

A HORROR SHORT STORY

A photograph of a person from behind, sitting on a wooden chair. Their hands are tied together behind their back with a thick rope. The person is shirtless, and the lighting is dramatic, highlighting the musculature of their back and arms. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

ABDUCTED

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By Areeba Khalid

You have no idea how easy it is to trap someone these days. You might think it is diabolical, and you might think I'm crazy, but it is really simple; all you have to do is make them feel they are in charge. It's no wonder I have a long list of victims, and tonight I am about to add one more to the list. I had laid the perfect trap. A trap that can deceive anyone, a trap that at first makes you believe that you are safe, that you are the hunter and not the prey, that you have the power, and then when they let their guard down when they least expect it, I strike.

Tonight I was dressed in a most elegant short, backless black dress with matching black leather boots. When I entered the pub, many heads turned in my direction, thinking that maybe one of them would take me home tonight as a price, but like I said, I am the hunter, and it is me who decides who to take home. I went to sit on a chair at the bar. I didn't let them think I took notice of any of them. In particular, I don't have to go to my prey; instead, they come to me. It had only been two minutes when one of them sat at the table next to me and offered me a drink.

I turned it down, saying I was waiting for someone, which was true. I was waiting for the man I had picked out of all of them to approach me. After every few moments, I look at him, urging him to come closer. I love men like him. It's so fun to play with their minds and torture them. It brings me joy to hear them scream in pain. It is a pleasure to crush their pride and make them beg you to stop. Those pleading voices are music to my ears.

The man I was waiting for came to me at last. He offers me a drink, and I take it, laughing at his jokes. He believes he has me now; he believes he is a stud because I chose him over all the men in the room. What a pathetic idiot. He tells me his name is Charlie, and we talk for a little while before I come close to him and say softly, "This place is too crowded. Can we go somewhere we can be alone?"

He smiles at me and says, "Sure, where you want to go."

I whisper in his ear, "At my house."

He is taken aback; he wasn't expecting this so soon. He looks at me up and down before asking, "Are you sure you want to?"

I answer with a little annoyance, "I am, but if you are not, I can go home alone." And with that, I start to stand up for my seat, and he stops me by holding my hand.

"Wait, I did not mean it like that. Just let me pay the bills, and then we can leave."

Within ten minutes, we are out of the pub and in a cab driving us to my house. We stop right outside the house, he pays the cab driver, and I hold his hand, dragging him to the front door. I open the door, and we are in.

He takes a moment to look at the house while I lock the door behind him. Before he turns toward me and we start kissing, I bring him to the couch in the dining room and sit on his lap. His hands are warped around me, but my one hand is holding the back of his head while the other has a syringe filled with a drug to keep a man unconscious for five hours.

He starts taking off his jacket when I jab him in the neck with the drug. He screams

and looks at me with bewildered eyes. I smile, and in a few seconds, before he realizes what has happened, he becomes unconscious. I stand up and drag his unconscious body to the basement of my house. I open the door to the hidden room in my basement and drag him in before closing the door behind me.

I turn on the lights, and everything is just as I left it. There is a hospital bed in the center of the room with leather straps to tie someone to it, then there is the table on which I have placed all of my torturing equipment, and in one corner of the room there is a cage big enough for a man to sit in with a small tray for food and water outside of it.

It would be an effort to lay this man's body on top of the bed, but I have enough practice doing this without much trouble. I lay him on the bed and tie him up with the straps. Oh, this is going to be fun. I love to make them feel so helpless. I go to the table and pick up the electric teaser and a piece of cloth to tie around and put in his mouth. I finish tying the cloth around his mouth and use the electric teaser to wake him up.

His eyes are wide open, and he is looking around bewildered. He tries to scream, but the sound is muffled by the piece of cloth in his mouth. He looks at me and then struggles against the leather straps to free himself.

"Don't bother, sweetheart." I tell him, "It's no use."

He tries to say something but can't thanks to his mouth being filled with cloth, but I already know what he wants to say without hearing it. They all say the same thing: "I know what you want to say. Who are you? Where am I? Why are you doing this? Please let me go. You picked the wrong man. There has to be a mistake."

I electricute him once more with the electric teaser; he closes his eyes in agony, his body shudders, and cold sweat breaks on his forehead.

"Let's try something else, shall we?" I say, picking up scissors from the table and using them to rip his clothes off.

"Do you feel humiliated yet? I will be merciful and won't take your boxers off for now." There will be plenty of time to break his pride. I pick up an iron rod from the table and heat one end until it becomes very hot. I then take off the cloth, closing his mouth.

The moment his mouth is free, he shouts with all his strength, "Help someone, please help."

I place the iron rod on his bare stomach, and he cries in pain, "Ahhhhhh." His screams echo through the room. It causes a chill of pleasure to walk down my spine. I love the sound of his scream; it fills me with joy, but he stops screaming, and I jab him hard again with the hot iron rod, this time on his chest, and he screams louder than before.

Oh, God, this is fun. This is so much fun. "I would have advised you not to waste your breath because no one can hear you, but I enjoy the sound of your screams so much. Keep going," I say, once again placing the iron rod on his chest right above his heart.

He screams louder, and his eyes become filled with tears. "Please stop, please; I would do anything," he begs me.

"Sweetheart, I don't want you to do anything except scream and beg to stop." "Why are you doing this?" he asks me.

"Why do animals prefer to hunt for food even when they are served food on a silver plate? The answer is simple: It is more fun to play with your food before you eat it." I answer and once again place the iron rod on his chest.

"You are sick!" he shouts at me. His scream is not as loud as before, and I assume that he is getting used to the pain. "I think I will have to change my tools. You seem stronger than you look." I say, and I pick up the table and whip it hard on his chest. A red mark appeared on his skin along with the burned marks made by the iron rod. It is a beautiful contrast of colors, as if I have painted a picture on his skin. I continue to beat him with that whip until the white skin of his stomach and chest turns bright red and dark blue bruises appear on his skin while he shouts curses at me and screams endlessly for help.

The poor thing doesn't seem to realize that if anyone could hear him, they would have come to help him by now. This room is soundproof; I can cause an explosion in here and the neighbors would be none the wiser.

My arms become a little tired from beating him, and I decide to take a break.

"Time to go back to sleep, sweetheart. I will come up with more ways for us to have fun later. Take some rest now," I say, and once again injecting him with the drug, he falls asleep in a matter of seconds.

I untied him, took off his boxers, and shoved his body inside that cage in the corner. I will let him rest for a little while before tormenting him a bit more and finishing him off.

I go upstairs to my room and change into something more comfortable. I pick a red top with black jeans and a leather jacket with matching boots, tie my hair up in a ponytail, and come back downstairs in my kitchen for some food and a bowl of milk for my playmate.

I go back down to the basement and enter the hidden room. He is just as I left him, naked and unconscious. He looks tired. I place the bowl of milk inside the cage through a small opening. He is still unconscious. For a moment, I almost felt sorry for disrupting his sleep, but then again, I prefer screams to this utter silence. It feels so eerie. I hate it.

I pick up the electric teaser that is shaped like a long stick and jab him with it.

"Ahhhh!" he wakes up screaming.

"Stop doing that, you bitch," he shouts at me, annoyed. I am offended by his foul language and will jab him again.

"Is this how you speak to a woman? Show some respect," I say, placing a chair in front of the cage and sitting cross-legged on it.

"What do you want from me?" he asks, curled in a sitting position, trying to hide his bare parts.

"I already told you I want to break your mind and body; I want to hear you scream," I say in a gentle voice.

"Now lick the milk from the bowl in front of you," I say.

"What, what do you mean lick?" he asks, perplexed.

"Lick it, like a dog, and once you're done, bark gently to show your gratitude," I say maliciously, and he looks me in the eye with disbelief.

"You are crazy; why would I do that?" he asks me.

"Why you ask? Well, I thought that was obvious because if you won't do as I say, I will beat the life out of you," I say with a wicked smile, "now lick."

I wave the electric teaser in front of him threateningly. He looks me in the eye. I can see him fighting with his pride internally for a moment. I think he will disobey me. Then, finally giving up his internal struggle, he bows his head and licks the milk from the bowl.

"Good boy, you made me happy. Now finish it quickly so we can play again." I say he tries his best not to finish the milk too quickly because once it ends, he knows I will go back to torturing him. He is taking too long, and I'm getting annoyed. I jab him again with the electric teaser.

"What I did as you asked," he says.

"You are taking too long to finish it quickly." He hurries and finishes it and barks woof."

I laugh, then pick up the gun from the side table and point it at him. He looks at me scared and says, "Please, I did as you asked; please let me go. I won't say anything to anyone," he begs me.

"Stop crying; I'm not going to kill you, not yet at least, and not so easily."

I shot near his cage, and he screamed In fright. The milk I fed him had a large dose of heroin in it. In a matter of seconds, he will be so high he won't have a clue what's happening, and then I will play with him.

He seems dizzy; his gaze becomes unsteady; he smiles at me and laughs; he is completely stoned. I stood up and opened his cage. I tell him to get out, and he obeys.

"Dance for me," I tell him, pointing my gun at him.

Just as he grabs my gun, his gaze becomes alarmed. He tricked me; he obviously has a tolerance for that drug. He tries to take the gun from me by force but fails, so he punches me in the ribs and throws me on the ground.

He takes the gun and runs out of the room into the basement. I stand up and run after him. He is halfway up the stairs going out of the basement. He grabs the doorknob and tries to open it. When I grab him from behind and try to take the gun back from him, I punch him hard in the stomach with one hand and take the gun back.

He falls on the stairs and hits the back of his head. I reloaded the gun and shot him in the leg. The sound of the gunshot echoes in the room, and blood starts pouring out of his leg. He starts screaming in pain.

"Help someone, please," he cries.

I hope the neighbors didn't hear him.

"Shut up, you asshole," I say, and I shoot near his arm, which becomes grazed by the bullet and starts bleeding. I waste no time before he tries to stand up. I hit him hard on the head with my gun, and he fell to the ground. I didn't want to end this so soon, but I have no choice.

I have to kill him now, but I won't give him an easy death after the trouble he caused

me. How dare he try to run? How dare he try to hurt me? I grab him by the legs and drag his body back inside the hidden room.

The blood coming out of his leg leaves a trail of blood on the basement floor, which I will have to clean after I get rid of his body. I leave him on the floor bleeding and go to the table. I grab a plastic bag and a wire from the table and come back to him. He tried to crawl out of the room while I was turned away.

I come back to him and kick him hard in the ribs, and he screams "Please no, please let me go, let me go, I beg you".

I sit on top of him, put the plastic bag over his head, and wrap the wire around his neck to stop any air from entering, strangling him. The sound of his screams is muffled by the plastic bag.

He tries to free himself with his hands; he tries to hit me; he tries to fight me with his hands, but I keep strangling him; he kicks his feet on the ground in desperation. I could feel his breathing becoming hard and slow beneath me. I can feel his lungs running out of air and his heartbeat falling slowly until it stops.

His arms and legs stopped struggling and lay limply on the ground. His body stops moving, and I realize that it's done. The wire I tied around his neck is biting into his skin, causing blood to pour out of it, but it does not bother him anymore, I realize, because he is dead.