

Nightmare on the 13th

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This story has been revised. More detail and story has been added. Emma dreams of the person she fears most.
Will she conquer her fear? Or continue to be tortured by it?



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Late at night on Friday the 13th, it was 12 midnight when I had a nightmare. A nightmare I will never forget...

As I got ready for bed my brain wouldn't stop thinking of him, that coward, that weakling, that monster! He touched me one day, I'll never forget. His gaze upon mine was unlike any other, it wasn't love, it wasn't envy, and it wasn't hate. It was lust. He lusted after me. He watched me every time he saw me, while I rehearsed, while I danced, even when I did nothing but talk to my friends. He watched me as if he were...undressing me, mentally I mean. We were in a play together, I was a dancer and an extra, he was a REVERAND(I hope you see the irony in this). We didn't have changing rooms for girls and boys, we only had a coed bathroom with a little lobby and the main rehearsal area. I opted for the bathroom. And so did he. On the last night of the play, we all did our thing, nothing unusual happened. I always went to the bathroom to change immediately after each show, and a little birdie told me he knew this. I went to the bathroom to change, I hadn't seen him since the show ended (and I was fine with that), there were no lights on, or any sign of human life for that matter, so I thought I was clear to go in and get out, fast. The bathroom was dimly lit and my footsteps were soundless, thanks to the carpet. I could see the dark couches lined parallel to each and an armchair in each corner. I never liked coed bathrooms, even the ones with comfy little lobbies. When I walked in I saw him. He was in there alright, blocking the door to the bathroom, pants-less and his shirt was undone, I stuttered, "I..I'm s-so sorry", and started to walk out but he said, "No, its okay, did you need to use the bathroom?" I said yes and he moved aside, but only an inch to the side. I started to pass him, but he grabbed my waist from behind, and put his lips close to my neck and whispered, "Do you like what you see?" I was shocked and scared, but I had to say something, so I said, "I-I havetogo, my mothershere." (I said it just like that by the way) And he let me go, then slapped my ass and winked. I stayed in the bathroom until he left, he knocked on the door asking me if I was alright, and added, "Don't make me come in there." I started shaking after he said that, my voice squeaked when I said, "I'm fine." He left eventually, and so did I. Every time I saw him in church, afterwards, he'd stare at me, with lustful eyes, and hug me, slowly and closely, his hand was always on my ass. And so were his eyes. One night (movie night to be exact) I got a text, from him. But I never gave him my number. It said, "Hey, do you remember the night in the bathroom?" I said yes, and he said, "What did you think?" I asked him if he meant, "What did I think about you?" and he said, "Yes, did you like what you saw?" I panicked and I didn't answer. He text me again, "I liked what I saw, Emma." he said, "And I want what I saw." I was scared now, so scared, in fact, all I said was, "I'll call the cops if you text me again." I'll never know if he got the message, or if he did I didn't know if he took it seriously. But every time I saw him at church after that he still stared at me, his eyes still full of lust, but never came to hug me. I assumed he took it seriously and forgot about the whole thing. I felt good about myself now, no longer uneasy. But still some nights I still thought of him looking at me with those lustful eyes of his, I always dreamed of him doing more. And not exactly in my favor, nor in my pleasure. I slipped on my nightgown, jumped into bed, and turned off my lamp. My eyelids became heavy with sleep, but I didn't want to sleep thinking about him. About his eyes. "I... can't...sleep..." I muttered to no one in particular. But sleep overwhelmed me and I drifted off easily. Thinking about him. Dreaming about him. And this is what I saw...

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I'm standing in a dim lit room, maybe a bedroom? I'm not so sure. I felt my way around the room, the soft 'pat pat pat pat' rhythm of my feet exploring, my bare feet? I see now that I am wearing my night gown and nothing on my feet. That's strange. I soon came across a waist high mirror, like a counter mirror in a bathroom! BATHROOM! This is where it happened, where he first touched me, in the lobby of this coed bathroom. But what would I be doing here? How did I get here? I heard the door open behind me and the silhouette of a man stood in the doorway, facing me, staring at me. My eyes adjusted to the light enough for

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me to see his eyes; I recognized those eyes, those lustful eyes. He slowly started towards me, smoothly, like a fox. I panicked then, and he could feel it. He smiled as he walked towards me and said, "Emma, I've missed you." He says. He's reached me now and his hand is on my waist, his touch feeling slimy and wrong on all levels. "Emma, didn't you miss me," he whispered in my ear, I chilled when he said, "You missed didn't you?" in a more callous tone. My heart was pounding in my chest when he slid his hand to my ass, and cuffed aggressively, I knew he could hear my gasp, mistaking it for pleasure, and not searing pain. That should not have hurt so much... "I thought you did." He said. He started guided me to one of the couches, and I made no struggle at all. "What is wrong with me," I thought, "I don't want him! He's the epitome of evil!" He tried to sit me on the couch, I hesitated. And he noticed. He seemed noticed everything, except my fear and hate for him. Or maybe he didn't care. "I know you want this," he purred in my ear. "Don't start playing hard to get, baby." He clutched my arm hard and cry slipped from my lips, I tried to snatch my arm back but his grip was too strong. I couldn't speak, I couldn't scream, his grip was unusually tight. "Let it go." I gasped from the pain. "No," he said simply, "I'm gonna get what I came for." He shoved me hard into the wall (really, really hard, if I might add) and I heard something crack close to my ear. I hoped it wasn't my skull. He kept me against the wall by pressing his forearm to my neck, I gasp from the pain, and I couldn't breathe. I tried to scream but I couldn't. HE stared at my scared face...and he smiled. He hiked up my night gown and ripped off my panties. His forearm had moved closer to my mouth while he looked to see what he was doing. I bit him. He shrieked curtly then backhanded me hard across my cheek and shouted, "Bitch!" He turned my body 180 degrees around so that I faced the wall, and violently started removing his pants, my mind was blank then and I couldn't hear anything but the mute sounds of my fear. He pulled hair down from the back so that I stared at the ceiling, mouth open crying silently, my neck cracked a little. His touch jolted me out of my fear trance, His left hand was in front of me, holding me close to his front. I felt his...arousal... and his hand started sliding slowly to my crotch, he positioned his fingers into a C shape like a hook and literally hooked me, really hard and I screamed. He was close to my ear now, and he whispered with a hiss, "You're getting what you deserve, you little bitch."

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I snapped up in my bed breathing heavily and sweating, my bed was soaked and I was disturbingly hot. My heart was pounding so hard it hurt and I winced. I looked over at my clock and it showed 1 am, "An hour?" I thought, "I couldn't have slept for only an hour." So I stayed up thinking about my dream, my nightmare. The back of my head hurt, and my cheek throbbed with pain. My head was bleeding and I didn't know why. I looked down and saw that my panties had indeed been forcefully ripped off, and I didn't do it. My heart started beating fast again, faster even. Then I heard it. I heard him panting as if he'd been running. His silhouette was in my doorway, facing me, staring at me. His eyes "Did you miss me?"

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