

My space

It's been a long day. Again.

Nothing went well, everything feels so wrong.

Its all jangled and there are angry noises being made in the dark, people are just, so, cruel.

She sat through the last hour clenching her buttocks for want of something finding its way into her hands, like Ste's neck say, and she would squeeze and squeeze and crush.

It was a small office. The bad karma flowed like oil. Four years. Four years of this and she couldn't see a way out.

"She's off 'er rocker 'er" Ste intones to the new office assistant, she was well within earshot, the fact that he doesn't care is worse than the fact he said it.

Head down, philosophising about the runes in the pavements cracks she traipses home, barely glimpsing past the limp wet hair that hangs almost obscuring her face.

She likes not to be seen. It's best that way. Always has been.

The house is her own. All of it. Of this she is very proud. Her job at the small letting agents office doesn't make her well off by any standards but self sufficient.

Someone like Ste wouldn't ever be able to understand that.

She had mousy lank hair, she still wore knee length socks, her clothes were not this years or perhaps even the last but she had her house. Ste was a prick. She shook her head as she closed her door and rubbed at her eyes behind her glasses, it seems the rain isn't the only moisture there, Ste has managed to ruin her day again.

If not for this little kingdom and her tenuous grip on it, she may have chanced looking for work elsewhere, but that took time she didn't really have. Besides. She was good at her job. And she had been there twice as long as 'big dick' Ste.

It wasn't as though he was remarkable in any way, she had never cast him longing glances or imagined what he would look like naked and dipped in chocolate, and

therein was the rub. He believed that any girl would be mad not to want him, he had made a pass at her once. She had politely declined. After that the berating started. A comment here, a whisper there. The glances that said 'you have a pussy...how can you not want me to have it?'

She had never had a man. When Ste had asked her to go for a drink with him her curt but polite reply had been that she simply didn't think it was a good idea. She had been as inoffensive as she could have been about it.

His face had spoke a million words, all of them defamation of the female race and the organ encompassed thereof.

She pushed all of this out of her mind, imagining Ste as a limpet, clinging to her earlobe, kicking his tiny legs and grunting, '*MY COCK, MY COCK, YOU WANT IT BABEEEEEEEEEEEE*'

It was time for a little quiet. She had earned it. She put her coat on the coat rack and went to her cupboard. It was a little snug situated in the entrance hall underneath the stairs. It was small, but not too much so. She had a stool in there and it was upon this she sat and closed the small door. The moment the door closed she was cast into darkness, after her eyes adjusted she began to see the faint outline of the hallway light under the small door. As minutes passed she felt the days stresses leave her slowly, but they were leaving. As they always did when she was in her space. Her eyes were closed now. On occasions her mind wandered and she allowed it go freely, the freedom and exercise of a healthy mind was the way to maintaining mental stability, or so she truly believed.

She was off!, down a rolling grassy hill she floated, her shadow rich and dark beneath her passing over daisies, insects, interesting rocks, she truly enjoyed her flying fantasies. She grinned in the dark with her arms out stretched, her fingers twining

through the imaginary air that flew past them.

Then Ste appeared. Right, in, the, middle of the field she was flying through. He was smiling vulpinely, showing her an overburdened mouth full of craggily teeth that looked wicked sharp, “OI!”

Her eyes flew open as her breath caught in her throat.

“no...” she sobbed. This was her space! There was no devilment allowed here!

Perhaps today had been worse than she thought.

“It’s OK, OK, OK...” letting her breath draw deeper she inhaled and exhaled steadily.

She wanted him out of her head and she would do it by relaxing herself completely, she’d never gotten quite so wound up before and this may have been the first time ever she had been so rudely interrupted whilst on one of her jaunts. But by God she would make it the last!

“How you gonna do that toots?” a voice behind her left ear inquired.

Good question...

*If Ste happens to be there the next time I fly down that hill I am going to let myself do what I wanted to do earlier and put my hands around his throat, tight enough so I can feel his larynx bobbing up and down in fear and then I will begin applying pressure, AND I WON'T STOP TILL HIS EYES BUG OUT ON STALKS!*

“Please proceed” the voice behind her left ear demurred.

She closed her eyes and a secret smile curled her lips. The voice had not caused her alarm, the exact opposite in fact, she felt comforted. Blessed.

Behind her eyelids in the enclosed space that she called her own she took wing again, this time her vision was one of a night time plain, it seemed she was running down a canal path, was she gained enough speed she would take off...she held on for the delicious release of it and then WHOSH! She was airborne. Tracking her own dark

shadow underneath her as father moon painted her outline so deeply it could have been cut from reality.

There were no further problems that day. She flew and took in the sights of the town, the people and places, she enjoyed looking, she felt simple love for the people going about their business and not one drop of envy that she herself spectated rather than taking part. Simple love was like that.

Back in the office next day she made sure she would be working in the back office, they were so far behind with the filing she exclaimed to the boss that she wouldn't feel right just leaving it all to the new assistant. The boss, pleased as always by her eagerness to please bid her good afternoon and left her to it, Ste was out front, driving the customers away and making pussy jokes with the new office assistant, a painfully thin shy lad who looked like he would drop dead very literally if a pussy presented itself to him. Shame. Just the kind of lad to look at Ste as a 'man of the world'. She guffawed into her hands. Ste! Man of the world! Ha! She was more a man of the world than he was, and she spent most of her time sat in a closet. But nice closet.

Knock, knock. "Who is it?" she asked round the stack of folders she was alphabetising.

"I wanna talk to you"

*Ohhhhhhhhh! Go away you rude little prick...*

"really Steven I wish you wouldn't"

But he was already halfway in the room.

"What's your fuckin' problem?"

She felt heat flare up the back of her neck, her stomach rolled greasily.

"Steven, I wish...", "...that I wouldn't. I know. Don't I ever. I don't get yet"

*There's a very good reason for that Prick!*

“Remember what you thought about doing” she heard behind her. Steven hadn't heard it. A smile widened her face.

Ste, not feeling quite like he had a moment ago when he was gonna show the offices new swinging dick just how you get the pussy your after, had never, *ever*, seen such a ferociously warm look in his life. He was in truth, gob smacked.

“Why don't you go now Steven.”

He fumbled for the door knob behind him. He couldn't quite take his eyes of her grin. It looked for a second there like there were things in her mouth. Moving things.

Ste scrambled back out to the front office. Fuck her if she was gonna get all weird on him. Probably a lez, stupid cunt. He rubbed the back of his neck, his bristles were all stood up.

She went about her business. The thought of Ste's throat under her palms was a good one, she mentally thanked the owner of the voice for reminding her.

Back home and back to her space she sensed that today she had turned a corner.

He'd come in to give her grief, she had seen him off. Perhaps now they could just get on with the business of doing their jobs. She couldn't reconcile the fact that he lusted after her when there were so many pretty girls, far more willing too. Well. She imagined it was only because she'd said no that had meant he'd redoubled his efforts.

He was there from almost the very first moment she arrived home. He had broken the back door that led into the kitchen and waited down the side of the fridge freezer. He thought the first place she'd go would be the kitchen, make tea or at least have a brew.

He'd heard a door close in the hallway. If he needed any more confirmation that she was cracked he really had it now didn't he? Shutting herself in the fucking cupboard. Silly cow. Well. He had come here with the intention of raping her. Maybe killing her. He had to do something, the look she had given him today didn't speak of her fear of him anymore and if he couldn't maintain the fear of a little mousie like her... He wouldn't think of it. He would rag her out of the cupboard, pin her to the floor and do her. As hard as he could.

Spit caught in his throat and he almost coughed. He crept over to the cupboard door, leaned out to touch the handle, yanked it open!

She wasn't there.

"What the fuck?"

"Ooooh Steven" from right behind his ear!

"HUH!" he jumped round and looked directly into the empty living room.

"Fuck this!" he bolted back through the kitchen and slammed out of the back door.

He ran for home as fast as his legs would carry him, he decided to cut through the park, the moon as his guide he ran down the path, feet slapping tarmac. He looked down at his feet and tripped in his terror, a shadow was hovering above him!

He brought up his knees to gain his feet again, religious terror stopped him from looking round to see his pursuer.

*PILLAR OF SALT, HOLY SHIT, PILLAR OF SALT...SODOM KNOWS NOTHING OF MY SINS!*

"OOOhhh Steven!" the voice could not be denied and he stopped. He was either having the worst of all dreams he had ever had or it was his day of judgement. Right here. Right now.

He hung his head and saw the shadow race out in front of him then veer left.

He bolted. Arms and legs flew at fierce angles as he gained maximum speed, he would get to the bottom of the path, once he broke the tree line then whatever was going on, *that bitch, that crazy cunt*, would stop.

“ArrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrggggggggghHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” arms dug under his pits and he was lifted, moments before his legs caught the news, he threw up his arms to try and claw the fucking harpy from her grip when an all encompassing pain filled his world with red glass. The slender tree branch had caught him in the stomach and it was upon that branch it dawned to him that running maybe have only bought him ten seconds at best. A cough bubbled forth and brought with it arterial blood, it blackened his face in the moonlight.

A laughter filled the night.

Things went quiet for a while. It had been in the paper of course. How many tree branch disembowelments did you come across these days. There were pictures of it being circulated by people with mobile phones. Insidious little things. She didn't own one. She didn't agree with them. But the office assistant couldn't wait to show her the picture he had been sent. It was taken from the hill leading down into the park. Ste had known it well, it had been the last place he had tread after all. You could make out a whorey old tree with many thick branches, and, about half way up, like a bizarre bauble on a premature Christmas tree was a naked man. The branch through his middle was clear to see, along with the runners of red down the back of the mans legs.

'PRICK' had been written across his back in blood.

What the office assistant didn't know was that Ste's testicles had been missing, never found. What the office assistant also didn't know was that when she went into her

space now, she wore her new 'lucky' earrings.