

Faites Moi Sortir (chapter one)

By : MeAndHim

Alison doesn't know her age. She doesn't know her birthday, how to read, nothing. It's all because of the UCA (Unwanted Children of America). Ever since her parents dropped her off there, Alison's life has been hard. But one day, when thirty-seven year old Paris Wolts buys her, everything changes. She becomes a maid and meets gorgeous Sebastian, Paris's son, and quickly falls in love. It's romance at first sight with these two kids, and they get into some big trouble.

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CHAPTER ONE

His shrieks. His screams of agony and pain. Goosebumps climb up my arm. I don't want to be here, no one does. The UCA guards beat up one of the many kids here just because he refused to go to sleep. Silly, right? How pathetic of them. One boy doesn't want to go to sleep, so he gets beaten to death. Who does that? The UCA. This place was created for children that weren't loved. It was supposed to be like some orphan place, but it changed. I've been here since I was eight. I remember my parents saying I was going to a happy place, but they were wrong.

The guards begin to drag the boy's body out. Blood gushing from his open throat. I couldn't even look. They opened the door and walked out. As soon as the guards were gone, everyone in their cells began crying for help. But I just sat there, alone.

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In the morning, the guards opened up the cells. I forced myself up and dragged my feet into the cafeteria with everyone else. Thing is, this wasn't a normal cafeteria. Usually, you have crummy seats and tables. But this place looked more like a trash dump. We had old rags and mats on the floor which we sat on, then the guards would throw garbage at us to eat. Things like banana peels and chicken bones.

I never really ate, I mean, why would I? I'd rather just starve myself to death than live in a hell hole. I sat at the back of the table like I usually did and watched as the guards threw chunks of raw bread at us. After that, we headed outside for the auction.

Everyday, we go outside so people can buy us. It's like any other normal auction, you just buy people. What sucks is that you pretty much become someone's slave. They could rape you and no one would care! You could volunteer too, but I never really did that after what happened last time.

Everyone lined up. The three buyers stood on the stage and looked at us all. The main UCA guard, Mr. Stevens, got up on the stage with them and smiled.

"Boys and girls! Who will be our volunteer for today?!" He chuckled.

I looked up at the buyers. A woman with curly blond hair and a nice purple outfit, a young handsome guy with a flawless face, and a fat man with a big beard. I liked the handsome young man. He had a protective look to him. I raised my hand and walked up to the stage.

"I'll volunteer..." I sighed.

Mr. Stevens looked at me and laughed.

"Sorry, sweetie, but you know what happened last-"

"One-hundred!" The young man called.

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We all looked at him in shock.

"Two-hundred!" The fat man yelled.

The two guys began making the price higher and higher. Finally, after what seemed like forever, the lady spoke up.

"One thousand dollars!" She smiled.

"SOLD! To Ms. Paris Wolts!" Mr. Stevens laughed. He must have been happy, that was the most money he had gotten for a kid.

I was pretty disappointed, what was alady like her going to do to me?! I got taken to the nurse's office where they cleaned and treated me. The nurses gave me some fresh clothes and some shoes just my size. When they were done, I was taken outside to where Paris was standing at. She took me into her carrige and we rode off.

"Hello, dear!" She smiled.

"Hey..." I sighed.

"I am so glad you're coming with me! You see, I needed a maid, and you seemed like the perfect one!" She explained.

"So... I have to clean your house?" I asked. "Well... it's a mansion... but same thing, right? I mean, home sweet home!" Paris laughed.

I was begining to get pretty annoyed of her. "So, Alison's your name?" She said. I nodded my head. "Well, Alison... I'm going to warn you, I have three kids, and they're pretty crazy."

"How so?" I asked.

"Well, one of them is eighteen, her name's Silone. She's a little drama queen. Then there's Sebastian, he likes to put pranks on our cleaning lady. And Marcie, she's a little tomboy." Paris said.

"That's not too bad," I shurgged.

She smiled.

I was actually begining to be glad to be with her.

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