Deserted on an island with a guy who kidnapped me? WTF

By : A3V3I

KIDNAPPED! Kim is a spoiled rich kid who is used to everyone listening to her, until she meets the incredibly sexy Andrew. Andrew gives her a run for her money and kidnaps her onto an island where he is boss!

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/A3V3I

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Deserted on an island with a guy who kidnapped me? WTF : Chapter 1

"Kim, I hope you have a nice trip. Sorry I couldn't come but you know how the business works. If any of the workers give you trouble just let me know." I mouthed the words as he said them into the phone, having heard his speech many times. "Ok, I will. You try to have fun too. Bye" I put in as much enthusiasm as I could muster. "maybe I'd have more fun if you got a bigger yacht" I mumbled after closing the cell phone and stepping onto the ship with a little assistance. The workers were all walking about making sure everything was shipshape for sailing a whole week. So my dad had listened to me, all the workers were in their twenties with brown or blonde hair! Well except for Chuck, he has been my dads best friend and boat expert for like 30 years. *buzz* I opened my cell phone. *"Dude I'm soo sorry I couldn't come with you this week but my dad is making me go all the way to Paris with him to buy my mom a surprise dress. He wants me to pick it out! Ugh so how are you doing?" Text from Lexy BFF.* I shut the phone pissed at her for even bothering to apologize. Right left left BUMP! I closed my eyes in frustration and then reopened them to see a guy standing there just 'looking' at me. "What are you looking at Jerk! Don't you know who I am! I'm the daughter of the owner of this yacht." I screamed at a guy in the blue uniform my father made them wear. "You walked into me." He shot back at me and then brushed by me. 'Ugh' I'll get him back. I walked back to my room and laid down on my bed. I had a whole week to do whatever I wanted, mess with whoever I wanted. A smirked appeared on my lips as a perfect revenge came into my head. I jumped up and ran to my dresser and pulled out a designer bikini. Since working out with a personal trainer 4 days a week, I now have a six pack and very nice curves. I tried on the brown bikini and was pleased that it fit me just as it would a super model. Boobs = flawless I smiled and jumped up and down like a little kid. He won't be able to take his eyes off me, and in front of everyone I'll make a scene about what a pervert he is. I grabbed my sunscreen and headed out to the deck. Right right left, I peeked my head around the corner to see a bunch of the *help* working. I didn't see him though. My lips formed a frown now. My feet began walking anyway and soon I was sitting in the sun. 'See man, I told you this is a good job' I heard one of the guys whisper to his friend. I closed my eyes and grabbed the sunscreen. I took a small amount of sunscreen and began to rub my chest slowly with it. I opened my eyes just a crack to see what they were all doing and low and behold they were all watching me. But I had to keep my cool so I tried not to think about them all watching me. After a couple of seconds I heard a guy say "Are your jaws broken" All the workers immediately started going to a different part of the ship. Damn now I wont be able to humiliate him. *thump thump thump* 'Were those footsteps?' I opened my eyes to see him right next to me. "So your a tease, I would of never guessed." "So now you're trying to flirt with me to keep your job, so pathetic." I laughed slightly. "I'm sorry I bumped into you. It was my fault" He told me. I could tell this was a forced apology. I glared at him. "You're too easy; you're just like my dad. You know I fake cried for maybe 5 minutes and then he gave in and let me have a new car when I wasn't even old enough to drive it yet. *HAHA* Are you that easy?" I leaned closer to him and he began to lean in too. Right before our lips were about to touch. I pulled away. He looked at me weird like I had done something unexpected. "That was a test, you are easy, and I am not. What's your name anyway?" I asked him.

"Andrew"

"Well if you didn't hear me earlier my name is Kim." I closed my eyes again to soak in the sun. *sigh* "Go get me a smoothie, Pomegranate banana." I closed my eyes and heard as his footsteps walked away. At least now I know I can get him to do whatever stupid thing I want. I got to think of some pranks. Hehe, I'm going to find out which room he is in and totally scare him! I started to get up and then turned around to see the sky was getting dark. It better not rain! I went to the side of the ship and looked in all directions. The land was barely noticeable on the horizon. "Here" He had a smoothie extended in his hand. I took without saying anything, and took a sip. "Obviously smoothies aren't in your expertise" I started walking back to my room. Having a loyal slave isn't fun. *yawn* When I got back to my room I plopped down on my bed and fell asleep

for 2 hours.

Chapter 2

I rolled over to side of the bed to glance at the clock and wiped my hands over my eyes trying to rid myself of sleep. 6:26 pm

No one had wakened me up to eat! My stomach grumbled loudly but I was still in my bikini so I changed into a turquoise tank top and white shorts. When I opened my door I saw Andrew outside pacing down the hallway. Back and forth back and forth he paced playing with his thumbs. I took a long look at him, taking in his strong jaw line now showing his 5 o'clock shadow, muscled body, and thick brown hair. "Weirdo" I said loud enough for him to hear. His head shot up and then he walked hurriedly down the hallway the opposite way I was.

'What did he want?' I thought. *sniff* Yummm! Grilled Chicken with a sweet sauce and roasted peppers on the side, the chef knew this was one of my favorite meals at sea. I guess they were going to wake me when it was done because I saw a worker coming this way. "Ohh! Dinner is ready." He whispered in my direction not meeting my eyes. He was shy, and it was so cute. "Tell them I don't feel like coming out and to bring it to me in my room." I stepped back into my room and pulled my curtains open to see the ocean. The sun was just setting on the ocean and it looked beautiful. *buzz* Text from Lexy BFF 'Hey. U didn't answer my text! What's up?' I was still pissed at her missing our trip so I shut my phone and threw it on my bed.

Knock knock knock "Come in I'm starving" But it wasn't the guy with the food it was Andrew. He stepped into my room and began looking around at all of my things. "What do you want?" I said to him. "I just wanted to see if my smoothie killed you or not, and by the empty glass I can tell it wasn't too bad." He smirked at me with satisfaction. I glared back at him. I can't let him know it actually tasted amazing. "I threw it overboard 5 minutes after you gave it to me." He smiled down at me. "What?" I said annoyed. "Nothing." He said quietly and began stepping closer to me. "Why do you like to give me trouble, I'm not a bad guy. " He said as he reached his hand out to touch my waist. I slapped his hand away and walked around him to sit on my bed.

"You can leave now; I don't need anything from you." I said but Andrew had followed close behind me and was standing over me with a weird look in his eyes. His eyes seemed darker and wild, and that scared me, like when you steal an animal's food. Possessive. *Knock knock* It was the man with the food so I had to think fast. I wanted to put Andrew in his place, I wanted him to know whose boss around here and that he can't invade my room and look at me like this. I yelled the first thing that came to my mind. "Eew Andrew! I would never have sex with you on my dad's boat! Get out of here you pervert!" I yelled. His jaw dropped because he knew he would be fired for this. The door shot open and Chuck ran in.

"Andrew you heard the girl GET OUT!" Chuck put the food on the bed and walked over to me. Andrew glared at me and his eyes grew even wilder. The veins in his neck were bulging out, he was furious at me but I didn't care because I had won this battle. I was hugging Chuck. "Are you ok? Did he try anything on you?" Chuck asked. "I am now; I don't know what I would of done if you hadn't been coming over to give me my food. Thank you so much!" I hugged Chuck one last time. "I'll make sure my dad knows about this so he can Thank you properly." I rubbed my fingers together to make the symbol of money. Chuck smiled. Even though he was my dad's longtime boat expert he could use the money. "I'm going to go talk to Andrew, but don't worry just eat something and I'll make sure he doesn't come around you." I smiled. "thank you, oh Chuck what did you say his room number was? I want to make sure I steer clear of there." I asked. "It's room 23 on the next level." I smirked.

"Alright, ooo this smells so good" After he walked out I walked over to the chicken and ate it all very quickly. I was always a big eater with a fast metabolism. I walked over to my pajama dresser and grabbed a nightgown. Not a granny nightgown, a sexy one. It was red with lace on the end and around the cleavage. It

cut off maybe 4 inches under my butt so NO bending. My mom and I went shopping at Victoria Secret a week ago. I wore a black thong underneath and no bra. I didn't need one. I looked over at the clock. 7:56 pm. I felt the sudden urge to drink water. I peeked my head outside my door, I have always been afraid of the dark. No one was in site so I stepped outside into the hallway. I knew some people were up but no one should be in the kitchen. The kitchen was a level up so I took the staircase and looked out at the ocean. Pitch black water, it made me shiver thinking of those people who fall off cruise ships at night. Being surrounded by nothing but black water and the thought of what might be lurking around you. Those thoughts occupied my mind from thinking about the black hallways surrounding me.

I opened the door to the kitchen and walked around all the counters till I found the fridge. I had never really been in here before, everyone else always cooked for me. I opened the door to the fridge and grabbed the gallon of water. Hmm. Now I just have to find a... cup.

BANG. I was shoved hard against the counter by someone. The man was a lot bigger than me, at least a foot taller and very strong. I fought to keep a distance between us, but whoever it was grabbed my hands and restrained them behind me. My eyes couldn't find focus after looking into the bright fridge but when a warm hand slid up my thigh I knew who it was. That touch made my whole body shiver with fear and a bit of excitement. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" I said shocked.

"I overheard Chuck and your dad talking, he's going to take me to court. Do you know how serious this is? I could go to jail for attempted rape! So I figure I might as well get something out of it if I'm already screwed." He was angry and his hand moved farther up my thigh making my spine tingle. "Andrew get off of meii!" I tried to use a threatening tone. No my voice broke! He leaned in closer than he was before making me practically break my back against the marble counter.

"I mean it! My dad will will..." I tried to think but couldn't form thoughts with him putting his hands all over me. One of his hands pinned my arms back, and one moved from my thigh to my lower back. "Will what?" He grabbed my ass and pulled me into him at the same time. I gasped and started thrashing at him, anything to get away. He loved seeing me helpless, seeing me squirm under his power. "You're disgusting" I screamed at him, but he seemed to love my insults, loved that I was stuck in his grip. He bent his head down to meet my neck and took a long sniff of my hair and then he stepped away from me.

"I'm stronger than you, and I'm smarter than you so don't do anything that will get you in trouble." He grabbed my chin and I trembled. He let me out of his grip and watched with joy as I grabbed my sore wrists and coiled away from him. He walked out of the kitchen and I just stood there trying to compose myself enough to walk back to my room. I couldn't let him get away with this. Physically he had more strength then me, but I had the authority of the boat on my side. Everyone on here has to listen to me, including him.

Chapter 3

I slowly made my way back to my room, my whole body was in shock and my knees were weak. He was the first person to ever stand up to me, he must be crazy. He assaulted me on my yacht! I looked around every corner,under every door for feet, and every hallway forpyschopath. I opened the door to my room and looked at the clock. 9:45 pm. How was I going to sleep knowing that psycho was only a staircase away.I laid down in my bed and curled my sheets around my body. I just let the sway of the ocean calm my nerves. Gently it rocked back and forth. *buzz* Text from Lexy BFF 'Hey Kim, are u ok? u always answer my texts! Please dont tell me ur mad! I'm really sorry I couldnt come but I know you'll find ways of having fun' I put my phone on the table and then got up. *Ouch* I walked right into the big wooden chest. My dad had given it to me when I was 10 and then I told him to put it in here since it would match all the powder blue furniture. I'll get that psycho back when its daylight again. But I have to plan what I'm going to do, I can't just insult him anymore. It has to be something that will push him over the deep end. I KNOW! There is only one other women on the whole ship and she has ALL the room keys. The maid!!! In The morning I'd tell Chuck I needed her to clean my room. Then I'd tell her I left something up in one of the rooms so I can get into his room.I immediately started throwing clothes all over my room. I spilled some pepsi on the floor so she'd have to scrub it out. That would give me time to steal all his clothes and stuff from his room, but the only problem is where is hide it all. OOO I know. The chest! It has a lock and everything. Hopefully he has something of value so he actually will be pissed. Now I laid down to sleep and slept like a baby knowing I had a good plan. *Buzz buzz buzz buzz* My alarm sounded at 5:30 am. I had to get up early to see Chuck and the maid before everyone was awake. I quickly got dressed in a designer sun dress and flip flops and walked out into the hallway. No one was up yet, at least not the workers. I walked over to the control room and knocked at the door. "Come in" When he saw me his eyes went wide. "Is anything wrong?" I never come to the control room or get up this early. "No, I was just wondering if the maid could clean my room today." He nodded his head. "Of course, I'll make sure to tell her later in the day." sigh. "Well Chuck, I kinda need it cleaned soon. So do you think you could go ask her now." He smiled. "Alright, if your hungry the chef is up and cooking already because I asked him a couple of minutes ago to make me some eggs so if you want something go ask him." Chuck said as he left the room. "Ugh the kitchen,I'm not going anywhere near there... soon" I smirked slightly. I walked out onto the deck and saw the sun coming up over the horizon. It looked just as pretty as the sunset, if not more. I went back to my room then and opened the chest took out the stuff that was in it and put it in my closet. That took me about 40 minutes because the wooden chest was HUGE. *Knock knock* "It's the maid" I heard a women say. "Come on in" I said. She wheeled in a big cart full of cleaning supplies. "Wow only a day and a half and the room is like this." She smiled. "What's your name?" I asked her while laying on my stomach on my bed and moving my legs in the air. "Shannon" She replied. "Shannon is a sweet name." 'NOT'

"Thank you." She started picking up the clothes and found the stain. She frowned.

"I don't have my spray with me." She said. "I'll go get it for you. I have nothing to do." I got up and walked over to her. She handed me the keys. "If you insist, it is inthe closet next to room 26." I smiled. "Oh I do insist and I'll be right back." As soon I was in the hallway I pulled the key off the chain that said room 23, and made my way up the staircase. I found the spray and then made my way back down the stairs. "Here you go." I handed it to her. "Thank you so much." I walked into the hallway and went to room 23. I put my ear against the door to listen for noises. I heard through the door that the shower was running. Perfect! I opened the door ran in double checkingthere was no one in the room besides him in the shower. The door was cracked open a little bit and I could see the steam coming over the curtain. I wondered if he thought of me while he was in there, about last night. Ithought about him standing in there, washing his body and touching himself...I listened closer and I could hear heavy breathing, almost like moaning coming from the shower. I thought about running in the room and ripping the curtain back and yelling surprise just toembarrass him, but I'll have to do that tommorrow becauseI have things to be doing right now. I started looking around for anything that looked of value. A cell phone, a watch, and that was it. I began grabbing all the clothes I could carry. Starting

with his underwear and pants and ran them down to my room. I was lucky today as there was no one in the hallways. The cleaning lady was gone and so I threw it all in the chest and then ran back up the stairs. The shower was still running so I continued to fill my arms with clothes and more clothes till I could barely walk and slowly made my way down the stairs. I shoved it into my chest and locked it up. I put the key under the leg of my bed. I ran upstairs again to look for more things. I walked into the room again andlooked in the nightstand and foundnothingbut before I could shut the drawer I heard the shower wasn't running. Shit! I ran back down the stairs and into my room. I found my cell phone and finally I texted my Best Friend Lexy back. 'Hey lexy, I didnt answer b4 because i was too busy pranking people.' Sent to Lexy BFF. Then I put my phone back on my table and walked into the hallway. He wasn't outside yet, butI wanted to be the first one to see his face. I walked to the backof the yacht and looked down into the bright blue water, its so beautiful here in the day. The Caribbean was one of thebest places in the world for swimming, tanning, and relaxing. I walked around the outside deck andno one was in site. I turned to the front of the ship where I normally sat to sun bath and spend my days when I saw a bunch of the guys sitting around and talking, and laughing. "He was pissed, I think it was the owners daughter." They all started laughing again. "What did the owners daughter do?" I asked as I stepped into view. "Were you the one that took all of Andrews clothes while he was in the shower? He came into my room and asked if he could borrow some stuff cause all his got jacked." The tall guy with black hair said. "Maybe." They all looked shocked. "How did you get in his room?" I smiled. "I have my ways.... so watch out." I said and just then I felt a tap on my shoulder and I turned around to see Andrew glaring at me with those wild eyes again. Theeee w

Chapter 4

I looked down at him for a second and realized the pants he was wearing were 5 inches too short for him and he looked ridiculous. I burst out laughing and he continued to glare. "Nice pants, what's next a belly shirt?" I said sarcastically. "Where's my stuff at?" He still had a stone glare on his face. "Why do you think I would know?" He threw his head back and laughed. He pointed at me, then him, and then at the hallway. I walked over with him and all the guys were watching. "Do you think I'm some kind of idiot? Where is all my stuff?" He said through grinding teeth. "Ay man you got legs like my sister!" One of the guys yelled and the rest chimed in with laughter. "F*** you!" He said seriously. "Don't take your anger out on them." I said in a sweet voice. "I'll find it, its all in your room isn't it." He started going towards my room. I followed him shouting "You can't just barge into my room!" He went in anyway and then he slammed the door in my face. I opened it and then slammed it behind me. He was throwing my stuff all over. "Hey... HEY! Stop." I yelled again. He was throwing all of nightgowns, underwear, and bras all over the place. I swallowed hard as he made his way around the room, he wouldn't find his stuff, but I didn't want him seeing all of mine. "I'm going to get Chuck!" I screamed at him and he stopped looking around for a moment. "Where is it?" He yelled at me. I smiled. "Why do you keep saying it? There was something in all your junk!" He made 3 long strides and was right in front of me. He was contemplating what to do, hit me, attack me, rape me, or let me win. "I threatened you and you turn right around and do what i told you not to do." He smirked and pushed me down onto the floor with little effort. I opened my mouth to scream for help but his hands covered it before I could even try. My heart beat faster and faster, and the air pushed out of mylungs all at once when he sat on top me.My feet kicked behind him but it was no help. A million thoughts rushed through my mind, as I tried to push myself away from him. My head felt dizzy with lack of oxygen and my eyes watered. He just looked down at me with that predator smile, wide and filled with lust. He watched me struggle against his body, enjoying my discomfort, my weakness. His hand still covered my mouth but my hands were free so I tried my hardest to scrath him, push him away, punch his chest. He threw back his head in laughter and his shirt came untucked revealling a line of brown hair. He stopped laughing when my arms went limp from exhaustion. His eyes burned holes in me, just staring at me, at my body. He took his free hand and started tracing around one of my breasts. I felt disgusted becuse this man was violating me, but also because I almost liked it. Did I not ask for it by teasing him and flaunting my stuff for everyone to see. "Alright, you know what I'm going to save you for later only because I feel bad for you, but you better watch your back." He said and released me from his grip. He stood up keeping his eyes on still, and tucked his shirt back in smirking because he must of seen me looking at him too."Where is my stuff?" He said firmly and like scared mouse I pointed to the chest. I didn't want him to attack me again, because this time he might not spare me. He walked over to it, but it was locked. "The key is under the foot of the bed, that leg..." I whispered and he smiled at me like nothing had just happened. "Thank you Kim, you're such a sweetheart." He grabbed all his clothes and he walked out.

~I hope you liked this chapter, the next chapter will be the kidnapping. I figured I would let you know, since it didn't happen yet and some people might be like WTF where is the island... Soon, soon.

Chapter 5

I opened my eyes for only a second before closing them and wondering why I kept falling asleep on the deck. I sat up and openedeyes again taking in the vast ocean around us. oh.....My.....GOD! "Where the hell are we going? Where's the boat?" My mind was spinning around and round wondering why I was on a lifeboat with Andrew. He glanced up at me. "Don't worry we are almost to the island." He smirked. "What island? Is this some surprise from my dad? He knows I hate surprises." I said in a urgent tone. "No, this is a surprise from me to you." His grin grew wider and I wondered what he was up to. "Take me back to the yacht." He laughed. How dare he laugh! "What's so funny?" He kept laughing. "Listen to me!" I screamed. "Why was that so funny?" He controlled himself now. "You don't get it do you?" He kept smiling. My brows furrowed as my mind pulled everything together that he had said. "You kidnapped me!" I screamed! *clap.....clap.....clap* "Oh your such a smart one aren't you." He said sarcastically. "Don't do that." I said frustrated. "Do what? Mock you? I don't have to listen to you anymore. I'm in charge, you have to listen." He studied my face waiting for me to break down crying. I wasn't about to let him win, so I had to annoy him until he took me back. "I know the song that gets on everybody's nerves everybody's nerves.I know the song that gets on everybody's nerves and this is how it goes." He was looking at me with a strange grin. "What would make you understand that I'm in charge? You obey me." He said."I know the song that gets on everybody's nerves everybody's nerves.I know the song that gets on everybody's nerves and this is how it goes." The little boat began rocking back and forth as he got up and came over. "I know the song that gets on everybody's nerves everybody's nerves.I know the song that gets on everybody's..." He reached down and grabbed a handful of my hair. "owowowow!" Iyelped as he lifted me up. My head throbbed from the hair being practically ripped out. "LALALALALALA" I screamed. "Shut up!" "LALALALALALA" *SLAP* My face stung, and my mouth hung open. "Oh H*** NO!" My foot moved so fast I didn't know what happened until I saw him on the boat floor holding himself. "You don't slap a girl! I thought they taught you that!" I started laughing and pointing at him. Ihad the same pleasure seeing him inpain and weakness as he did before with me. He was about to cry, so I guess all thatself defense trainingdid work. "Go on just cry, I know you want to." I said with a satisfied grin. He glared up only for a second and then went back to holding himself. I sat down in the boat again and realized that he really had kidnapped me. I looked around and there was a island about 200 ft away and the boat was heading straight for it. The sun was out so the workers were up but who knows how long we'd been on this raft thing. Hmmm I could throw him overboard but then how would I ever get help, I didn't know how to work this motor raft thing or survive on an island. He just laid there on the floor. "Hey! You! We are about to hit the sand. Like 10feetawaynow" My voice got more rushed with every word. BANG. The motor slowed as we hit the sand and I stood up. I was still in my black lingerie so I grabbed a big jacket he had on the boat and ran onto the island. I saw him get up, and slowly walk over to the dry sand and lay down on his back breathing slowly.He had no intentions on coming after me just yet which made me happy so now I went around the island just wondering what would become of all this. Maybe I can find a place to hideout until they come looking for me, or a weapon to take him out myself. Now Andrew had taken this little game of ours too far.

Chapter 6

My footsteps slowed as I walked into the endless rows of palm trees. All the branches covering the floor of the island in big heaps of green, crunching under my foot as I made my way deeper into the island. The sun was completely blocked out underneath the trees. My eyes spotted a tree house in the distance. "What?" I walked faster until Iwas only inches away from the ladder. When I looked up I saw just how high it was, like 30 ft! "Cool!" I began climbing up the old wooden ladder, foot by foot up and up closer to the top. The tree house was notvery stable but I thought maybe I can see my yacht from this height. Maybe this could point me in the right direction. Grabbing the walls I pulled myself into the thin room. The old crown shaped roofwas short so I crouch to see out. 'Ouch' I stubbed my toe on a big rock but my mind is elsewhere so i barely notice. I looked around in all directions and could see past the shore out into the ocean. Little waves beat along the coast, and nothing could be seen out in the dark blue abyss. I didn't see a ship in any direction I looked. I heavy feeling caught in my throat, how long had we been on that boat? Did he kidnap me last night? This morning? Was he capable of killing me? I scanned the beaches sand looking for him but couldn't see him anywhere. He must be hunting me down, coming through the woods right now. I felt the room shake and so I looked down to see him grabbing onto its baseand shaking it wildly. "STOP! Do you want me to die?! STOP!" I yelled. "Come on, don't act so scared! You think it's fun to bash balls well I think this is fun." He gave one side a push and it swayed from side to side. I grabbed onto the wall hoping to balance myself but it only threw the balance off more. "I'm not coming down you psycho!" I yelled. "Then I'll come up!" He started climbing up. "Your dead bitch" He yelled up again while getting closer. At this moment I was truly scared of him. This man was stronger than me, and he wasn't afraid to show it. He had already hit me once, attacked me twice. I knew he wouldn't spare me a third time, especially considering we were the only two people on this island. There wouldn't even be anyone to hear my screams.I looked around for something to keep him down. OOO The rock i stubbed my toe on. I slowly reached over and dragged it to the side right where he was climbing. 3...2...1...DROP. I looked over the edge to see if it hit and to my surprise it worked! He laid on the ground with a bump on his forehead. "WHAT NOW? wait really, what now?" I mumbled. He was still breathing but in my experience of escaping trouble I had about10 minutes till he woke up with a pounding headache and revenge on his mind.

I let out a big breath as I put my first foot down on the ground just inches away from the soon to be waking Andrew. I should mess with him since he is already furious with me. I walked over and put a hand on his warm stomach. Just a few inches down was something I feared and wanted, oddly from a young age I had this fasination with men. I wanted them to want me, but once they did I ran away. I grabbed his beltand slowly took itfrom around his hips. I rolled him over and tied his hands behind his back tripple knot. Ha ha, classic handcuffs without the actual handcuffs. "ahh" I heard him moan from pain slightly and so I jumped up and ran about 10 ft to behind a tree. He arms started to flex and his hands trying to move. He rolled over onto his back and then sat up. "Ha ha ha" I laughed as he fidgeted to get the belt untied. "When I get this off your going to pay." He glared over at me. "Yeah thats what you said last time and now look where you are." I smiled and started to walk off just as i heard the belt drop to the ground. "What?" I turned and he smiled at me with both hands free in the air. "This isn't last time, you want to just surrender now?" Before he even finished I was running as fast as I could off toward the ocean. I wasn't sure what I was going to do there but it was better than nothing. I could feel my heart pumping as I ran as fast as I could but when I hit the sand I slowled down so much I thought my heart would explode. I looked behind me for only a second but only to regret it. He was only a stride length behind me as he pounced onto me. "AHHHHH! GET OFF OF ME!" He had me pinned down in the sand and had an evil look in his eye. Then I smiled back, I grabbed a handful of sand and flung it into his eyes. He automatically grabbed his eyes and that gave me my chance. I began to punch him in thechest several times until he fell onto his side, when he opened his eyes again I grabbed more sand and threw it at him. This time unsuccessfully. I jumped up and started running for the ocean but he jumped up and was right behind me. "Just face it I'm smarter than you!" I yelled just as my toes hit the water. I could feel the splashes from the water he was propelling forward and dove into the water head first. In my effort to get away

he grabbed my foot as I kicked the water. He yanked me back grabbed my shoulders. "What was that?" He asked and then pushed my head under water. I thrashed and kicked with all my might but he was stronger. My screams were unheard even by him underwater, all my air was out and thats when he pulled me up. "GASP" I sucked in as much air as I could while he started yelling things at me again. "Sorry couldn't hear you!" Then he plunged me back into the water. Thats when I felt something touch my hair, but he had both hands on my shoulders. As he let me up I first gasped for breath and then yelled "SHARK" Heimmediatelystarted looking around in the water but he couldn't see anything."You're lying!" He put me back under the water and this time I opened my eyes and no matter how much it burned I kept then open until I saw a eye looking straight at me. When he pulled me up the horror in my eyes told me the truth. He dropped me into the water and then began swimming into shore. I froze in the water unable to move until i felt it touch my leg, then my arms began propelling me into shore and before I knew it I was laid on the sand right next to Andrew both our chest heaving from the swim and me even more from being air deprived. He sat up on his elbows and looked out into the ocean still breathing heavy. "You... asshole ... that wasn't a .... shark... it was ... a ... DOLPHIN!" He yelled and hit my arm with little force because he still couldn't breath. I brought my head up an inch and saw 3 dolphins riding the waves. Ugh, now this is perfect I can't breath, I'm here with him, and he has proof I was wrong!

Chapter 7

I laid on my back, chest heaving for a few minutes when I remembered my enemy was right beside me. I looked down atmy black lingerie and it was ruined. The sand has chaffed the silk and lace hung around in dismay. Islammed my arm down into the sand next to me in frustration. "Did you forget about something, Kim?" My eyes shot to my right and I saw Andrew sitting there on his side watching me. His shirt was laying in the sand at his feet and my eyes traveled up to his chest. Big tan muscles stared back at me with warning. Ishuffled away from him, kicking my feet in the sand. "Now you will rot in jail for the rest of your disgusting life. I hate you." Isaid the words with such hatred my hands shook. "There is no one here but me and you. I could take you right now, in five minutes, whenever I please." He smirked over at me and it made my stomach flip. I shouldn't be here, like this on an island with a psycho. I should be in my cozy bed, waiting for Marcus to make me breakfast. Tanning by the pool before my lunch break, snorkling on the barrier reef with my best friend. All of this has gone horribly wrong. I took my eyes off him, I couldn't look at him anymore. I searched the ocean for my ship, for my saviors, but no one was there. Just me, him and this island. I felt a rough hand on my leg and I screamed. "GET AWAY!" He didn't listen of course, he was just like me. He never listened. He climbed on top of me and pushed my hands deep into the sand around my face, bruising my wrists. "Say that I'm the boss! Say you want me... I know you do." All the blood had rushed to my head, his arm now crushing my throat. I should've just said it, but I couldn't make myself. I couldn't let him win. "Nobody could ever want a pig like you. I'm better than that. I'm better than you!" I screamed back at him, not caring if he hit me. He tightened his pressure on my throat until I felt my eyes began to shut. "Wrong Choice." Hewhispered in my ear andstarted to kiss my neck. His big lips made wet kisses down my neck in a trail. His knee quickly jammed itself between my legs and pried them apart. His big arms held me down and my struggles were useless. He wouldn't spare me this time. I closed my eyes trying to picture myself somewhere else but I still felt his hands all over me. He ripped my nightgown in half down the front. I didn't see his face because I couldn't look at him. His hands grabbed onto my breasts roughly and I wanted to die. He squeezed them together andkissed them roughly, biting them for amoment. Maybe it would be better if he just killed me. He dug his hands into my back pulling me upwards. His weight shifted for moment while he undid his pants and threw them aside. I could feel his legs slip between mine and push them wide apart. His penis was warm and touched my stomach making me want to puke. I felt him enter me and even though I wasn't a virgin it still hurt. I wasn't prepared for it, I didn't want it, not like this. He kept thrusting into me, harder andfaster than the last thrust. My whole body shook with disgust, the feeling of his skin on my skin, his hands on hips. I opened my eyes only once to see him envoloped in pleasure, his mouth slightly parted and moaning. I began to cry, cry like a helpless child again. When my eyes shut I left this misery and entered another. Flashbacks swirled around in my head... ~ "Kim...Kim are you awake honey?" His tall looming figure stood above my bed, blocking all light from his face. I didn't need to see his face though, because I knew him quite well. I called him dad. I stared up at his face, tears filled my eyes. I pulled the comforter up to eyes, thinking maybe it would work tonight and he wouldn't hurt me. "Please...not tonight." My little 7 year old self cried, begged, pleaded for normality. But he didn't listen, He never listened. ~ Andrew groaned with pleasure and his whole body got stiff, he was about to finish. I felt the warmth flood inside of me and then he pulled out. Exhausted, he fell onto his back with a smile and closed his eyes to the bright sun. I wiped the tears from my eyes and ran like hell.

Chapter 8

I ran into the trees and hid by myself for a while. Fuck him, Fuck this place. I sat in the sand, naked and red eyed from crying. I looked out at the ocean from behind my hiding spot and saw Andrew laying in the sun, clueless to my anger and pain. The boat was sitting against the sand bank where we left it, the waves gently rocking it back and forth. I stared down at my naked body, covered in sand and bruising appearing around my wrists, and legs where he had slammed into me. I tried to remember the boat, when I woke up, there had been bags in the boat too. I peeked around my corner again and he was still lying there so I ran the long way around him, through the trees and then into the water. I washed the sand off my face, arms, legs, stomach, and out of me. I approached the boat slowly, it was only 50 feet away from him. I didn't want him to see me like this, scared and naked. I looked into the boat, there were 2 bags, I opened the first one and found mens clothes I quickly tossed that back into the little raft. Then the other bag, I opened it and saw a few outfits. I picked the most comfortable thing in there, better for me if I can run, jump, and defend myself this time. I took out the underwear and bra and slipped those on, instantly feeling relief. Blue shorts and a white tank top went on next, and I glanced back at Andrew but his eyes were shut. Maybe this was my chance, start the boat, leave him here on this island forever. I thought about pulling the cord to start the engine, but then contemplated what happens if it doesn't start, or I can't steer it? Will he put me through that again? I took another look over my shoulder and he laid there peacefully, it made me want to kick sand in his face, throw a rock at his head, kick him in the nuts! I took the bag of his clothes with me, and felt something poke my side through the bag. I looked inside and found a huge knife... My stomach fell through me at that moment, Andrew did take me here to kill me. He wants to have sex with me, use me, abuse me, and then kill me... I shot my head in his direction and seeing that he was still asleep I ran back into the trees. I will wait for him to make a move. I want to see what he does when he cant find me. - I ran farther to the side, staying hidden behind the first line of trees, but still on the outskirts of the jungle. I kept a close eye on Andrew, watched him as I made my way farther and farther away until he was just a line on the sand. I knelt down onto my knees and crouched low, keeping my eyes locked on him. Finally he made a move. He looked over to his side, almost as if he expected me to be there. He got up, shaking off the sand and slowly walked into the ocean just as I did, scrubbing the sand off his body. Then he went over to the boat, looked inside and his fists balled up instantly. He knew I took my clothes, his clothes, and more importantly his knife. His body snapped around, he held his hand out to block the sun, and he searched the treelines for me. I could hear words coming from his lips, but they were only mumbles this far away. He started stomping over toward the trees and lowered myself down onto the ground, making myself invisible. He entered the trees and looked left, looked right, didn't see me and continued in further into the jungle. I jumped up and started to follow, not too close, but I gained on him fairly quickly and now I could hear his words. "Where is that bitch?" He mumbled and turned around quickly before I could escape out of view. Instead of hiding I withdrew the knife from my bag and kept it between me and him. "I see you found the clothes...and my knife" He said to me, stepping closer trying to close the distance, but I jumped back 2 steps for every one of his. "Stay away from me." I yelled at him, but that sick smile formed on his lips again. "Put the knife down and no one gets hurt..." He put his hands up to symbolize that he wouldn't hurt me, but I knew better than to listen to the people who hurt me. He only wanted to regain control so he could rape me again. My eyes dropped down to his penis, I had forgotten he was naked, but it was that instant that he took advantage of. He charged forward and I swung the knife in the air like a crazy person, trying to cut him but not succeeding. "Stop it Kim, I won't hurt you anymore. I swear I won't hurt you..." He screamed at me, trying to get closer and steal the knife from my hands. "You're a liar! Stop. STOP!" I screamed back at him before he grabbed me around the waist and threw me onto the ground. I took the knife and sliced into his face a little bit. He grabbed the knife from my hands and sat on top of me pinning my body down again. I screamed at the top of my lungs, not saying anything, just screaming till my face was red and my voice was disappearing. "Kim calm down!" He yelled at me, but drops of blood from his face were falling onto mine and I couldn't focus. He face was very serious when he saw the blood too, he lifted his hand to his cheeck and felt the wound. He winced in pain and got off of me. I quickly got up and ran off toward the shore, toward the boat. I had dropped the bags filled with clothes and god knows what else when I started to run. I turned

around and saw him casually walking through the jungle behind me, eyes on me, but he was in no rush, which made me shiver in fear even more. He didn't care it ran away, because he knew I had no where to go...

Chapter 9

I ran out onto the sand and collapsed onto my knees. I hugged my legs to my chest, and looked out at the sun quickly setting on the horizon. No one had come to rescue me yet. What am I going to do? I looked behind me and Andrew was exiting the jungle and walking over towards me. He was fully dressed now, but to me he still looked like an animal. I watched his footsteps in the sand, kicking sand forward with each step until he was standing above me.

"I'll tell you what, since I know you will die out here without me, I will help you only if you admit you were wrong and you will do whatever I want from here on out." I glared up at him, what a scumbag. Did he learn nothing from me this far? "I'd rather die." I whispered and stood up staring him down. He shrugged his shoulders and pointed towards the jungle. "Go ahead; see how long you can survive without water, food, without me." Those were the last words I heard from him for 6 hoursâ ¦

I stomped away from him and walked into the jungle a little bit, and looked around the slowly fading sun. Everything seemed to bigger at night, the trees, the noises, and the fear pulsing through my veins. I touched my fingers to my lips and instantly felt the dry, rough surface. It had been hours since I had drank any water, and now I had no idea where to get it from. The ocean was not an option since it was filled with salt and bacteria.

I walked out of the jungle and saw a fire in the sand and Andrew sleeping next to it. This is my chance. I can't wait for someone to rescue me, what if no one rescues me? I stalked through the trees on the outside of the jungle, opposite him in the sand. I crouched down low and saw the bags lying close to him, but I had to try. I inched forward, picking up one of the bags. It was the one with his clothes in it. I started to reach for my bag when an idea popped into my head. He was lying on his back with his legs extended in front of him, perfect nut shot. But that was not enough.

I stood over him for a second; almost hoping he would see my face before I inflicted pain on him. I took one last look at his peaceful face, eyes shut, lips parted slightly, chest lifting slowly and then falling back down. I stomped with all my might on his privates and he jumped out of sleep, grabbing his stomach and rolling onto his knees. He was in serious pain. I picked up a big handful of sand and yelled at him, "I hate you."

He turned to glare at me, and at that moment I threw the sand right into his unsuspecting eyes. He screamed out in pain and frustration. I grabbed a branch from the outside of the fire and sprayed hot ashes all over his back. "Don't ever touch me again you pig, you're disgusting." A rage took over me and I couldn't stop.

I imagined my father lying before me, screaming in pain. I imagined my mother, lying to the school to cover for him. I remembered her telling me this happened to every little girl.

I started kicking him in the side, right in his ribs over and over again. I wanted him to feel worthless, to cry out like I did. He rolled onto his side and held his hands up to stop my kicks just like I had tried to push him away when he raped me. "You didn't listen!" I screamed at him and kicked him even harder than before. "Kim, please stop." He begged me again, but I was now crying from this rage. "I told you to stop! You didn't listen to me!" I went to kick him again, but this time his hand reached out and twisted my ankle, causing me to fall and yelp out in pain.

Chapter 10

When I opened my eyes the sun was high above us, I had slept for so many hours from exhaustion, pain, and boredom. I glanced around myself looking for Andrew and he was nowhere to be found. Shit. That means he can walk, I'm dead now. Surely he will be so pissed off at me that he'll chop me into little pieces and eat me out of starvation. I heard footsteps coming from behind me in the jungle and I turned to see Andrew standing there along the tree line watching me. "Are you okay?" I asked hoping I sounded sympathetic. "Bruised, burned, and red eyes but I'll make it. How's your ankle?" He motioned to my leg. "I'm fineâ¦" We stayed there in silence, it was weird. Every time we talked we were fighting, screaming, or threatening the others life. He came and sat on my side of the fire which was slowly dying out. We just sat, looking at one another, both of us not knowing what to say or do.

He looked over at me with concern; it was something I had never seen from him before. "When I wasâ¦" He looked away not able to say it. "When I wasâ¦you knowâ¦you said somethingâ¦You said, 'Please not again.' What did you mean again?" He had a puzzled look on his face. My cheeks grew red and hot with anger. I didn't remember saying thatâ¦I must have screamed it when I zoned out. "Nothing that you or anyone else needs to know about, asshole! Don't kidnap me, rape me, abuse me, and then try to act concerned. Alright?" I kept my eyes locked onto his, but his worry didn't turn into anger. He looked sad, like he pitied me or something.

"Who did it?" He prodded me again with questions. I stood up and stormed off as fast as I could, but he followed me. "So someone did that to you before? Who was it, Kim?" When he said my name it made my fists ball up and heat pour out of my body. "You don't care! Leave me alone." I screamed, but I stepped into a sandpit and twisted my already sore ankle again. He was right behind me now, watching me writhe in pain as I tried to crawl away from him. "Why don't you just say who it was? A teacher, a boyfriend, what?" He stopped walking and sat next to me. I was trying desperately to get away from him, clawing at the sand, dragging my body inch by inch.

"Kim, why don't you just answer me?" I felt his hand graze my hip and I rolled onto my butt, ready to give him a piece of my mind. "I would never tell you anything, I don't even tell my closest friends about it. Why the FUCK would I tell you?" I glared at him with such hate that he put his hands up in defeat. "Fine don't tell me anything. I'm going to catch something to eat. I suggest you go get firewood because if you want to eat you'll have to contribute." He said and walked off toward the ocean.

Chapter 11

I sat on the sand watching Andrew walk away. He got up to the water's edge and stripped down to nothing before wading into the water. I could see all the bruises on his sides, the slight burns from the ash, and he winced in pain when his body hit the salt water. I watched him for a while, looking through the water for fish. I had to regain my composure, wipe away the tears, and breathe deeply. Andrew had almost figured me out. It was odd, to see him caring about me. He didn't inflict pain on me, even after what I had done to him last night.

I tried to stand up, but the pressure on my ankle just made me collapse into the sand again. Andrew must have seen me fall and he kept his eyes on me. I looked out at him with narrow eyes, don't think this means I'm weak you prick. I tried again, first getting on all fours, and then standing on one foot and then the next. I bent forward in pain and fell into the sand, tears forming in my eyes. This had done hit; I couldn't walk on this ankle today. I crawled into a ball and groaned in frustration, I was thirsty, hungry, dirty, and now helpless.

"Let me help you, Kim." I heard his voice and looked up to see Andrew standing there above me. He had put on shorts, I guess to make things less awkward. "I don't want your helpâ¦" I whispered stubbornly, although I knew I needed his help. He frowned down at me. "What do you want me to say? That I'm sorry? I'm sorry I brought you here. I'm sorry Iâ¦attacked you. I'm sorry that I didn't think this through." He pointed around us. He let out a big sigh and reached down to pick me up. I couldn't believe he said thatâ¦I hope he didn't expect a sorry in return because he was not getting one. He reached his hands underneath my bottom and back and lifted me up. I was pressed against his muscular chest and his head just inches from mine. I felt gross, being this close to him. I laid my head against his chest and relaxed into him. My ankle throbbed with each one of his steps. I noticed him looking at my face and I turned it away from him. He sat me down onto the sand again near the fire and I laid my head down onto the backpack as a pillow. "I'll be back later." He whispered and walked off into the jungle.

I laid there for what seemed like hours, watching the ocean, listening for him to return, and searching for my rescue ship out in the waves. It never came. It was so hot on the island during the day, because the sun sat directing above me. I drank another bottle of water and drifted in and out of dreams, rather nightmares.

It was my 15th birthday and all my friends were at our house. Having root beer floats and laughing about boys. My best friend Lexy sat next to me. "Kim, tell us another story about Italy! What about the guys there, are they hot?" She asked me, and the rest nodded in excitement. They all looked up to me and thought I was perfect. I told them dozens of stories, about kissing boys, being felt up, but only half of it was real. I saw my bedroom door crack open and instantly my stomach tightened. I waited to see who it was; whoever they were they were listening to everything. I held my breath when the door opened further and my father appeared in the doorway. He was dressed in a nice suit, just getting home from business. "Kim, Happy Birthday. How old is my little girl now?" I said through a smile. All my friends thought the world of him because he was so charismatic and fun. He motioned for me to come outside. "I only need you for a minute sweetheart, I promise." He looked me dead in the eye and I want to run away. However, I knew I had to keep up this act, I needed to act like everything was fine, and that I had the perfect family. Once I stepped outside, he pulled me into a hallway closet. "Please, please, all my friends are hereâ¦" I begged him, but he was already going for his zipper. "If you don't cry, they'll never know sweetheart." He said as he pulled it out. I closed my eyes to keep the tears at bay. I had done this a million times, every time he came home from business it seemed like. I felt his hands part my lips and he slipped inside of my mouth. He grabbed the back of my head and eased into my mouth until there was nothing left. He forced my head back and forth on his penis, and I wanted to throw up. I wanted to die, just like all the other times. Why doesn't god just take me now, take me away from this misery.

"Kimâ¦Kimâ¦" I felt gentle nudges on my shoulder before my eyes shot open and I found Andrew standing above me with cooked fish. "Here you need to eat something." He handed me fish, and although there still some scales on it, I ate every last bite. Normally I would have picked the scales off, examined the food, and turned my nose up at it. But today I was starving and anything looked appetizing. When I was done eating I looked over at him chowing down. "Do you want more?" He gestured one of his pieces forward and I shook my head. "If I give you this, you have to tell me something." He grinned and without thinking I said, "Yeah sure." I started eating the fish when Andrew asked me his question. "I just want to knowâ¦who did that to you." He said and moved closer to me. My cheeks went red again. Why does he care so much? Why can't he just drop it? "A man." I said and he sighed. "What man?" I looked out at the ocean. I really didn't want him to know, no one knew besides myself and my parents. They had taught me to be a chronic liar. "Someone whoâ¦who" I started to talk but my words kept catching in my throat. They had coached to never tell anyone, and when I moved out of their house I intended on creating a new life for myself. I wanted to forget that ever happened to me. I turned to Andrew and he put his hands on the sides of my face. "Never mind. I can see how it's tearing you up to say it so just forget about it." For a moment I felt relief, but then the reality set in. Since I never told anyone, all the guilt sat on my shoulders, all the pain was in my heart, all the hatred I turned in on myself. "My father." I spit out and his eyes widened. I took in a sharp breath, I felt like I could die from the rush of adrenaline. My secret was out; all those demons I kept locked inside were flushing through me. I was about to fall over into the sand but Andrew caught me in his arms. "I'm sorry, Kim. I wouldn't have done that to you if I had known. I'm sorry." I took several deep breaths before the tears came out of me like a river. I sobbed into his bare chest and he just wrapped his big arms around me. "I thought you wereâ¦wellâ¦now I understand why you acted the way you did." Now he understands why I was such a spoiled, entitled, bitch. He shifted back onto his elbows and my body followed. The sun was setting once again on the beach and for the first time in days I felt safe.

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Chapter 12

I grazed my fingers over his jawline, thick with stubble now, and I touched his soft lips. "So now that you know my deep dark secretsâ ¦I want you to tell me something I don't know." He lifted his eyebrows in surprise. A grin spread over his thick lips and I waiting anxiously for his response. "I've got into a lot of trouble these past few years, bar fights, arrests, anger management." I sent him a flirtatious smile. "So you're a badass." He laughed at me, but for the first time I laughed with him.

"What did you get arrested for?" I asked him and he seemed to get a little tense. "I went out to a bar with my friend Jake and he was selling drugs to people and he had me hold it for him. So when the cops pulled us over, I was arrested for possession of cocaine." I gasped and couldn't stop myself from saying, "Holy Shit, my dad didn't do a background check before he hired youâ ¦Are the other guys criminals too?" I spit out and he laughed for the longest time before answering me. "Hell yeah, most of them were fresh out of jail. That's why they stared at you so much, the first women they've seen in a bikini in years." He threw his head back in laughter and I just glared at him. "I really hope you're kiddingâ ¦" I crossed my arms trying to cover myself thinking about all those males staring at me. Usually I took enjoyment out of teasing men, but not if they were truly dangerous. "Of course I'm kidding, Kim." He continued laughing, but eventually I elbowed him in his bruises. "Ouch. Fine I get it." He said and put his arm around me. "What was your plan? I meanâ ¦what were you planning to do once we got here?" My eyes softened and I felt tears coming on. How can I forgive him after what he's done to me? "Obviously I get into these situations because I act on impulse. I didn't really have a plan, I just wanted to scare you after all that shit you did to me." Mission accomplished, I thought to myself. He sighed loudly and ran his hands through his thick brown hair. "Now we're fucked." He said with disappointment and looked away from me.

I didn't know what to say, because part of me blamed him for this situation. I still had a block between me and him, because after all he did rape me. I blamed myself too because if I hadn't accused him of sexual advances, stole his clothes, and tortured him then we wouldn't be here. It was a weird feeling to sit next to someone who I hated before, but needed now. "Did anyone know that he did that stuff to you?" He asked me after a few moments of silence. I guess he still couldn't get it out of his head. I moved away from him a little bit, it felt uncomfortable to talk about these things that were always secrets to me. "I never told anyone." I lied to him out of habit. I couldn't change my ways so quickly. "Why did you get into so many bar fights?" I asked to change the subject. "Ehh, I was always so mad at everything. I thought I always had something to prove, someone to impress." I glanced over at him and thought to myself, how old is Andrew? He is definitely over 21 if he has gotten into several bar fightsâ ¦"I have another questionâ ¦How old are you?" He hesitated to answer, as if he remembered I'm only 17. "Twenty-Five" He said and I counted the years in my head.

My heart beat quickened from excitement and fear all at once. I felt myself inching towards him again, pouting my lips as if to call him on me. It worked. Andrew leaned over me and kissed me slowly. Color rushed to my cheeks and my heart was beating so fast I could feel the pulse in my toes. His lips were soft and pressed against mine with a sense of urgency. His fingers gently brushed the hair away from face and I put mine around his neck. When we came up for air, I looked at him differently than before. He was a good person, I just pushed him to the extreme and he pushed me back. He was coming in for another kiss when I put my hands between us and he looked confused. "What?" He asked and I looked down at my hands. "Andrew, I just wanted to sayâ ¦I'mâ ¦sâ ¦sorry." I said after much struggle. I had never told someone sorry before, usually other people groveled at my feet. I was used to accepting or denying apologies, but this time I had to wait those precious seconds while Andrew considered what I said.

"Let's just call it a wash, we're even." He said and kissed me once more on the lips. I smiled at him and we lay back down. The sun had set, it was cold, and I just wanted him to hold me. He wrapped his arms around me, and his legs enclosed mine. I took a few deep breaths and tried to fall asleep.

When the sun came up the fire was dead, but I felt more alive than ever. I slid out from underneath his grasp and tested my ankle, it seemed so much better today. I walked over the water's edge and felt the ocean wash over my feet. I turned to see if Andrew was awake yet but he was curled up on the sand. I took my clothes off and threw them into the sand and then walked into the ocean. I scrubbed my skin and wet my hair. I swam through the waves for what seemed like hours before Andrew got up and started looking me. I hide in the water, because after all I still liked to play pranks on people. Only the top of my head was visible in the water and I watched him walk around the fire, look into jungle, peer out into the sea. His brows furrowed and panic set in. He ran into the jungle and I lost his figure through the trees. I laughed to myself, Andrew was worried about me.

I stayed in the water waiting for him to reappear from the jungle. When he did his hands were rubbing his temple and just then he spotted me in the water. He instantly glared at me, but more playful than angry. "What the hell are you doing?" He screamed at me and I waved him over. He spotted my clothes lying on the beach and he grinned.

Chapter 13

I smiled at Andrew as he swam over to where I was. He was making large strokes with his muscular arms. He was the guy I always wanted, handsome, aggressive, and challenging. He ducked down into the water and I didn't know where he was until I felt his big hands on my hips. I felt the warmth spread from his fingertips through my entire body. He came out of the water with a grin on his face.

"I want to make up for beforeâ ¦" He whispered and kissed me on the lips softly. He pulled away to look at my face, watch for a reaction. I looked into his dark eyes, but I didn't see the wild animal I saw before. I saw a man who wanted to take care of me, and I wanted him to. I placed my hands on both sides of his face and kissed him passionately. His tongue slipped into my mouth a little bit and he picked me up. My legs were wrapped around his waist; my vagina was pressed against his stomach. His hands cupped my butt holding me up as he kissed my neck sensually.

"You're so beautiful" He whispered while carrying me onto shore now. I could feel every muscle in his body touching mine while he walked. His butt flexed with every step hitting my feet, and his chest rubbed against my breasts. My whole body tightened with excitement when he laid me down on our makeshift bed of jackets and shirts.

Andrew loomed above me, looking very strong and powerful. I took in short breaths as my chest heaved waiting for him to make his move. He lowered his head down onto mine, giving my forehead small pecks. His lips moved south toward my neck and he sucked on my neck while his hands caressed my sides. I couldn't form thoughts; I couldn't say anything because I was in pure ecstasy. My lips were open just a slit to let in quick breaths of air. My eye lids felt heavy and my brows knitted together in pleasure.

He moved down toward my breasts and started slowly kisses them and licking my nipples. My breasts came alive at his touch, my nipples hardened after only a minute's attention. I couldn't believe that men did this, every man I'd been with had been rough, demanding, and selfish. I closed my eyes to intensify my surprise. His tongue moved down my stomach and then disappeared. I froze like a statue waiting for the next moment of bliss. His hands took my knees and spread them wider while he kisses slowly gravitated toward my vagina.

I moaned as I felt his tongue move over me and my legs twitched. His tongue disappeared again then I felt his penis, rock hard, waiting at my opening. "Are you ready?" Andrew asked me and I just nodded my head, of course I wanted him. He lifted my hips off the ground to get better access. He went inside me and I opened my eyes for second to see him smiling. "You're so wet and tight." He was talking in a low grunting voice and I knew he felt really good, but I wanted to do something for him as well. I wanted to show him how I much Iâ ¦ loved him?

"You're so thick, I want more of you." I whispered between my breaths and his sexy grin reappeared. He slammed into me, sending shivers through the body, an aching for more. I felt a sensation, almost like a heartbeat, throbbing down there. It became more and more intense until finally I felt myself shaking in pleasure. The tingling, throbbing, deep pleasure moved through my body. A few screams escaped my mouth before Andrew lips found mine again. I moaned into his kisses and grabbed the jacket lying around me, squeezing them to fight this ecstasy. When the deep throbs of pleasure subsided I released my grip and relaxed. Andrew was about to bust, his body becoming tight all over. He let out a low grunt and finally came inside of me. I smiled as he fell beside me, chest heaving, and a grin on his face.

I didn't say anything, and neither did he. We just laid together on the sand for a few hours before hunger set in again.

"I'm going to go fishing, can you get some firewood? The knife in my bag is good for chopping down branches." He said before getting up and walking off toward the ocean. I laid there, watching him walk away. I was really developing feelings for him and I didn't want to upset him so I ran off into the jungle to chop up firewood. When I got about 50 feet into the jungle I turned around to see Andrew, pale as a ghost. His eyes said everything, something was terribly wrong.

"Andrew what's wrong?" I said and walked up to him cautiously. I put my hand on his face, but he jerked away from me. I didn't understand what I had done, why did he hate me all of a sudden? His eyes bore holes into me, his hands were shaking. "ANDREW, WHATS WRONG?" I screamed at him and shook his shoulders trying to get him out of this trance. "There is a boat out thereâ ¦ and they are headed towards us. They must have seen our boat on shoreâ ¦" My stomach fell through my stomach, I spent days hoping for a rescue ship, but now that it was here I was worried. What would my father do to Andrew? Would he shoot him not and leave him to die here, all alone?

I grabbed Andrew hands in mine and looked into his dark eyes. "I'm fucking dead. I'm as good as dead, you realize that right?" He said and I wanted to cry. I had to find a way around this mess. I need to save Andrew like he saved me. I got on my tippy toes and gave him one last kiss before running onto the beach. I needed to lie for him; I needed to put on a show.

I ran onto the beach and noticed a fairly small boat with 3 men on it, 1 of which was my own mortal enemy. I glared at him as they rode through the choppy waves. His hands were held out to block the sun and he smiled instantly when he saw me. The smile was that of a father, who had been terribly frightened for his daughter's life. I couldn't smile back though, perhaps he was happy that I was alive but he was also the cause of so much of my pain. He waved enthusiastically, but I needed these last moments to prepare myself for the biggest tantrum of my life.

The boat rode onto the shore and he jumped out along with the two other men. They scanned the area around me and their eyes were fixed on something in the woods. "Kim! You're alive!" He exclaimed and ran over to hug me. I put my hands up in the air, and drew in a deep breath. "HOW DARE YOU! I've been struggling to survive out here on this island for days, little water, and no food. Why didn't you find me sooner?" I pushed the blame of this situation on him instantly, trying to catch him off guard. "Where is that monster who took you? Lurking around the island somewhere?" My blood boiled, YOU are the monster. "Don't you see what this is?" I screamed at him, my hands forming fists. The men behind him looked at me with suspicious eyes; I suppose they never found a missing person who was so angry at her rescuers before. "This was my idea!" I spat at him waiting for a response, and his face scrunched up. "What do you mean this was your idea?" He yelled at me while his face reddened.

"I was playing a prank on everyone. Andrew was in on it the whole time, and if it wasn't for him I would be dead because God knows you can't do anything right!" The reality of what I said sunk in, my lie was working. His hands formed fists and he started stomping towards me when I saw a flash before me, it was Andrew. He jumped right in between my father and me blocking the blows.

"Like she said, this was supposed to be a prank. I never thought it would take you guys DAYS to find us." Andrew lied on the spot and I had to suppress my smile. He was just like me! My father calmed down a bit when he realized Andrew was more than willing to protect me. He stepped forward and put on a fake smile. "Well at least you're both safe thenâ ¦" He managed to spit out before the two men came to help us onto the boat.

I sat next to Andrew, holding his hand as the boat road the waves farther into the ocean. I looked into a mirror on the boat and was shocked at my own reflection. My hair was a frizzy mess and my skin looked dirty despite our ocean baths. I couldn't wait to take a hot shower and eat something.

We arrived back on the big yacht once again and a lot of crew looked on with amazement as I held Andrew's hand. They couldn't believe that I was alive either. I stepped onto board and felt a sigh of relief. I ran back to my room and jumped into the shower immediately washing the dirt, sand, and grease from my body. I washed my hair 1, 2, 3 times and used almost a whole bottle of soap. I breathed in the steam from the shower and exhaled my stress.

I felt a hand touch my back through the curtain and I instantly thought it was Andrew. "Andrew did you shower yet?" I didn't get an answer and that's when I turned around to see him. It wasn't Andrew; it was the last person I wanted to see. He drew his hand back and slapped me across the face as hard as he could. "You little whore; you slept with him didn't you?" He questioned me but I knew better than to answer him. "Kim, I thought I told you before that you are mineâ ¦I guess I'll just have to make myself clear once we get home and that criminal is behind bars." I glared at him with such hatred I think he was almost afraid of me but then his usually demeanor came back. "Make sure you clean yourself really nice for me. Your mom said she is very disappointed you would pull a stunt like thisâ ¦I hope you feel horrible, she was worried sick." I didn't say anything. I was hoping he would leave me alone. I wanted to cry, I wanted to crawl into a ball in this shower and die. How can he always turn these things in on me? Why do I let this continue to happen? I won't. I have Andrew to protect me now. He will do what my mother never did, stand up for me.

I got out of the safety of my shower and peaked around every corner. No one was in here with me so I dropped my towel and looked around for clothes to wear. Clean clothes. I chose a pair of white shorts, and a tie dye tank top with flat white sandals. Things were starting to return to normal for me. I wandered down the halls, looking first for food and then for Andrew. I found the kitchen first and ate chicken, shrimp, rice, and a pina colada. I ate enough for 3 men and then left to search for Andrew.

I found one of the boys who had made fun of Andrew for his short pants; this guy was obviously one of his friends and would know where he was. "Where's Andrew?" I asked him in a whisper fearing my dad was lurking around. "He's on the deck out there." He pointed to the main deck. I immediately made my way out to deck and saw him conversing with all his friends. They must be talking about me, because as soon I was in sight they got very quiet. Andrew smiled at me and waved me over to their group. As soon as I sat down he sensed that I was nervous. All the guys were watching me and him, the last time they saw us we were fighting like cats and dogs. He must of told them he hated my guts, but now after spending time with me he changed his mind. "Can you guys give us a minute?" All the guys laughed and raised their eyebrows being perverted. "It only takes you a minute bro, no wonder she hated youâ ¦" They all erupted into laughter and walked away. I felt very uncomfortable because I knew Andrew was going to ask me something that I wasn't prepared for.

"Kim, are you alright?" He asked looking into my eyes and I looked away instantly. I wanted to tell him. I wanted to scream it at the top of my lungs but I was afraid of what my father would do to us on this boat. He is known to fly off the handle and cover things up with his money. I didn't want Andrew to get hurt. I grabbed his hand and tried to lie. "Yeah of course I'm fine. It's just weird being back in civilization, you know?" He didn't take his eyes off of me and I knew he didn't believe me.

"I'm really tired so I'm going to go to bed. We'll figure everything out when I get home. You know figure us out." I said and got up from his lap and walked back down the hallway. I hoped my lie would keep him at bay.

ANDREW'S POV

I watched her walk away from me back into the hallway and my blood boiled. I know she is lying; she couldn't even look me in the eyes. That bastard is up to somethingâ ¦I still felt horrible for what I put her through, I'm not sure whether it was guilt or true rage but I needed to find him. I stomped around the ship looking for him. I searched for him on the whole ship top to bottom until I heard someone come from nowhere. "Are you looking for me, boy?" I heard a deep voice from behind me and turned around to see him

standing with arms crossed against his chest. He thought he was tough, but I knew a thing or two about him that he didn't think I knew.

"Yeah, Kim seemed pretty upset. She said it was something you said to her." I lied because I wanted him to sweat under the pressure. "The only person upsetting Kim is you. She is a good girl, strong, smart, and she would never settle for trash like you." He threw his words at me with disgust. He really thought he was better than me.

"So she's supposed to settle for an ugly fuck like you? A man who can't keep his hands off his own daughter?" I watched for his reaction. I wanted this to turn dirty; I was going to tear this man apart with my bare hands. Color rushed over his body, this man was used to people listening to him, taking his shit. I took a step towards him, I towered over him by a few inches, and my strength was far greater than his. "What's the matter, you're only a tough guy when you know you can win?" I stepped closer until I was right in front of his face. "That's why you do it to her, because she was always an easy target. That doesn't make you strong. It means you're pathetic." I grabbed onto his throat and pushed him against the side of the hallway. He tried to rip my hands away but I was squeezing off his air supply and his muscles didn't want to react.

"If you ever touch her again, I'll fucking kill you." I dropped him to the ground and watched him gasp for air. His leather loafers kicked at the ground trying to crawl away from me. His eyes were red with tears and he glared up at me. I turned around and walked back to Kim's room. I'm not letting her alone until we are somewhere far away.

Chapter 14

I laid in bed for about 20 minutes trying to fall asleep. I stared at the ceiling and pulled the covers up to my chin like when I was a child. We still had a whole night on this ship with that monster. I heard the door knob turning slowly and tensed up. PLEASE DON'T, I shouted in my head. I closed my eyes trying to pretend I was asleep.

"Kim?" It was Andrew's voice and I instantly shot up in bed and waved him over. He locked the door behind himself and quickly came over the bed and sat beside me. "What's wrong? DID HE HURT YOU?" He asked through clenched teeth. I shook my head. "Not yet, he said my mom is really disappointed in meâ ¦I guess she would be." I buried my head into my knees and suppressed my sobs as best as I could.

"Your mom would be more disgusted with him if she knew what kind of a man he wasâ ¦" I couldn't hold back my tears and thick lines of tears streamed down my face. "She did knowâ ¦She does knowâ ¦I lied when I said I never told anyone. I told her everydayâ ¦" A confused look came over his face, almost like he couldn't believe a mother would abandon her child. "She let him abuse you for all those years?" He said in disbelief. I shook my head and wiped the tears away with my arm.

"She told me it was my fault becauseâ ¦I was so beautiful he couldn't resist." My eyes began to sting from the salty tears and my body shook with anger. The two people in my life who were supposed to love me and take care of me had failed me. Everyone thought he was such a wonderful person, charming, smart, rich, and had the perfect familyâ ¦My mother had been young, selfish, and married for money so no wonder she didn't believe me at first, or stick up for me later.

Andrew sighed loudly and ran his fingers through his hair. He was obviously still feeling incredibly guilty for forcing himself on me. "Kim, when we get back to New Yorkâ ¦I want you to get help." He said and picked my face up so I had to look at him in the eyes. "I don't want help, I want to get away." I confessed and Andrew frowned.

"I agree that you need to get away from him, but he has to pay for what he did to youâ ¦" I shook my head violently. "Noâ ¦I just want to get away. I don't want to look at him, speak to him, or give him a reason to follow us." I noticed Andrew's face go a little lighter when I said the last part.

"Did you do something stupid?" I asked curiously and he got up and started pacing. "I wouldn't consider it stupid, but you might." He whispered and I felt my stomach tighten. He said something to my dad, and now he has a reason to come after him. "What did you do?" I whispered and got out of bed. I knew what my father was capable of. I remembered hearing stories through the door of my father and his friends. They would talk about guns, hit men, and taking people out for not following orders. He knew a lot of people in high places, that's how he made so much money. My mother never said what he really did for work, because I guess she didn't know either.

"I might have threatened his life, choked him a little bit, and called him an ugly fuck. That's about it." He grinned while telling me this, but all I could do was gasp in horror. I was glad that Andrew had stood up for me, but now he put himself in grave danger.

The room fell into silence and I paced around the room. Andrew still didn't look worried, until we heard a knock at my door. "Kim, open this door." I heard my father's voice and I froze. "Is that dead man in there?" He said while trying not to laugh. I could hear more people outside, and I peeked under the door to see many feet standing outside. I held up my hands to tell Andrew I had no clue what to do. He started looking around the room for weapon and I walked over and opened a drawer with pepper spray in it.

"It's only me in here dadâ ¦ I don't know where he is." I said and heard them trying to jiggle the handle. My hands started shaking, what if they beat him up, or worse had a gunâ ¦ "Now Kim, we already searched the entire boat top to bottom except for this room. Either he's in here or jumped overboard." I heard the feet shuffling outside, I had a feeling they were going to break the door down. I pointed to the chest on my floor where I hid all his clothes. He grabbed one end and I grabbed the other. It was incredible heavy, but we carried it over and laid it sideways, blocking the entire door.

"He's not in here. Go Away." I said trying to sound annoyed and not afraid. Andrew walked over to me and kissed me on the lips. I grabbed his hair and pulled him closer. He lifted me off my feet by my waist and wanted to melt into his kisses. I knew when that door came down that we would be fighting a lot of people.

I heard the door knob turn completely and they tried to push it open. The antique chest was so heavy that they struggled for a moment. "Come on boys, push harder." I heard my father barking orders because of course he wasn't doing any work. I wondered if those boys that laughed with Andrew were helping my father. Would they turn on their friend like that? Did they have any choice?

I held Andrews hands and kissed him one last time. "I'll take the pepper spray, you hide behind the door. If I can't get all of them, then you jump in." I said to Andrew because I knew they would go easier on me than him. He nodded and waited behind the door and smiled at me. I needed some reassurance because I didn't want to lose him.

The chest moved slowly, inch by inch into the room and I could hear the men grunting and growling at the weight of it. Obviously Andrew was stronger than them since he lifted most of it on his own. I had the pepper spray ready to go, I just needed a few more inches of space to blast them all through the door crack. "Just reveal yourself now and the punish will be quicker." My father said sternly but I put my hand up for Andrew to stay where he was. The boys pushed the door open a little further and I pointed the pepper spray directly at them, without hesitating, and sprayed them all at once.

Curse words could be heard all over the ship from them, even my father had been struck with it. "You're dead boy!" He screamed and tried to wipe his eyes, but I waited still. Andrew walked closer to the door and peaked outside to see them all holding their eyes and crying like children. My father opened his eyes for a moment to see where we were and that's why I took my second shot. I sprayed him directly in the eyes this time and that's when I heard something drop onto the ground. Andrew flung the door open and we saw a gun lying on the wooden floors.

"Holy Fuck" He whispered before diving for the gun. We both gasped as we realized just how close to death he had come. My father would have shot him, hidden it, and then tortured me to my own unique death anyhow. Andrew pointed the gun at my father, and kicked him onto the ground.

"Do you have anyone else on this ship with a gun?" He shouted at my father who refused to answer. Andrew drove his boots into my father's sides causing him to scream out in pain. "Answer me." He said and bent on his knees to get a better look at my father. "Noâ ¦That's my only gun onboard, but you will be dead when we get to shore. I can guarantee that, boy." He threatened Andrew.

` Andrew stepped over his body and punched him right in the face, over and over until he had a trail of blood running from his nose and shallow breathing. He handed me the gun and picked up my father's limp body and dragged him into my room. "Andrew, what are you doing?" I questioned his sanity for a moment because my father was knocked out already. Would he really kill my father?

He dragged his body into my room and sat him on top of the chest against the wall. He grabbed the gun back and took a cup of water I had sitting on the table and threw it on his face. My dad gasped and suddenly woke

up from his slumber with a massive headache. He reached up to his head and then instantly down to his belt, feeling around for his gun. Andrew flashed him a smile and then pointed the gun at his heart.

"I want to ask you some things first." Andrew said to my father with a sickening grin. He spit some blood out onto my powder blue carpet and glared up at Andrew. "I underestimated you, kid. Maybe if you stop now I'll just have you incarcerated and not killed." Andrew laughed right in his face. "You're not in the position to be bargaining right now. Just sit back, answer my questions and maybe I won't kill you." He said with a smirk and I just stood there watching. I didn't know what to do, because part of me wanted Andrew to just shoot him now.

"Kim, if you don't stop him I will cut you off from everything and your mother too. Both of you will be on the street with nothing to your name." He said looking at me with his disgusting eyes. I thought of my mother at our home in New York drinking her wine and worrying about me. But then I remembered all those times I cried to her, asked her for help, for guidance on how to protect myself. She was my mother and she failed me, so why should I save her now?

"Don't talk to her. Look at me. LOOK AT ME" Andrew shouted and shoved him to the ground. "I want you to answer whatever questions she has for youâ¦" Andrew looked over me with pleading eyes, but I couldn't form words. My head was pounding uncontrollably. I had never had so much power over my father, and I wasn't sure where to begin. I nodded at Andrew and turned my eyes to HIM.

"Whyâ¦" I whispered and fell onto my bed because my legs would not work any longer. He looked up at me with no emotion and muttered the words, "Because I can." I wanted to throw up, I wanted to kill him myself. I ran over the Andrew and grabbed the gun from his hands and Andrew looked a bit frightened by my anger.

I pointed it right between his eyes, placed my hand on the trigger closed my eyes and firedâ¦When I reopened my eyes I saw my father lying there completely fine, the gun had not gone off for some reason. Andrew looked at him with wide eyes; he couldn't believe this man was still alive. My father looked up at me with teary eyes, and tried to reach out his hand to me. I jumped back instantly and knocked right into someone. It was Chuck, my father's boat expert and he tried to take the gun away from me.

Andrew lunged forward and knocked Chuck to his feet and I heard the man wince in pain. "Chuck what are you doing? Kill him!" I heard my father shout from the other corner of the room; he couldn't walk because of his injuries. Chuck reached into his pocket and that's when I took my gun out and fired twice. I hit Chuck once in the arm, and once in the stomach. He fell to ground quickly, gasping for air, and blood spilling from body. My father looked on in horror as I walked up to him.

"WHY? Why do hate me so much that you would hurt me? Why didn't mom protect me from you? WHY?" I screamed at him through deep sobs of anger and sorrow. He swallowed hard and tried to sit up and instantly coughed up blood. "Kim, sweetheart, I don't know whyâ¦sometimes the things people love are too strong to be taken away so easily." I couldn't believe my ears. I dropped to the ground; put the gun on the bed and Andrew came over to hold me. He wrapped his big arms around me. He kissed me on the lips to reassure me we would be okay.

I glanced over to where my father was laying, but he wasn't there anymore. "You should have listened to me, Kim." I looked up and saw my bloodied, injured, livid father standing above us with another gun. I stared at the black handle, watched his finger move for the trigger and I jumped over Andrew. I stood right in the front of it. "I LOVE HIM!" I shouted at the top of my lungs. My father reached out his hand and pushed me away. I hit the ground with a loud thud. Andrew had the gun from the bed in his hands now. My father stood hunched over, bleeding, and weak. Andrew was strong, tall, and didn't look away from my father's glaring eyes. BANG.

--- WHO SHOT WHO? Muhahahahah you'll have to wait and see. I hope you all are happy, because of all your comments I wrote this chapter instead of doing my homework... =)

Chapter 15

BANG. I closed my eyes at the sound of gunfire but then opened them immediately to learn my fate. Did I lose the love of my life, my savior, or my father who had caused me so much pain? My eyes travelled to both figures that stood facing each other. My father's eyes bulged and his body bent forward more, he was cradling his stomach. Andrew stood with wide eyes, a gun still in his hand pointed at my father. My father cried out in pain and grabbed onto the wall for support, but he quickly fell to the ground and red seeped through his shirt.

"I love you" I whispered to Andrew from the floor. He snapped out of his trance and walked over to my father, retrieved his gun, and left him there gasping for breath. Andrew came over to me and picked me up off the floor, cradling me in his arms.

"I love you too, Kim. I love you too." He kissed my forehead and guided my head to his chest. I looked over at the dying man who I used to call dad. His eyes were shut and his hands slowly stopped moving, but I didn't cry for him. He never cried for me.

We could hear footsteps outside on the deck; all the workers had heard the gun fire. Andrew put me down and we walked out onto the deck. All the workers were standing with weapons, knives, bats, poles from on the ship. "It's Andrew and Kimâ¦it's okay." We heard one man say and then slowly all the workers appeared with weapons. They had figured it was them next if my father had his way.

"They're deadâ¦" Andrew said and put his arm around me. I stared at the floor because I didn't want to see their faces. I knew they were relieved, but I still felt uneasy. What happens now? Everyone on board was silent for a while and the ship continued to sail further and further north. We were headed for New York, with two dead men, and 1 suspected kidnapper.

"I just called the police; they are waiting on shore when we get thereâ¦" One guy said and my blood pressure shot through the roof. "WHAT? What did you tell them?" I screamed at him, trying to run over and punch him but Andrew grabbed me around the waist and pulled me back. The guys eyes widened and he rubbed his hands on his pants, sweaty palms. "I said that Andrew shot Chuck and you're father, in self-defenseâ¦" He whispered and I looked to Andrew's face. He just sat there staring straight ahead.

"That's true, but the police might not believe me, a convicted felon who murdered the boss on his first week. His boss that is a millionaireâ¦" He put his head in his hands and breathed deeply. I took my hand and placed it on his knee. "We'll all be asked questions Andrew, and every single one of us knows that you didn't murder themâ¦You saved us." I said and looked around at the circle of people. At the beginning of the week we were all strangers, but now we were bound together by such a horrible event.

Minutes past and the sun rose in the sky. The New York harbor was waiting for us, along with many cops. The boat docked and immediately the cops rushed onboard, separating us, and searching the ship. The police questioned every single worker, Andrew, and me. The only people they couldn't question were my father and Chuck. All of our stories were consistent, Andrew had shot Chuck when Chuck ran in with a gun, then my father stole that gun and that's when Andrew had to shot him as well.

The police took Andrew away in handcuffs and I wanted to cry. They were still charging him with murder and he would sit in jail.

ANDREW POV

I put my hands behind my back and waited for that usual feeling of handcuffs around my wrists. This was something I had been through before, the cops knew that. But this was the first time it had happened and there was someone there watching who cared about me. I tried not to look at Kim, because I didn't want to see those beautiful eyes crying again. I kept my head down as the cop walked me over to the patrol car.

KIMS POV

I watched the police car drive away with Andrew when I heard a familiar voice. "KIM" My mother yelled and threw her arms around me, sobbing deeply. "Kim, I'm never letting you out of my sight. First, you're kidnapped, and now thisâ ¦" She hugged me but it felt awkward. I didn't want her hugs. I didn't want her comfort. "Kim, what's wrong? Do you need something, a coffee or a cup of tea?" I just stared at her. NO. I need Andrew; I need his hugs, his comfort. I shook my head and asked if we could just go home. She nodded her head and brought me over to her Mercedes.

I walked into the familiar mansion and felt more alone than I ever have. There were paparazzi outside of the house, waiting and watching. My mother had not said a word about my father; I assumed she was a bit relieved too. I went into my room and fell onto the mattress. Andrew wasn't so lucky, he was in a jail cell somewhere.

"Kimâ ¦Can we talk?" I heard my mother from the doorway and I pretended to be asleep. "Kim, we need to talk about this." She was persistent and came over to my bed and shook my shoulders. My eyes shot open at her touch and I felt this rage building inside of me. "What. What do you want me to say?" I said to her and she looked taken aback at my anger.

"The cops said it would be good for you to talk about this traumatic experienceâ ¦" I winced at her words and sat straight up in bed. "TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE? My whole life was nothing but one traumatic experience after another!" I screamed at the top of lungs and she just stared at me, not knowing what to say because she knew exactly what I was talking about. "That man was a monster; he was nothing but a disgusting, abusive, and controlling child predator! This 'traumatic experience' was a gift from the heavens" I yelled at her with my chest heaving, my fists balled up.

"Kim, it wasn't all bad. We both have all the luxuries life can offer and you will be taken care of your whole life." She said that as if it was supposed to make me forgive her, excuse for failure as my mother and protector, excuse her total disregard for my well-being. I glared at her and tried to hold back my tears. I didn't want to cry in front of the enemy. "I don't give a fuck about this house, your car, my car, or the designer clothes on my back. I needed you and you weren't there for me! YOU LET HIM DO THAT TO ME!" The tears could not be held back and I sobbed into my fists. I turned my back on her and then I felt her hands grab me from behind.

"Do you think you're the first girl this has happened toâ ¦I dealt with it too." I stared into her tear filled eyes and could see some kind of emotion in my mother again. I slapped her across the face with all my might, how dare she mock me. "What do you mean? SAY SOMETHING" I screamed at her because she had fallen into silence. "My father did the same thing to me, but without the wealth. I always thought the stuff he could provide for us would make up for everythingâ ¦" I didn't feel sympathy for her, I felt pity for her. What kind of a mother can let the same thing tear her child apart that once tore herself apartâ ¦

I ran from the room and threw everything in my sight. The vases in the house, the paintings on the wall, and books on the shelves I threw on the floor. I screamed at the top of my lungs going through the whole house, and no one came after me. No one tried to stop me.

I collapsed onto the marble floor, crying and sobbing until my tears ran dry. I pulled at my hair, punched my legs, screamed until my throat hurt.

Several weeks passed of the same thing. I went to see a therapist, school, and then home. My mother had forbid me to go to see the man who 'murdered' my father, Andrew. I tried to call the prison, but no one will let me talk to him. I tried writing him letters, but my mother rips them up when she sees the address. The cops who come to the house only ask me questions; they never answer mine, probably from request on my mother's part.

"You know I hate you right?" I said venomously one morning before school. She looked at me with a blank stare. "The trial is in one week, but I don't want you to go there." My mouth hung open, but I thought better than to flip out on her. "Fine, I guess you know what's right for me." I smiled at her and she just rolled her eyes. My house had been filled with nothing but tension, anger, and police for the past 6 weeks.

"Lexy wants to hang out at the mall this Friday, can I go?" I asked hoping she couldn't tell I was lying. "Friday after school?" I nodded. "I want to feel normal again, please?" I asked and she just sighed. "Fine, but I want you home before dark." She gave me a stern glare and I just smiled as big as I could. This Friday I was going to go see Andrew for the first time in 6 weeks!

ANDREW POV

I stared at the ceiling of my jail cell for hours every day, studying the crevices and cracks. It was all I could do to keep from going insane. The only people who visited me were lawyers with bad news. The only letters I got were from Kimâ¦

Dear Andrew,

I've been seeing a therapist and now everything makes sense to me. I'm sorry I lead you on, and made you think that I liked you. Being back in the real world made me realize that I don't want you. I'm really sorry that it had to be like this, but I won't be going to your trial. I couldn't bare to look at you after what you put me throughâ¦

Good-bye Andrew

I read that letter over and over again, cursing myself to sleep every night. How dumb could I be to think a rich, beautiful girl like that would want to be with me after she got back to normal life. All she needed me for was survival and protection, and now that I cannot be of use to her she wants nothing to do with meâ¦I sat in my jail cell dreaming about her day and night, until I got a second letter.

Andrew,

Time has given me a chance to heal, and now I am so mad. How could you do this to me? How could you kidnap me, lie to the cops, and then expect me to take up for you. You are pathetic and I hate you. I never want to speak to you ever again, don't try to contact me when you get, IF YOU GET OUT.

-Kim

After spending 6 weeks in jail for this girl, THIS is how she treats me. She hates me. She never wants to speak to me ever again. Fine. Fuck her. Fuck you Kim! I hit the weights every day after that. I wanted to make myself better; I needed to let out my anger. I needed for get rid of all this hate I had for the girl who once meant so much to me.

Chapter 16

The bells rang for the last class of the day and I jumped out of my seat, pushed people out of the way, and ran to my red Mercedes. I gunned it and rushed over to the police department, I couldn't wait to see him again, to hear to voice, to know if he was doing alright.

I walked into the jail and the men at the front desk looked me up and down. I didn't look like the kind of women coming to see a convict. I had on a bright turquoise top, light distressed skinny jeans, my juicy couture purse, and 5 inch heels. I smiled at them and walked up to their desks. "Hi, my name is Kim and I'm here to visit Andrew Steel." I said and waiting for them to get up. The heavy set man with a large mustache got up from his post, sighing loudly. "Follow me." He said and started slowly waddling back through hallways. I was right on his heels, why didn't this man walk faster? I want to see Andrew!

He told me to sit in a chair and through the glass I could see another chair on the other side. Andrew would sit there! My heart was beating so fast I could feel my face heat up. I saw the heavy set man come forward with a confused look on his face, "Mr. Steel said he doesn't want any visitorsâ ¦" My heart dropped through my stomach. My face went pale and I broke down into tears. With my chest heaving I held onto the dirty counter in front of me and the cop looked very worried.

"Why won't he see me? Did you tell him it was Kim?" The man shook his head and awkwardly stared at his feet. My mouth went dry and I couldn't see clearly. I wanted to scream and shout, I wanted to give the cop a message so vile that he wouldn't bare use my actual words when relying the message, but I stopped myself. "Tell him I really want to talk to him, that I miss himâ ¦I need him." I looked up at the cop with tear filled eyes and he just turned around and walked away.

I felt hot tears filling my eyes and my hands shook with anger. Why would he turn me away? Just because I wasn't here the last 6 weeks doesn't mean I did that by choice, it doesn't mean I don't love him still. I laid my head down on the counter; I didn't care about the germs or all the hundreds of people who sat there before. I needed to see him, and I would wait until he came down to see me. I heard a knock on the glass and when I looked up I saw a very pissed off Andrew. His hair was cut shorter, his muscles a lot bigger, and his eyes had that evil stare in them that once scared me.

"You don't want visitors? Are you fucking kidding me?" I whispered into the phone in my hand and tears waited in the corners of my eyes. Andrew's eyes grew darker and narrowed; he slapped a paper on the glass. "Why would I want to talk to you? You want nothing to do with me. You hate me right?" His words were filled with such hatred that I actually backed away from the glass. What in the world was he talking about? I came closer to readâ ¦It was a letter from meâ ¦but it wasn't FROM me. I motioned for him to put the papers down and he just kept glaring at me.

"I didn't write thatâ ¦I wrote you letters, but not those letters. My mother wouldn't let me call, write, or visitâ ¦I'm only here because she thinks I'm shopping with my best friend." I spoke the words so fast it was as if he didn't hear them. "So you didn't write me letters telling me that you hate me and never want to talk to me ever again?" He practically threw his words at me; the venom in his voice was so strong I couldn't bare to look in his eyes anymore. His jawline was sharper than before, and his face tougher.

"Of course not, I still care about you so much. I still love youâ ¦Andrew how could you believe that I would do that to you, after everything we've been through." I sat back in my chair and started to cry. Andrew's eyes softened for the first time since I sat down and he rubbed his temple with his hand.

"My defense attorney called your house everyday asking for you to testify, but every time you refusedâ¦" My head turned to the side, much like a confused dog. "I never got those phone calls, of course I would testify for you. I was fucking there when everything happened why wouldn't I testify?" I said into the phone and Andrew still looked at me with skepticism. He still didn't believe me, yet.

"I spent 6 weeks in jail, and not once did I get a phone call, a 'real' letter, or a visit until now. Do you know how that fucked with my mind?" Andrew leaned forward as if he wished he could reach out and touch me through the glass. "I am soooo sorry Andrew, I have no control at my house right now. My mother has me on lockdown. She ripped up every letter, blocked every call, and wouldn't let me go anywhere aloneâ¦ Until today." I pleaded with him. He put his arms on his side of the counter and put his head down.

"Kim, you don't know how much I wanted to hear thatâ¦ It is hell in here. The only people I see are lawyers who tell me that YOU won't testify and I'm basically going to jail for murder." His eyes showed so much pain, I wanted to break the glass and kiss away his worries. "Well I will be at the trial, and I will testify if they'll let meâ¦" I put my hand up to the glass and he pressed his there too. "I miss you so much, Andrew. I hate everyone except for youâ¦" I laughed and he laughed too. It almost hurt to laugh after so many weeks of its absence.

"Maybe when this whole thing is over me and you can run away." Andrew said and I wanted to cry, nothing sounded better than run away from this life with him. "And if they convict me, thenâ¦ just move on Kim. I won't last the whole sentence in this place." I looked confused and waited for him to explain. "If I'm set free then that's great and life goes on. If they convict me, then I have plans of my own." My eyes widen, what was he hinting at? "What plans?" I asked cautiously. "I don't want to live another 60 years if it's in here. I'll just end it; I'll just kill myself." I gasped and Andrew wouldn't look at me anymore. "Andrew, Andrewâ¦ANDREW." I half shouted into the phone. "Don't you dare think like that? I will testify for you, everything will be alright. " I whispered into the phone and Andrew smiled a half smile just to make me feel better.

ONE WEEK LATER

I walked into the court room on the 6th day of the trial in my conservative dress suit, ready to testify for Andrew. When I walked into the courtroom there was virtually no one on the side for Andrew. My entire family, my dad's friends, and business partners were all sitting on the prosecutor's side. They glared at me as I sat behind Andrew. He didn't even know I was right behind him. "Andrew, get ready." His lawyer said to him and he just nodded.

The judge called me up to be the next witness and I had to breathe deeply just so I wouldn't pass out. When I looked at Andrew his eyes were on me, a smile spread on his lips and I couldn't help but return a half-smile. I hoped the jury saw our little exchange.

"Miss Worthington, would you say that Andrew acted in self-defense?" I looked over at the jury who would decide his fate. "Yes." The lawyers had instructed me to give mostly yes and no answers. "Why was Mr. Worthington, your father, and Mr. Rutter forcing their way into your room?" I sighed and looked at the jury with tearful eyes. "They wanted to hurt Andrew." I said and the lawyer paced back and forth. "Why did they want to hurt Mr. Steel?" The questions went on and on for over 30 minutes.

"Would you please explain in your best words Miss Worthington how Mr. Steel is an innocent man?" Instead of looking at the jury, and I stared right at Andrew. I smile spread across my face, I couldn't hold it back. "Mr. Steel saved meâ¦" I let out a chuckle because only Andrew knew what I meant. "Andrew and I grew into more than just friends over the week onboard. He is the sweetest, most patient person I know. I love himâ¦" I stared right into his eyes and he stared right back at mine.

When I stepped down from the stand I walked past Andrew and blew him a kiss. The jury must have sensed our connection because when I turned around to look at them, several of the women tilted their head and grinned at us. Now we just had to wait, all the witnesses had been called. Every worker on board went up and testified for Andrew, and I did as well. The prosecutors only had his past record to convince the jury otherwise.

4 DAYS LATER

The jury had deliberated and made their final decision. I drove to the court room with my mother that day. "Kim, I want you to sit on the side with me today." I stared back at her in disbelief. "No." There was no discussing this, I was with Andrew. "Kim, you are tearing this family apart, and over what some boy, who is a criminal, a murderer?" I would have punched her but she was the one driving. "What family?" I hoped that stung as much as I intended but I couldn't bare to look at her.

A woman from the jury stood with a piece of paper, their decision. Andrew sat in front of me, stiff as a board and empty of emotion. I guess he wanted to prepare himself for the worst. I sat on the edge of my seat, listening to every syllable from that women's mouth.

"We the jury, in the case of the murder of Chuck Rutter find the defendant NOT GUILTY. We the jury, in the case of the murder of John Worthington find the defendantâ ¦ NOT GUILTY." I jumped out of my chair, threw myself across the division between me and Andrew and squeezed the shit out of him. I kissed his face, his neck, his hands, and his forehead. He grabbed the sides of my face and kissed me with such force and urgency. He was free. We were free.

Chapter 17

I waited for them to release Andrew from jail eagerly. My mother of course had other plans. "Kim, I forbid you to see that boy." I just smiled up at her, nothing could ruin this moment for me. "I hope you realize when I turn 18 I'm done with youâ ¦" The hurt showed in her eyes. I wanted to jab her further so I said, "I couldn't hate you anymore than I do now so do whatever you want. I know it won't hurt you to lose a daughter who was never really loved to begin with." I watched the tears well up in her eyes. I walked away from her, away from our Mercedes and to the front of the jail where they told me he would be released.

I saw three men inside of the tinted windows standing there, and one resembled Andrew. I took several deep breaths as they approached the doors and out came Andrew! I ran over to him and jumped into his waiting arms. He kissed me neck and smiled at me like I was an angel sent from heaven. "I missed you so much, Kim" He smiled into my neck and I wanted to give him something to get very excited about.

"I want to give you a ride." I winked at Andrew and he got serious all of sudden. "You better be serious, because I've gone 6 weeks without any sex." He stared at me intensely and I laughed. "Of course I'm serious, and I thought one of your arms looked bigger than the otherâ ¦" I toyed with him but he wasted no time dragging me over to the red Mercedes that I had told him about in your little jail visit.

He jumped into the driver seat and I got into the passenger side. He took the keys right out of my purse and revved the engine. "Oh my godâ ¦ You're so horny aren't you?" I asked while giggling and he just grinned. He sped away from the jail and started heading into the city, the opposite way of my house. "Where are we doing this?" I asked curiously.

"You have money? We're getting a hotel roomâ ¦" I smiled at the thought, a night alone with Andrew after so many nights being ALONE. I put my hand on his thigh and started kissing neck. "You know I haven't had sex for 6 weeks too?" I whispered into his neck and moved my hand farther up his leg.

"Kimâ ¦" He pleaded pushing my hands down. "I have to go up to a front desk and get us a room. I can't have a boner and just walk into a hotel." He smiled at me, but it looked like it hurt him to say that. I grinned mischievously at him. "Who said you would still have a boner once we get there?" I said to him and reached for his belt. He shook his head in disbelief but grinned all the while.

He took his right hand off the wheel and undid his belt because he couldn't wait for me. I lowered my head down into his crotch and his dick sprung out of his jeans. For an instance I got a nervous, but then I remembered I wanted to do this. I grabbed his shaft and slowly put my mouth over the tip. I licked underneath the head and sucked on it for several moments, trying to prepare myself to go deeper. My hands were on his shaft moving up and down. I lowered my head a few inches onto him and he let out a grown. His hand found the back of my head and forced him deeper into my mouth. I gagged a little, but then he lessened the pressure on the back of my head and I went up and down slower than before. I felt the car sway really fast to the right and I shot my head up to see why Andrew swerved. "Sorry, I closed my eyes for a second." I widened my eyes at him; well at least I know I'm doing this right. "Andrew you need to pay attention to roadâ ¦" He grabbed my head and pushed me back down. "Shut up please and suck me." I continued since he said please, but his forcefulness actually turned me on.

I went back to sucking on his tip and rubbing his shaft up and down. A few minutes passed of him moaning before he busted in my mouth. I held the salty, sticky, semen in my mouth for a minute contemplating whether to spit it out the window or just swallow it. Andrew had his eyes back on the road and a look of euphoria on his face. I took a water bottle I had laying in the car and filled my mouth with water so I was forced to swallow it all.

"You're welcome." I said as I came up for air and licked my lips. I put my feet on the dashboard and noticed we were in the city. Andrew pulled up to a nice hotel that was extremely tall and fancy. "I'll be back, where's your wallet?" I handed him my money and watched him walk to the hotel.

Andrew walked back out with room keys, a parking pass, and a big ass grin. I grabbed his hand and we walked into the hotel where they immediately offered us warm cookies. I grabbed two white chocolate macadamia nut cookies and we booked off toward the elevators. Once we were inside it was just us. Andrew lifted me up and pinned my arms above my head, and lifted my ass onto the hand bars in the elevator.

"You're going to need a wheelchair when I'm done with you." We both laughed and I tried to move my arms but he had me restrained. His kisses moved south towards my breasts. The elevator dinged and the door started to open when Andrew let my arms fall. A group of guys walked onto the elevator as Andrew turned around and I jumped down from the bars. They were all laughing at us, and I blushed as I straightened my hair back into its place. The elevator went up 3 more floors and we stepped off, but not before hearing their jokes. "HEY. Can we come watch?" One of the guys yelled at us and Andrew just laughed while the doors shut.

We jogged through the hallways looking for our number 645. "Here!" I yelled and we opened the door. Andrew went in first and then I followed him in. There was a beautiful tall bed and a large window overlooking the city. "How long are weâ ¦" Andrew stopped me mid-sentence with his lips. His thick lips crashed into mine and I closed my eyes. His tongue eased into my mouth and he picked me up and carried me over to the bed. He threw my tiny frame onto the mattress and I scooted backwards onto my elbows.

I watched him from the mattress strip off his shirt to reveal his muscular chest. I giggled with anticipation, I had been dreaming about this ever since we did it the first time. He climbed on top of me and I loved feeling this close to him. He started kissing my neck again and his hands disappeared under my shirt.

"Andrewâ ¦" He ignored my whispers and kept kissing me. "Andrew. I want to tell you something." I heard him sigh and lift his head up. "I kind of liked it when you were rough with meâ ¦It really turned me on." I confessed and it made me feel so dirty. Did I really just admit to him that I like rough sex? I blushed furiously and he sat up for a minute trying to figure out what I'd just said.

"So you want me to be rough with you?" He asked me, looking very confused. I nodded my head fast and Andrew demeanor seemed to change instantly. His kisses were more intense and urgent on my neck and cleavage. He took my hands from around his neck and pinned them together above my head with only one of his own hands. I started breathing deeply, and realized I was getting wet.

Andrew ripped my shirt off in a matter of seconds and reached underneath me to unhook my bra. My nipples rose higher as if calling him to them. His finger grazed across my hips as he unzipped my pants. He lifted my butt off the mattress to slip the jeans off and squeezed my ass. He was looking straight into my eyes the entire time. He put his hands on my knees to pull them apart, but I kept them pinned together. "What's wrong, Kim?" He looked concerned and slightly angry.

"Nothingâ ¦I want you to be aggressive, rip my legs apart, and ravish my body" I blushed again at my description but it was true. He smiled at me and only used a little of his force to get my legs apart despite my hardest efforts to keep them closed. His hands went from knees to my inner thighs and he grabbed them, pushing me back further into the bed and positioning himself between my open legs. I felt an aching for him deep in my womanhood.

Andrew sat up to unzip his own jeans when I clamped my legs back together and he smirked at me. He put his hands closer to my womanhood and pried my legs apart. His hands grasped my thighs and ripped them open. He tore the thong off my body and touched me there. I squirmed under his pressure on my clit and let out a

gasp.

"Don't try anything funny Kim or you'll regret it." He said with a devilish grin and then removed his own underwear. I sat there obedient and watched his dick stare back at me. "Turn around and get on all fours." He demanded and when I didn't move he grabbed onto my nipples and twisted them. I yelped out in pain, or pleasure?

I did as Andrew said and he pushed my face down into the pillows and spread my legs wide. "You're going to like this." He said before plunging deep inside of me. I let out a moan and gripped onto the sheets. He hands gripped onto the front of the hips and every time he pounded into me front behind, he slammed me back onto his dick.

Andrew took his right hand and slapped my ass quite hard and I felt myself building up to an orgasm. I felt the faint thudding begin deep in my walls and continue to intensify. "Harder" I whispered to Andrew and he slammed into my so hard my eyes rolled back. My pleasure spilled over and I couldn't stop screaming out his name.

When my screams of pleasure subsided Andrew flipped me over and slipped out of me before cumming. I was quite confused until he laid his dick on my chest and stroked it until a sticky substance covered my chest.

He laid next to me on the bed and looked over at me with a big grin. "That wasâ¦great." He exclaimed through labored breaths. "Can we stay here forever, Andrew? Just me and you." I pushed the sweaty hair off his forehead and kissed him on the lips. "Not HERE, but we will figure something outâ¦ But let's not think about that until tomorrowâ¦night." We both laughed and fell into a deep sleep because for the first time in weeks we were lying next to the person who meant the most to us.

Chapter 18

Andrew and I woke up several times that night to make up for missed time. I rolled over in the morning and kissed him on the lips and laid my hands on his chest. "What do you want to do today? Get something to eat?" I said and cuddled up against him. "Let's get sushi and walk around New York City." He said smiling down at me before kissing the top of my head.

We both got redressed in our clothes from yesterday and left the hotel to find a good sushi place. I held Andrew's hand while we walked through the streets of New York City. Thousands of people walked around us, dozens bumped into us, but none of those people were important to me.

"Kim, here's a place." He pulled me into a little sushi bar and we sat down waiting for our waitress. I stared at Andrew and played footsy with him under the table. I saw a girl glaring at us from a table over, she was obviously jealous. I leaned across the table and laid a light kiss on Andrew's lips just to piss her off.

Andrew pulled away from me and glanced out the window. "Kim, I don't know what I'm going to doâ¦" I grabbed his hand with both of mine. "What do you mean?" I asked. "I don't have a bed to go home to tonight; I don't have a car, or a jobâ¦" He trailed off with more and more things that just made our situation even more complicated.

"I have a plan Andrew. You know I'm very resourcefulâ¦" I said but his eyes still showed worry. "Tonight I'm going to drive back to my house, get a huge suitcase and stuff it full of clothes, jewelry, valuables, and money. We can sell my gold for money when we need it. We just need to leave town and go. I'll leave my Mercedes at home and we can take a cabâ¦So no one can track us down." I told him everything, from the potential cities down to what necklaces I would bring.

"I can't do that to youâ¦" Andrew whispered but the waitress walked up to take our order. I stared at him in disbelief, he couldn't do what? Andrew ordered us food and then looked back at me. "I can't make you live paycheck to paycheck, Kim. You don't realize what it's like to live in hiding, to be poor." He spoke these words with hurt and a little anger.

"Are you calling me spoiled? I can't believe youâ¦" I went to get up but Andrew grabbed my hands and kept me there. "Noâ¦What I was trying to say was thatâ¦I've lived in less than comfortable places before, after my parents kicked me out. It isn't an easy life. You would have to forget about all the luxuries of life and get a job to help me pay for thingsâ¦And you're not even out of high school." He tried to break this to me gently, but tears were streaming down my face. Andrew didn't want to be with me anymoreâ¦He didn't want to take away my luxuries in life; it was as if he didn't know a thing about me.

I got up from the table this time, ripped my hands away from him and ran into the flood of people in NYC. "KIM" I heard him yell over the sea of people but I ignored him and ventured forward. I lost myself in the sea of bodies, running, pushing my way through people until I found myself on a block with no one. I collapsed onto the ground and burst into tears.

Once the tears would come no more I got up and made the trek back to the hotel. I went up to the room and tried to look through the peep hole to see if I could see into the room. I didn't see anyone so I scanned the card and the door unlocked. I walked into the room and he wasn't there. My heart sank. I had almost hoped he would be here to say sorry and beg me to run away with him.

I fell onto the bed and the tears started to fall again from my eyes. I grabbed one of the thick pillows and screamed into it. "I hate you! AHHHHHHH" I screamed over and over until my head felt heavy and I fell

onto my side.

Two hours passed of me waiting on that bed, sitting and rocking back and forth like a child. I wanted him to come back to me, I wanted him to grovel at my feet and beg me to go away with him. I wanted him to admit he was wrong, that he was wrong about meâ ¦

I heard the door crack open and I jumped onto the bottom of the bed. My hopeful eyes turned sour when I saw it was only the maidâ ¦"Miss there is a man out here who said he lost his room key. Is he here with you?" She pointed to a very drunk Andrew. I nodded and pulled him into the room.

He fell into the wall and his words were slurred. "Kim, you look so sexy" He said and grabbed at my waist, but I slapped his hands away. His face was red and he kept looking all around the room. He tried to climb onto the bed but couldn't lift his leg up high enough and fell onto the floor with a loud thud. "Oww, Kim help me up." He called out to me. I stared down at him lying on the floor.

"Andrew! Why won't you runaway with me?" I yelled at him and kicked his foot lightly trying to get his attention. "I don't deserve you, Kimâ ¦You have so much money, you're hot, and who am I?" He pointed at himself before dropping his arms with a thud.

"So what, you just had sex with me for fun last night? You never planned on going away with me?" I questioned him and his eyes lit up like a small child. "Sex? I'll do sex" He rolled onto his stomach and started getting up. I rolled my eyes. "NO. Why don't you see that I love you? I don't need the car, the clothes, and the house! I just want to be with you, you're the first person who ever really cared about meâ ¦" I had started out shouting but my voice fell into more of a whisper at the end.

He was on his feet now swaying back and forth. "Kimâ ¦I love you too." I ran over to him and shushed his lips with mine. He grabbed onto my waist and sent us both tumbling to the ground. I laughed as he laid there next to me with his stupid smile on. "If you love me, then take me away from here." I pleaded with him and finally he nodded his head.

"Fine, we'll go to Philadelphia. I have a friend thereâ ¦" He slurred again before reaching for my waist. "Good! You stay in this room and sober up while I go home and get everything." I grinned from ear to ear and kissed Andrew one more time before leaving the hotel.

Chapter 19: THE END

I drove back to my house for the last time and I passed so many things I'd seen every day like my high school, my best friend's house, and so many more. I drove up to the iron gate and waited for it to open so I could walk through the large mansion that had been my prison for many years. I pulled my car up and into the garage and noticed my mom was not home. I rushed up the spiral staircase and into my room. I grabbed 2 big suitcases and stuffed them with my favorite shirts, short, jeans, bras, underwear, lingerie, shoes, dresses, jewelry, and anything valuable.

I stepped into my big bathroom and stared at my all beauty products before shoving them into my suitcase. I washed my face to get rid of my fallen mascara and smudgy makeup. I jumped into the shower and laid back against the marble. I washed my hair and body before packing away those products too.

I walked into the expansive kitchen and wrote a letter to my mom.

Dear Mom,

I wish things had worked out differently but I know we did not see things eye to eye. I will be safe. Please don't look for me, because I don't want to be found. I want you to know it hurts me to leave this place, and to leave you. I still love you, even though you don't deserve my love. Maybe one day in the future I will be able to forgive youâ¦ Goodbye, Kim.

I did not know what else to say to her so I left that note sitting on the granite where one of the maids would find it. I wiped the tears off my cheek and dragged the suitcases into my car. We could leave my car at the hotel and call a cab from there. I pulled out of the driveway and took one last look at the brick faÃ§ade, the bay window, the perfect landscaping, and breathed in one deep breath. I was really doing this. I was running away with Andrewâ¦

I got to the hotel and immediately called a cab so they would be there by the time I got Andrew up. I ran up to the room and found him sleeping on the bed. His big figure was as the long as the bed and he looked so peaceful.

"Andrew, wake up. It's time." I shook him lightly and his eyes opened wide. "Why am I sleeping?" He whispered and felt his head. I laughed at him and he held his hand up to silence me. "Not so much noise, okay?" He slowly got out of bed and kissed the top of my head. "So you got me drunk and persuaded me to do this?" He lifted his eyebrows at me and I just smiled back at him.

"I didn't get you drunk, you did that. Whatever happens after that is out of my handsâ¦" He put his hand on the small of my back while he walked through the hotel to the cab waiting outside with our bags.

We got into the cab and Andrew mumbled an address to the driver and we were off. Andrew put his hand on my knee and gently squeezed it. "You know I was hoping you would change your mind and stay with your mom, but now I'm glad you didn't." I smiled over at him because that was what I wanted to hear.

We drove for a while until the signs for Philadelphia started to pop up. "My friend lives in a row house in the city. Not the nice part of the city either." He admitted as we drove into the inner city. I saw a lot of guys with leather jackets, tattoos, and a scary feeling about them. I squeezed Andrew's hand again as the cab came to a stop in front of a run-down home.

I handed the cab driver the money and got out to stretch my legs. The men leered at me and I stepped closer to Andrew while he got my bags out of the trunk. We walked up to his friend's house and a man opened the door. He looked about 30 years old, beard, tattoos, and leather jacket. I took a deep breath and started to worry. What have I gotten myself into? Will I be safe here?

"Hey Andrew, how you been?" They shook hands and Andrew explained our whole situation after the guy invited us in. "So you can see that we can't just get our own place. I have to find work, so does she. We just need a place to stay and we have stuff to pawn until we can get jobs." The guy looked us both over and smiled eagerly at Andrew. "I have one bedroom open right now, and you're lucky because the guy just moved out." He said to us and led us upstairs to a dark, stinky, and tiny room without a lock.

The guy left us alone for a moment so we could unpack our things and I felt all my worries come a head. I don't know these people. I don't know this area. I don't have any skills, or even a high school diploma. How am I going to stay safe once Andrew gets a job? I rubbed my temples and sat down on the bare mattress in the center of the room. "I don't know if I can do this Andrewâ¦" I looked around at everything and in that moment I saw the anger and something else flash through Andrew.

He walked over to me and grabbed my hands in his own. "Kim, if you don't want to do thisâ¦I'm not going to keep you here." It was then I realized that Andrew felt ashamed that this was all he could offer me. He knew I was used to marble showers, granite counters, maids, and personal chefs. I had all the best cosmetics, clothes, and cars that any teenager could dream of, yet the only thing that made me happy was him.

I stared into his eyes for a long time before looking away. I couldn't answer him because everything was all of sudden feeling real. When Andrew told me I would have to work, and live in less than I was accustomed toâ¦I didn't really understand to what degree. I opened the suitcase and took out some of my gold jewelry and handed it to Andrew. "Take this and sell it to a pawn shop or something. Buy yourself some clothes and hygiene stuff. I'll be here when you get back." His eyes looked distrusting, almost like he didn't believe that I would still be here.

"That guys name is Nick. He is an old friend from high school and if you need anything you ask him. He's a good guy and I trust him. Don't go outside by yourself. I mean it." He stared down at me and I just shook my head. I wanted to get this place up to my standards. I followed Andrew down the stairs and he left me there with Nick.

"Do you have cleaning supplies? Bleach? Gloves?" I asked and he actually laughed in my face. "Bleach, yes. Gloves, no." He handed me a jug of bleach and paper towels and I ran back up to our room. I scrubbed everything from the floor to the door handles and bed side tables. I noticed that we didn't have sheets, curtains, pillows, anything. It was a much different scene than the fancy hotel that gave us fresh cookies.

I walked back down the stairs to find Nick and he was watching T.V. on an old couch. I stood there awkwardly not knowing what to say. He glanced over at me and looked me up and down. "Where do you know Andrew from?" He asked me. I blushed and shifted from foot to foot and couldn't think of how to respond. "Iâ¦I met him on a boat" I almost face-palmed myself for that response. "A boat?" Nick asked smiling. "My dad's boatâ¦I meanâ¦He worked for my dad." Nick raised his eyebrows to act like he was interested, but we both knew this was extremely awkward.

"If your dad owns boatsâ¦then why are you here?" He asked bluntly. I looked around the room avoiding his gaze. "Do you watch the news by chance?" I asked and he shook his head, no. I breathed a sigh of relief. "My dad's business went into the tank, and now I'm staying with Andrew since my parents fight so much." I lied on the spot and it felt nice to lie again, this was where I was comfortable.

ONE MONTH LATER

Andrew had gotten a job with some of his friends at a construction site in downtown. I had not been able to find work yet and often stayed at home watching TV and feeling lonely. It was nice to have Andrew around me at nighttime, but I really did miss my way of life. I missed my freedom, and my endless supply of cash that was always available to me before that had now vanished.

One day I was home alone because Andrew and Nick were both at work. I looked down at the track phone Andrew had bought me and was tempted to call my mom. I pulled it out and dialed the first few numbersâ ¦ What is the worst thing that could happen?

"Hello?" I heard my mother's voice annoyed because she thought it was someone with a wrong number calling her. "It's me, Mom. It's Kim." I said and the sobs that continued those few words broke my heart. Every apology I ever wanted came pouring out of her into that phone. I even shed a few tears listening to her. "I'm sorry Kim, I'm so so so sorry. Please come home right now, and I'll let you see him all you want. Just please come home to me." I took a deep breath and looked around the row house. It was very tiny, so tiny that I felt claustrophobic, but I couldn't leave because it wasn't safe for me to be alone. "If I come home, it will be under these conditionsâ ¦" I waited for her to interrupt me but she didn't. She was actually letting me talk. "You need to find Andrew a high paying job, AND let him live with us in our house." I was shocked when she cried out yes.

I was so relieved that she was going to take me back, that she wanted me back. I called Andrew at work and told him the news. "Andrew, I called my mom!" I yelled into the phone and he got very angry. "What did she say?" He asked sternly. "She said yes! I can come back, and you can too." I waited for his enthusiasm but it never came.

"Why aren't you excited?" I asked pissed off that he wasn't seeing this as an amazing opportunity. "I can't live in the house of the man I killed, with his wife, and be around people who hate me." I sighed. "Is this one of those stupid man pride issues?" I asked bluntly and he hung up on me. I'll take that as a yes.

I had already given my mother the address and she was driving here personally right now. In her Mercedes. Into this bad neighborhood. I packed up all my stuff and waited for her or Andrew to get here. Andrew walked into the door and threw his dirty shirt onto the couch next to my face. "Why are you mad?" His eyes widened at all the stuff packed into my suitcase. "You already packed?" I nodded and he stormed upstairs. "ANDREW" I screamed running after him. "Wasn't it you who said you wouldn't keep me here? I want you to come with me! Pleaseâ ¦" He shook his head in disbelief and paced around the room.

"She said she was sorry and she wants us to go to family therapy sessionsâ ¦I really think she is trying to make things better with me." He smirked. "Yeah- with you. That's the key word, you." He stormed out of our room and that's when I heard my mom pull up out front. I ran outside and hugged her not caring what guys gawked at me or her. I heard whistles coming from both directions, but right now I was hugging my mother. I was hugging her like I did when I was 5 years old and had a nightmare, there was no holding back. Andrew walked my suitcases out to the car.

"Andrewâ ¦please come with me." My eyes pleaded with him and he sighed running his fingers through his hair like he did when he was pondering something. "Fine, but I have to get my stuff and write Nick a note." He disappeared into the house and that's when my mother got into the car with me and spoke to me face to face.

"We can make things better Kim. I promise that I won't let you down like I did before." That was the first time my mother ever admitted to her wrongdoings and it made me tear up.

3 MONTHS LATER

Andrew got a job working for a big company in New York City and making his own money. I finished high school with good grades despite missing an entire month of school while I was in Philadelphia. I was going to Fashion school in the Fall with my best friend Lexy.

My mother and I went to see a psychologist once a week for 3 months and we grew so much closer. I even talked to the therapist about my secret, my time with Andrew off the boat, and seeing my father die right before my eyes. I also spoke with them about how Andrew saved me from my self-destruction. He showed me that it is possible to forgive, and that once you do you can have great things happen to you.

I sat on the four poster bed in our room and stared over at Andrew. "You look so sexy in your suit." I giggled and he strode over to be just like the business man he'd become. "You look sexy in your birthday suit too." He grinned and lifted me into his arms and laid a single kiss on my lips.

THE END

- I'm sorry I did all those flash forwards, but I have a lot of work for school and I started writing this story at the end of Christmas break when I had zero responsibilty. I hope you liked the ending, please let me know what was your favorite part of the story =)

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