

Helplessly The End - Rewrite

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This is a rewrite of my original story "Helplessly The End". The original has been disabled for now. Hope you enjoy! Feedback is appreciated.

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Bye Lynn's manager, Tom yelled as he exited the glass doors of his variety store.

Bye Lynn answered, her nervous voice trailing to silence.

Lynn watched as Tom stepped into his truck. She cringed as he did and held back her dislike for the vehicle. Its greenish brown colour reminded her of shit and its screeches sounded like a dying animal. Lynn had always been thankful for never having to drive a vehicle like that. Her parents had always been in decent shape when it came to money, so she was used to the cleaner, nicer and newer cars. Despite her expectations, Lynn was never spoiled in any way. Even from a young age, her parents encouraged her to save her own money to buy things she wished for, and to help those less fortunate.

Tom's squealing tires and screaming motor sounded as he drove away, reminding Lynn that she was now alone and in a fish bowl.

A shiver ran up and down her spine as she looked around the empty store and out the glass windows at the rainy street, which seemed to be just as empty as the store was.

She'd always hated the night shifts. For one reason, she didn't like to be alone and the darkness was a little less than comforting. However, when called to work a night shift, Lynn always came without argument.

Lynn cared about Tom like she would a good neighbour or friend. She knew that he could barely afford to keep his snail shell for a home, let alone the store. She knew that Tom needed help getting out of the mud-hole he'd fallen into and working on a low salary and a commonly hated shift was the only way she could help him.

Tom was just as caring for her, and knew of her fear of being alone. He'd always made sure most of the work had been done during the day, so all she had to do was fill some fridges and guard the register. In other words, it was a pretty relaxing job, or would be, had there been no fear.

Tom had always emphasized on guarding the register and safe which held the money that was needed to keep him alive.

Lynn glanced at her watch; it was only 8:05 p.m.

Six more hours she said out loud, breaking the silence of the store.

She never could understand why someone had to stay at the store until 2 in the morning. Few people ever came in that late and when they did it was only for two things; coke and cigarettes and if she didn't know any better; they could wait.

Lynn bathed in the silence for a few moments before arising from her seat at the register to fill the fridges.

She laughed as she forced herself to carry the boxes one-at-a-time. Other times she'd carried them all at once, but only she knew how much that had hurt days later.

She put her hand on the handle of one of the fridges to begin filling the milk, but froze instantly; there was a reflection or shadow of someone standing there.

She stared frozen at the reflection, afraid to turn around and see who was standing there.

From what she could see in the finger-print-covered glass, it had bone-straight blonde hair, a tall curvy figure and the face of an angel. It was as still as she, staring back at her.

She smiled at it through the glass. The reflection smiled back at her.

She turned around quickly only to realize that she was still alone. She laughed out loud as she realized that the reflection was her she was scared of her own reflection!

She stared again at the reflection, angered by her blonde hair. Although she was a very attractive young woman, the blonde hair always caused people to stereo-type her. Their impression of her was a dumb blonde with a bitchy personality and a long line of guys waiting for her love. But she was far from that. She was actually an extremely caring person with a nearly genius IQ, and there were no guys fantasizing over her, quite frankly, they didn't even notice her.

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She was far from popular and had only a few close friends. She had never considered herself beautiful to her, she had just been Lynn.

That was until she met Jake. Something about him made her instantly fall in love. Maybe it was his deeply caring personality, or the fact that he saw her beauty and true colours, and he loved her for that. He never did fail to tell her what he thought either. Around him, Lynn felt like a princess. Although they were only 17, they already had plans to get married.

As Lynn finished shelving, she sat behind the counter with a book in hand and a goal to not fall asleep.

The bells at the front door rang, and Lynn was brought back to reality. She looked up and was immediately staring into the eyes of evil.

“What c-can I-I d-d-do for y-y-you?” She stammered.

“Are you scared?” The man asked obnoxiously.

“No” Lynn lied, looking around the room for someone, or something.

“I am going to be honest, sweetie,” The man started, “You SHOULD be!”

Lynn was shocked and became an instant statue with his approach. Quivering, she looked around the store for some way out, somewhere to run, or something to do. There was nothing.

“What do you need?” She asked politely.

“Money,”

“What money?” Lynn asked dumbly. Although she was fully aware of what this man was after. She had been warned of people coming into the store requesting money, although she never thought it would happen to her.

“You know, the money here. Give it to me!” The man screamed, digging his hand into his massive leather jacket pocket.

She thought of the register, but it didn't have much money in it anyways. But the safe in the back room held a pot-of-gold and her pocket held the key.

“I can't give you any money.” She said, planting a foot in the ground.

His hand rose from deep inside his pocket and displayed a murderer.

“Oh, no? You won't give me any money?” He asked, as he held the gun against her head. He added more and more pressure until Lynn could feel her skin break and a river of blood flow from the wound.

She attempted to do the only thing that could save her, run. But it was as though her feet were glued to the ground and she was frozen in place.

“Don't kill me,” She could barely whisper.

“Give me the money then, you dumb blonde!” He roared.

She was holding back tears and it was as if she could now no longer speak. She didn't understand what was happening to her, she was frozen, helpless and shocked. She shook her head, making the gun scrape against her skull.

“No? No? Then I guess I'll have to pull the trigger!”

“Don't kill me!” She managed to say.

“You don't want me to kill you? It's easy; just give me what I want!” He smirked. Lynn was unaware that he was no longer talking about the money, he wanted something else.

The man walked loudly around the counter and stood tall in front of her. With a very quick movement, his fist came up and smashed her face. Her nose began to explode with gushing blood as she held back tears from the pain.

“Aw, did that hurt, kid?” He whispered, “Well! I hate to break it to you, but that bullet is going to hurt a lot more. In fact, it's going to explode inside your head. Here's another fact; it will kill you!”

Silence took over the store and Lynn tried to scream, but there was no voice left inside her.

To her surprise, the man leaned in and began kissing her viciously, forcing her to the floor.

“Stop” She whispered, but the man didn't hear.

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Instead, she remained helpless as his tough hands ripped open her jeans and threw them across the room.

She grabbed his wrist and twisted with all her strength.

He wailed in pain, "What is wrong with you, young lady?" and punched her again, slamming her head against the hard tile floor. She bit her lip and her face became swamp mixed of blood, tears and saliva.

"Look at what you've done to yourself, you're such a bloody mess!" He undid his own pants and threw them across the room alongside where he'd thrown hers, "You don't know what you're in for."

He ripped her underwear and smiled nastily at the sight, prying his own off, seeming to be excited.

Lynn closed her eyes and prayed for him to leave, someone to walk in or the whole world to disappear, but his naked body was on top of her, again kissing her powerfully when she opened her eyes.

He bit her lip harder than she had herself and she screamed.

"Stop your screaming, you baby," He told her as he pushed his hard self into her innocent body and covered her mouth with force. She bit his hand and tasted the blood before he ripped his hand from the grip of her teeth and slapped her hard.

He moved around inside her to his own satisfaction as she lay there lifelessly. She sighed when he finally withdrew.

"Oh, it's not over!" He said, picking the gun up from the floor where he'd placed it beside her head.

He leaned down, pushing himself inside her again and held the gun against her head.

"Do you want me to pull the trigger?" The monster laughed as he again satisfied his sex cravings.

"No"

He withdrew and stood up staring down at her naked, bloody body. He held the gun at her face from above as he did.

He walked towards her pants and dug his massive fingers into the small pockets. Lynn held her breath as she watched him search for the key, but breathed a sigh of relief when he came out empty handed.

He returned towards her and held the gun at her head, "Give me the money!"

"I've given you enough" She screamed breathlessly.

He shoved his hand into the pocket of her sweater, which had been laying beside her jeans and came out with something shiny in his hand. She groaned in defeat as he dropped the gun and ran for the safe.

Lynn crawled across the floor and picked up the gun, aiming it towards his back. Her finger found the trigger and held her breath. She began to pull the trigger slowly as he turned around facing her with stone-cold fear. He ran towards her from across the room and she closed her eyes, her finger pulling harder and harder on the trigger. She waited for the bullet to sound and his footsteps to stop, but they never did. She pulled as hard as she could, but nothing came. Instead, she felt the gun yanked from her grip and opened her eyes to see it pointed directly at her head.

"You need strength, young lady" He said, "I'll show you"

Flash backs of her life came as he held the gun at a small distance from her head. The bullet erupted from the gun and came screaming towards her at the speed of light.

There were tears running down her face and her heart was racing rapidly.

Lynn opened her eyes and lifted her head, which was leaning against the register. Filled with fear and confusion, she scanned the store to find it still empty.

Her own body was still fully dressed and the floors were clean and white, not a spec of blood.

Then she remembered the key, she reached into her pocket and pulled out the valuable shiny metal and examined it with relief.

She realized what happened and convinced herself, "just a dream"

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