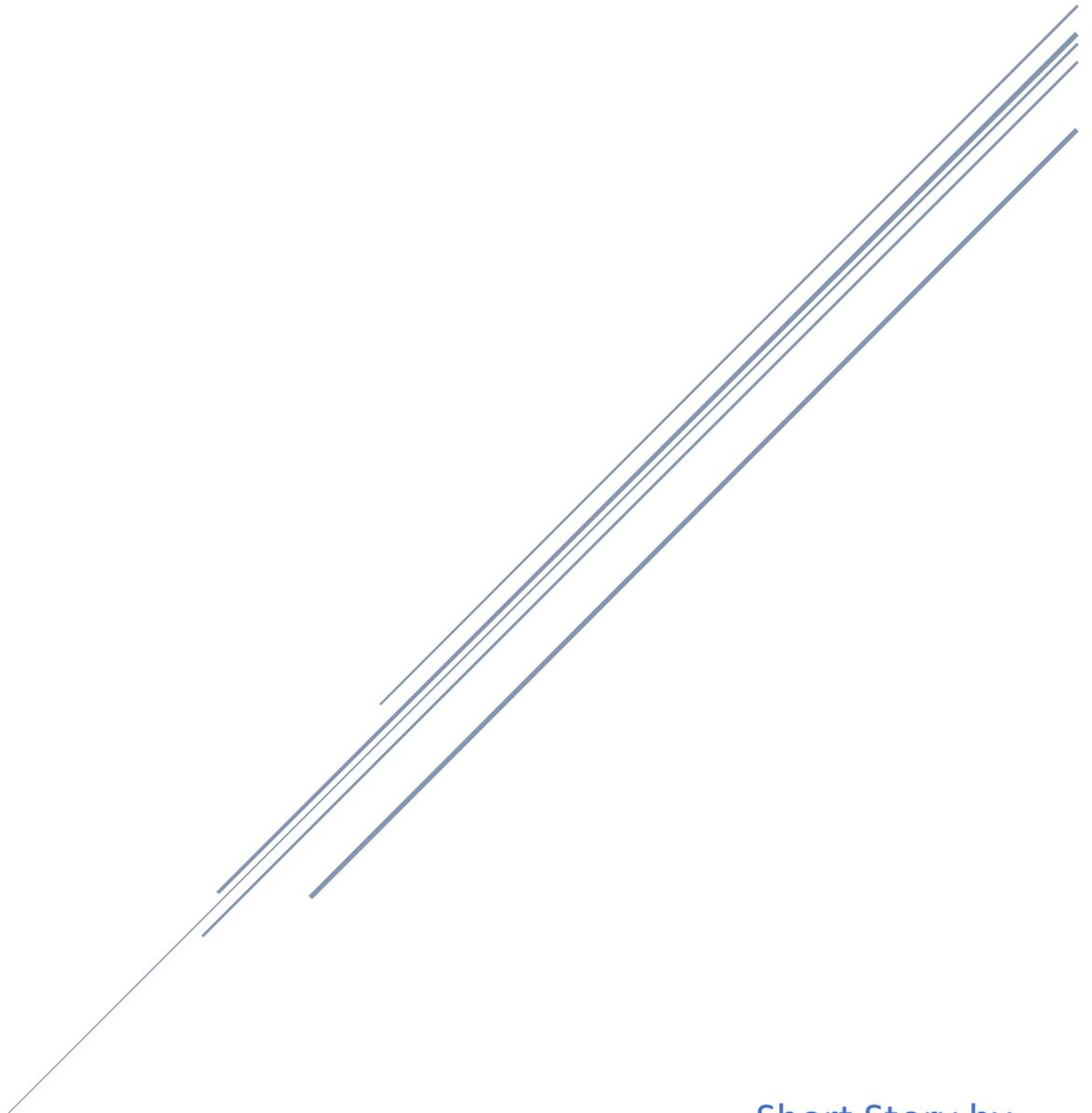


YOLO

R. J. Davies



Short Story by



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Online Edition

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Trisha was a little nervous. She never met anyone online before. All her friends met their current loves that way. They teased her that she was old fashion. She had laughed it off, but she just turned twenty-eight and was feeling a bit old ... that and tired of being the third, fifth, or seventh odd woman out.

She started out with creating an alias account, uploaded an old picture of herself from a couple years ago when she was going through her fat years. Figuring if the guy who selected her could see through the extra weight then he might be worthy to chat with. She got flooded with responses some that were way out there, some that were rude, some that were awkwardly sweet. No one stood out until she got a message from Sam Castle. He seemed fun and encouraging. Sam reminded her ... YOLO ... you only live once. Carpe diem ... seize the day. Since she started talking to him, she went out got a new hair cut she loved, stood out at work by speaking up in meetings and got a promotion. She even asked a cute guy out in her office, it didn't work out, but she didn't hide out at home. She went out and found herself to be more fun to hang out with. Trisha had booked a cruise and finally decide it was about time she met Sam Castle.

Looking at herself in the mirror she subconsciously fixed her hair again for the tenth time. She had come a long way and yet, here she was staring at herself feeling nervous like the insecure woman who message Sam back for the first time.

Her friends told her she should meet him out in public under normal circumstances she would agree but this was Sam ... Sam Castle ... her friend Sam. He

would rather die than hurt her. They have chatted online, on the phone and even video chat. She felt like she knew him her whole life.

A knock at the door made her jump. Smoothing down her dress. She glanced back in the mirror and fussed over her hair again briefly.

"Just a minute," she called. Walking over she opened the door and waved for him to come in. He looked better in person, except for the dark circles under his eyes.

"So, tomorrow is the big cruise day. Are you excited?"

"Yes, I'll be gone for three weeks. Already packed," she pointed to the suitcases in the living room.

"You'll have to send pictures."

"Oh, you know I will. You look a little tired have you slept lately?"

"Oh, I'm good just a little hungry."

"I've made my famous lasagne."

"You know I've been thinking about this dinner since I met you online," he laughed.

She laughed, "oh do you get a lot of dinner invites that way?"

"You would be surprise," he smiled. "Oh hey, I brought some homemade wine. Let me pour you a glass."

"Fantastic! I'll get the glasses," she took off to the kitchen, he met her on the way back in the dining room. She held out the glasses. He poured them both a glass.

"Cheers, here's to finally meeting in real life."

"Cheers," she drank back some and noticed it had an unusual fruity flavour to it. In truth she had tasted better wines, but she didn't want to hurt his feelings and down the rest.

"Oh, I'm so glad you like it," he poured her another full glass.

Nodding she didn't want to be rude, she took another sip, "mmm delicious."

"Let's sit down and dig in. I was planning some movies after dinner if you are up to it," she staggered toward the kitchen table and felt better when she was sitting down. "How much alcohol is in this?" she examined her glass up close. The room felt hot and like it was tilting back and forth. "Sam, I don't think your wine agrees with me," she slurred. The room began to spin faster and then everything went black.

Waking up her head felt fuzzy and her vision blurry like she couldn't focus ... couldn't see straight. This place was not her apartment.

Maybe she was dreaming, go back to sleep she told herself. There was a cool draft on her legs she tried to reach down looking for her blanket ... nothing maybe it fell on the floor? Trisha realized her hands and legs were bounded together. If this was some kind of dream, she wished she would wake up.

'WAKE UP!' she screamed at herself in her mind. Nothing ... forcing her eyes open she realized she was someplace other than her apartment. Sam Castle came into view as he approached her.

"Sorry I had to do that to you Trisha. But I've been waiting too long." His stomach growled.

"Please, don't hurt me," she mumbled. "Please," she begged and felt tears slide down her cheeks and realized she was scared out of her mind.

"Don't worry as soon as the drug wears off. It will be over before you know it."

"Where ... where am ... I?"

"We're at my place, it's on the outskirts of town. I really don't get any visitors out here. I don't know why," he shrugged.

"What ... are you... going ... to do ... to me?" Visions of him raping her and leaving her for dead somewhere flashed through her mind.

"Savour you," he licked her cheek and chuckled. "Sleep, just sleep it off."

She heard his footsteps as he walked away. Her chest hurt as her heart pounded inside her. Gotta get out, gotta get out, gotta get away ... it raced.

Blinking hard she tried to decipher where she was. It was a living room of sorts. the walls were peeling, sun stained, and tired looking. All the furniture was pushed back to the sides of the walls and sheets ... plastic sheets covered everything. Looking down she saw the same decor of plastic sheets covering the floor below her. Then it occurred to her ... Sam didn't plan on letting her out alive!

On the wall in front of her stencilled in red 'You Only Live Once'. There was no escape.