

The Girl With the Purple Eyes

Huff, huff

Huff, huff

I ran as if my life depended on it, which it did.

I could hear James' men behind me. If they caught me, they would take me back to him. I couldn't go back.

I crashed through the trees, putting as much distance as I could between James' men and myself. But when one of them appears in front of me, I know it's over.

I didn't know exactly what they were, but I knew that James and his men weren't human. They surround me, two on either side of me while the others walk behind us, then force me forward. Back to that house. Back to James.

We break through the trees to a clearing. A large Victorian Gothic style house sits in the center. A figure is standing on the front porch staring down at us. James.

He stares down at me with an impassive expression. I match it with a glare of my own.

"Take her back to her room. I'll deal with her later," he says to my prisoners, before turning back to me. "Thanks to you, one of my other...convicts...got ideas and tried to escape as well. That problem calls for my attention at this moment."

As he was talking, James descended the steps until he was right in front of me. He grabbed my chin in a painful grip.

"But don't worry, Violet. I will return to deal with you as soon as I have finished." He smiled a smile that implied so much more. Angry, I caught his hand in between my teeth and bit down. Hard.

James pulled his hand back with a shocked gasp. I smiled smugly at him, noticing the angry, red teeth marks deep in his hand. He looked from his hand to me and back again, his expression darkening. Before I knew what was happening, James other hand connected with my cheek.

My head snapped to the side, but was soon facing front again when James brought my face to his. His expression was murderous.

"You are so lucky I need you, Violet, otherwise you would've been dead for all the times you have defied me," he spat. I could practically see the steam pouring from his ears. "Get her out of my sight."

I watched James stalk around the side of the house, with satisfaction when I noticed him cradling his injured right hand.

My guards started to push me forward into the house. My thoughts were churning, helping to take away from the pain in my cheek.

I still didn't know what James wanted with me. I had been here for three years now, with no

results to show for it. From neither him nor me. He always came into my room, three times a day, and performed weird tests on me. He either made me do strange things, or had his guards, or sometimes he himself would, do things to me. Those tests were one of the main reasons I kept on trying to escape.

We made it to my room and my guards threw me in, then slamming the door behind me. I heard the deadbolt click in place. Maybe I should just give it up, I thought to myself as I picked myself off the floor. I made my way over to my bed and sat down heavily.

Three years. I had been trying to escape from him for three years. And he always got me back.

I reached up and touched the pendant hanging from my neck. It was a violet colored mother-of-pearl stone, rimmed in silver and resting in the middle on top of a black butterfly. It was my mother's, and the second reason for why I was trying so desperately to escape. I bring it to my lips.

"Oh Momma," I whisper, tears trickling from my closed eyelids. "What should I do? I miss you so much. I'm so lost without you."

The door slams open, jolting me from my reverie. I drop the pendant quickly into my blouse, and scrub at my face before turning to the door.

I knew who was at the door. James. It was always James. My mother's butcher. And I would avenge her.