

Dark Tales

Chester Lee

I Dedicate this book to everyone who has ever felt alone. Sometimes we need to feel this way to bring the best out in us so smile and come along for the ride.

The contents of this book are not based on any person living or dead.

Any names or places used are purley coincidental .

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CHAPTER ONE

Temptress

I guess sometimes we look at the world or the one we have created around us and simply question its very meaning. As I sit there looking into the mirror placed upon my old wooden dressing table, all I see is a broken woman staring back at me.

Blond hair cascading down my peach shaped face. My eyes still blackened from smudged make up I had refused to remove the night before.

"Amy look at yourself" I said in a slight huffed voice

"Pull yourself together" Dam I needed to sort out my life.

Now you may ask yourself what could be so bad that I felt the need to change. My childhood was the same as any other child or so I thought anyway. I remember playing out in the garden my father sat with uncle Mike sipping on an ice cold beer while my mother was baking cookies in the kitchen. I can still smell the aroma in the air. I close my eyes and take in a deep breath before opening them and within a few moments I'm transported back to the dying reflection that now stared back at me. I was twenty one years old yet to me I saw an old woman inside. Sucking every ounce of youth that once lived out of me.

My life had always been crazy. Just one big mess I could never escape from. But the one thing I had around me now was people I could trust, or so I thought anyway. Little did I know how wrong I was? I guess I never really learned to trust anyone not fully anyway. Who could I trust no one understood me. I'm not sure if anyone even cared I know I didn't. So many memories I had blocked from my mind but one stuck firmly there forever. That moment in the tree house will always haunt me. Every time I close my eyes I'm pushed back to been a child a helpless little girl who craved to be loved. Today was the day I changed no more was I living in the past from today I was on my own my future panned out before me.

My friend Rhianna had got me this job in a club not ideal at first but hey we all need money to have a new life right? Rhianna and I had been friends from high school and in a way she was just as fucked up as me. Well maybe slightly a bit more. I guess it was in my teens I started to go off the rails. Staying out late partying. I used to drink and I mean I drank a lot. Numbing the pain inside me I was feeling. Slowly isolating myself from the whole world around me. My whole family started to turn against me I had lost so many

people harbouring this secret. Too scared to tell truth or to relive those moment that affected me most. By the time I had reached fifteen I was on every drug I could think off. Drinking no longer blocked the pain I felt inside so I need to find a sense of relief. That was the first time I had ever took heroin. I was at party with a few friends well I called them friend but I guess I knew deep down I was just been used. I was the easy girl. The girl who would do anything to get her next hit. I remember leaving my family home on the night of 31st of October at the age of fifteen and never going back. As I made my way to another party it was here I met Rhianna little did I know on that night that several years later we would still be friends.

Rhianna broke me from the trap I found myself in. She help me get clean If it was not for her I'm not sure if I would still be around today. A part of me was always grateful to her for that. It was our friendship that made me strong. I never spoke much about my childhood not to anyone. I just wish I still had the closeness with my father after all a daughter and fathers love could never be broken.

I remember the moment I walked up to the dingy little club just off North Street. I had lived in London for three years now. It was not much but it was home. As I approached the club there was a neon sign with half the bulbs missing attached to the side of the building.

It reminded me of something you would see in a tacky American diner. I glanced up to the sign to see it clearly read Temptress. I took in a deep breath and slowly opened the shabby wooden door at the entrance. The paint on the door was peeling at the edges worn out by the elements. It rained a lot in London in fact I don't remember the last time I saw sunlight through the thick smog that now covered the city. I always thought London was the city of dreams. So far it was like the city of nightmares. As I walked into the club I noticed the walls were painted a deep purple barely viewable in the very dim lighting. I wondered to myself what type of place I had walked into but that answer soon became clear. What the fuck had Rhianna done no way was I working in a place like this.

Out of nowhere came a tall red headed women she was wearing what looked like a dark blue bra which pushed up her large perfectly formed breasts and a small skirt that just covered her crotch.

"Ah you must be Amy? Her voice was sweet and tender

"Urm yeah" you could hear the nervousness in my voice as I spoke.

"Rhianna has told us a lot about you. All good mind. Rick is expecting you."

I wondered to myself what she meant by that comment. Even though we had been friends for years I still kept a lot from Rhianna. So what she could have told them I didn't know. I didn't want to know.

"Follow me please" The women placed her hand out to mine as I stood there for a second before reaching out to her while not saying a word.

As I'm lead me down the hallway and into what looked like an office. I notice the walls are painted another vile colour, this time a blood red. I never did have a thing for blood red to me it seemed cheap. Then again nothing about this place cried out class. Well not the type I thought of anyway. Everywhere I

turned tackiness poured out from every angle. I felt a sickness in the pit of my stomach as I'm slowly lead into the office. In the far corner of the room was a desk.

A large blue lava lamp glowing. Cascading a slight shadow over the face of a dark haired man who sat firmly out of view. Slowly the man stood up from his high backed leather chair. His face now perfectly visible in the blue light. His skin was smooth and tanned like a golden beach glowing in the sunlight. Maybe this place was not as bad as I first thought. Well if every man who worked here looked like him I knew I was in for a good time. As I approached closer I notice his crystal green eyes shimmering. I gaze deep into them mesmerized as he began to speak in a soft cool voice.

"Amy come sit. I'm Rick" I slowly take a seat in the dark high backed leather chair, desperately trying for him not to notice me blushing.

A slow sexual energy creeps over my body. Twinges of sexual excitement emerge between my legs as I flowed away into a hypnotic trance.

"So Rhianna tells me your looking for a job, well I think we have the perfect one for you. Drink?"

The more he spoke in his soft tender voice the more I became sucked into the sexual fantasy that now raced through my mind. Visions of his soft hands stroking down my neck onto my tender breast and working his way down to my crotch.

I could feel his warm breath on my neck as he slowly kissed me. Suddenly I awoke from my fantasy realizing I was still in the room. I composed myself as I cleared my throat before speaking.

"Thanks ill have white wine" I think he could hear the slight fear in my voice as he just stared directly at me and gave a slight grin before turning away as he headed to the bar in the opposite side of the room.

"So what is this job that's so perfect? I asked.

You could still hear the hint of fear and excitement in my voice as I cleared my throat once more. As Rick slowly walked over I noticed he had a slight swagger to the way he walked. I think it was this what made him so much more attractive. He had that certain smoothness about him that made him too hard to resist I was putty in his hands and he knew it.

"Just be here tonight 9pm" Rick just gave me this sweet smile and I was gone. It never entered my head to ask what the job was I was too mesmerized by Rick to care. All I knew was that in less than four hours I was going to spend the first night of my new life working with a gorgeous man, and hopefully many more.

To me this couldn't get any better. I walk briskly home visions of what my night would be like raced around my head. The firm image of Rick imprinted in my mind. It had been a long time since a man had that effect on me. Not since my high school sweet heart had I even wanted a man to touch me so bad. To feel that sweet sense of passion that made me tingle in every inch of my body. I was fourteen the last time I felt like this and even then it was nothing like looking at Rick there was something electric about him. Something deep inside that I now craved. I was like some sexual beast that had awakened

something that had been hidden deep inside me. I walk out of the club with a beaming smile across my face and head my way back down North Street into the bustling city. Oblivious to my surrounding. People rushing past me stuck in their own little world. Office workers in there sharp suits racing in and out of food stores. Children screaming as there been dragged along by the mothers who are carrying mountains of shopping but yet still searching for the next sale on shoes?

If there was one thing that London did well was separate the wealthy from the poor. I knew my place in society and it was worlds away from the middle class people I found myself surrounded by. As I approached my apartment block it was a clear reminder of how much I wanted more. I walked into the run down building that I called home. A strong stench of urine filled the air. This was normal and a smell I had become accustom to within my first few weeks of living here. Graffiti covered the walls along with excrement. In the far corner of the hallway lies a man his coat covered in mud. His pale face pressed against the wall with saliva slowly dribbling from his mouth. We called him smack head Pete. It reminded me of when I was younger. I saw an image of how my life would have turned out if Rhianna had not saved me from that world. The first few times I saw him lying there it scared the hell out of me but if there was one thing that living in London taught me was to get used to the drugs fast. This city was full of them it was a constant reminder of my past, a world I was so heavily involved in. It was not an image of something you expect to see from the most famous city in the world. Well that's what all Londoners think anyway. I slowly make my way up the six flight of stairs that now faced me. The elevator was always broken and even if it was not I still found myself using the stairs. The last thing I wanted was to be stuck for hours in something that was no bigger than a shoe box. After what seemed like ten minutes of walking up each flight of stairs I found myself out of breath. I was not the fittest person in the world far from it plus I smoked I had ever since I was a child.

As I enter my apartment I notice that my window was ajar.

"I was certain that I closed that" I said to myself as I entered with caution.

I scour the rooms for any signs of a break in but nothing. I guess the window must have just slipped my mind. I throw my pink Dior bag on my heavily stained couch. Its vibrant colour stood out like a sore thumb against the brown worn leather it rested upon.

My Dior bag was a gift from my grandmother it was one of the few thing I received worth any value. It was my only designer bag in fact it was my only bag and I loved it. I guess in the same way any woman loves her prize possessions. Some girls its shoes others it's diamonds. Mine was this bag and I held onto it with dear life.

I head over to the window and pull it shut creating a gust of wind filling the air with the stale smoke smell of the bustling city below me. I hated that smell but It was better that the smell of urine that filled the air of the tower block lobby. I head back into the kitchen and switch on the old plastic kettle and make myself a strong cup of tea before slumping back on to the brown leather sofa

that stretched the length of my living room. I sit down and close my eyes only for a moment before drifting off into a nice long nap.

When I awake a few hours later I glance up at the golden carriage clock that rested upon the top of my television. Another gift from my grandmother. I had always admired it as a child I guess I somehow knew that one day it would end up in my possession.

I see that the time reads 7.30pm I pull myself from my slumber and head into the bathroom to get ready only a few more hours and I was going to see the fine specimen of man that is called Rick.

As I walk into my bathroom I stare deeply into the mirror still in a fixation on tonight when I see a figure move in the reflection. I turn around quickly to discover there was nothing there. As the hairs stand up on the back of my neck a rush of fear enthralls my body.

"Who's there?" I wait for a moment before calling out again "who's there?"

I slowly walk out of my bathroom into the hall. If this was Rhianna playing a joke it was not funny. She was known for playing jokes sometimes it crossed my mind if she was all there but there was something about her I loved. Rhianna is my best friend and one of the good ones.

"Rhianna if that's you this isn't funny anymore"

As I walked into the living room I felt a hand reach out and grab me on my shoulder. Suddenly I was in the mist of darkness as a blindfold was placed across my eyes. The grip on my shoulders becoming tighter as I struggle to break free. All that raced through my mind was this had to be some joke. It wasn't my birthday or I'm sure it wasn't. Sometimes I even had to remind myself of that.

As I'm lead out of my apartment and down into the lobby of the tower block. I could hear the sounds of racing traffic. The sounds of people rushing past grew louder. I questioned why no one helped me as I struggled to break free. That was another thing about London no one cared. So many people vanish without a trace in this City. Who would care if I was just one more?

I'm slowly bundled into the back of a car which raced off at some speed. After what seemed like a fifteen minute journey the car came to a sudden halt. The door to the car opened and I am pulled from the vehicle with such force that I fall to the ground banging my head.

At this point it began to cross my mind this was no longer a joke. Panic begins to set in as I wonder to myself if I was ever going to get out of this alive. Dragged by my hair across the floor I find that I was suddenly thrown into a blackened out room scared I tare the blindfold from my face and drastically search for an exit.

Frantically I bang my fists against the walls. What the hell was happening to me? I was trapped struggling to break free from this nightmare that I now found myself in.

CHAPTER TWO

A Nightmare Awaits

After sitting for what seemed like several hours in pure darkness I hear the sound of a door open from across the room. I froze for a moment as I watched a Grey haired man wearing a blue Hawaiian shirt head towards me. His beer gut hanging over his orange swim shorts. Within seconds door slammed shut and I was once again back into darkness. Scared I scramble to the far corner of the room. A few moments later I felt a firm grip on my waist and I was thrown to the ground hitting my head causing me to black out. I wake with a slight confusion and one hell of a headache to find the man pressed upon me his hands groping my breasts working them down to my thighs. I grab at him struggling to push him off me. He grabs the back of my head and slams it back down onto the stone floor. As I look up into his eyes they looked black and empty. I feel a tug as he tears off my knickers before a sharp pain as he enters me.

Pushing as hard as he could like a wild animal. He leans toward me his mouth drooling as he puts out his tongue and slowly licks up my neck. "Hmm tastes good"

His voice was cold and callous I felt a shiver race over my body as I lay there powerless to stop what was happening. I just close my eyes and wait for him to finish raping me. Sweat dripped off him and into my face as he pushed harder and harder so hard that I screamed in pain. I lay there just praying for it to stop. In an instant it was all over the man pulled up his shorts slowly as he stood there staring deep into my eyes like I was his prize. There was something in those eyes something I recognized as the door opened I search for a slight moment of light before again been trapped in darkness. I lay there still trying to understand what had happened. But I knew what had happened deep down inside of me I knew, it had happened to me before.

The sound of music began to filter in the background, voices from the ground below grew louder filling the air. I scream out in the hope that someone, anyone would hear me.

"Help, please anyone help me!" I begin to bang furiously against the walls screaming louder. "Help! For fuck sake anyone? Can you hear me?"

I knew no one was coming no one was going to save me from this nightmare I was all alone. Trapped and scared in some crazed world I had found myself in.

After a few hours of sitting there in complete darkness trying to salvage what

ounce of dignity I had left I hear the sound of the door creak open behind me. I race to the exit in a hope to escape to only be met by a tall figure.

I look up to try and see into the eyes of this dominating person above me. A few moments later I felt a hard slap across my face making my head fling back with the force. I reach out to grab my balance gripping onto the black hood that covered the figures face to find long red hair. It was the woman I had met earlier in the club.

"You... It's you"

The woman just turned to me and grinned before walking out of the door slamming it behind her. I was once again plummeted back into darkness. Just as I had just began to adjust to my pitch black surroundings the room filled with bright light. So much so that it distorted my vision. Before once more I found myself back into darkness.

I slowly try to focus as I hear the door once again creek open. Within a split second the room grew light then dark again seconds later. It was like an over powered strobe light flickering on and off. Before I knew it a man was standing directly in front of me. Just standing there staring.

As I try to focus I put out my hands to feel my way. I feel a firm grip around my throat as he slammed me against the wall. Every few seconds the room flicked from light to dark preventing me from been able to gain my focus. I could feel myself choking gasping for breath as he gripped harder as I watch the room slowly fade out as I collapsed on the floor.

I didn't know what happen in those few moment all I knew is when I woke up the room is now dimly lit and once again empty. My blouse had been torn exposing my breasts. As I sit there I feel the trickle of bloody flowing down my thigh from between my legs. Panic sets in causing me to shake in fear. As the hours pass the sound of the music starts to dim. I hear the sound of footsteps once more approach the door. I prayed they would stop for them to walk past and just leave me alone even if just for a second. I take in a deep breath as in walks a tall dark haired man I watch him approach me focusing on his walk. It was a walk I remembered it was Rick!

That smooth swagger oozed out of him as he slowly walked towards me. I looked up directly into his eyes.

"You bastard" I spit directly into his face as he knells down towards me.

"Now Amy is that anyway to treat your boss?" he said while wiping his face. I just stared at him before speaking

"Fuck you"

You could hear the anger in my voice in the space of a few hours Rick had gone from been my sexual fantasy to becoming my worst nightmare. Rick just laughed gently

"I told you I had the perfect job for you"

Rick just stood up dominant above me before turning to a woman who stood in the door way. She had short black hair and thin rimmed glasses framing her pure white delicate face. She was dressed in a navy blue business suit that hugged her size 10 figure.

"Bring the next one in"

The women turned as if to coach someone into the room. From that moment I knew this nightmare was far from over in fact it was then that I realized that it had only just begun.

As the night went on more and more men came into the room. Some raped me. Others just touched themselves as they watched their friends beat my head against the wall like I was some personal peep show.

As they watch me fighting with all my might all I could think is that I had to survive. I had beaten this before and I knew I was going to beat it now.

CHAPTER THREE

Fight To Survive

After what seemed like hours eventually the flow of men stopped. I lay there trying to cover myself with what torn clothes I have left. Not a tear in my eye just hate and anger. I didn't know why this was happening to me. All I knew is I had to survive.

The next morning I wake to find Rick stood there gazing a smile upon his face. I jump up and raced towards him throwing out as many punches as I could in the hope that just one would strike him so hard that he fell to the ground. Rick grabs a hold of my arms throwing me against the wall.

"Remember this Amy you work for me now. Bring her in"

A tall man wearing what looked like a regimented uniform with G.D.S wrote on the left hand pocket walks into the room pulling at the arm of a slim framed women. The man passed her over to Rick. You could see he was terrified. Too scared to even fight.

"Amy I brought you a friend, to let's say take the load of you a bit. Oh and this is for you"

Rick slowly bent down towards me and pushed a £50 note into my face.

"Payment Amy. You work for me remember"

As Rick turned away to walk toward the door I screamed out at him

"Fuck you Rick I'll kill you for this I'll Kill you"

Rick suddenly froze still and in the blink of eye whipped round and struck me straight across my face.

"I think not Amy. If any of us is to die my dear that would be you" Rick walked out the door slamming it behind him.

As I turned to face the women I noticed she has a small rose tattoo on her right hip. I moved over to get a closer view when I realized who the women was it was Gemma my niece.

Her bruised battered face was barely recognizable. Her nose had been shattered both her eyes black and puffy. Scratch marks down the left hand side of her face leading to her bloody lips.

"Gemma wake up please wake up" I shook her in a panic

"Gemma please wake up"

Slowly Gemma started to open her eyes

"Gemma it's me Auntie Amy, oh baby what have they done to you" I just sat there for a moment holding her while she sobbed in my arms.

"its ok baby your safe now, your safe now" I wrap my arms around her in a

hope she would feel safe even if for just a moment

A few hours later the door opened once more. A tall woman stands in the door way holding a steal tray. Slowly the woman bends down and places the tray on the floor and pushes it in my direction.

The tray had water and food plus two black lace dresses the ones you would normally find in the sex shops of Soho. As I picked up a lace dress out fell an envelope containing a note

"Get cleaned up and get her ready."

"Fuck you" I said to myself I took the water and gulped as much as I could.

I had not eaten or drank since yesterday. From that moment I had to make sure she was ok and that we both got out of this. What I couldn't figure out is why she was here what the connection was. I sat there dreading what Rick had planned as I put on the lace dress I stand there staring at Gemma waiting in anticipation. After a few hours the door creaked open. I sit there shaking as I whisper into Gemma ear. "Its ok baby it's ok"

I remember the last time I saw Gemma we had just celebrated her 18th birthday that's how I noticed the tattoo I had paid for it as a birthday gift. I remember Stacy my sister going crazy at me for getting it her. It was so typical of me she said. Then I was always seen as the black sheep of the family. That never really did bother me much.

In walked Rick his head up tall with a grin on his face.

"I thought I told you to get her ready" he said there was sternness in his voice.

"Fuck you Rick, fuck you. What do you want from me?" I screamed at him while slamming my hand against the ground in anger.

"Amy this is business you two were chosen. Do you really think it was by chance you got the job here? Where is your precious Rhianna when you need her?"

"Right here"

I hear Rhianna's voice from behind the door as she slowly enters the room. I couldn't believe it was her she was involved in this the one person I thought I could trust.

"Why would you do this? Why?" Rhianna slowly walked over to me

"Why do you think? What possible reason would anyone want to hurt poor little Amy?"

You should thank me if it wasn't for me you would not be holding that £50 note you have screwed up in your hand. Strange really after everything we put you through you still seem to hang on to the money. Well we will see how far you will go for money won't we"

She was right from the moment Rick had shoved the note into my hand I had not let it out of my grip. Maybe they were right. I would do anything for money after all I was always seen as the easy girl.

I felt a deep sickness inside me as I felt a realization that this was my fault. I had always been known as the bad girl. Always out for what I could get. The only person I had ever let get close was Rhianna. I remember the first time she met my mother Ruth. We was in town and had been out for a few too many. I must have been no older that sixteen.

This was normal for us at weekends. I did like to drink.

As we stumbled out of a bar on Lime Close. I fell into the road on top of this Grey haired woman wearing a deep maroon over coat. It wasn't until Rhianna helped me to my feet that I realized I had just landed on my mother. I had not seen her since the night I had left. I was in a state of shock and horror unable to speak. In that moment I wanted the whole ground to open up and swallow me. Despite their first meeting my mother took a real shine to Rhianna and welcomed her into our family like her own daughter. She had met all of my aunties and uncles she was just part of the family more so than me. I suddenly froze for a second. The Grey haired man from the night before flashed into my mind. I could see his face luring and drooling over me then I noticed his eyes. It made me remember I had seen them somewhere before but where? As I sat there racking my mind searching for that mental picture I knew I had stored away somewhere. I suddenly felt a feeling of pure sickness overcome my body. I had remembered where I had seen those eyes before. I just stared at Gemma laying there cowering in the corner. I knew those eyes from when I was a child. Sudden images of a man walking into my room when I was about four or five flashed before my eyes replaying itself like a video tape on repeat. Sounds of his voice racing round my head

"It's our little secret sweetheart. Come now you only have to touch it" I knew I had seen those eyes before. They were Mike's. Gemma's Dad... Suddenly everything came flooding back the night in the tree house. The visits to my room. Reliving those memories was something I had feared the most.

It was a part of my brain I had switched off. A memory pushed as far back as I could. There where so many memories from my childhood I had tried to forget but I guess some things you can never hide from. I remember holding Gemma waiting for the nightmare to begin and soon it did. Within seconds the room went pitch black once more. This time things were different I expected the bright light to follow in sequence like a strobe light on a timer. I waited but nothing just darkness. No one entered the room. There was no music playing in the club below. Just silence and a very faint odour. Within seconds I felt my body start to shake blood dripping out of my left nostril. My eyes become droopy as I slowly breathe in more of the fumes.

I drastically search the room just in the hope I could feel where it was coming from. As I search along the bottom of the walls I find what feels like a vent. The pressure of flowing air entering the room. As I try and block the vent with my torn clothing I collapse on the floor. My eyes feeling heavy until I eventually pass out from the toxic gas.

I wake in a slight haze to find I was still in complete darkness. The sounds of grunting filled the room. As I tried to find my feet I felt the heaviness of a shackle around my ankle. I look down at my feet to see I had been chained to the vent I had discovered earlier. As I struggled to try and free myself the sounds of grunting became louder followed by Gemma's screams. It had begun.

"Who's there? Leave her alone you bastard I swear I'll kill you for this"

I tugged vigorously at the sold iron chain binding my ankle searching furiously

across the floor for anything that would help me break free. Within the blink of an eye the room once again turned bright distorting my vision. As I try to focus I see Gemma laid in the corner of the room there was a short haired women semi naked pressed on top of her dressed in fetish clothing, violently hitting Gemma's head against the stone floor. I scream in fear as I watch Gemma fight for her last breath her eyes facing me as I struggle to reach her. As the women slowly stands up I noticed a scar across her face as she turned to look at me. I stare deep into her eyes to see nothing but emptiness a sense of pleasure embraced across her face. She continues to stand staring directly at me with only the sound of the door opening drawing her attention. It was Rick

"I'll kill you I'll fucking kill you" Rick just smiled before speaking

"Oh poor Amy don't you think that's getting a little old now, I'll kill you I'll kill you" Rick mocks my words in a childlike manner.

"We both know that's not going to happen Amy but I do have some good news for you. I think I'll bring you another friend as this one didn't last too long"

Rick walks over to Gemma's body and kicks her arm with his foot.

"Oh and before I forget" Rick pauses for a second before turning to the women who's still stood there her eyes transfixed on me.

"You can pay her direct. Let's call it a customer perk"

She slowly bent down towards with what looked like yet another £50 note in her hand. As she leaned in closer I just grabbed her. My hands in a tight grip around her throat squeezing as tight as I could. Slowly watching her turn blue as she struggled to break free. As I watched every bit of life drain out of her I felt a sense of power and control. As I drop her limp body to the ground I turn to face Rick and say to him two simple words

"Your next"

In the few hours that followed all I could vision was Gemma's eyes staring directly at me from across the room. I gripped the chain attached to the vent tugging with every ounce of energy I have left in the hope it would loosen the grill covering it.

After what seemed like hours I finally hear the sounds of the bolts loosening. Exposing a gap between the grill and the wall. As I place my fingers in the gap I see a shadow on the wall I turn around and descended back into darkness as a black hood is placed over my head. I wake to the sound of traffic racing past me.

As I looked through the cracks in the hood covering my face I notice the car approaching an old disused warehouse surrounded by woodland. As the car comes to a stop I see Mike stood in the distance. Images of Gemma once again raced through my mind. As he slowly walked up to the car anger rushed through my veins. He slowly placed his hand through the opened window and removed the hood. I stare blankly into his eyes. My body filled with so much anger that I wanted to explode.

"I always said you were my little princess" There was a cold callous tone to his voice.

"How could you? Your own daughter? I screamed at him as I waited silently for an answer

"But you're my real princess"

I watched as he slowly inserted his hand into his trouser touching himself

"Come princess just like I showed you touch it"

Mike grabbed my hand placing down his trousers slowly rubbing back and forth

"See you do remember" I just smiled at him for a second.

"Yeah I remember, remember this!" and with all my might I pulled as hard as I could forcing him to slam against the car.

"Ah my dick, you fucking bitch my dick"

The more he screamed in pain the more I pulled as hard as I could

"So I'm your little princess yeah?" With one mighty pull my hands where covered in blood as I dropped his dick to the floor.

I watched my Uncle Mike fall to the floor slowly bleeding to death. I quickly opened the door as I climb over Mike rolling on the floor covered in blood a race of excitement rushed over me as I ran to the wood. I had finally escaped I was free.

CHAPTER FOUR

Freedom

Those moments that followed as I raced deeper into the entwining woodland that surrounded me gave me strength. I held on to the hope that my nightmare was finally over.

As I raced through the thorn bushes and nettles my legs and arms been ripped apart in the process I enter a clearing in the woods.

I remember the smell of fresh woodland flowers that filled the air. Sunlight beaming on the freshly cut grass creating a carpet of warmth beneath my feet.

I walk leisurely across the lawn soaking up every ounce of tranquillity that surrounded me. As I took in a deep breath a sense of relief flowed through my body. I had finally broken from the nightmare.

I close my eye blissfully unaware of what was next to come as I open them slowly I am greeted with the face of a small frail women. Her white dog tailed hair blowing in the gentle breeze.

"She's here baby I got her she's here"

The women stood giggling at me as she pointed into my face

"I got you" I stood there for a second wondering who she was talking to surely it wasn't me?

"You sure did momma you sure did"

As I heard that voice I froze to the ground. Rick walked through the woodland onto the clearing. You could see the joy on his face as he slowly approached me holding a Benally M4 shot gun. If there was one thing I knew it was guns my dad was in the army all his life I remember sitting on his knee as a child hearing stories of his time in war. BANG!

The sound of gun shots echo in the air. I instantly jump to the ground frantically panicking.

Rick slowly walks over to me pointing the barrel of the shot gun directly at my head.

"Don't move"

You could hear the anger in his voice a darkness filled his eyes as the evil that flowed through him filled his body.

I was laid on the fucking floor fearing for my life where would I go?

It wasn't long before I found myself once again back into darkness and been dragged by my hair across the ground.

I lay still choosing not to fight I guess I just didn't have the strength.

I expected to find myself waking in a slight daze back at the club but this time

it was different. The smell of wood burning filled the room. There were sounds of footsteps creaking the floorboards below them. I could feel a cold breeze blowing onto the back of neck.

I wait for a blow around my head but nothing came. Apart of me wished that someone would strike me, kick me, anything but still nothing.

As I gently open my eyes the glow from the fire blinds me as I focus on the room.

Then like a speed of a bullet I felt a hard slap across my face throwing my head back. I finally grab my focus as I feel the tight grip from Rick's firm hands around my throat.

It made me think of a few days before when I had wished for anything just to have his hands touch my body. It repulsed me that at this point I was having these thoughts race through my head but I just couldn't help it.

I gaze into Rick's eyes while I gasp for breath hoping that I might get a slight glimpse of someone human behind those clear mesmerizing green eyes.

The more I looked the more sexual my body became I felt sick to my stomach that a part of me enjoyed what was happening.

I found myself pushing my throat deeper into his grasp. Rick suddenly loosened his hand.

"You're enjoying this aren't you?" There was a sense of confusion in his voice as he spoke.

I gasp for breath gulping in air as much as I could as I stare at him before slowly nodding my head.

What was I doing I could not understand how I could be thinking this never mind feeling it but something inside me craved more.

I wanted his hands on me more than anything. There was something telling me what I was thinking was not right, but the more I knew I should not be enjoying what was happening to me the more it seemed to turn me on.

Things changed in that moment I went from feeling scared and angry to feeling this rush of sexual energy racing over my body.

CHAPTER FIVE

Turning Point

It was then my life changed I went from been a scared abused woman and became a sexual animal wanting and craving more.

Sick thoughts raced through my mind. Visions of Rick ripping at my clothes and beating my head against the wall as he fucked me hard.

Something had changed in me, I was not sure what but I soon found myself liking it. I lay there pushing my throat deeper into Rick's hands as he slowly bent down and whispers in my ear.

"I have you now, just where I wanted you"

Rick was right he did have me. What glimpse of the Amy that was before no longer existed. That struggle to fight had gone like a distant memory.

"We all have secrets we hide Amy. Pleasures we choose not to disclose to the world. Secrets we like to keep hidden"

As I stare deep into Ricks eyes repeating those words in my head he was right we did all have secrets. I could never tell anyone that I wanted to feel abused that I had started to enjoy what was happening to me.

As Rick released his hands from around my throat and slowly stood up hovering tall above me. All I could feel was a sense of disgust. A hatred for myself I had never felt before.

I lay there staring into emptiness. Waiting thriving on when my next encounter with Rick would be like. I was stuck in a trap. Blinded by sexual obsession. Then like a switch I flipped back to who I was before. Flashbacks of who I was reminded me of the previous days before. Sexual obsession soon turned to anger.

I sit up and stare at the door across the room waiting... It was not long before the door opened. In walked Rick ounces of that smooth charm beamed out of him. He was holding a deep brown paper bag in his left hand. He stops for a second before throwing me the bag

"Work time Amy oh and I brought you a friend. Take more care of this one will you"

He chuckles to himself before giving a little wink. I just stare directly at him anger racing through my body. Images of Gemma's loose body lying on the ground flickered in my mind. I was not going to let Rick see it hurt me. I looked into the paper bag to find deep red lingerie with small black bows embroidered

onto the seams. I just looked up at Rick and gave him a smile.
"So is this for your pleasure or theirs?"

I pointed up to the small camera in the corner of the room. I had noticed I was been filmed a few moments before. Rick just laughed at me

"I own you Amy I get my pleasure with you when I want and we all know you like it rough you proved that earlier. Don't worry remember we all have our secrets"

Rick was right I had enjoyed it I didn't want to think about that now all I wanted to do was kill him who was he to say he own me.

"But in answer to your question my dear both some people just like to watch. Bring her in"

Rick called out to the small bald headed man that had appeared in the doorway. He lead in a tall slender women she had jet black hair. Her skin pale. She looked barely alive.

"My gift to you Amy meet Jasmine. You have been with me for a while now haven't you Jasmine"

Rick grabs a hold of her face so she looks directly at him.

"Still she never really took to it well unlike you Amy."

Rick turned to look directly at me.

"You have been here a few days and already you like it. Then I did say it was the perfect job for you. Maybe you can help this one. Show her you can enjoy your work"

Rick pushes the frail girl in my direction as she falls to ground gripping me in panic.

"Just remember take care of this one. Gemma never did last long"

There was a sense of Joy in his tone as Rick just smiled and left the room. In those few hours that followed I sat there trying to get Ricks words out of my head

"Gemma never lasted long did she?"

His voice swirling around like a tornado ripping through my mind.

As I stare over to Jasmine sat curled in the corner. I see a broken women no fight left in her any more just an empty shell of nothing.

The more I look at her the more it gave me the strength to fight on. I was going to get out of here I just had to get Rick to trust me.

I stand up and take the lace underwear from the brown paper bag I had been given before. Making sure I was in full view of the camera I slowly place the deep red bra covering only part of my breast.

I stare deeply into the camera all I could think of was how I would kill all you bastards watching one by one. As I still stood there staring into the camera I notice the wire leading down into a small vent below it.

I turn quickly to look at Jasmine still laid there broken. I walk over to the vent just moving out of the cameras view as I pull at the grid slightly loosening it.

I stopped for a second in the hope that no one had heard me. I squeeze myself into the vent all that raced through my mind was that this time I was going to be free.

The thought of escaping from the nightmare I had been thrown into powered me on. But there was one thing I needed to do and that was kill Rick I had to stop him from ever doing this to anyone else again.

As I struggle my way through the vent I hear the noise from the door creak behind me.

"Where is she? Fuck where the fuck is she bitch" I hear Jasmine scream out "I don't know please I don't know" You could hear the sobs behind her voice as she spoke

"Find her for fuck sake find her"

I could hear Ricks voice growing louder. I freeze for a second if Rick found me I would be pushed back into that nightmare. I push further through the vent till I reach an opening overlooking what looks like a security room. Monitors with video links to different rooms across the building. I push the grate at the other end of the vent and lower myself onto the table below it. As I look at the monitors around the room I notice Rhianna on one of the screens. I felt a sense of satisfaction race over my body.

It was Rhianna who had done this to me. The more I watched her tugging at the chains that bound her to the wall. I felt a sense of release. If there was one good thing to come out of this is that bitch was paying. Paying for what she did to Gemma to me.

I turn away and head quickly towards the door as I slowly creep out of the room I search for anything I can use as a weapon. I see an axe on the wall encased in a glass cabinet. Open in case of emergency. Some crazed nutter has kept me trapped for three days I think that consists of an emergency.

As I break the glass with my bare fists I feel a sharp pain as blood poured from my hands.

"Fuck" I said to myself fighting back tears.

I had not cried yet I was not going to let a shard of glass make me. As I make my way down the bright lit hallway lined with rooms either side. I could hear the screams of other women trapped in the rooms around me. I wanted to help but I just couldn't I knew there would be no point.

As I continue to search for an exit the screams from the women grew louder around me. I stopped for a second I had to help them. Every part of me was telling me to race to find an exit but I just froze. I had to try as I turned around I raced into the room to my left. I thought to myself if I could just save one person I wouldn't feel like I just left them there. Never knowing if they would get out alive.

As I slam the door behind me I find a little girl crying in the corner. She must have been no more than seven. Her pink dress with small flowers imprinted on

it was torn and covered in blood. I stood there in shock for a moment I could not believe what I was seeing. I had never expected to find a child I guess it just blew the wind out of me. Everything changed in that moment I no longer just had me to fight for whatever strength I had left now I had to make sure it was enough for the both of us.

"It's ok. You're going to be ok"

I bend down towards her with my arms reached out.

"You're going to be ok. What's your name baby? Can you tell me your name?"

The little girl slowly removes her hands from her mouth and wipes her eyes.

"My. My name is Sofia"

"It's ok Sofia my name is Amy. You're safe now baby you're safe now"

I wrap my arms around her to comfort her as she begins to sob once more. All I had to do now was find a way out of here the sound from the screams still echoed in the background.

"Sofia can you move baby I need you to come with me" I grab a hold of Sofia's hand and head toward the doorway. As I open the door I hear the sound of footsteps coming up the hallway. I turn to Sofia

"Stay here don't make a sound"

"No please don't leave me" Sofia starts to grip at my arm in a panic. "Don't worry I promise I'll come get you"

As I creep out the door I notice the small bald headed guy I had seen earlier. I hid in a small gap in the wall with the axe waiting. As the footsteps grew closer I jumped out and took a big mighty swing while closing my eyes I didn't mind killing him I just didn't want to see it.

All I hear is an almighty crack as blood sprays across the walls. I had a direct hit I stare down at the man's loose body on the floor his head rolling down the hallway creating a trail of blood behind it.

I race back into the room to get Sofia I had to save her. As I entered the room I expected to find her waiting but she was gone. There was no blood nothing it was like all trace of her had vanished as if she was never there to begin with.

Where had she gone? I raced back to the door to see if she was heading down the hallway. Maybe she just slipped out behind me saw what happened and got scared. I found myself running deeper into the building once more searching under every cove and in every room. "Sofia"

I tried to call out as loud as I could. The more I wandered deep into the building the more I thought to myself I had made a bad decision and probably one of the worst ones I had ever made.

As I continue to walk down the hallway I find myself faced with no exit other than the door that stands in front of me. I had searched everywhere and no signs of Sofia. I slowly open the door as I enter into a dark lit warehouse there were documents stuffed in boxes on the tall shelving that lined the centre of the room.

I close the door slowly behind me in a hope that no one would hear. As I head deeper into the warehouse I turn around quickly every few seconds just to check that I was not being followed.

"Sofia are you in here? Come out its ok"

I wait to see if I could hear her call back out to me but there was nothing. The further I headed into the warehouse I scoured the room to see if I could find an exit. I hear the sound of footsteps shuffling behind me.

Quickly I hide behind the shelving hoping that no one had seen me. As I stare from behind the boxes as I watch a slim framed woman walking through the warehouse before stopping for a second. She turns to look through one of the boxes. She is wearing a deep blue pin striped suit as I stare more at her I notice she has G.D.S wrote on her collar. Memories raced through my head I knew I had seen that symbol before.

The man at the club he had it wrote on his pocket. I continued to watch as she finally found what she was looking for and headed back out the room. There had to be something in these boxes that could explain what it meant maybe it could give me the answer of why I was here and who was behind this.

I searched frantically through the boxes hoping that something would give me the answer I needed. I searched through what felt like a thousand boxes and still nothing. No trace of G.S.D or if they even existed.

I had started to give up hope when I came across a document with headed paper that read. Guaranteed Sexual Discretion. As I read down the document it revealed payment for services taken. I could not believe what I was reading. I took a close look at the signature at the bottom and felt a sense of sickness fill my body as I stare looking at the name Lester Wright. It was my father.

Tears just stream from my eyes I had always stayed strong but seeing my father name on that paper just broke me to know that it was him who had put me here. His own daughter.

I guess it slowly started to makes sense Gemma, Mike. I knew he had to be involved somehow but seeing his name on that paper made everything so real.

The feeling of sickness overtakes me as I curl over and vomit on the floor. I take a deep breath in trying to calm myself that last thing I needed was to panic. I still needed to find a way out of here. I grip the document tight in my hand and race frantically through the warehouse searching for an exit. Suddenly I'm struck in the face I try to grasp my vision as I fall backwards onto ground.

I look up to see Rick staring at me.

"Now what have I told you about trying to escape. I own you remember. I see you know that already"

Rick bends down and pulls the document from my hand.

"See here"

He points to the tiny writing at the bottom of the page.

"It's always in the small print"

Rick just laughs too himself as he thrusts the document into my face. He was right it was there in black and white I had been sold to him. "Fuck you no one owns me"

I push the paper away from my face as I slowly stand to my feet.

"You want to fight do you Amy?"

Rick looks directly at me I just stand there. So much anger racing through my body that I cannot move.

"I thought not" Rick grabs a hold of my arm and pulls me towards him.

"Daddy wants to see you"

I was lead out through the warehouse into a small office at the far end of the building all I could think of was my father's name at the bottom of the document and how he was responsible for all this. After waiting for what seemed like hours guarded by Rick I hear footsteps approaching the office.

Rick just turned to me and said

"Daddy's here"

Moments later my farther appeared at the door. He was wearing a blood stained apron like the ones you would find in an old slaughter house. His wispy White hair seeped from under his worn out flat cap.

"Amy darling how nice to see you" he said in a patronizing voice.

"Fuck you how could you do this. What is this place?"

I throw my arms out at him in the hope to strike him when I feel an almighty slap around my face.

"Calm down Amy I never brought you here you did that on your own."

What was he talking about I never want to come here. I was thrown into this without a choice.

"Remember Amy we all have secrets I guess this place is one of mine"

He moved his hand through the air as to show me all he had achieved. "This is my world. I set this place up not long after you was born. I saw the demand for people's sexual pleasure things you just wouldn't normally do."

"You bastard how could you" I screamed at him

"How could I what Amy? Provide a service?" He snarled at me while looking me up and down.

"You won't get away with this" My father just paused for a second before walking over to whisper in my ear.

"I already have Amy. I have some of the most wealthy people in the world pay me to provide them with a service. So I have got away with it and will continue to do so"

"Who's is there to stop me? You?"

I felt a deep rage racing through my body all the love I ever had for him was dead like an empty shell of nothingness. He was right I had no idea how I was going to stop him I had not even managed to escape and all hope of that was gone.

"Where's Sofia you bastard she's just a child"

There was a slight pause for a second then Sofia walked into the room.

"Ah Sofia there you are. I see you and my daughter have met."

Sofia slowly raised her head I could tell she was trying to not look into his eyes she's was like a frail little girl.

"Sofia has been with us since she was born. I found a market for children

they make excellent play things"

Sickness just raced through my body I was not sure if it was adrenaline or fear but I somehow managed to race towards him throwing Rick to the ground in the process.

As I grasp a hold of my father's head I slam it down onto the desk. Repeating until blood splatter across the ground leaving him loose and limp. I grabbed a hold of Sofia's hand and pulled her towards me.

"Come on where going. You're safe now I promise I'll never let him hurt you again."

As I raced back through the warehouse searching for the exit visions of my father's head bouncing of the table flashed before my eyes. What had I done?

CHAPTER SIX

It's Over

I remember the moment I first saw day light the sun was low in the sky it must have been no later than four in the afternoon. The smell of fresh woodland flowers filled the air once more. As I step out onto stone driveway leading into the woodland. I hold Sofia tight in my arm as tears stream down my face

"We're free Sofia, were finally free"

I look down to Sofia's bruised bloody face. Her eyes puffy from the tears. The nightmare was finally over as I walked down the stone paved driveway I breathe a sigh of release they couldn't hurt us anymore. As I head further into the woodland in search for any form of life I'm once again greeted by a hard hit around the head knocking me unconscious. As I come round I scream in fear to see Rick stood above me. Blood pouring down his face. I thought I had managed to escape the nightmare. I search frantically to see if I could find Sofia but no joy.

"Where is Sofia you bastard where is she?"

Rick just look directly at me

"She's my daughter no one escapes from me not you and defiantly not her"

"You sick bastard you sick twisted bast"

Before I even managed to get my words out I felt another hard slap across my face.

"I fucking own you remember you stupid bitch your mine"

I slowly begin to stand to my feet while holding the side of my face

"You won't get away with this ill make sure of it. I killed my father I'll kill you next"

Anger flowed through my body as I stood there shaking with pure adrenaline.

I turn to see Sofia stood hiding behind a tree in the distance I had to save her from this life she was so used to. No one should ever have to go through this never mind a child.

"Sofia come here now"

Rick turned to face Sofia who was stood sobbing. It was then I took my chance I ran directly towards Rick pushing him to the ground myself falling in the process.

"You're not going anywhere" Rick screamed at me.

I notice a large rock on the ground in front of me I take it in my hand and strike Rick over the head not stopping until blood leaked out onto the floor.

"Fuck you. You bastard fuck you"

I scream out in anger as tears flow down my face.

After what seemed a few minutes I drop the rock onto the floor and lay there sobbing uncontrollably.

I close my eyes for a brief moment before remembering Sofia was still stood hiding behind the tree in the distance the sound of her screams filled the air.

I finally console myself and struggle to get to my feet before walking over to Sofia and wrapping my arms around her.

"Shah it's ok he cannot hurt you anymore"

I take a hold of Sofia's hand and head deeper into the woodland before coming across a road Standing there freezing in my blood stained clothes I wait. Wait for someone to find us.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Letters

Six Months Later

I still stay awake at night thinking of Rick. His bloody body laid there on the floor. Not knowing if he was alive or dead always left a bitter taste in my mouth and a strange feeling in the pit of my stomach. I still wondered what happened to Sofia hoping that her young fragile mind had blocked out all the torment she had been put through. I knew it would be something that would scar me forever.

I found it hard to trust anyone after the ordeal well until I met James that was. He somehow changed my outlook on life. He gave me the confidence to trust and to love again. Something I would never have thought possible. He somehow helped me move on not forgetting but moving forward helping me shape out the life we now have together. I never fully told James what happened I guess a part of me never wanted to relive it. Seeing Ricks face when I closed my eyes was torment enough. Some nights I would wake screaming thrashing my arms around in the hope to strike anything that crossed my path. These dreams I knew would haunt me forever. I guess I somehow needed closure I was not sure if I was ever going to get it.

I woke once more after a terrible night's sleep sweat dripping down my face. My breathing irregular as I gasp for breath. I jump sharply out of my bed and head to the kitchen.

"Just keep calm Amy it's just a dream your safe" I would repeat this to myself over and over again.

As I made my way through the kitchen I notice a letter propped up on the kitchen side. James must have left it there before work he always was an early riser.

I pick up the letter to notice it had my name scribbled in handwriting on the front. I wondered who it could be from. As I open the letter I notice it had G.S.D wrote on the letter heading. Panic just flooded through my body as I fall onto the floor in a shivering wreck. As I read down the letter I found myself struggling to breathe. It simply read I FOUND YOU. As I look at the name signed at the bottom I freeze in shock it was from Rick.

Tears stream down my face how could this be I was sure he was dead. How

did he find me I had always been so careful not to tell anyone where I was? Crazy thoughts raced through my mind. Maybe this was just some sick joke it had to be right?

I try and pull myself together as I just sit there staring at the name at the bottom of the letter. Suddenly flashbacks of what happened back in the warehouse raced through my mind my heart beating rapidly as I struggle to breathe.

As I scramble to my feet I scrunch the letter up and throw it on the kitchen worktop this had to be some sick joke there was no other explanation for it. I make my way back into the bedroom and sit down on the bed frozen in shock I just sit there in silence watching the clock slowly tick as I wait for time to pass.

I just sit there waiting watching the hours pass by until the moment James comes home. My eyes blood shot from the stale tears that now stained my face.

Suddenly I hear the lock of the door open I jump up and race into the kitchen and throw my arms around James who just stood there in shock.

"Hey baby what's wrong tell me" You could hear the concern in his voice as he comforted me

I pull back from him for a second struggling to get my words out.

" It's Rick James it Rick"

James just stared me straight in the eyes there was a look of horror on his face.

" Ricks dead baby " You could tell by the pitch in his voice he was scared but not as scared as me.

I head over to the worktop and pick up the scrunched up letter I had thrown there this morning and handed it to James. As he slowly unscrewed the letter the colour in his face drained as he stared at the signature at the bottom

" I told you he had found me. I'm scared James" You could hear the panic in my voice as I spoke.

" It's ok baby I won't let anyone hurt you. Remember your safe, ill always protect you. I love you" James words were comforting well if for only a short while anyway.

I had no idea what I was going to do I'm not sure James even knew but for this moment I just stood there and held James tight. I felt safe.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Fight Back

After another restless night sleep the letter was still firmly printed inside my mind. My brain scanning over every letter. The smell of the wet ink still stayed within my nostrils.

Something had to change I was no longer going to let that man ruin my life. I had escaped from his clutches before I could do it again. I get out of bed and head downstairs to be greeted with another hand scribbled envelope resting on the door mat. I open it quickly anger now started to race through me as I tear open the envelope. Once more G.S.D was wrote on the letter heading. As I stare at the letter to see it was from Rick.

"I'm getting closer Amy remember I own you. You can never escape"

I just screwed the letter tight in my hand anger flowing through my body as i start to shake. Who the fuck was he to say he owned me? No one owned me! Suddenly that fight flowed back into my body. That every ounce to survive i had before now controlled me. I screamed out at the top of my voice waking James in the process.

" Fuck this, Fuck you Rick you cannot hurt me'. You cannot hurt me" Tears flowed down my face as i sob uncontrollably. As i lift my head from my hands I look up to see James stood above me.

" What's wrong baby? What wrong?" I throw the letter onto the ground in his direction.

James pick up the letter before swiftly scrunching it in his fist.

" This has to end now Amy we need to go to the police"

" No!" I screamed out at James while thrashing my arms around. I don't think he could understand my answer he just stood there for a second without speaking.

James had never known the full truth and i was not about to tell him now this was something i need to sort myself but how? I knew i had no way of finding him but i had to somehow.

It was in that split second that all the hurt and anger i had inside changed i was now a woman on a mission a woman fighting for revenge.

Something changed in me something i recognized. That fight that kept me alive now lived inside me.

" I need to find him James"

There was anger in my voice as i spoke i think it was in that moment James saw the change in me

"Amy we will find him i promise"

Those next few seconds James just held me i knew i was safe i always was when i was with him.

CHAPTER NINE

Return

The next few days that followed James and I searched everything we could think off to find Rick. The letters where always hand delivered so we had very little to go off. I knew deep down inside the only way to know for sure if it was Rick was dead or not was to go back to Temptress. A place i had blocked from my mind. We set off in the car and headed back towards London if there was one place i knew how to get to was Temptress after all it was not far from where i used to live and it was here i first met Rick. I knew what we was doing was dangerous but what little choice did i have. As we pulled up outside the dingy club off North Street a feeling of sickness filled my stomach i found myself struggling to breathe once more as i sit there staring at the door. It was this entrance that threw me into this living nightmare.

I turn to face James i could see in his eyes that he didn't want to be here i mean after all it was hard for me to be back here and i knew James was finding it hard too.

" Are you sure you want to do this?" James asked

" Yes" i replied

James turned off the car engine and took in a deep breathe before speaking.

"Lets go"

We slowly walked up to the dingy entrance to Temptress. But as we approached the door there was a sign pinned to it that read OUT OF BUSINESS.

A part of me was glad that Temptress was closed the last thing i wanted was to go back there even if i did need to. We had come to a loose end. I guess coming back to London i thought it would be an end to it all but i was wrong. As we head back home i i turn to face James who had a look of relief on his face. I knew a part of him wanted to run for the hills or so i thought anyway. I Sat in silence most of the journey home just thinking to myself not saying a word. I was no further forward to finding Rick and that was a feeling that did not sit with me well. As we arrived at home there was a women stood at the door with what looked like a clip board in her hand. I felt a shiver run through my body it reminded me of the women back at the club her voice echoing in my head. I felt sick to my stomach it was like the whole ordeal flashed before my eyes. As i walk over to the women who stood there i look closely at what she was wearing in a hope to see something anything that connected her to

G.S.D or Rick.

"Can i help you?" I asked there was a slight tremble in my voice as i spoke.

"Miss Wright i have a letter here for you" her voice was soft and tender as she spoke.

"I don't want it leave me alone please just leave me alone" By this point anger was flowing thought me like a raging bull in a china shop.

"Please Miss Wright this is important you need to read this" There was a firmness in her voice this time as she spoke

I take the letter from her hand this time i notice it had a post mark on it. If it was from Rick this would leave me one step closer to finding him and putting a end to this once and for all. I turn to face James. By this time all the color had drained from my face and my hands were shaking.

"James what if it's Rick?" Tears flowed down my face as i speak.

"Then we will deal with it lets just open it and find out. Would you like me to do it?"

I just nodded my head as James opened the letter.

Suddenly James turned as pale as me inside the letter was a photograph of a little girl chained to the wall. He closed place the picture back in the envelope and turned to me.

" Amy lets go inside"

I just look at him blankly. He looked directly at the woman and thanked her as she slowly start to walk away. As we head inside James passes me the picture without saying a word. I stare at the picture and my heart sunk. It was someone i recognized. The little girl in the picture was Sofia. How could it be i was sure she was safe or i thought or so I had thought anyway.

CHAPTER TEN

Time Catches You

I could not believe what i was seeing how could he have got Sofia. It was it that moment i knew i had to save her i had done it once before i could do it again. Someone had to save her from that monster. How? Now that was another question and something i had not yet found the answer for. The next few hours past so slowly i just sat there staring at James in the hope that he had the answer i was searching for.

There was a blank look on James face i knew in that second he had no idea what we should do. I just sat there staring at the picture of Sofia chained when i realized i knew where he had taken her. I felt a deep sickness in my stomach i knew i would have to return to the warehouse. I looked at James before speaking.

" James we have to help her" There was panic in my voice as i spoke i had never told James about there warehouse. What really happened there. Suddenly i knew my life was going to change once more. funny i guess how time catches you. No matter how much you try to escape.

"We don't know where she is how can we help her? James asked

"I do James there is something i need to tell you" I begin to tell James the truth about what happened. How my father was the one that set G.S.D up and i was pushed into the underworld that he called his kingdom. The more i go on i sit and watch the life drain out of James. I didn't know if what i was saying to him would change how he felt about me. All i knew is i needed his help. Sofia need us to help.

After what seemed like hours i finally finish telling James every last detail i grab a hold of his hand and knell down on the floor before leaning in for a kiss.

" So you understand now why we have to find her. James do you understand?" My voice began to quiver as i spoke.

I wait for a few seconds for James to respond before speaking once more

" James? Please tell me you understand that your with me on this one"

I waited a few seconds more before James spoke.

" I understand! I understand" James began to sob as he spoke. I jump to my feet and wrap my arms around James it had never dawned on me how this would affect him.

"So how do we find her" James asked

I was not sure myself it had been so long and a part of my brain i had shut off. I was not sure if i could remember how to get there. I'm not sure i ever would

but they say you remember what you see and there had to be something about that place i remember. Something trapped inside my brain. Suddenly i remembered something. A large statue at the cross roads that i waited on with Sofia. I tell James about it he always did know directions better than myself. James face lights up as i tell him what i remember.

" I know the place i used to play in those woods as a kid" I just stood there shocked for a moment i could not believe what i was hearing. James knew the place. The clearing in the woods i told him about suddenly made sense. We head out to the car and make our way back towards London. It was the last place on earth i wanted to be and James knew that. Finally he fully understood what happened to me and why saving Sofia was so important.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Journey Back

The drive back towards London seemed to take forever me and James never spoke much. I think James was just trying to fully process what we had spoken about plus he never really did like to talk while driving. For some strange reason he always found it hard to concentrate. Then again he was not the best of drivers but he was better than me. I could barely get it out of first gear that's if i could get the engine to stay on. James had tried teaching me to drive many times.

So much so that he gave up after the tenth lesson. I think he must have thought i was a lost cause i know that i did. I take a deep breath and unwind the window. I had always loved the feel of the wind blowing through my hair it helped clear out the cob webs of thoughts that stayed within my mind. I did love to travel but this journey was one i was dreading. I had still not figured what i was going to do.

I don't think James knew either. We both just sat there thinking and waiting. After what seemed like several hours driving I finally start to recognize my surrounding were where getting close

. My stomach started to tighten. Flash backs of Ricks face played itself out before my eyes. I feel my throat become still and close as i struggle to breathe. Suddenly the car comes to a stop i look up out of the windows to see the statue placed strategically at the cross roads. We were close we was really close. James looks at me. A look of sadness filled his face.

It looked like a part of him was somehow missing. We exit the car and make our way down the small dirt path that lead down the side of the road into the woodland. Suddenly my nose was filled with the smell of fresh woodland flowers.

I grip tight onto James hand and i stop for a second and close my eyes. I knew where we were it was like a map unwrapping in my mind. I open my eyes and just look deep into his i had a strong sickness in the pit of my stomach the warehouse was just through the woodland across the road. I had no idea why we was back here or what we were going to do.

I grab a hold of James arm tight my body shaking in fear as we slowly make our way out onto the the long driveway to the warehouse i had once saved myself from. I stand there for a second still almost in a shock like state. I couldn't go in there i wanted to but i just couldn't. Could I?

"So what do you wanna do? James asked
i wish i knew i just stood there frozen

"Amy what shall we do? James asked once more i was hoping for him to have
all the answers i guess i was wrong.

I turn to face James before slowly asking " What if Ricks in there James i don't
know if i can do this if i can see him again" Tears begin to flow down my face
as i speak.

"It's ok Amy we don't have to do this we can always come back get proper
help like the police" James Said.

"No! i snapped "no police we have to help Sofia i have to help her"

James just shook me slightly

" Calm down ok we will do this" James was right i did need to calm down after
all it was my idea that we came out here in the first place. I didn't mean to be
rude and i think James knew that.

He just took my hand and we slowly walked up to the entrance of the
building. My eyes scanning every area i could in the constant look out for Rick.
As we approach the entrance i notice something looked different. It was if
something had changed i was just not sure what yet.

As we walked in through the door there was no sign of anything i reconised
even the reception desk looked different. I was sure we where in the right
place but it was like there was no existance of G.S .D ever been here. The
lack of security cameras just didn't sit right. I walk over to the reception out of
nowhere appiered a small women from behind the desk.

"Hi welcome to zitech can i help you" Her voice was all perky and somewhat
quite refreshing.

I Just stood there for a second before asking again once more what was
the name she mentioned i didn't quite catch it.

As i stood there while she repeated the name once more i felt a sense of
relief. We were in the wrong place we must have been either that or what
remained of G.S.D was no more.

"James we should go" i turn and thank the women once more and make
my way back out onto the the long drive way that was surrounded by
woodland.

I take in a deep breath and close my eyes for a second. A part of me felt
happy. I had worked myself up so much about coming back here i guess it
was normal for me to feel some sense of relief. I never spoke to James on the
way home it was like the past few hours did not happen.

As we pulled up once more outside the small thatched cottage i now called my
home i just stare blankly out of the window. My mind playing out all the
possibilities of what could have just happened.

What danger i had placed us both in.

CHAPTER TWELVE

I'm Back

The next few days that followed saw myself and James slowly drift apart i guess i knew it was going to happen. James had not said anything to me to make me feel this way but i knew something was wrong. It was as if the closeness between us had vanished. James no longer held me like he used too. Everything was stale and empty.

Maybe it was just my mind playing tricks on me but i was sure there was something wrong. I wanted to ask him if everything was fine between us but i knew whatever answer James gave me i would not be sure if it was the truth. After all how could he still love me after everything surly he couldn't could he?

After another morning of not speaking to each other i finally decided to bite the bullet and find out what was happening. Just as I'm about to sit down there was a sudden knock on the door i look at James who was now sat at the dining table with a bemused look up on his face.

"I'll get that shall i?" There was a sharp tone in my voice as i spoke James just nodded slightly.

"Whats wrong with you we need to sort this James its not going away"

I slam my drink down onto the kitchen side and head over to the front door. James just grunted under his breathe its amazing how quick someones feeling for you can change in a instant i knew telling him the truth about Rick would destroy us i guess a part of me regretted it.

As i open the door I'm suddenly thrown to the ground hitting my head in the process. It must have knocked me out for a second as when i come round all I see is a tall dark haired man hovering above me. I look frantically around the room in a hope to see James. Before i can grasp my vision fully i felt a hard slap across my face. Then i hear a voice that i recognised. "I'm Back i told you i would find you"

I felt a sudden chill throughout my body as the voice echoed in my head. It was Rick he was right he had found me.

I stand there in fear not knowing if i was soon to be thrown back into the nightmare that i had once escaped. I turn to face James who was now tied up in the corner. A knife pressed against his throat.

I scream out hoping anyone would hear me but no one came. I found myself wondering how i was going to escape this or if i even had the strength.

As i sit there looking merciful up at Ricks eyes my heart pounding waiting from his next move. I begged Rick to let James go after all it was me that he wanted.

Rick just smiled at me before slowly turning to the bald headed man in a snug fitted jet black suit that had the knife pressed against James throat.

“Do it” There was a firmness in his voice as he spoke. Within once long cut i watched as he dragged the blade along James throat. Blood drained from his neck as i sat there listening to him struggling to breathe as he slowly drowned in his own blood. I just sit there sobbing James was my life and this wanker had took him away from me.

A few moments later i was thrown into complete darkness as a hood was placed over my head. It was like i was stuck in a reoccurring nightmare.

Suddenly i felt a hard knock on my head causing me to loose conciseness. The next few hour after that are a sort of a blur all i knew is that i now once again found myself locked in a darkened out room. No way of escape all i could do it just sit there and wait.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Like Old Times

I sit there in the the darkness waiting for a flow of men to come in and rape me once more. But nothing happens this time something was different. Something i just could not put my finger on. It was the fear of not knowing that bothered me the most. I guess a part of me had prepared for the abuse. But to not know when it was going to come that was a demon i was fighting with. I sit there shaking in the corner scared and alone replaying James death over and over again in my mind.

The next few hours seemed to drag it felt like i had been locked in this room for weeks. I needed to drink and i was not sure when the next time would be. I frantically search the room in the hope to find any form of moisture that would ease my dry lips. After what seemed to be a few minutes I find a water pipe in the far corner of the room. I place my lips around the pipe sucking in the small water droplets that had formed along the pipe.

. Gasping for water i run my tongue up and down the pipe sealing in every bit of moisture in now provided me. After what felt like several hours i finally managed to suck in enough moisture to calm my thirst well for now anyway. I knew that somehow i need to get out of this room but how? All i could do was sit and wait. Wait to live or wait to die that was no longer my decision. A Few hours later i wake shaking in the corner of the room i must have drifted off for a second. Sounds of footsteps grew closer. Followed by the sound of muffled voices. I listen closely hoping i could hear a voice i recognised. Any voice would do just something to help me understand where i was now trapped. I knew we was no longer in the warehouse how could we be i only went searching there days earlier. The muffled voices became clearer as they they approached the room. I sit in silence listening when i make out a woman voice her tone was something i had heard before. As i sit there shaking the door flung open and in walked an old frail woman. I squint my eyes to try and focus on the person that now walked towards me. I Finally manage to focus when i realise it was the old woman from the clearing in the woods. It was Ricks mother. I was speechless at how old she now looked. The past six months had not been kind to her at all. Her face was so sunk in it was like seeing a skeleton with just the skin on. There was nothing to her. I jump to my feet as she come closer holding what looked like a small bottle of water. My mouth was gasping. The

only form of moisture i had got was the small droplet of water that had formed along the pipes that covered the room. I reach out my hand before slowly speaking.

"Please i'm gasping. Please just let me drink" My mouth had become as dry as sandpaper by this point and you could tell in the slight crackle in voice.

The woman just looked at me before throwing the bottle onto the floor. I scramble to the bottle pull of the cap and guzzle as much liquid as i possible could. After all i was not sure when the next time i would be able to drink. The woman just exited the room slamming the door behind her plunging me back into darkness once more. My eyes adjusted to the darkness a lot quicker now i guess they were used to the dark now. I sit there cold shivering rubbing my hands across my skin just to create warmth. Being locked away no longer bothered me but it was the anticipation of what would happen next. That was something i don't think anyone could prepare for.

Hours pass as i wait for the sign of life coming from beyond the door but yet all i had was silence. The sound of my breath grew louder as i struggled to breathe gasping in air like i was in short supply. I suddenly hear the creak in the door as it slowly swing open. I look up to see who was there to only find nothing. I climb to my feet and slowly make my way over to the door. The tension building rapidly within my body as i grew closer to the exit. I stop for a second looking all around me to see no one there as i make my way out of the door. i walk into a long corridor the light flickering creating a eerie shadow over everything there was a strong smell of rotten meat filling the air.

I slowly creep up the hall way trying to hold my breath the stench had start to make me feel sick. Then i never was good with foul smells. As i make my way down the corridor it grew darker as more of the lights that once flickered had now gone out . I slowly start to walk faster increasing my speed with every step. before i knew it i was running. Running through the darkness and to my freedom. I started to feel more positive with every step . It never crossed my mind who had opened the door in fact a part of me did not even care i just knew i was free again with for this moment anyway and that was good enough for me.

As i reach the end of the corridor the lights had once more come back on. I found myself at a dead end other than two doors one on the left and one on the right.

I stop for a second before choosing after all i was now stuck with a fifty fifty decision on what the outcome would be and i was not sure what could be behind either. Could one possibly take me to freedom and the other to another section of this twisted game i now found myself in or is this just the decision or what part of the game i want to play. After all Rick was good at games he thrived off them.

I close my eyes and slowly reached out to the door that was now in front of me as i turn the knob of the door my heart skips a beat as nervousness now consumed my body.

I open my eyes to be greeted by bright sunlight blinding me through the trees as i take in a deep breathe i had a sense of relief rush through me i had escaped once more that was what all that raced through my mind.

I make my way out into the court yard eagerly looking around for signs of any one. Even looking at the building to see if i was been watched. I walk brisk-fully across the gravelled court yard and make my way out into the woodland opposite. As i walk fast i suddenly feel a sharp pain in my my back followed by a gun shot. I place my hand to my back to discover blood in that second i fall to the ground in pain trying not to scream as i lay there helpless and alone. I close my eyes for a second as i black out from the pain. When i wake i found myself chained to what looked like a old victorian hospital bed. Both my feet and arms handcuffed the the metal rails restricting my ability to move. I squint my eyes to focus under the bright light that shined above me. I slowly make out the face of a women in a nursing uniform hovering beside my bed with what looked like a large needle in her hand. The women turns to face me before slowly speaking.

" Hi Amy this will only hurt of a minute. Now your going to feel a sharp scratch then you should find it eases your pain" I try with all my might to break from the handcuff to no avail. Thrashing my body up and down on the bed. The women places her right hand firmly down on my arm as she slowly pushes the needle deep into my veins. I scream out in pain what the fuck was she she doing to me. I felt a cold rush flow up my arm as my eyes become heavy as the pain slowly fades away. Why did they not just let me die and end my suffering but "Rick had other ideas. He needed me alive why i was not sure. When i wake once more i found myself surrounded by what looked like doctors in a old hospital theatre room. I thrash my body backwards and forwards to discover i was still chained to the hospital bed. As i glance around the brightly lit room i notice old Victorian operating tools hanging on the stone worn out walls.

" What do you want from me? What do you fucking want?" There was a silence before the sounds of laughter filled the air.

" What are you laughing at? What the fuck are you laughing at? Please somebody help me" I knew no one was listening. That i was not going to find the answers i needed. I was helpless all i could do was lay there and wait for what happens next. I feel a sharp pain in my side as i'm slowly cut open exposing my insides i grip my teeth hard the pain was so intense i questioned if i would make through it. I could feel every movement as the doctor reached deep inside me creating a swirling motion that made me want to vomit. As i lay there helpless my life flashed before my eyes. All i wanted to do was lay there and die.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Time To Live

As i slowly open my eyes the bright light above me blinded my vision. I look down to the seeping gash that now spread across the bottom of my stomach. I try to move but the pain was so unbearable that i found myself stuck in a laid position.

As i stare at the cut seeping with blood panic starts to set in. What had they done to me. The last thing i remember was the doctor cutting me open. The rest is quite a blur in fact the past few days had been a blur. I knew i had been out for days as i had noticed a calendar hanging on the wall a few seconds earlier.

I push my hands down hard on the bed in aid help push myself up. The pain was so intense it caused me to scream out in pain as i moved. As i struggle to to get myself out of bed i look down at my wounds which where now seeping through the bandages. I feel my head go dizzy as i fall onto the ground I was not going anywhere. A part of myself gave up all hope in that instance as i slowly once again climb to my feet. Resting myself against the bed as i did so. The pain had become so strong that i cried out to anyone that would hear me.

A few moment later a pail looking woman in a crisp white nursing uniform entered the room. As she slowly walked over to me all the colour in my face drained i was terrified of needles and she was holding a rather big one. I had been scared since the visit to the doctors when i was a child. I must have been only eight or so. My mother had took me there as a precaution. There was a out break of measles in school and my mother was determined i was not going to catch them. In fact if there was any illness my mother could prevent me from having i was straight to the doctors. I remember at one point i must have been attending the doctors at least once a week. I know now that this was strange but when i was a child it had become part of my routine. As the nurse placed on her latex gloves she smiled at me for a moment before speaking.

" This will only hurt for a second ok it will ease your pain" Now where had i heard that before? At this point i seamed to fail to care that i was just about to have a injection after all i wanted was for the pain to stop. The nurse grabbed a hold of my arm still all i could do was watch the steal of the needle push deeper beneath the surface of my skin. I grip my teeth as pain rushed through

the length of my body causing me to jolt back ripping the needle from my arm as i did so. As i lay there the drugs slowly start to take over leaving me with a strong feeling of sickness with me. I suddenly feel like i'm floating. Like all my cares in the world where slowly disappearing. I was not sure what drug they had given me but it was working for a second i felt normal. Forgetting that i was trapped in a sick twisted game. A game i had no idea how i was going to get myself out of but all i needed to do now was some how find the strength to survive but first i had to rest. The next few days i slowly found myself getting stronger i could move better now and i even managed to go to the bathroom.

Never have i been more embarrassed in my life than having to be helped to go to the bathroom. I had not seen Rick since i had been in the hospital in fact i had not asked about him at all. I guess a part of me was dreaming that this was the end but I think I knew deep inside that was not the case.

The more i thought about Rick the more i wanted to know what was going to happen next after all he had put me here. It was down to him that i was laying in this hospital bed still nursing the wounds that now spread across my body. If there was one thing that bothered me the most was the silence someone left to there own thought can become a evil weapon in disguise.

When all you left with is thoughts racing around in your head. You find different solutions but i had yet to think of one that would help me get out of this mess. As i lay there looking at the plain white tiling on the ceiling something i must have counted endless times in the past few days i hear the sound of footsteps approaching behind the curtain. My heart skips a beat as i lay there and wait in anticipation. Moments later the curtain pulled back. I'm greeted by a rather larger woman stood beside me. Her hair was a matted and looked like it had not been brushed in days. As she spoke in a soft voice i notice the yellowing or her teeth it was quite off putting to be honest and something i found all i could focus on.

" Rick's waiting for you are you feeling better?" I wanted to scream out at her what did she mean feeling better i was fine before that sick twisted bastard put me here. I still asked myself why me. Even after finding out my father was the ring leader of this twisted game i thought it would have ended with his death how wrong was i. I guess this was my life now. To become Rick's twisted play thing all i craved was freedom. Something that was so far out of my grip i never knew if i was to see it again.

This was my life now and only i could change it. Only i could break away from Rick clasp i just needed to figure out how. As i stare deep into the woman's eyes i slowly open my mouth to speak.

"Tell Rick fuck himself i'm no longer going to be his toy and once i get out of this b" The woman speaks stopping me in mid flow.

" Just get yourself ready you stupid bitch you think i care your here? I just follow orders like everyone else around here it my advice to you that you start doing the same" the woman slams her hands down onto the cabinet that stood beside my bed with such force it made the glass of water that once rested upon it tumble to the ground.

" Now look what you have made me do you stupid bitch" The woman screamed out at me while slapping me hard across the face. I just stare at her as anger raced through my body. If only i had the strength to to strike out i would choke every ounce of breath out of her. I could picture the life slowly draining out of her as I gripped tighter. Squeezing her throat until I hear he neck crack then watch as her loose body falls to the ground. One day I would get my revenge maybe not today but soon I was sure of it.

Over the next few days I grew stronger with every minute. Soon I was able to move fully on my own savouring my strength as each day passed. I saw very little of the nursing staff that ran this so called hospital if you could call it that. It looked like none had used this place for years. The paint was peeling from the walls making the place look old and tattered. There was a slight eeriness that speed throughout the building. As I lay there I wonder what horror lay beyond the door at the end of the ward. At night all I had to comfort myself was the screams that echoed throughout building. I was not the only one trapped here that I was sure of. As I lay there gathering all my strength I had decided tomorrow was the day I was taking my life back. Even if it did mean I had to die in the process.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Escape

The next morning came round soon and I had not managed to sleep much I was busy planning how I was going to get out of this place. I knew I need to find a way out to help the others Rick had trapped here but I was not sure yet fully what my plan was. As I sit up in my bed I look around to see if anyone is coming sunlight it beaming through the small window that lay to the bottom of the room casting a shadow over my bed. I take in a deep breath and climb to my feet as I slowly make my way over to the door at the end of the room. I creep round always looking to see if anyone was following me. As I make my way down the dimly lit corridors. The sense of eeriness flows over your body it was like walking through something out of horror film I felt like my whole life was like some big horror film. Played out to entertain the twisted. The further I make my way through the enticing corridors the sounds of screams slowly start to fill the air. Growing closer with every step that I take. My heart pounding so much it tightens the back of my throat making it difficult to breathe. I make my way through the large heavy door that stood before me to be greeted with a hallway with adjacent rooms off it. I make my way slowly down the hallway I grab at each door knob slowly moving it slightly to see if the door would open after a few attempts I finally come across one that opens I make my way into the room slowly peaking behind the door to see if I see anyone inside. As I make my way into the room I'm suddenly pushed from behind causing me to fall to the floor. I look up to see Rick stood over me. How the hell did he get there I had not heard him approach behind me. He was so silent. I stare deep into his eyes not saying a word as he slowly bent down towards me.

" I told you I owned you" Rick had a smirk look on his face as he spoke to me I just spit into his face before feeling a hard slap across my face. I just stare at Rick as he removes my saliva from his face.

" Oh that's just going to make this oh so much more fun" Rick grabs at my clothing dragging me across the floor as I kick out screaming at him. I had no idea what I was going to do but I had to think fast. I managed to break myself free before scrambling to my feet. I head to the door but it suddenly slams before me. I was trapped.

" So Amy where are you going to go now looks like you're stuck with me" Rick chuckles to himself as he speaks. He was right though I was not sure where I was going to go or if I would ever get out of this room.

"I have a proposition for you Amy something you should consider very carefully" Rick looked directly at me as he spoke.

He still stood holding a brown paper bag. I had wondered what was it in it I guess I was soon to find out. I stood there for a second thinking. What proposition could he possibly have to ask me or one that I would even agree to.

I stand there for a few more seconds before simply answering.

"Go on"

Rick went on to tell me how he needed me or more that if I wanted to live I would do what he wanted. What choice did I have but maybe I could use this to my advantage. It was something I would have to think about.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Bad Decisions

The next few moments were crucial whatever my answer was going to be would change my life forever and Rick knew this as he just stood there staring at me with a smirk across his face.

“ So Amy what's it going to be? Die here alone or stand in your father's footsteps and take the reins. You have proved your willingness to survive after all this is not the first time you have found yourself trapped alone in a room with myself. With no one to save you what's it going to be?” Rick's voice seemed to soften as he spoke.

“ What choice do I have?” I ask

“Well that's up to you Amy is your desire to live stronger than your desire to die only you can answer that.” Rick was right it was my decision and I knew what choice I had to make and so did he.

There was one thing Rick didn't know and that was I still planned to put a stop to this. To end his life like I did my own father's but that was a plan I was not going to let on. I just nodded my head before speaking.

“ So what is it you want me to do? I asked

“ All in good time Amy. All in good time now put this on and clean yourself up” Rick reached into the brown paper bag he had been holding in his hand the whole time we had been speaking and pulled out a blue shirt with G.S.D. written on the left pocket.

“ This will do for now we will get you some more appropriate clothes later” I take the shirt from Rick's hand and place it over my head it was just long enough to cover my crotch area without you seeing my bare skin exposed.

“ Come this way” Rick opened the door that stood directly behind him and led me back down the dimly lit hallway and past the ward that I once found myself on. As we continue to head down the hallway we make our way into the room that stood on the far left of the hall. It reminded me of my first encounter with Rick at Temptress. The layout of the building was very similar well in a way that the hallways were dimly lit leading off to several rooms either side. As we walk into what looks like Rick's office I remember the feeling I once had when I first met Rick. Before I was thrown into this nightmare that I now called my life.

“ Please take a seat Drink?” His words echoed in my head as he spoke it was like déjà vu as I listen to him mutter the same words as the first time we

spoke. But this time things were different it was no more a welcoming voice but something I had now become scared of. I slowly make my way over to the chair that stood in the corner of the room my heart pounding with fear. What if this was just another part of Rick's twisted power trip.

I guess all I could do was sit there and wait to find out.

"So Amy as you know G.S.D was set up by your father but now it's time for you to take over after all you are your father's daughter. You see everything you went through has led up to this one moment. This one decision that will truly test your strength for survival." Rick now paced up and down the room as he spoke.

"So Amy are you ready to master your father's legacy or do I need to leave you back in that room to rot?" This time there was an assertiveness in his voice as he spoke.

"I don't understand what do you mean by take on my father's work?" I asked with a slight confusion in my voice.

"All will be revealed Amy in good time. Now are you in?" Rick stared directly at me while speaking.

Rick knew I was in what choice did I have and if I wanted to ever get out of this alive and make Rick pay I had to play along with him.

"What do you need me to do?" I asked as the worlds came out I felt a sickness in the pit of my stomach what was I doing I must be crazy. Rick then walked over and placed a piece of paper in my hand it had the same letter heading as the ones I saw back in the warehouse.

"Just read this and sign that's all you have to do and you can walk free well sort of anyway"

I quickly read through the piece of paper he had just given me not really taking in the words that was written upon it. All I could think about was my freedom and if signing this paper would gain me that I didn't care about anything else.

I looked up to Rick before slowly speaking. "So do you have a pen?" Rick just looked at me and smiled.

"Of course my dear here you go" Rick bent down and placed the pen down onto my hand slightly stroking it in the process. I take the pen and scribble my name in the box at the bottom then hand the paper over to Rick. What had I done I had this feeling like I had just signed my life over to the devil and Rick was evil that was something I was sure of.

"Good now let's get to work. Come with me please" I stand from my chair and follow Rick out of the room and back into the hallway. The further we walked down the louder the screams became not only women's but children as well. I could not believe what I had done I had now become the main part in the twisted world that surrounded me. Powerless to stop what happened next. I felt empty like every ounce of compassion had drained from my body and it was only going to get worse.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

The Takeover

After signing my life away to Rick I found that I was now in charge of G.S.D even though every part of me hated being involved I knew I had no choice if I wanted to survive. After been ran through briefly what my now duties included I felt every ounce of respect for myself was now broken and fragile. I knew I would be working closely with Rick on a daily basis yet all I felt was anger and hate towards him. But there was one think I had kept to myself. I had no intentions on running G.S.D but I would take it down from the inside after all I had proven myself to Rick that I was strong and determined it was an attribute that Rick liked about me. Now I had the freedom to roam as I please I set out to find Sofia. In them mist of all this nightmare I had totally forgot that the main reason for finding Rick was to save her from the further abuse that she would now face. But first I had to have a plan and that was something I had yet to think of.

As I wandered the building the screams of the other women trapped raced through my mind. I knew there was not a chance I could save everyone and I knew that at some point I would have to kill some of them but that was something I chose not to think about, well not much anyway.

The next few days everything changed rapidly I found that the world I was now involved in was more disturbing than I first imagined. Sofia was not the only child there was several more. As I sit in what had now become my office watching closely at the monitors that spread across the room anger slowly crept throughout my body. I sit there powerless to stop what was happening to these small children. Then something inside me snapped I jumped from my chair and raced out of my office and into the hallway drastically searching for the room where they where trapped. As I make my way down the hallway sweat dripping from my forehead my heart pounding so rapidly i thought it might explode. I follow the sound of the scream I had still not figured out what I had intended to do I just knew deep down inside I had to help. I could not leave them here to suffer the same as I did. As I approach the room to my left the screams grew louder I stop for a second to compose myself I had no idea what I was about to do.I just knew I had to try and help them whoever they were.

I place my hand onto the door handle before slowly entering the room. I hold my breath as I open the door slightly peeking behind the corner in a hope that no one would notice. As I enter the room I creep up to a man that was in mid flow of raping what looked like a young chinese woman. I take the crowbar I had picked up before my search I was not stupid enough to wander anywhere without protection. Raise it high in the air and within one swift movement I lowered the crowbar striking the man of the back of his head causing him to fall to the floor.

I just stand there as I watch yet another life drain out of someone before quickly coming to the woman's aid. I tried everything I could to tell her things would be ok but I don't think she understood english as the more I said it would be ok the more panicked she became. I try putting my arms around her but all she did was push me to the ground and make her way to the exit. Little did she know that she would need my help to get out of this alive I scream out stop but the language barrier had become a problem I guess to her I was talking gibberish but surely she understood some english she was in England after all.

I make my way out of the room and back down the hallway by this point I was too late. Rick was standing at the end of the hall a knife pressed against the woman's throat. All I could do was stand there and watch in horror as he dragged the blade across her neck causing her to fall to the floor placing her hands around throat struggling to stop the bleeding. I think she knew that she was dead as she stared directly at me looking helpless as she struggled to gulp in air.

Rick just stood there smiling as I froze to the spot. Rick started to walk towards me and with every step forward I found myself slowly moving backwards until I'm pressed against the wall behind me. I take in a deep breath as with every step Rick becomes closer until I find him stood directly in front of me. "Now Amy why would you let her free?" As he spoke I could smell the smoke from his cigarettes on his breath. It took me back I had not smoken a cigarette since long before I met James but even now I still craved one from time to time.

"Well?" He asked once more. I didn't know what to say. What could I say? I just choose to say nothing as I stand there staring him deep in his eyes. Suddenly I felt the tight grip of his hand around my throat slowly squeezing tight.

"How did I know not to trust you" Rick smiled as he slowly gained a tighter grip so much so that I struggled to breathe.

Rick was right he knew not to trust me but did he really think I was going to take over G.S.D? If he did he was more stupid than I first thought. Rick loosed his hand from around my neck as I gasp in for air.

“ Follow me you stupid bitch” Rick grabbed ahold of my arm dragging me down the hallway. Why did I think that this was over?

Maybe after all I was the stupid one or thats what I had wanted Rick to belive anyway. There was something Rick didn't know and that was that my plan had just been set in motion and there was something quite satisfying about that.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

One Step Ahead

The next few days saw my plan slowly start to set into motion it would be this plan that would finally break me from the clasps of Rick and G.S.D. I knew I had to take my time. After all I didn't want to let on what I was going to do and the only way this would work is if I kept Rick close. Closer than anyone I had ever kept before. I knew I would always have to keep one step ahead and that was something I had now gotten used to. Little did Rick know that while he showed me the ropes in how to run G.S.D in his absence that I was taking mental notes. It would be these notes that would send G.S.D into kayos but the last thing I wanted was for Rick to know that. So I would bite my tongue whenever he gave me instructions to do things I was not comfortable with just basking in the hope that soon. Not yet but soon I would be free from this mess once and for all. As I sit staring into the monitors that covered my office I close my eyes for a second if to only dream of what my life would have been if I had never moved to London. How different my life could be kept me strong and it was that strength that pushed me to survive. Somewhere deep inside me was this empowering woman just screaming to come out. A few moments later I'm awoken by the sound of a door slamming loudly. I open my eyes and jump to my feet in shock nearly falling over in the process. It was Rick he just stood there for a second staring at me. I was not sure if he knew what to say just a bemused look upon his face. I lower myself back into my chair that sat behind my desk before speaking.

"What do you want Rick? Can you not see I'm busy?" I snapped as I spoke ascertaining the firmness in my voice.

"Don't take that tone with me Amy you don't own G.S.D just yet" Rick's voice became cold as he spoke. I didn't have time for his games today more so I was not in the mood. Then I never was in the mood when it came to Rick and a part of me knew I had to reign it in a little. After all the last thing I wanted was for Rick to become suspicious. I just grit my teeth before slowly speaking again.

"I'm sorry Rick how may I help you?" Now sarcasm was probably not much better but it was all I had.

"Much better. Now you need to get your things and come with me" Rick was assertive as he spoke. I pushed my way from behind my desk and made my way over Rick without saying a word. I knew he always liked it when I did as I was told plus the beaming smile that now spread across his face. Everytime I

saw that smile it made me feel sick to the pit of my stomach the days of ever finding Rick sexually attractive had long gone now all I saw stood in front of me was a monster. One that had ruined my life. A life I was now taking back. Even if it was bit by bit. I look directly at Rick and smile as he ushers me out of the office and into the hallway.

"So how am I needed?" I asked

"You ask too many questions Amy all will be revealed" This time the tone in Rick's voice had changed it became more devious if that was at all possible I just shrugged it off and followed Rick through the winding hallways into what looked like a distribution warehouse. As I stand there for a second overlooking the dimly lit area it would be in this very room that I would discover that whole truth about G.S.D and how big the operation really was.

Upon the surface I had always thought that G.S.D was set up by my sick father. Little did I know the full ins and outs of the situation or how wide spread the company really was. I suddenly start to panic and question if I really could end this nightmare once and for all. Everything I had thought of now didn't matter I knew that I would need a better plan than getting Sofia and escaping and it all started with Rick. If I was ever to put to an end the torture that was caused by the G.S.D I knew I would have to kill Rick and this time I need to make sure I did the job properly.

G.S.D was more far spread than just London it was happening across the world. So many different countries following the lead of my father. I had no idea if I would take them all down but I knew that if I killed Rick it would be a start. The next few days that followed I did my duties that G.S.D required while still revising my plan to escape I knew that all I needed was a simple document to say that I was now taking over G.S.D but that was not even in the picture. My main focus now had to be Rick and how I was going to make him suffer. For him to suffer the same pain and torture he had put me through. What he had put those innocent children through.

As the days past I found myself wondering if I would ever be able to put my plan into effect. My relationship with Rick was the same as always. I guess a part of me held back even though I never meant to. But you have to ask yourself this can you really get close to someone who you hate? Visions of placing an axe into Rick's head filled my mind repeating over and over. I knew that I would have to do something soon to get him onside for him to finally trust me with G.S.D. But what?

As I sit at my desk rummaging through boxes of paper work that relates to G.S.D. I had been searching for anything I could use to find Sofia and I finally came across her name. My heart sunk as I read through the documentation. She had been sold to another branch of G.S.D. The idea of buying and selling people for sexual kicks always left a bitter taste in my mouth. It was something G.S.D had done for years long before I ever found myself trapped in this living nightmare. Anger raced through me as tears streamed down my face. All hope of me saving Sofia was now gone. All I could think of was if I had been a little

quicker I could have saved her. I guess that is something that I would now have to live with. I lean back in my high backed chair and struggle to breath as I sit there just staring at the document that now sat on the centre of my desk. Everything else didn't seam to matter well not in that moment anyway.

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Fitting Pieces

The next day I studied the documents that still scattered my desk. I had read every inch of the paper work about G.S.D and Sofia. My brain soaking up every ounce of information like a sponge. But at least now I knew what I was truly up against.

I had not seen Rick in a few days its seemed as if he had finally began to trust me. Either that or he had some twisted game he was in the mist of playing. I didn't care either way the fact I was alone in my office suited me. I had come to trust the quiet, away from the screams that filled the hallways of this old decrepid building that had become my home.

I sit there for a second just resting my eyes before my brain suddenly kicked into gear.

If I was ever going to get the upper hand I needed to execute my plan and that meant finding Rick . I open my eyes sharply like a owl in the night hunting for prey.

I stand up and walk across the room from behind my desk the sounds of my footsteps creating a slight echo in the air as I walked. I wait for a second before slowly exiting my office slamming the door behind me. The sound of children and women screaming slowly filtered through the air. Mactched with the dim lighting that spun across the building. It was like something out of a horror movie.

As I make my way down the halway the screams grew louder. Each one a different tone of fear. I take in a deep breath and try and block the sounds from my mind.

I head back through the doorway that stood directly at the end of the hallway in a hurry. Escaping the echoing sounds of death that just surrounded me.

I slam the door and take in a deep breath sickness filled me it always did when I heard the screams. I just knew that there was nothing I could do. I just had to sit back and take it all in even if I didnt want to.

I pull myself together and head to the office at the other side of the room if there was one place I would find Rick this would be it.

As I make my way over my heart pounding as I grew closer. I had so much hate for Rick that everytime I saw him my heart would go into overdrive.

Pounding so much it would take my breath away. I stand outside the office door and wait for a second before gently knocking.

I soon hear the sound of scuffling inside from behind the door. I knock once more this time a little louder. Suddenly the door flings open. I stand there thinking for a moment did I really want to go in there? I make my way into the office slowly. Creeping in like a scarred little child my heart beating so fast it felt like it was in my mouth. Panic and fear flowed through my veins like I had taken a dose of heroin a feeling I remember from the old days it was like I was on my most intense drug in the world. A part of me enjoyed the rush. Just soaking up all the euphoria made me feel better like I was lifted somehow. I make my way into the centre of the office to find Rick standing there in his deep back fitted suit. He looked handsome well as handsome as you can be for psychopathic rapist that enjoyed it just a little too much. Flashbacks on when we first met rushed in front of my eyes. Stunning me for a second. It was those devilish good looks that got me enticed in him in the first place. I could no longer picture my life with out Rick been in it he had consumed everything about me. I snap out of whatever slight hold that had now just took over me and cleared my throat.

"Rick I need to speak with you" My voice crackled slightly as I spoke.

Rick just stared directly toward me without speaking there was a slight sense of uneasiness as we both stood there in silence.

" Did you hear me I said I need to speak with you" This time I try to add more firmness to my voice as I spoke. Almost demanding an answer straight away.

" What is it Amy can you not see im busy. Dont you have duties to attend to?" Rick chuckled slightly as he got to the end of his sentence. Rick never did take me seriously I was always a big joke to him.

"We need to talk about my fathers request after all he wanted me to run G.S.D but yet you seem to have all the control" I had no idea what I was saying or where I was going with it but I somehow had managed to grab Ricks attention because this time when he spoke his eyes were firmly fixed on me.

"Amy remember I run G.S.D not you. I fucking own you bitch" Ricks tone in his voice changed as he spoke. Something I had said had rattled him, more so than usual.

" Fuck you Rick what the fuck am I still doing here then you said you need me" This time the frustration in my voice was starting to show.

" Need you are you kidding I dont need any one I'm Rick Tompson I don't need anyone" It was the first time I had hear Rick say his full name then something clicked inside my brain. Rick Tompson now where had I seen that name before? Flashes of the paper work I had been reading through appeared before my eyes and then the penny dropped.

Rick Tompson was the name of a young boy infact the first one to ever be sold within G.S.D. I had never known that Rick had once faced the abuse that would now become his lifes work. I made my excuses and left there was no point in trying to talk to Rick in this mood. I would have to think of something

else but what? I make my way back to my office if it was true about Rick I had to make sure.

I find myself once more rummaging through pages upon pages of paper work until I find what I was looking for. I stop and stare at the signature at the bottom to only find my father name. Rick was my fathers play thing. Everything slowly started to make sense why I was chosen by Rick why this whole nightmare began. Now all I needed to do was to make it stop. I somehow had to find Rick's weak point. Either that or place an axe in his head and both options I was rather fond of. I spend the rest of my day researching everything I could find on how Rick came to be a part of G.S.D and where it all began. After several hours of reading my eyes became tiered I close them for a second to only wake several hours later. Paper stuck to my face as I wake from resting my head upon the desk. I never was a pretty sight on waking but then tell me what woman is? I stretch my body before looking down at my watch it was 3.15am I push the documents from my desk onto the floor and slowly place down my head. I needed to sleep after all when I dream im finally free from this world I was trapped in and that was a place I would like to stay. Even if for a few precious moments.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Revenge Is Sweet

The next few days I found myself digging deeper into Rick's story and why my father had chosen him. I must have read through file after file to no avail. It was as if anything that had connected Rick to G.S.D as a child was erased. All I had was the document I had found a few days earlier. I knew the only way I was to find out the information I need was to ask Rick himself and that was something that was out of the question. I had to be careful not to let on to Rick what I was doing. The more I dug through the documents outlining details of G.S.D the more I felt a sickness in the pit of my stomach. I was not sure if it was anxiety or fear that now controlled my every emotion. The one thing I was sure of is I needed help. Help that would never come. I felt so alone like a lost child. I had given up well a part of me had anyway. All that kept me going was the thought of knowing that soon I would be free from all this. That everything around me would no longer exist and G.S.D would be dead forever. It was these thoughts that I held onto to give me strength each day I was trapped in this reoccurring nightmare. A part of me always felt so uneasy on how I had free reign to walk around managing my duties I guess I always expected to once more be thrown into a room to become some sickos sex slave. Maybe that part of this torture was finally over. I head out of my office and down the hallway to find Rick. There had to be some more information in his office. It was somewhere I knew I would need to check but how without getting caught? As I make my way through the doorway that leads toward Ricks office I tread carefully in a hope that no one would hear me coming. As I reach Ricks office the door was slightly ajar. I open it slowly trying to ease the creek that came from the stiff iron hinges. I make my way into the empty office and begin to search frantically for anything that would give me the information I needed. Suddenly I come across a box file with Ricks name wrote on the side. I take out my mobile phone and begin to take pictures. I have had no signal on this thing now for weeks and a part of me had forgotten I still had it in my pocket. As I take as many snaps I could. I hear footsteps behind me. I whip around to be face to face with Rick. Panic now set in all over my body how was I to explain this one. I stand there for a moment before quickly shoving the phone back into my pocket in a hope that Rick had not seen me but it was too late. Rick had witnessed everything. I was fucked and Rick knew it. I glance over to the far side of the room where I see a crow bar resting upon his desk. In a quick sharp movement I try to grasp it before I'm quickly thrown to the ground.

As I lay there Rick bends down towards me and pulls the phone from my pocket.

" So what is it we have here then Amy?" Rick asked I just laid there and said nothing. After all what could I say he had caught me in the act. Blood and adrenaline pumps through my body so fast I start to feel that rush that I had felt several days earlier. I scramble to my feet and run towards the desk to grab the crow bar. I'm not sure where I found the strength but I somehow managed to get the weapon in my hand and before I knew it I was striking Rick so hard that he fell to the ground. Blood poured from his face like a tap as I hit him over and over again. Until he became unconscious. It was this moment that I knew I had to grab. While he was knocked out I dragged his body across the floor and chained him to the walls. He was not going anywhere and finally I had control. The power engulfed me it was as if in that moment everything had changed. I was no longer the weak woman Rick had made me believe. I loved it just basking in the knowledge that I now had full control over Rick and over G.S.D. I stand there proudly over Rick's limp body waiting for him to come round. After what seemed like several minutes Rick starts to gain consciousness. I smile gently as he comes round. The look of fear on his face was priceless and something I had been hoping to see for a long time. I knew now that Rick could never hurt me again that a part of me was finally free. The next few hours that followed Rick never said a word. It was this silence that made me feel uneasy but I knew I had full control now and there was nothing Rick could do about it. As I sit there behind his desk reading through everything I had found, it was as if everything suddenly fitted and now I needed answers. I wanted answers after all I felt like I deserved them. I walk over towards Rick and bend down to face him but not too close the last thing I wanted was for Rick to get the upper hand now after I had fought so hard to gain it.

" Tell me about my father" I asked

Rick just laid there and said nothing his face covered in now dry blood that once poured from his face.

"I said fucking tell me you bastard" I kick Rick's body as I spoke.

Rick still remained silent it was as if he knew what I was about to do next.

" Fucking tell me" I scream at him but the more he stayed silent the more angry I got.

I was not going to get anything out of him well not this way anyway. I had to think bigger maybe if I put him through the torture he once faced as a child he would break well that was my plan anyway.

I try over the next few hours to get any information I could out of Rick with no joy. It was as if I had reached a brick wall and I knew the only way I could get Rick to talk would be by force. I walk over to the medical cabinet that stood firmly at the other side of the office. Pick up a scalpel and make my way back over towards Rick. I bend down and slowly place the blade against his throat. In one instant he would be dead. All I would have to do is a quick swipe of the blade and my nightmare would be over for good. Something stopped me from doing it I guess a part of me really needed the answers.

I slowly whisper In Ricks ear.

" How does it feel Rick? To know that in one swift movement you could be dead. Now it's time to talk don't you think?"

Rick just spat out at me covering my face. I wipe away the saliva and push the blade deeper into his throat causing a slight cut. Rick jerked away in pain.

"I'm never going to tell you Amy you should just kill me now" Ricks voice broke slightly as he spoke.

"Sounds good to me" I said there was a slight hint of pleasure in my voice as I spoke and in one swift movement I dragged the blade accross Ricks throat causing blood to pour onto the floor. Now I had hoped not cut him enough to kill him after all that would be all too easy and I wanted Rick to suffer. As Rick tugs at the chains that ristricted his arms he screams out in pain. I stand there and watch the life drain out of him untill there was nothing left. Just an empty shell of what once was before.

I must have cut deeper than I first thought as now all I had infront of me was I lifeless body and I was not any closer to finding the answers I needed. I just sit there sobbing. After all I had waited so long to kill Rick it was as if all my anger had gone. I was finally free. Now all I had to do was find away out of this mess that was something I had not thought off. I rummage through Ricks lifeless body in a hope to find anything. Just something that would see me set free forever. I come accross a set of keys in his back pocket. This had to be my way out it just had to be. I take the keys and make my way out of the office heading back into the hallways one by one I open the doors and free the women and children trapped inside. I didn't know what to say to them I just stood there with a blank look upon my face as they slowly exited each room the screams quitening I knew I could not save them all. G.S.D had become apart of my life for so long and now it was over and I was finally free. As I make my way out of the building the sunlight blinded my eyes I had not seen daylight in months and it hurt. The warmth on my body felt nice as I just stand there in my blood stained clothes. Shaking not with fear but with joy. It was finally over I was finally free. I knew I was never going to find out the truth about Rick that part of me no longer cared I was free and that was a feeling I was going to keep forever.

The next few months I heard little about G.S.D I knew it was still out there across the world but I had managed to put an end to it here and that is all that mattered to me. My life was so different now I stayed alone not wanting to put anyone at risk I couldn't take that chance the only person I could trust now was myself and I even had problems doing that.