

THE FOG

He was excited because he finally gets to be alone with Amy, not that he expected anything romantic to happen. He just wanted to spend some one-on-one time with her.

She cooked a delicious looking meal and Barry couldn't wait to eat.

"Go wash up," Amy said as she pointed down the hall. "First door on your right."

As he was running the hot water, the mirror above the sink fogged up. He turned off the faucet and stared at the words that were being formed through the fog.

HELP ME. I'M IN THE BACK BEDROOM.

The words faded as soon as the fog dissipated.

He wasn't quite sure what he should say or do, if anything. Maybe this was just a joke and he didn't want to fall for it.

"Amy, does anyone else live here?" he asked nonchalantly.

"No. Why do you ask?"

"Just wondering," he said with a smile.

He devoured the delicious meal that Amy placed in front of him. As soon as he was finished, she asked him to take a seat in the living room while she cleared the table.

As soon as he made himself comfortable, he was asleep.

He forced an eye open. He had never done that before, just fall to sleep after eating. He had no idea how long he had slept.

He looked through the slit of his open eye to get his bearings.

Where am I? He wondered as he slowly opened his other eye. *How long was I asleep?*

He lifted his head up to look at his surroundings. He wasn't able to move any part of his body other than his head. *Why can't I move?*

He turned his head from side to side to take in the darkness. It was pitch black in that room.

"Hello," he whispered and waited for a response.

He heard what he thought was a groan.

"Is anyone in here?" Barry asked.

Another groan and it was coming from somewhere behind him.

Barry tried to move. That's when he discovered he was trussed up like a Thanksgiving turkey.

His hands were tied at the wrists with a rope pulling towards his feet that were also tied. *How am I going to get out of these ropes?*

Barry tugged at his hand restraints and realized that when he did that he caused pain in the area of his ankles where they were tied.

Great, he thought. *Any kind of movement will cause pain.*

"Hello?" he whispered again.

"Hey, who are you?" asked a weak voice.

“I’m Barry. Can you help me?”

“No, I can’t get up,” said the weak voice.

“What’s your name?” Barry asked.

“Everett Burton,” he said as his voice faded.

“How long have you been here?” Barry asked.

“I don’t know. What day is it?”

“It’s Friday, date night, I think, but I’m not sure because I had been knocked out for a while,” Barry answered.

“What is the month?”

“April.”

“I was put in here in March. I’ve been here for a few days. I guess,” said Everett weakly.

“Have they fed you and let you got to the bathroom?” asked Barry.

“Sometimes...” His voice completely faded.

There was a sudden light in the room. Barry blinked his eyes from the sharp pain of jerking his body in his trussed up position.

“Why have you tied me up?” Barry demanded when he saw a man standing in front of him.

“It’s a hobby,” said the man with a laugh.

“What are you planning to do to me?” Barry demanded.

“Whatever pleases Amy and me,” he said with another laugh escaping from his smirking lips.

“I need to go to the bathroom,” said Barry.

“That sounds like a personal problem,” said his captor snidely.

“Hey you! I really do need to use the bathroom,” Barry said loudly.

“Not now. You’ll have to wait,” said the captor as he turned to leave.

“They don’t care anything about what you need,” whispered Everett.

“We’ve got to figure a way to get out of here,” Barry said softly.

“I’ve tried but I haven’t been able to do it. I hope you can,” said Everett.

“I wish there was some kind of light in here,” Barry mumbled. He pushed on the restraints on his wrists and winced from the pain. No matter how much it hurt, he was going to get himself and Everett free.

The light flashed into existence again and Barry took the opportunity to give his surroundings a quick glance. He wasn’t able to see Everett because Everett was positioned somewhere behind him. Then he heard Amy’s voice.

When Amy walked closer to him so he could see her, he saw a woman whose appearance had changed dramatically from the sweet young lady who had cooked him a sumptuous meal.

“Why?” he asked Amy.

The look on her face was something between funny and demonic.

“I heard Darrell tell you that it’s a hobby. Well – that is exactly why we do this. We like to see you sex hungry men squirm, beg, and cry until you can’t handle it anymore. That’s when we put you out of your misery.”

“Do you mean you are going to kill us?” asked Barry.

“Yes, but we are going to have some fun first. Everett is about ready for his days to come to an end,” she said with a smile. “But he’s been a good one. Darrell and I have had a lot of fun with him.”

She stepped away out of Barry’s sight line and he heard Everett sigh.

“No, not again,” Everett moaned. “Go ahead and kill me. I can’t take any more pain.”

There was a rustling sound and grunts as Everett was forced to his feet.

“We might just do that, kill you, I mean,” said Amy.

“No, no, don’t hurt Everett,” shouted Barry, “We can keep each other company until you get your jollies with me.”

“Are you volunteering to be tortured?” asked Amy.

“I guess I am if you leave Everett alone.”

“No, I don’t think so, not yet anyway. Everett will come with me so Darrell and I can have some fun,” Amy said as she shoved Everett toward the door.

The door closed and Barry was left in darkness again.

Barry had no idea what they were planning to do for fun but he didn’t want to have any part of it.

Screams of pain could be heard; they were muffled, but he could still hear them. He was afraid Everett wouldn't last until the end of the torture session.

Pain or no pain, I've got to get out of these ropes, he thought as he worked on the wrist restraints. Every time he moved his arms in any way, it tugged on his ankles, but he knew he had to do it.

He could feel the ropes loosen a bit, but the ankle restraints tightened even more. He worked the ropes until they loosened enough to pull his hands through, but he heard sounds indicating they were coming back into the room.

Amy and Darrell held Everett up between them and dragged him to his place behind Barry.

Everett was moaning but he was still alive.

Amy and Darrell tied up Everett again and promptly left the room.

"Everett?" Barry said in a whisper.

There was a moan in response.

"Can you walk?" Barry asked.

"I don't know," Everett said weakly.

"Are you able to get out of here?" asked Barry.

"Yes, yes, I will be able to get out of here," said Everett with a little more life in his voice.

Barry pulled his hands from the ropes and reached for the ties on his ankles. Because his hands were free, his ankles slipped out of the ropes easily. He stood up slowly fearing that he would pass out if he rose up too fast. Once he was stable, he walked back to Everett and loosened his ropes.

“Be really quiet, Everett. I don’t want them to hear us moving around.”

“Okay,” Everett whispered.

“Do you know how to get out of here?” Barry asked. “I don’t know where to go because they’ve never let me out of here.”

“Yes, yes, if you help me to the door, I’ll show you the way,” whispered Everett.

“Where do you think Amy and Darrell have gone” asked Barry.

“To bed probably. Darrell was more than ready when he was finished torturing me. His excitement was really visible in his jeans.”

“That’s sick,” said Barry.

“Yes, I know.”

“Let’s go. I think my car is outside and I have a spare key hidden in my shoe,” said Barry.

“I don’t have my keys,” said Everett. “They took them from me.”

“Mine too, but I always keep a spare in my shoe,” said Barry.

Barry asked Everett to lean on him and they walked out the door of the room into a hallway that was dark.

“Which way?” asked Barry.

“To the left, right will take you to their room,” answered Everett. “There’s a door at the end of this hall. They took me out there once so I could see freedom briefly.”

Barry allowed Everett to lean against him as they both walked toward freedom. Neither of them spoke for fear of being heard by Amy and Darrell.

Barry reached for the doorknob to turn it but it wouldn’t move.

“It’s locked,” he whispered to Everett.

“Oh, no,” said Everett as Barry felt him lean on him more. It felt like his full body weight had fallen onto him.

“What do we do now?” asked Barry.

“Try it again, please,” whispered Everett.

Barry turned the doorknob again and it moved under his grasp. He felt relief race from his hand and arm as he pushed the door open.

The sunlight hit his face and he gasped. He didn’t know it was day time. Because Amy and Darrell had gone to bed, he had it in his mind that it was dark outside.

Barry walked Everett to his car on the passenger side.

“Lean here, Everett. I’ve got to get the key from my shoe.”

As soon as he unlocked the door, he helped Everett inside.

“Don’t slam the door. I’ll close it for you,” said Barry. He was afraid the noise would let Amy and Darrell know they were escaping.

After quietly closing the door on the passenger side, Barry walked around the car and unlocked the door on the driver side. He jumped inside, started the car, and slammed it into gear. He smiled as he realized he was free.

“Where do you live, Everett?”

“Stillwell.”

“So do I. We are going to make a stop at the Sheriff’s Office. The Town Police wouldn’t help us much because Amy and Darrell are doing their evil deeds out of town,” said Barry.

Barry and Everett were taken to the hospital on the county’s tab to get them both checked out. It was a foregone conclusion that Everett would be admitted. Barry was in much better condition.

The sheriff dispatched the SWAT Team to pick up Amy and Darrell.

With the passage of time, it was discovered that Amy and Darrell were serial killers, and all of their victims were unattached men just like Barry and Everett.

Life sentences with no chance of parole was what they received but as to how many men were killed, it remained unknown.