

Chapter 1

Alec Winters is now home. At long last, he's free to follow his true passion and, at this moment, it's exactly what he did. He sat very still, only moving on occasion to sip a café au lait, while he observed the family in front of him. People-watching was a pastime for the forty year old native of the Crescent City. People-reading was a gift.

After a breakfast of the famous beignets, that included coffee for the adults and hot chocolate for the young daughter, the family prepared to leave. They exited Café du Monde, crossed Decatur Street, heading up St. Ann toward Jackson Square. To the casual observer, Mark, Katie, and Penny appeared to be a normal family on a Saturday outing in the French Quarter.

To Alec, they were not.

The girl, about nine years old, walked between her parents, wide-eyed and stiff-as-a-board. Not because of the scenery or the special excursion to the Quarter that day, but because her stepfather lasciviously stroked the inside of her palm with his middle finger. His aura, reddish-orange, grew larger and uglier from the slight contact. He frightened her; she dreaded that she'd soon be left alone with him while her mother shopped.

Penny had long, golden-blond hair, braided in two sections, hanging along either side of a flawless face. Her eyes were large blue sapphires. Her aura was a brighter shade of rich yellow than her hair and held a reddish tinge around the edges, giving off the impression of a sunset.

"A frightened sunset," Alec silently mused.

Katie, in her early thirties, had lustrous brown hair that glinted auburn streaks in the sunlight. Her eyes, once emerald green, were now hazel. They were pretty eyes to go with a remarkably pretty face and a slender, youthful body. Alec keenly observed that the green orbs were flecked with brown spots, indicating years of refusal to see what was directly in front of her. Windows to the soul, eyes revealed the cries of the spiritual body. Katie had stopped looking into her own eyes and wasn't even aware of the change.

His eyes saw that sort of thing where it went unnoticed to other, more normal folks, unless they still retained their child-eyes. Most, lost the ability by the time they were eight or nine years old, but they could get it back if they so desired. The truth of the matter was that people, in general, didn't want to see. Child-eyes saw everything and a lot of what was seen could be disturbing. That uneasiness was responsible for disavowing the ability and refusing to see.

Katie's aura was also green in varying shades—it was an aura of growth and healing. She would recover from this bad relationship if she only allowed herself to do so. The look on her face, at this time, had lost all hope and was vacant and dead, frozen as stiffly as the one on her daughter's. She'd married a man nearly fifteen years her senior for security, for a home, and a better life for Penny. Katie had placed her trust in Mark when he didn't deserve either her loyalty or love. He deserved a different fate and Alec would make sure he got it.

Mark was medium build, balding on top, and close to fifty years old. He had a small paunch that he patted often as if it was a reminder that, to some degree, he was prosperous. He was a predator hiding in plain sight, holding the hands of two beautiful creatures who couldn't guess the extent to which he'd go in order to claim his prize.

Now, Katie left Mark and Penny at the corner of St. Ann and Chartres streets, assuring the pair that she'd meet them in front of St Louis Cathedral in an hour. Normally, Mark would have objected. He would've questioned her, nixing the idea that she go alone, but today, he itched for the chance to

be alone with his step-daughter.

In the meantime, Alec wasn't noticed at all as he followed Mark and Penny. They entered the well-manicured gardens and found a bench to sit on while Katie shopped. Mark placed his hand on the bench just as Penny sat down, pressing his long middle-finger between the hollow of her legs and against her labia, squeezing lightly. She jumped to her feet, blushing and feeling sick and icky, but he only smiled.

"You'll like that one day. I bet you'd even like it now if you let me do it longer. Didn't you feel that tickle run up inside you? You know you want to feel it...you can't let some stupid boy teach you about this. Let me touch it again and I'll show you. Let me be the one to teach you," he begged, closely studying Penny's face.

As Alec observed them, Mark's aura grew even larger. The dark reddish-orange center held a layer of red and black around the edges, pulsing and flaring wildly—the one true sign of a pedophile on the verge of explosion, desperate for the eternal waiting to end. Mark had been waiting for nearly six years. Now, merely the idea of his stepdaughter's little pussy often caused a violent and painful erection, as it did at this very moment. He licked his dry lips, barely able to contain the unquenchable thirst for her.

There were very few passersby on this day, but Mark looked around nervously, just in case, before he rubbed his own cock briskly as if trying to hold it down and keep it in his pants. Then, he reached for Penny's hand, pulling her back to the bench and forcing her to rub hard against his swollen prick. She stiffened in response and stared straight ahead as if the very action scalded her soul. Her aura faded distinctly, like a candle flame blown by a gust of wind, almost extinguished.

It was too much for the fifty-year-old man. He jumped to his feet, jerking her upright as well. Holding her hand, he pulled her toward the public restroom. Penny blanched white, abhorring and fearing what came next. She resisted, struggling

to get away from him and leaning back to halt his progress. Her efforts were useless—one of his hands was a band of steel on her wrist, while the other one slapped hard against her buttocks. The sting of sharp pain was a reminder not to fight him. He always won. He won now as he jerked her to a stop in front of the concrete structure.

“Don’t talk to anyone and wait right here, damn you,” he gritted out harshly. “Look what you’ve done to me. You know what it feels like. You know how hard it gets. You did this to me! You’re a wicked little twit, a little tease, a fucking whore!”

He rubbed his groin against her body, sighing deeply, before rushing inside the restroom. He was frantic now and unable to contain his excitement for a second longer. It happened every time she was near, but touching her sweet-spot earlier had pushed him hard and fast to the edge. He needed release now and hurriedly unzipped his pants while heading to a back stall.

Alec, still unobserved, entered the blockhouse that served as a public restroom for Jackson Square. He silently moved toward the hoarse, rapid breathing where he found Mark furiously beating-off. No one else was in the restroom and that made his job easier even though there was often a ‘hear no-see no evil’ mentality in the residents of New Orleans.

With one twist of his hand, the demon tore the locked door from its hinges. When he heard the loud crash behind him, Mark jerked away from his fantasy of fucking Penny. Startled and angry at the intrusion, he stopped the rapid motions and turned to look at the person responsible, ready to give them a good cussing. It wasn’t a person; it was the most horrible monster he could’ve imagined. A devil with blazing red skin and searing red eyes stood before him! Those horrible eyes stared right into his soul! Mark knew without a doubt that it had come for him and there was no escape. The massive body, at least eight feet tall, filled the entire doorway. In dread and panic, he fell backwards against the wall, banging his head hard, in an effort to flee.

“Oh, my god!” he cried out in fear and trepidation as the creature moved closer.

“Not quite,” the monster calmly replied, but the words spoken sounded like a thousand angry voices to the horrified pedophile.

Mark was terrified by the sight and sounds and less concerned that he was caught with his dick in his hand. He quaked in fright. His heart raced and his eyes grew wide as the reality of his sins slammed directly and forcefully in his face. He’d always known that what he did to small, innocent children was the gravest of sins. He knew he’d pay for it one day, but he’d convinced himself that the afterlife was a long time off. He’d never imagined that the payment would be extracted so soon or that it would come to drag him to hell and damnation on this very day...before he could finally get his stepdaughter alone! Even at the very moment he faced the huge red-eyed devil with fangs and snarling face, he felt regret that he’d never succeeded in that quest.

“Who are you? What do you want?” his voice took on a shrill quality of terror as he looked at the punishment he deserved.

“I am your destroyer!” the devil roared, the sound as deafening as a thousand waves pounding the shore.

“Wait! Please, please wait!” Mark wailed. “I won’t do it again. I promise!”

“You think you can postpone your punishment...is that it?” the red face snarled. His voice, a multitude of angry angels, made the final pronouncement as it bounced and echoed against the concrete walls. “Your punishment is now!”

“Why have you come now?” Mark cried out shrilly, now sobbing bitterly and cowering in fear. “I thought I had more time...I thought my punishment was after death. Please, give me more time, please!”

Red-eyes flashed fiercely as monstrous red hands reached for him. There was no escape and Mark cried out in pain as the unseen fire scorched his body from the mere touch. With

clarity, and nauseating fear, he realized that hell was real. It was eternal fire and he would suffer this same pain forever. He felt as helpless as a small child—and the irony of that was not lost.

The huge demon picked Mark up, unceremoniously, bashing his head into the hard, porcelain toilet repeatedly. The violent beating continued until his nose and jaws were broken and the cartilage tore from his ears, leaving them only attacked by thin flaps of skin. His neck made a sickening ‘crick-crack’ sound as Mark’s life finally fled his body. By the time the red monster was finished, it looked as if the pervert had been mangled by an attack dog, or worse. His face was scarred and misshapen beyond recognition.

Next, red hands ripped off the jacket, tearing it in the process. He went through Mark’s pockets, strewing the contents on the floor to stage the scene as a robbery-gone-wrong. He took all the cash, sixty dollars, and discarded the wallet, car keys, and other miscellaneous items next to the body. The scene would assist the police who would undoubtedly assume the damage had been done during an assault.

Chapter 2

After Mark went inside, Penny leaned against the outside wall, thankful that he hadn’t forced her inside with him, forced her to rub it for him. She shivered. Her stepfather was a horrible man and she feared him with every ounce of her being. She feared he would kill her. There was a darkness about him that was always seething. Each time he touched

her, she could feel her own energy fading, sucked up by his sinister night.

She recalled the hateful words he'd said earlier. Mark often said such things to her. He pleaded for her to let him teach her rather than 'some pimply-faced boy in school.' When those tactics didn't work, he resorted to anger and intimidation, forcing her to do things she detested. Penny didn't want anyone to show her anything more about sex. She didn't care if she ever saw a penis again and certainly didn't want to touch one. It disgusted her.

She used to curiously watch the cats in their neighborhood during mating season. Her mother said the animals 'twitter-pated,' a nonthreatening term from a Disney film. Although only a child, she understood that it was the cycle of life, but now, even the joining of birds and animals sickened her. She hoped she'd never have to mate with anyone, but she feared that Mark would force her to do just that.

She didn't want to wait for his return; she wanted to run away. Everything inside her wanted to run, to flee this man, this place, and this situation. She was more frightened of him than she was of what was out there.

"Run!" she silently screamed again and again, hoping that the word would give her the courage needed.

Even as the cries echoed in her head, she knew it was hopeless. She didn't have the courage and she didn't want to leave her mother, the one person she truly loved. She had nowhere to go and no one to turn to for help. New Orleans was a dangerous city for anyone, but especially for a young female runaway. Still, it was a very tempting idea.

She dreaded each day and each moment that her stepfather was at home. He was her stepfather even though he insisted that she call him 'Daddy.' At school, things were better; she had friends and the work was a distracting relief. It kept her from thinking about Mark and the terrible things he did and said to her.

The best part of each day was during the first few hours after school. It's when she was alone with Katie. After

homework was completed, they read books and drank hot chocolate while sitting on the sofa together. Often, Katie read aloud from some literature book from college. The stories were funny and sometimes dark and mysterious. They read the *Chronicles of Narnia* and her mother made ‘Turkish delight’ to go with the hot chocolate. It reminded her of the life they’d shared before Mark, but even those sweet interludes couldn’t make up for the rest.

Once her stepfather was home from work, it was a continual nightmare. He focused on her alone. Nothing she did slipped past him. At dinner, he forced her to eat every bite on her plate while her mother stared into the distance, blind to the power-struggle. He insisted that he was the father and she’d do as he said. If she threw up from the forced feedings, he made her return to finish more servings. He was always in control, exercising his command and dominance over her...over both of them. She was suffocated by the experiences and could only assume that Katie felt the same way. Perhaps, that was why her mother was blind; she couldn’t bear to see.

She dreaded nighttime most of all—it’s when he came to her room, long after Katie was asleep. That’s when he touched and stroked her, roughly rubbing her breast buds until they bruised. Making her hold his cock as he rubbed furiously until it spurted vile, disgusting white stuff—he blamed her for causing it, and demanded that she help him fix it. She’d begun to believe that she was evil, that she did cause his sinful, disgusting cravings as he said.

Even though they went to church each Sunday morning as a family, those afternoons were the most disturbing part of her week. Katie’s migraine headaches forced her to bed and Mark was even more high-strung and insistent when he came to her room. It was as if the morning worship service had set his deeper desires on fire, bringing them to the surface. That’s when he used the bible words to tell her how sinful she was, calling her ‘the whore of Babylon.’ He called her awful names that rang in her head whether he was around or not. He also

told her that he'd saved her and her mother from a terrible fate, that he was her savior.

At first, Penny knew the things he said were lies, her life with Katie had been better before they met him. She remembered the joy she felt when her mother picked her up at daycare. She remembered they lived in a small apartment, rather than a nice home with a yard, but the times they spent together were fun and adventurous, filled with love and laughter. They didn't have a lot of money, but they took advantage of the 'free' entertainment, such as the parks and library. Over time, the early memories began to fade and she began to believe his lies. Anything repeated often enough took on the disguise of truth.

What scared her most were the whispers against her hair as he pressed his cock against her legs, touching the tip of it to her privates. She heard the words that scared her to death again now as they bounced silently through her mind, *'You better never tell your mother about our secret. If you do, something terrible will happen. Something terrible will happen to her. It'll be your fault. This is our secret, no one can know. You're as much to blame for the secret as anyone. You're involved. Your mother wouldn't understand. When you grow up, I'll marry you. I'll save you from becoming a whore just like I saved your mother.'*

Penny knew her mother wouldn't protect her. She couldn't. She was blind to the things her husband did. Mark pulled her onto his lap right in front of Katie and made her sit with her buttocks on his hard cock, scooting her back and forth against it. If she resisted or tried to leave, he slapped her sharply on the thigh. The sting alone was enough to scare her into being still, letting him have his way. He rested his hands around her waist, often letting his fingers glide to her privates. Katie never noticed anything.

Penny tried to tell her mother on several occasions, but the words stuck in her throat, choking her. She always stopped because she feared that *'terrible something,'* that unknown. If something terrible happened to her mother, she'd be left completely alone with Mark. The very thoughts

terrified her beyond reason—it was too dreadful to consider. Her mother was the one thing that made this horrible situation bearable. Katie was kind and loving when Mark wasn't around. The moment he came home, she withdrew, as if trapped in a cage or box. She didn't see or hear anything.

Penny often wondered how long she could live like this...how long it would be before he stuck his disgusting penis in her. Some part of her knew that's where this was going. She knew enough to know that cocks went in pussies. She also knew she was helpless to stop him when he tried. He played dirty...and he always won.

She waited and listened for Mark's return, hoping that he wouldn't come back at all. She prayed a simple, childlike prayer, as she often did; she prayed that their lives would change—that he'd simply go away and leave them alone. If he left, her mother would come back. Her mother would be the way she was when he wasn't around all the time. While she stood there waiting, Penny heard the roar of thunder and, inside that sound, a melody so beautiful and sweet it didn't seem real. It caused an ache in her heart while tears stung her eyes.

Still, Mark didn't return.