

Hollow Power

Chapter Fourteen

Hehehe.

I've sure come a long way from the defenseless runt I once was. I laughed at all of it when I became strong. But the pain of feeling powerless is awful. It leaves a bad taste in your mouth. It tastes worse than his ejaculate...

I can still remember what it's like to have my being torn out of me from the inside.

At the time, my mother had divorced my father for being neglectful of her. I was six. She remarried a few months after that. A little quick if you ask me. That's when I met him... My stepfather, James.

He was a large, tall man with lots of muscle. Solid, but not ripped. He had a light skinned complexion, bald, and quick to smile. Always with the black leather biker jacket and tight blue jeans. The only clothes that ever really changed on him were his shirts, white or black. That was his idea of style.

When he first came through our door with his big, black shades and chewing a drinking straw like a horse, I felt afraid. I was six, and stepping into our safe space is this six-foot-three giant. My thin framed mother was all over his arm, smiling like she just got her first bike. All I could do was stare up at this stranger, waiting to see if he would stomp me.

"Eric," my mother happily said, "meet your stepfather, James."

James towered over me and kneeled down to muss my hair with his child-killing hands. He smiled at me from behind those tinted shades. “Hey, little man. I’m gonna be living with your mommy. You don’t have to call me dad, just call me James.”

My fear vanished. He seemed like such a nice man at that point... Stupid.

A year had passed since he moved in with us. It was truly a happy time for me and my mom. But I was still missing my dad. He never came by to see me that whole year. He even missed my birthday. And usually when I felt sad about something, I became withdrawn.

That evening, I was up in my room, lying on the floor, facing the blue wall near my window. Earlier, I was asked to clean my room, but I didn’t. So my closet by the entrance of my room was half open with junk, and my toy chest at the foot of my bed was trying to munch on my dangling toys.

My mom came to my room to see if I wanted anything from the supermarket. Whenever she had to make a supermarket run for the week, she would always wear a green or orange sundress during the warmer seasons, and sandals with her blonde hair down. Apparently she thought in our suburban town there was a dress code for shopping.

Normally I would ask for candy, but I was too down to ask for anything. I shook my head and continued pushing my toy truck across the hardwood floor.

She comes near me and kneeled down. “Sweetie, you’ve been depressed for weeks. I’m worried about you. You sure you don’t want anything? Candy? Chips? Yogurt, sweetie?” I still shook my head. She sighed and rubbed my back. “Alright, sweetheart,” she said before standing. “I’ll be back in a few hours. James will be here to watch you, okay?”

I nodded.

I felt her still watching me. I could feel those sad eyes on me before she left the room. Not too long after my mom left, I hear my door creak open. I looked back and saw James standing there with a toothpick in his mouth, chewing it like hay.

“Hey, little guy,” he said strangely. I didn’t say anything, just kept rolling my truck. “How you feeling today?” I shrugged. “Come on, Eric. You haven’t said a thing to me since last week. Are you mad at me?” I still didn’t answer.

James walked toward me and knelt down. “You want to see something cool?”

I was a little curious, so I nodded. I usually loved cool surprises. This time would be no different... I thought. James stood back up to close and lock my door. I had a good feeling about this one.

“Close your eyes, Eric.” I sat up with a little smile and closed my eyes. “Now count to ten out loud.” I stupidly giggle and started counting. When I reached ten, he told me to reach my hands out.

I felt something really soft and warm. It felt good in my hands. Then it moved. I giggled like a little girl. “What is it? Is it a pet?” I said, trying not to scream in excitement from having a pet.

“It is a pet. A pet you can play with all you want.”

I felt its tense body and was wondering why it felt like it was changing shape in my hands. “It’s a turtle! No, a snake! A baby snake! Can I see now!?” I laughed a little. “Eww, it drooled on me!”

“You ready to see it? He’s very excited to meet you.”

“Yeah! I’m ready!”

“Open your eyes, Eric.”

Words cannot describe... the horror and instant scarring that gripped me the moment I saw this man’s erect penis.

I fell backward and crawled away screaming my head off. James grabbed my head and gagged me with his penis. I bit down to hurt him, but that pissed him off. He punched me in the back twice. I felt the air leave my chest before he shoved his organ down my mouth. James was a fucking animal.

“You bite me again, Eric, and this will be unpleasant for you.” Too late was what I had running in my head. I was crying like a baby, screaming for help. But his monster eel from hell was muffling everything.

“Ooooh, Eric. Your screams are killing me. You got your mother’s lungs.”

Fucking pig, fucking pig! I hate this story...

At that point, he was literally having sex with my face. Pumping away like he’s working to find desert water. “If you weren’t being so nasty to me these past weeks, I wouldn’t have to de-stress like this. Why didn’t you hug me this week, Eric? Why!?” he thrust harder.

I couldn’t push out from him. Lord knows I tried.

It was terrifying. I trusted this man. And it isn’t like me to trust like that. He didn’t even give a shit about what he was doing to me. I believed all he ever told me. He said he would

protect me. He said he would never hurt me. And now, my eyes were bulging with each horrifying push from this monster. He was so strong. Too strong. I could do nothing against him.

He pins me down and keeps going. Drilling my throat for that lost well, bouncing my head off the floor. I was gagging, swallowing fluids down all the wrong pipes. The more I coughed to breath, the harder it got. I thought I would blackout. I almost did a few times. Before I knew it, a thick, warm fluid splashed through my mouth and down my throat.

“Swallow it,” James threatened.

I fearfully did what he said with wide eyes and tears coming down with each attempt. As he pulled out, he wiped the rest on my lips. He leans off me and pulls his pants back up.

James smiled at me, but this time it was a little different somehow. “Now, son, I love your mother, and I love you too. If you want to see your mom happy, you’ve got to keep me happy. Don’t tell anyone about our time together. If you do, you’ll only cause your mother pain. When you’re ready, come downstairs for a drink so we can chat.”

With complete and utter disregard to the destruction he caused that evening, James proudly left my room. In that silence, I did not move. All I did was cry. Cried my eyes out. I felt small and weak at the hands of that man.

My heart was still racing long after he made his filthy... I was crushed inside. But that pain and sadness was a sad stepping stone to a building rage with no way out. A deeper rage that’s rarely shown on the outside.

A couple hours later, my mother returned from shopping. I hear heavy footsteps coming toward my room and I slide under my bed, trembling. James walked into my room, looking

around for me. I was praying with closed eyes that he wouldn't find me. "Champ?" the dick innocently said. "Your mom wants you to come downstairs."

When he peered into my closet, I wiped my eyes and slid out from under my bed so fast, I'm sure he only saw a blur of me running out the door. Moving as fast as I could down those stairs and into the kitchen, I knew I had to tell her. I didn't like being treated like that. It hurt so much! When I saw her putting away food, I hugged my mother so tight, crying into her legs.

Stupid, right?

"Sweetie, what's wrong!?" I couldn't speak yet. All I could do was hold on, like hugging a pair of LEGS can save me. "Sweetheart, you're scaring me. What's wrong?" Right when I was about to tell her, that bastard appeared behind my mom. He leered at me like he was ready if I would dare to tell the truth. He really meant what he said.

I looked back at my mom and ran off. "I miss dad!" I cried.

I know she couldn't see what I meant by that, and I know he got what he wanted by holding my innocence captive in his gullet.

But I was afraid.

It's a fear that I can't stress enough. A fear that controls you and makes all your decisions against your wants.

You know what's right. You know what should be done, but fear will jump in front of you every time and handle all the decisions for you. Like the yellow-bellied mollusk you are.

That was when I learned power—comes from taking. Using them till they have no power to feed you. You bleed them dry! Squeeze, sip, suck and devour all you can! You'll be strong after a good meal. And this man, feasting on my soul, had an endless appetite.

By my eighth birthday, he moved on from oral, to recklessly penetrating me. He was teaching me how to give handjobs and forcing me to watch porn flicks of couples doing hetero and homosexual acts to please their partner. That was just the start.

The older I got, the more power he pulled from me. Take—and you grow. Lose—and you die. And I was tired of dying. Tired of feeling powerless and voided.

By the time I was sixteen, my personality never developed into the proper young man. I was timid, quiet, and into the goth thing. It was my only form of self-expression. I wore the same outfit every day, spiked collar with a spiked wrist band on my right wrist. Black, black, all the time. Black eye shadow and dyed black hair.

My torn black pants had chains on chains. The black, sleeveless shirt I had used to have white sleeves till I cut them off. My black coat, worn out to a near green, made all of it work.

Haha, my clothes were so crazy. But my piercings were something I kind of never got over. The triple studs on my tongue were something I kept. I had my eyebrow pierced and ears with industrial piercings too. Loved my dolphin bites. Should have kept those.

In school, I was considered the “freaky” kid everyone was expecting to go crazy. Freak, psycho, loser, Satanist. All names the closely popular kids gave people like me. People they didn't understand. But that didn't stop them from picking on me.

Kids leaving smelly substances in my locker. Leaving gum in my seat so I can sit on it. Or if I go to the bathroom, I would return to find my stuff missing or tossed around the room. Even having food thrown at me during lunch. I was lucky if it was a fruit or dry carrots. Other times... not so much.

Yup, kids are dicks too.

I even got beat up by a select group of douches at least once a week. Boys and girls. I guess I didn't help my situation as being the scrawny goth kid who didn't fight back.

These people took power from my helplessness. Not as much as James, but enough to make you wish you were dead. No matter where you go, weak people serve no purpose besides being food for the strong, a power source.

But how do I obtain power? I didn't want to remain an empty husk forever.

My home life wasn't getting any better either. My mother still thought the world of James while he continued to take loads of self-loathing, thrust—after thrust. I remember one night when I was in bed, drifting to sleep. I was dreaming, until I felt a familiar, unwanted sensation.

I woke up to find James driving into me while we lay sideways. Not once was he gentle. It's like getting fucked by a heavy duty mop stick.

Imagine going to the bathroom with a torn anus and hemorrhoids. Imagine waking every night in fear that some giant nightmare was going to break into your room and sexual assault you. You never truly sleep. You never truly feel safe. All you know is fear. Fear becomes your every pulse; a beating heart that sends terror through your veins.

Living like that, you can't take a breath without fearing someone is going to harm you. But sixteen was a turning point. A point where understanding what power was became evermore clear.

One day when I was going to school, walking with eyes to the ground, just trying to get through the day, a group of boys and two girls call me over from the schoolyard.

Trying to avoid trouble, I went to them. "Hey, Eric," one of the boys said. "Me and the gang have a question. Are you emo or goth?"

"Goth," I replied

"I told you!" he said as he playfully pushed his girlfriend.

"So I hear goths like black things."

"It's more than that. It's a reflection of self and how you see the world. Simply saying they like black just means they like the fashion, not the lifestyle." Probably the only thing I could occasionally summon the balls to defend, my goth style.

"Oh, that's cool. Maybe you can tell my buddy that. I don't think I could explain it better than you just did."

"Uh, I can't. I think I should head to class."

As I turned, he jumped off the bench and gets in front of me. "Come on. Just come real quick."

I wasn't sure what they were up to, but I knew if I didn't follow, it would end up much worse. Feeling uncertain, I walked to the back of the school with them. The only thing in sight

was bushes leading to the park, and a rusty locker leaning against the building. When we approached the locker, two boys come from beside it.

“Hey, guys,” the boy who insisted I follow said. “Looks like you two were wrong. Kid’s a goth.”

“But they’re the same,” one of the boys who stepped from the locker said.

The group of kids I walked with look to me. “They’re not,” I nervously muttered.

“You talking back to me, freak?” He stepped up to me and I instinctively lowered my head like he was about to hit me. “You’re all freaks!”

The boy who told me about this guy nudged me. “Go on, tell him. Tell him he’s wrong. Don’t make me look stupid,” he said, sounding a bit angry.

Then comes the crushing pressure. That weight when you’re put in a bad situation that’ll end in backlash no matter what choice you make. And this only happens to those who are too weak to stand on their own. So you pay for your self-inflicted suffering with your own weakness.

“I don’t, I-I-umm—” I stuttered.

“Hahaha,” cackled one of the girls, “he’s a moron!”

The boy who nudged me was no longer being friendly. “So you wanna play dumb?”

All the boys grab me and toss me into the locker upside down before shutting it. Before I could react, a lock was quickly attached to the door. My anxiety was racing again with a short, trailing, panic attack on the way. I banged madly while screaming for them to let me out.

But wolves never let sheep flee once caught.

“What’s wrong!?” one of the boys shouted. “I thought freaks like the dark!”

They repeatedly started kicking the locker. I thought I was in a thunderstorm. Once they had their fill, they walked away laughing like hyenas. Fearfully understanding the situation, I had my inevitable panic attack, rendering me unconscious.

When I came to, the little bit of light that came through the locker slits had gone. Nightfall was coming and I was still confined in this hot prison. I started screaming and panicking for anyone to help me. Soon after, I heard the lock unlatch.

Once it opened, I fell right out, dizzy after being upside down for so long. After taking in air like I was drowning, the girl who called me a “moron” rocks the lock on her finger. “Okay, freak,” she said crassly. “You’ve served your time and you’re free to go be a loser elsewhere.”

I didn’t get up. I just looked at her as she slowly came into focus from my blurred vision. “Get going, freak!” She kicked dirt in my face and I scramble to my feet before running around the school corner.

When she smirked and went home the other way, I peered around the corner and felt my bubbling rage again. I was so angry that she could do that to me and not even care. I suppose by this point I was reaching my limit because... I wanted payback.

I decided to follow her and see where she would go next. Like the dumb bitch she was, oblivious to the world around her, I had followed her for over eight blocks. She turns down another street where two houses were and I rushed to the corner and see the black screen door bounce off the frame a few times before closing.

I should have went home after that. Knowing this piece of trash lived in a rundown neighborhood while acting high and mighty at school should have been enough... But it wasn't.

I must have hid behind that car for fifty minutes before I had the courage to run across to the house. I leaned against the house and listened to this trash argue with her parents before I heard the front door open.

Someone's shadow was coming my way and I quietly crawled under the open area of the house. From where I was lying, I was able to see it was her in skimpy, thin shorts and a baggy shirt. Quite the step up from the painted whore she was at school.

I raised my coat over my head and crawled toward the garbage bins she was approaching. I was scared out of my mind. I didn't even know what I was going to do. How would I pay her back? Why was I under this house?

I wanted to make her hurt. I wanted to make her suffer. I wanted her to be afraid. I wanted to take power from her the only way I knew how...

Before I knew it, I grabbed her ankle and pulled her down with all my strength. She gasped and fell, hitting her head on a yard rock. She was dazed, but still fairly conscious. I came out and wrapped my coat around her head.

At this point, I should have called it a night. I did my damage. This should be enough... It wasn't. My actions felt more like repeated impulses that I was barely a part of. I laid on top of her and began to pull down her shorts. "Wha...", she said in a slurred manner. "Wha—"

I shoved my fingers in her mouth to make a gag with the coat. When I leaned forward, I bit lightly on her breast before forcefully biting hard enough to make her muffle a scream. I slid myself up and down her leg till I had an erection.

Though I knew I was out of my mind and knew I should stop, something grazed my insides... There was no turning back now. Because I was faintly tasting something new...

Power.

The girl who scarred me is now lying in front of me, confusingly fighting with all she had, yet I was still in control. I unzipped my pants and entered her. I was rough, and bruising was becoming clear on her body.

The poor girl was crying and whimpering from under my coat. She was tight and bloody. Apparently, I was her first. Surprising, but made it that much greater. This was hurting her physically and mentally. More than I could've hoped for.

There was a point she violently pushed me away and I almost lost her. She screamed momentarily and I pinned her back down, fearfully looking around. Her father, uncle, or whoever was in her house told her to stop throwing a fit in the backyard.

I resumed holding her arms to the side with one hand and the other over her mouth. She screamed and cried as I kept fucking the blood right out of her torn cunt until I finished. After that, I choked her till she passed out.

When I slowly unwrapped my coat, I thought I would feel bad when I saw her face. But I didn't. Her face told me I did a good job. I felt like something was changing. I wasn't sure yet, but I fled the house immediately.

On my way home, I felt like I took control of something for once. I didn't let someone get their way with me. It was a small, uplifting feeling, but it was already better than how I usually felt. But my thoughts quickly changed. How many more would I need to face him? Trying to calculate, it seemed immeasurable. I could only speculate.

When I finally got home, a plate of dinner, wrapped in foil was left for me by my mom. I heated it and carried my food back to the joyless chamber that was my room. Sitting there, watching my TV with walls as dark as the hole I wished to fill, I still felt weak.

I knew I wouldn't feel like a new person so soon, but I still needed to see if what I believed all these years were true. I wanted more. I needed more. I just needed to devise more ways to get it.

Not long after I began this thought process, James crept into my room. "You didn't knock," I said.

James gently shut the door and locked it. I got up and dropped my plate. I was scared, and it had been a while since I felt like that. But this fear was different. This was fear that this beast smelt a power shift in me and wanted to take it. And I was afraid to lose what I just received.

"I came to pick you up from school today," James said. "Where were you?"

"I ran into some trouble at school and got out late. It wasn't my fault."

"You stressed me out today, Eric. Assume the position."

I stepped back. He just stood there giving that ridiculously long stare to prove his will was “stronger” than yours, just to intimidate you. I wasn’t ready to fight back, so I caved like a bitch. I dropped my pants and leaned over the bed.

I hear him unbuckling while keeping his restless stare on my bottom. The sound of him disgustingly pasting spit on his fingers always gave me goose bumps. He lightly massaged my anus before shoving his fingers inside. “Ahh!” I squealed.

He kicked me in the hamstring. “Quiet, Eric. Do you want to wake your mom?” He grabbed my head and forced me to do oral on him “Slobber it good, and do it like I taught you. The wetter—ooh. The better.”

A few minutes after that, he began to thrust into me while standing on my calves. I can’t explain how bad that feels. The muscles are bruised so bad that it goes all the way to the bone. Constant muscle spasms. Can’t walk for hours.

After much time of him pulling on my hair like a damn horse, he finishes and dropped my head to the floor. I really hated the noises he made when he was relieving himself. As I laid there while he got dressed, he said, “You seemed tighter inside. You were tensing up like the old days. What are you trying to keep from me?”

“Keep what?” I said in a defeated whimper. “Your power to take is greater than what I can hold on to.”

James didn’t understand, nor did he care. He left my room while I lied there wondering if I lost all I had gained. He took something, but I only hoped it wasn’t my strength. The next morning, I walked to school feeling like my legs wouldn’t hold out.

When I arrived in the yard, I saw the group of dicks that locked me up yesterday. I sat far from them while making sure they didn't notice me. While sitting on the bench, I peered from behind my knees, watching their upset movements about something.

Shortly after, I saw the girl I raped coming from the school gates. She was layered in clothing and was wearing large shades. She was so calm, walking from her parent's car to her usual table. It started to bother me. I know I took something, but she seemed completely okay. If I didn't take her strength, what did I take?

When one of her friends put their hand on her shoulder, she freaked out and screamed. Everyone stopped what they were doing and watched her lose it. "Stop looking at me," she screamed. "They know! They all know!"

Her female friend got up to help her. "Calm down! Stop and calm down!"

"They know! They all know! They know I was rapped!" she cried.

Everyone in the yard gasped with a sea of sympathetic faces to follow. I lowered my head as she continued to scream. Her friend walked her back to her parent's car. Everyone talked amongst themselves about what happened. I still didn't lift my head, not because of sorrow, because I couldn't stop smiling.

I got more than I could've asked for from her. And I liked the feeling. Seeing her in such a broken state compared to nothing I've ever experienced. This was power! Power continues to flow even after the event. There's a visual feed too.

Perhaps I should have understood her pain. Perhaps I should be kind enough not to do to others what's been done to me. But fuck that. Why should I feel for others who haven't and

won't feel for me? It's not my fault they're weaker than me, just like it's not James's fault I'm weaker than him. You are to blame for your pain. Just like I am for mine...

You are to blame... Just you...

The power I got from her wasn't enough to fill my hole. But it was a start. From that point on, I made it a habit to rape anyone who had power I wanted.

It started out with just those who've wronged me, but it evolved over time. And even when I had to have my body assaulted by that monster, I took it with a smile. Because he could no longer drain me as strongly as he once did. I was closing the gap.

Strangely enough, I even had enough courage to stand up to bullies. I didn't win every fight, but I left my mark one way or another. My mother even noticed my shift of confidence. I still remember the talk we had while James was out at work that weekend.

She called me downstairs to the kitchen for breakfast. When I sat down, she had already finished cooking. "Looks good," I said, looking at my omelet and bagel. I took a bite into my western omelet and smiled. "Taste even better."

My mother sat at the table and chewed quietly while calmly watching me with her near-smile. "Something's different about you."

"What do you mean?"

"Your demeanor has shifted. Ever since your dad left, I saw that your depression was getting the better of you. But I didn't know what to do. I even took you to a therapist, but that didn't help. It tore me up inside knowing you were so unhappy. You wouldn't even talk to me about it, no matter how much I tried."

“Each year that passed,” she continued, “you got worse. I thought you were on the verge of suicide. But now it looks like you found something that’s returned color to your handsome face. You’re wearing less black, you’re talkative. What’s so different? What’s changed?”

I smiled. “Let’s just say, I’ve discovered what it means to be strong.”

“Oh? Outside strength? A girlfriend?”

“No, mom! Something greater. Something far more important in survival.”

My mom gave me a semi-concerned stare. “I hope it’s real strength and not a close imitation.”

“Is there a difference? As long as it gets the job done.”

“Is it drugs?”

“Mom, no!” I laughed.

She took her unfinished plate and carried it to the sink while still taking bites. “Well, whatever it is, I’m glad to see your smile again. I would do anything to protect you from pain.”

I gave her an odd look as she turned from me. She places her dish in the sink and gives me a sideways smile. Something she usually does when she is happy and concerned.

“Can I give you a hug, sweetheart?” she asked.

I smiled and stood up to hug her. “Mom, don’t ask.” We stood there—just hugging... I felt something so strange. It scared me, so I pulled away.

“What’s wrong? Was that too soon?”

“It’s nothing. I’m okay.”

She lightly squeezed my cheek. “Okay, baby.” She moved to the kitchen doorway and quickly stops. “Oh? Be careful out there. There’s some creep raping children. The police think it’s someone from your school since all the kids are from there. I’m thinking I’m going to have James pick you up every day.”

“No!”

“Why not?” she said with shock. “James won’t care.”

“No. I’ll be fine.”

“You don’t like James anymore?” she said with sad eyes.

Was I protecting my mom’s joy, or was I just clinging to the familiarity of secrecy? Regardless, my strength was telling me to do what’s best for me. Do what satisfy’s me and to hell with everyone else.

“No, mom. Don’t send James to my school anymore.”

I took my plate and went straight upstairs. I knew she was watching me, but I didn’t look back. All I heard was her grab the phone before I slammed the door.

That night, James came home so pissed off. Real angry. But that was not nearly the most upsetting movement here. For this is the completion of my evolution.

“Eric!” James shouted from downstairs. He stomped his big gorilla feet up the stairs and kicked my door open. “Eric!? What did you do to upset my wife!?”

I calmly sat in my roller chair. “Am I in trouble for making your wife feel?”

“Are you getting smart with me, boy!?”

“No, James.”

“You call me sir! And is that my chair you’re sitting in!?”

“Funny, I thought this was my mother’s chair.”

“That’s it!” He marched up to me and palmed me to the floor. James furiously began stripping my clothes off. “I don’t know who you think you’re talking to, but you will learn who wears the pants in this house!” With a quick spit job, the bastard went into his routine, slapping my balls and pulling on them with a merciless grip. He took my hand and forced me to masturbate. “You jerk it for me, now!”

This form of humiliation is not one I’d ever gotten used to. Masturbating is meant to be a self-pleasuring thing. When someone forces you to do it when you’re in a painful situation, it makes all joy beyond that moment feel wrong.

He plowed me like a demon while purposely hurting me. “You’re nothing but a BOY! You’re a BOY! Don’t forget that, BOY!”

I couldn’t stop the power he was taking from me. His angry rape is worse than anything. I was so gone mentally, just lying there, mechanically masturbating with an undesired orgasm stirring in me. But honestly, that wasn’t the worst part...

During my teenage years, my father would make spontaneous visits to pay his child support. He still had a spare key my mother told him to return long ago. But he held onto it to spite my mother.

As the bastard climaxed inside me, I slowly turned my lifeless, teary-eyed head toward my door. And there he was... My father.

His eyes looked like he just saw something beyond this world's greatest horror. He completely ignored this ogre on my back and just stared painfully at me. He turned from the door and walked away.

"Wait, Dad!" I struggled. "James, let me go! Let me go! GET OFF!"

He released me and watched me run with that same satisfied look when he dominates those smaller than himself.

I threw on pants and raced to catch him. I didn't know why, but that gut wrenching shame I felt as a boy returned to me so fast as I raced after my dad. I finally caught up with him outside by the side of the house. I grabbed his shoulder. "Dad—!"

He slapped my hand away. "Don't touch me, fag!" I was speechless to the venomous words he sprayed on me. "I knew something has been wrong with you since I left. But this!? This is the change!? Dick banging!?" He paced a little and wiped his face, shaking his head in disbelief. "This is too much. I don't want to be part of this." He looks to me, blaming me with just his eyes. "I did not... I did not raise a fag!"

When he walked from me... It was like he left us all over again. But I was quickly angered by his fucked up actions. "You didn't raise me at all!"

He stopped and turned halfway toward me. “You’re right... Because I have no son.”

He crossed the street and gets into his car. As he drove off, I just stood there with a tear... tears soaking my face.

And just like that, James took all the power I gained in one fatal swoop. He could not be topped! I believed I could never rise above that monster. I actually wanted to die. The pain was too much to bear. He finally did it. He had emptied my vessel.

I don’t recall how, but my mindless feet took me to the park a few blocks from my home. Just a few blocks and I felt exhausted. I dropped to my knees and fell flat onto the baseball field. I don’t even recall falling asleep.

I blinked my eyes and the park’s clock had shifted a couple hours. I should have got up to go home, but I just kept my face glued to the ground. I was being stepped on by bugs like a corpse. Heh. I was even lower than bugs...

Shortly after waking, it began to rain. All my hair became pasted to my face as my cheap hair dye washed out. I was hoping the rain could dissolve me into the ground too. It was funny how a portion of my hair turns blond while the rest slowly drains of black. Almost as if my inner self, the cowardly yellow boy, was surfacing.

The field was known to flood when the rain poured and I felt the rise of that muddy water. Filling the void with imminent death, the water was entering my partly open mouth.

I wanted this, right? Since I am nothing but an empty body now, I should just disappear. I’m nothing...

But even nothing—is something.

I sat up gasping, coughing, and spitting that muddy water out my mouth. I lifelessly leaned over and watched the ripples of this impure mixture.

I don't know why I didn't choose to just die. But the idea of nothing still being a valid factor in this world made me feel like I still had something inside of me. Maybe I was, and still did, make excuses why I should live.

I got up and decided to return home. I hated James. I've never been so bare. As I leave the park, a female jogger comes down the path. I didn't give a shit at this point. I knocked her to the ground and pinned her, beating her while she was scratching me. I tore away her windbreakers, and through natural conditioning, I was already erect enough to rape her.

Damn did she try. She really gave it her all. But I was beyond abusive at this point. I believe she stopped fighting me because she didn't want to be hit anymore. Strangely enough, while I was fucking my sorrows away, I was crying on top of her.

“Give it to me...,” I muttered. “Give me your strength. Give it to me!”

I roughly flipped her over and fucked her head into the ground while tearing her pussy to my will. Graphically ill my memory of that was. I was trying to make her orgasm against her wishes—and she did.

I felt her clamp down on me in long presses. I pushed her to the ground and watched her broken expression turn into pure humiliation. Her bloody face was so scrunched up as she cried and trembled, looking into the bushes, then gradually becoming a chrysalis of her former self. That frozen face of her solidifying into a mortified husk. I saw it.

It's like death... When you lose someone you love, those around you can see a piece of you die. That's a form of hell you can only repeat so many times. For each time I reap my reward, I can see it.

The dying flicker of self-worth dwindling into a smothered ash. Even if they can pull back from their nightmare and reemerge from their chrysalis, you never come back as you once were. You can never get back what I took from you.

Hence... death.

In those pools of tears, I saw myself sparking in those traumatized eyes of hers. I doubt she heard me, but I thanked her. I was strangely grateful.

Before I could fully turn from her, I wanted to kill her... This new impulse was not one that began that night, but it developed into a natural result depending on the degree of extraction. When you have nothing else to give, and I have nothing else to take, ending your life was the obvious choice. Though no one could possibly understand this, but it was my way...

I turned and ran far from the park. Once I was a block from home, I walked the rest of the way. I still felt a little empty, but she did enough to vitalize me to move.

A few cop cars came speeding down my block. I figured they were on to me, but I didn't care enough to even attempt hiding. When I turned the corner, I saw cop lights flashing outside my house with an open door.

I didn't care anymore. I was ready to be arrested for rape charges.

When I walked up to the cop, he puts his hand up for me to stop walking. "This is a crime scene. No one is allowed in this area."

“I live here,” I said with no life in my voice.

The cop became surprised. “You must be the son, Eric.

I look past him and saw my mother being brought out in handcuffs with blood all over her dress. “Mom?” What the hell is going on? I thought.

“Do you have a relative you can stay with?”

“I want to see my mom.”

“We can’t do that right now. She’s wanted for questioning. We will call you when it’s okay for you to see her. Is there a relative you can stay with, Eric? Someone nearby?”

“Yes.”

“I’ll have one of my partners drive you there.” He looks me up and down. “Where are your clothes?”

“Left them inside when I ran to speak with my father.”

“People in the area did report you had a public outburst with a man before leaving the vicinity. Wait here.” He went to talk with another officer and as they pointed at the house they looked at me a few times. “I’m sorry,” he said as he approached me. “We have to take you in for questioning.”

I was put in a separate car from my mother and we were driven off. At the precinct, I was questioned about my involvement with James. Apparently, they already knew everything. The rape, the molestation, everything.

I wanted to know how, but that wasn't the question burning in me the most. My mother had been charged with murdering James. How? How did she overcome him? Where did she get the strength to kill that monster?

It just didn't make any sense. My entire way of thinking was at the edge of being destroyed. My whole life understanding. My way of life was literally threatened by this. Could I have been wrong this whole time? Have I just been hurting people for no reason? It couldn't be true!

In order to get these answers, I needed to get through my own rounds of questioning.

I was sitting in a small room with another cop and a table between us. "As you were told," the cop said, "your mother is suspected of murder."

"Yes," I said.

"Do you think she did it?"

"No."

"She was the only one in the house with his blood on her clothes and the murder weapon in hand."

"So?"

"What if I told you she already pleaded guilty?"

"Why?"

“Because she is. She didn’t deny anything. Not even a shred of remorse for her crime. You know why? She said, and I quote, ‘That monster raped my baby.’ Now we can probably reduce her time if you confess to that being true or not.”

“It’s true.”

The cop just stares at me, expecting a bigger reaction I guess. “Is it true, or are you just saying whatever it takes to help your mother?”

“I’m helping myself, like I’ve always have. Want proof? There may or may not be trace amounts of his spunk in my ass right now. How about a full on cavity search? I’m wide enough,” I said with rising angry.

“That won’t be—”

“No, he stretched me out real good, I could show you. No? Not good enough immediate evidence? Then how bout this.” I lift my pants leg and show him my vain-busted, bruised calf. “This is an injury caused by someone his size who fucks your pride away and injects you with shame.”

The uncomfortable officer stands. “Excuse me,” he said as calmly as possible.

When he left the room, he did not return for a long time. When he did, he had my mother with him. Her face was bloody and bruised. Black and blues on her arms too.

“Five minutes,” the cop said. “That’s all the time I can give you two without getting in trouble. After this, I’m sending you to your relative, Eric. I’ll be watching you two from behind the glass.”

He closed the door before my cuffed mother sat down, “Are you alright, baby?” I nodded. “I’m so sorry, Eric, I didn’t know. I should have... I—”

“It’s fine.”

“It’s not fine! He was hurting you! In our home! A place you’re supposed to feel safe!” she stressed.

“What’s done is done, mom, but I have to ask you something. Two questions I must know the answers to. How did you find out?”

“I called your father to see if he came over like he promised. He yelled at me saying I raised a gay son. His angry words were scattered, but there was one sentence I heard clearly. A bad mother who lets her son have sex with boys. I hung up shortly after that. I didn’t think you were gay. If it made you happy, that’s all that mattered to me. But I got curious and wanted to know what he looked like.”

“When I got home,” she continued to explain, “I checked the cameras that monitor the outside of the house. Only three people entered that house before me. You, your father, and him. When I saw you rush after your father with just pants, it became clear. I questioned James about you two till he admitted the truth.”

I sat quietly for a moment. “My last question. How did you overcome him? Where did the strength come from?”

“Son, I love you. The fact I want to protect you gives me all the strength I need.” My face went blank to her words. “Eric?”

I couldn't understand her words at all. It was like... foreign or something. After that, I saw her mouth moving, but couldn't hear a thing.

Suddenly, to end my deafness, I cracked a smile. "Why are you lying?" She was as taken back as I was a moment ago. "The fact you wanted to protect me gave you power? What kind of shit is that? Bullshit is what that is. Where were you when I was six? Or at school? Or taking a bath!? Protecting others has NEVER given anyone strength. I tried protecting your happiness and it didn't make me stronger at all! I WAS DYING INSIDE EVERYDAY! Strength from protecting others? Don't make me laugh!"

I shook with my head down, trying to calm my nerves. "I know where your strength came from." I angrily looked at her. "It came from watching me die. What he took from me, you two shared! He weeded the crops and you collected the spoils!"

"Eric, no!"

I chuckled. "It's okay, mom. I'm not mad. You just taught me that my way of strength wasn't wrong. It's the real deal. You are truly my inspiration, now and forever. I'll never doubt what power is again. Thank you, Jodi." I stood up and knocked on the glass for the cop to come get me.

"Eric, wait!"

"Have fun in prison. Much power can be gathered there, I bet," I said before the cop took me outside.

Those were the last words we spoke to each other. I was driven to my father's house, but I only pretended to go in. For the rest of my earlier life, I spent all of it in the streets, stealing and

raping. It kept me alive. I even stole my mother's name to always remember where my core power came from.

After my dark transition, I joined up with Derexen's government. A government that got to the top by standing on the bodies of the slain. An organization that grew stronger by the day, simply by taking power from others. Sounded like my kind of people. I couldn't have asked to be associated with a better set of individuals.

But there was something I didn't understand. The selfish and the greedy have all the power, right? The rest just serve as food for the strong. This is stone-cold-truth. So why did I not make top five? Why were the top five stronger than me?

I can understand the red-haired queen, and the dark lord, Derexen. They're both takers in every degree. But there were others, too soft to ever be where they are. So why? Why can't I understand this!?

Fuck it. Not that it matters now. I'm already dead...