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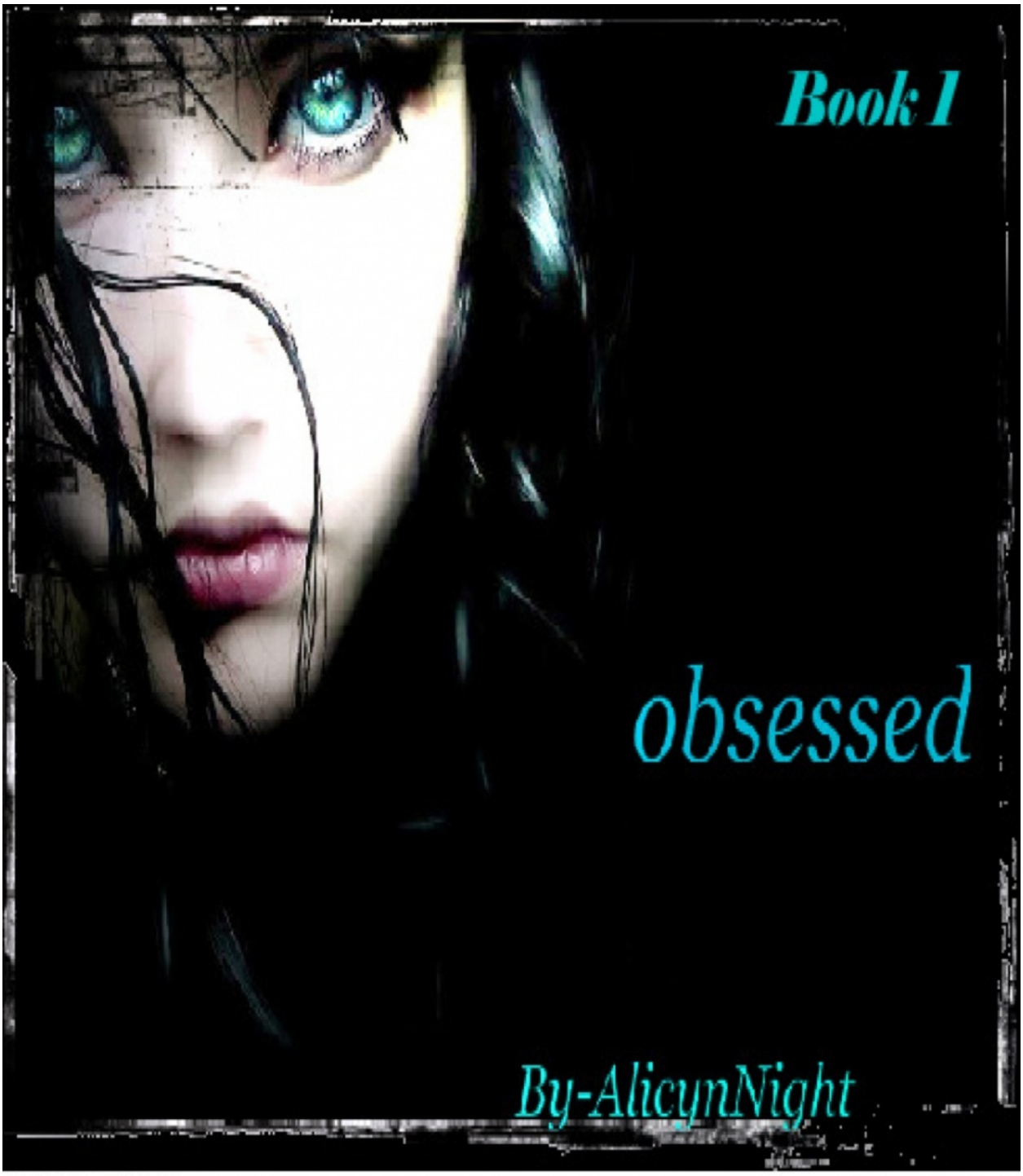

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Alicyn Night

Obsessed

First book to the Obsession trilogy

To all that have come to love and come to hate in passion.

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Obsessed (Full Story Original)

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Prolog

She sat there quietly immersed inside of the tall-tale she read, her cello case right beside her. Her wavy dark tresses hitting her neck, her Azure eyes captivated by the daydream. He watched her moves carefully, angrily. Did she not know how frail she was, how delicate her wrist were? Why does she haul that monstrous thing with her? He left then angry, but an idea popped into his head, a Cheshire smile came to his face as he left.

Chapter 1
Watched

Evelyn watched her best friend Caden buy the ice-cream as she sat at her table, a book by her side. Caden was her only friend in her huge school, but of course Caden was a stand-out kind of guy that's what drew her to

him in the first place. He never went by the dress code and always wore chains and skulls, he had natural fiery red spiky lengthy hair, it stuck out in random places, he had told her one time ‘what’s the point of taming it when it wants to run free?’ He always wore hot-pink rimmed glassed, his hazel eyes always looking golden after a day in the sun.
“Hey Eve? You still there?” Caden waved a hand in her face; her icy eyes had gone blank. He had a grin on his face as she blushed.
“Yeah I’m here, can’t get rid of me that easily.” She smiled back, looking at the ice-cream in his hands, he handed her the mint tea one as he licked the chocolate cone.
“Thanks.” She said gratefully. They ate in silence for a moment as some people came in; Evelyn looked over to her worst nightmare.
“Heyyyy Ev.” Christopher slurred his voice, wrapping an arm over her shoulder, she quickly moved away from him, before he had a tight grip. Christopher was a jockey football player who vowed to get inside every girl’s pants at school, and Evelyn was last on his list.
“Go away you fool.” She hissed, her voice an angry growl of a beast. One of the reasons that the people at school never came near her, was her icy glare and her words, she could insult you in a blank of an eye, she would watch people and understand who they really were.
Caden glared at him, from his glasses, his hazel eyes now a dark shade of green. Christopher looked scared for a moment before licking her ice-cream.
“Can’t wait for you.” He said in a lustful voice, licking her neck, she looked down at him, her Azure eyes a bright sapphire, Caden growled as Christopher backed up into someone. Evelyn looked up to Damien glaring from under his golden locks. His chocolate eyes holding a violent threat of death.
“Watch where you are going.” He seethed, Christopher didn’t look very tough as he scampered away like a little dog. Damien looked to Evelyn with a loving look in his eyes.
“Hello Evelyn.” He smiled, his eyes going soft. She nodded turning her face away, this angered him.
“What do you need?” She asks, turning away from him, her face a slight crimson color, she loved his smiles but the sweetness he treated her with scared her.
He looked at her, a lustful glaze blinding him, her shirt was unbuttoned, showing her breast’s just a little, her skirt was a bit hitched up from Christopher’s encounter, showing her bare thigh.

She turned to him her face a more red, and stopped. He was right in front of her, their lips might have touched if she hadn't have stopped moving. His deep chocolate brown eyes were staring in hers, her eyes widened.
'So deep.' She thought as he smiled.
"Just saying hello." He whispered to her, his breath smelling like honey-suckle and mint. She wanted to lean in and inhale his wonderful breath, but that would mean kissing him.
"Then hello, and good bye." She said turning away from him, she looked to Caden for help, he nodded, immersed by the strange yet intense exchange.
"Come on Eve, we got to go to the club room." Caden pushed past Damien, grabbing a hold of Evelyn's hand as she followed Caden out the door. That was another reason she loved her friend so much, because he wasn't afraid of anyone, except his mom who had the power to take away his computer and cell phone.
Damien watched them leave, a sly smile on his lips.
"See you soon."

X♪♫♪♫♪♫X

Evelyn looked out the bay window, rain trickling down the pane; the birds were not there as she wished them to be. Her lunch sat in front of her. On the desk next to her lunch was a letter that said: '*Meet me in the English room-Caden*

' she knew what he wanted to ask, it was obvious. It was about Damien, he was getting closer to her and it was freaking both of them out. Another reason she didn't want to be in the lunch room was because in some eerie way, Damien had the same classes as she. She sighed as she looked at her lunch, it didn't look even remotely good, another reason she hated being near Damien, it made her appetite go away. Then lights in the room went off. She could hear the complaints of her classmates. But it didn't matter to her, it was plenty light outside, sure it was mostly grey but there was a bizarre tranquility to it.
The door open and looked up to it, but it wasn't Caden, Damien stood there all in black, his eyes were closed as he shut the door.
"Hello, Damien." She said gently, scarred once more.
He looked up to her, his eyes relieved then desperate. She watched him come nearer, slowly, not wanting to scare her.
She glanced down at her desk again looking for some kind of weapon, nothing was there that would aid her.

“Evelyn.” He whispered, angrily. “Why? Why do you torment me so?!” he grabbed her arm, she winced at his cool touch.
“What do you mean?” she asked, her voice shaking. He was in front of her then, ripping her out of her chair, he held her arm tighter. She felt tears build in her eyes, as he grabbed both of her arms.
“Please let go of me, it hurts.” She whimpered, a few tears bubbled out of her eyes.
Why did she want him to let go, couldn’t she see how much he wanted her? Why he would go the end of the earth to shield her? How he loved her so?
He pushed her against the wall, pressing himself to her. She was small and soft, easily breakable.
‘*She can be tamed, she can become a bit tougher, and I wouldn’t want to hurt her.*
’ He thought, loving the way it felt against her. He wrapped his arms around the small frame of Evelyn, burying his face in her neck, inhaling her.
‘*Rain, and sunlight, that’s what she smells like.*
’ His arms constricted around her, she gasped at the lack of breath, her face as red as beet root.
“Please!” she yelled, a sob escaping her throat. “Let me go!” he looked at her, wanting her to be his, she would never stray from his side, he slowly, silenced her with his lips, her warm inviting lips that made him want her even more.
She pushed against him, tears running down her face, she hated this; she hated herself for being weak against him. His lips were cold and icy, soft, yet rough against hers; she hated him and hated enjoying his lips.
He licked the bottom of her lower lip, feeling her shiver in pleasure or maybe fear, it confused him, and he wanted more of her, wanted her to call out his name, wanting him as well.
“Evelyn.” He whispered braking away from her; he touched her now swollen mouth, then looked into her eyes. They were filled with tears and fright; he had scared her with his love?
‘*But how can that be?!*
’ he bellowed in his head, irritation took a hold of him.
“Why don’t you love me?” he growled at her, she froze scarred almost to death.
Silence met his question, she was sobbing.
“I don’t love you, I am sorry.” She sobbed, tears hitting her cheeks. “I

can't love you!" he silenced her maddening talk again with his mouth, his rough hands entangled with her dark locks. Why, why did she not care for him? Why did she say such heart-wrenching words?!
His teeth hit her lips, biting her until he drew her blood. She whimpered at the stinging pain, pushing on his chest to let her go, if he loved her as he said he did, he wouldn't be doing this. She wanted him to stop.
Caden watched the two lovers in the room, he had sent Evelyn a letter to tell her to meet him here, but she must have seen the two, and stepped out. Her Cellos' case was in there, and her lunch, so why wasn't she?
He watched the man pull away, and the site horrified him, Evelyn was one of the two, her lip was bleeding and tears rolled down her cheeks. She was sobbing and the man was Damien.
Anger boiled in his head as he watched him yell at her, he wanted to go in, but was afraid that if he did, Damien would only hurt her more, but he couldn't let this go on.
"Damien!" he yelled, opening the door. "Let her go!" Caden marched forward as he saw Evelyn fall to the ground, whimpering in the corner where that wicked man had put her in.
Damien smirked, his eyes livid and sadistic.
'*How dare he do this to her!*
'
Caden growled at him, standing still, Damien smiled, a foolish, sickening smile.
"Now why would I let the love of my life go?" he grinned, his eyes a sinister grimy russet.
Evelyn looked up at Caden, he was fighting for her, she stood up and looked at them, growling and at arms with each other, she ran to her cello case, and pulled her black cello out, it was hand-made by her uncle who was a master cello player and had passed it down to her when he had passed. She set it down gently and looked at the heavy metal piece she had put in there to add weight so she would get stronger and took it out, she looked at the boys.
"Move Caden!" she yelled and threw it at Damien's head. He took the warning to heart and stepped away as the heavy metal piece clashed with Damien's skull. He fell over, holding his head, yelling curses at Caden, then he turned his head to Evelyn. His eyes desperate.
"Why?" he whispered, his voice pained and saddened, and fell to the darkness, dark dots covered his vision.
Evelyn looked to him, tears forming again in her eyes. Caden hurried to

her, embracing her shaking frame.
“Evelyn, Evelyn…” he whispered, it scared him that Damien had gotten to her like that.
“Caden, my mouth hurts.” She sobbed into his chest. “He hurt me, it hurt so much.” She flinched as Caden touched her upper arms, they were red and bruising.
“shh, Evelyn it’s okay, let’s go before he wakes up okay, do you want ice-cream?” he asked, ice-cream always made her happier. She nodded to his relief as she grabbed her cello and put it back in the case. Caden grabbed it and held her hand.
“I want mint tea ice-cream and an izze soda, the peach kind.” She sniffed, clutching his hand.
He laughed.
“And chicken dumplings?” he smiled. She nodded her head, a blush on her cheeks.
He smiled wider.
“Same old Evelyn.” She smiled at this.
“Thank you Caden.” She kept her head down, feeling his hand tighten on hers.
“Anything for you.” He kissed the top of her head, a loving smile on his face. “Anything.”

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

She slept sound fully, her breathing soft. Damien sat on the edge of her bed, the blankets soft, warm, and inviting. He looked to her, eyes saddened.
“Why do you do this Evelyn?” he whispers, his warm eyes water as he watches her sleep. “Why do you do this to me? I love you so much why do you hurt me this why?” he says and touches her lips the swelling went down, he did this to her, why did he hurt her?! She turns over, facing away from him.
“You even shun me in your sleep,” a few tears slip to his cheeks. He grabbed onto her then froze; moonlight streamed into the window hitting her face in the perfect place, her face glowed like a shining gem. She looked so…stunning.
“Evelyn.” He whispered and kissed her gently, her lips like soft ribbons against his. He took her face in his large hands and cried. He cried for hurting her, for her hurting him, how could they stay together if they kept doing this to each other?! His thoughts took him away to his fantasies

where she would love him, and kiss him and make love to him when she was needing him that way. How she would call him when she missed him and play her cello to him when he needed to be calmed down. His thoughts took forms of dreams as he held her in sleep. The moonlight made her glow, but made him look dead.

Evelyn awoke to the sun streaming in the window, had she left it open last night? She stretched and got up and closed it, she looked around her room, it seemed different to her, her parents were gone so they couldn't have came in here? She shrugged it off and laid on her bed again.

"You know if you keep sleeping like that for hours on end, how can I say sorry." The voice laughed. Evelyn eyes opened to Damien sitting on her computer chair, a small smile on his lips. She gasped and sat up.

"W…why are you here?" she struggled to breath.

His eyes saddened.

"Because I want to say I am sorry for what happened yesterday, I was too…harsh on you, and forced you." He seemed to be struggling with the thought. "I just wanted to voice my feelings."

She looked at his eyes closely, he wasn't lying, but still it scared her that he was here.

"You are forgiven." She said gently, not wanting to arouse his temper.

He smiled a real smile and laughed.

"That's good I was afraid that you wouldn't dare forgive me."

"I am a kind person I suppose." She said lightly with a smile of her own. This was the old Damien she knew way back in elementary school. He was abused by his father more then often and his mother had left long after he was born, she hated him as his father hated him more. Every day he would come to school with blood-shot eyes from crying and dirty clothes that stunk of urine, but everyday he smiled and laughed with everyone, even if they didn't want to be any where near him. One day he had been beaten up and was waiting for his father to pick him up, it was sunset and Evelyn was there too, her mother was late because she had an office meeting. She stood up and looked at him, he looked up at her.

'Why do they hate me?' he had asked, Evelyn shrugged her shoulders.

'Maybe they hate you because you're cooler than them?' she had asked, he grinned with tears in his eyes. He started sobbing then and Evelyn comforted him, until his father came and she smiled at him and waved, only she didn't know what happened that night when he got home, why the next day, he was covered with plasters and bandage wrapping and bruises, why he is himself.

Damien smiled at her, her sweet innocent self.
‘*Soon so soon, she will be mine, I will make her mine…*
’ he thought, crazed.
“Damien, How did you get in here?” the question confused him, didn’t she just close the window a moment ago, why was she asking such a dense question?
He smiled and shook his head.
“The window love I came in threw the window.” She froze on the bed now afraid. She took in a deep breath.
“what’s wrong?” he asked, tilting his head to the side, his hand twitching to her desk, then did she noticed and saw a knife from the kitchen laying there, when he picked it up and twirled it in his hands, ice flowed threw her veins, she couldn’t move, her muscles had locked in place, tears brimmed her eyes.
“Please, please no.” she whimpered, horror-struck when he came near. He looked at the knife fondly, then at her.
“My beautiful Evelyn, you have hurt me. I have punished myself already for hurting you, now it’s time for yours.” She tried to run, but he was faster, he grabbed her tender arm and threw her onto the bed, leaning over her.
“No please no!” she begged, tears fell down her face silently as she sobbed. He set the knife down and sat on her; he grabbed her hands roughly and pulled them over her head. He grabbed the knife and set it at her wrists.
“Honestly love I don’t want to do this but you misbehaved and I just can’t let you get away with that.” A piercing pain hit her wrists, as the metallic frame became tainted with her crimson blossoms.
She screamed out in pain, he only muted her with his lips. He slit her wrists again and again; the blood seeping into the blankets, her cries became louder.
“Tell me you love me!” he yelled. “Tell me and I’ll stop!” her screams became muted, he stopped as she glared at him.
“I fucking hate you!” she spit in his face, he hit her, her neck popping as her head went the other way, more tears clouded her vision, as he slashed another gash onto her wrists.
“Stop!” she screamed, he threw the knife on the other side of the room, and twisted her over, ripping her shirt off. She started sobbing again; only her cries were muffled by the bloody sheets.
“This is so they know you are mine!” he hissed in her ear, his hand reached to his back pocket a gleaming pocket knife, appears in his hands.

Then does he begin to carve on his canvas.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Caden rushed to Evelyn's house, she wasn't in school, either was Damien. His gut turned in an nasty way, why didn't he go pick her up before school, why did he just leave after what happened. His head pounded as he opened the front door, the house was clean, but a metallic scent hit his nose.

'*Blood.*

' He thought racing up the stairs to Evelyn's room, the door was shut and he could hear soft sobs. Sweat gripped at his hands as he touched the door-knob, it opened slowing by itself, to show him a horrific site.

Evelyn lay on her bed; her back smeared in blood, a knife was in the corner drenched in her red fluid. But the most horrifying thing was in her back, was carved his name. A ghostly chuckle came from the room.

"I told you she was mine." Damien's voice floated to Caden's ears.

Evelyn groaned in pain as she tried to move, her body shivering.

"If you don't hurry my dear love will die, she has lost so much blood; I can't believe she did this to herself." His voiced mused.

"She could not do this to herself! You fucking bastered! Evelyn could never…" Caden became a loss of words, she was hurt this way, and he couldn't save her. His eyes pained and filled with tears. He knew Evelyn, she could never have done this and he was sure of it. He touched her back gently as she winced at him.

Then Damien appeared from the shadowy part of the room, his blond hair messed up, sticking out, blood smeared on his face, his eyes wild, and distraught. He had a sick smile on his face.

"If you love her so fucking much why do you do this to her?!" he screamed, Damien's smile disappeared, hurt was in his eyes then, it tamed the wild part of him.

"I…I don't know." He said in a blank voice. He leaped out of the window then landing with grace.

'*Why? Why did I do that to her? I can't remember why did I do that?*

' he thought as he ran away from the house.

Caden went down stairs and grabbed a clean sheet from the closet and hurried up to the room, he wrapped it around the small shaking girl, she was crying, her sobs made Caden heart ache.

"I'm sorry Caden I couldn't do fight him off." She looked up to him, her blue eyes clouded with tears.

“No you did a good job you’re not dead are you?” he looked down to her, as she said the most horrendous words he had ever heard.
“Not yet.” She was silent after that; he picked her up, as she whimpered slightly he walked down the stairs and out of the door.

Chapter 2
Distraught

Caden watched Evelyn eat her soup. That was all she ate since what happened with Damien. She rarely talked too; her parents blamed them self’s for what happened, not being home more often.
“Caden.” Evelyn whispered.
“Yeah?” he asked, she looked pouty.
“I want ice cream!” she yelled, she crossed her arms. But, of course she only acted like a zombie in front of her parents.
“All they feed me is soup I want ice cream and cake and chicken dumplings!” Caden laughed as she ranted.
After her little rant about food, Caden went down stairs and go her ice cream, but his mind was somewhere else.
‘*Damien disappeared after what he did to Evelyn, I know that he is waiting for something I just don’t know what. It scares me because he really got that close to her.*
’ He thought as he walked up the stairs. When he entered the room Evelyn was asleep, the T.V. was on MTV, which always made her sleep, unless My Life as Liz was on. She looked peaceful; the curls in her hair were shape against her wonderful pale face. When Caden was younger, he was picked on a lot, but after Evelyn came, she protected him when people would make fun of him. Then there was Evelyn everyday she would dress in a lacy black dress and black boots, everyone thought she was a freak but Caden, he thought she was an angel, her clear blue eyes melted to his heart and soul, when she would leave her hair down small curls would wrap around her face. He even remembered the day he was beaten up, by some 7th graders. He was laying on the ground with Evelyn standing over him.
‘Were you beaten up?’ she asked as he closed his eyes, and nodded.
‘For what?’ he looked to her with anger in his eyes.
‘I was beaten up because I look like a freak with red hair and strange glasses.’ He pointed to his hot-pink rimmed glasses that had been broken.
She nodded her head in understanding.
‘I see, well I don’t think you look like a freak’ She said, he had scoffed at

her gentleness, but tears, by themselves gathered in his eyes.
“Caden…” Evelyn said in her sleep, bringing him out of his daydream, she was on her tummy, drooling, her arms spread of her head as if she was going to take flight. He smiled as her strange form, happy to know that she was here.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

The darkness of the clouds scared her, her body trembled to the cold weather that was freezing her from, the inside out, and she was only wrapped in a sheet stained with blood. Damien appeared a knife in his hand, a sad smile on his wicked lips.
‘It will only hurt for a moment.’ He said, the knife now suddenly dropping blossoms of the red life. He shifted then, his golden locks became fiery as the sun and his eyes became lighter a hazel green.
‘Evelyn…’ Caden whispered to her, as blood began to drip from his lips and his body became nothing but sand.
“Caden!’ Evelyn screamed, tears blotting her vision.
‘Evelyn…Evelyn…’ Caden voice repeated in her head.
‘Evelyn!’ it yelled.

Evelyn looked to Caden standing over her bedside, she embraced him, sobbing.
“It’s okay Eve, it was only a nightmare.” She shook her head.
“It didn’t feel like one it felt real.” She shivered, afraid of what Damien could do, if he wanted to.
Caden’s arm wrapped around her waist, not remembering about the name in her back. She flinched.
“Sorry.” He said, he really was too. To him it was his fault he couldn’t protect her, couldn’t save her from what had happened. Tears came to his eyes; he was completely engulfed by his anger.
‘*Why?! Why couldn’t I protect you?!*
’ he thought holding her tighter.
“Caden?” she asked, wondering why he was crying.
“I…I feel so useless, Evelyn, I couldn’t protect you, like you have protected me, I couldn’t do anything for you!” he sobbed in her ear. Evelyn could say nothing to this. She only sobbed with him.
“It’s not your fault Caden, it’s not, really! I just couldn’t protect myself.” She sobbed. They stayed like that, until the sun went down.
“Caden.” Evelyn’s mother walked in, her tresses of newly blond hair, up in

a bun.
He looked up, his eyes tried from crying, Evelyn in the nook of his chest.
“Yes Mrs. Heeren?” his voice laced with sleep.
“Are your parents going to be worried if you don’t go home?” she asked, crossing her arms, swaying side to side. He scoffed, his parents were never home and rarely paid any kind of heed to him, and right now they were at a party, already drunk off of beer and wine.
He shook his head. She smiled and looked at them, the way he held her, and how her daughter was sleeping peacefully in his arms, after what she had been through, it amazed her.
“I am really glad you’re here Caden.” She said, a pained expression on her face, he just smiled at her.
“Whenever she needs me.” He answered, laying his head down on the pillow, falling fast asleep.
She smiled and shut the door.
“Yeah I know.”

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Damien watched the two, hidden in each other’s arms, his breathtaking love in the arms of a killer! The blade he held in his hand started to bring blood out of his hand, the scarlet trail smeared against the branch of the tree. He snarled at the sight of them.
‘*She will love me!*
’ he roared in his head, a new scheme popped into his head. He chuckled at the idea and vanished into the darkness.
She awoke to the wind on the trees, it was raining again, it poured against the window, thundering light outside.
She rubbed her eyes, looking to Caden’s arms around her, he was fast asleep.
She quietly, not to disturb him, moved away and off the bed. She tried to switch on her light, but the power was off, she yawned and went out the door, she wanted to see, the dark was causing her to dream of Damien again.
“Evelyn.” His voice whispered in her ear, the feeling of his icy arms wrapping around her made her shiver.
“I am so sorry Evelyn, so sorry.” The wind made it hard to hear.
“No you’re not.” She said, her voice low, afraid.
“Yes I am Evelyn, I am so sorry, never meant to hurt you…look up.” It said, and she did, the front entrance was in front of her, the door looked

huge and scary.
She put her hand on the doorknob, she wanted to go outside, but was afraid of what might be waiting.
“Stop it, stop talking to me.” She growled at the voice, it only laughed.
She opened the door; the wind slapped her face roughly as she walked out. Rain painted itself on her, becoming wet instantly. Lighting flashed and she saw Damien, he stood there, like he was the one that caused this weather.
“Evelyn.” He voice was nothing but a whisper, but she heard it loud and clear like he was behind her.
He held out his hand, dripping wet.
“Evelyn it hurts so much, Dad hit me again.” The rain looked like tears to her. He was baiting her, drawing her in to him.
She was in his trance, her eyes hurt.
“Why does your dad hit you?” she asked, real tears going down her face.
He smiled.
“Because he likes to hurt me Evelyn, please Evelyn come here I need a hug, your hugs make me feel so much better.” He kept his smile.
“But you’re dangerous.” She said looking down, it seemed like the wind and rain couldn’t touch them.
His smiled disappeared.
“No I’m not; I am not dangerous Evelyn just come here and hug me.” His voice became demanding, freighting. Evelyn shook.
“Please Evelyn?” he asked his voice calm again.
In the distance of the storm she heard people call her name, it wasn’t Damien’s voice but…her mother’s and Caden’s. Step by step she walked to Damien.
“Evelyn!” Caden called her, she was soaked in water, her body was trembling and in the distance he saw Damien, he had a sick, triumphing smile on his face, he was drenched as well, his lips were blue as he shook.
“Evelyn please!” he yelled as she got further and further away. Her mother was holding onto Caden’s arm, pulling him in from the rain.
“It’s no use Caden. She’s gone.” Evelyn’s mother had tears in her eyes.
“No I am not going to stand by and watch her get hurt again!” he yelled, he pulled his arm gently away from her grip and ran to Evelyn, she was only a few feet away from Damien, that wicked man that he hated.
Caden grabbed Evelyn’s arm, trying to get her from getting closer. She turned back to Caden, her eyes dazed and unfocused.

“Damien he needs me, his dad hit him again.” She looked to him, a frown on her shivering lips.
“Evelyn wake up!” he yelled, shaking her. She stayed unfocused. He looked at her for a moment, then grabbed her.
“Sorry Eve.” His lips touched her, holding onto her tightly. Evelyn’s blinked, then looked into Caden’s hazel glaze. The moment was sweet, quiet, and short. Then Caden’s gentle lips were torn off of hers. Damien had him pinned to the ground, his hands around Caden’s neck, Caden clawed at Damien’s neck, crimson hue falling on his face. Growls erupted from both of them.
“Don’t you **dare**
touch her!” Damien snarled, shoving Caden into a tree, Evelyn heard something snap, as Caden howled in pain. Damien let him fall to the ground, Evelyn wanted to run over but she could, she was frozen watching her best friend fight for her, her mother had gone inside to call the police, her hand shaking as she listen to nothing.
‘*She won’t get far*
’ Damien’s head become raged with thumping and red.
Damien ran to Caden and kneed him in the gut, watching him as he fell, unable to fight much longer, Damien smiled as he realized this, then look to the woman who bore Evelyn.
A shot rang threw the air as silence took hold. Evelyn screamed, watching her mother fall to the kitchen floor, the smell of blood mixed with the rain, she collapsed, her knees buckling from underneath her. The scene in front of her spun, dark blotches covered her vision from the corpse. Damien caught Evelyn in her grasp, he picked her gently, her small body fitting perfectly in his arms, he nudged her cheek, loving her smooth skin.
Caden watched Damien sit on the grass, holding his Evelyn whispering songs in her ears. He knew she had fainted, for the site of seeing her mother fall to the death of a gun. Tears ran down his face as he mourned her mother and his friend’s sanity.
“Caden.” Evelyn whispered, her eyes fluttering open, she felt Caden’s hands touch her face, his voice like a lullaby. Then she remembered, Caden was hurt by Damien, tears gathered in her eyes, blurring her vision. Damien watched her cry in his arms; his iced heart only melted so little.
“Call my name Evelyn.” He whispered, she froze, her eyes widening as her tears increased, but only angry tears fell from her cerulean eyes.
His arms around her tightened only slightly, she was afraid of him, and he knew it.

She kept quiet and tried to wiggle out of his arms, he sighed knowing that this would happen, but he wanted to hold her, where she could not escape his grasp.
She struggled against his firm grip.
“Let me go!” she screamed, anger flooding her.
“Never Evelyn, now be good and stay here.” He cooed in her ear, stroking her cheek, the tears soaking onto his skin. She screamed for help, knowing none will come.
“I hate you!” she seethed, rage filled Damien as he threw her on the ground.
“You little bitch!” he seethed; he wrapped his hands around her slim neck.“You will not talk to me in that manner!” Evelyn wished for air, her willowy hands gripping at his, her nails digging into his skin as she drew blood.
He watched life slowly fade from her eyes, her slender fingers losing their vigor. Her chest barley moving. He grinned at the sight of a doll in his hands. Then he thought of her lips, her voice, her smiles. She wouldn’t do that anymore if she died. He started to panic.
Caden opened his eyes, only one word forming on his lips.
“Evelyn.” He whispered, tears coming to his eyes. Damien was hunched over a corpse-like body. He was crying, his large hands wrapped around her neck.
“God Evelyn.” Caden staggered to his feet, as the rain, as to welcome an angel to heaven, stopped. He watched Damien look at him, now holding Evelyn to his chest, glaring at Caden, but then sunlight flooded the yard, under the light Damien got blinded from its shining light, not use to the bright sun.
“You…killed her!” Caden screamed, as he attacked Damien, both of them flying to the ground, the body of Evelyn laying on the grass, as if she was resting peacefully.
Damien couldn’t resist Caden’s blows; Caden was going too fast for Damien to stop him.
Tears blinded Caden, his hits growing weaker and weaker with every sobs that escaped his lips.
“Why?!” Caden cried. “Why?!” Damien’s eyes blank, tears sliding down his face silently. He all was but a void, nothing more than an empty shell, his mind couldn’t function.
“I don’t know…” Damien whispered, confused. He had blanked out, not remembering.

“What the hell do you mean, **you don’t know**
?!” Caden yelled. Damien growled, he couldn’t remember, his head was pounding but he couldn’t remember.
Caden looked at him, shaking violently, his eyes having a killing intent to them. Caden’s hands went into fists, and hit Damien.
Huge dark dots, entered Evelyn’s vision, then became bright. She heard sobs from someone, and something holding her tight. It hurt her back slightly, as someone traced the name carved into her back.
“Evelyn…” she heard Caden’s voice call her, her head felt heavy like someone dropped a piano on it.
“Caden…” she whispered, opening her eyes slowly, the brightness was from the sun, and the rainbows in the sky.
“Evelyn?! Your alive, god I thought you were dead!” he hugged her closer to him, he was warm and damp from the rain and sun.
“Were you…crying?” she asked, patting his head, as she felt warm tears fall on her neck.
“I thought Damien killed you E…Evelyn, w…why do you t…think I w… would be c…crying.” He stuttered as she soothed him.
“Hey I’m here there is nothing to be worried about.” He nodded and continued to sob on her. His arms were tight around her, making her feel safe.
“Evelyn…” he whispered, leaning closer to her. She looked up at his greenish eyes, the sun making them a tawny gold.
“Yes Caden?” she asked, her face feeling warm as he laid his hand on her cheek, tilting her head up, coming closer, until their lips touched. In a twisted way, Evelyn liked his lips there, but at the same time she missed Damien’s full cold lips. It sickened her.
They heard sirens then, as police cars pulled up with an ambulance.
Evelyn looked to Caden.
“Where did Damien go?” Caden’s grip on her hand got tighter.
“He got away.” He looked over to were dark stains covered the grass.
“Don’t look Evelyn.” She moved her head into his chest, afraid to face what had happened. “Mom is going to be all right, mom is going to be all right…” she kept the whispered chant to herself. Caden looked at her, as she shook. He knew she wanted to look to see her mother there waiting with open arms, but that woman was cold as ice now.
Damien watched Evelyn being looked at by a doctor same with that boy. Her mother was taken on a stretcher and into a black bag. He looked back at Evelyn, her dark locks messy and tousled. Her nightgown was

dirty and torn, but she still looked like an angel.
‘*But I have to lay low for a while, the police are now involved.*
’ Damien thought, sunlight touched his skin lightly, he hissed, and went back into the shadows. He looked to his love for the last time for a while until he could come back for her.
“Evelyn.” He whispered, he turned around unwillingly and walked into the forest’s edge.

Chapter 3
Torment

Evelyn watched the birds out the window, she had finally returned to school after 3 weeks. Her father still mourned her mother’s death, but was happy that is only daughter was alive. Caden sat next to her, never willing to leave her side, unless she had to go to the bathroom.
He held her hand as he sat on the floor a book in his lap.
“Hey Caden?” she asked, feeling him move to look at her.
“Yes?”
“What do think blue or red?” she pointed at the birds as they bathed in the after droplets of the rain. He smiled at her, his eyes holding an emotion that she couldn’t comprehend.
“Which one do you like better?” he asked, rubbing his thumb on her palm. She looked away shyly, a blush on her cheek.
“I like them both.” She said quietly. He chuckled, as he quieted down Evelyn gasped.
“What?! What is it?!” Caden stood up, embracing Evelyn, pulling her close to him.
“The bird’s eggs have hatched! Aren’t they cute?” she giggled, pointing out the baby birds. His grip relaxed as he saw the birds.
“Yeah they are cute.” He smiled then looked down at Evelyn, his heart started pounding against chest.
Evelyn looked down at Caden’s arms, he still didn’t remove them.
“Caden?” she wondered, she looked up to him; he looked at her with a fever she couldn’t grasp. He leaned into her face, taking one of his hands, touching her cheek.
“Evelyn, I have a strange feeling in my heart, and I don’t know what it is, do you know because I am afraid of what it means.” she turned around, and lightly touched his chest with her finger tips.
“Your heart is beating really fast and who is this for?” she asked, not daring looking at him in the eyes.

“It’s for you, it has always been for you Evelyn.” She looked up to him with tears in her eyes.
“I love Evelyn. I don’t care if you don’t feel the same way, but I will always love you, only you can silence me.” He kissed her cheek. She closed her eyes and hugged him.
“I don’t know what I feel for you yet, and hopefully I can know what this feeling is inside my heart.” He embraced her closer to him and watched out the window as rain began to pour, matching his feeling of regret and hope.

XXX

Evelyn walked up her driveway, the rain had subsided as she opened the door, her dad was there watching T.V.
“Hey blossom.” He said, using her old nickname. She smiled at him.
“Hey dad.” She took off her shoes and set her bag down and sat next to him.
“What cha watching?” she asked, taking some of his chips.
“Football.” He said intraced by the sweaty guys throwing around a ball that really wasn’t a ball at all.
“Well am going up stairs and am gunna work on my homework.” He nodded. And shoved a hotdog in his mouth. She smiled, and walked up the stairs, when she reached her room she shut the door with the smile still there.
“Gezz dad you always watched football when you didn’t want to do work.” She let out a small giggle, and flopped onto her bed. Grabbing a pillow she thought of Caden.
‘*Caden loves me, I don’t know what to do…I want to say yes but at the same time I want to say no. god Caden you really picked a really shitty time to tell me you love me that way.*
’ She threw the pillow on the other side of the room as something fell off her bed. She looked at the velvet box, and picked it up from the floor.
“What the heck…” she said to herself, not sure if or if not to open it.
“Evelyn?” she heard her dad yell.
“Yeah?” she called back; frightened he would find the mysterious little box.
“Chinese or pizza?” he asked, she rolled her eyes, her dad hated to cook.
“How about you go the store and get something good for us instead.” She laughed. She heard him chuckle.
“Fine fine but you’re cooking.”
“okay.” She smiled, she heard him ruffling about then the door closed and

there was silence.
She looked back to the box, and touched it. It was soft and like silk.
She looked inside to find a necklace.
“Wow!” she explained, it was a choker, somewhere in the 1700 century. It was black with a shining of red. Underneath the choker was a little piece of paper, rolled up with a black ribbon around it. She opened it to find a poem written it dark red ink.
‘

My dearest Evelyn.
The blossom of my eye
The sweetest flower in bloom
How dare I say that your beauty is not matched with anyone?
Or may I say that you are the gentle wind that holds me tight
My dear little ivory flower, a frail little bird, I will forever hold
My dearest love.
From your Dark Angel

’

Evelyn looked at the window.
“My dark angel?” she wondered, she sat there a little longer until the light grey skies grew dark.

XXX

He watched her sit there and read his poem, putting on the necklace he had given her, then watched her watch him. Her gentle blue eyes a glowing sapphire. He smiled and looked at his injured hand, a large cut where he had poured his blood with the ink, and wrote the letter. He leaned himself against the tree until her father got home, he was that bastered again, the boy looked up to him as he smiled wickedly and disappeared.
Caden looked up at Evelyn’s window, only to see someone watching her. He stood still as that person he thought had disappeared strolled into the woods and went with the mist.
He felt his heart pound against his chest.
“You okay Caden?” Evelyn’s dad asked him, juggling the bags of food.
He nodded curtly and followed after Evelyn’s dad into the house.
“Blossom? We are home I brought Caden home with me.” After a moment of silence, Caden smiled at the father.
“I’ll go check on her, she must have fallen asleep.” Her father nodded and went into the kitchen humming a happy tune. Caden ran up the stairs,

after seeing Damien there he was afraid that he had done something.
‘*Please be all right!*
’ he thought as he busted into her room.
Evelyn was on her bed, curled up into a ball asleep like he had told her father.
“Evelyn?” he called her softly, sitting at her bed’s edge.
She was in deep sleep because she was mumbling softly about monkeys and spaceships. He smiled and moved some of her hair out of her eyes.
“Caden…” she whispered, wiggling closer to Caden. “Love you…bad monkeys…” he stared at her for a moment, then laughed. He patted her head, and smiled.
“Love you too.” He kissed her forehead and left down stairs.
Evelyn awoke in the dark, rubbing her head she looked around. She was in her room but there was another present.
It was a white rose, bright and glowing in the dark. She felt arms around her as she moved and looked down to see Caden there. He was fast asleep and smelled of pizza.
“Dad…” she shook her head and removed his arms gently so he wouldn’t waken. She walked over to the rose another letter was attached to it. She opened it.
‘

My dearest Evelyn
Again we meet under the moonlight
Come to me my dear Evelyn and
Let me set you gentle soul free

’
Evelyn set the letter down, afraid of what it said.
She ran back to the bed and watched Caden sleep.
“Caden?” she called him softly, afraid of what the letter meant.
He opened his eyes and looked up at her.
“Yes love?” he asked, wrapping his arms back around her.
“I am scared.” She said, feeling tears come forth on their own will.
“Why?” he sat up and looked around the room, pulling Evelyn closer to him.
“It’s okay Evelyn I’m here.” He said, laying back down, she looked at the window swearing she saw a pair of chocolate eyes staring at her.
“Damien…” she whispered, she looked down at Caden he was asleep again. She removed his arms and went to the window, the brown eyes still there. She pressed her hands against the window, and white pale hands

met hers. She gasped, shaking. She kept her eyes down at the hands, feeling his eyes on her.
He tapped the glass with his fingers, watching her. She closed her eyes tears coming out of them. She was crying because she couldn't touch him. He smiled and tapped the glass. She looked up to him, as he read fear in her eyes.
"Open the window." He mouthed; she shook her head backing away from the window. She looked to Caden as he stirred.
"Evelyn?" Caden sat up rubbing his eyes; he couldn't see the auburn eyes that watched him with fury as he called Evelyn back to bed. Evelyn fled over to him and hide in his arms once again; he watched them for a little longer then disappeared into the mist.
In the morning, Evelyn awoke to on one there, her father had left a note saying he had a meeting, traces of his presence was there a half full plate of eggs and pancakes, which she knew Caden made because her father wasn't talented enough to make Mickey Mouse pancakes.
"Caden?" she called, she heard the back door open as Caden came in, soaking wet with rain.
"Gezz it rains so much." He mumbled taking off his muddy shoes. Evelyn ran to him as he caught her.
"Ha-ha what's wrong love?" he asked chuckling. She smiled at him.
"Nothing by the way did you sneak into my room last night as my dad went to bed." He blushed and looked away, his pink glasses fogging up.
She laughed, then was silenced but her stomach growling.
"Come on let's get something to eat." He picked her up and went into the kitchen.
As Evelyn finished off her last pancake, Caden began to clean up.
"Caden." She whispered, looking at her plate.
"Um? Yes?" he looked back at her, then noticed the necklace.
"Who gave you that?" he asked, looking at her neck. Before her neck was bare, now a old choker was placed there.
"Um…uh…" she started to fidget, that wasn't a good sign. When Evelyn starts to fidget, you knew something was going on.
"Evelyn." Caden's voice became stern, but it was still gentle.
"I dunno, someone left it on my bed and left me a poem with it and last night someone had place a really pretty white rose on my desk with another poem and that's what had scared me." She was looking out the window, her face drawn and sad.
"The last poem scared me." She mumbled, barely even moving her lips,

she looked back down at her lap, biting her lip.
Caden embraced he, already knowing who it was from.
“It’s okay Evelyn; I promise I’ll keep you safe.” Evelyn snuggled into Caden’s arms. He picked her up again and sat her on the loveseat
“Movie day?” she wondered, he nodded and wondered into the kitchen to pop popcorn and grab hot cider.
Caden had Evelyn close under the blanket, as they watched another horror movie.
“Caden?” she looked up to him and smiled. “I am happy you are here.” He wrapped his arms around her and smiled.
“Me too.” He kissed her cheek, and laid his head on hers.
Just then there was a knock on the door.
They both groaned.
“I’ll get it.” Caden jumped up unwilling to let her go and went to the door.
Damien watched the police walk up to the door, a sick smile on his face. But instead of Evelyn answering the door, that boy did.
He hissed as they told him what had happened, then came his angel.
‘*I did it for you Evelyn, because you slept with that boy, now I have the person who wanted you so much.*
’ He thought smiling. Christopher was the boy who wanted Evelyn, his angel. But in rage he had to kill him, because the boy that held Evelyn’s hand now was going to suffer, yes and Evelyn would watch. Watch him die under his hand. He didn’t want the boy to get a quick kill no he had to suffer.
He watched tears come down Evelyn’s brilliant face. Then did Damien realize that Evelyn was a selfless person she would cry for those who would torment her or pick on her, in a way she would care about them. His heart was being swallowed in guilt and pain that he was the one causing her pain. Damien looked at his hands, afraid of himself.
‘*What have I done?*
’ he asked himself. He fled into the woods, then he thought:
‘*What I have done is for her and nothing but her; it’s that boy that keeps getting in the way, I hurt her because she hurt me, and I hurt myself because I have hurt her, now he will be the one that hurts.*
’ A few tears ran down his face as he thought of Evelyn in the arms of that boy.
He looked forward in the woods and smiled, his mind racing to make the dream happen.
“Be ready my dear Evelyn I am coming for you.”

Chapter 4
Bound

Evelyn watched the rain fall from the sky, she had to breathe, Caden stood by her side, with an umbrella. They were both dressed in black.
“Christopher was a wonderful young man with many goals in life, yes he fooled around in my class but he was a good student. Let his soul be set with peace.” Mr. Bronse stepped down from the microphone. As the priest started shouting words that Evelyn wanted to understand.
She kept her eyes to the sky instead of the coffin in front of her, she didn’t cry like anyone else because the sky was already crying for her. Caden wasn’t crying either, but then again he never really liked the guy, but still his face was crumbled with looking at Evelyn, her eyes were blank, lifeless, but she still was standing, but she didn’t move, didn’t blink.
Caden put a hand on her shoulder.
“Evelyn, the ceremony is over, let’s go.” She finally looked at him, her eyes watering.
“I know who did this.” She said quietly turning her attention to a lowing grave.
“I know.” Caden dropped the umbrella wrapped his arms around her as she cried for a loss of a classmate.
Caden felt his own tears coming on as his head spun.
After a while in the rain they finally walked to the graveyard’s gates, as someone watched them go, his brown eyes a dark cream, as something silver shinned in the out coming sun.
“Evelyn.” He whispered.
Evelyn looked back to the grave seeing Damien there, his blond hair untidy, his clothes a dirty mess.
She stood there frightened as Caden tugged on her.
“What wrong Evelyn?” he asked, she pointed to Damien as he smiled. Caden looked at him his eyes going a dark green.
“Get behind me Evelyn.” Caden said pulling her away from the man that was keeping her frozen. Damien walked forth, smiling as he approached them.
“Evelyn.” He said, starring at her with a loving look. Evelyn looked back at him, the depth of his eyes disappearing; they were wild eyes that held nothing but darkness. He looked like a mess; his hair was still somewhat red of the killing of Christopher, his clothed dark and reeked of dirt and the dead.

“What do you want?!” Caden hissed. Evelyn looked from behind him, and stood away from Caden.
“Why?” she asked with hurt in her voice.
Damien smiled.
--“It’s all for you, for us.” Damien said taking Evelyn’s hand, his hands were rough and hard. He looked down at her hands and wrist. Scars were there from him, the knife was still in his hand.
“Did this hurt?” he asked her, the desperate look in his eyes made her looked down.
“Yes they did.” She gently removed her hand from his; he looked in his empty hands, afraid of it.
“No they couldn’t have I gave them to you, they couldn’t have hurt.” He reached for her hands again, put she pulled away, he raised the knife to her, tears reaching his eyes.
“No that not possible!” he yelled, but when he pulled the knife down, Caden wrapped his arms around her.
“Caden!” she screamed.
Then it all went silent, the rain the only thing making noise, Evelyn looked down horrified. Blood stained his shirt a dark red, spreading, and spreading. Caden grunted in pain, afraid to scare Evelyn with screaming.
“ oh no…Caden.” Evelyn cried. Caden just smiled up at her.
“Sorry I guess I really suck at protecting you.” Caden’s eyes rolled to the back of his head as she tried to support his weight.
“Caden…” she fell on her knees, holding him. “Please Caden don’t…” Damien watched them, a sick smile on his lips. He looked up to the sky letting the rain touch his face, he looked back down to them, Evelyn crying for that blasted boy.
“Well Evelyn my love it is time for us to go.” Damien picked up Caden with ease as he heaved him up on his shoulder, he smiled at Evelyn lovingly.
“I hope to see you soon.” He kissed her forehead as she cried; he began to walk away as he felt Evelyn tugging weakly at him to let the boy go.
“Please! Please stop Damien!” she keep tugging on his arm at full strength, Damien thought this was cute, she was so small, so frail, she couldn’t possibly fight him.
“Good night Evelyn.” He flung her off gently, but hard enough to bring her to the ground. Damien walked away into the misty rain.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Caden awoke to the dark, his arms chained above his head, his feet

barley able to touch the ground; he could make out small blurry shapes in the complete black room, only seeing small movements.
He groaned, trying to move, trying to breath. He coughed, his lungs felt heavy, full of the thick air.
“Well well well you’re awake.” A strange familiar voice said, he watched the person move into the lighter side of the dark.
“Damien.” Caden seethed. “What did you do to Evelyn?!”
Damien chuckled, like he thought this was funny.
“I haven’t done anything to her, yet. Honestly she is not here, but she will be soon.” He mused, slipping behind Caden, he felt Damien’s cold chest against his back, one of his arms reaching to Caden’s chained wrist.
“You see Caden; you need to die, because you have fallen in love with my Evelyn.” Damien whispered.
“You fucking Bastard! You touch Evelyn and I swear to go…” Caden’s threat was cut off by a ghastly pain his back, he screamed.
“Say it again boy, tell me what do you think of me now, you saying anything I swear to fucking god I’ll cut your back in small pieces!” Damien hissed in his ear. Caden could feel the metallic edge in his back, something warm running down his bare back.
Damien smiled, knowing he won, for now.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Evelyn sat on the chair in her room, her cello between her legs, the bow in her hand. Her eyes on the window. She wished that Caden would be right behind her sleeping on her bed like he did when she played her cello when they were younger; her room was cut out of all light, as picked her cello back up and began to play again. Her father watched from her door, his eyes were sad for his daughter, for she was all alone again. And he didn’t like it at all.
“Evelyn?” he called softly as his daughter played the black cello, its notes a deep sad mournful cry. He was beginning to get anxious; she wouldn’t talk, eat, or move, except when she played her cello.
She stopped playing and turned around to her father, her eyes dead, depressing but still alive and deep, but they now were just deep in pain.
She put the cello down and crawled onto her bed, curling into a little ball, her sobs quiet, but still rocking her body. Her father sighed and walked out, knowing she wouldn’t get better without Caden there.
Evelyn watched the skies light fade; the different colors that passed made her feel dizzy. She closed her eyes for a moment to right herself in her

mind again.
“Evelyn?” her father called, walking into the room. “Some for police men are here to…” she cut her father off.
“To question me?” she asked. “When I don’t even know where Caden is, where Damien is hiding him!” she screamed, now facing her father, standing in front of him, her eyes wild, her teeth clenched.
Her father just looked at her and sighed, nodding his head, and went back down stairs. She grabbed her blanket and followed him.
“All right so you have no idea where Damien Rose and Caden Mathews is at?” Officer Michael asked, looking very confused.
“Yes.” Evelyn said in anger, she knew he was a new officer but did he have to be this stupid?!
“so you do know?”
“No I do not know where Damien and Caden are, I have no damned clue!” she seethed, the woman officer, put her hand on Evelyn’s shoulder.
“Officer Michael that’s enough, this girl is going through something hard, leave her be.” the black woman said, officer M just rolled his eyes acting like a child.
“Thank you for letting us question you, we’ll be on our way now.” She said with a smile, she grabbed officer M by the hair.
“Ow! That hurts Shelly! Why are you being so mean?!” and they left.
“Hey blossom are you hungry?” her father asked, sitting at her side.
Evelyn sighed and looked up with a weak smile.
“Nah, I’m just gunna head up to bed.” She stood up and walked to the stairs, turning to her dad, who now had his head hung and despair.
“Maybe in the morning when am feeling better.” She smiled again as his head shot up and watched her hurry up the stairs.
Evelyn laid back in her bed, her body feeling sore from moving. She let the tears fall that she hadn’t let down before. She hugged her bear close to her and cried into its neck.
“Caden…” she sobbed, she left a gentle hand on her head. She shot up.
“Ca…” she looked at the man in front of her, he smiled softly.
“Evelyn.” Damien said in a soft sad voice. “How are you?” she became angry, her body burning with Adrenaline.
“Go away…” she turned away from him, so the only thing he saw was her back.
“Eve…” she turned to him
“Leave me alone!” she screamed, he backed up, hearing her father run up the steps to them.

He looked at her.
“I hate you Damien, Leave me alone now! You’re a monster!” she screamed, tears running from her closed eyes.
“Evelyn honey what’s wrong?” her father busted in. Evelyn looked up to her window open and the storm thundering against the clouds, rain pouring heavily into her room.
And Damien no where to be seen.

Chapter 5
Anguish

Evelyn watched the flame of her candle, dancing. She looked at the roses on her desk, she didn’t touch any of them and just watched them wilt away. She knew that Damien sent them, so that he could be forgiven, but there was no forgiving him now.
“Evelyn!” her father yelled from down stairs, he had stopped entering her room and just sat on the chair helpless and growing more sad then he ever was.
She looked to her window, it was a shining gold from the sun, but she saw the clouds coming in.
And looking at the sun she thought of Caden.
His voice, his touch, his kisses. They made her want to melt and dance in happiness. But of course not all dreams could come true. She closed her eyes letting a few tears fall from her face. Then she felt his eyes on her again.
Damien was watching her again from the woods, or the tree in front of her window. She knew he was there, seeing if she would touch the roses.
She looked up to a pair of chocolate brown eyes, deep and angry.
“Damien.” She greeted, her eyes narrowing at the site. His blond hair was cleaned of blood, his face a pale color of ivory. He wore black again, a turtle neck and jeans. He tapped his fingers against the window, a small sad smile on his lips. She turned away, looking to her picture on her bed for her and Caden.
“I want him back.” She growled, looking back at him. He looked away and jumped down from the tree once again angry at her.
She sighed and went to her bed, wanting to sleep, but she knew she couldn’t. The memories from the graveyard haunted her. The look that Caden gave her that he had failed her, just killed her.
“Caden…” she whispered, closing her eyes, thinking of her happy Caden. “I love you.”

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Caden looked to the brighten light, knowing who was coming.
“Damien…” he growled, Damien smiled at him.
“hello.” He said cheerfully, bringing the rusty knife to his chin. Then suddenly his mood went black.
“I hope you’re fucking happy you little shit!” Damien seethed, stabbing the knife into Caden’s back.
Caden screamed, panting, his back was numb before now it was in pain again, worse then the last time.
“She won’t forgive me, sometimes she didn’t even look at me, she hates me all because of you! She only wants you; she just stares at the flame of that damned candle! That white candle that I am envious of! I want to be stared at by her, only if she looked at me with such heat…” Damien’s vigor went lame, and he broke down crying. In a way Caden felt for the boy, he just wanted to be loved by someone; Evelyn had told him what happened to Damien. How every day he came and went to school being made fun of and his father beating. He learned of why Damien held onto Evelyn’s gentle embrace, because no one held onto him that way, except for her. Even Caden’s parents didn’t give a damn about him, they just let him be, always busy with parties and work. It angered him as a child that he wasn’t loved like all the other boys and girls at school, so he got into fights and cursed and hated everyone, until Evelyn came to his school. She was a hidden angel. He would watch her from the corners, as she gave out snoopy band-aids to kids that have fallen or gotten hurt. She would carry kids to the nurses office if they couldn’t walk. He wanted to be her friend, but he knew he couldn’t because she was too kind and gentle, he was too rough and angry, until she approached him…
“Thinking of **my love**
?” he asked, Caden refused to look at him in the eye, knowing he was guilty of thinking of her.
Damien stood up, his tears now gone they only thing left on his face was anger.
“too bad she’s mine.” Damien mused, beginning the torment all over again.
“Stop it!” Caden screamed, his body feeling the knife again, then going numb. Damien laughed at Caden’s pain. He smiled a gentle smile and touches the scars, the blood stained his hands.
“I wonder what Evelyn looks like in all white…” he mused; he sighed and looked to Caden.

“Hm, you’re not going to last longer if you stay this way…” Damien went back out to the light, to the place Caden wanted to be.
“Evelyn…” Caden whispered her name, becoming tired; he closed his eyes, dreaming of the rain.
Evelyn watched the sun rise again; she sat in the middle of her bed, her head full of thoughts of Caden.
“Evelyn please talk to me.” Her therapist said, sitting on a chair in front of her. The therapist sighed. “Evelyn if you don’t talk to me, then am going to force you to and I want us to be friends.” He looked at the paper.
“Mr. Jones will you please shut the fuck up?” she asked in mortone, her icy eyes sliding to him. He looked taken back for a moment as she sighed.
“Please leave.” She waved her hand at him.
“Am sorry Evelyn but I can’t do that.” Evelyn sighed again and got up, grabbing her coat.
“Then I am.” She said, opening the door, running out before Mr. Jones could stop her.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Evelyn walked the trail; her ballet flats were muddy from the rain. She looked up to the clouded skies and felt a few tears come down her face; she wanted to be home with her mother and father, and Caden right at her side. But she knew that would never happen again. She looked back to where she was walking, hearing people in the tall bushes, smoking something nasty.
“Hey sexy.” A man with sandy hair and a goatee came out, he had a blunt in his hand with a few of his friends laughing and following his.
‘*Shit.*
’ She thought as the man came closer.
“What are you doing out here all alone?” he asked, looking her up and down.
“None of your fucking business ass-wipe.” She growled. The man’s eyes narrowed.
“Watch your little slutty mouth bitch.”
“Hey Joe what are you doing to that girl?” a female voice rang out. A girl came out with cherry red hair, her eyes a greenish blue. She put her hand on her hip, raising an eyebrow.
“Nothing Gabby.” Joe said. Evelyn looked to her, wary of people.
“Hey Darling, don’t mind Joe he likes getting some, he’s an idiot.” The red hair girl smiled.

“What’s your name?” the girl looked closely at Evelyn, curious.
“Nothing of your interest.” Evelyn seethed; she looked back to the trail, the rain pouring.
Gabby got close to her and grabbed her arm.
“He can’t get you here.” She whispered into Evelyn’s ear, pulling her toward the bushes. Evelyn watched Gabby look up, and growled, like an animal.
“Oh Damien dear love, you know you can’t be on this part of land, so get.” Gabby’s southern drawl made Evelyn think of an old Wild West movie. Evelyn looked up to Damien, his eyes pained; of course he had followed her, anywhere at any time.
“Go away Damien.” Evelyn said, she looked angry with him. Gabby nodded.
“No use in following her here you idiot.” Gabby sighed at looked to Evelyn.
“come on Darlin’ let’s get you inside.” Gabby pushed Evelyn more into the grassy part behind the bushes, as Damien watched her go.
“Damn it I forgot that I had promised them to stay off, now I’m going to hear it.” Damien sighed, and looked back to where Evelyn was.
‘*But I can’t let them take her; they would keep her there forever, so I couldn’t get her.*
’ Damien sighed again, and sat in the tree, getting comfortable, waiting until Evelyn came back out.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Evelyn looked to the fire in the middle of the field; tent like fabric hanging over most of the field from the tree to make one giant looking tent. All kinds of people were there. Old, young. An old man was telling tales of when he was in World War 2 and another older woman was watching the children play.
“This is our Coven I guess you can say, mostly filled with homeless people and gypsies.” Gabby stated proudly. She grabbed Evelyn a plate of food and sat down. Evelyn stood not knowing what to do.
“Come sit, its warm by the fire, and this is for you.” Gabby handed Evelyn the food. It was filled with a brownie, two pieces of fried chicken and green beans.
“How did you get this?” Evelyn asked, taking a bite of the brownie.
“Well we all do odd jobs, and all. So this week we all together made about five hundred dollars.” Evelyn coughed, choking on her fried chicken.
“Then why don’t you buy a house or something like that?” Evelyn felt a

conundrum in her brain.
“Didn’t I tell you before, we all homeless or gypsies, and a few run always I might add. We like it out here; just moving to another place is exciting.” Gabby smiled.
“Okay then, what about Damien why isn’t he allowed on this land?” Evelyn asked, confused.
“This land belongs to my grandparents, who are still living, but gave me the freedom to do what I want, they said the day I left is that if I have to use their bought land then so be it. Damien’s family history is entwined with mine, so I was surprised to see him. You see the Rose family as always held a spiteful hate towards us, the Notes. I guess it’s because they have this way of getting things they want, when we use gentler ways to do things, thus getting more praise from others, they wanted that power, the power to be trusted and loved by people that they grew madly envious.” Gabby took a drink of water.
“But Damien’s family is a little different. His mother was a whore, and the father a drunken idiot, that was part of the Rose family. I remember seeing Damien when he was younger at a business party my father had taken me too. His best clothes were dingy, rank clothes that smelled of a cat box. I knew he was embarrassed. Because he had tears in his eyes. I felt really bad for him, and everyone looked down at him with shame! Even his own father! It was horrible.” Gabby looked to the fire again.
“I was surprised to see that Damien was following you though. He must some kind of interest for you.”
Evelyn nodded.
“Yes, I believe it was because I was the only one that ever showed a caring touch to him.” Evelyn watched Gabby as she threw another log in.
“I don’t know what’s going on between you two, nor do I want to, but forgive and forget. When you go back out there, call him down from the tree and tell him something that you can only tell him. I know he will get angry very fast, but keep in mind of his past.” Gabby out up, and stretched.
“It’s about time us folk got to go to bed. If you come back tomorrow we won’t be here. But I am glad I got to talk to you.” Gabby smiled and headed off to a sleeping bag. Evelyn stood as well, smiling that she made a new friend.
“Night Gabby!” Evelyn called. Gabby just smiled.
Evelyn watched from afar when they put out their fire, and shook her head, still hearing the squeals of the children running about not wanting to

go to bed. She got back onto the trail, as she heard an intake of breath. She looked up to Damien wryly.
“Damien.” She stated quietly. She looked at him; his hair was messy from leaning against the tree, his eyes shocked and wide.
“Could you please get down here?” she asked, taking a breath. She wanted to yell at him, hurt him; so that he would tell her where Caden was, but knew asking nicely was probably the way to go.
She heard a drop and a soft landed, as Damien walked out.
“Evelyn.” He came to her slowly, not wanting to scare her, like before in the classroom.
“Damien, why did you take Caden from me?” she asked him, her heart pounding in her chest from just his name. Damien stopped in his tracks. His face full of disbelief.
“Why is it always about him?!” Damien yelled, fuming.
“I just want to know Damien please calm down.” She looked at him with a pitiful gaze.
Damien had always been alone, always been afraid, why did they only good thing in his life have to love someone else.
“I don’t want it to be about him! I want it to be about me! He doesn’t deserve it, your love. It’s not fair Evelyn! Why always him, he gets everything!” Damien had tears coming down his face as he fell to the ground, sadness of being abandoned over taking him.
“Evelyn why…” Damien sobbed. Evelyn ran to him, as he clutched onto her, crying into her jacket. He looked so wrecked, so broken. Damien had a mask that Evelyn broke, and she knew that.
“Damien hush, it’s okay, shh it’s all right I’m here.” Evelyn soothed him, smoothing his hair down.
“I don’t want you to leave me, I don’t want to be alone.” She felt him shaking under her arms, she rubbed his lean back.
“It’s ok Damien, I’m here, I’m here.” She cooed to him, he hated showing his weakness to her, but he couldn’t fight it anymore.
“Evelyn why can’t you see I love you so much, yet your with him?!” Damien looked up to Evelyn, their eyes meeting. It was silent then, as Evelyn was being held by Damien’s eyes.
“Evelyn…” Damien placed his hands on both of her sides, pinning her down, his face coming closer. “I love you so much so why do you does this, why do you love him and not me?” his voice was nothing but a whisper, Evelyn felt her face warm to a ruby red, as Damien caressed her cheek.

“Damien…please…don’t…” Evelyn was taken by his warm hands on her face, his forehead touching hers. It was a soft gester that made her heart go into a frenzy.
Damien closed his eyes, gently pressing his lips to hers. Her lips were like soft velvet against his rough lips, she smelled of sweet spring. He wrapped his arms around her, his kisses becoming more urgent, fiercer even.
He broke away to a crying Evelyn. He caressed her face in his hands again.
“Why are you crying love?” he asked, afraid he did something wrong.
“It’s not fair, your lips are sweet, and your face is kind, but your hands are rough and your eyes are cold.” Evelyn sobbed, her lips trembling. She left her head fall into her hands. She loved Caden, but at the same time she could feel herself all into the temptation of Damien’s love. She couldn’t understand why this happened to her.
Damien watched his angel fall into sadness, not knowing what to do.
‘*Why did she have to be so sweet, so kind!? Then maybe I wouldn’t be hurting her.*
’ He wrapped his arms around her.
‘*No not even then would I let her go.*
’ He picked her up, cradling her in his arms. She fit just right.
Walking back to Evelyn’s house was very easy, but also very sad. Damien wanted to take her away, to his home. So he wouldn’t have to be alone anymore. So she wouldn’t have to be alone anymore. He knew her very well. He knew even with Caden at her side, she was alone at home. Her mother was always working, always gone. Her father was always on trips to promote his work. And Evelyn would be alone at home, waiting for them, she would play her cello often, or clean humming tunes from her IPod. She was never happy until she talked to Caden or go online were she was adored by her fans. Her cello playing gotten her very far online. But mostly it was older people who were in elderly homes, asking her to play for them. Many men often took her song from online and played it for their wife’s, and Evelyn was happy she was able to make others happy with her songs. Then when she started singing online, many boys became her fans. But she didn’t like this and stuck to her cello.
Damien looked to the sleeping girl in his arms. Her crying made her tried and soon she was asleep.
“Evelyn.” Damien smiled softly, kissing her forehead. He couldn’t help be in love with her, he just couldn’t. She was perfect in every way. Every time

she smiled, he wanted to smile. When she laughed he wanted to know why so he could laugh with her, even if it didn't make any sense. He wanted to be by her side until they very end.
He reached Evelyn's house in no time, climbing up her tree, with Evelyn on his back, Damien opened her window to find it empty; laying her on the bed he took one finial glance at his love. He bent down to her forehead and kissed it.
"Evelyn sweet dreams." He whispered, then dropped from the window into the trees once more.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Evelyn opened her eyes groggily to the sun streaming in threw her window.
'*Sunlight that's rare.*
' She thought rubbing her eyes. Just as she sat up her father busted in.
"Gezz Evelyn give me a fright! I went looking for you after you left the therapist pissed off and I walk back in and run up here and there you are sound asleep!" her father was sick from the rain, she could see it in his face. He grabbed her and pulled her into a hug, crying on her shoulder.
"Don't you ever do that again? You understand me?!" he yelled half sobbed. She nodded and hugged him again, smiling.
'*So he is worried about me.*
' She felt her own tears coming as she hugged him.
"Love you dad." She sobbed.
"Love you too Eve." They sat there like that for a moment, her father trying to calm down his tears.
"All right I'm hungry." Her father stated, she smiled and nodded her head in agreement.
"Me too." Her father stood up and stretched.
"Okay let us go to Benny's café. They got the best damned burger that I have ever tasted." Her father rubbed his tummy, looking like a drooling dog.
She nodded. "mkays." He left her to get changed and shower. Evelyn arched her back, the hot water felt nice after that cold night she had spent with Damien. She ran her fingers threw her hair, looking up at the ceiling.
'*Damien brought me home after everything, he just brought me home instead of taking me to his home. That was…sweet.*
' She thought, a blush rising onto her cheeks. A small smile reaching her lips.

“Evelyn come on hurry up!” her father yelled form down stairs. She laughed and got out of the shower, dressing in a daze. Her father stood at the end of the stairs, smiling.
“Hey dad.” She laughed at his get up, a piano tie with a green dress shirt and jeans. She rolled her eyes, as he opened the door.
“love you Eve.” He smiled, grabbing his keys. She laughed and smiled.
“Love you dad.”

Chapter 6
Doubt
Evelyn watched the rain fall from the sky, her teacher writing on the board.
‘*I hate math, I hate math, I hate math…*
’ Evelyn sighed, resting her head on her fist. She turned to the clock, its hands ticking and tocking. She listened to Kamelot, she hummed with the song, tapping her fingers. She looked back out the window, seeing a blond head she knew every well.
‘*Damien…*
’ she thought, he looked up to her and smiled. She looked away, her face turning a scarlet color. She sighed as the bell rung, saving her from the evil question on board. She walked threw the walls, feeling alone.
“Hey look it’s the freak…”
“Yeah did you hear that she is being stalked…”
“Totally I mean sure he was cute but he is a killer…”
“Right I know what a freak…”
“Did you know she got Chris killed?”
Evelyn grimaced at this, she hated what they said. She turned to glare at the two cheerleaders in the corner. They flinched and scoffed.
“You’re not scary.”
“Yeah ghost girl. You’re not at all scary.” They looked at each other laughing like desperate idiots.
“Yeah maybe not but I know that your pregnant and your breasts are fake.” Evelyn said nonchantly. The two girls looked shocked for a moment, before getting murderously angry.
“Yeah well you’re a freak, and nothing is going to help you get away from Damien, He’s after you and he’ll kill the other freak!” one of them yelled. Her face was really red, and she thought she won. How wrong she was.
Evelyn eyes went dark, dropping her books, Evelyn ran after the girl, pinning her against the lockers behind them. She had grabbed her arm

twisting it behind her back.
“Don’t you dare talk such words again, or I swear to the devil…” she hissed in the girl’s ear. The girl screamed as some football players pulled Evelyn off of her, then went to tend to the girl.
“Ms. Heeren.” a large hand placed its self on Evelyn’s shoulder. Evelyn looked up to the man.
“Come to the office.” He sighed, guiding her away from the stares of her classmates.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

“Evelyn, how could you get suspended?!” her father yelled, waving the piece of paper in her face like a flag.
“Because some bitch was talking about my friend and saying I was the freak!” she screamed back, running up the stairs.
“Evelyn get your ass down here!” he screamed, running after her. She hurried to lock her door, and grab her jacket.
‘*How does Damien do this?*
’ she wondered, opening her window as her father pounded on the door.
“Evelyn!” he screamed, heaving on the door.
‘*Shit he’s going to break it down!*
’ she climbed onto the tree, her feet dangling just above 26 ft. As her father busted in, she fell to the ground.
‘*Can’t see, I must have it my head…*
' Evelyn’s eyes were closed her head feeling heavy.
She rolled over in the grass, hearing her father yelling for her, she went to stand, but just fell back down again, her ankle was killing her.
“Shit…” she muttered, dragging herself threw the wet grass, the rain pouring.
‘*Great just my fucking luck…*
’ she dragged herself to the trees, until she felt a hand on her head.
“Evelyn?!”
Damien walked through the forest, going to see his love.
‘*I hope she likes candles I bought her, and the rose. I really hope she likes the rose.*
’ He smiled. His face a very pale red. He stepped out through the trees, stepping on something soft. He looked down to a shivering Evelyn, dragging herself across the grass.
“Evelyn?!” he asked in surprise. Then he started to panic, why was she

dragging herself along the grass? What was wrong with her legs? Why was her father yelling for her to come back to the house? Why was she crying? All of these thoughts went through his head at the same time as he bent down to her.
“I got suspended and dad broke down my door, I didn’t want to be here.” She started to sob. Damien sighed, knowing it wasn’t every serious then.
“What about your legs?” he asked, sitting her up in his arms.
“I think I sprained it.” She sniffed. Damien fingered it lightly, as she flinched when he made contact with the swollen ankle.
“Here, I need you to close your eyes, I am going to take you to my home, the other one, it’s not ready for you yet.” He picked her up, looking her in the eyes.
“All right?” he asked, serious. She nodded, resting her pounding head in the crook of his neck, wrapping her arms around his neck. She felt tears rise in her eyes, letting them pour onto his shirt.
“Evelyn its okay, its okay.” Damien patted her back, and he hurried threw the forest.
“Damien…thank you.” She sniffed, she couldn’t believe that she said thank you to the man who took her love away, but she was thankful.
Damien smiled, and hugged her a bit tighter.
“Your welcome.”
X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X
“Damien?” Evelyn asked, she sat on an old broken sofa.
“Yes?” he asked, looking up to her.
“You live in this Apartment, I thought that the police…” she stopped, as Damien tightened the wrappings on her foot and ankle. He sighed and let her foot fall onto a pillow he had placed there.
“I came back after they searched it. I live up in an old manor right now. But I won’t tell you which one.” He winked, wrapping his arm around her.
“Is that were Caden is at?” she asked quietly, looking down at her lap, biting her lip. She felt Damien stiffen, and move away from her.
“Evelyn please let’s not talk about this…” he sighed, letting his head fall into his hands.
“But Damien, Caden will die! I know your keeping him in the dark, because that’s your element! You strive in the dark, but Caden he needs the light! Please Damien…” Damien moved swiftly, grabbing Evelyn roughly, pressing his lips against hers. She went rigid for a moment then started to struggle. He grabbed onto her, forcing her down on the sofa.
“Damien get off!” she gasped as he broke their kiss. He began to kiss her

neck, nibbling at it.
“Damien!” she yelled. He bit her even harder, drawing blood. She kicked her legs, her ankle screaming in protest.
“Damien please!” she begged, pounding on his chest with her small fists.
“Evelyn…” Damien whispered in her ear. She froze her body shivered. His rough voice held unmistakable lust and anger. Damien brought his lips to hers again, his tongue tracing her bottom lip. His kisses were rough, and unwanted. Evelyn’s eyes began to water and spill.
“Damien stop it! Stop touching me!” she screamed, her fist connecting with his face. He hissed holding his face. His body was still on top of her, pinning her to the sofa. She struggled to sit up, as she got up a fraction, he pulled her back down.
“You’re not getting away!” he snarled, slapping her. He turned her over, pulling her shirt off.
“You belong to me!” he growled, his long fingers tracing his mark on her back. He could hear her sobs, muffled by the pillow.
“Or must I remind you of who you belong to?” he asked in a bored amused tone.
Her eyes widened as she shook her head.
“N…n…no please don’t do that again…” she sobbed, racking her body with sobs.
“Then stop resisting me!” he growled. Turning her back over, shoving her back into the sofa.
“Please…stop!” she whimpered. Damien went back to her neck, nibbling at her skin softly. She pushed against him, desperate to leave, to escape.
Damien’s fingers softly lingered on her silk-like skin. His lips kept pressing themselves against her skin, Eager. One of his hands, moved from her arms, to the back of her neck, knotting itself in her dark tresses, trailing down her back. He moaned in sheer pleasure of touching her skin. Her stomach, her collar bone, trailing his fingers down to her breast stone. Her back was wet with sweat, from their bodies being so near each other. But her tears did not stop. Her chest was raising and falling at a fast pace. Small sobs still choking themselves out of her swollen lips.
“Evelyn…” he whispered, his teeth slightly grazing her ear.
“Damien…please…stop it, you’re…scaring me…”she cried, her sobs gently rocking her body. Damien froze as a pained expression crossed his rough face. His fingers became still. His kisses not as eager to touch her skin.
“Your scared of…me? He stuttered, his voice thick with aged desolation.

Evelyn looked at him, afraid to speak, and nodded her head. Hesitantly he moved away from her, not wanting to leave her, but knowing he might have hurt her, torn him into pieces. He wanted to ravish her like the goddess she was, but now he just…couldn't.
"I'm sorry Evelyn. My Emotions…" Damien looked down in shame, his heart sinking down into a deeper depression. Evelyn sprang up from the sofa, careful not to apply pressure to her ankle.
"I want to go home Damien." Evelyn wanted her voice to be firm, but to her it just sounded weak, and breathless.
Damien stood up from the sofa, and picked her up.
"To atone for my sins." He mumbled to himself, walking out the door, into the cold rain.
X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X
Caden awoke to a slam and someone yelling profanities.
"Damien." Caden greeted his voice raucous. Damien looked at him; from the corner he was crouched down in. his trousers were soaked and wet. His eyes were almost black from what Caden could see.
"This is your fault!" Damien screamed at him, his fist connecting with Caden's already sore jaws. Caden spurred and starting coughing up blood as Damien ginned in satisfaction as he saw the crimson blossoms pour down his lips.
"What the fuck did I do?!" Caden screamed at Damien, his teeth bared.
"Everything!" Damien screamed back. "She hates me! And you're the reason why! I tried to be gentle, I wanted so badly to take her, but then she said those words! The words she dare not speak to you!" Damien thrashed Caden again, causing the flow of blood once more.
"It's not my fault that she hates you!" Caden growled, wish he could whip his mouth of the blood.
Damien kicked him, then took the wipe off the wall.
"Liar!" he seethed, and began to whip Caden, then took the knife from his pocket digging it into his back, spelling a new word into his back.
X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X
Evelyn sat in her chair; her father had gone out to the bar. She looked at the computer screen.
'*300 more people have become my fans…*
' she thought as she typed a thank you to a few people. She sighed and pushed away from the computer, and stretched her arms. Looking out the window, Evelyn got up and laid down on her bed, her head swimming with thoughts of Damien.

‘*Why does he act this way?*
’ she questioned, rolling onto her side. ‘*He first acts like a gentleman then he started to…*
’ Evelyn shivered, pulling her blanket close to her. She listened to the door slam then heard her father turn on the T.V.
‘*God my life is a mess.*
’ She sighed and looked at her ceiling.
She stood up, her ankle still a little tender. She grabbed her jacket, shoving her feet into her shoes. She looked to her window, and shook her head.
“Yeah am not gunna jump out of there again…” she mumbled as she tip-toed down the stairs.
‘*Okay, the third stair down squeaks, along with the last one…*
’ she looked down at her father who was snoring on the chair. She skipped the last three stairs, landing with a soft thud. She looked to her father for a moment, his snoring had stopped.
“Melody…” her father mumbled. Her mothers name. Evelyn sighed, and looked down.
‘*Why am I doing this again? …that’s right, I want to leave for awhile so I can think clearly.*
’ She shook her head and silently went to the door. She unlocked it silently then walked out, shutting the door behind her.
Evelyn walked down the road, the silence eating at her. She griped and ungriped her hands as she neared the graveyard. She looked to the old iron gates laced with ivy. She wanted to leave but felt a pull to go inside. Her hands lightly touched the swirls of the gates, pushing it open. Then a memory came to her.
‘*Evelyn honey come here!’ her mother smiled in the sun. her pretty blonde hair flowing in the slight wind.*
‘but mama I want to get a frog with daddy!’ a small Evelyn ran to the woman, pouting as her mother raised her high in the air.
‘but Hun, we got to go now there’s a storm coming, can’t you see the clouds are going grey?’ her mother asked, pointing to the sky. Evelyn pouted at the sky.
‘get let me get a frog okay mom?’ she crossed her small arms over her chest. Her mother rolled her eyes.
‘All right love. I will, I but remember get the frog and come straight to the car.’ Her mother kissed her and let her down, watching her run to the pound.

‘I dunno what mama is talking about its still sunny to me…’ little Evelyn mumbled, wading in the clear blue water. She bent down the little frogs that were hoping away.
‘Wait comes back frogie!’ she squealed, running after it. She tripped and fell into the water, her small doll like hands found themselves around a slimy frog. She held him up the fading sun in victory. Then a thunder cloud came over her and bellowed out a loud bang! Evelyn looked up the raining sky, letting the raindrops fall on her face. She blinked back a few tears from fright and laughed.
‘Evelyn?! Evelyn?!’ she heard her mother call. Evelyn looked to her mothers figure running over to her picking her up.
‘Mama! Look! Look! The sky…it’s…it’s crying.’ Evelyn mumbled feeling a few tears run down her face.
‘I’m sorry sky for laughing!’ she yelled out to the sky, before her mother put her in the car, driving off…

Evelyn walked threw the gates into the graveyard, her hands ghosting over the old graves. Her eyes were looking at the up coming grave. It was huge, white marble and grey. Her eyes trained on the name.
‘*Melody Heeren may her soul rest in peace, even though she left with a tragic sad end. Let God watch over her spirit as she crosses over. A loving mother and wife.*
1972-2010
’

Evelyn felt tears sting her eyes as her hands touched her mother’s grave. She kept going after a moment, to cross to Chris’s grave.
‘ *Christopher Grace*
Loving brother and son
Let his soul be left in peace.
1993-2010
’

His grave wasn’t as good looking as her mothers’. There were also a few beers and toilet paper rolls by his grave. Somebody had graffiti his grave reading:
‘**Faggot, Asshat, fuck face! You deserve to rot in the fucking ground!**
’

Evelyn agreed with these people he was an ass, a jerk and honestly he deserved what he got. But at the same time she felt sad, because she knew she had caused his death. She wondered around a bit more before she was at her mother’s grave again.

“Mom…” she let the tears go this time, her knees giving out under her. She fell to the mossy ground and cried.
Cried for her mother and the people that Damien had killed.
Cried for father and her friend that was being held captive.
And Cried for herself, Damien had finally did it. He had broken her.
She laid on the ground, curling up into herself, letting her mother watch over her. Her eyes drooped and fell.
And soon she was asleep.

Chapter 7- Absence

Damien sat in the hall that lead to Caden’s torture room, resting his head against the cement wall. His thoughts swarming around Evelyn. He screamed in anger and frustration. He looked up to the dim lights, and choked out a dry sob.
‘*Why? Why?! Why does that Asshat mean so much to her?! Why can’t she love me like that?!*
’ he thought pounding his fists against the ground.
“Damn it!” he yelled, feeling a few tears roll down his face. “Why? Why Evelyn? Why? Why do you love him and not me?” Bringing his knees to his chest, he sobbed in the dim-lighten hallway, waiting for dawn.
Evelyn watched the sun come up, knowing something bad was going to happen. Her father already fleeing to his car. Sighing, she opened her laptop watching the screen pop up. She looked back to the window; Damien was outside, with a few things in his hands.
“Fuck.” She hissed. She hurried to create a new password then turned off her computer.
“Evelyn…” a soft voice called behind her. She froze and turned her head.
“Shit!” she hurried to her window as Damien hurried to grab her.
“No no Evelyn no escaping me today.” Damien threw her on her bed, going back to the door.
Evelyn realized with horror those things in his hands were duck tape and rope.
“Fuck! Please Damien, don’t!” she begged, rolling on her bed as he grabbed for her.
“Evelyn get over here. I don’t want to make this harder then it already is.” Damien sighed, grabbing for her again. She dodged him, flying into her desk.
“Shit.” She winced as she held her side. Damien sighed again and

grabbed her arm gently.
“Please Evelyn stop, you’re going to get yourself hurt.” He threw her over his shoulder as she kicked and screamed.
“Let me go you Asshat! Fucking let me go!” Damien threw her back on the bed, glaring at her.
“stop fucking cursing at me you bitch!” he blew up in her face, shaking his fists around, he threw the kidnapping tools to the ground.
“Damn it Evelyn! I just want to be with you but you just keep shattering me!” he yelled pitifully, sinking to the ground. He held his head in his hands, feeling his eyes prick with tears.
“And what do you think your doing to me? Huh? You broke me down and now I’m NOT letting you have me! I want nothing to do with you Damien! I hate you and I’m sick of you playing this game!” she screamed at him, standing from the bed, her fists clenched.
“I hate you but I don’t hate you…” her bright eyes dulled, and closed. She fell back onto the bed, running her fingers threw her ebony hair. She felt tired and depressed.
“What?” he looked confused and somewhat hopeful.
She sighed and looked at him in the eye.
“I hate you for many, many reasons! But I can’t bring myself to really hate you.” She blushed and looked away, as he kept staring at her. He stayed silent for a moment before going off.
“Evelyn, if you give me a chance! A chance is all I ask, please! I could make you love me, willingly! I swear, just give me a chance love! One! That’s all I ask, and I’ll do anything for you!” he grabbed her hand, his eyes shining. “Please Evelyn that’s all I ask!” he looked at her desperate.
Evelyn looked at him, then back at the window, then back at him.
“Anything?” she asked quietly. He nodded his head slowly, not understanding what was going on in her head.
“I will if you let Caden go.” She watched his face as it sunk in to what she was saying. He stood abruptly, and went to her desk, his hands gripping tightly to the wood so he wouldn’t hurt her.
‘*Why him?!*
’ he seethed in his mind.
“Damien?” she whispered, picking at her nails nervously. He turned swiftly turned back around to her, his body rigid.
“No.” he stiffly said, threw clenched teeth. She starred at him for a moment before turning around, grabbing her lamp and throwing it at him.
“Then get out!” she screamed. She knew it was a long shot, but she had

to try.
“Evelyn! Stop! You knew that I would have said no, and you knew that I wouldn’t be able to do that! So why did you ask?!” Damien yelled. Blowing up in her face, but she didn’t back down instead she stood up, her fists clenched.
“Because I love him!” she screamed. Damien’s face fell, his eyes no longer angry. But now they were drenched in unbearable sadness.
“I understand…” he whispered, moving away from her, walking to her door.
“I’m sorry Evelyn…” he took a last glance at her.
Evelyn sat back onto her bed, wrapping her arms around herself. Her body doubled over, feeling a few tears prick her eyes.
“No your not…” she whispered to nothing.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Caden watched as Damien came, his face drawn to the watery ground.
“Another pipe broke.” he stated, his voice void of emotion.
“What now?” Caden coughed, Damien lifted his head to Caden’s shackles.
‘*Maybe I should let him go…then maybe Evelyn would…*
’ Damien shook his head, then looked at Caden straight in the eye.
“Evelyn said the only way for her to be mine, is that I have to let you go.”
At these words Caden became anxious. Would he be let go, or? But then there was Evelyn. She ever backed down from a promise. But maybe she just said that so he could go free then they could run away where Damien couldn’t find them!
“Well?!” Caden about shook in his chains. How he missed the fresh air and sun! Leaving in the grass with Evelyn as she worked on another piece for her cello. Caden watched Damien’s eyes harden slightly.
“I said no, and now she hates me!” Damien grabbed his knife and threw it at the cement wall. He walked out of the dark water room full of rage.
Caden sighed.
“She already hated you.”
Damien ran up the stairs of the manor’s basement, his boots heavy against wood. Shoving his fist against the walls every chance he got. Finally he reached the top, then slammed the door. Locking it.
“Damn it Evelyn!” he screamed to nothing, he ran up to the second floor, going to his room, he looked around looking for something to brake. Something to burn.
He took everything in the room, breaking it, throwing it, hitting it. He

wanted this whole in his chest to go away. He went into the bathroom and broke the glass to the mirror, shattering all of it. Shards of the glass stuck in his hand as it became numb. Deep red rivers spurred from his hand, as he starred at it he thought of Evelyn. Memories flooding back of the night he sketched his name in her back, every thing he had done to her, everything he had done to her family.
He backed into the wall, holding his head.
“Stop it! Stop it!” he shook his head, tears falling from his eyes. His vision became blurred as he sobs, clenching his teeth.
“I didn’t…I didn’t mean to…” then he was back in his old house. *The old coffee table full of ash trays and empty beer bottles. The T.V. was full of snow as the sound screeched in Damien’s ears. The scent of the house was of decay and salt. That was the day when he found the cat Damien was hiding. It was a kitten, small and white. He had named her Snow for her fur.*
“You little Bastered! Get in here and make my dinner!” his father screamed from the kitchen.
“Shoot Sir is mom, be quiet snow and I‘ll bring you your dinner.” Damien gave the little kitten a peck on its cheek, and hustled her to his room, shutting the door softly. Damien ran to the kitchen and went to the fridge.
“why the hell did it take you so long?!” his father screamed in his face. Damien gave him a shy nod of his head and began to explain when a tiny ‘mew’ came from behind his father. His father turned around to see a tiny kitten still trying to stand, hungry for food.
“so you’ve been hiding dinner have you?!” ‘Sir’ reached for Damien in a drunken slur, but before he could reach him a little hiss came from the kitten. ‘Sir’ turned around and grabbed the pussy by its tail, swinging it around.
“stop it!” Damien yelled, reaching for the cat, but his father pushed him out of the way, and went to the sink.
“you want me to let the cat go?” his father smirked. Then he turned on the garbage disposal. Damien’s eyes widened in fright.
“No please!” tears sprang from his eyes.
“okay then I’ll let the cat go!” his father’s grip on the tail loosened and the kitten dropping into the sink, one of its legs fell into the hole.
The sound that came from the cat, made Damien shiver in fear, and scream. Blood spurred from the cats leg as it cried loudly.
“I’m going out for dinner, I’ll want this thing gone before I get home!” his father yelled, slamming the door. Damien hurried to shut off the disposal,

but being his size, it took him a few minutes before the sound of grinding bones went off. Damien picked up the kitten and hurried to the bathroom.
"Silly Snow I thought I said to stay in the room…" Damien shakily said, trying to bandage the stump up. Sobs came from his throat as he began to cry. He held the kitten tightly to his chest for what seemed like forever.
Damien woke up to the groggy sound of his father coming in. he looked down to the kitten. Its breathing was gone and she wasn't soft anymore. More tears gathered in his eyes.
"Snow!" he cried, sobbing into the kitten's fur. "No…why?"
"You piece of shit get in here and clean this mess up!" his father screamed. Damien came out of the room with the cat bundled in his arms.
"That thing is still here?!" his father screamed, grabbing it and throwing it in the sink again, stuffing the kitten into the disposal, turning it on.
Blood and bones went everywhere as his father grinned in glee, turning back to his disappointment in life all he said was "clean it up."

Damien sunk to the ground, shaking.
"He shouldn't have killed her she was just a kitten. My little girl…" Damien looked to the shattered mirror shards.
"I…I need to finish the job." Damien got up and left the room, walking down the stairs, then walking into the rain.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Evelyn sat in her Living room, her father was in the kitchen, cooking dinner. They had made up, and after she explained what had happened at her school she was let off the hook.
"Having trouble Dad?" she asked, chewing on some plain toast.
"Nah! I'm good Eve." Then she heard a crash and bang. Looking concerned at the door, her father's face popped up with a few noodles on his head.
"Take out?" she smiled. He nodded gratefully. She smiled as the T.V. began to blare something other the Invader Zim.
"***Breaking New!-***
65 yr old Philip Ross's body was found in his house filled with Stab wounds to his neck and back.

"

'*Ross?*

’ Evelyn thought her face going pale. Her father joined her on the sofa, his cell phone in his hands. He looked at her, his face the same color.
“***…the main suspect is his son, Damien Ross. Who had killed and murdered Melody Heeren, and kidnapped Caden Mathews. His is no where to be found.***

”
A picture of all three of them popped up. Caden’s High school photo, Melody’s Law office ‘Employee of the month’ photo, and Damien’s high school photo.
Evelyn shivered.
“I’m glad he’s dead.” Evelyn whispered, looking down at her fingers. He father looked at her shocked.
“Why?” his all he asked.
“He’s the veil man that abused Damien, he’s the reason Damien is who he is. Is all because that disgusting veil man…” Evelyn snarled. Evelyn’s father looked at her then back at the T.V. not willing to say more, too scared to find out. Evelyn sighed and stood up, brushing her sweats from the toast crumbs.
“Where you going Hun?” her father asked her. She just stayed silent and walked up the stairs to her room. She knew he would be there.
She sighed as she noticed the lights were off, she had them on all day. But of course Damien had to go to the dark, he always did. She shut her door softly behind her, and looked around her room. That’s when she heard sobbing in her closet. She walked to closet slowly, wondering if he was there to hurt her. Opening the door, she found something that surprised her.
Damien was in the corner of the closet, his hands fisted in his hair. Blood was everywhere on him.
“Damien?” she called softly. He looked up his eyes fearful and mad. His hands shook as he took the knife from his side and moved it away from her.
“I killed him…I killed Sir.” He sobbed, his eyes looking at nothing. The way he said that, the way he was, made her remember when they were younger and his father would always beat him. It scared her.
She crawled to his side as he continued to sob endlessly. Seeing him this way made her want to protect him, and shield him from himself and others. She wrapped her arms around him, as he moved his face to her stomach, lying down. He was completely shaking, the sobs racked his

body. His grip on her became harder. His fingers digging into her back.
Hours later he began to calm down as she rubbed his shoulders, soothing him with kind words, Evelyn began to sing a lullaby to him, so that he would calm down more. Hearing her voice was heaven to his ears. She was calming him, caring for him. He never wanted to come to her room but had no choice. He couldn't stay in his house, his thoughts would kill him and he had no where else to go. Evelyn was his cure, his addiction. He began to feel tired, wanting to forever be in her arms. Resting his head in her lap, he closed his eyes slowly, and fell into deep darkness.
Evelyn watched him sleep; hi face was full of lines. The bags under his eyes were a dark purple color.
"Damien…" she sighed, bushing away the small hairs from his face. "Only if your father wasn't abusive to you. Then maybe we could have been friends…at least." She sighed. She rested her hand on his back, and the other one on his head, closing her eyes herself, too tired from metal and physical stress.
'*If only…*
' Was her last thought until dawn

Chapter 8- Captive

Evelyn laid on her bed, once again committed to her room. When she had woken up that morning she was alone on her bed. She and sat up and called him softly.
"Damien?" but on one answered, then she knew that he was gone.
"Hey Eve?" her father came in, his had a tie on with his drown suit. It wasn't the music note tie she had come to love, but a plain dark blue one.
"Hey." She said rolling over, running her fingers threw her hair.
"what do you need?" she asked.
"I'm going to a meeting for a few days. I got a cop to stay with you. Be nice." He kissed her softly.
"Remember your music note tie!" she yelled after him, hearing a "yeah yeah…" she smiled and turned back over to look at her wall. She listened to the person down stairs, not really caring who it was. Then heard her father's beat up old 1950 BMW roar and drive off, playing Kenny West.
She smiled, shaking her head.
"Stupid freaking country music." She let a small chuckle out, then went back to her skulking.

After a few hours the cop came up. He was a big black guy, with no hair.
“Are you Evelyn?” he asked in a deep voice. She nodded her head.
“Yeah.”
“Hey Evelyn I’m Mike. I think you know my wife… Shelly?” Evelyn sat up, and smiled.
“Your Shelly’s husband?” she grinned. He laughed and smiled. “Yup! If you don’t mind, she was going to come over. Bring our kids. I’m not pretty sure your friend isn’t going to be here tonight.” He grinned.
She looked at him confused.
“You mean Damien?”
“Yup.”
“Why?”
‘*Did he get caught, where was he?*
’ she thought as he rubbed the back of his neck.
“Last time he was seen was three towns away.” As Evelyn absorbed this,as Mike pulled out his cell phone, calling his wife.
“Hey Hun when are you getting here?” he asked, smiling at a blank Evelyn.
“I’m almost there baby. Anna is really happy to see you.” A familiar female voice called out. Mike grinned.
“Okay hun bye.”
“Bye.” Evelyn looked to Mike.
“You know there’s another Police officer name mike too, I don’t like him very much though…” she mumbled. The big man gave her a hearty laugh.
“Me either, He’s an idiot. Thinks he’s a big shot. He’s just a kid.” He grinned. Evelyn gave him a rare smile.
“Yeah I believe it.” Then she heard the doorbell ring.
“Shelly’s here, want me to call you down when the food is ready?” he asked, she nodded her head and laid back down on her bed as Mike left.
Sighing she looked to her window from habit. All she saw was the Oregon rain and the lush trees that was everywhere. Nowhere did she see the chocolate like eyes that threatened to haunt her forever. She curled up and stared at the wall, wishing that she could escape even for a moment.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Caden watched Damien pass in front of him, holding the dreaded knife.
“Tell me Caden what would you do to woe Evelyn?” he twirled the knife in his hands, sighing.

“To stop harassing her maybe.” He spat blood into the flooding water. Damien rolled his eyes and sighed again.
“I want to talk to Evelyn.” Caden coughed, Damien shoved a roll into Caden’s mouth.
“Maybe…if you tell me what kind of flowers Evelyn likes!” Caden’s eyes widened.
“She likes lilies. Star gazers and blue waters.” He answered almost immediately. Damien smiled, pondering over this new information. He pulled out a cell phone and dialed.
“Hello Evelyn? Don’t hang up on me! No Caden wants to talk to you.”There was a pause. He smiled.
“Because I want you happy, and if you talk to Caden then maybe you will smile a bit more.” He laughed, then walked over to Caden holding up the phone to his ear.
“Two minutes.” Damien mouthed, then went back to thinking about the flowers.
“Caden?” Evelyn asked, her voice uncertain.
“Evelyn!” Caden about almost cried at the sound of her voice, knowing she was all right, that she was still herself.
“Caden oh god…! What has he done to you are you okay? I miss you somuch! I miss hugging you and kissing you and being idiots together…” she began to sob in his ear.
“Calm down Eve. Its okay. I’m okay. I miss you too, so much. Evelyn…I love you.” Damien’s head wiped around, as he seethed at Caden.
“I love…” as Damien took away the phone.“Evelyn? Your two minutes are up. Good bye.” Damien threw the phone onto the ground, and glared at him.
“Your punishment is knife.” Damien growled, and began to slice Caden once more.

Evelyn stared at her phone, wondering if she should give the number to the police, then maybe they could save Caden. She saved it into her phone, and held it close to her chest; tears were dripping down her face.
“Caden…” she whispered, hearing his voice again was like a melody of angels! Even though his voice sound strained and coarse, she could hear him, his breath, his voice. It all made her want to jump for joy, until she said that last part to Damien. She had heard him pause and said that their time was up. She felt like an idiot.
She got up and walked to her desk, sitting in the chair, watching the

window. She knew he would be there soon, and just knowing that made her shiver in fear.
Hours later she heard Michael and Shelly come in, running up the stairs.
“Evelyn?” they called, she got up as they busted through her door.
“What’s wrong?” she asked frantic.
“Your Dad he got into a fight with Damien, we need to leave to go to him, please stay here and lock everything!” Shelly gave Evelyn a stun gun.
“Use it if he gets in.” she mumbled as they left her room and went back out. She stood there stunned for a moment before going down stairs, locking the back door, and then going to front door, that’s when she saw the shadow.
She backed away from it, as she heard someone trying to jimmy the locks.
She held the stun gun close to her as the knob turned slowly as shook.
‘*Crap!*
’ she thought as the door opened.
Damien stood there, his hair slightly tousled, his lip was cut, and there was some dirt on his pants.
‘*Nice left swing dad.*
’ She thought proudly as she look somewhere she shouldn’t have looked.
His eyes…filled with dark desire of some sort that made her shiver, but she wasn’t cold. Some what frozen from starring at him she turned her head the other way, she choked out: “Damien?”
But he only came forth and capturing her lips with his eagerly,almost desperately, surprised she dropped the stun gun. He pulled her to him, his arms snaking around her waist, tightening every time she pounded against his chest, trying to get away. But to her it seemed to no avail.
“Evelyn…” he whispered against her lips, brushing them with his. Evelyn felt this strange feeling shock her whole body, she shivered.
“Damien…stop it!” she gasped between kisses, trying to get a grip on this feeling and on him.Damien pushed her against the wall, his hands frantically roaming her body for skin; any contact of her skin was surely to be more than pure bliss.
“God! Evelyn I love you.” He trailed down her neck, biting and sucking on her skin as if she was the only thing that could satisfy his hunger. A small whimper came from her, unwanted but it only urged him even more.
“Damien…” she called out, her voice was shaking and she had

stuttered.He knew she must be frightened. He lifted his head to look at her, his hands found their way up to the
sides of her face. Her eyes were shinning with tears as he became engulfed by them once again.
“Evelyn…Please…” was all he said, then something came over her. It might have been his eyes, the deep chocolate eyes that made her want succumb to him, or maybe it was this overwhelming feeling that she wanted to feel his hands on her again, but she moved closer to him and kissed him, he wasn’t forcing her but he was making her feel this. Their lips moved in sync, his lips were soft against hers; gentle even but the kiss had the same amount of urgency.
Evelyn wrapped her arms around Damien’s neck, she didn’t know why but for some reason she yearned to be closer to him, as close as she could. Her fingers began to run threw his hair, it felt like rough silk, for some reason it was wonderful.
His kisses urged on as he licked her bottom lip, she shivered and whimpered. As his fingers trailed, softly brushing against her sides, then to her thighs, lifting her up onto his lap.
“Evelyn…” he whispered her name against her lips; he looked to her lips,slightly parted as breath came in and went out, then he found her eyes.
Her eyes were very deep, sometimes when he looked in them he always felt like he was falling into her abyss, her gaze was entrancing. His hand came up to her face as he caressed her cheek with the palm of his hand,
her eyelids went slightly limb. She wrapped her arms around his waist, laying her head against his chest.
“Evelyn Lets go to your room, okay love? I promise I won’t’ do anything.” She nodded as he picked her up.
‘*But what if I want you to do something?*
’ she thought, blushing.
Damien walked up the stairs, carrying his sweet girl. He couldn’t help but grin to himself. He was afraid he couldn’t kiss her like she should be kissed, but due to the extraordinary noises he heard coming from her
when he touched and kissed her, he couldn’t help but to be proud. When he reached her door, he switched her into just one of his arms and opened it. He laid her on the bed, her eyes getting wider again, she didn’t look as tired. His hands went down her waist again, going under her shirt, resting his hands on her stomach. She shivered and gave him a slight smile. Damien looked at her shocked. He let his hands travel up to her sides,

then around to her back, brushing against her chest only faintly.
She arched her back, as his fingers messaged her skin.
“Evelyn?” he whispered, she opened her eyes as a response. “Can I?” he tugged on her shirt; she froze for a moment, her mind racing to different possibilities, some of them scary, others not so much. He tugged on it again, getting her attention.
She nodded her head slowly; he slowly took off her shirt, freezing when he saw her. Her neck was elegant, dipping into her shoulder; his fingers traced her collar bones, then stopped. Her breast was covered with white spilling out of the fabric. He swallowed, and blushed, then let his gaze wonder to her body. His fingers coming down to her stomach, lightly tracing circles into her skin. He around on top of her, pressing his lips to her temple. He watched her shake lightly as she reopened her eyes starring right into him. He was falling once again, losing himself in the void of her eyes.
He moved to her side, falling onto the bed with a light ‘***thump***

’. She turned to stare at him again, only his hand covered her eyes.
“No more Evelyn. Please stop looking at me.” He mumbled against her hair, losing his fingers in the soft tresses as he pulled her to his chest. He held her tight, almost too tight.
‘*I’m afraid…I’m afraid to let go.*

’ He thought as her arms wrapped around him. Her hands went under his shirt, he closed his eyes awaiting the rejection.
‘*Scars…*

’ Evelyn thought in surprise. Her fingers traced the scars on Damien’s back, they were softer then the rest of his skin, almost fleshy like. Instead of moving away from him, she just pulled him closer, until her ear was to his heart.
“***Thump, thump, thump, thump…***

” she closed her eyes to the sound.
“Evelyn?”
“***Thump, thump, thump***

…”
“Evelyn?”
“***Thump, thump, thump, thump***

…”
“Yes?” she asked quietly, somewhat tired.
“Good night and sweet dreams…I love…” Evelyn’s wary eyes closed at that moment, falling asleep in his arms. He just smiled down at her, and held her close to his heart.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Evelyn awoke to the shrill voice of Shelly in her ear. She tried to move away until Shelly shook her awake.
Evelyn’s eyes snapped open right at that moment, taking in the site before her. Shelly’s husband and her father stood to one side, his hair was devilish and his face was covered in some plasters. His white dress shirt had dirt on it, smudging. As she found a doctor fussing at her other.
“Um…what up with all the people?’ she asked in a thick voice, she coughed for a moment then yawned.
“Honey? Are you all right, we saw Damien leaving the house, then find you asleep like this…” she motioned to her almost naked torso.
Evelyn, looking down at herself, and blushed profusely, rushing to grab her blanket and covered herself up.
“Did he do anything to you?” she asked in a kind voice, she knew they were worried, but she wanted to explore this a little, so maybe she could use it to save Caden herself.
She shook her head, trying to piece together a lie.
“No he didn’t. When you left, I locked the doors and came back up here; I was sweating so much I felt kinda dirty in my shit so I took it off and covered up with my blanket. I must have fallen asleep.” She mumbled, fumbling with the blanket. Her father sighed in what seemed to be relief.
Shelly smiled. Grabbing her into a hug, her Father squeezed her tight. She patted his back, and forced a smile.
“I’m glad you’re safe Ev.” He mumbled in her ear. Her eyes became sad as she heard this and gave him a small smile.
“Same here dad.”

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Damien walked into his home a grin on his face, and then it disappeared just as it had come. He looked around the old manor, dust and white covered it. He looked down and sighed. He wanted to bring Evelyn here but he was afraid that she wouldn’t like it. Staying there with him. He walked up the stairs and went to his room. His bed was in the corner, the

four posters was large enough to stick five people in it. A writing desk and a fireplace across the room. He went to sit on his bed and sighed again.
“She wouldn’t want to…would she?” he asked himself out loud, running his fingers threw his hair. He laid back-closing his eyes, and imagined if she did. They would talk for hours on end, and watch the stars in the back, cuddling under a blanket in the gazebo. He would cook her food when she needed some, while she was in her study playing her cello. He could already hear the low beat of it in his ears. They would dance at night near the fireplace so he could seem her face as she was laughing and smiling. He wanted this, he wanted this bad.
Caden watched the small bit of light that had come into the flooded basement threw a crack in the wall. He wanted to run his fingers in the sunlight, to let it touch his face. He struggled against the chains that held him. After a moment, he screamed. He heard Damien’s footsteps coming down the stairs. As his captor busted threw the door, Caden screamed again.
“Stop yelling!” Damien seethed; he was just awoken from sleep. His hair was a mess and he looked exhausted. Caden shook in his chains.
“Let me out!” he screamed at him, he was on a verge to braking down.
“I can’t be here anymore! Let me out now!” he shook viciously on the chains, his feet thrashing around in the water.
Damien sighed.
“What do you want?” he asked, leaning against the door way. Caden stopped for a moment.
“I want sunlight…” he begged in his rough voice. His eyes glistened as Damien sighed again.
“Fine…” he agreed, taking a ring of keys from his pocket. Damien stepped forth and unlocked Caden from the shackles. He fell to the ground, water hitting his elbows. But his arms collapsed from under him, as Damien grabbed a hold of his hair.
“If you want sunlight, get up.” Damien growled. Trying to stand, Caden trudged threw the water, until he hit the stairs.
“Hurry up.” Damien kicked his legs, making him collapse again. Caden groaned as his head hit one of the staircase steps.
“Get up!” Damien yelled angrily. Caden tried lifting himself up on his hands, but his arms shook and he fell again. He coughed up some of the nasty water Damien had let him drink.
Damien looked down to him in pity. Maybe he shouldn’t have locked him

up like this. But it was his punishment. His punishment for touching his dear girl, and for loving her.

“All punishments must be served, no matter what,” he mumbled as Caden tried to pull himself up again.

“Give it up Caden; you know you can’t so stop it.” Damien sighed. Caden shook his head.

“No.” he reached another step, his arms gaining a small bit of strength he struggled against his weight. Damien shook his head and sighed. Throwing him over his shoulder he walked back down the few steps Caden had climbed.

“You’re too weak Caden.” As Caden shouted and cried out, Damien shackled him once again, walking toward the stairs, he looked back to Caden.

“Please don’t yell too much. I’m sleeping and have big plans tomorrow.” He lied. Of course he wasn’t sleeping he was preparing the house for Evelyn. Her room was almost finished and all he needed to do was stock the house.

Caden just glared at him.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Evelyn stared at the street as she walked home from school. It had rained again, the scent permitting the air in a very delicious way. Her ears were trained on her ear buds that were playing a delightful sonata.

The only thing that would make her day even better if Caden was here.Every few minutes she would look to her side, hopeful to see her fiery friend. But every time she did, an ache reached her heart in the most painful way.

She had betrayed him. She had let Damien touch her, kiss her, and embrace her. She had let Caden down in a horrible way. But in a way she could relive the moments and not regret it. The way that Damien touched her was gentle. Only at times did he seem desperate. His kisses were loving and wanting. Soft and at the same time it was even heated with passion that she had never felt before. Just thinking about it made her face heat up and made her fidget. Sighing she just looked up to the sky, hoping that it would cleanse her thoughts, or at least keep them away for awhile.

When she got home, she heard her father snoring on the sofa and wrapped a blanket around him. For a moment the rain caught her gaze. It was spiraling and dancing down the window, but for a second she thought

out loud.
“I wonder if Damien is watching the rain?” she wondered, when she realized what she said she clenched her teeth and pressed her lips together hard. She set her bag down at the door and ran up the stairs, shutting her door softly. She looked around her room, nothing was out of place, and nothing was missing. She sighed and flopped onto her bed, not bothering to take of her muddy rain boots. Her eyes focused on the rain once more, becoming intraced. Her eyes began to droop after a moment as she saw someone enter threw her window, her vision blurring. But she already knowing she closed her eyes, waiting for the nightmares to come again.

Chapter 9
Chained

Damien watched Evelyn sleep, her ratty rain boots, and bright cherry red coat were now gone. Instead she wore a white lacy silk night gown. Her tresses of raven askew. Her lashes casted silhouettes against her peach painted cheeks. He ran his fingers threw her hair, shivering as he realized how soft it was. Her lips were slightly open, like an awaiting princess ready for her morning kiss. He was tempted but he did not, not wanting to wake her, so he took her temple instead. That’s when he heard Caden, he had been yelling for the past few days, but today, Damien could not afford him waking her up. He left her side reluctantly and ran down the stairs to shut him up.
Caden began screaming and yelling, he was sick of this basement and he was sick of Damien holding him there.
“Let me the fuck out of here!” he screamed, rattling the chains. He heard Damien’s footsteps come down the stairs.When Damien opened the door, he screamed even louder.
“Let me the fuck out of here!!!” he screeched. Damien hurried to close the door and slapped him.
“Shut the hell up, you’ll wake up Evelyn!” he hissed gently, Caden’s voice dimmed and a thump rose in his throat.
Stunned for one moment, Caden didn’t want to hear these words, but at the same time he wanted to be with Evelyn.
“You mean Evelyn…is…is here?” He stuttered in disbelief. Damien nodded and smiled.
“Gezz dude where have you been? Of course!” Damien laughed and punched Caden’s shoulder lightly, causing him to flinch.

“We’re going to have so much fun! Hey, should I take her stargazing or maybe should we sit in the dark and watch a movie? I can’t wait to take her out, she’ll have so much fun!” as Damien explained how much fun they would supposedly have, Caden couldn’t help but want to vomit.
Evelyn and he were supposed to be doing those things, watching the stars, kissing. He wanted to hit Damien, kill him. Do something horrible to him so he would know this feeling. This feeling that was so unbearable that it felt like his heart would stop, like it would blow up in his chest.
After Damien stopped talking he smiled at Caden.
“well I want to be there when Evelyn wakes up so bye Caden talk to you later.” With that Damien left, leaving Caden to wallow in his despair.
As Damien climbed up the stairs, he couldn’t help but smile. Because first, Evelyn was here with him. Second, he knew that in the end she will not love Caden anymore. And third, he could hear Evelyn’s screams upstairs. She was awake, and he was coming for her.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

The world seemed hazy for a few moments as Evelyn opened her eyes. Her lashes fluttering a few times before awaking fully. Candle light filled the room casting shadows against the dark colored tapestries. She couldn’t help but admire the splendor. The bed was of dark mahogany,the four poster bed then was covered in dark red fabric, covering her from the other side. The walls were painted a light grey, red strips going down all the way. She felt like she was in a movie of sorts. The room’s size baffled her. It was massive! She saw a side window, the glass painted black. The sitting area looked comfortable enough, a small two steps lead there. On the other side a fireplace sat, an old-looking rocking chair sat there, and then to her left there was a writing desk. Double doors which she assumed lead to the bathroom. And lastly the room was filled with shelves and shelves of books! Half the room was completely covered head to toe in books. Yes it was beautiful, but it only reminded her of a stunning prison. Her eyes wondered slightly until they settled on a Cello’s case. It stood near the fireplace, its black shinning case, glimmered as the firelight reflected off of it. Eyes pricked at her eyes as she felt that she knew where she was.

“Damien! I don’t wanna go to the creepy house; momma says it’s not safe!” a small six year old Evelyn was being dragged by a seven year old

Damien. Damien looked back to her and grimaced.
“Do you do everything that your mommy tells you?” Evelyn blushed and looked down, embarrassed.
“Just come on! It can be our play house! It’ll be so much fun!” he smiled at her. She sighed and was continued to be pulled. Finally they pushed threw the brush of the small wooded area. She gasped as she saw the house. It was the old Manor. She had read about it at the local library. It was built in the seventh century, by a man who, later on, killed his wife and children in it. But before he could have been charged, he had disappeared. There where other manors around the neighborhood, but this was the only one where people where murdered. Damien dragged her further up the hill, until they reached the door. The doors looked huge to them, the knockers where worn down gold lions. Damien reached out and
touched the door.
“Pretty isn’t it?” he smiled, looking back to Evelyn. She looked away, embarrassment cover her cheeks.
Damien opened the door, pulling Evelyn inside. They saw the tables covered with dusted cloth, the stairs still holding their grand colors. Evelyn looked in stunned silence as Damien looked only at her.
“Do you like it?” Damien asked shyly, grasping her hand a little tighter. She nodded her head and smiled at him.
“It’s so pretty!” she giggled, he smiled back. He led her up the stairs as they toured the rooms, talking and smiling. That’s when they entered the bedroom. It was still warm from summer, and the room was lighten with sunlight. It was beautiful. They sat down and basked in the sunlight, until dusk began to sit in.
“Evelyn?” Damien asked in a sleepy voice. They had curled next to each other, holding hands.
“Yeah?” her small voice came.
“Do you think, that if we get older, that we can live here?” a light blush hit Damien’s cheeks, as he asked this. Evelyn looked thoughtful for a moment until she smiled at him.
“Of course. Then Mommy can come over sometimes to, and then I can keep you safe.” Damien’s heart swelled at these words.
“So…Sir wouldn’t be able to come?” he asked warily.
She nodded seriously.
“I will protect you.” Her eyes filled with bravery and steel. Damien embraced Evelyn, happy for her words. And of course he believed her,

they were just
children.

Evelyn got up from the bed, running to the door, she remembered her words, but she wasn't protecting him like this, she was being caged instead.
"Damien! Damien let me out of here!" she screamed, banging on the door, her fists immediately swelling and going numb.
"Damien let me out!" she heard footsteps come up the stairs, fear in engulfed her heart as she backed away from the door. Stumbling, she made it halfway to the other side of the room, before she heard a 'click' and the door opened.
He stood in the shadows a while longer, before entering. His clothing black once again, his hair covering half of his face. His dark eyes searching for her, until they rested upon her glowing silhouette.
"Evelyn." He called her name softly. He took a step toward her, her eyes widened, stumbling back against the wall. Her breath quickened, her heart beating faster with every step he took.
"I missed you…Evelyn." Soon, too soon he crossed the room, a loving smile on his face as he took her face in his hands. He leans his forehead against hers, inhaling.
She froze in shock, tears collected in her eyes, until they ran down her face. Her entire frame was shaking in fear.
"Damien…stop…" she whispered, her blood pounded threw her ears. Adrenaline rushing threw her veins, her mind was screaming:
'Get out! Get out of there now!'

But she couldn't move, couldn't breathe, even thought she felt her chest fall up and down rapidly, she couldn't find her breathe.
"Mmm…you smell good today my love, do you rest well?" he questioned gently. His fingers trailed down her arms then up again, brushing them, so soft that she shivered every time she could feel them caress her skin.
"No, Damien stop it…" she pushed against him, not daring to look him in the eye. He grabbed her wrists, pulling them closer to him, instead she kept pushing away.
"Evelyn behave." He said sternly, she shook her head. Concentrating on their arms locked in combat. As she tried to push away he only pulled her back.
"Damien let go!" she shouted, angry and frustrated.
His eyes turned to steel, the softness was gone.
"Evelyn don't you test me…" he hissed, pulling her roughly towards him. She struggled, not daring to lose.
"Damien just…just stop!" she screamed at him, she didn't want to be held,she didn't want to be touched. She didn't want to be with Damien.
Damien watched the girl struggle, not wanting to hurt her, but he knew he had bring her into submission.He dragged her to the bed, throwing her upon it, she tried to escape by
rolling off the comforting, but he grabbed her, pulling her to him. He sat her in his lap. Holding onto her tightly.
"Damien let me go!" she screamed and kicked. He only held onto her tightly.
"Evelyn, there's no need to be in panic. You're all right and I will never hurt you…" he mumbled. "Not ever again…" Evelyn kept struggling, not wanting to believe him. Tears swelled in her eyes.
"Stop it!" she screamed, digging her nails into his skin. Small swells of his lifeblood pooled by her fingers. He hissed in pain, and then looked to her.
"No." he grinded his teeth together so he wouldn't lash out at her. She became a sobbing mess, struggling against him. He wanted her to
become silent and just rest in his arms, but instead she was trying to get away from him.
After a while Evelyn's tears turned dry and she laid limp in his arms, he could still hear her rigid breathing, she was still awake, but just not there. Damien moved her onto the pillows, her head falling to the side. Her eyes were blank, he already knew she was excepting her fate with him. He closed her door softly, then turned on his heel, going

downstairs and into the kitchen.
‘She must be hungry after all that, but first I’ll let her sleep.’ He mused, the walked into the parlor. Dusty tabletops and white sheets covered the furniture. The windows covered with the black velvet curtains, the light only pouring in from where the darkness could not hide it.
Oh how he wanted to go out into the light, if only he wasn’t consumed by the darkness his father had laid upon him, then just maybe he could be with Evelyn. If only his heart wasn’t of ice…
Damien sat on one of the chairs, dust flying around him as he sat, he simple brushed it away and kept watching the sunlight.
‘Is this how Caden felt about the sun? Always wanted to bathe in the warm fiery glow? I wonder if this is what he feels right now, the longing for sunlight, for air…’

Damien thought humbly as he watched the sunlight die and wither away into the growing night. He began to feel depressed, sitting there unaccompanied. Was he always going to be alone?

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Evelyn opened her eyes to nothing. Complete darkness had engulfed the room. The candles were blown out and the fire place wasn’t running. She felt only slight comfort in this.
That’s when she thought for a moment-that in this darkness- she could escape. The thought brought hope to her. Then it died as fast as it came.
She could hear Damien coming up the stairs, his boots thudding against the emaciated wood. Fear ran threw her very core as she bolted out of the bed. She looked for a place to hide as she heard his keys clang against the lock, so she hide behind the door. As he opened it, she held her breath, her heart was in her throat. Adrenaline pumping threw her veins.
“Evelyn.” He called softly, almost human like. “I brought you some soup. I hope its okay it’s all I really had at the moment.” She peered from the small crack of where she saw him. He walked toward the bed. Her jumbled up blankets, conveniently looked like a body was in there.
She swallowed, her hands shaking. If he only walked a few more steps then she could escape…
“Evelyn?” he called again, with more gusto in his voice. She took in a breath as he reached for the blankets to pull them back. In one moment

she could have a chance to escape, or in one mistake she could lose everything. She knew he would not be happy with this.
His hand gripped around the blankets, and as he pulled them back, she ran.
Damien heard the sound of footsteps by the door, turning his head quickly he had enough time to see Evelyn running out the door. Anger and rage busted out of him in sheer astonishment. The plate of soup fell
to the ground, breaking and shattering. In that one second he was after her, he could he her running but she was going the wrong way, he smirked-running faster to catch up-he knew she wouldn't find the exit, until she ran towards the parlor.
Evelyn ran down a flight of stairs, her heart drumming in her ears.
'Please don't let him find me, please!'
she pleaded silently to herself, or maybe even God himself, as she heard footsteps gaining on her.
"So fucking help me god Evelyn!" Damien screamed. Evelyn's feet stopped. Afraid to go further, she could hear him coming up after her, she could hear him breathing, his breath matching his feet. Mustering up all the courage she had left, she bolted into a room, with sheets and dust. Quickly she ran under one of the tables, holding her breath as she heard him stop in front of the entry way.
Damien knew she was there; there was no where else for her to go.
'I know she's here, I fucking know it!'
he seethed in his mind, he quickly scanned the room, grinning when he saw movement under one of the tables.
"Evelyn…" he cooed softly, the movement stopped, he smirked."Come here Evelyn like a good girl." He waited for a moment before
there was no movement what so ever, rage boiled threw him.
"Evelyn get out here now!" he snarled, throwing the table to the side. There was nothing there. That's when he felt a small breeze come towards him.
The window was open.
Shutting it, he looked around once again, growling under his breath.
"Where the hell are you?!" he screamed. That's when he heard a small whimper from the corner of the room. He strode over to the table in the corner soundlessly.
"Evelyn?" he called gently, knowing he had won.
Evelyn watched Damien's shadow come towards her, she moved into the wall as a pale hand came into her hiding spot. She pulled her legs towards

herself, her shaking arms wrapping themselves around her.
“Evelyn…” the demon slurred, his fingers ghosting over her ankle.
His fingers stroked her ankle for a few more seconds, before his hand roughly grabbed her, pulling her from under the table. She screamed ashis other hand came over her thigh, her hands blindly trying to reach for something, anything. Her fingers scraping over the brick from the fire place. Then sliding against the walls.
“Caden!” she screamed, shaking as she pulled at the wooden floor.
“Caden help me please!” she sobbed.
Damien grinned as he saw his prize come from underneath the table. His fingers rubbing against her skin. Oh how wicked he felt for touching her,her skin was so smooth, he would never get over it. Finally he grabbed her by the waist, picking her up.
“you don’t run away!” he snarled at her, barely registering that she was crying. He walked up the stairs, and into her bathroom, sitting her on the sink. He turned around to lock the door.“Don’t you move.” He hissed as he turned on the bath.
Evelyn didn’t see any mist rising from the water as it filled the tub. She shivered as Damien turned on a fan.
Damien walked up to her and ripped the nightgown from her skin, leaving her naked. She screamed but he didn’t care. He picked her up again and threw her into the tub.
When the water touched her skin, she screamed. It was freezingcold. She went to cover herself, until Damien took her hands, tying them together with his belt. He went under the sink, grabbing a scarf and tied
her bound hands above her.
“I was really hoping you were going to wear that. Now is a good time forany. When ever you take a shower, new clothes will be under the sink.”
His face was expressionless as he stood up. He took one look at her and nodded. Turning on his heel and unlocked the door.
“Next time your punishment will be worse.” He slammed the door behind him and Evelyn began to wail.

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Caden listened to the cries of Evelyn. She was right above him. He couldn’t make out what she was saying, but knew Damien had done something to her.
He heard the basement door unlock as Damien came down the stairs,carrying what Damien called Caden’s dinner. It was green this time.

"What did you do to her?!" He seethed at Damien. Ignoring him, Damien poked a spoonful of the mush into Caden's mouth. Caden spit it out, coughing up a fit.
"That is disgusting!" he yelled at Damien as he poked another spoonful in.
"It's the only thing you're eating tonight." He said quietly.
Somehow Damien didn't look right to Caden. His was drawn down , and the lines that he thought were hardened forever seem to fall. Damien looked older, tired.
"What did you do to Evelyn?" Caden asked slowly. Damien looked away, not able to face Caden's pondering face.
"Something I terribly regret." His voice was stained with tears and sobs.
Caden's eyes widened.
"What did you d…do?!" Caden's voice broke at the end, tears pricking at eyes.
"I didn't kill her, I just hurt her…and not rape." He mumbled, sitting in a chair, running his fingers threw his hair.
"She tried to run away and I got her, but I was so angry that I pt her in a really cold tub of water and tied her up there…" he got tense, ready for Caden to yell at him.
"Well I don't blame her. Your so mean to her, and you killed her mom… you carved name into her back, then every time you see her, you practically have sex with her! I would try to run away to." Caden said truthfully. Damien looked away, pouting.
"I can't help that I love her." He whispered. "I mean don't you want to worship her too?" Caden blushed and looked away.
"I'm not answering that, I'm just saying maybe you should be nicer to her…" realizing his mistakes, Caden wanted to take it back, but seeing thejoy on Damien's face made him stay quiet.
"So what do you think I should do?" he looked towards Caden in wonder, just like he did when they were kids.
"Do what you think is best." Caden choked out. Damien smiled at him, and started walking to the door.
"By the way thanks Caden, I promise next time I'll make you some fried chicken." He grinned and waved bye, but before he left, he turned on a light so that Caden could see.
Caden shook his head as the door behind Damien closed. Yes it was nicefor the light, but it just made the basement look even creepier. But he was kinda glad to see too.
"Gezz next time I need to keep my mouth shut." A memory he thought he

lost long ago, came back to him.
A ten year old Caden was walking with a nine year old Evelyn. Her hair had been cut short, her eyes raging with revenge.
“I think it looks cute Eve.” Caden smiled at her. Evelyn just blushed and looked away, her eyes trained on something far off.
“No it’s not mamma said that she was only taking off an inch but instead she cut it up to my ears!” she pouted. He laughed and ruffled her hair.
“Don’t worry about it Evelyn its okay. It’s pretty.” But Evelyn stopped listening to him.
“Damien!” she suddenly cried, running towards a bundle of rags on a swing.
Caden ran after her, trying to call her back, until he saw the little boy. He was as tall as Caden, but way too skinny, his hair was stringy and smelled. He was dressed in a grey t-shirt that had stains, some he thought was blood. He had no shoes and his feet were burned.
“Damien what happened?!” Evelyn’s little voice came over his thoughts. The boy raised his head.
“Sir said I had to stay outside because his whore was coming over, he took away my shoes and he gave me a beating because I cooked his lunch wrong.” The raspy boy’s voice came out. He coughed and Caden looked down, sad.
‘his been threw so much…'

he thought as Evelyn tried to help him up.
“Here Evelyn I’ll do it.” Caden picked up the boy, and carried him to a bench, which resided by the slides. Evelyn’s hands fluttered all over him, looking for any cuts of sorts.
“I’m okay Evelyn. He just gave me a bloody nose. And some bruises, other then that its okay.” She gave him a small smile.
“Okay then Caden, Damien we are going to get ice cream!” Evelyn declared with a crisp ten dollars in her hand. “Daddy gave it to me and said be careful I spent iton something important, and this is important, because every time I’m sad Momma always takes me out for ice cream.” The boy smiled at Evelyn, and
hugged her.
“Here Damien…you can wear my shoes. I got socks on so the pavement won’t hurt my feet.” Caden slipped off his sneakers and gave them to Damien, he looked at Caden with wonder and a grin.
“Thanks Caden!” he hugged Caden, even though he smelled of cat pee

and B.O. Caden hugged Damien back.
“Okay let’s go!” Evelyn giggled, taking both of the boy’s hands, leading them to Wendi’s ice cream parlor.

Caden smiled lightly.
“He still owes me a pair of sneakers…”
Damien hurried up the stairs, hoping that Evelyn was alright.
‘God what have I done?!’
he thought in horror as he opened up Evelyn’s bathroom door.
Her skin was a pasty white, her whole frame shivering. Her eyes were closed, and her lips were blue. Everything about this picture was wrong, so very wrong.
Damien went to the closet and grabbed some towels laying them on the floor. Unraveling the belt and scarf from her hands, Damien picking up Evelyn gently, finding out how cold she really was.
‘Her skin is like ice…’
he thought laying her down on the towel, hastily covering up her body.
“Evelyn?” he asked her, when she didn’t answer he went to her wrist for a pulse. There was hardly anything.
Swallowing thickly, Damien picked her up once again, carrying her into her room. He laid her on the bed, and then went to her closet, grabbing a wool nightgown and some tights. He remembered everything Evelyn had taught him about trying to keep the heat in.
‘Make sure that they have on tights or heavy socks, warm clothes and a hat of some sort. The most heat that escapes the body is at the feet and the head.’
Her voice rang in his head. Covering her up with a bundle of blankets, Damien went to get her a hat.

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Two weeks had pasted and Evelyn was still in a coma like state. Damien sat at her side every day, holding her hand, hoping she would wake. Her heart beat was steady and she was warm, but she still slept.
‘Maybe it was because she never wants to see me again…’
he thought sourly.
“Maybe you want to be alone…” he said out loud. “Evelyn please come back…please…” he bent over as if in prayer and began to weep.

Evelyn awoke to a bright shine in her face, the world seemed to spin, spinning and spinning, until she felt sick. A cool hand rubbed itself against her arm, as if to will her awake. She mumbled for someone to turn off the light, that she didn't want to wake up again. She heard someone exclaim loudly. Then she really opened her eyes. Damien stood over her, tears of joy in his eyes.
"Oh god Evelyn I promise never to do that to you again!" he embracedher tightly, as everything came back to her.
She screamed.
Damien froze as her high pitched scream hit his ears. The screech lasted until finally he couldn't take it and pulled away from her. She rolled off the bed, landing with a thump, she ran towards the door, but of course it wasn't open.
"Evelyn love what's wrong?" he asked quietly, his ears ringing with pain. She turned back to him, willing herself to stand.
"Evelyn love what's wrong?!" she shouted in rage, mimicking him. "what the hell do you think you bastered! Leaving me in the tub with freezing cold fucking cold water?! Go fucking rot!" she threw the closest thing to her.
The sound of the shattering vase, made Damien cringe as he stood frozen in front of her. She was breathing hard, wobbling only slightly, her hair was in a frenzy, and her eyes were wild. She looked like a raging goddess.
"Evelyn please calm down." He held his hands up, palms out to her.
"Calm down?! You want me to fucking calm down?!" she clenched her teeth and let out a scream.
"I hate you, I hate you, I hate you, I hate you…." She chanted, sinking to the floor.
Damien caught her as she fell. She was sobbing uncontrollability, crying out for Caden, her father and her mother.
"Caden…." She whimpered, shaking in his arms. Her rage dying down, only to be toppled with unbearable sadness.
"Don't touch me!" she screamed at Damien, he let go of her with only slight reluctances.
"I love you Evelyn." He walked out the door, and shut it quietly. She heard him walk away without locking the door. She curled into a ball on the floor, crying, and sobbing. She fell asleep like this, her tears still running in her sleep.
Evelyn awoke to sunlight in her eyes, nothing made sense anymore, well at least to her. She laid there for a few moments, before

sitting up and stretching her aching back. She looked to a platter that had food and a cup of juice. Evelyn went over to the little table he had set up. The food looked yummy, but she didn't want to eat anything made by his hand. She dressed carefully, and stood at the door.

'I wonder if he let it still unlocked…'

she touched the cold knob. Her fingers tracing the design.

Gripping it she turned the door, it opened.

"well my day has brightened." She mumbled with a small smile on her face.

She walked around the third floor for a while, then descending to the second floor, she found a patio. She ran to it, and found it locked.

"Damn." She sighed then went to the first floor.

'yeah he's gone for now!'

she rejoiced in her mine, she hummed a tune as

she heard banging from somewhere.

"Hello?" she called loudly. The banging went on, only louder and more fierce.

She listened, walking around, putting her ear to every door, until she found the basement door. She put her ear to it, as she heard yelling. Her heart picked up.

She knocked on the door.

"Hello?!" the bang went on. She looked around for a moment, wondering if she would do this.

'Caden might be down there…'

the little voice in her head whispered to her.

Her ears started to ring.

"Caden…" she whispered to herself, the name burning in her throat. She ran into the kitchen, the dishes were clean and the window was open. She could smell the faint scent of bleach. She went through all of the drawers, and then finally found what she was looking for.

A bobby pin.

She raced back to the door, jabbing the pin into the lock, it took her a few minutes before she could open it. Then finally the door swung open.

Only one thought came to her mind.

"Caden!"

Chapter 10
Sanity

Evelyn heard the clanking noise, followed by a muffled yell.

“Caden?!” she cried out again, taking the stairs by two. Running downward until she saw the water.
“Caden?” she whispered now, not knowing if Damien was down there with him.
She heard a muffled scream and stepped into the water.
The water was like ice around her ankles, threatening to freeze them. She walked further down until the water hit her hips.
‘its so deep.’
She thought, shivering. She put her hands out in front of her, so she could feel where she was going.
Everything was dark and cold, the water’s ice-like grip began to make her feel chilled. She shivered again.
The walls felt like slime or algae had taken over them, or maybe even mold. She wrinkled her nose and kept a steady hand on the wall, her other hand looking for something to hold onto as well. When a cord hit her in the face, she couldn’t help but smile.
Tugging at it, she was able to find the light, but what illuminated the room was what scarred her.
The light bulb was bloody, dried blood made the room tint to a strange color, the clanking sound was behind her, her muscles tensed as she turned around, her heart’s beating in her ears, and nothing made sense to what she saw.
Caden was chained to a wall, his back against the cement, his arms above his head, his shirt was gone, his slacks that he wore to the funeral, were soaked and growing something green. Her eyes widened as she starred at him longer, noticing everything.
Old scars and opened wounds cover his body; his face only had a few cuts and bruises. He had been gagged and his eyes were open.
Caden starred at Evelyn as she did the same. Her hair was a little longer. And she had grown a few inches, but she would never tower over him, like he did to her.
Tears suddenly ran down her cheeks as she flung herself at him. Wrapping her arms around him, as he wished he could do to her.
“Caden!” she sobbed, her whole frame shaking against him.
“I missed you, I missed you, I missed you!” she cried. Everything she said was blurring together, all that he cared about was that she was safe, and well. She reached up and untied the gag from his mouth, flinging it to the floor.
“Evelyn…” he whispered, was he dreaming, or was this real? He couldn’t

tell, not right now with her in front of him.
“What did he do to you Caden? My god, this is my entire fault.” Her hands went to her lips as she started to cry again.
“Evelyn it isn’t your fault. Your fine, I just wasn’t strong enough remember?” she shook her head.
“No. if I hadn’t had befriended him, we wouldn’t even be here!” she sobbed.
‘Everything is wrong and nothing is right!’
Caden thought grimly.
“Evelyn. It’s okay love, it’s not either of our faults, its Damien’s okay? I missed you and I love you.” She nodded her head to this and wrapped her arms around him, giving him a chaste kiss on the lips. He smiled at her, as a shadow came down the stairs. He looked frozen as he starred at the thing in front of them. Evelyn looked to him.
“What’s wrong?” she began to turn around as Caden stopped her.
“Evelyn don’t…just kiss me one more time, please?” Evelyn smiled and kissed him again.
It deepened as their tongues began to dance. But just as Evelyn whimpered, a rough hand grabbed her and threw her into the water.
Evelyn looked up shocked at what she saw. Damien stood over her as she shivered in the frosty water, his jaw was clenched and his eyes held murder.
“What have you done?!” he screamed at her. She cowered in the water, shaking from the fear that ran threw her body.
Damien grabbed her by her hair, chained her to the aged shackles that were placed there. Evelyn was sitting in the water, her wrists clanking against the walls as she tried to break free.
“Please Damien, Don’t!” she sobbed. For a moment he considered to let her go, put her up stairs to deal with her later, but then again she had hurt him, as he had hurt her.
“I can’t….” his voice was strangled, angry. He turned to glare at Caden.
“This is your fault!” he growled, grabbing the knife from his pocket. Evelyn gasped as she saw the blood stains already dried upon it, it made her want to heave.
Damien went behind Caden, and thrusted the knife into his back.
Evelyn watched as Caden’s face went into shock then utter pain.
‘Nothing makes sense anymore…’
she thought hysterically. Caden was in pain, she caused that, Damien was in pain, and she caused that too. Everything was her fault. She

started to shake, angry, embarrassed, depressed.
“Damien!” she screamed. Damien stopped and looked to her.
Caden looked to Evelyn, her scream still echoing in his ears. His vision was blurring, and his breathe was rough. He knew that this was the end. Nothing was going to save him this time, no personality change from Damien; Evelyn wasn’t strong enough to fight for the keys. He knew he was doomed.
He closed his eyes, thoughts of never seeing Evelyn again racing threw his mind, his life flashing before him. The colors began to blur together until finally it became black.
Damien watched as Caden submerged, he knew he wasn’t dead, but very close to death’s door.
“What do you want Evelyn?” he hissed at her. She held her chin high and her eyes narrowed.
“Punish me instead.” The words didn’t sink in until Damien was across the room holding her up by her neck.
“Why?! Because I’m going to kill him? Or because you want to save him?”
“Isn’t it the same?” she said curiously, the anger was getting to him; nothing he said was making sense.
“Because if you kill him…” she growled at him, her eyes going into almost slits. “I will make sure that you get caught; I will never speak to you, never eat, never sleep, and never move. Then I will die. Nothing you do will make me stop. If you kill him, I kill myself.” She hissed at the end, he knew that she would keep her promise to him, if Caden was to die. He came close to her face, and kissed her roughly.
“Fine.” Was the last thing she heard him say, because after that he slammed her head against the wall, knocking her out.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Evelyn awoke to her prison. She was chained to the bed by her ankle. She wished for water, but knew that after what happened yesterday, she wouldn’t be getting anything. Pulling her legs to her chest, she cried into his arms.
‘Caden….save me Caden, please, please, please, I’m so alone and I just want to see you again…’
she thought, sobs almost chocking her.
“Caden, please help me….” She hoarsely whispered.
Damien watched Evelyn from the doorway. She didn’t see him come in; instead she curled into a little ball and began to cry, whispering the boy’s

name. He did save him, and he was in a room now, but still chained up. Oh how he wanted to finish him off, how he wanted to run the knife threw his throat to finally have Evelyn to himself, no worries about others taking her.
He walked toward her, setting the food on the table, her body had tensed and noticed him, he ran his fingers threw her hair, not noticing she flinched when he made contact.
“Damien let me go.” Her voice held no vigor, it was small and helpless.
“You are so fragile Evelyn; the smallest thing can break you. There is food if you want it. I know that you thought I was going to hurt you. But I’m not. Remember I promised you that I would never hurt you again?” he looked to her with hopeful eyes.
She stood up, her eyes fierce and her small hands clenched into fists.
“You already broke that promise! If you hurt Caden, you hurt me too!” she cried, raising her hand against him.
His head fell to the side, shock and astonishment binding him stay that way for a few moments. He turned to her stiffly.
“I see then.” And he walked out.
Evelyn watched him leave, and he never did come back into the room. He left her food on the table in the morning when she awoke and at night when she was taking a bath. And for lunch she had her afternoon nap, which she then awoke to lunch on the table as always. Weeks past before Evelyn saw Damien again, sometimes she stayed awake at night to listen to his heavy footsteps make their way upstairs, never once did they go to the basement. This worried her.
‘Is Caden getting food? Did Damien put him in another room, what happened when I pasted out? Did Damien kill…’
she couldn’t finish that thought.
Evelyn began to stop sleeping, her worries of Caden keeping her up all night. She paced around the room, the chain only going so far. That soon she just sat at the set window all day, not even moving.
She wondered if this was her punishment.

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Damien stood outside of Evelyn’s door way, it had been a month and a half sense he had seen her. He picked with the buttons on his shirt, nervous as hell.
“I wonder if she did what the note had said….” He started to pick at his nails, he looked at the clock on the wall, watching as it finally turned seven. He knocked on the door, and heard a muffled yelp, followed by a

come in.
Evelyn sat on the bed, her ankles crossed, her hands in her lap. She had worn the pretty red satin. She looked wonderful. She hadn't noticed him yet as he walked into her room.
"Evelyn…" he called her name softly. It burned on the end of his tongue, oh how he missed saying her name. He shuttered slightly, as she turned to him.
Evelyn starred at Damien, dressed in black slacks and a white button down shirt. He looked handsome except she knew that he was holding a monster inside of him. She looked back down again at her dress. It was a deep ebony red with frills and lace. She had to admit it was very pretty but, she didn't want to please Damien, she just wanted this to end. She watched Damien's feet as he walked towards her, he wasn't wearing his boots, but instead he was wearing a pair of nice dress shoes. But then they stopped, like he was frozen in the spot. She looked up to his face curiously and saw what he was starring at.
He was starring at her, her waist, her legs. She all about wasted away the other day, puking when she ate some food. She had become too skinny. She looked almost sunken in at the face, her wide eyes large and had a gleam to them.
"What the…" she looked down in shame, only accusing the shackle that held her there. It had made her ankle swollen, purple and black.
"Evelyn…" his voice was sad, and depressed. He walked to her quickly , unlocking her.
"I'm sorry." He hurried to the bathroom and grabbed some lotion. When he came back, Evelyn was on the floor.
"What happened?" he asked. She crossed her arms and pouted.
"Nothing, nothing at all." She mumbled. Her voice nothing but a whisper.
He sighed and didn't argue, lifting her up back onto the bed. He applied lotion to her ankle, feeling her flinch in slight pain as he did so. Than he went back into the bathroom and grabbed some wrappings. He went back to her and wrapped up her ankle. When he finished he put all of his supplies back, and walked over to her. She looked to him, wry. Her arms felt tired and her body hadn't got sleep in days. It all felt so different to her. Damien held out his hand.
"I have a surprise." He smiled lightly at her. She didn't want to take it, she hated him, hated him to the very core of her being; but she took his hand anyway. Let him carry her into his wonderland, she was afraid yes, but at the same time she knew she had to.

Damien smiled as she took his hand, he lifted her onto her feet, not letting her completely stand, than he took his arm under her legs and carried her out the door.
She held on to his neck, not letting go, as he smiled at her. Her face was slightly red and she sighed.
“What’s wrong?” he asked as he walked up the long corridor. She stayed silent for a moment than spoke.
“I’m worried.” She mumbled tiredly.
“About what?”
“At what we are doing. I might fall asleep on you.” He laughed.
“That’s all right. I’m pretty use to it now. I remember when you did that a lot before tests. You would fall asleep on my shoulder at lunch. Than when the bell rang you shot up and ran to class, because you thought you were late. You always aced the tests though so I was never really worried.” He grinned at her. She smiled grimly, remembering.
“Please don’t bring up the past.” She whispered. He looked at her confused.
“Why?”
“Because it just reminds me how much we all have changed,” She said carefully. “I don’t like it when people change too much.” He stayed silent as he kept walking. She somewhat enjoyed it, the silence. She had missed it, her thoughts weren’t there to torment her, and worries couldn’t keep her up. She felt suddenly very tired, But said nothing.
Suddenly he stopped walking. She looked to the door. She remembered seeing it once before; but before her memories could take her away Damien put her down. She rested against the door, as he opened the door.
‘You could run away right now!’
her thoughts screamed at her. She didn’t listen though. She kept her eyes on Damien. She knew she couldn’t escape, not with her ankle, and not without Caden. Damien unlocked the door, than kept it closed.
“Why won’t you open the door?” she asked quietly, not wanting to hit at her nervousness.
“You have to close your eyes.” Damien smiled at her. She took in a breath, and sighed; but she closed her eyes anyway.
She felt him lift her up on his feet, so she wouldn’t have to walk on her ankle. He walked with her on her feet, and into the room. Under her eyelids she saw a soft light, it made her sleepy.
“You can open your eyes now Evelyn.” Damien removed her from his feet,

and onto a chair.
Evelyn opened her eyes and gasped. She sat a table filled with small yummy looking foods. A fire place was going, warming up the room. Small candles light the place, creating a gentle mood. Damien sat at Evelyn's side, bringing the chair from the other end.
"Damien….why did you do all of this?" she asked, in awe.
"Because I feel horrible for what I have done, I don't like hurting you Evelyn. I don't like hurting Cade, I don't like hurting…" he looked down ashamed. Evelyn felt sorry for him.
'Only if…'
she thought again, watching as he felt his head down, tensed up.
"Damien, I'm going to make this loud and clear." She said roughly. "It's a deal all right?" Damien's head rose, and nodded grimly.
"I want you to let Caden go, Let him back outside, unchain him. And if you do, I will be your completely, I will not try to run away, I will not back down. I will let you kiss me when you want and I'll smile for you. But I can't do any of this, until you let Caden go." Damien watched as every word she said, her head raised high, she was becoming proud, and confident. He thought about this for a few lingering moments, than looked her in the eyes.
"Yes." Her eyes widened and she smiled.
"You swear, let Caden go, to let him be?" she asked excitedly. He nodded and sighed.
But what she did next surprised him.
She kissed him.
Her lips were soft, and sweet tasting, her arms slender and warm, every memory of her before he took her hit him with intensity, that he attacked her. The food went everywhere as they fell back; the chair that he was sitting in went back toward the door, hitting it with a ***'smack!'***

Evelyn giggled as Damien came to his senses. He sat up quickly and blushed.
"I'm so sorry!" he yelled, Evelyn started to laugh, holding her sides.
"It's okay…" she choked out. "I'm fine." Damien got off of her as she sat up, and looked around with a smile on her face. She looked to Damien and her smile melted away.
"Say it. Say that you will let him go." She starred at him with trust and hope.

“I promise to take Caden away from here and take him home.” Evelyn shook her head.
“Take him to my dad. His parents don’t care about him.” Damien nodded, and stood up.
“I’ll take him back if you do one thing for me.” He smiled at her, picking her up from the ground.
“And what would that be?” she asked, with a small smile.
“Dance with me.”

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

Damien looked around Evelyn’s father’s house, there were police still, but there were all inside. Damien grabbed the sedated Caden’s arm, hauling him up onto his back.
‘you better be worth this…’ Damien thought, wrinkling his nose. He walked within the shadows and when he finally reached his goal, Evelyn’s father came out with a cigarette. A police man followed him.
“It’s going to be all right David.” Said the black officer.
“But you don’t know! You just don’t! I remember coming home sometimes when she was little and she was in-between Caden and Damien. They huddled over her like they were protecting her, saving her, but she was saving them! But now Damien has lost it, taken her! God, what if he hurts her!” Damien narrowed his eyes.
‘Never!’
he thought, snarling softly. No one seemed to notice.
“He loves her David. He won’t hurt her. I’m worried about Caden.” Said the black officer. Damien smiled.
Finally they went back inside, and Damien laid down Caden on the front step.
He groaned and rolled over. Damien smiled as he retreated back into the shadows and watched as Evelyn’s father found him. Hugging the boy and crying, police officers spread around David’s yard with their guns high in the air, looking searching. He knew they would find nothing, and left.
Caden opened his eyes, fresh air hit his face and he inhaled, small water droplets hit his face. He opened his eyes a bit more to see Evelyn’s father bent over him, crying. Caden put a hand on his head.
“He didn’t do this to Evelyn, only me.” Caden whispered in his ear. Evelyn’s father looked at him.
“I know, but you didn’t deserve this son.” Caden, though all the times he has been though, the suffering, this was the only time he ever cried.

Chapter 11

Question

Evelyn awoke to sunlight, covering her room. Sitting up frantically, she searched for Caden. But than she remembered, she had trading her freedom, for Cadens'. She looked back to the now open window and smiled threw her tears.
'*He's safe.*
' She wiped them away slowly and looked around her room. It looked much different from when it was darkened. Browns, golds, and blues shined throughout her room. She smiled and got out of bed. She changed carefully, noticing that Damien had wrapped her ankle up; it didn't hurt as much as it did before.
Evelyn sat at her bed with a book, reading with a smile on her face. She was so far into the book she didn't notice Damien had walked in. He stood in the small shadows by the doorway, watching Evelyn glow in the daylight.
"Evelyn…" he whispered soundly, she turned her head to him in surprise and smiled at him.
"Good Morning Damien." She said, her smile turning into a frown.
"Come sit by me Damien." She requested, her eyes unwavering from his.
"I'd rather not." He looked to where the light cut off the shadows, he gulped.
Evelyn got off the bed and walked toward him.
"Please?" she held out her hand for him. He hesitated, afraid. "There is no more reason for you to hide." He smiled at her, and walked into the sunlight.
Evelyn watched as he took her hand, and stood in awe as he came into full view. His hair, once a dull blond, was now a golden color, his skin seemed to glow, but that was only because he was so pale. He had his eyes closed, almost fearful that the sun would burn him like the demon he was. But all he felt was warmth, warmth in Evelyn's hand and in the sunshine.
Evelyn giggled and took both of his hands.
"Damien open your eyes…" she whispered eager to show him. He took a breath, and after a moment, opened his eyes. He wasn't on fire nor was he screaming, as his father had told him he would when he touched the

sun. Instead he shivered, heat radiating threw him. It felt good. Damien watched as Evelyn smiled at him.
“There is nothing to fear.” She squeezed his hands. He smiled back at her, his smile now warm, happy.
“Thank you Evelyn.” He kissed her softly.
“No, thank you for the sunlight.” She blushed. He chuckled.
“The rest of the house is open as well, so you can go anywhere.” He twirled a piece of her hair in his finger, enjoying the feeling Evelyn leaned her head towards him. Damien smiled at her.
“You’re so pretty Evelyn.” He kissed her forehead. She blushed and smiled back at him.
“So says you. I know I’m not. Not like the girl’s at school their much prettier than me.” She wrinkled her nose and sighed. Damien shook his head.
“Nope. They don’t even compare.” Evelyn rolled her eyes and Damien laughed.
“Here I’ll show you. Sit in that chair over there.” He pointed to where a chair had been placed next to her dresser, which had a mirror on it. He left her, to go to her bathroom. She sighed and sat down, looking at her reflection.
‘*Dark bags under my eyes, my hair doesn’t shine anymore, my skin is sickly pale, but I’m not sick. My eyes are dull…*
’ Evelyn thought, as Damien came back with a brush. He stood behind Evelyn and took out her messy ponytail. He began to brush out her hair in long even strokes. She could swear he was counting.
“You’re not brushing your hair right. You have to brush yours a certain way. Remember like when we were kids I use to do this a whole lot, because every time we went exploring your hair would get tangled and you didn’t want your mom to cut it again, so I would brush it out before you went back home?” Evelyn nodded and began to hum a random tune. Damien kept brushing her hair, smiling as he heard her yawn slightly.
“What’s wrong my dear?” he asked quietly.
“You’re making me sleepy.” She mumbled, Damien smiled again stopped brushing her hair. He sat the brush down and ran his fingers through her hair.
“See now its soft again.” She smiled at him and ran her fingers threw her hair as well.
“Your right.” Damien nodded and met her fingers and laced his with hers.
“I always am.”

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

‘*It’s bright, so very bright. Is this sunlight…no, It’s like a light bulb… bright…*

’ Caden’s thoughts took him towards a feeling of panic as he felt the phantom pains of the chains tearing into his skin. He opened his eyes, unable to breath. His eyes watched the blurred figures flit around him, and suddenly he could breathe.

Coughing he wiped his eyes of the tears and saw that he wasn’t in the dreary basement as he first had thought, but he was in a hospital and doctors scurrying around him in a hurry.

“Mr. Mathews?” one doctor with blondish hair asked. He looked like a younger man but he seemed wise.

Caden nodded his head and coughed again. He laid his head back down and started to breath hard, trying to get his breathe back.

“Is he all right? Is he?” Caden heard a saint’s voice and saw David. His hair was disheveled and his eyes were bloodshot, as if he hadn’t sleep for days.

“Mr. Heeren! We advised you to stay out of the room, you’re not family so you were to wait…” David sneered at the nurse who had spoken against him.

“To hell with you, you old bat! I just about raised that boy there, while his parents were off drinking and getting off at not even caring for their boy!” David screamed at the nurse and a few doctors held him back.

“I resent that!” a rough voice came from the doorway. Caden froze, his voice still. His “father and mother” walked through the door. His mother had dyed her hair blond, her beautiful red tresses now ruined. His father’s hair slicked back. Their cold and unwanted gaze landing on Caden.

“Oh! My baby!” Caden’s mother, Jackie ran to him, hugging him and placing her pink painting lips all over him. His father watched in glee as camera men came in taking pictures and asking Caden’s father, Paul questions.

“Get out!” David growled at the men, they looked nervously at each other and backed out of the room. Caden tried to get Jackie off of him, but it was impossible. She wasn’t going to let go until the cameras were gone.

When David got the door shut and only one doctor and one nurse in the room, he turned to Caden’s parents.

“What the hell are you fuck faces doing here!?” he snarled at them. Caden looked to David and pleaded with him. But before David could do anything,

the blond doctor pried off Jackie's arms and pushed her away from Caden.
"Excuse me Mrs. Mathews but I would advice you to not touch Caden at the moment, for his wounds are very serious." The blond doctor growled at Jackie in a gentle way. Jackie just stuck up her nose and glared at him in lust.
"So tell us Doc when can this idiot come home?" Jackie gave Caden a pointed look and went back to the doctor.
"Excuse me but I wouldn't like to be called "Doc" Mr. O' Grady will be all right Miss." That when Caden noticed the Irish in the man's voice. He watched as his mother and Mr. O'Grady went into a stare throw down. He twitched in excitement to see if his mother would back down, and apparently so was Evelyn's father.
"Well excuse me Mr. O'Grady but I would like to know when my son will be coming home." Jackie asked in a strained, distained voice. Paul smirked as if his wife had won.
"I'm sorry, but I can't hand him into your care, you see we found extended bruising and wounds on your son. We also older scars and would like to take a look at them." The irish doctor smiled at Jackie as she went a sickly pale white.
"I don't know nor do I care what you found Mr. O' Grady. So if you don't mind…" But the doctor interrupted her.
"No, you see Mrs. Mathews I know that you know what I am saying, and you know what happened to him then as well." He watched as Mrs. Mathews turned almost green.
"So as you can see, I cannot let him back into your hands. But I will be watching over him myself as David and I agreed when he was incarnated." David smiled at Caden; it was a sad smile but also a proud smile. He was proud of Caden.
Jackie took her husbands hand and turned to give a scorned look to Mr. O'Grady.
"I'll get my lawyer I swear it!" she yelled in a shrilled voice. Mr. O' Grady just smiled at her.
"You do that Miss."
Caden watched as his parents stomped out of his room, but more importantly his life. He would tell the police everything they did to him, ever since he was born.
Mr. O' Grady turned to Caden, running his figures threw his hair.
"David would you like your time alone with Caden before I take him?"

David nodded and smiled and Mr. O' Grady.
"Thank you Gabriel for everything." David smiled at Gabriel O' Grady and turned to Caden.
"Caden tell me what happened." David slipped his hand into Caden's it was a small gester but it made Caden burst into tears. Oh how he wanted to save Evelyn, take her away from Damien, hold her in his arms forever. But he couldn't, he had failed. Everything was wrong and nothing was right, nor will it ever be.
David held onto Caden's hand, he knew this boy had never cried before. Never uttered a sound of a sob, but something must have broken him down, something horrible.
"Is Evelyn…Dead?" David tensed as Gabriel asked Caden this question. He turned to glare at his old time friend and softened as he felt a hand on his shoulder.
Caden starred straight at David and tensed as well.
"I don't know anymore." David felt his heart break in two, tears started to pour out of his eyes. Caden coughed once more and continued.
"Last time I saw her was when Damien found her in the basement he kept me in. Many of the pipes broke and there was water everywhere. I blacked out when I saw Damien going to Evelyn. She was chained the wall in front of me, I guess he was about to punish her. All I remember was the words "If you don't I'll…" I know Evelyn said those words…" Caden coughed again, Mr. O' Grady walked over to the sink in the room and grabbed a plastic cup that held water and gave it to Caden.
"Thank you Doctor O' Grady." The man just shook his head.
"You can call me Gabriel. And you're welcome Caden." Caden just smiled at him.
David watched them exchange greetings and looked toward the window, it was pouring again, and it made him want to cry.
"Hey David." Caden called his name in abundance, a warm smile on his face.
"You look just like Evelyn when you do that." David broke down into tears as Caden patted his head.
"I don't think Damien will kill her. He loves her too much." David nodded and looked up at Caden.
"But we love her so much more." Caden nodded his head.
"I know."

X♪♫♪♫♪♫♪X

All day Damien had been a gentleman. He opened up doors for her, and made her breakfast and lunch. He listened to her complain about how her book lacked character and theme. He sat next to her when she read and talk to her many times throughout the day. When she was tired he let her go to her room without him, And when she awoke he came to her room and made sure she was all right, he gave her snacks when she wanted and barley even touched her. Indeed he had been a gentleman.
Damien smiled to himself and fiddled with a strand of Evelyn's hair. She was eating dinner now and he had a big surprise. He had told her to get ready and wear something pretty and of course she complied with a pretty white dress he had yet to see her wear until now.
"Damien?" she asked looking to him curiously. He smiled and looked to her warmly.
"Yes my dear?" she smiled at his light attitude.
"What's the surprise?" he chuckled softly.
"Just what you said it is. I surprise which I will not tell you." She pouted and he just grinned.
A few minutes later she finished her food. Damien grabbed her hand, nervous but excited as well. They walked up the stairs and she giggled.
"What?" he asked her, stopping.
"This reminds me of one of my favorite movies." She smiled lightly, humming the tune of the point of no return.
Damien laughed heartily.
"Only you Evelyn would watch Phantom of The Opera." She nodded as they reached the third floor.
'*I have never been up here. This is somewhere I don't know…*
' Evelyn thought quietly.
Damien stopped in front of two doors, latched together. He looked nervous and scared, as if he was telling her a secret.
"This is been up here since I was little when I first met you. I've never showed anyone because I was scared of what they would of thought, but I know now that I can trust you." He swallowed and took a shaky breathe.
"This is my studio." Damien opened the doors and Evelyn stood there dumbly.
The walls were white with a beautiful design etched into the wood. In front of her she saw a balcony with two sided glass doors closed but the room wasn't what amazed her. It was the portraits, the drawings, the paintings. They were scattered everywhere, small sketches laid upon the ground. She was almost afraid to step into the room. But she did.

Avoiding the drawings she walked around the room, looking starring at all of them. Scenery, people, the school, the skies. She saw them all. Until she came to a bunch that were covered. She looked to Damien for approval and he nodded carefully. When she undid the sheet she saw herself, Caden, when they were kids. A small Evelyn in a playground starring at the birds in a small black dress. Evelyn under the oak tree eating lunch, Caden and Evelyn at the ice-cream shop. But then she found one that had her, Caden and Damien all together sleeping under a tree, all holding hands.

“That one was in third grade, when Mrs. Holstings took a picture. When I asked her for it she gave it to me. I did that one a while ago.” Damien soft voice startled her for a moment then she looked up to him.

"Well, what do you think?” he looked so scared, so terrified. She smiled at him.

“These are wonderful, beautiful even. Damien I didn’t know you had this talent. It’s wonderful.” She stood up and hugged him. “Thank you for showing me this.” He gave her a smile that she blushed at. He was relieved, proud and happy all at the same time. It made him look like….a man.

When they went down stairs again, Damien had grabbed his sketch pad and they sat by the fire in the room they had danced in, eating strawberries and small treats. For a while they talked and laughed but when it struck midnight they became quiet and peaceful. Evelyn leaned next to Damien and Damien quietly hummed to her, sketching what they looked like right in their tender moment.

When Evelyn started to sleep, Damien kissed her forehead sweetly and looked at her warmly.

“Good night Evelyn.”

Chapter 12
Passion

Evelyn looked to the sky, its gentle warming heat floated to her. The sun was raising in the sky, and she couldn’t stop it.

Just like how you can’t stop your feelings for Damien

the little voice mumbled in her ear, it wasn’t happy, she was going crazy.

“I don’t know anymore…” Evelyn tried as hard as she could to think of

Caden, but he was a hazy memory, nothing made much sense anymore.
“Evelyn?” the knock on the door said. She rolled off her bed and dusted herself, even though it wasn’t needed.
Damien walked threw the door, feeling confident in himself. He smiled towards his love, who was standing there awkwardly. Damien held out his arms and smiled brightly at her. She grinned back and embraced him.
“I missed you.” She whispered into his shirt. Her arms around him were small and comfortable.
“I missed you as well. I don’t like being apart from you.” She looked up to him and smiled, releasing one of her arms and pulling a twig out of his hair.
“Looks like you wondered off far today.” He smiled impishly.
“Not too far, just scouting the perimeter again that’s all." Damien had started to look brighter when Evelyn had begun to trust him, inch by inch. But Evelyn still was strained. Her hair was getting its shine back, but the bags under her eyes kept getting darker, and her eyes weren’t bright either.
It’s slowly killing her…
Damien thought, his smiling strained on his lips.
“Evelyn lets go on a walk, its nice out today.” He grinned at her smiling secretly. Her cheeks went red quick and her eyes widened.
“You mean outside?” he nodded and grabbed her shoes for her.
“But I haven’t been outside in months.” She kept looking where he stood before, but Damien was on the floor putting on her small feet in her shoes.
“There was a garden attached to the house, it’s been blooming wonderfully.” He gave her a little smile and stood again. He took her hand and pulled her out the door.

XXX

“By golly we found them!” Gabriel’s slurred voice rang threw the air, the morning air took his voice all the way to Caden who was still in his room. He shot straight up from his chair and ran down the stairs.
A smile adorned his face.
“Did you really find them, was it the house I though it was?!” David put his hand on his shoulder; Caden looked up to his smiling face.
“You did well boy.” Caden’s face gleamed with pride.
“Are you going to bring her home David?” David just smiled.
“We both are going to bring her home, now let’s call Mike and Shelly, they will know what to do.”

XXX

“Keep your eyes closed Evelyn.” Damien was leading her outside, into the semi-morning mist. She felt the cool breeze on her face, and the warmth of the sun on her cheeks. She was outside.Evelyn’s eyes pricked with tears when she smelt the scents of the world she had been gone from for so long. Everything was beautiful once she opened her eyes. The roses were in full bloom and the grass was green. She would of fallen if Damien wasn’t there. “I love it, thank you.” She hugged him tightly as he hugged her back, his arms were stronger then hers so he squeezed her tightly.
It’s the only thing I can do for her…

Damien thought as she leg go and explored the garden, a bright smile on her forlorn face. God he would miss her.
After a few hours, Damien brought out snacks for them, Evelyn grinned and sat next to him, closer then she would have inside
“Did you have fun?” she grinned at him and nodded, her mouth stuffed with food. After a few moments of silence she leaned on him.
“Today was the best day ever.” She smiled up at him. Damien couldn’t look at her, she was unstained, while he wallowed in his darkness. He just embraced her.
I have to…I have to let her go. I’ll kill her if I don’t.

Damien let one tears free from his eyes and buried his face in Evelyn’s neck. Just one.

XXX

“We will take the northern side and then…” Caden tuned out of Mike and Shelly’s talk to David of how they were going to grab Damien and Evelyn. He turned around to stare at Gabriel, who was at the moment, guzzling baileys. He swung his head with the music that was in his mind.
“Hey maybe you should stop.” David gave a moment to take a worried glance at Gabriel.
“Aye, sir you are mistaken, I should only still be drinking my love!” Gabriel went off in Gaelic, mumbling about food. Caden watched speechless as he got up and stumbled to the kitchen, he was surprised the old man hadn’t got a beer gut yet.
It started with a strange sound coming from his throat, so Caden coughed. And it happened again. Everyone was looking at him with mouths agape.
“Caden did you just laugh?” it happened again, a sounds so familiar but

strange. It got louder until Caden was holding his side laughing like he just saw the funniest thing in the world.
A crash then bang came from the kitchen and everyone was silent as Gabriel poked his head out.
“I’m fine lads!” he gave them an impish grin, and went back to the kitchen. Caden just laughed harder. David smiled and patted the boy on his shoulder.
“Go be a good lad and check on him for me.” David’s slightly irish drawl came out from watching Gabriel. Caden got up and went into the kitchen a smile on his face.
Gabriel stood in front of the oven, cooking pasta sauce and a loaf of French bread was next to him.
“You all right?” Gabriel sighed and put his sauce into a bowl and grabbed his loaf of bread and sat down. Caden followed absently and waited for him to speak.
“You know Caden, I can see the blood of our ancestors run strong in ya, and you know I think of you as my own son. I look to you and see myself, but of course you’re not of my blood and it’s all hell that when I look at you I wish, oh I wish you were.” He sighed again and looked up at Caden and clapped him on the shoulder as if it was a father telling his son something important.
“You are my son, in my soul and heart I know that. But sometimes I wonder if you feel the same.” Caden felt his heart clench at the site of Gabriel a strong, proud Irish man looking so worn and heartbroken.
Caden felt like he grown up, and clapped the man on his shoulder.
“Don’t worry about me Da, I’ll always think of you as my father, you are the only one that has been there for me rooting me on, from the start.” Gabriel smiled and went back to his food.
“You know Evelyn’s a pretty girl, but I think Eowyn is better. She has a fire to her eyes that is just…” Gabriel’s eyes popped wide when he noticed how confused Caden looked.
“Who’s Eowyn?” Gabriel coughed and looked away.
“If you want to know ask David.” Just then as if on cue, David came bursting through the door and started shouting in Gaelic. Gabriel nodded and listened.
“Come on Caden.” David glared at Gabriel.
Once they were back in the living room, David began talking to Mike, ignoring that Caden was asking him the same question over and over again.

“Who is Eowyn?”

XXX

Evelyn laid on her bed, reading, as Damien came in. His hair was devilish from the shower and he sat on the edge of her bed.
“Still reading?” she nodded her head and smiled up at him.
“Is the shower free now?” he nodded and they stayed silent.
“Well I’m going then.” She got up from her bed and grabbed her things.
“I’ll be done soon.” He nodded and watched as she walked away from him. But he didn’t stay on the bed; instead he went after her, embracing her.
“Damien? What wrong love?” she looked at him, he couldn’t stand it any longer, he kissed her. Long and hard, pressing Evelyn to him, feeling the curves of her body.
“Damien what are you…?”
“Evelyn do you love me?” she was silent, not knowing what to say.
“Damien, I can’t answer that…” she looked shy, but knew her. Oh god he knew her.
“Do you love me?” She looked up to him afraid, then she changed, her eyes were amused.
“Yes I love you.” She whispered, bringing his face closer to hers. They kissed in a hated passion, and Damien threw her onto the bed.
“I love you, and I’m going to take you.” Evelyn’s eyes widened and she looked panicked.
“you are mine and mine alone.” And they gave into their Sin.

Chapter 13

Revealed

Caden Walked up the slope of the hills, Most of his thoughts were consumed of holding Evelyn in his arms, but the lingering thought of the name Eowyn was still stuck in his thoughts.
Who was she, was really his only thought towards that.
“Come on boy-o!” Gabriel called from in front of him, Caden could barely hear him over the rain. David was in front not listening, not hearing… only going back to his memories.

“Papa!” Eowyn Called with a giggle, she couldn’t help but laugh at her father. David was sitting on the sofa, with makeup caked on his face.
“Who was it?” He grabbed her and began to tickle her. she started laughing so hard, tears came to her face.
“It was Casper I swear papa!” Just then the door opened with a slam, as a little Evelyn was soaked with rain and glared at them.
“I had to take Damien home.” She hissed, glaring at the girl in her father’s arms.
Eowyn followed her sister into the bedroom.
“When can I meet them?” she asked Evelyn.
“Meet who?” Evelyn’s tithe like eyes glowed with a rage, David had never seen in her.
“Your friends? We are twins, I wanna see them too.” Eowyn smiled, Evelyn raised her hand and hit her to the ground.
“Your too sickly to go outside rat. Get over it.” With a smile, Evelyn went to her room, which she requested she slept by herself.
David watched in shock and picked up the crying girl.
‘It’s not safe for her…’ He thought grabbing his keys and walking out the door.

“David?” Caden was right next to him, looking worried and hopeful at the same time.
He shook his head.
“It’s nothing, let’s go get our girl.” He smiled weakly and kept leading the war party to the place where his daughter was.
XXX
Evelyn awoke to the sound of thunder in her ears. And someone holding onto her tight.
“Damien?” she felt his naked flesh on hers and she wondered why he was so scared.
“No Sir is coming!” his fingers dug into her flesh and she tried to get away.
“Damien please let go.” His grip tensed then eased away from her. She felt tears running down his neck, they were Damien’s’.
“Shush it’s okay love.” Damien nodded his head and she soothed his hair.
After a few moments, he sat up and stretched. He smiled and let the rest of his tears to dry up.
“I love you and good morning.” She giggled as he lightly kissed her.
“Not with that storm brewing outside it isn’t.”
“Well I can’t change the weather.” She smiled at him as he grinned back, this was the Damien she knew and loved.

‘***And let his heart erupt in sorrow and let his blood run down my body in a triumph in victory, I have tamed the beast.’***

The thought busted into her head and made her cry out in pain. Damien grabbed her and held her.
“What’s wrong love?”
‘***Love? Ha! How dare he call us the word of a precious one, pathetic creature.***

’ Evelyn’s eyes began to water.
“What’s wrong with me?” she sobbed as a laugh went through her mind.
Damien held Evelyn as she began to sob; he wondered what haunted her thoughts. Why did she cry out in pain and hold her head with her hands so tight. So he just held her and waited for her torment to be over.
You are her torment…
great the voice was back. He let his head fall.
“I know.” He whispered to himself.
XXX
Every foot that feel was struggled with pain and sleepiness, every one of the police officers kept going and going. They knew Evelyn well, and wanted to save her. Gabby watched from afar, smiling just a bit.
“God they seem to find this struggling.” She mumbled to herself and laughed a bit.
“Only if they knew.”
She was ready to get rid of Damien once and for all, he must fall in his own fiery grave.
Caden looked up to see a girl with red hair looking at him instantly. She had a smile on her face.
“Death to the Man who claimed a virgin!” her voice rang out, everyone’s head turn to her, as she walked out of the bushes and trees. She smiled at Gabriel.
“Long time no see O’Grady.” Gabriel gave her a smile.
“Been a long time since I was traveling lassie.” Gabby smiled.
“Indeed it has been.”
“So I’m guessing Damien finally took off with the girl with blue eyes, Evelyn correct? Or was it…no it couldn’t be, she has green eyes.” David stepped in his face hard and eyes like fire.
“What do you want Gabriella?” David’s hard tone surprised Caden, he seemed like he was being put on the spot.

She was taunting him.
“Nothing, just saying you’re going the wrong way old man.” David clenched his jaw, as if he was trying not to bite her head off.
Gabby spotted Caden and waltzed over to him.
“And this must be the boy that she loved. Funny who you walked into these days. Too bad I know her fate.” Caden just glared.
“The girl…” she glanced at David and smiled. “The girl your soul belongs to has green eyes.” David cried out in a war cry and began to run to Gabby, but she smiled and took Caden by the shoulders and put him in her spot. David ran into Caden and they both tumbled into the mud.
“It’s the way of fate.” She mumbled.
“Get away from here you dirty gypsy you know nothing!” Gabby smirked and leaned in so that she was nose to nose with David.
“You were a gypsy.” Her voice took on a hard tone. “And you were a great one. Now, you are just a pathetic father. You should have kept her David. You idiot.” Gabby walked off and disappeared into the trees.
Gabriel helped up both of them, and starred of into the trees were the gypsy girl had disappeared.
“She is right David and you know it.” David just sunk back into the ground and put his head in his hand.
“I know.”
They began to go the way Gabby came from, and after a half an hour of walking, they could see the house.
People began to run.
XXX
Sometime felt wrong, Damien could feel it. He felt anxious and worried. After they awoke and had a meltdown Evelyn asked to be alone and he let her. Now it was about one in the afternoon, he wanted to make her a sandwich so she wasn’t hungry. Evelyn was in her room reading a new book. He was in the kitchen looking out the window. God something was wrong. He felt like he was being watched.
He froze and watched out the window carefully…
They found them.
He could see the shadows of the forest move as watched, not blinking. Then he saw it.
Red hair.
Damien sprinted up into Evelyn’s room, and without knowing it knocking down his candle in the process.
“What’s wrong?” Evelyn asked worried. He locked the door and began to

throw books on the floor.
“Damien!” she yelled tugging on his arm.
“They found us, god damn it they found us.” Evelyn’s mind flitted threw hazy pictures of her family and began to bolt out the door.
“Evelyn wait!” but she was gone, like he knew she would be.
He sunk to the ground.
“Evelyn…”
He looked around him a unexplainable sadness strike him in the chest and he bellowed out a sound of agony. He looked at the lighter in his hand. To destroy evidence. That was all he could do now.
He had nothing to live for she was gone, just gone.
Damien stood up and still threw books onto the ground, lighting them on fire, burning the place up. He went to every room and soon the place was filled with flames. God he wanted to die, not feel so angry or sad anymore…oh how he wanted to die.
Evelyn ran all the way down stairs, she had to let them know she was okay and let them be. She had to.
I love him…
she thought her heart pounding. She went through the door, not noticing the small fire in the kitchen. She stood in the yard, grass tickling her feet, and the rain softly falling on her. Slowly one by one came out. Caden was first then her father, then a few police officers, and a man with blonde hair, they stood in a unit.
“Caden, Dad…I” Just then a sound rang in her ears, the kitchen had exploded, a fire licked at the windows, burning away the pretty paint. Evelyn whipped around; the whole place was on fire.
That’s why Damien was throwing books all over she thought; she feet began to move by themselves as she heard someone calling her name. Caden was running toward her, begging her to come to him. She smiled and ran into the fire.
XXX
Caden screamed her name over and over again, but she didn’t come back. Tears ran
down his face, and his lips hurt from screaming.
No! No! No! No! No! he fell to his knees and watched as the place burned.
“No…” Damien was in his drawing room, the flames were licking at the door. His treasured drawings were going to be up in flames. Everything he had done, dead and gone. Just like her. He was looking at the drawing were the three of them were under the tree, sleeping, all holding hands.

They both were gone. He let the fire in, the flames, engulfing the drawings almost immediately.
“Damien?” he looked over to Evelyn, she was standing in the doorway, her dress was torn and ripped.
“Why are you here?” he asked, his voice was filled with anguish, and she just smiled and came over to him, wrapping her arms around him.
“I love you.”
And the floor fell beneath them.

Epilogue

Caden watched as the flames were fighting against the water, the fire men came just a few moments ago, while the house collapsed half an hour ago. He could hear David howling in anger and sadness, she really was all he had left. Caden couldn’t feel anymore. She chose him, forgot about Caden and ran into her death.
“Caden?” Gabriel’s voice rose above others, and Caden turned to see him with his arms wide open. “Come here son.” The tears were unstoppable as Caden accepted his Da’s embrace. Sure, they weren’t father and son by blood, but in their hearts, it rang true.
“I loved her, we all loved her and she chooses him.” the Men grabbed onto each other in their grief, Irish men were not afraid to show their weakness, it was what made them stronger. Caden looked up and saw him. His blonde hair was covered with ash and he held a girl in his arms, he knew he would be gone before he could call out, to save the girl he loved, but it was too late.
Then he remembered, he remembered what Gabby had said, and what his Da had said. He let go of Gabriel and walked over to David, he had calmed down, and starring off into space.
“Ask away.” Was all he said, he knew what he wanted to know.
“Who is Eowyn?”

Update my fellow readers!

Here is that blog thing I was talkign about earlier. It will be easier for me to get you updates and fan letter notices seeing as I am on two sites now. I hope you see you there!

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