

The Kidnapped Girl and The Lady in White

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An outing gone awry

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Trapped. Trapped, the only way to explain it. Why does this keep happening? “Justin! Oh Justin! Darling?” Oh crap. I treaded softly and stealthily, lest the shedevil glimpses me. Twisting my body deftly, I slither my way through the centre of the window. Then, as luck would have it, just as I hung precariously on the edge of the window, She so happened to step into my room. What to do? What to do? Groaning, I reluctantly released my grip, praying to whoever was out there for a quick death, as flickers of the past day flashed in my mind. So how did it come to this? Well, it begins on a bright, sunny morning on a stroll at the park. No seriously. Anyway, this was where I met up with Tom, my best friend. “Hey, ‘sup homie. How’s the holidays?” “Bliddy awful. I can’t belive this is how we spend summer break. Stuck at home, confined to four walls with nothing but texts to read. Sheesh, a penitentiary would be more fun,” I grumbled. “And Jess... how’s the soon to be Mrs Chance? Treating you well I presume?” Tommy asked, a sly grin protruding as he winked. “Oh gosh, please shut up. You have to be by far the sickest person anyone has ever seen. I don’t know how Jessica stands you. It’s a miracle she’s still talking to me with you around. Honestly, you are infuriating!” I whined at him as he laughed it off. Flicking my ear, I marched after him, tossing my shoe at his head as he stuck his tongue out. Grabbing my shoe, Tom tauntingly waved it slowly before rushing out in a full on dash. Grumbling once more, I chased after him. At that time, if I knew how much trouble that shoe would cause, I would have just let Tom throw it in the nearest bin. By the time I caught him a couple of minutes later, we already encroached near the private property near the beach. “Dude, really? Here? You choose to run to the nearest haunted mansion you can find. Man, you doofus.” “Oh, is the ‘missy’ afraid? Scared of a little gosh are we dearie? By gollie, we can’t have that now can we?” Tom asked, using the corniest English accent ever. Sighing, I shoved him playfully as acted “posh”. Then, we heard creaking as the old wooden door swung open. Panicking, we scrambled away, hiding out by the back of the house. To our surprise, we found a woman totally decked out in white, a suit no less. She started talking on her phone, speaking in hushed whispers. “She’s here...prisoner...no one...corpse...” Then, just as abruptly as she begin, the call ended. At that moment, Tom gasped.

Hearing it, the woman turned, determinedly making her way to us. Frantic, I latched onto Tom's collar, pulling him silently around the house. We watched as she checked our spot, muttering to herself. Crap! Our footprints. She stalked her way towards us as the woman followed them. As a last ditch effort, I pulled Tom once more, making our way towards the trees, covering our footprints as we rejoined the people strolling the nearby park. "Oh man....this is bad, real bad. Prisoner dude, prisoner." "Don't forget the corpse," I added. "Corpses are bad too. We gotta save the poor guy trapped there. "Or girl. But how? Sunset again?" "Operation Sunset it is." Operation Sunset, a stupid name for sure, but rather apt. It used to be how Tom and I used to sneak out, under the covering of a dimming sun, extremely effective, especially since people don't normally want to go blind staring at our silhouette covering the sun. Thus, armed only with our smart phones (almost every teenager has one) we waited for the sun to set. Sneaking towards our doom, the pair of us idiots went around the back of the mansion, peeping through the windows as we constructed a rough sketch of it. At that moment, the lady stepped out, walking away from the mansion. Then, wily old Tom did the stupid. He climbed through an open window. Cursing, I followed after him, shimmying my way in. "The prisoner would be above, they always are. What we need to do since we have no clue what's above is to explore. Unless you can grow to 10 feet and peer through the window." Smacking his head lightly, I crept out of the room. "Either way, best go check this level. Simply recon, unless you find the prisoner. No heroics. I mean it." I glared at him as he smiled ever so innocently, Making my point, I went up the stairs. I had explored for 5 minutes, when my phone started buzzing. "Anything?" "Nope...wait a second. Found her. It's a her." I stared as shock overwhelmed me momentarily. In front of me was, a bound Caucasian girl, 5 foot 4, barely older than me and Tom. "Hmm...16 maybe," I thought to myself. Shaking myself out of my reverie, I placed my phone on the ground as I quickly started to unbound the girl. And of course, it was just about then when trouble occurred. The door creaked open, as the woman from before returned. "Crap! What now?" I thought. Mind churning, I grabbed the currently unbound girl, chasing her through to the adjoining room. Window.... window, yes! Finding a window, I locked the door to the room quickly as I chased the girl to open the window. To my dismay, it was locked. My body felt charged as I glanced frantically around the room. Then, spotting the chair, I took it and smashed the lock with brute force. Once, twice, thrice... slowly, it cracked as the force broke it. "Bang! Bang!" Stunned, I quickly chased the girl out of the window. Below, all that stood between certain death was the nearest tree. The girl nodded quickly as she leapt out from the unlocked window, grasping hold of the tree as she nimbly climbed down. Just as I was about to climb down myself, the woman startled me. "Justin! Oh Justin! Darling?" She called out to me as she took a hatchet to the door. Only later did I realise she was going to butcher the girl. Anyway, there I was, hanging, when she broke through the door, eyes scanning the room. No choice or time left, I let go. Expecting pain, I wrapped my head, when all of a sudden, the air was rammed out of my lungs from impacting something. Something...bony. "Tom, thank goodness. Oh thank goodness. What happened?" "Well, you weren't answering and then she came and told me the situation. Better run, crazy chick after us!" "Wait! She's got my phone. She's got my name now" Cursing my bad luck, I groaned. When suddenly a thought occurred to me. "Where's the girl? Shoot!"

“Don’t have your knickers in a twist, I’m here,” she said, her hand clasped around my phone. Confusion ensued in my mind. How did she know my name then? A sneaking suspicion nagged at the back of my mind as I yelled Tom’s name. “Sorry! I was trying to get your attention on the phone and she heard. Seriously! I’m sorry!” Almost out of breath, I growled in anger as the trio of us dodged our way out of sight in the park. “I got an idea, and I’m bait. We need that shovel over there and I need my smart phone. We need to get rid of her, at least until the police can catch her, if not we’re screwed. So here’s what we’ll doing.’ Upon nightfall, we returned. Knocking on the door, I gritted my teeth at the absurdity of calling out a crazed woman. She opened the door gingerly, and upon seeing me, she yanked the door open, a hand on the hatchet. “You foolish stupid little boy!” she spat out. “You should have never come back. You escaped once with the girl, that sweet little girl but now...I will butcher you like I would have the girl!You are dead! DEAD YOU HEAR ME!” Swinging the hatchet, she lunged out at me when she was blinded by the glare from Tom’s phone. Momentarily blinded, she was swinging the hatchet wildly when she was pelted with stones from the Caucasian girl, better known as Cassie. I took that moment to grab the shovel we brought and trip her with the handle. Seizing the opportunity, Tom grabbed a hold of the hatchet and yanked it, jarring the hatchet from her hand. Then, after several hits, he knocked her out with the back of the handle. "You got the evidence on record?" "Of course. With the way she was screaming, it be hard not to. She was practically yelling it to the world." Tom replied. Cassie shook her head in agreement as I took back my phone. Then, we took the binding from the house and tied her up before calling the police. Apparently, we found out later from the police that she was from a group of occultist who believed in human sacrifices. She was going to use Cassie in a ritual to regain lost youth. Thankfully, no one was hurt. With the evidence on my phone, it was but a matter of time for her to be sentenced to jail. And of course, we all got scolded and grounded, But the funny thing is, Tom and I never did realise that she actually lived a street away from us, that she went to our school or that she was the same age throughout the whole incident, right til the end. Of course she and Tom are now dating and this wasn't the last "situation" we fell into, but that's another story.