

**THE PERFECT GIFT (BONUS CHAPTER)
BY WINTER K. WILLIS**

**(*WARNING: THIS SCENE CONTAINS SPOILERS FOR THE
PERFECT GIFT BY WINTER K. WILLIS)**

BONUS SCENE: BECCA

This was not how I was supposed to spend my nineteenth birthday. I'm chained to a post in a secret basement, a prisoner of the man who kidnapped me. It's cold here, the light is dim, and the smell of dampness is everywhere. My world is this small space - a rickety chair, an old mattress and a tiny table.

Despite the fear that clutches my heart, I haven't given up. I've watched and listened. I've learned his routines. The times he brings food, the pattern of his footsteps, how long he stays above - these details are my glimmers of hope.

I can tell he's done this before. Just how many times, who knows? But I do know that I'll be the last one. Because there are things about me that he doesn't know. I'm sure he targeted me because I was always alone at the resort. He had an excuse to watch people from behind his camera, but I know that he was really just choosing the next victim. I am intimate with this process. It's the same one that I use. Imagine my surprise finding myself on the other side of it.

Today is different. I notice the basement trap door is not fully closed. I suspect this is a result of all the recent police visits to

his house or possibly him having to rush somewhere to cover his tracks. I have slowly worn down the concrete surrounding the post I am chained to. It will be heavy to carry. The chain will make it hard to run, but if needed, I can use the post as a weapon. My heart pounds in my chest; this is my chance. I move quietly up the stairs, every sense alert.

Reaching the top, I see the front door. Freedom is just a few steps away. I push it open and step out into the tropical night. It's a world away from the basement.

I think of going to the police, but I know if I do, they'll look into me. I can't have that. Besides, there is only one way to make sure that he won't do this to anyone else. He's the exact type of person my uncle has trained me to focus on. My uncle and I have rules that we follow when choosing our targets, and unluckily for this guy, he fits firmly into our criteria. I don't know if I'm his only survivor, but I know I will be his reckoning. I carry the chain and post as best I can as I disappear into the darkness of the night.