there,” I replied a bit defensively. He was acting like I was a damn criminal too. “Holly and Heather...ran into me earlier tonight and they were harassing me, which is nothing new.” I left out the part about how I threw gravel and dirt in Holly’s face. “We exchanged words, she got pissed – though she started it – and chased me through the back part of the grounds. I, um, hid for a little while because there was two of them and only one of me,

but when I tried to leave, she snuck up on me and knocked me down. She had some kind of wooden board in her hand. She was about to hit me with it again when the guy stopped her. I'm assuming that's him...I can't be certain. He was wearing a clown outfit and had makeup on," I explained.

Mason still didn't seem convinced. "Did you witness any other encounter between them?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, almost blushing. "Holly was mad because he stopped her, and she went crazy. She pulled up her shirt and tried to force him to touch her, but he never did!" I blurted, looking back up at Mason's face as I finished. I wanted him to be sure he knew I wasn't lying about it.

Mason was frowning. I was pretty sure he didn't believe me.

"Well?" Pete asked, trying to get a response out of Mason. "I don't really think we have much reason to arrest him now."

"I don't know...he has priors, and we have two witnesses that contradict his story," Mason retorted, obviously annoyed at the conclusion Pete had reached.

"Be that as it may, we also have two witnesses that say that those girls' story is hogwash!" Pete growled.

"Watch it! You're talking about my sister, now!"

"Oh I know all about your sister and that little friend of hers. It wouldn't be the first time they've lied to get something they wanted, now would it?" Pete said scathingly. I watched Mason's face blanch before anger bubbled up to the surface.

"I'm still taking him in for questioning. It won't hurt him to sit in a cell overnight. He's apparently a sicko, anyway, according to his record. I don't want to hear another word about this!" he snarled, turning his fury to me at the last minute. "Unless I have concrete evidence that disputes what was filed in the complaint, I'm running this scumbag in! End of story!" Mason stomped around to the front of the cruiser and climbed in, slamming the door behind him.

As angry as he was, I was surprised that he didn't just leave Pete here to get his own ride back to the station. I stared after him in disbelief. I wondered what particular incident Pete was reminding him about just now...apparently

Holly and Heather were known for their deceptions. That was nice to know. Though, it didn't help when their family was the law...

The man in the backseat was staring at me again. I didn't know what else I could do to help him. It was clear that Mason wasn't going to be swayed by anything I said...no matter that truth was on my side. I was about to give up and go find June when my brain kicked in. I was such an idiot! I couldn't believe I'd just stood there that whole time, defending myself and this poor guy, when I DID have concrete proof! What the hell was wrong with me?

"Uncle Pete!" I said enthusiastically as I dug my phone out of my pocket. "Wait! I need to show you something! I forgot I had this."

Pete looked at me with polite interest, not knowing what I had secretly stashed on my cell phone. I quickly found the video and started playing it for him. I leaned around him and grinned widely at Holly, who was still staring at me. I heard Pete's reaction to the video – his quick intake of breath, following shortly after by a chuckle. He knocked on the window of the cruiser and motioned for Mason to get out.

When Mason reluctantly joined us, Pete told me to play the video again. I was a bit hesitant now, afraid of Mason's reaction, but I reassured myself that Holly was the one at fault here. And if Mason turned out to be a really dirty bastard and tried to smash my phone to destroy the evidence, well, I'd already emailed it to myself, and he couldn't do a thing about that.

I watched as Mason stared down at the phone's little screen. Annoyance was quickly replaced by disbelief, then horror as the video finished. His eyes darted to me, then over to Holly and Heather. He was fuming mad. He snapped his fingers and motioned for the girls to join us. They knew they were in trouble.

Before Heather and Holly had even reached us, Mason was yelling. I don't think he cared if anyone could hear at this point.

"What in the fucking hell is wrong with you two? Do you know what you've done? How serious this is?" He grabbed

Heather's arm and pulled her away from the car. Holly was smart enough to follow of her own accord.

Mason's voice smartly dropped down a few octaves now. "I almost arrested a man because of what you two told me. Do you realize what could have happened if I had? As it is now, he could sue the shit out of me...out of the department...he could file charges against both of you! Why in the world would you do something like this?" Mason was truly pissed now.

Heather opened her mouth to speak, but he held a hand up, halting her. "Save it! I don't want to hear it. You knew what you were doing...and you didn't care. You did it anyway. I'm calling mom to come and get you, and I'm calling YOUR parents to come and get you," Mason said, stabbing a finger towards Holly. "Now get out of my way so I can let this guy go before I'm in any deeper shit."

Mason went around to the other side and let the man out. Pete made me give him my cell phone, citing it as "evidence." I reluctantly handed it over with his promise that I could have it back first thing in the morning. They were going to have to download the video and keep it saved, in case they needed it later. I reminded myself once again that I had a digital copy of it waiting at home. I wondered idly if I would get into trouble for posting the video online now...since it was technically evidence.

I noticed then that I was being glared at...and boy, if looks could kill. Holly looked as if she desperately wanted to say something, but she held her tongue. That was probably wise, considering the mess she was in. I watched with token interest as Pete made Holly call home and hand him the phone. He politely explained the predicament that Holly was in, and from the way he winced at the reply and held the phone away from his ear, it was clear that Holly's parents were not happy campers.

It was then that I noticed that June was standing off to the side of the crowd, trying to get my attention. I waved her over, figuring that it wouldn't hurt for her to be here. I was ready to go anyway, and I doubted they would need me for anything else.

I confirmed this with Pete. He told me I could go home, but that I might have to file something at the station in the morning when I picked up my phone...it all depended on what happened with the clown man now. June stood by, wide-eyed, until I got the go-ahead to leave. I waved arrogantly at Holly and Heather and took off with June to the parking lot. I didn't want to be around when parents started to show up.

June, of course, was extremely curious about what happened, so I filled her in on the ride home. She even came inside while I fished through my email so I could play the video for her. She laughed so hard I thought she was going to pass out. She hated Holly as much as I did.

Once she left, I was embarrassed to have to recall the events for my dad, who had woken up thanks to June's laughter. He seemed pleased that Pete had been there and he reluctantly allowed me to go to bed, promising that he'd call Pete in the morning and get the rundown. He was also going with me to the station in the morning in case there were any issues. He reminded me about my cousin's "party" tomorrow afternoon, which I'd completely forgotten about. I grumbled about it, but he let me know that I wasn't going to weasel out of it.

I climbed into bed finally, and realized I was exhausted. I found my mind drifting back to the guy in the police cruiser. He sure looked different without all that stupid clown makeup on. In fact, he was kind of hot, in a way. I hoped that he wouldn't be bothered again...no one deserved to be harassed by Holly. Then, I remembered Pete and Mason both saying something about his criminal history, and I wondered what he'd done that was so horrific. I remembered how creeped out I'd been by him when he was dressed up...so maybe it was some kind of instinct warning me about him.

I shook my head, no longer wanting to think about him or Holly or any of that shit. Another memory popped into my head, and I groaned. I'd almost forgotten about my spying tonight. Man, that was hot! Once again, I pretended I'd been the one getting slammed and soaked by the hunky carnie.

With a resigned sigh, I reached deep into the back of my bedside table and grabbed my vibrator.

* * * * *

Ben “Junior” Stokes

“Look, I understand your point, but I still can’t give out that information,” the fat annoying blond behind the glass window said again.

I didn’t understand why it was such a big damn secret! The girl had saved my ass, but I still didn’t even know who she was! All I wanted to do was thank her for even bothering to speak up, but I couldn’t get a name, a number...nothing.

I stood there like an idiot, staring at the woman. You’d think, considering that one of their officers manhandled me last night, that they would be a little more accommodating, but this bitch was a by-the-rules-only kind of woman.

So, I was surprised when she leaned over and whispered something to me, even though there was no one else around to hear her.

“Look, I shouldn’t even tell you this, but the girl is coming here this morning to get her phone. I can’t stop you if you wanted to wait for her to show up. Her father called about it first thing, so it shouldn’t be too much longer,” she said with a half-smile.

I guess this was the best I could hope for. I tried to put a friendly smile on my face as I thanked her, but I really just wanted to grab her by the shirt and make her tell me what I wanted to know. I would make absolutely certain that this little shithole of a town was off of our route for good when we left. I was never coming back here again.

I sat outside of the small station in my dad’s car, waiting and hoping the girl would show up. I still wondered exactly what it was that she’d shown the cops that had instantly changed their minds. Why did they have her phone? I remember her handing it over to the chubby cop, but they had both refused to tell me anything at all.

Just before noon, a car pulled up a few spaces down, and

a burly man stepped out. The girl followed in his footsteps, but I hardly recognized her. I'd been expecting the frumpy girl from last night, but she was now wearing a low-cut dress, heels, and quite a bit of makeup. She looked completely different.

I continued to sit there like an idiot while they walked inside. I rolled my eyes, figuring I'd now have to wait forever before they came out again.

I noticed the officer from last night – Wendell – showed up and went inside just a few minutes after the girl and her father did. Wendell wasn't wearing a uniform. I didn't feel as much annoyance with him as I did towards Lanham. Even when the prick knew he was wrong, he still couldn't be apologetic. He basically told me it was all my fault due to my history. I gathered that it was his way of subtly letting me know not to bother to get him in trouble for what'd happened.

I waited for about twenty minutes before the girl finally came outside again. I was relieved to see that she was by herself. I wasn't really sure if I wanted to approach her with her father tagging along. He probably wouldn't have liked that.

I hesitated momentarily before I got out of the car. She looked up when she heard the car door slam, and her face registered surprise. She sort of cringed away from me when I approached her, so I stopped a few feet away.

"Hi," I said softly. I waited for a moment before I continued. "Um, look, I just wanted to say thanks...for last night, you know. You really saved my ass, so I owe you," I explained with a reassuring smile, hoping that she realized how grateful I was.

"Oh," she said, stunned. "Um...no problem. You don't owe me anything," she insisted. "Holly is a pretty nasty piece of work...trust me, I know," she grumbled.

"Yeah, I remember," I replied, winking at her. She looked confused, so I refreshed her memory. "If you recall, I stopped her from beating you with a large wooden board."

I watched her mouth curve up into an involuntary smile. "Yeah, you did...so I guess we're even, then. We both saved each other."

We stood awkwardly for a moment, neither of us knowing what to say. I was trying hard not to stare at her cleavage. She met my gaze briefly before looking at the ground again. "I'm Kelsey, by the way. I don't think I ever really got a chance to talk to you last night. It was all pretty hectic," she said. I could tell that she was extremely shy.

Before I could say anything else, I heard the station door creak open. I worried for a moment that it was her father, but it was just the fat blond woman. She smiled briefly at both of us before she waddled over to her car and got in.

"Well, I better go," Kelsey said, looking flushed. "I have a party to go to...that's why I'm dressed so ridiculously," she stammered.

"I don't think you look ridiculous," I replied, contradicting her. "I think you look nice, actually." I was just being honest.

She couldn't meet my eyes, but I could tell I'd embarrassed her. Her cheeks were burning red and she shuffled uncomfortably from foot to foot.

"Well, anyway...thanks again. Really. You don't know how much I sincerely appreciate what you did, Kelsey."

She looked up at me then, and I noticed that she had a fierce look in her eyes. She spoke in a low voice when she answered me.

"Trust me, the pleasure was all mine. Holly deserves whatever she's got coming to her...that bitch has tormented people her whole life and she always gets away with it! It's nice to finally be able to get back at her, though I'm sure she won't suffer too terribly," she vented, soundly vaguely regretful. "Bitches like her rarely get what's coming to them, especially when their daddies always bail them out. He's got a lot of sway around here...so she pretty much does what she wants."

I was a little stunned at her words. She didn't seem like a bitter person, but I could tell that she really hated Holly with a passion. That made two of us. She reminded me of someone just as loathsome...

"Yes, it's a shame isn't it? People like that seem to be able to escape the consequences of their actions quite frequently," I said, agreeing with her. I was thinking about

Davina now, and I tried to quickly dismiss her from my head.

Kelsey nodded but didn't say anything else. I realized that I should probably get gone before her father came outside. I reached my hand out towards her, and she looked up at me, bemused. She took my hand and shook it slowly, as if my actions didn't make any sense to her. I wasn't really sure why I was doing it either, but it seemed more prudent than trying to hug her. I didn't even know how old she was, and I'd already skirted one problem with a teenager in this town, so I wasn't about to push my luck. I smiled at her kindly before dropping her hand and walking away. I could feel her staring after me, but I didn't look back. I climbed swiftly into my car and started to drive out of the lot, but I stopped and rolled down my window. Kelsey was watching me curiously.

"Hey...what's Holly's last name?" I asked, aiming for nonchalant. My question didn't seem to faze her, though.

"Palmer. Her dad is Newton Palmer," Kelsey replied, rolling her eyes, as if merely saying the name annoyed her. "Why?" she asked finally when I didn't say anything else.

"Oh, just curious," I responded, flashing her a smile. I waved again and drove out of the lot. I was certain she was probably trying to make sense of our weird exchange. I just wanted to know the little bitch's name when I had murderous thoughts about her later.

Later that night, I found myself thinking about Kelsey, and I didn't know why. I couldn't get her out of my head. The difference between the girl last night and the girl this morning was extremely noticeable. I wondered why she dressed in such dumpy clothes, hiding herself. I also wondered what it was that Holly had done to her over the years that had been so bad. I was surprised at the vitriol in her voice when she spoke of the little bitch, but after what the cunt had done to me last night, I wouldn't be shocked to learn that she'd been just as heinous to people around here.

I suddenly felt bad for Kelsey. She was like me...someone who attracted the attention of the wrong kind of people, probably through no fault of her own. I wished there was something I could do to set that straight for her...to teach Ms. Holly Palmer a lesson, but I instantly rejected that path

my thoughts were taking. It wasn't healthy to think like that. I'd learned that after obsessing over Davina. It would be best to get Holly out of my head and not dwell on her anymore.

Much to my relief, Artie hadn't made me don the clown crap tonight, but I had to fill in for Paulie at the front ticket booth. He was taking my place for the night, and I was more than happy to hand out tickets and bracelets rather than be the fucking clown.

About an hour before we were scheduled to close, I noticed that there was a guy standing out in the parking lot, starting at me. He had bought an entrance bracelet earlier, but he didn't stay inside long. I assumed he was waiting on someone, so I didn't pay him much attention. However, when it was time to close up, he was still standing outside, just a couple hundred feet from the ticket booth. I couldn't shake the feeling that he was watching me.

I closed the booth up and then started locking up the entrance so that no one else could get in for the night.

"Hey," I heard the guy yell, trying to get my attention. He was probably drunk...or lost his keys...or who knows what.

"Yeah, what is it?" I replied, annoyance clear in my voice.

"I'm waiting for a friend...but he hasn't shown up yet. Is it too late to go in and find him?" he asked, coming closer. His speech sounded a little slurred. I stifled a sigh...I hated dealing with assholes like these.

"Sorry, can't let anyone else in once we close down. I'm sure he'll be out soon," I replied, not bothering to look at him while I spoke.

"That's going to be a problem," the man stated, and his proximity made me wary. I hadn't realized that he'd gotten so close. I turned around and he was leaning down over me, at least five or six inches taller. He had a threatening look on his face. I tried to take a step back, but it was no use.

He reached out and grabbed me, throwing me to the ground. Before I could scream or struggle or do anything, someone else joined him, and I had no idea where he came from. I was faintly aware of duct tape being wrapped around my arms swiftly, and then something was over my head, blocking my view. It could have been a shirt, or a

pillowcase...I wasn't sure. I heard a car screech to a halt in the gravel.

"Make one noise and you're dead," he threatened. I felt myself being picked up and then thrown into the car. Two doors slammed, and then we were moving. I tried to wiggle into an upright position, but I was suddenly knocked over by something hard. When I protested, something heavy hit me on the head. Everything went fuzzy, then black, as I passed out.

I was aware of the ache in my head before I was fully conscious. I tried to understand what was going on, but my brain was slow tonight. I groaned quietly, and heard voices close by.

"He's back," someone said, then I heard a laugh.

The cover over my head was yanked off, and I was blinded by a bright light. Once my eyes began to focus, I realized that the light was coming from a very large pick-up truck that was parked a few feet away. The headlights were on the bright setting, and they were focused on me. To the side of the truck was a car with all of its doors open. Then I noted who was standing next to the car...it was *her*. She realized I was looking at her, and she responded with a sickly smile.

She walked forward a few steps before stopping. My attention was suddenly drawn from her as a large, looming figure stepped in front of the headlights.

"Well, glad you could join us," the voice boomed. It was the guy from the carnival. "My girl here tells me that you need to be taught a lesson," he informed me. I could see him flexing his hands.

Holly stepped forward another few steps until she was practically right in front of me. She smiled down at me before she leaned over and whispered in my ear.

"Did you think you could win against me? You are, and always will be, a fucking loser...a nobody. Remember that when you're getting your ass beat by my boyfriend, okay?" she said. Her cruel cold voice said plenty about her. She was a damn psychopath. I shuddered when I realized I'd

finally met someone that might have been worse than Davina. Holly moved away from me then, and another man joined the one that was already standing in front of me...her boyfriend, I guessed.

"Look, I don't know what she told you, but it's a lie," I said quickly, doubting that my words would do any good.

"I don't care about your explanation...we know you got a record, you pervert. Mason said so himself. Now, why would I believe anything you said to me? You like getting off on touching little girls?" he asked with disgust.

"You don't know what you're talking about! I don't have a criminal history...that was all a big mistake, just like this is now." I really should stop and think before I blurt things, but alas I once again said precisely what was on my mind without thinking. "That bitch right there is fucking crazy!"

That obviously pissed the big guy off, because he took one step forward and backhanded me.

"Don't talk about my girl like that!" he yelled before hitting me again.

"Make sure he learns his lesson, baby! He's a fucking sicko!" Holly screamed, fueling the fire.

The other man stepped up and they both took turns with me. I don't know how long it lasted, or rather how long I lasted, before it was over. I eventually blacked out...either from a particularly nasty blow to the head, or from all of the pain. They, obviously, got done with me at some point...or got bored...and left me there.

I woke up the next morning when the early morning sunlight hit me. I looked around and realized I was in a field, and had no freaking clue where the hell they'd brought me. I was out for most of the car ride, so we could have driven for ten minutes or ten hours...I wouldn't know either way.

The pain was...excruciating. One of my eyes was swollen shut, and the other wasn't in much better shape. I could feel the pain in my ribs, and I knew that they were probably broken. My legs hurt, but I was pretty sure I could move them, but one of my arms was killing me. I couldn't tell if it had been severely abused or if it, too, was broken. And, by the way my breathing sounded, I was pretty sure my nose

was in bad shape. I eventually managed to get on my feet and I started walking. I didn't know where I was going, but at some point I stumbled across a rough looking gravel road.

I took the road, not even sure what direction I was headed, hoping that at some point someone would stop and help me out. My pace was slow, but I didn't allow myself to stop, because I wasn't sure if I had it in me to get back up a second time. Finally, I heard the familiar sound of tires crunching on gravel. I had probably been walking for a couple of hours now, and I was pretty exhausted.

The car approaching was going pretty fast, but I was in luck...once the driver saw me they pulled right over. The little old lady behind the wheel got out and stared at me for a moment. I thought that – by the look on her face – she was going to get in her car and race off, leaving me stranded, but she didn't.

“Well, you look like you've had a rough morning,” she said feistily.

“That's putting it mildly,” I responded, with a reluctant chuckle. I instantly liked her.

“Come on, then...hop in. I better get you to a hospital before you keel over on me,” she said, getting back in her car. I cautiously climbed into the passenger side and we were speeding down the little gravel road much faster than I thought this car was capable of.

The sweet old woman didn't even want my thanks as she dropped me at the Danville emergency room...if that's what they wanted to call it. I offered money, gas...but she wasn't concerned with any of that. She told me to get better and then she was gone again. I shook my head as I walked inside stiffly.

Artie came as soon as they were able to reach him. I was still in the ER when he showed up, though the doctor told me they would be admitting me and keeping me overnight for observation. They finally got all of my x-rays back, and I was happy to find out that most of my injuries weren't as bad as I'd thought. My nose wasn't broken...just pissed off, so that was a plus. I had one broken rib and several that were

bruised. My right eye was probably going to be swollen shut for a few days, but there didn't appear to be any permanent damage. My legs were both okay, and my left arm was only sprained and badly bruised. As far as they could tell, I wasn't suffering from any internal injuries.

Artie, after seeing me and speaking with the doctor, was furious. I'd never seen him so angry. He was collecting his things to go file a complaint at the police station to get the asshole arrested, but I stopped him. He didn't want to listen to my logic, and I almost couldn't convince him to let it go. As I explained, with the nature of my criminal record, it would be hard to convince any of the locals that I wasn't a bad guy. Not to mention I probably couldn't positively ID the guys from last night...I'd only seen the one briefly, and it was dark. I had no clue who the other one was. I doubted seriously that the cops would take my word for it, probably assuming I was just trying to get the little bitch in trouble. Besides, according to Kelsey, the bitch's dad was someone important, so I doubted any of them would pay for what they'd done.

This was the story I told my father. After an hour or so of persuasion, he reluctantly agreed to let it go if that's what I wanted. I breathed a sigh of relief when he left to go get me some fresh clothes and things for my overnight stay. I couldn't tell Artie that I'd already come up with a way to make sure that the little bitch paid for her actions.

I was a tolerant man, I liked to think, but she just went too far. I gave her more than enough opportunities to leave it alone and let me be, and she just couldn't do it. But, I was going to set that straight...I would find a way. I was angry to think that I was going to be incapacitated for a couple of weeks while I healed, but I would bide my time. It would be worth it in the end.

As I expected, the cops showed up to get a statement from me. Apparently the ER doctor called it in, and they were following up on it. I lied. I told them I was jumped in the parking lot, someone stole all my cash, beat me, and then left me out in the field. They seemed to buy it, or maybe they were just glad that I wasn't interested in pressing charges. I told them the person who snatched me was drunk off his ass

and probably didn't remember any of it, anyway.

They promised they would look into the matter, but I doubted they would give my situation another thought once they left the hospital. The next morning, the doctor released me, even though I still looked and felt like shit. Artie took me back to the RV, and I medicated myself enough that I passed out for sixteen straight hours. I felt much better once I woke up, and then I began to plot.

We had three days left in this shithole town, and then we were packing up and moving on. Once we got settled in the new town, I would make my move. Fortunately for me, the doc told Artie that I needed bed rest for at least a week to allow myself to heal, so I was off duty for now. That gave me plenty of time to work on my plan. Because we were so shorthanded, Artie was too busy to notice that I disappeared each night once the sun went down.

It wasn't hard, thanks to Kelsey's information, to find Holly Palmer. Her father owned the largest bank in town – plus eight more like it across the state – and obviously got his sway with the locals by having a firm hand on their cash flow...especially the local businesses. I'd lost count of how many construction sites I'd passed with *Funded by Palmer Bank* displayed outside.

The first night I went out, I easily found the Palmers' house...and I had to admit, it was pretty nice. Holly did me a great favor and happened to come home about an hour after I'd started watching the house. Now I knew what her car looked like. The second night, I started earlier, and got lucky once again when she left home just minutes after I'd arrived. I cautiously followed her to a rundown drive-in theater, where she met up with the big lug that had beat me up.

The drive-in was ancient, but surprisingly still functional. The movies weren't the best or the newest, but the snack bar and the outdoor tables seemed to be a popular attraction for the local teenagers. I quickly discovered why everyone found this place to be so popular...there was a serious lack of adult supervision, and the teens took serious advantage of this.

I saw Holly sneak off with her boyfriend to his big truck – I

recognized it as the same one that had been in the field a few nights ago. He drove his truck to the edge of the drive-in lot, where the lights didn't reach, and parked. By the sway of the vehicle, it wasn't hard to deduce what they were doing inside. Several other couples had the same idea and parked along the fringes in the dark.

The third night – our final night in Danville – I followed her again...this time to a huge lake where her and her stupid boyfriend met up with a large group of kids that looked to be about the same age. They stayed there until the wee hours of the morning, drinking and acting stupid. I'd had to park the car and walk on foot, hiding in the trees that surrounded the lake, but I figured my efforts would be worth it.

For the next five nights – since we'd relocated the carnival – I drove the hour and fifteen minutes back to Danville. I wasn't able to stay and watch the girl as long since I had a considerable drive back, but it was enough. I noticed a pattern to her activities, which mainly revolved around the drive-in or the lake, and that made me happy. It would be easier to locate her when the time came.

We had a little over a week left in the new town before it would be time to pack up and move on...this time I'd be more than six hours away from Danville, so I knew I was going to have to strike before our time was up here.

On our sixth night in the new town, I decided not to spy on Holly. Instead, I stayed in my RV and allowed myself to ponder what I really wanted, and what I was truly prepared to do. Up until this point, I wasn't entirely sure what I was capable of, but now...things were different. I'd used the techniques the counselor had taught me in rehab to try and diffuse the situation with Holly before it escalated out of control – I'd ignored her, kept my hands to myself, reigned in my temper, held my tongue, and walked away. Still, she'd been relentless in her pursuit to torture me. And for what? Because she could? Because she was bored? Because I didn't give in to her assaults on me, or break down like she thought I should? It made no sense to me.

At least...with Davina...there was a reason behind her madness. That in no way justified what she did to me, but I

at least knew WHY she did what she did...because I refused to give her the grade she wanted...and later rebuked her advances. I stopped myself before those old memories could pop up. They wouldn't help me think clearly now.

And yet, for some reason, my brain kept conjuring up the image of Kelsey. Not the Kelsey at the fair...but the Kelsey I saw the next day. I remember the pain on her face when she spoke of Holly...and the look in her eyes when she explained how Holly always got away with everything. I'd known then that Kelsey was a tortured soul. The only thing I didn't know was how evil Holly really was. I should have known, at least to some degree, considering she had Kelsey on the ground and was about to beat her with a board.

No...it wasn't until Holly got her dumbass boyfriend to fucking kidnap me and beat me to a pulp...over what? Nothing that I could fathom. She singled me out of the crowd and was completely relentless. When I didn't give in, it pissed her off. Then later, when I'd stopped her from hurting Kelsey, she got even madder. She still wasn't able to get a reaction out of me so she went out of her way to make up a lie just to get me in trouble. When that didn't work – thanks to Kelsey – she arranged for her boyfriend to take care of me. None of it made sense to me...why did this girl have so much hatred for me? Or for anyone, for that matter?

There was no rational explanation I could come up with to explain her bizarre behavior. Finally, I quit trying. My mind began working on the subject I'd been avoiding all week. I wanted to make the little bitch pay for what she'd done to me, to Kelsey, and to anyone else she'd ever hurt. But how? What could I do that would put her in her place without getting me in trouble too? This is what I couldn't figure out. I spent all night alone in my RV, looking up at the ceiling, trying to comprehend a feasible solution, but nothing brilliant came to me.

I knew the next night I'd be back to my routine of stalking Holly so I figured I could work out something then. I settled in to go to sleep, and found myself thinking of Kelsey again, and wondering what she was doing now. It was so strange...I seemed to be almost as obsessed with her as I

was with Holly. My mind drifted and I eventually passed out.

* * * * *

Kelsey O'Neil

"Absolutely not, June. And don't start in on me again...it's not going to work tonight. Do you remember what happened the last time you forced me to go out with you?" I grumbled, trying to ignore the pleading look on my best friend's face.

"Please, Kelsey! You would have so much fun!" June begged again.

"Yeah, that's what you said the last time. No thanks. I'm not going just so you can ditch me for Jared again." I calmly brushed my hair while June paced around my room, ranting.

"C'mon! Jared is bringing some old friends from Forest Hill High...and from what I've heard, they're pretty cute."

"Ugh! Please! As if any of the guys from Forest Hill are going to be interested in me," I said with as much disgust as I could manage.

"Well, Ms. Negativity, there is, actually. It's sort of...a double-date kinda thing," June said nervously as I gaped at her. She couldn't be serious.

"What?" I finally managed after a moment of awkward silence.

"Now, don't get mad, okay, but Jared and I were screwing around online the other day and the subject just sort of came up. He knew a guy that he thought you might like, so we sort of...um...arranged it." June was right to look scared, because I was about to hurl something at her. Preferably something heavy...and hard.

"You set me up on a blind date...and you weren't even going to tell me? You were just going to get me to tag along and spring it on me?" I screeched.

"Well, it's not as bad as you make it sound!" June yelled back.

I was fuming, and not in the mood to talk to her anymore.

She knew how I felt about all of this...I thought we'd come to an understanding. I was incredibly shy and nervous around guys...she wasn't. She'd finally given up trying to "set me up" with someone a long time ago...or so I'd thought.

I took a deep breath before I turned to look at her again. She watched me cautiously, as if I might lunge at her.

"Kelsey, I just want you to be happy. Don't hate me for that," she said before I could get a word out.

I sighed and stared at her, knowing that I couldn't stay mad at her...especially when she said stupid shit like that. She noticed the change on my face and her eyes lit up. She was smart enough not to say anything, though. I glared at her as she waited for my response.

"Fine! Once again, June, you win! I don't even know why I'm friends with you, I swear!" I snapped playfully.

"Because you love me, that's why! It's going to be great, trust me! You'll thank me for this tomorrow!" she said, hugging me briefly. "Now, let's get you something better to wear," she encouraged, frowning at my jeans and t-shirt ensemble.

I knew better than to object, because June often got her way. I let her rifle through my closet until she was satisfied with my outfit. It was embarrassing. I felt exposed and vulnerable in these clothes, and I wasn't even sure why I'd bought them in the first place.

The pastel pink shirt she dressed me in was snug around my chest, my boobs even more accentuated by the wide pink satin ribbon that circled just underneath them. The shirt then flared out subtly, falling just above my hips. I'd have to be careful how I moved, or my shirt would ride up and reveal more than I cared to show. The thick shoulder straps of the shirt were made of more pink satin ribbon, and they flowed around to my back where they crisscrossed down half of my back before tying into a bow. June made sure to cinch the ribbon extra tight, ensuring that my cleavage was barely contained.

The dark blue denim skirt she found wasn't as bad as the shirt, but it was still excruciatingly short, showing off way more legs than I liked to. She completed my mortifying outfit

with pink jeweled sandals that had a low heel on them. She insisted on painting both my nails and my toes for our night out, in addition to styling my hair and piling it up on my head. I put my foot down on her version of makeup, but she still convinced me to wear eyeliner, blush, lipstick, and eye shadow. If she'd had her way, though, I would have been walking out of my room with ten pounds of makeup on, and I just couldn't handle that.

I looked utterly ridiculous when she was done with me, but June swore that I looked great. Maybe I needed a new mirror then, because I almost chickened out and stayed home after one glance at myself.

On the way out the front door, I was even more embarrassed when my mom stopped me to let me know how great I looked before she winked at June. Jeez...

We were supposedly meeting Jared and his group of friends at the movie theater. That wasn't so bad, I assured myself...at least the theater would be dark.

When we got there, I almost hyperventilated before climbing out of the car. Jared spotted June and jogged over to meet her, giving her a serious kiss on the lips. It was embarrassing to watch. I fidgeted with my skirt, looking down at my feet, while wishing that I had more of a backbone and could say no to June and mean it. I could be at home watching old reruns on TV...in my sweats.

"Hey, Kelsey. Good to see you," Jared said. I was taken aback. He'd barely said two words to me since we'd officially met at the carnival.

"Um, hey Jared." I stared at him stupidly.

"Well, come on! We're going to be late...the movie starts in less than five minutes!" June complained. She pulled my hand, forcing me to follow her to the front of the theater. I was mortified to realize that there were eight guys here with Jared's group. Three I knew from school, but the other five were new faces. I began to panic, feeling completely out of my element.

"Kevin!" Jared shouted, waving. I saw the guy look up at Jared before his eyes trailed over to me. I couldn't tell what his immediate reaction was. Kevin walked over to meet us,

and I couldn't control my breathing. I felt like I might pass out. June squeezed my hand reassuringly...I hadn't even realized that she was still holding it.

"Hey," Kevin said to all of us as he stopped a couple of feet away.

"Kevin, this is Kelsey, June's friend," Jared said quickly.

I managed to bring my eyes up to about his chest before I chickened out. "Hi," I murmured. I could feel my cheeks blazing.

"Hey...nice to meet you," Kevin said. At least he didn't sound pissed or disappointed. Not that I could tell anyway. June released my hand and walked off with Jared, leaving me and Kevin by ourselves.

I was surprised when Kevin reached out for my hand, grabbing it and towing me along as we walked into the theater. I caught June smiling at us as she waited in line for popcorn. I stuck my tongue out at her, not wanting to show appreciation until this night was done. There were still plenty of things that could go wrong.

The night wasn't going nearly as bad as I'd expected. I finally thawed out once I realized Kevin wasn't going to run away screaming, and I actually had a good time with him. After the movie was over, we went to eat – luckily as a group...I didn't think I could be alone with him yet – and then we hung out in the restaurant parking lot for a little while. We talked and joked with one another, and he seemed to be enjoying himself as well. I was surprised.

I was enthusiastic when one of Jared's friends suggested going to the lake to hang out for a while. I wasn't ready for this night to be over with yet. June could tell I was having fun, and she was smug. She was never going to let me live this down.

Kevin offered to drive me if I didn't want to ride with June, and that suited me just fine. He held my hand on the way and we kept up a casual conversation about high school and our plans now that graduation was behind us. He was shocked to learn that I was moving very, very far away from Danville.

We got to the lake and all piled out of the cars. Jared, of course, had brought alcohol, and June was quick to try to get me drunk. Some friend she was. If I didn't know any better, I'd say she was trying to loosen me up so I could get laid. That was apparently her plan for the night. I watched her and Jared take off to the woods, knowing full well what they were up to. I was content to sit in the grass and talk to Kevin as the other guys tossed a football and laughed drunkenly at crude jokes. I might have to thank June for this tomorrow...just as she'd predicted.

About a half an hour passed, and June still hadn't come out of the woods with Jared yet. I was on my fourth beer, and I had to admit that it was calming my nerves quite a bit. Kevin was drinking heavily too, and he was starting to get handsy.

Kevin was pretty good-looking, I had to admit, as I stared at his face while he was talking. He was only a few inches taller than me, and he was scrawny and gangly, but he was cute. His dark brown hair was short, and it stuck up in little spikes on the top. He had dark brown eyes and a bright smile. He was pretty pale compared to most of the guys around here, who were usually overly tan, but I thought it was pretty hot that he was pale. He had full lips that looked more kissable with each beer I consumed. He was wearing my favorite attire...a t-shirt and jeans with a pair of sneakers. Though, I had to admit, he pulled off the look much better than I ever could have.

Finally, after another beer, he got frustrated. Apparently I wasn't picking up on any of his signals.

"So, are we going to do this or not?" he asked, exasperated.

"Do what?" I didn't know what he meant.

"Don't play coy...you know why we're here...June and Jared figured it out a WHILE ago," he said with a roll of his eyes.

"Oh," I mumbled, embarrassed all over again. Is that what he'd come here for? I tried to recall the events from the last few hours to scrutinize his behavior, but the alcohol was making it hard for me to concentrate.

Before I had much of a chance to process what he was asking, he ducked down and kissed me, taking me by surprise. I hesitated, wanting to push him off of me, but he didn't seem to notice. He reached up and groped one of my boobs before he practically climbed on top of me, pushing me down onto the grass.

I was stunned to realize that the hard lump I felt against my leg was him...

I started to panic. I wasn't sure if I was ready for this. Fuck, I barely knew this guy. I was pretty toasted, considering I hardly ever drank, and my brain was working slowly tonight.

His hand slid down and grasped my hip, digging into me through my skirt. He rubbed himself against my thigh, grinding his erection into my leg. He finally stopped kissing me and sat up, staring down at me. He was waiting for my response.

When I didn't say anything, he arched an eyebrow up, as if he couldn't believe that I hadn't jumped on him. I suddenly realized that we weren't alone. Several of the guys were now staring at us, enjoying the show.

I wriggled beneath him and tried to figure out what I wanted. He continued to stare down at me, waiting.

"Not here," I finally said. He smirked and jumped to his feet before helping me off of the ground. He pulled me to the woods – thankfully not in the same direction as June and Jared had gone – and we quickly left behind the lake and our audience. I stumbled along behind him until he found a relatively clear spot. He started to undo his pants while I stood by, mortified.

When he turned and saw that I was just staring at him, he rolled his eyes again. He sauntered over to me and yanked on the ribbon at the back of my shirt. He pulled on the straps and watched as my shirt slipped down around my waist. He was apparently intrigued by my boobs. Most guys were...except that the rest of me was too gross to bother with.

He yanked my bra down on one side, letting one tit flop out. I watched his eyes get big as he took it all in. Then, he

freed the other side. I stood there, motionless. He leaned forward and buried his face in my rack. It was a weird sensation, having his face between my tits. He found my hand and pulled it to him, placing it directly on his dick...which was extremely hard at this point. I didn't know what I was supposed to be doing, so I just left my hand there.

He finally released my tits and attacked me with another kiss. When he was done assaulting my mouth with his tongue, he yanked his t-shirt off and flung it on the ground. He pushed me down on my knees in front of him, and I went along willingly. He pushed the front of his jeans and his boxers down, and his giant erection popped out, startling me. I'd never seen a dick in person before – carnie people aside – and from what few movies I'd seen, Kevin was pretty well hung.

“Put it in your mouth,” Kevin commanded, growing impatient with my lack of enthusiasm.

When I didn't respond, he grunted at me and grabbed the back of my hair, pulling me towards him. “Open your mouth,” he ordered. I did as he said and the next thing I knew, he was guiding his big cock into my mouth. It tasted salty, and it felt weird...like nothing I'd ever touched before.

“Suck,” he told me, forcing my head down. I obeyed, and started sucking on his dick. I'd seen the carnie woman do this, I suddenly remembered. It hadn't looked too hard, so I tried to mimic what she'd done. Kevin seemed pleased by my sudden participation. I put my hand on his shaft and bobbed my head up and down, hoping I was doing it right. If I wasn't, he didn't complain.

Kevin started bucking his hips in rhythm with my mouth, forcing me to take him deeper and deeper. It gagged me at first, but I shut that reflex down...I didn't want to vomit on him. After a few minutes, he suddenly shoved me roughly away. I looked up at him, confused.

“Stop,” he said, panting. I didn't know what he wanted until he stripped out of his pants completely and stood there before me naked.

He kneeled down in front of me and then pushed me

down on my back. The ground was hard and uncomfortable while I was on my knees – it was even worse now that I was lying down on it, but Kevin didn't seem to care. He fumbled around with the clasp on my skirt, and I didn't try to stop him. I knew what was about to happen. He finally undid my skirt and yanked it down my legs, tossing it to the side with his own clothes. My shirt was still bunched around my waist, but he didn't bother with that, or my bra that was still hanging under my tits.

He focused now on my panties, and I was glad I'd worn the good ones tonight. He ripped them up trying to get them off, but was unconcerned by that. He finally got them off and roughly shoved my thighs apart.

I went into a full-blown panic attack. I wasn't ready for this, but I didn't know how to stop it. I tried to push his shoulders back as he climbed on top of me, but he didn't acknowledge me at all.

"Kevin, wait," I whispered. He grabbed my hands that were still on his chest and pinned them above my head.

He glared down at me, and it made me a little scared.

"You said yes, and now you're going to say no, after I'm all riled up?" he huffed at me.

I shook my head at his assumption, but he wasn't exactly wrong, either. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to piss him off, but I wasn't ready to fuck him either. For fuck's sake, I don't even think he has a condom.

Before I could say anything else, he was on top of me. He pushed my legs farther apart and shoved two fingers inside of me. I yelped out of shock and also because of his roughness. He didn't seem to notice my reaction at all. Once he was sure I was lubed up, he grabbed his dick with his free hand – his other hand still had my hands pinned down – and forced it inside of me. I cried out at the feeling. Pain was the first sensation that I registered, following by a tightness and a ripping sensation as he plowed all the way into me. I bit my lip and choked back a scream. He stopped and looked down at me, and I thought that maybe he finally picked up on my mood. No such luck.

"Are you a virgin?" he asked, saying it like it was a dirty

word. I didn't respond – I just turned my face away from him in disgust.

“Awesome,” he said, chuckling once.

I got mad and tried to push him off of me, but he was stronger than he looked. He just pinned me down harder, making me wince. He seemed to like that.

“Why don't you try and enjoy it instead of fighting me, huh?” he said with an edge of annoyance in his voice. He used his free hand to yank on my nipple and slap my titty around while he continued to pound me. He got aggravated after a few minutes, apparently due to my lack of excitement, and he pulled out of me.

I figured he was done, so I struggled to get up, but he knocked me back down again. This time, he grabbed me and turned me over. I tried to get up again, but he was on top of me and I couldn't move. He pushed my legs apart with his knees and pushed my head down with one hand. I was splayed wide open with my ass in the air.

He entered me again, making me cry out. His dick was so big...I didn't see how it even fit inside of me. He pounded me relentlessly from behind for what seemed like forever. He never spoke or made a noise other than occasionally grunting out loud. I was just looking forward to when it was over.

“Could you be any worse at this?” he complained, sounding disgusted. “If you didn't have such a tight pussy, I'd have left you here twenty minutes ago...God knows there's nothing else about you that's doing it for me.”

That was it...I didn't understand why he was being such a bully to me. It wasn't bad enough that he'd practically forced himself on me, but now he was complaining about it, too? I bucked, knocking him out of me and twisted around swiftly. I fully intended to grab my clothes and dash back to the lake, but apparently my fighting spirit riled him up.

Before I could even get off the ground, he was on me again. “Oh, no you don't...I'm not done with you yet,” he raged. He shoved my thighs apart again, pushing them all the way to the ground, and he used both hands to secure himself above my head. He collapsed on top of me, using his

body weight to hold me down, thought I was still trying to knock him off of me. He shoved his dick inside me again, roughly, and picked up where he'd left off. I writhed beneath him, but couldn't get loose. He shifted my hands so that he could pin mine down with just one of his again, and his free hand slid down my body until it reached my slit. He rubbed his hand back and forth across my slick hole as he continued to pound me, and the sensation that started pulsing through me made me stop moving.

He reached up and found my clit – which was swollen and easy to find – and started to roughly rub it. I gasped, and he smiled cruelly down at me. He increased his pounding rhythm as he rubbed me. Despite my efforts to fight it off, I could feel the orgasm building in my system. He stroked and rubbed in that one sensitive spot until he could feel my insides clenching up. My legs went rigid as he continued to massage my clit with his fingers...and then I exploded, coming harder than I'd ever had before. I felt the gush of liquid squirting out of me as my body quivered with my climax.

My reaction seemed to please Kevin immensely, as if that made up for everything else. He leaned down and kissed me, and like the fool that I was, I let him. He shoved his tongue in my mouth, practically choking me. He abruptly pulled out of me, his dick dripping wet with my pussy juices, and crawled up on top of me, sitting on my chest. He pushed his dick down, making me take it in his mouth again. I complied, still reeling from my orgasm. He leaned forward on his hands and knees, and started to fuck my mouth. His dick felt bigger this way, probably because I couldn't get any distance from him or control how far he pushed into my mouth.

He made odd little grunting sounds every time he pumped his cock into my mouth...over and over and over.

“Oh yeah, baby...suck it...suck my big fat cock. Ungh! Fuck that's good,” he groaned, fucking my mouth even harder and faster. Finally, I felt him tense up. I figured what was coming, but I still wasn't prepared for it. He groaned out loud once, and I felt the hot, sticky liquid shoot out of his dick

and into my mouth. It slid down my throat as it exploded out of him, and I had no choice but to swallow it. He kept on coming and coming...I didn't think it was ever going to end, but finally he pulled his already limp dick out of my mouth. I could still see spoooge dripping off the end of it, so he grabbed my hair roughly and told me to open my mouth. When I did, he pumped his cock several times with his hands, milking it and getting every last drop of semen out. It spattered all over my face and into my mouth. This seemed to excite him quite a bit.

When he was done, he was done. I stayed on the ground, in a daze at what just happened, but he jumped up and got dressed. He didn't even wait on me before he headed back to the lake. Eventually, I staggered to my feet. I could feel my own wetness dripping down my legs, and there was a little blood mixed in with it. Since he'd ruined my panties earlier, I used those to mop up between my legs, tossing them onto the ground when I was done. I shimmied back into my skirt, readjusted my bra, and pulled my shirt back on as quickly as I could. Then I tried to fix my hair. As soon as I was back at the lake, I would wash my face off in the water and chase his taste away with a beer. Then, I would find June and demand she take me home.

I wasn't going to tell her about what happened between me and Kevin, because I knew she would blame herself. She'd only wanted me to be happy...I knew she couldn't have foreseen what kind of a creep he would be. So, I didn't want her to feel guilty about that. I calmed myself before I headed back in the direction of the lake, finally making my way out of the woods. When I got there, Kevin acted like nothing odd had happened between us, and went back to being the sweet guy he'd been earlier. I didn't want anything else to do with him, but for June's sake, I pretended right along with him.

I noted with a hint of disappointment that June still wasn't back. I ground my teeth together, but tried to keep calm. Surely they wouldn't be gone that much longer. Kevin was still hovering around me, though I could hear him occasionally making quiet crude remarks to some of his

friends...no doubt about what had just happened. I sat down and waited for June to get back, careful to keep my legs together since I was now without any panties.

As I sat and waited, I heard the sound of an engine approaching. I looked up and my heart sank. I recognized the big truck as soon as it pulled up. Holly jumped out of the passenger side. I was glad she hadn't noticed me yet, and I secretly wished I'd went to wait in one of the cars...at least that way I could hide. I looked around but there was still no sign of June. Where was she? About that moment, Holly's eyes focused on me, and she smiled and evil, horrible smile.

I revised my earlier thoughts about thanking June for this night...

* * * * *

Ben "Junior" Stokes

Plenty of thoughts had crossed my mind tonight, but none seemed right. I still had no plan to get back at Holly Palmer, despite my focused efforts. I'd followed her all night, from one place to another, and all night I'd only allowed myself to think about the perfect way to make her pay. I'd thought about cutting her brake lines, running her off the road, snatching her and giving her a dose of her own medicine (though I'd have to be sure she never saw me or heard my voice), but everything that came to mind just seemed wrong. I just wanted to prove to her that she couldn't be such a ruthless bitch and get away with it...but I could think of no such way to do that. I didn't want to bring attention to myself or get caught, so I would have to be very careful about what I did.

Once again, the bitch and her boyfriend – along with another car crammed full of people – were on their way to the lake. I followed slowly, not needing to keep up with them now. I knew my own way around at this point. I parked in my familiar spot and hiked the short distance to the lake. Holly and her group had already got there, and I was surprised to see that there were already several people out there tonight.

Apparently, Holly and her group were not thrilled with the group of people that were there. I edged closer, circling around to the section of trees that would allow me to hear some of what was going on. Normally I didn't get this close, but tonight I wanted to hear.

My breath stopped when I realized who the lone girl was in the large group of boys – Kelsey. What was she doing here? And why was she here alone with all of these guys? I noticed that she was standing close to one in particular. Was that her boyfriend? Then I suddenly reminded myself that I shouldn't be concerned about her...or who she was with. She was not the reason why I was here.

Holly and Kelsey were apparently exchanging words. I strained to hear, but it was too hard to make anything out. Then, a couple emerged from the woods not too far from me, scaring the shit out of me...I hadn't realized there was anyone else out here. By the sight of their hastily donned clothes, I knew what they'd been doing out in the woods alone. The girl ran straight for Kelsey, and the guy behind her tagged along. So, she hadn't come here alone, at least.

I saw a heated discussion unfold between both groups, though the focus seemed to be between the three girls. Why, I didn't know. The guys didn't seem to want to be involved with it, and they backed off as the girls got in each other's faces. Kelsey's friend kept pulling her away from Holly. I took off through the woods for a different spot, hoping that I could get close enough to hear what was going on. Finally, I was able to make out their conversation.

"Get out of my face!" Kelsey screamed.

"I will get out of your face when I feel like it. Now tell me what you did! Or am I going to have to make you?" Holly threatened, shoving Kelsey on the shoulders.

Kelsey's friend stepped in then, pushing Holly back, and the guy standing next to her stood close by her side.

"Careful, June," the boy cautioned as he held her back. It was clear that she wanted a piece of Holly as badly as I did. Well, maybe not that badly...

"Back off Jared...this has nothing to do with you," June barked at him. He smiled and shook his head, releasing her.

She took another step towards Holly, though Kelsey reached out and put a restraining hand on her friend's shoulder.

"Don't, June. She's not worth it...and it's not your fight," Kelsey said. Her friend ignored her.

"Yeah, June," Holly sneered. "Why don't you let your little girlfriend fight her own fights, you fucking lesbian...she's obviously the man in the relationship," Holly shouted, taunting the girls. It made my blood boil to have to sit here and watch this.

June lunged at Holly, but Kelsey caught her first, holding her back. June looked like she could rip Holly's throat out if she had the chance.

"I'm so fucking sick of you, you little cunt! I don't care who your fucking daddy is, you bitch! I'm going to get you!" June screamed at the top of her lungs.

Holly didn't seem fazed by June's threats...she just stood there smiling. This girl was psychotic...there was no other explanation for her behavior. Holly turned her attention to Kelsey again, ignoring June completely.

"Tell me what you showed the cops to get that fucking asshole out of custody. Mason wouldn't tell me...and I can't find out. I want to know what you had on your phone," Holly said menacingly as she stepped forward. Her asshole boyfriend stepped forward too, probably figuring that this would turn into a fight.

"You want to know, Holly? I'll tell you...hell, I'll send you a link. I videotaped you when you pulled your shirt up. I got it all...then I showed it to the cops, so they knew you were lying. That guy didn't do ANYTHING to you. And you know what? When I got home that night, I posted that video online...for everyone to see...Holly Palmer with her pathetic little tits hanging out. I figured I would give you a helping hand...we all know that's where you're going to end up anyway...as a dried up, drugged-out prostitute that has to do pornos to pay the rent. I just launched your career for you," Kelsey said. It was the most I'd heard her say, and I was extremely impressed. She held her ground and didn't back down, either. She didn't seem like the type that would get this pissed...she must have been really angry.

Then, as he words sunk in, I realized what she'd done. So that's what she'd given the cops...a videotape of the little vixen flashing me. They'd never told me what it was that proved my innocence. I was even more grateful to Kelsey. If it hadn't been for her, I'd be in a jail cell right now.

Holly stood perfectly still while Kelsey glared at her. I thought for a moment that maybe, for once, Holly had been put in her place. But, she finally recovered and then she jumped on Kelsey, knocking her to the ground. June tried to help, but Holly's asshole boyfriend pulled her off. He was so big that June and Jared both couldn't get past him. None of the other guys made a move...not even the asshole that Kelsey had been standing with. I was tempted to jump out and get in the middle, but I made myself stay put.

Kelsey put up a good fight, but Holly was nothing but pure insanity, and she didn't fight fair. I watched in horror as the two girls rolled around in the dirt before falling into the lake. Holly grabbed Kelsey's hair and shoved her head down in the water. The bitch was going to try and drown her, for Christ's sake! I was about to sprint out into the open and go rescue her, regardless of the consequences I would face, but finally the guys that had been standing around managed to pull their heads out of their asses and jumped in to help. Luckily, there were more guys from Kelsey and June's group than Holly's group. They managed to get Holly off of Kelsey and they pulled her from the water.

She was coughing and having a hard time breathing, but Holly still seemed intent on getting her. Fortunately, Jared ran to his car and pulled two large metal baseball bats out of the trunk. He ran back to the cluster of people and tossed one to another guy.

"Alright, that's it! You take your fucking asses home, right now, or me and Rex are going to beat the shit out of every single one of you, you got it? This has gone far enough!" he shouted, threatening Holly and her boyfriend with his bat. Apparently the boyfriend wasn't such a badass, because he backed right off. The handful of guys that had come with him and Holly were already beginning to retreat to the car...pussies.

Holly tried to lunge forward, apparently not caring about the bat in her face, and Jared actually swung on her. He missed her skull by mere inches. That would have been a very satisfying sight to see...Holly getting her head beat in with a baseball bat.

"Whoa! Easy man," Holly's boyfriend shouted, yanking her back towards him. "Don't do anything stupid, alright...you don't want to piss me off, now."

"Man, get the fuck out of my face! I don't care who your little rich bitch girlfriend is...you don't scare me! You think she'll want you once I rip your dick off?" Jared threatened, bowing up on the big dumb asshole.

Smartly, he started backing away, pulling Holly towards his truck. He stuffed her in and quickly climbed in himself, revving the engine and speeding away.

"You okay?" June asked Kelsey. Kelsey just nodded, still coughing. She turned her attention to Jared.

"Damn, baby...that was badass. You know they're going to be after you now, though," June said worriedly.

"Don't worry about it. I'll be gone in a month, so who cares?" he replied, smiling. "Besides, you know he's only like that because Holly makes him. He wasn't such a dick before he hooked up with her. If she dumped him, he'd probably go back to normal," Jared insisted.

I breathed a sigh of relief, knowing that Kelsey was okay, but my mind was set now. If I had been angry before, that was nothing compared to the searing hatred I had for the girl now. I took one last glance at Kelsey before I snuck back to my car. I wanted to get back to the parking lot where Holly had let her car earlier tonight. I knew they would have to show up there tonight eventually.

I got back to town in record time, and was patiently watching Holly's car. It was about an hour before the big truck pulled up. Holly jumped out and waved at the big idiot behind the wheel before she got in her car and drove off. He peeled out in the opposite direction.

It was now or never. I knew if I didn't do this tonight, I'd lose my nerve, or find a reason to change my mind. I quickly pulled out onto the road and followed behind Holly. She was

taking the back roads tonight. We were about ten minutes away from her house, and I had already picked out the perfect spot in my head that this would happen. Another mile down the road...almost time. My heart was pounding with anticipation, and my mind was set on the path I was taking. As we drove along, I spotted just what I was looking for – a large stretch of highway surrounded on both sides by huge open fields that were sloped down several feet from the road.

I floored the gas pedal and my car lurched forward. Holly was driving along at normal speed – probably because she was more than drunk based on how much I'd seen her drink tonight – and I caught up with her quickly. When I pulled over in the opposite lane and sped up next to her car, she didn't even pay me any attention. She probably thought I was just passing her. If she only knew...

I made my move. I pulled in front of her car and slammed on the brakes. She swerved to the right, to avoid running into me, and she drove her car off into the field. I heard the loud bump as the car's front end hit the ground. I was extremely glad that she'd swerved instead of ass-ending me. Saved me some car repair...that was nice of her.

Before I could change my mind, I jumped out of the car with a few items I needed and ran down into the field. As I ran, I pulled on a pair of latex gloves.

She was dazed, shaking her head, as if she didn't know where she was. I noticed that she wasn't wearing her seat belt, and that she'd hit her face on the steering wheel. Her lip was bleeding slightly. I opened her car door, startling her, and yanked her out.

Before she could utter a word, I pulled a rag out of my front pocket and stuffed it in her mouth. She started to protest, but I slapped her across the face. I wasn't sure if she recognized me yet, or if she was still too drunk. I pulled the roll of duct tape out of my back pocket and yanked off a piece before securing it over her mouth. Next, I gathered her hands behind her back and wound those tightly together with more duct tape. I reached in and pulled her purse out, flinging it on the ground. I swiftly switched the headlights and

the ignition off, stuffing her keys into my pocket.

I shut her car door, then stooped down to pick up her purse. I pulled her up the small incline to my car and threw her down in the trunk. I reached in and bound her ankles together quickly before I locked her inside. I was in too much of a hurry to see if she was even panicked or crying yet.

Purse in hand, I jumped into the front seat and slammed my door. I could hear her screaming in the trunk...or trying to scream, anyway. I reached into her purse and pulled out her cell phone. I disassembled it, crushing the little card in the back to make sure no one could track it now. I stuffed everything back into her purse before hiding it under my front seat. Then, I turned on the music and headed back to the carnival, making sure to obey every speed limit and traffic sign so I wouldn't get stopped. I couldn't keep myself from whistling the whole way.

TO BE CONTINUED

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