The Secret Revealed

By : ponyandhorserule

A tragic past happened to Natasha Lock her families decided to keep it a secret from others and now eight years later she reveals the secret of her past to others.The person,who did this just Reappeared in the country and now is trying to tract down Natasha a and silence her but Natasha doesn't know it.

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The Secret Revealedï¿½

Prologue

Must keep running, keep running until I get to the safe room, I thought to myself.
Natasha Lock was desperate to get to the safe room as the monster who attacked and kidnapped herï¿½ eight year's ago is back in the country to desperate to silence Natasha before the day of which she will reveal her secret, of what happened in her past.
"NO! Let go." Natasha was struggling desperately as he, the monster, had hold of her and was trying to silence her.
"Sush,SHHH, be quite now" deeplyï¿½ and silently growled Vance.
Finally Natasha had reached the alarm on the ground buried under the grass after a struggle, she was on the ground. Burly security guards and cops come running with their guns drew. Shouts come from the distance of the cops and security guards.
"Let go of her, step away from the girl, put the knife down on the ground now, lie down with your arms spread wide apart" Yelled the police officer in charge.
The next minute she laid motionless on the ground, from just being chloroformed and that was the last Natasha remembered and saw.
Vance thought he had just succeeded in chloroform Natasha little did he know that it was just a rouse, a simple but clever act. Suddenly he dropped his knife on the ground next to him nearly missing Natasha, as she moves ever so slightly to the side. He leans down to pick his knife up and that was the signal for the cops to close in. Next minute Vance knew he was surrounded, in a swift but steady and sneaky motion he moves his foot backwards to the secret escape, trap door and he disappears in to thin air just like magic.
One week earlier.

Chapter 2: The Beginning

"NO!"

Natasha Lock had just woken up again from the nightmare that won't go away, her past. In a modern and extricate mansion, in a lush blue room with a private ensuite, sitting area, veranda, and fire place. I mean like seriously who has a fire place in their bedroom besides really rich families. Natasha awoke with a start, her long dark blonde hair flowing down being her back; sweating and shaking Natasha abruptly sat up in her latex queen size bed.

Thinking back Natasha still clearly remembers what happened eight years ago.

Eight Years Earlier

Jumping on the trampoline, mother calls out that it is time to go over to the park. I race into the house, grab my water bottle of the dining table and I raced down to the car.

Five minutes later we arrive at the park, the next minute I knew I was struggling to get free from the ropes that bound me to the lumpy and extremely uncomfortable mattress. With gleams of light coming through the old, grey rusty window, with bars so escape would be almost or literally impossible.

Voices came from outside the door; I strained to hear what they were saying. I became his slave from that day on. Being beaten every day, with whips, chained up to the mattress, when I wasn't required.

I thought hard what it would be like to be out there in the free world without constant violence. Many days past on and I lost hope of being rescued, many of the other victims of the master mind behind all this had been their twice as long, as me. I noted that all of the other victims were the same age as me which was a strange consequence well at least that was what I thought then.

The day of which I was rescued along with the other four victims, eventually came after what seemed like months but in actuality it was only three weeks. I heard whispers from coming outside of my window then a crash as the front door was banged down. I huddled in the dusty corner hoping that it would all be over soon, a vase came crashing down outside my door. I smelt chloroform being released into my room at that was the last I remembered until three days later in the hospital.

Now

Furthermore, I climbed out of bed and headed to the bathroom for a shower and to get ready of the day's events, including high school luckily it was the last day of first term cause I desperately needed a holiday after one term of year ten.

Chapter 3: My day @ School

My Day @ School

The day just kept being dragged on and on. It seemed to have gone on for ever and ever. Teacher after teacher just kept putting DVD's and educational movies on. In SOSE my absolute favourite subject , not throughout the lesson we watched a movie and got our SOSE song analysis assignment back on three songs. It was absolutely amazing I ended up getting a royal flush (in porker terms) or four A+'s whilst most of my friends got B's . Even though I did not enjoy or particularly like some of my subjects I really enjoyed school. I had absolutely awesome teacher's this term, with a really nice group of friends. SOSE was not the only subject we got our marks back for either. I found out my marks for BEC(Business Enterprise and Computing), English and Maths. Over all I was extremely pleased with the marks I had received for the term.

Later in the day, we had our finally assembly in the school hall for the term, with basically just have a safe and enjoyable holiday and come back refreshed for the new term message. Other particular notices were mentioned mainly just teachers joining, and leaving for different periods of time. One of the teacher's that has been travelling to other schools around the state had a just arrived back on the last day of school before holidays it seemed a waste for him to come back then and not next term but who knows.

The teacher who had just came back to the school was Vance Robison, he was a strange and scary teacher and crazy who knows what's going on inside his head. Mr Vance Robison was the next teacher that I had for SOSE as we rotated through teachers every term "AHHH, " new teacher every term scary thought.

When I walked out to the car after the long and dragging day of school had finally finished I noticed mother had parked as close as possible to the school and was in an over protective mood, I hoped for my own sanity it would just quickly pass own. As soon as my brother had eventually hoped in the car we were off, quickly to home for the two week vacation. Which was full packed with relaxing and a couple of different things, appointments including the day.

I start to worry as the days draw closer to the day I have been dreading for eight long years the day that my deepest and darkest secret is revealed. A panic thought crossed my mind however I want mention this though just yet, as I was terrified about what might happen.

Natasha at this stage had no idea of what was going on reality , a warning to from the government police officer's or federal agents as people call them had just issued a serious warning to parents of those families effective, eight years ago that the evil man who kidnapped and brutally tortured and treated these children eight years ago has reappeared back in the country. On the news's that night their was a warning going out to all families and people to be on the look out and have all doors locked when out, or at least shut. Unluckily Natasha did not watch or pay any attention to the news. Little did she know exactly what trouble for her was just around the corner.

Chapter 4: The Holidays

Chapter 3: The Holidays

Thank god, holiday's are officially here. It was a rainy Saturday morning and holidays were here.

The feeling was so good as from now on until two weeks time I could stay in bed all I want well almost.

That was then I remembered that in five days it was the day.

Vance had arrived back in the country as a teacher , yet know one new where in the country he was little did the police know that he was acting as a teacher. The real concerns came for Natasha as all of other victims had left the country straight after the incident with their families yet Natasha was the only one left, in the country. Little did Natasha know that Vance had already silenced the other victims, from eight years ago. Vance had travelled around the countries depending on his victims location, before they decide to talk about the incident to anyone, cause he seriously doubted they would talk. Until he heard someone mentioning about something about the their was an incident that happened a wile ago immediately he assumed the worse they were going to talk. As a school teacher Vance had an advantage as he could listen to the other teachers talk about the students, including his victims.

Mother wants me to go back to the hospital for a check up, but I dreading going back I had avoided the hospitals for seven to eight years now and I didn't want to ruin my record now. Mother was confused why I refused point blank I'm not going back. Ever since the incident eight years ago I hate hospitals. It brings back so many bad memories and thoughts, emotions washed over me. I shook my head from the horrid and dreaded thoughts. Why did I have to go to the hospital instead of just going to the doctors, for a check up, what's the difference either way I get a check up? Why do I even have to get a check up?

What was the problem ? I mean no one knows about my incident, well as far as I knew, then I remembered the doctor that had treated me eight years ago after the incident knew, and he was stationed at the hospital. Though I was completely fine there is no, absolutely no problem with me I'm in perfect health. After a heated on going argument I stormed up to my room, slammed my door and thought hard, why. My TV was blaring on in the background though I wasn't paying much attention to the news, suddenly a flashing warning came up at the bottom of the screen I figured it would just be a weather warning for some areas, flicking the TV of I climbed into bed a just laid their staring up at the celling thinking. Finally it came to me it may not actually be a 'check up' more a operation, or a simple x-ray.

Wasn't it enough that I agreed after a long winding discussion that I go to a physio therapist as their was some stiffness formed from my injuries in a couple of my joints, but no of course it wasn't enough for mother, gosh I was sick of it literally.

I groaned and rolled over when my alarm clock beeped the next morning hitting the off button. Reluctantly I staggered out of bed towards my cupboard, and pulled on some clothes. I headed downstairs to let my puppy into to his play pen, a I heard hush voices talking in the sitting room. Strange, for this time of morning at the crack of dawn, dismissing any thoughts I walked off. In the informal dining area well I thought it was but whatever, you call it its still a dining area, I found blueberry pancakes waiting for me. Afterwards I headed out to the back to the pool for a swim, before I headed of to the stables.

Letting myself into Whispers stall I grabbed her lead rope of the stall bars to head out for a groom, it was a quite morning with little people around, though I had this feeling that I was being followed. Indeed Natasha was correct but she didn't know who or why she was being followed.

However Vance hidden in the shadows was watching Natasha's every move. Vance may be a criminal but he was smart. He often moved houses, mainly paid in cash, and had multiple identities, making his movements very hard to trace. For a few more minutes he stuck around watching Natasha then he disappeared, not wanting to seem suspicious or let a lone be caught snooping around.

Chapter 5: My Save

My Save

After a lovely dressage (flatwork) lesson me and my gorgeous sweet super star mare(female horse) Whisper headed back to her stall so she could get untacked then be turned out in the paddock for a roll. Once whisper was happily content in the paddock I headed the car park with my bag waiting for the family car to pull up. Just as I glanced at the watch the family car pulled up, opening the door I caught a glimpse of a reflection of someone almost like they were watching me. *AHHH*Creepy disliking thought. With the rest of the day free I was completely in my element, relaxing on my lounge chair in the cool pool was perfect, then reading and of course watching crime TV on DVD shows, like for a good four hours. Ok, ok, I admit it I am completely obsessed with crime shows.

Mother called out that I needed to come into the family sitting room, because we needed to talk. I'm thinking like what again we just talked yesterday and it's probably just going to be about the same thing today. Muttering in German so mother wouldn't hear me' Halten Sie Ihre Haare auf' (keep your hair on), I forced myself to trudge down the stairs to where mother was waiting.

Meanwhile Vance was planning his next stage to capture Natasha to silence her, he'd been quietly watching and following her every move. Vance has now realised that she has security around her everywhere she goes. Now this issue with security makes Vance's job a lot harder; maybe as a undercover teacher at her high school could help or a least give him an advantage, it really depends when she will be ready to talk. Though they would be another way but it was risky try and break in to her house and capture her whilst she sleepy the problem was alarms. Vance desperately needed an inside man, but how would Vance get one?

The argument was the same, I won't go to the hospital, but mother wants me too. Eventually we settled the dispute after a long and tiring argument. We settled on that she would have someone sent from the hospital out to our house and in the comfort of my bedroom with top security I would have a simple check-up. Happily that I technically won the argument that I did not have to go to the dreaded hospital yet I still could have a check-up in the comfort of my bedroom and it would only be one doctor who saw to me not any nurses or anything like that.

Even though I would not admit it to anyone at all; I was really scared about having to talk very soon. Then I came up with a stunning plan if I was unwell I could not be able to talk about it cause I may have a fit, thinking I could fake sick but then I realised that wouldn't work so well cause I have to stay in bed all day and have multiple doctors that mother would call out to the house to check up on me all day. Sigh, what a pain that plan no good, I'll just have to come up with other plan. I wonder if I could call the shrink and cancel, though I doubt that it would work, because I'm sure mother would have someone call to confirm the appointment.

Freaking completely out as most of my excuses and plans wouldn't work, unfortunately. I was so desperate for a reason to be able to cancel or even post pone it a couple of weeks, cause I thought it wouldn't hurt anyone. I heard mother talking on the phone in the hallway whilst was reading in the sitting room near the phone. After mother hung up she called out for me, quickly going to were mother was waiting eager to hear what the phone call was about. My appointment to see the physiatrist had to be cancelled because of something that had come up. I was extremely happy of this news and relieved I had longer I would be at least a couple of weeks before another appointment could be made. It was defiantly my lucky day.

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