

# Innocence Is Nonexistent

By : **RogerRabbitFaggot**

When you're forced to become what you have secretly been dreaming of being, could you ever stop? Could you ever turn back, even after you're no longer being forced? consciousness

Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/RogerRabbitFaggot](http://booksie.com/RogerRabbitFaggot)

Copyright © RogerRabbitFaggot, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

Innocence Is Nonexistent

## **Table of Contents**

Innocence Is Nonexistent Chapter 1

She's Perfect.

Go.

## Innocence Is Nonexistent : Chapter 1

Erin had just stepped off the bus steps, when a little old woman stepped directly in her way. Erin smiled warmly and tried to step around her, but the woman wouldn't have it. Her curly, white hair bounced on her head. She kept the same nimble smile on her pale, wrinkled face. Erin thought she looked sweet, like a cute grandmother who would bake cookies all day. She wore a pale pink sweater over a white shirt and white pants. Erin again tried to find a way around this tiny woman, but again she wouldn't allow it. They stood there, looking like they were in a cowboy showdown. This innocent looking, anxious 17 year old, against this calm, steady old woman. Finally Erin rudely barged past her, tired of playing around with this insane old lady. To her surprise though, the woman grabbed her arm firmly, catching Erin off guard. She spun around to find the elderly woman staring at her, puzzled.

"May I help you?" Erin almost spat, completely annoyed by this woman already.

"Oh." The old woman gasped and Erin was more confused than ever. The elder might have noticed Erin's expression, because she smiled and patted her arm. "You just reminded me of my daughter. She...couldn't speak. She passed when she was just a wee little thing like you are. Sorry if I disturbed you." she warmly smiled and turned around. Erin felt terrible for getting so rude.

"Wait!" She called, stepping forward as the woman turned back around. "I'm Erin." She said, offering her hand. The woman kindly smiled and clasped Erin's warm hand, with her soft, cold one. "I'm sorry-"

"Oh, don't be honey. You can call me May." she introduced herself, holding Erin's hand with both of hers. "Erin is a very pretty name. Did you know it means Ireland?" she offered.

"No..I didn't." she admitted.

"Are you Irish at all?" May asked. Erin started thinking. She knew her mother wasn't Irish, nor was her father. And she certainly didn't look very Irish. With her jet black hair, vivid green eyes, and olive complexion. She didn't know what origin she was. She didn't know WHAT she was. Who didn't even know WHO she was exactly. Suddenly Erin felt uncomfortable.

"I don't think so. I have to get home though, my mom is expecting me for dinner." Erin lied, awkwardly pulling from the woman's grasp and turning on her heel, hurrying away. She heard May's faint voice behind her;

"Goodbye my dear Anna. How I've missed you so." Erin's heart thumped faster and faster as she tried to get away from the woman as quickly as possible. She was a dear, sweet lady but she made Erin's inside churn.

She was almost home when she tripped over a slab of concrete that she'd never noticed before. She fell to the ground, her head painfully banging off of the sidewalk.

She instantly became woozy and her vision was blurred by her own blood. She almost forgot how to breathe for a second. She was losing consciousness fast, her eyes were fluttering helplessly closed as she felt herself being scooped up effortlessly from the cold concrete. She thought she was dying, but her vision remained for a few seconds, allowing her to see the profile of the strange man that was handling her so tenderly, before her sight faded to black and her body fell limp in his arms.

## Chapter 2: She's Perfect.

He hurriedly carried the limp girl across the street, he was hoping no one found this too suspicious, but he knew someone would. So he quickened his pace, one because he didn't want any cops or bystanders to notice him, and two, he realized her injury was worse than he at first anticipated. He felt her warm blood ooze through his white shirt, making contact with his chest. He almost tripped and dropped her, but caught himself at the last second. The sun was beating down on them hard, his hands were clammy under her tan, bare legs and her upper arm. He was convinced that this was the longest distance he had ever walked, even though it was only about 20 feet. The blue car seemed to be so far away, and he was suddenly so afraid of getting caught that he was almost running to the car, making it look even more suspicious. The girl wasn't heavy at all. But he could hardly breathe and he didn't understand why.

Finally, he made it to his destination. The back door to the car was thrown open from the inside and he dove through it, laying the girl across the seats awkwardly. "My god, Avery! She's bleeding!" Marie exclaimed, immediately grabbing the first aid kit from underneath the seat and ripping it open. Avery sat staring out of the very tinted windows, trying to calm his breathing. He didn't want Marie to see how shaken up he had gotten.

He glanced at Marie several times, watching the way her hands melodically tended to the girl's wound. Her blonde hair fell over the girl's face multiple times, and Avery was tempted to reach over and move it out of the way, but he didn't. His own long hair was sticking to the back of his neck and face with sweat. Even though the air conditioner in the still car was blasting. He looked around the car floor until he came up with a hair tie. He pulled his long brown hair out of his face and put it up, wiping his face with his shirt. He caught Marie looking at him with an odd look. "What's wrong with you?" she asked, wiping blood from the girl's face. She was done. She had said she couldn't stitch it, so she just used medical tape to hold the wound together and put a few gauzes over it.

"Shut up and get up there and drive. I think I saw people noticing us earlier." Avery snapped, sitting up straighter in the cramped seat.

"I need to wipe all of this blood off first."

"I'll do it. Just drive." he said, as Marie got up from her awkward position in the car floor and climbed up front clumsily. She started the car, but not before wiping her bloody hands on a rag.

Avery grabbed the girl and laid her in a more comfortable position. She was still seemingly sound asleep, her face pale and grave looking. Marie kept looking back at him through the rear view mirror, a puzzled look on her face. Avery ignored her and grabbed the wet cloth from the floor. The girl had blood all over her soft face, down her neck, and on her arms and hands.

He gently started cleaning around her wound, lightly scrubbing blood from her neck and upper chest. He dragged the cloth down her tan arms, to her hands. He wiped each of her delicate fingers clean on her slender hands.

"We're here." Marie said indifferently. Avery opened the car door, and stepped out. When he reached in to grab the bloody cloth, he noticed that the girl was waking up. She looked at him with big, curious green eyes and started to sit up. Avery couldn't move. He watched her look around, and continued to watch the panic rise up inside her when she realized what had happened. When she realized she had been kidnapped. A crooked grin spread across Avery's face, She was perfect.

## Chapter 3: Go.

Erin was cold and shivering. Her arms and hands were damp, and the A/C in the car was blasting. Her legs were folded on the seat lazily, her head resting uncomfortably on the car door handle. She blinked several times, trying to make her vision focus. She sat up too quickly, and she almost fell over because she was light headed. A seering pain shot through her skull, and her hand instinctly flew to her fresh wound. She winced and shivered, trying to remember what had happened. The leather seats were sticking to her damp legs. She groaned and slowly pulled them from the material. She heard a quiet mumble and she transferred her attention to the tall man standing in front of the open car door.

She couldn't see his face at first, but he soon crouched inside. He put his hands on the top of the car and smirked at her. "Where am I?" Erin asked softly. She had to squint to see him fairly clearly. The blinding sun behind him, made him look like only a shadow to her.

"Why don't you get out and see for yourself?" he suggested, reaching his hand in the car for her to take. She stared at his face for a long time. He had a bit of a 5 o'clock shadow, like he hadn't shaved today. He had long, brown hair. It was sloppily thrown into a pony tail. He was fairly tall, and lean from what she could tell. She glanced at his arm, and noticed his tattoos. He impatiently sighed and flicked his hand forward, gesturing for her to take it. She gulped, and grasped his hand gently. He squeezed it and helped her scoot out of the car.

Once she was in the open, fresh air, she started to warm up. She rubbed her arms and stared the man up and down again. In the sun light, she could tell a lot more about him. Like his bright blue eyes, the rest of his tattoos, his slightly gaged ears, and the blood that was soaked into his white shirt. "Is that...my..blood?" Erin asked, hoping he said no.

"It is actually." he grabbed his shirt and pulled it out to look at it, "Don't worry though. You're fine." he offered a forced warm smile and she glared at him.

"Are you going to tell me where I am now?"

"Take a look around." he motioned with his hands, spreading his arms wide with a mischevious grin on his face. She turned her head back and forth, The car was parked awkwardly in a driveway, beside a normal looking house. She looked down the street, across the street, and realized she was somewhere deep in the suburbs. The grass was bright green, and the house they were at, was a pale yellow color with blue shingles. It was a fairly large house, and almost homey looking. But the entire block she was on, gave her the creeps. It was too bright and cheerful.

Suddenly Erin felt dizzy and lightheaded. She started to stumble backwards, but thankfully the man grabbed her forearm with one hand, and grabbed her waist with his other. She stood there and regained her balance. As soon as she did, she jerked from the man and stood far from him. "Where am I?" she demanded, almost stomping her foot like a toddler.

"You're home."

"Home? What the..Who are you?"

"My name is Avery. Thats all you need to know. You also need to know not to raise your voice at me." he glared at her intimidatingly. She narrowed her eyes and glared right back. That was their first stare off, and first battle of authority, of many more to come. Surprisingly, Avery smirked and chuckled. "Man, we are going to have a lot of problems with you, aren't we?"

## Innocence Is Nonexistent

"You know nothing about me."

"Actually. I know almost everything about you. That's why I chose you personally. We've stalked you for 7 months. Trust me, there is hardly anything you could possibly do that would surprise me."

"That's funny. Because you may have stalked me, watched my daily routine. Even watched me when I'm alone, eating, showering, sleeping. But you will never know what goes on inside my head. You have no idea who you're messing with."

"That's why you're perfect for this. I know some of what goes on inside your pretty little head."

"Like what?"

"Like you have hardly any freedom. You have no control of anything. Your dad left you when you were younger, and it left you feeling empty and alone. Your mom refuses to discuss things with you. She also verbally, and sometimes physically abuses you. You have it bad at home, but you never say anything, because you know others have it worse than you do. You long to be part of something, anything. Something close, like a complete family. Or even a small group of trusted friends. But you have none." he almost whispered. He looked like a smart ass. "I could offer you a million and 2 things here. I could give you everything you've ever wanted."

"So what? That's none of anyone's concern. I want to go home. Now. Take me. Or let me walk. You've kidnapped me."

"You really want to go?"

"Yes."

"Okay. I'll turn around, and close my eyes. I'll count to 45. If you truly want to go, you can. I promise I won't come running after you. Or anything like that. Because if you truly don't want to be here..nothing I have to offer will give you any kind of satisfaction." As he said that, he spun around and covered his eyes with his hands. He tapped his foot and started counting. "1...."

"But-"

"2.....3.....4....."

Erin had no clue what to do. Her legs felt like jello, and immovable boards at the same time. She glanced in either direction, she had no idea where she was. She wanted desperately to go. To run and get out of this weird mess. But then again..She wanted to stay. She was too curious not to. He was right..about everything. Her mom, friends, thoughts. She wanted to ask more questions. She wanted to know more. Perhaps she wanted what he had to offer more than anything.

"40...."

She only had 5 more seconds left to run. She turned around to start walking, but stopped herself. She spun back around and crossed her arms.

"45." Avery slowly turned around, and smiled. "I knew you didn't want to really go."

"Yes I did..I just..Didn't know where I was or which way to go.."

## Innocence Is Nonexistent

"If you wanted to go, you would have. You didn't want to. Maybe you did at first, but you thought about all I could offer. You want a piece of the mysterious life I portray before you. You want a piece of the mystery. If you didn't, you would have gone." he stuck his hands in his pockets and smirked. "Now, lets go see your new home. Shall we?" he started walking ahead of her, and of course, she followed behind himlike a curious puppy.

# Innocence Is Nonexistent

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-25 09:24:01