Face The Darkness (Pt:2 Nightmare On The 13th)

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I strongly suggest you read "Nightmare On The 13th" BEFORE reading this. Emma finds herself still dreaming... dreaming about him. She can't wake up, she's scared,and he's there. This is the only chance she has... can she fight him? Can she fight her fear and leave? Can she fight her fear and live?

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NO! He's not supposed to be here, he's not supposed to be real! NO! â What the hell...â I gasp as I struggle to breathe. My chest is tight and my body is shaking. He chuckles demonically and starts towards my bed. I try to back up but I hit my head on the headboard,â Ah owe!â my head starts to bleed more from the impact but I'm not scared of losing blood, I'm scared of HIM. â I knew you missed me, Emma.â he said erotically but darkly. â No...no ...no...â I said, panicking now, and sweating. He spots the ripped panties and notices my shallow breathing.â Oooh, I'm interrupting, aren't I?â he ask, still advancing, slowly but surly coming to bring upon me more pain. I shake my head hastily side to side, but he ignores it and quickens is stride. I screamed to top of my lungs and jumped out of my bed and planted myself up against the wall farthest from him.'I just need to get out of here,' I thought,' I need to run.' I scoot around the perimeter, not quite away from him but closer to the door. â Oh no. No you don't.â he growls and is on me in a second, I never saw him take those last 10 steps. He was a blur.â You are staying right here... and you are going to take this like the big girl you are.â â What are you?â I ask in a shaky voice. When he grins I see his teethe are sharp, making him look even more monstrous.â I, oh I am your worst nightmare, baby girl.â he says low in my ear. I could have sworn I heard him hiss. â Why are you doing this?â I'm crying now, I cant get away from him. â Emma, do I really need a reason?â I don't answer. He sighs,â Sometimes... men like me have a hunger, a hunger for the little bitches that want to be grown.â he hissed. I didn't know what he meant by â want to be grownâ I never thought I was grown, nor did I want to be grown now. â You...you're ...â I couldn't the words out. â You threatened me!â he yelled, spitting venom in my face.â You had the nerve to bluff and say you would â call the copsâ . We both knew you wouldn't have called nobodyâ he was close to kissing me when he said this. I turn my cheek towards him. He yanked my face back in his direction,â Owe!â â You look at me when I talk to you!â he shouted. Then calmly.â You want to play the grown up game?â I'm whimpering and shaking, I can barely stand. He's holding me up by my chin and it hurts. â STOP ACTING LIKE A LITTLE BITCH!â he shouted in my face.â lets play....â He pulled out a knife , I don't know where he got it from, he was a blur again. I tried to hit him but he just slapped me 'SNAP!' across my cheek. He pinned me to the wall with his forearm, like he did before, and held the knife point in my face. â Are you scared?â he purrs. Lowering the knife down to my neck, gently pressing on it with the point.â Scream for me.â I look away from him. Mistake. He cut a fine horizontal line across my chest. I screamed. He grinned.â Good girl.â The line of blood started to glide down my chest into my gown and he started cutting down the middle of it, with no effort as if it were a fine fabric. He gazed into my eyes as he his knife went lower. He smiled darkly, â you're a little heavy for my taste but I'll make it work.â He moved his forearm away from my neck and slid his hand into the gap in my gown he just made. Touching me again, slimy and greasy. I gasped from his cold touch and tried to move away, he pushed me back in place and dropped his knife. YES! I drop quickly between his grasp and reached for his knife. NO! He picked me up and carried me away from the knife. â mmhmmm, no no.â He said. And threw me on the bed with him. I tried to scurry off of it but he grabbed my ankle. I kicked repeatedly and, to my surprise, it connected.â Bitch!â he shouted, I glanced back at him. I had kicked him in the nose, I broke it. I hurried off the bed towards the knife I grabbed it. He pulled me by my ankles again and dragged me and the knife back towards him, causing painful rug burns in the process. He picked me up again, I still held the knife on my hand, and he slammed me against the wall like a wrestler, knocking the wind out of me. But I held on to the knife for dear life. I fell to the floor, he kicked me in my stomach. I screamed, and he kicked me again, then picked me up and took a step back to admire his handy work.â Why are you making this so hard, Emma?â he said this as if he were talking to a five year old. I looked up at him. He just stood there with his arms crossed over his chest, he never broke a sweat. I was sweaty, bloodied, bruised, burned and pissed. Why isn't he struggling? He stared at me with those same lustful look in his eyes. Lust and hatred. â I'm liking what I see....â he said cockily, and took a step towards me. I couldn't help what happened next. I was fuming with anger and hate, and I felt no mercy for what I was about to do. I kicked his crotch. Once. Twice. Three times. A fourth. He screamed like a little bitch himself

and went down. I lunged at him and stabbed him in the chest, again, and again, and again, and again. I screamed awful words at him as he died by my hand. Blood was gliding down from his eyes and his wounds and his mouth. He stared deadly at me while his life was ending. But I couldn't stop stabbing him. I've feared him for too long, hes haunted me long enough!â DIE YOU EVIL MONSTER!â I shouted at him, still stabbing and stabbing and stabbing.....

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â Emma!â called a frantic voice.â Emma!!!â I open my eyes and see that I'm holding my mothers neck. I quickly let go,â Mommy! Mommy, I'm sorry!â I apologized. She dismissed my apology and pulled me into a warm motherly hug. â Emma, I'm fine,â she said,â you strangled me a bit, Emma. Are you OK?â It was sunny outside today, Saturday afternoon. Afternoon! I slept through the night. It wasn't real? I pulled out of my mothers arms and felt the back of my head, no blood, and I had a wedgie so my panties were obviously on. I smiled at my mother. â I'm fine, mommy.â And I hugged her tight, not wanting to let her go. I head a birds singing a beautiful song and a warm breeze drifted through my window. I smelled bacon and pancakes. And the sun was brighter than I ever imagined it could be.â I love you, mommy.â She smiled.â I love you too. Come on I made strawberry pancakes!â We raced out of my room hand in hand, giggling like sisters.

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I never saw him again after that dream. I don't know what happened to him, and frankly, I didn't care. I felt free and alive, without his lustful stares an suggestive hugs and gropes. I smiled more often, I stood up straighter, laughed easily.

I lived happily ever after.

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