

Arcadian Lane -PROLOGUE-

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Published on Stories Space on 11 Oct 2010



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I wish I'd never gone down that road...

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Thump.... Thump.... Thump...Thump. If only my heart could beat a little quieter, a little slower or maybe, just fucking maybe, stop altogether. Maybe, just maybe they wouldn't hear me, with any luck, my footsteps would be gone, my existence washed away with the rain and any possible scent long flooded down the drain. I shook from both cold and shock, I couldn't see anything and I was overwhelmingly glad of the subtle fact, rain pelted down torrentially, but I heeded its wrath, although it soaked through the earth towards me, like it wouldn't release me of its icy grip so easily. So I shuddered, shivered and shook so hard my teeth would chatter loud enough to be able to hear over the damn rain. In fact, it was only the pure instinct of survival that kept them so tightly clenched, so much that it actually caused me pain, my gums bleeding slightly, just enough for me to taste the metallic smell of the world around me. Blood, Human blood, in fact...Crimson, red rose, luscious and full, thick and watery, it dripped from me, tainting the clear droplets of water that hung reluctantly on my bare arms and legs various shades of pinks and reds. Never clear for long. My breathing was shallow and quick. I could hardly let myself breathe, but it wasn't the cold that was tightening like an iron ring around my chest, it wasn't the fact that in this small cave that I resided, surround by dumped rubbish and earth, there wasn't any room to breathe. My legs were tightly compacted into my chest and my chin tucked painfully deep into my ribs. It was the fact that breathing made sound , so my mind factored a simple equation of survival. More breathing equals more chance of being killed. No, I wasn't afraid of the rain, I wasn't afraid of the cold; I liked both those things actually and with what seemed like 100 ounces of adrenaline pumping through my body, I barely even noticed them. I was only listening for one, maybe two things. I barely noticed the blood flowing from my gunshot wound. I didn't feel the searing pain. I barely noticed the creek rising, its icy water now lapping at my feet ominously. All I could hear was the thump of my heart and I wanted it to shut the fuck up. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump. Thump . Then I heard them , footsteps, thumping along the top of my earth bound chamber, dirt crumbled and washed into my eyes. I squeezed them shut, the brown-orange grit collecting on my glasses. I could feel them, each movement giving off the tiny

