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Acknowledgements:

I would like to thank all of my friends who encourage me to just write the book. At first I was A little hesitant and then I decided why not. I am the type who enjoy reading a good fantasy story every now and then, especially if it is soul stirring, exciting, and keeps me in suspense and amazement. This is what inspired me to Write a book that I hope other people will enjoy as well..

A special thanks to my family and my daughter who were supportive and patient through it all. And most importantly, thank God for giving me the vision to write it.

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Chapter One

Why Me of All People?

I can't figure out for the life of me, why all of this none-sense started happening. It began all of a sudden. One evening, I was sitting alone in my cozy two bedroom Apartment watching my favorite movie. Which happened to be a scary one. When all of a sudden I began to have freaky thoughts about my apartment. My mind began playing tricks on me, making me think that something or Someone was about to enter my apartment and murder me just like the Family that the town people had gossiped about. I always felt comfortable Living here away from the city life. It was peaceful and quiet up here in this Remote area; I could smell a breath of fresh air. I have always wanted a condo in a serene area where I can relax and enjoy my life. It's not that many residents living in this particular area because it is considered as a conservative, scary, low populated area. Perhaps there are one to two hundred people living in this section. People in town love to gossip about this place and has circulated plenty of vicious rumors about a family being brutally murdered by some strange alien or force. The murder was a mystery. This incident occurred forty years ago according to the State records. The killers were never found and the case was dismissed without any evidence. I eliminated it out of my mind. How can something this bizarre happen to anyone in this modern day and age? It was a peculiar situation. And from the looks of things that is the way it will remain.

None of this gossip relish with me, it was some silly superstition that had been circulating for years that the family were found outside their home with a strange aroma of every type of flowers on their bodies. Their death was strange

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and obnoxious. No one was ever able to figure out what really happened to them. There was not enough evidence to deter me from moving here. I moved in spite of the rumors. I was determined to make this place my home away from the hustle and bustle of the city life, people going back and forth, crowded streets, etc. I had my share of that chaos. For me now, it is more relaxation, enjoying life and living in my own little world, at least that is what I anticipated.

I would have never dreamed that this cozy apartment in the mountainside would change my life drastically and life would never be the same. This lifestyle became a curse to me. It made my life a living hell. It all began the night I was at home watching this scary movie.

The weird scenario about me watching a scary movie is that I always feel like the victim in the movie who is being harassed or attacked is me. I can't just sit back and

watch the movie and enjoy it the way other people do. I am involved in it myself. It's as if all of the drama in the movie is coming alive right here entering my apartment and I am a part of it. I can't help myself because of my compulsive behavior towards these type of movies. Perhaps it is all the excitement, drama and the awakening of the unknown that keeps me captivated. I get a thrill out of it.

But when the movie ends and it is time for me to go to bed, I become restless, tossing and turning all night long. oftentimes, I am tempted to call my boyfriend Mike to come spend the night with me. This would be nonsense to wake him up in the middle of the night, having him drive so many miles just to come and keep me comfortable because I am scared. I would just go through the night being scared and frightened by myself. which is why it's a foolish thing for me to be watching this movie by myself, knowing the consequences from it.

But I can't help my compulsive behavior and watch it anyway. The movie

seemed to be calling my name and hypnotizing me, saying come into my world, this is where you belong, don't be afraid. My ears listen tentatively as if they are just yearning to know what to expect next. I want to make these voices in my head stop but to no avail. They get gross and louder, almost making my ear drums explode. I put my hands over my ears to see if that would help silence the irritating voices but they continue. The voices only stop harassing me after the movie has ended. This is the weird effect scary movies have upon me. However, being obsessed with viewing them, I continue this ritual. Why me? I often

wondered, have to endure such dreadful circumstances from watching a scary movie? This particular night I felt strange more than usual. While I was watching this movie, I felt like something terrible was about to happen this very instance. To tune all of this none-sense out of my mind, I decided to get me something to snack on. All This awful thinking had made me hungry. As I was entering the Kitchen, getting prepared to get my snack ready, a loud knock came from the front door. I wondered who could this be? Mike had already confirmed he was staying in for the night and will contact me tomorrow. I placed my snack on the counter-top and preceded into the living room to find out who was at the door. At first, I was a bit hesitant about opening it. But I managed to peek through the hole and noticed it was my neighbor, Rebecca. I insisted she give me a second; grabbing a robe to cover up because I was dressed to go to bed. I opened the door and she immediately began Apologizing for knocking on my door so late. I reassured her Everything was fine, she will be alright and not to worry. Reminding her I was already woke

And getting ready to watch a scary movie. I invited her to join me then

Offered her some of my snack. She accepted and was pleased to watch the Movie with me. She said she enjoyed watching scary movies and I cheered “Great,

You can watch it with me”. I replied “Come on, have a seat on the couch”.

She stood up for a while with a weary look on her face and all of a sudden, blurted out a loud

sigh of relief. Margaret, I just need to stand here for a minute. I replied, “Do what makes you

happy”. She softly uttered, “Margaret thanks for being such a genuine friend.”

“Rebecca, you are alright with me”. “At least, I got you here with me.”

I’m not as lonely or scared as before. The atmosphere is different but some unknown reason, I still had that eerie feeling. I didn’t like this feeling, and was

wishing it would go away. Finally dismissing this evil feeling from my mind I began asking Rebecca was she feeling okay because she looked like someone who had been

dragged through the mud. She started giving me what she thought was a reasonable explanation as

why she was here at midnight. Says she was feeling ill and was afraid to be by herself.

And felt safer being here with me. Then she began Going into graphic details about her illness,

informing me how much alcohol she had consumed and how sick she was afterward. Was feeling faint and didn’t

want to be alone. If she needed some kind of assistant, I could help her.

I slowly uttered, “you have a friend in me, I will be here for you Rebecca”. Then I

offered her to lie down on the couch to relax because Rebecca looked frail and exhausted. I got tired of seeing her standing there looking that way.

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She was pleased and proceeded to lie down. I reminded her that if I was in her situation, I would expect her to be here for me. You are a good neighbor and we both get along so well. Glancing up at me and smiling, she repeated, “thank you Margaret for being so kind and understanding.” I replied, “no problem Rebecca, hope you feel better. “I hope so”. Then it is final, just relax while I go into the kitchen and prepare snacks. But as I was leaving the room, the movie was beginning to start. I didn’t want to miss any. I hurried into the kitchen, grabbed the snacks and came back in time to see the interesting part. I hadn’t missed that much of it after all. I was appalled at what was happening in the scene. There was a lady screaming and hollering real loud as if someone was attacking her. My eyes were glued to the television and what I saw really amazed me. There was a man standing over the Lady in the bedroom. He had his hands around her neck choking her profusely. The woman was pleading with all her might for him to stop. But he ignored her Plea and continued until she was dead. He stood over her laughing and shouting out real loud, “I am glad you are gone, bye whore”.

“You did me wrong and this is what you deserve”.

“Now you are through”. “You can’t hurt me anymore”.

“Bye my love”, and then he fled the room.

I glanced over at Rebecca and noticed that the movie had her attention.

She was fascinated with all the stuff that was happening in this scene. I couldn’t help but wonder why had he killed her. The only logical explanation to me is, they are lovers. She must have cheated on him and he is getting revenge. This man had all kinds of frightening thoughts entering my mind. What is going to happen now since he has killed her? While Rebecca and I was watching the movie it was so

quiet, we weren't communicating at all, just astonished by the

movie. I looked around, and saw that Rebecca was sprawled
all over the couch

snoring real loud and had fallen asleep. She didn't get a
chance to finish watching it.

I walked over to the couch to check on her, to make sure she was
alright. She was still breathing

And looked normal to me. I was relieved to know this. When Rebecca wakes up,

I might ask her why is she drinking so much. Maybe she is going through a

Crisis that she can't handle and need someone to confide in. She might be

Struggling with something that she can't discuss with anyone. But maybe I want

Ask her because she might think I am trying to pry into her personal business and

Get angry. She might refuse to come to me with her problems again. I better wait

until she is ready to discuss whatever it is bothering her. Rebecca has always

trust me with most of her troubles. Especially if it is dealing with her man.

Maybe, it is something else that she prefers to keep private. I will bow out and

Wait until she presents it to me. The movie ended and it wasn't as scary as I

Presumed it would be. I was able to keep my composure. Wasn't sweating,

shaking and hearing those voices so loudly either. Even though, I did hear the man

voice whispering harshly into my ears, "I am going to get you, you are going to

be my next victim". It finally stopped, and I got ready to go to bed.

I grabbed my pillow and held it real tight. At this moment, I was wishing

Mike, who happen to be my boyfriend was here. That was a terrible movie

To watch even if it wasn't that scary, a murder had taken place. That sad feeling

began to take control and I didn't like it. I felt So frustrated, confused, and began

tossing and turning in bed. I just wanted this feeling to go away and never come

back. By the time I had tossed and turned so many times, evil thoughts began consuming my mind. I began to wonder if Mike was a killer like the man in the movie? Is he thinking about killing me? If we are alone and I do something he disapproves of, what if he decided to choke and kill me? I began visualizing Mike standing in front of me in my bedroom just like the man on television and him choking me. He was calling me those terrible names. I must have fallen asleep through this awful ordeal because I began having a night-mare about the movie that I had just watched. Instead of it being the woman in the movie the man was

Choking, it was me. I was dreaming Mike was actually doing this to me. The next thing I remembered was the sun shining so brightly into my eyes it was day-break and time for me to get myself together and head out for work.

I woke up screaming and yelling real loudly, "Mike, please don't do this to me, stop it Mike". The screams were so loud, I could hear Rebecca running

Into my bedroom, asking "What is wrong with you Margaret, Are you alright"? "You must be having a bad nightmare".

I warned you plenty of times to avoid watching those scary movies. But you are so stubborn and determined to do what you want to regardless.

Why can't you take heed and just quit watching them? You know how Your reactions are. I am afraid for you now. What if you do something to Harm yourself unaware? I might not be around the next time something Like this occur, then what Margaret? Tell me, what are you going to do?

I glanced up at Rebecca and slowly answered her, replying, I know that These types of movies aren't in my best interest. But you are aware of my Situation. I have this compulsive desire to watch them anyway.

I have tried everything humanly possible to stop. I even went to a psychologist

To get help. But no one I discussed this with was ever able to help me. I don't know what to do Rebecca, maybe you might have some suggestions. Do you think you can help me or what? No, I can't Margaret. Girl all I can do for you is pray and you need to do the same. Don't you think I have and still no results. "Girl, you better continue praying and don't give up, eventually, you will get a break through". "At least, I hope you do". "Margaret, did you do anything in the past to make this evil dwell within you"? "No, not that I can recall". "Why do you have to say it like that"? "What makes you feel like I am evil or possess with some type of force"? "Margaret, it is not that I am implying you are evil, perhaps somewhere in your family tree something went wrong". "Maybe someone was possessed by a force or caused something bad to happen, who knows"? "Can you think of any of your kinsfolks that behave strange or had weird behavior problems"? "No, I can't". But Rebecca, I don't have time to discuss this matter right now, we both need to focus our energy on getting prepared for work. "Yeah, you are right Margaret". "I appreciate the fact that you allowed me to sleep over last night". Now, I am glad I didn't finish watching that movie. "You really didn't miss anything but a bad night-mare". We both laughed and Rebecca headed out the door. By the way Margaret, don't let that movie ruin your day. Tune it out of your mind and enjoy your day. Because that's what I plan on doing. But with less alcohol being consumed. Maybe a glass of wine and that's it. I want overdue it this time. Girl, you don't need that. Have you got enough of looking like a wore out shoe, you better get your act together. Girl, I felt like someone had hit me in the head with a ton of bricks. My head was

hurting so bad, had one of the worst head-aches. Thought I was going to faint.

Never will I allow myself to get that drunk again. Promise you Margaret,
you want have to be bothered with me knocking at your door that time of

Night either. I slowly turned and looked her into her eyes, and

Replied, "I hope not Rebecca, because you were a sick woman". "Whatever

You do, try to take care of yourself". "Oh, I will Margaret, that is for sure".

I feel so refreshed and my spirit is alive and ready for the world.

I couldn't tell last night, your spirit was looking dead to me.

"Well, how do you like me now Miss Smarty pants"?

I admit, you look so much better, try to stay sober.

Ah, you just mad because I don't have those old off the wall dreams

Like you do. Don't take your anger out on me. Go get the man in the

Dream who had you screaming. I couldn't do nothing but laugh and

Replied, "Come on Rebecca, that's not funny". My situation can't

Be helped but your excessive drinking can be monitored, you can limit how

Much alcohol you consume in your body. But choose to be a slush head.

Drinking like there is no tomorrow. You need to slow down and live.

And who are you to talk Ms. Perfect Lady. Let me tell you something.

You make up your own mind to continue sitting in this apartment watching

Those scary movies when you can plan something with Mike. How come

You can't make more time to be with him? "Come on, face it Margaret, some

Of this hocus pocus you bring on yourself. You act so strange and peculiar
sometimes.

I wonder about you myself. Do you have any kind of force surrounding you?

Listen, Rebecca you have never talked like this to me before. I had no earthly

Idea you felt this way about me. I thought we are friends. Well we are Margaret,

But don't get it twisted, I am going to tell you about yourself. You don't mind
Checking me about my drinking. You can dish it out but can't take constructive
Criticism yourself. Baby, what's good for the gander is most certainly good for the
geese

"Where did you get that country parable from"? "Sound like you came from deep
in the woods".

"The pot can't talk about the kettle". "Think about it". "For what?" "There
aren't nothing to think about".

"Look who 's trying to talk, you live in these mountains. "And so do you".

"That's right, we both do, now shut up and get ready for work". I love you

Ms. Grouchy but you got to appreciate me for being honest with you.

Margaret, I am going to say this, then I will leave you alone. You might need to

Move out of these mountains, it is too quiet and serene for you. Perhaps being

Around a large crowd, might be the best therapy for your situation.

You know ghosts, and evil spirits don't like to hang around a lots of people going

Back and forth, hanging out all night long. Partying having fun, drinking.

Maybe you need to party and go out more Margaret. And it will benefit you to get
drunk.

That way, when you come home, you want hear no voices. All you will hear is
some

Snoring and good sleep. Why don't you try this, you might enjoy it.

All right Ms. Know it all, you have said enough for one day. I hear you but

Not trying to be rude or anything, you need to be heading out of the door,

So you can get ready for work and let me do the same. You staying here

Preaching a sermon to me, aren't making me nor you any money.

That is something we both need to pay our bills or we want be in the mountains for
real.

Okay, I feel you, but just think about it. "I am definitely going to have a great day at work

and hope you do too". I am pleased you are feeling better and wish you the same. I am going to consume

me about two cups of coffee along with my breakfast, and get ready for the day.

I am going to drink me a cup of coffee too Rebecca and I know I'll feel better.

It's my

Energy booster, I'll be ready for the day also. Don't worry about me, enjoy your day.

"Oh, Margaret, I will call you later on this afternoon to make sure you are okay,

"Thanks Rebecca, I appreciate you". After Rebecca left, I managed somehow

To drag myself out of bed, headed straight towards the shower. While I was showering all kind of weird thoughts began to manifest in my mind. I wanted them

to go away and leave me alone. I felt like I was losing my mind. This is

the first time this type of emotional upheaval had ever happened while I was

showering. My morning shower usually is refreshing and normal. No kind of

strange and malicious thoughts entering my mind like this. I am afraid and

don't know what to do. My first reaction was to call Mike. But I didn't want

to upset him with this type of emotional turmoil. Not this early in the morning.

And cause his day to be filled with havoc like mines. Mike is such a nice guy

And don't deserve this type of annoying circumstances interfering with his

Happiness and well-being. He might eventually think I am more of a problem

To him and began to avoid me completely. This is something I am not ready to

Deal with. Not losing the man of my dreams. Mike is the love of my life.

I don't want to cause any conflicts to destroy his love and trust for me.

Mike love me dearly and will do almost anything to make me happy.

Why let this ridiculous nightmare interfere with my love for him. I finally

Gathered my composure and got dressed for work. I could feel this day
Was going to be hectic. It was some type of aura I felt this morning.
On my route to work, somehow the surrounding appeared to be different.
Everything I drove by looked spooky and scary. The flowers were more
Noticeable to me than ever before. I never really paid them any attention.
It's as if I can't keep my eyes off of them. It is making it hard for me
To drive. The flowers appear to be speaking to me in some unknown language.
They were standing straight and tall in the open field which I pass by every
morning. This particular day, there were a bunch of them together, marching
towards my car, speaking in a slow, sluggish monologue that I
couldn't understand. All of a sudden, I could hardly see anything. My car
began driving off the road into the field, right in the direction of the flowers.
The flowers began approaching my car, all of them surrounding it. Their stems
Began to grow real tall, so tall that I could no longer see anything but the flowers.
My car slowed down, I kept trying to put my feet on the pedal to give it some
Gas so that it could drive faster. Instead, the car slowed down tremendously.
It didn't bulge. It stopped completely. I was so frightened, didn't know what was
going to happen now. All I could do was pray. I closed my eyes and began
praying. Please don't let this be happening to me. The flowers began walking
towards my car and my heart started pounding so fast. I thought I was going
to have a heart-attack. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. All types of flowers,
every color in the rain-bow. My car had stopped in an open field. But why was I
drawn here? What do they want with me, what role do I play in this situation?
The flowers had made my car stop in this field and had surrounded it.
There was no escaping for me. I was out-numbered by them. I knew I had to

Get out of this car right now. I managed to open the door, slowly getting out of
The car, pushing some of the flowers out of the way. They had blocked my view.

I couldn't see anything but flowers everywhere. I was so frightened.

Have some strange aliens come to attack me? Or is my biggest fear coming

Into reality, that those scary movies are going to get me one day. Is this the
Day they are going to capture me? Or worst yet, kill me? I am really scared now.

As I slowly got out of the car, I stepped on one of the flowers. I was wearing my
red

High heel shoes and I imagined it did hurt the flower because It began to cry out

My name. I was terrified by now and slowly turned around to find out where
The sound was coming from. It sounded like every flower in the field was crying.
My first instinct was to run, and to run fast. But where is there to go? There were
nothing but rows and rows of flowers surrounding me everywhere. They were
beginning to grow more and get taller, so tall I couldn't see anything but them.

I took my red shoes off so I can run faster but it was too late.

They had grown so tall until my body was consumed by them. I couldn't
Move or go anywhere. They had me captured. My heart still beating real fast
And I began having shortness of breath. I could hardly breathe nor utter a word

Out of my mouth. I wanted to hallow and scream for help but couldn't.
All I could do was make an unfamiliar sound like the flowers in the field. I didn't
understand anything coming out of my mouth. This bothered me, I was really in
trouble because I couldn't understand a word I was saying to myself. It was really
impossible for me to get help. My feet were beginning to bleed from standing
on the flowers. It felt like they were taking pins sticking them into my feet.

I started moaning in distress and trying my best to run out of that field. The more
I ran, the taller the flowers became. The stems were trying to choke me. I had to

literally fight with one of the stems that tried to attack me. Somehow, I managed to break loose from it. That stem had my body wrapped around it. I wiggled my way out and ran like crazy. My hair flowing all over my head and I was looking like a disaster. My eyes popped and looking around in terror, breathing hard, I almost fainted. I had worn my gray pants suit today and it was my favorite.

It is the pant suite I was wearing when I got hired at my present job as

An Administrative-Assistant to the Vice-President of the bank.

We had an important meeting at work this morning and I am the one

Who is to be there along with other executives and employees to

Demonstrate the changes that will be made to the company in a couple of months.

My absence is going to cause the bank to lose a lots of money and incentives. I
might

Even lose my job because the Vice-President is gone out of town on a business
matter

And want be back until next week. When he returns, he is expecting the deal to be
closed

And our department ready for the changes and the employees to begin the training.

None of the other representatives who are attending know anything about these
procedures.

I have the contract and the written papers in my brief case in the car where the
flowers have

Covered it up "What am I to do"? I am really upset and tormented right now.

Maybe my gray pants suite will bring me some luck today because I really need it.

I am so glad I didn't wear that green dress today. Something made me switch up
and

I chose the pants. If I hadn't I know I couldn't have gotten this far. My dress
would

Have been going up all over the place and it would have been a mess.

I started praying silently. If I ever needed prayer and for it to work, today is the day. I remembered my friend Rebecca warning. She said I needed prayer. This is what I was doing and asking for mercy. I was running fast, using all the strength I had in my body. Despite the fact, My feet are bleeding. I have no time to think about this. I got to try to escape. I looked down and blood was gushing from them. I wanted to stop but didn't. I had to try to beat whatever this thing was, that was trying to get me. I didn't know which way to go. I looked back and my car was covered with flowers. It was no longer in sight. Trying to reach safety was the only logical thing left For me to do. I continued running, until I finally collapsed. I fell down and the stems grabbed my body and began squeezing it and whispering something in my ears. I could hear, "We got you now". "You can't run away, you belong to us now". "Are you ready to be a part of our world"? This voice kept going through my head, repeating the same thing over and over again. The flowers probably repeated this phase over a hundred times in my ears. After they had finished whispering and whining this phase into my ears, I felt into a deep sleep.

The dream I had while lying there, was very strange. I dreamed my Boy-friend Mike was bringing me some shoes to put on my feet. Every time Mike got close to me, that strange whispering voice would shout out real loud, "Go away, I do not love you". "my heart belongs to someone else". "Go away and stay". "Run, run, run and never come here again". I was so hurt in the dream that the flowers were making me say these awful things to Mike. In the dream, I wanted to make the voices stop, but couldn't. The more I tried, The harder and louder the voices would start shouting out to Mike, "She don't love you, go away while you have a chance". "If you don't

You will remain here for the rest of your life". Mike called my name several times
But I never responded to him in the dream. All I could do was lie there and
Pray and hope that he would try to shake me real hard to wake me.
Mike was frightened and confused in the dream, he didn't know what to do.
The flowers began squeezing him. He suddenly tried awakening me but I
Still remained in a comatose stage. Couldn't hear his voice at all.
The only sounds that were going through my mind while he was pushing
And shaking me is a slow, sluggish voice whispering in my ears,
"I am going to kill you". "Do you hear me"? "I am going to kill you".
I started crying because I didn't want Mike to say he was going to kill me.
I tried my best to ask him why did he want to kill me. But the words wouldn't
Come out of my mouth. The only words I said was "Go away young man before
I kill you". Mike panicked and got up. He stopped shaking me in the dream.
He began running so fast until I couldn't see what direction he was running in
The voices I heard was "Leave me alone, what do you want from me"? It sounded
familiar, I recognized it as Mike's voice. I tried in desperation to call out to him,
instead a slow, dreary voice began calling out and repeated these words.
"Go away young man, never return again".

Chapter Two

Leave Me Alone:

I was still lying there in an uncomfortable position. My legs were folded into a
fetus position. I tried straightening them but couldn't. I cried uncontrollable.
It didn't help any. Because there were no one around to come to my rescue.

The flowers began rubbing my feet. They all bonded together and began Wiping the blood from them. I could vaguely hear them talking amongst Themselves. They were making weird, creepy types of noises. It sounded Like they were chopping up something but there was no object. The only thing They were embracing was my feet. I prayed they didn't try to do anything foolish To them. I needed my feet to try to run to get away from this madness. Even though they are bleeding, I still feel I can manage to escape somehow. One of the flowers stared me in the face and asked me in a mean sort of way, "What is your name and why are you here"? The moment I tried to explain to The flower that I didn't know why I was here myself. The flower grabbed my Mouth and squeezed it real tight. I wanted to scream but couldn't. I endured the pain and kept quiet. Hoping the flower would stop. Then a bunch of flowers surrounded me and lift my body from the field. They were taking my body off somewhere. I got so scared. All I could think about was the rumors the town people in the village used to talk about. Reminisce about the family that was found murdered in the mountainside. There is no telling what the flowers are planning on doing to me? I must devise a plan to outwit these flowers. They are talking amongst themselves while they are holding me. I overheard one of them speak "She is really heavy, I want to drop her right here". Then there was this silly, stupid laughter coming out of their mouths, almost in a squeaky tone of voice. It's a laugh I've never heard before. I was wishing they wouldn't make that decision. There were those thoughts of them behaving like cannibals. Perhaps they enjoy eating human flesh. They are planning on devouring me for dinner. All kinds of crazy, irrational thoughts began plaguing my mind. Just what are they thinking about doing to me? My patient is wearing thin, I am

tired of guessing and making all these wild assumptions. I must know what my destiny is. Hurriedly they carried me into a distant into the fields. Afterwards, plunging my body so harshly into a bed of flowers. I could feel the pain, it was so excruciating. I wanted to scream out so loud, "Leave me the hell alone".

By this time, a bunch of flowers had gathered around me while I am lying there helpless.

They began to sing some type of song. The words they were singing didn't make

Any sense. They were mumbled and intense. This made me nervous and afraid because I didn't know what to expect next. The largest flower started rubbing

all over my body. It started tickling me all over. I couldn't laugh if I wanted to.

Due to the extreme pain I was enduring. My feet were hurting so bad. I am miserable.

It felt like someone had needles sticking them into my feet. I wanted to cry but was afraid.

Unaware of my outcome if I attempted to do so. Therefore, I quietly suffered through all

This pain. The flowers got angry when I didn't laugh while they were tickling me.

The largest flower whispered something strange to the rest of the flowers.

I couldn't understand a word they were saying. The flowers then began to dance all

Around me. I began to wonder, why were the flowers dancing around me like this.

Those thoughts of old movies I once watched on television began to submerge

To memory, like for instance when a tribe of people starting dancing around the

Person they had apprehended; their life was at stake. Is my life at stake with

These strange flowers? I didn't want to know the outcome. Closing my eyes, I

Began praying. There must be some way to escape this turmoil. When I did open my eyes, one

of the flower was bent over me. The flower was uttering some strange words out
its' mouth.

Staring at it, looking confused and frustrated, the flower could sense my fear.
hoping that the flower would get out of my face, it suddenly, very swiftly slapped
me in the face. I looked astonished, like "Why in the hell did you do that?"

The flower acted as if it knew what I was thinking. Started gazing into my eyes
with an intense
look. The flower and I kept this chain reaction going for a second. Grabbing my
hand,

holding it real tight, tried my best to wiggle it out of his, the flower pinched me
real hard

on that same hand. Boy did it hurt! I felt like slapping the flower face by now. The
longer the

flower held my hand, the weaker I became. It felt like every ounce of energy was
being drained out of my body. The flower finally turned my hand loose.

It felt great! I almost said thanks but remembered this is the enemy and I hate this

Twisted flower and must find a way to destroy it before it kills me.

All of a sudden, the flower began taking on a different form right before my face.

The flower took on the form of an old man. I couldn't believe what my eyes was
seeing.

How could this be possible? A flower turning into a human? I am dumb-founded.

Completely speechless. Don't know what to do, or where to go. The flowers
evidently

Possess some type of magical powers in order to take on such a transformation.
Whatever

Kind of power it is, I am afraid of it and don't want no association with it.

The flower asked me what is my name? I was shocked to know that it could talk

And I could understand what this old man transformation was saying. Maybe my

Prayers had been answered. This is my way of getting out of here. I can persuade
this

Old man to let me go. But I must figure out a master plan to beat this thing.

It is half human and half flower. I don't what to think or do right at this moment.

The old man began rubbing my feet and it felt so much better. Maybe he was

Putting some type of magical spell on them. Whatever he was doing, it was
working.

I was mesmerized by this rubbing of my feet, until I didn't answer him right away.

He stopped abruptly, looked at me like who do you think you are?

The old man got upset with me because I didn't respond to the question quick
enough.

The look on his face told the story. He raised his eyebrow, and blurted out of his
mouth,

“Did you not hear me stupid”? I was mad as hell with him insulting my
intelligence

Like that, and murmured to myself “You are the one stupid old bastard”.

Maybe this old man, should have remained a flower. At least I didn't get insulted
like this.

I softly uttered, “Oh, I am sorry my name is Margaret”. He slowly uttered,
“Beautiful name”.

Then spoke up and replied, “But I am going to change it”. “Your name will be
Floweretta”.

I wanted to ask him why the name change but was scared he would do something
Drastic to me. I kept quiet and accepted it. He replied, “I like that name for my
Woman. It surprised me to hear him say that. He started talking real sexual and
masculine

To me. “All my life I have loved you”. This confused me. How in the world
Could this image of a flower, turned into an old man, be saying he has always
loved me?

I need a logical explanation for all this mystical stuff happening before me.

There is no way the old man can love me and never knew me and I
Definitely don't love him. Is this a bad dream or nightmare I am having?

It couldn't be, I woke up this morning, got ready for work
and

All of this craziness starting entering into my life. I need to
Get away somehow. This has gone far enough. It is like I am in a
Scary movie and it is reality. This is not an hallucination that I am having.

All of this scary movie watching has finally come back to haunt me.

Am I it's victim. I don't really know what to do right now but stay cool
And try to swindle the old man into letting me go. Are these things happening
To me because of the scary movie I watched last night on television? Maybe
I should have never watched it, just went to bed. If I could go back into time,

I would be more into Mike and live life. "What is Mike going to do now
Since I have disappeared, will he try to find me"? "What about my family"? I
know they

will be worry some awful. My friends, especially Margaret will not know
What to do, she is the last one who was with me. All she can remember is me
Having that bad nightmare, now I am gone. There will be rumors amongst the
Townspople again but this time about me and my whereabouts. My strange
Disappearance. I must find some way to escape this bad tragedy. I got to
Come up with a plan. I am wondering what do and what do this old man have on
his mind?

Is he thinking about killing me or what? I hope he don't harm me.
These thoughts send chills down my spine. I wish this old man would go
Away and leave me alone. By now the old man was so close to me.

His face was touching mine, I dreaded looking into his face,
I closed my eyes to avoid contact. He proceeded, gently stroking my hair.

I want to push his hands away but am afraid. He grabbed my hand and
Started kissing all over it. I was startled, and slowly pulled it away from his
mouth.

He stared up at me with fury in his eyes, saying, "Why did you do that?"
I was stunned. Not a word came out of my mouth. He hit my head and asked

Me harshly "Did you hear me fool"? I bashfully nodded
my head. "Yes, I heard".

I replied, "My hand is hurting so bad". I didn't mean to jerk it from you.

The old man wasn't listening to a word I was saying. Instead, he grabbed a
Finger and pulled it real hard. I screamed out loud. The rest of the flowers started
Closing in on me, murmuring some words I couldn't understand. I believe they
Were angry and wanted to kill me. Suddenly, when I turned around to see what

The old man was up to, I got the surprise of my life. He started another
Transformation. His face began turning purple and tiny frown
Lines coming into his face. I was so scared! I closed my eyes immediately.
Started shouting, "Go away, leave me alone". "What do you want with me"?
"Please, please go away, I am begging you to leave me alone".

The old man raised his hand and slapped me real hard in the face. This time
I started to cry instantly. He shouted out "Stop that dam crying". "Do you want

Me to give you some more of this"? I replied in a very sorrowful voice,
"Oh please don't". "You better act like it bitch". My finger was hurting and
Throbbing so bad and now my face was burning and hurting also. I was wishing
that

Mike could come rescue me. I remained quiet and waited to see what other nasty

Treat this evil old man had up his sleeves for me. I didn't trust him at all.
He was a mean old man. I couldn't understand how he confess to love me
But does all the things to hurt me. He is confused. But I must realize I am
Not dealing with a human but some type of freak alien. How I wish I could
Get out of this situation that I am in now. I began questioning my integrity. Had I
really

Done anything so foul in life that I am being punished like this? It feels like I
Have died and gone to hell. I finally got my composure together and stop crying
And feeling sorry for myself. There is no reason for me to criticize myself this
way.

This is not my fault. I was on my way to work and this madness came from out
Of nowhere. I got to get away, this is not going to beat me. I am a strong
Woman but even strong women get weak sometimes. This is the time of
My weakness. I don't know what to do now. I will just mediate and pray.

There has to be some kind of reasonable explanation for all this pain.

Looking real pitiful, I thank the old man for releasing my finger.

It had turned blue and black. The old man grabbed me and held me real tight.
I prayed he wouldn't touch my face. He did it anyway. His purple face rubbing
Against mine felt like razor blades cutting my face. My face was burning so bad.

My hands were tempted to take his face and push it away. But knowing the
consequences

That I would have to suffer from these actions, I lay there and suffered. My face
began to

bleed from his being next to it. Tiny drops of blood begin dripping from my face.

The old man took his tongue and began licking the blood. As he was licking the
blood

From my face, he had another transformation. He turned into a young man this time.

He was a man about my age. I was once again, astonished. Didn't know what to think.

This time it really was amazing, because he had turned into the love of my life, My boyfriend Mike. The look on my face might have scared him. My eyes bulged so big.

My mouth dropped open, and I looked like I had just saw a ghost.

I said to myself, what in the world is this alien up to now?

Why would he want to become someone I truly love? I hate him for this.

Who or what am I dealing with here? First a flower, then an old purple face old man,

Now the Image of Mike. What other type of transformation is this thing going to take form of?

I started shaking all over. My heart pounding real fast, I am a nervous wreck. I need a drink

Of wine right now, something to help calm my nerves. I wished this old man had transformed

Into Anything other than my Mike. The old man could tell I was confused and enjoyed seeing

me this way. He stared seriously into my eyes and asked me "Do you love me now"?

My head slowly turned away from him. He repeated it again. I was too afraid to answer him.

Not knowing what his intentions are. He took his hands and gently turned my face towards his.

He embraced me tightly in his arms. He started singing a strange song to me. A song I had

never heard Before and I started getting sleepy. I tried my best to fight the feeling because I

wanted to stay alert so I can keep abreast of what was happening at every present
moment in
my life. I didn't trust this thing at all. What if he tries to have sex with me? All of
these
thoughts began surfacing in my mind. No matter how hard I tried to stay awake, a
deep sleep
fell upon me. His singing had bestowed some type of spell on me. I am
mesmerized by his
voice. Couldn't help myself. After I had fallen asleep, the image of Mike
beckoned for the
other flowers to come over. He instructed them to pick me up and carry me far
away in the
woods. They did exactly as they were instructed. When I awaken, I was naked.
This younger
version of my boyfriend Mike was lying on top of me. I wiggled my body and
requested he
get off me. Instead, he opened his Mouth Real wide and bit my lips. He bit them
so hard, I
screamed to the top of my voice. The image of Mike had made me mad. He knew
it by the
look on my face. I wanted to kill him right there. I know he has violated my body
some kind of
way. I asked him why is my clothes off? He ignored me. Right now, all I could
think about
was my real and true love, Mike. Oh Mike, where are you now, why are you not
out looking for
me? I need you now. Please Mike, come rescue me from this thing, you are the
only man I
love. The image of Mike Started kissing me all around my neck and body. I
wanted him to

stop. I wasn't enjoying Any of his lustful desires. I managed to wiggle my body away from him. He got upset with me and asked why did I do that? I replied, "I don't want you on top of me". "I don't love you and want you to leave me alone". "You are not my Mike". "I will never love you". The image of Mike started laughing at me. He stated, "You are going to have my baby". I uttered real slow, "What are you talking about, what Baby, I haven't made love to you". "I hardly know anything about you". "Why are you doing this to me"?

Chapter Three

I Hate You

The image of Mike, grinned at me and suggested I calm down. "Floweretta, we are one now." "You are one of us now". I angrily shouted, "Quit calling me that name, my name is Margaret". "And I am not one of you". "I belong to Mike, he is my one and only love, not a predator". "I hate you and will never be pregnant by you". "I hate you, get away from me". My emotions were shattered now and I didn't care what I said to him". This image of Mike Had made me really upset with him. The nerve of him seducing me with that Stupid song of his and making me fall asleep. Then he took advantage of my body.

“I hate him for this”. He will discover war is on now”. “I will fight him with all the Power I have in my body”. I got so nervous and upset that my whole body started shaking.

“All I wanted the image of Mike to do was go away and never return again”.

My screaming out loud must have upset the rest of the flowers. They began coming in droves

Headed right in my direction. All of them were speaking an unknown language. I didn't

Understand A word they were saying. The matter in which they were expressing themselves

Bewildered me. They were angry and was wobbling and wiggling their way towards me as fast

as they could. I felt like they were coming to kill me. I was trembling and praying all at the

same time. I covered my face and turned the opposite direction to keep from facing them.

The image of Mike finally got his body off of me, and stared into the face of the

Other flowers who had finally arrived. They were so loud and boisterous. I glanced up

At the image of Mike to see his reactions. He stood over me and demanded the other flowers

To lift me up and take my body somewhere he can find it later.

The flowers gathered around me, shouting all sorts of mumble jumble.

They began pinching me all over my body. I hated being naked, because this really hurt.

Neither did I enjoy them touching me and gazing into my eyes. I screamed out loud and

Pleaded to the image of Mike to let me put my clothes on. The image of Mike, slowly

Turned his face away from me and pointed his finger in my direction, ordering the Flowers to take my body away. Shouting out, “You know what to do with her”.

In desperation, I began begging the image of Mike to please don’t let them hurt me.

“I will do anything for you, I’m sorry, please forgive me if I hurt you”.

He looked directly into my face and spit in it. He demanded the rest of the flowers to leave.

I was thinking to myself, “What a dirty bastard”. “Spitting in my face, I hate him”.

My Mike would have never done such a low life thing to me. Mike loved me too much.

But this no good sorry bastard isn’t worth two cents. I got to get out of here!

Whatever type of predator this is, I wish it would die and never return. I am furious with

Anger now. This is the second time he has spit in my face. While I was thinking these

Malicious thoughts about the image, he took his hand, drew it back and slap me so hard

In the face again. He uttered harshly out of his mouth, “Floweretta you are going to learn

How to respect me”. “I know all your thoughts”.

“There is nothing hidden from me”. I turned my head slowly away from him, Feeling so disappointed, I wish at the moment I could just disappear. It is exactly What I had anticipated, this thing can read my mind”. “The image of Mike has telepathy energy”.

He is from another world or something, I never experienced anything like this before.

Just as I was beginning to think I could devise a plan, something more complicated confronts

Me. How am I going to conquer these evil forces? He already know what I am
going
To do beforehand. This is unrealistic. If there is a way to be made, I got to try to
discover
That way fast and in a hurry. I must defeat him at his own deception. Deep down
inside, there is
No compromising with this thing. It can't comprehend reasonable thinking. It
could care
Less about the way I am feeling now. Missing my family and love ones, friends
and
The life I once knew. What am I going to do now? All I can do is pray and hope
something
Good transpires out of this. Has my life ended in such sorrow and misery? All of
these
Thoughts are entering my mind. I am afraid and don't know what to do.
My stay here with this image of Mike and these flowers have been nothing more
Than an awful nightmare. One I wish would vanish. It appears to be no way out
of this.
At least watching the scary movies at home ended. But this is one long lasting
saga
That has me almost out of my mind. I need someone to help me, just try to rescue
me.
Where is the town people now, they need to be sending a rescue squad out
searching for me.
And my beloved Mike should be doing the same. I hope my parents are
encouraging
Everyone they know to try to help locate me also. And Rebecca, of all people,
should be
Out searching. She is the last person who was with me and know my condition;
including the horrible

Drama I went through last night. Come on Rebecca, show some love. I am depending

On all these people, I pray they don't disappoint me. Escaping this thing is my greatest desire.

I wonder if the image is reading my mind now? I don't care if he is. The image of Mike

Need to know I am hurting. He has taken me away from my love ones without any remorse.

There must be something in this universe that I can do to defeat this evil thing.

Perhaps some kind of formula, or poison I can locate out here in this field to

Destroy him.

Chapter Four

Where Do You Reside?

While I was contemplating on how to get revenge and escape this image of Mike,

He picked my clothes up and begin staring at them in a mysterious manner.

He glanced over at me and gave me a horrific smile. I wondered what is he up to now?

He must have sensed my fear of being naked, and begin putting my panties on me.

During the process of him putting them on me, his hands were slowly and Gently touching my body parts. Rubbing up and down my legs, and touching

My vagina. It was strange because I didn't want him to stop. I wanted

Him to continue on with his lustful pleasures. I loved the way he was

Making my body feel. He was touching and rubbing me the way my boyfriend
Mike would.

His touch almost felt like Mike. And I enjoyed it to the utmost.

He knew this and slowly crawled on top of me and thrust his body into mines. I
didn't

Move but lay there and let him make sweet passionate love to me. I was
captivated by

This thing and pretended this wasn't happening. When he finished making love

To my body, he slowly got up and demanded I put my clothes on. I did as he
requested.

He could tell I loved the way he made me feel. And started smiling and looking at

Me in a romantic way. I just smiled back because I didn't want any trouble.

Things were looking great, maybe I will get a chance to escape.

Although he enjoyed my body I must keep my thoughts to myself. I shouldn't
forget the image

Of Mike can pick up on my thoughts. I must be very careful around him if I want
to

Survive. For some apparent reason, while I was getting dressed, my body began

Yearning for more of the great sensation the image of Mike had made me feel.

There was lust all over my face. My eyes staring straight into his as I was
dressing.

His eyes staring at mines in a lustful, sensual way. He looked as if he wanted to

Strip me naked again. I was thinking in my mind, go ahead and strip me, it was
that good.

The image of Mike walked slowly towards me and started touching my breasts.
His hands

Felt so good on them. His touch was gentle, feeling the exact way my friend Mike
would touch

Them. I almost thought he was Mike as he continued rubbing and feeling on my breast.

He took his mouth and opened it wide and began sucking on my breast. I couldn't say

Anything, but ah Mike, that feel so good! I could tell the image of Mike loved it when

I was thrilled like that. He started smiling and couldn't stop. I allowed him to continue

Doing what he was doing. It was feeling fantastic. Maybe I needed this to help relieve

Me of some of the pressures I have gone through this day. Even if this is wrong. He teased me the way my friend Mike would do when he was sucking my breasts. He would rub on my nipples, get them real hard then suck my breast. I could have sworn I was with my friend Mike right now. Is this thing controlling me all the way?

What if he has my heart, body, mind, spirit and soul now? It will be no hope for me.

I got to get myself back together and come to my senses if I can.

At the rate this image of Mike is going, he is making that decision complicated.

The image of Mike finally stopped and instructed me to finish dressing.

By now, I thought it was safe for me to ask him where do you live? He gave me a fierce look and replied, "Why do you want to know"? "That is none of your concern".

I started making excuses like, well, I pass this way going to work every day and Nothing like this has ever occurred. "Were you waiting for me this particular time to

Kidnap and seduce me"? He frowned at me and replied "Shut up, you talk too much".

"Furthermore, do as you are told, finish dressing and no more questions".

“I am the one in control here, not you”. “Finish dressing and follow me”.

My hands got nervous and was shaking as I finished dressing. I didn't want to do
Or say anything to make this image of Mike angry with me. He might want to
murder me.

I got to keep his confidence up in order to survive through this madness.
After I finished dressing, he grabbed my hand and carried me further into the
woods.

This path was far away from the street I traveled. I was lost and frightened.
No one would ever be able to locate my whereabouts. My heart began pounding
Faster than ever. As we were walking, he asked me did he satisfy me the way my
Friend Mike did? I stared him in the face and answered, “Of course you do, I
couldn't

Tell the difference, you are just as good or even better”. He had a grin on his face
and I could

Tell he was pleased. I must confess, that in his own lustful, seductive way, he did
do

Some things more passionate than Mike, and I loved it. Mike can learn some
lessons

From this image on making passionate love. After our sweet love session,
I tried my luck and passionately asked him may I ask him a question.

The image looked down and said, go ahead. I was stunned at first but was more
eager to ask

My question. “Where are we headed, my feet are aching bad”? “I need to rest
please”.

The image stopped for a moment, glanced slyly at me and repeated,
“You are a part of me now”. Eventually your heart, body, mind, spirit and soul will
Began to think, feel and even look the way I do. You will have some of the
supernatural

Powers I possess. You too, will be able to turn into different images.

I was dumb-founded. I began thinking to myself. Hey, I don't want no part of
this,

Your power, you or nothing. I would appreciate it if this image would just leave
me alone

And let me go. I want my old life back, not this lifestyle he is representing to me.

Before he finished, I slightly interrupted him and this angered him even more.

"Shut up, I don't want to hear nothing from you". "Floweretta, did you not hear a

Word I just spoke to you"? "You are a part of me now". Again, "Your heart,
body,

Mind, spirit and soul". "Give yourself a couple of days and your body will begin
to take

On this transformation, you will begin to feel it. "Your thinking will change, you
will fall

Deeply in love with me. In a couple of days, your body will evaporate and be
present

With us. "The world you used to know will cease to exist.

"You will only have knowledge of the new world with me ". "This is a new
beginning for you".

"New events, places, and things will enter your life now". "You need to get used
to it and

adjust". This is in your best interest in order to survive out here in the
fields with me and the rest of the flowers". "You are going to become a beautiful
flower".

"Living and loving and enjoying life just the way we are doing now".

"Have you noticed you are not hungry for food, or want water, any of those earthly
things

That you are used to. You want need earthly food in your new world".

The food will be from nature and you will love to devour it.

“Did I answer your stupid question”? “Have your mind been relieved of all
The doubts and fears that were nagging and plaguing you”?

My mouth began to tremble. I couldn't believe a word he had spoken. All I could
think

Of was, “Am I dreaming”? “This has got to be a nightmare from hell”.

I refuse to accept this as truth or fact. This is not the way my life is going to end.

“I was born a human and will remain human”. “That's the fact I am going to keep
In my mind”. The image of Mike was picking up on my thoughts. He became
quiet,

Then turned and glanced into my eyes. Repeating, “You will never leave my
world,

You are mine to keep”. My eyes bulged with fear, wanting to ask him “Why me
and

Not someone else”? This image of Mike picked up on my thoughts real fast,
And quickly blurted out of his mouth, “I chose you because you are the one I
desire”.

“There can never be another one out there in this universe for me”.

“Do that answer your question”? I slowly nodded my head. Then I raised my
hand

Like a child afraid to speak up. He demanded I speak my peace. I was amazed
At first that he was allowing me to voice my opinion. I wasn't going to let this
Opportunity pass me by. I immediately asked him, if you keep me, where will we
live”?

The image turned his head around five times so fast, I thought he was going to
break his neck.

My eyes began filling up with tears, frightened for my life, I didn't know what this
thing

Was going to do. The shaking of the head stopped, his eyes turned purple, stared
straight

Into my eyes, and replied “Wherever I go, you will follow”. “We have no special
place

To reside”. “We both will travel this land far and wide”. “This earth is our home.

“We will travel, travel, travel”. Hearing this statement, broke my heart.

This is not the way I planned to live my life. “What had I done wrong”?

“I don’t deserve all of this misery that is happening to me”.

“I wish there was something I could do to escape, just get away from it all”.

With these thoughts entering my mind, the image of Mike spoke up and said,

“You have no choice in the matter”. “You were also selected by the rest of the
Flowers to remain here with us for the rest of your life”. “your environment will
be different”.

“You will love every moment of it, I promise you”. The image instructed me not
to

Raise my hand anymore but to speak what’s on my mind. I asked him “Do I have
any choice

In the matter”? “Does my opinion counts”? “Can I resist and go back home”?

I must have upset him. He did another transformation, and turned purple all over.

He roughly grabbed my hand and began walking that much faster. My heart
started

Beating so fast, I thought I was going to have a heart-attack. I was angry and
afraid at

The same time. He gave me instructions to speak my peace and I did it. Now he
gets

Mad at me because this is what I want for myself. I don’t want his lifestyle.

A couple of miles further, he made me stopped and stared me in the face.

He began speaking an unknown language to me. I didn’t understand a word of it.

Then suddenly it began speaking my language. “Floweretta, I love you, it is
Getting late and you are carrying my baby”. “You must rest now”. My eyes once

Again filled with tears when he spoke those terrible words to me. “I don’t want his
baby or

him”. This evil thing had sex with me while I was sleep. I hate him for taking
advantage

of me and my body like that. The image of Mike read my thoughts and
immediately

intervened by saying “You enjoyed every moment of my making love to you”.

“You gave me all of your body so lovingly and giving”. There was complete
silence

For a moment. Perhaps I took for granted that he was Mike and let myself go, I
Shouldn’t have done that. “I hate this thing and his baby that is inside of me.”

There is no way I would have given this image the pleasure of enjoying me.

With that thought, the image of Mike, took his hand and slapped me in the face

Real hard again. I thought I saw stars. He was upset with me for thinking those

Thoughts of him and the baby. He saw that my face had turned blue black and

Looked afraid for the first time. He yelled out loud, “Now look what you made me
do”.

“I am not supposed to hurt you in any way since you are carrying the baby.

“The baby is at risk all because of your foolish thinking”.

“You are a trouble maker”. “Caring less about your unborn child”.

“Only thinking about what benefits you and your filthy desires”.

“If my baby dies, you die too”. “This you can count on”.

“You better hope it lives”. I slowly uttered out of my mouth, “I am sorry”. He
responded,

“That has been said too many times”.

“You are not sorry, you are evil and I must destroy you”. “I will spare no more

Mercy towards you”. “I should have let the flowers kill you earlier”.

“But I gave you a chance to prove yourself to me and this is the thanks I get”.

“You hate me and my baby”. “That don’t fit well with me at all”.

“You must be destroyed”. “Why should I spare your life”?

“You don’t care about my baby life, you hate it and me”.

“Why should I be concerned about you”? “You don’t value life”

“No one but you and your lover Mike”. “I hate you and him too bitch”.

“You will never see him again if I have anything to do with it”.

After this speech coming from the image of Mike, I felt guilty.

For what reason, I don’t know. He is the one who had seduced and raped me while I was sleeping. This is all his fault. Yet, I am beginning to feel sorry for him and

The image baby I am carrying inside of me. This is my child now and I might

As well face it. I am with child whether I like it or not. I ask myself, what

Mother would hurt or harm her own? I started crying out loud. The image of
Mike

Could tell I was feeling sorry for the way I had been behaving. It approached me
Slowly, then gently hugged me. I didn’t resist his embrace but hugged him even
more.

He softly whispered in my ear, this is how we should be. Loving towards each
other.

You are my love now Floweretta. “I love you”. Don’t worry, if this baby dies,
We will have another one. But I want this one to live. This is our first born

I replied, “I agree”

Chapter Five

Go Back Where You Belong

I managed to gain control over the image of Mike's heart and that was great.
I am hoping that he will finally realize that we are not compatible. I come from a
Different world than he. If only he can absorb this in his mind and release me.
But it
Seems as though it will never be. I am doomed to be here with this image of Mike.
I might
As well make up my mind and be contended. I don't see no way out of this
disaster.
Therefore, in order for it to be any type of unity and peace among us I must
cooperate
And give him his heart's desire. I am tired of fighting this thing. My body is tired
and worn.
I just need to rest. I wish that I was back home in the mountainside. Breathing the
fresh air,
Looking at those beautiful mountains, communicating with all of my
friendly neighbors.
I really do miss them all. To make the situation more lovable, I started rubbing in
the image of
Mike's hair. His beaming smile and the sparkle in his eyes reflected the joy and
inspiration
He was receiving from it. He pulled me closer to him and began hugging me tight.
At one
Time, I had to remain him that he was squeezing me too tight. He chuckled and
replied,
I love you just that hard. Since he was in a good mood, now was the opportunity
for me
To ask him where do you belong and why are you here? The image of Mike
glanced up
At me with a solemn look. He answered politely, "Floweretta, I am a part of the

Universe. I am a flower but a special one. I can turn myself into any image.

This power was given to my ancestors first generation. One of the flowers
stumbled

Upon these magical powers they possess. Unware of how to use them. They
learned to

Use their mind to determine what or who they want to become. That is why I
became

The old man, and your friend Mike. I knew these things would amaze you,

It all began when the flower from my generation was planted next to a flower

Who possess the magic. My generation flower mated with this flower

And that is when the power began. We then had the same powers. The power
Transpired from one generation to the other. My generation was affected by this
mysterious

power. We can make anything or anyone do as we please. That is why I chose
you

when you were driving by that morning. You are so beautiful to me. I watched
you

and made sure your car headed in my direction. You couldn't resist me or the
other flowers.

Our special powers were working for us. That is why you were captured and
seduced.

You couldn't help yourself. Okay, but why not someone from the flower group?

He then requested, I keep my mouth shut. He had given me the explanation.

I glanced slightly at him and asked, "Do you ever sleep"?

It is dark and I am tired and ready to lie down to sleep. After all, I am pregnant
with your baby.

This has been a long tiring day for me. The Image of Mike then started rubbing in
my

Hair and began singing a weird song. I didn't understand a word of it. All I can remember

Is that I began to get real sleepy. My eyelids got heavy and it was as though I couldn't

Keep my eyes open. Eventually, my eyelids were shut and I had fallen into a deep sleep.

The image of Mike placed his body on top of mine and slept on top of me until the

Next morning. I awoken to the sound of birds singing and the scent of beautiful flowers

Everywhere. I wanted to move but couldn't. The image of Mike's body was so heavy.

I shoved and asked him to get off of me. The image of Mike opened its mouth so wide and breathe into my face. It felt like a breath of fresh air was blown on it. My body got cold. I was shaking so bad. Perhaps the image of Mike did this on purpose just so I could come closer and be nearer to him. Anyway, his wicked plan

Worked. The cold air made me snuggle up close to him. He enjoyed this and begin

Rubbing my hair real gently. Whatever he attempted to do to me now didn't matter.

He could tell that I was getting tired of fighting him. My will-power had grown thin.

My body was getting tied easily now since I was carrying the baby.

I didn't like rebelling against this thing anymore. He had my soul under control

And there is nothing I can do but accept the fact. I began getting hungry and insisted on him giving me food to eat. The image of Mike began eating the grass.

He pointed his finger to the grass and request that I join him. He implied this is your food now. "Go ahead and eat it, the baby has to be fed and so do you".

My first instinct was not to eat it, then my stomach was growling for something To fill it up. I leaned down and began eating the grass like a wild animal. The image requested that I slow down, it is not going anywhere. There are plenty of Grass in the field for you to eat. I wasn't paying attention to what he was saying. Continue eating the grass and it didn't make me sick. The image then replied "Floweretta, you are one of us now. "You can eat the grass". But slow down, I don't want you to eat too fast, Don't hurt the baby. After devouring as much

Of the grass as I desired, I glanced up and saw him with his arms wide open for me.

Devouring the grass was the first sign that I had made a transformation. I would Have never eaten any grass. I know something mysterious was happening to me. I was acting like an animal and this scared me. I knew I had to obey this image Or he would utterly destroy me. I didn't resist him but ran straight unto him.

He embraced me real tight and told me he loved me.

The magic must have been working because I began Rubbing his hair, and starting to kiss his lips. It was a long sensual kiss and He was enjoying it to the upmost. I was glad he was pleased with the way I was satisfying him. He began to speak, implying this is the way things Are. I am beginning to come around. My whole world Is going to change before my eyes. He reassured me that I will love My new life and the old life will not matter anymore. I looked up at him and smiled.

The warmth of his arm around my waist made me desire his affection more.

I began touching his intimate parts, rubbing and feeling all over his body.

My lust and desire was heated up inside for the image Mike. I couldn't Resist kissing him on his lips and rubbing in his face gently. The image of Mike

Was getting sheer pleasure from all of my flirtatious moves. He beckoned for

Me to continue and I did. Reality had finally dawned on me.

I felt my body, mind, spirit and soul changing and there was nothing I could
Do about it but accept the fact. I would no longer be the Margaret I once knew.

She is gone and will never return. The thought of it hurt so bad. Knowing

My whole life had ended in such a drastic way. I never dreamed of this.

The transformation is beginning to take place. I am feeling it in my heart,

Body, mind, spirit and soul. I am becoming that which the Image of Mike

Desired me to be. I wish this transformation would stop. It is

Gradually changing me into something else. I don't understand why I keep

Kissing on this thing. Deep down inside, I want to stop but can't.

The Image has put a powerful love spell on me. I can feel the change

Taking place right before my eyes. I grabbed his hand and began kissing

It softly, then I began taking off my clothes. All I wanted was for him to

Be inside of my body making that mad passionate love. My body was

Yearning for his. I couldn't hardly wait. I began begging and yearning

For him to make love to me. This is something I have never done.

The image gently laid me down and got on top of me. He began kissing

My lips gently and rubbing my hair, telling me how much he loved and

Wanted me. I yearned for him even more, touching and feeling all over

His body, literally begging for more love. I couldn't do nothing but touch him.

I knew then, this power of the image of Mike was working effectively.

He had conquered my heart and won this battle. Deep down inside,

There is a stubborn side of me that really refuse to give up.

It keeps beckoning for me to try something new until I figure a way

To escape. That will be difficult to do because this thing knows all thoughts. And
will figure

out if I am planning on leaving him. I had to adjust my thinking

Because the image of Mike looked at me angrily, and asked, “What are you
thinking about,

You better get your mind back on loving me and making me feel good”. “Didn’t I
tell

You to let the magic work, don’t stop it, enjoy yourself, let yourself go. There is
no

Need to fight it, you belong to me now, When the procedure was beginning, you
Cooperated the way I planned it. Don’t let that rebellious spirit control you. Fight
it

And come into my world. “This is where you belong, you are home now”.

With that being said, I started back kissing his lips and something took control of
me.

A burning desire came over me. I wanted him like before. I started taking
Clothes off and pulling him closer to me. I couldn’t wait until he was inside of me
Making that wild, passionate love. He could tell I wanted it bad. The image of
Mike

Started fondling my vagina area and I was in so much heat. I was literally begging
Him to take it. He had to cool me down by giving me a long passionate kiss and
Then kissed me all over my body. The next thing I knew we both was entwined

In the hottest, sexiest, love making. He had me moaning and groaning. He
Was doing likewise. I know the other flowers wondered what the hell is going on.
My thoughts were with him only. I had totally forgotten about Mike. As a matter

Of fact, this Image of Mike made love so much better than Mike did.

I didn’t miss Mike as much anymore. This love was like something I had
Never experienced before. Wherever this thing came from, it can make

Some of the best love. I felt so relaxed and wasn't as tense as before. It was
As if a load had been lifted off of me. I felt so much better. I never thought
Anyone could make me feel any better than this. This is the best love I ever had.
His world might not be so bad after all. If all of this good love-making goes
Along with it, I am more than ready to enter into it. I never thought the
image of Mike would have me talking and feeling this way. That hate I had
For him has now transpired into love, sweet love. I am so glad to be having
His baby. I want this baby to live. This is a baby conceived out of nothing
But pure love. This image of Mike truly love me. He expresses it and
That is what I like about him. I can feel his love. The strange thing about
My friend Mike is that I could never feel the love completely. It was as
If something was always missing. Now I know what it is. I have
Found the missing link, right here with the image of Mike and I am loving
Every minute of it. This lifestyle might not be so bad after all. But I still
Yearned to be home with my family and friends. I was missing them badly.
That old lonesome feeling tried to emerged once again. I need to find
Some solution to this problem.

Chapter Six

Give Me Back My Freedom:

The Image of Mike enjoyed me yearning for his love. His facial expression told
the story.

He was thrilled with it all. Since I have him a little under control now, just maybe

There might be a chance for me to still get my freedom back. He held me in his
arms

And reminded me of how happy I had made him. He loved making sweet
passionate

Love to me and that we will never be apart. When he mentioned that again, it is
like

I lost that loving feeling for him.

I began to feel lonely and sad. He got so angry

At me for looking sad. “Why are you looking like that”? “Cheer up and be
happy”

“Look at what I have done for you”. “Are you not happy anymore”?

I quickly answered “Yes, of course, what more could I ask for”?

“I have someone who loves me dearly and I love him also”. This thing has my
mind, body, and

soul under control. All I do is think of him. Not one time did I feel guilty while I
was making

Love to the image of Mike. Mike didn’t even come cross my mind.

This must be magic and has mighty strong powers.

All of this I was going through still did not resonate with me at all. I

Still wished it was just a bad dream. But this is truth and I must accept the fact.

All of a sudden the rest of the flowers started gathering around me and the Image
I didn’t know what they were up to, I slowly turned around and stared at the image
of Mike.

He slowly got up and started talking in that strange language to the other flowers.

They all started singing that strange song again, the one when something is about
to

Happen. I remembered the last time this ritual was done it put me in a deep sleep
and

Raped me. Now what are they planning on doing to me now? I hope it is not anything violent.

My mind was going in all directions, I felt alone, and frightened. Now I wondered
did the

image of Mike really love me or was he going to sacrifice me to these flowers and
let

Them kill me. I was so scared and they all knew it. The flowers kept looking at
me

Like I am some wild animal that they had never seemed before. The image of
Mike

Had his arms folded and was just staring into my eyes. He had me hypnotized. I
had

To stare back at him and couldn't stop. It was crazy what was happening to me.

I wanted to cry but couldn't. The other flowers started touching my head as they

All marched around me like they were having some type of ceremony for me.

I just knew they were going to kill me. I just closed my eyes.

While I was lying there on the grass something strange began to

happen to me. My head began to fill light and funny as if it wasn't there at all.

It started to spin around and couldn't stop. I screamed out to the image of Mike to

Stop doing this to me. He didn't say anything but had his eyes closed now and

Was repeating some mumble jumble out of his mouth. All the flowers were
repeating

The same thing. Then they would all start back singing that song. I took my hand
trying to

Fill for my hair but to my surprise, there were none. It had disappeared. I felt the
wind

Blowing into my ears. Tried to turn around but couldn't my head wasn't there
anymore.

Instead nothing but a stem and flowers surrounding it.

My head now resembled the image of Mike and the rest of the flowers.
My arms started shrinking also. They shrunk away from my body, and in place of
Them was a long stem My body started fading away before my eyes. I
stood there looking like a flower. My body had transformed into one
Of them. I was so shocked, my throat got a lump in it and I couldn't say anything
Because it was gradually leaving. Now I began talking the same mumble jumble
Language the flowers were speaking. The transformation was a success.
The image of Mike opened his eyes and ordered the rest of the flowers to gather
Around me. They all did and began feeling all over me. I guess they wanted to
make
Sure the transformation was real. The image came and kissed me and said,
"Yes you made the transition, Floweretta, you are one of us now".
You are my wife and we will travel the world and live life.
All the flowers repeated at the same time. "Welcome to our world".
This is the first time I was able to understand what they were talking about.
Their language sounded familiar. I could understand them. I had
To accept the fact that my old world was gone, the reality had caught up with me.
Now I am in another world, with the image and the flowers. I have no other
Choice but to enjoy my life now and wait for my baby to come.
Which by the way, the image informed me the baby will be here in another day.
A blessing in disguise, I don't have to wait nine months before my baby is born.
There are so many flowers in this field and now I know why. They are born so
fast.
I grabbed and hugged the image of Mike and he ordered me and the rest of
The flowers to follow him. We were going to transition to another state and
Begin our journey there. The image insist I have the baby first which was due

Tomorrow and then we will head out to another place at another time.
This is how my life ended, in another place and another time. Scary movies
Have their bitter effects on those who hear voices. The voices finally won.
I am happy traveling the world with my new family and have no memories
Of Mike or my family. As far as the townspeople, they classified the
Disappearance as a mystery and unsolved case. It was closed also.
My family never got over losing me but did go on living their lives.

They never did go back to Mountain village for anything.

Commented [SL5]:

Rumors has it, many of the residents have moved out and it is
Like a ghost town. No one want to risk their lives or loved ones. They really got
Afraid when I mysteriously disappeared without a trace. No one was ever able
To find me. The case was closed and classified as unsolved mystery. Poor
Rebecca,
Had to go to a psych to keep her mind together. She never got over this strange
event,
Especially since she was the last one to communicate with me and knew I had that
bad
Dream and was feeling eerie about it. She hasn't watched a scary movie since.
She moved away, got married and have two children now she eventually came
back around
To being her old self. But never forgot about me and the question is still in her
mind,
What happened to me? My friend Mike moved out of state and finally got
married,
Settled down and have three children. He has never gotten me off his mind and
Don't mind reminding his wife know how much he once loved me and
Hate that awful ordeal happened to me. As far as I am concerned, I am happy with

The Image of Mike, who transformed back into a flower so he can be just like the Rest of us. We have over fifty flowers which is our babies. A flower can have Babies like that and still be strong. It is a Happy ending after all.

