



Stole Away

R. J. Davies



Copyright © 2024 R. J. Davies

Visit my website at <https://rjdavies.ca>

All rights reserved.

No part of this fictional work may be used or reproduced by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information storage retrieval system without the written permission of the author except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, names, incidents, organizations, and dialogue in this novel are either the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.



R. J. Davies

Contact through <https://rjdavies.ca>

Online Edition

Stole Away

R. J. Davies

Sharp stabbing pain, wincing as I rubbed the back of my head. “What the hell?” I asked the empty room around me. Groaning I pushed myself up into a sitting position, leaning against a cold wall behind me. There was a bit of a lump on the back of my head. Someone hit me? Knocked me out? Where was I? Blinking hard, trying to figure out where I was, it was a container of some sort. A dim light ran along the high ceiling. I was sitting on the floor of a metal large container! But how? Who would do this to me?

Closing my eyes tight, I tried to keep calm. A couple of deep breaths as I searched my mind for the last thing I remember. I was in my office. I was in my office, at work, wasn't I? I was working late on the Candance Burton project. She was one of our harder to sell clients. The advertising had to be fresh, catchy and new. I was sitting at my desk in my office. It was late. I was hungry and was thinking about dinner. Yes, yes, I was. I had just turned off my computer and was calling it a day. Denise knocked on my door. Denise was our intern, brilliant as well as very beautiful. She had taken a liking to me right from the get-go. I would consider her a work friend. Denise, what did she want?

Breathing heavily, I shuddered. What happened after I spoke to Denise? It was dark. Groaning my mind refused to cooperate. What happened at the office? Denise, she came in

and was talking at me. I can see her mouth moving. I can't remember what she was saying though. Was it important? Maybe not.

Sucking in the thin stale air around me I looked at my surroundings. Someone knocked me out. Why? A shipping container? Was I in a shipping container? Why? Human trafficking? Oh shit? But why me? I'm like a middle-aged man. That doesn't make any sense. I have never done anything in my life to warrant someone knocking me out and tossing me into a container. Maybe it was a case of mistaken identity? That had to be it. Struggling I stood up and held on to the wall. My legs and knees felt weak. My body felt heavy. I was moving. This container was moving. Where? Pretty sure who ever it was, wasn't driving me home for dinner.

Darkness was like a sea. There was a little light coming from above, but it wasn't much. Carefully I caressed the wall looking for a door. Finding a seam, I felt like I won the lottery! Now I just needed a handle, or a crack, I stepped to my right to find the rest of it.

The door slide open. Blinking, I found myself starring into a hallway. Looking back at the empty room, then out into the hallway. Poking my head out cautiously, I quickly looked around. The hallway went off in both directions, curving off in both directions. What the hell? Where was I? This had to be some kind of joke. A prank? Julie in accounting! She had to be behind this. She was always pulling pranks on coworkers. Okay Julie you got me, I shook my head. Normally she would pop out, laughing at this point. I waited. Nothing.

"Hello?" I called out, but nothing. Stepping out into the hallway. The door closed behind me. Feeling a sense of dread. Whatever this was, I had a feeling I wasn't going to like it. Maybe it wasn't Julie. How I wished it was Julie. Swallowing hard, I turned right and

quietly made my way down the hall that seemed to go on forever. It led to a large room, that looked like a dining hall. Windows, the large windows caught my heart. I couldn't breathe.

"No, no, no," I rushed over to a window. Outside a small blue marble was growing smaller. Earth? This had to be some kind of nightmare.

"Mathew!" Denise patted me on the shoulder.

I turned and looked at her, as I was about to cry. "Wha?"

She beamed at me. "I wanted to show you, my home. You have been so generous to me."

"Your home?" I croaked. This had to be an elaborate prank but why?

"Yes, you have been my only friend for the last year. I just wanted to show you, my appreciation. I want you to meet my family."

I couldn't find the words to that. I just looked at her then out the window as Earth kept getting smaller. I looked back at her again, and there she was talking again. Her mouth was moving, and I wasn't hearing a word she said. Why was she doing this? Who the hell was she? Pretty sure she wasn't from Vancouver Island like it said on her resume.