

Why? Why me?: Luna's view

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Did this really have to happen to me. My life was already ruined.



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I had an amazing day at school even though I'm an adopted child and my adoptive family don't even like me. All of my family was dead and I had a fucked up life. I was walking home (well, my adoptive home) one day from school real late cause that slut of a bitch made me mad and fucken punch her. Ugggh!! Dumb ass Natlie. It was dark out and I was getting real cold. I was less than half way home when I spotted someone in the distance. I quickened my pace and kept my head down. Then I tripped on my own feet and fell on the cold damp ground.

When my head stopped spinning a man was standing over me and pulled me up by my crimson red hair. I began screaming, but he tied ny hands behind my back and gagged my mouth. He picked me up and carried me- over his shoulder- to a place unknown. When we got to some place there were dim lights and the man threw me on the bed. I got the gag out and was able to talk.

"Please, please let me go!!," I screamed, "I have a fuckced up life already, what do you want?"

"A little pleasure for tonight," he answered.

I finally saw the man was no more than twenty-one, tall, had dark brown hair, and was muscular. He sat by me and began to undress me. He tried taking off my pants but I kicked him. When he finally got my pants off I whimpered.

"Shut it!," he screamed at me, "what is your name?"

I kept my mouth shut.

"Fine," he said pulling my hair, "now you gonna tell me your fucken name?"

"Luna," I said.

"Well, Luna, you're gonna do what I say, got it?" he asked.

I nodded. He quickly stripped the rest of my clothes off exposing every part of me. He got on top of me. I squirmed and tried to get my hands loose, but failed miserably because the cloth was too tight. He stuck his cock in me hard and I screamed at the top of my lungs.

"Stop scream, or you're gonna make it worse for yourself!," the man screamed.

"Please stop!!! I'm begging you!!," I shouted, but it was muffled by his hand.

I had to admit I felt slight pleasure, but I definately felt more pain. I felt him come in me soon after. I whinned and he pulled out of me. He sat me up even though I went limp in his arms. He made me slide down on his already hard cock. Ifelt he was deep in me and whinned louder. He tugged me hair and I screamed. (Note to self: chop-off hair.) He whispered in my ear.

"Do you like my dick in you Luna?," he asked.

"No," I whinned.

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"I'll ask you one last time," he slapped me across my cheek, "do you like my 7 inch dick in you?!"

I had no choice and nodded. My cheek was flaring with pain. He smiled evilly and pushed me off him. I slid roughly off his cock, and had just noticed he cummed in me. Lots of my salty hot tears slowly descended my pinkish-red cheeks. The man quickly untied my hands.

I saw out the corner of my eye he was deciding to let me go or not. I was lying on my stomach and so he slapped my ass for fun. I winced at the pain and as soon as he got off me I scrambled to the floor. I crawled quickly to a corner and hugged myself into fetal position. The man grabbed a knife and began to approach me. I covered my face and waited for my murderer. Then, I heard five shots go off. I don't remember him grabbing a gun. Suddenly I felt a burning pain in my left arm. I opened my eyes and saw the man was face down with four bullets in his back. I sat up quickly and winced at the pain in my arm. I saw a bullet had knicked a lot off my arm. A man burst open the bedroom door and he had a gun in his hand.

I noticed I was soaked in blood. The man tossed the gun on the ground and took his leather jacket off and tossed it to me. It landed perfectly on top of me. He ran over to me and took a look at my arm. He pulled out a wrap and cloth. He put the cloth on the bleeding wound and wrapped it up. I winced at the pain.

"Sorry," he said not meeting my eyes.

"No, it's fine," I whispered.

He tied the wrap and helped me to my feet. I put on his large jacket and zipped it up.

"May I ask of your name?," I asked trying to see his eyes.

"Uh.... just call me Mitchell," I saw him smile.

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