

Mark G Melvin

Torn from Innocence

The Bullies Victim



A Short Story
by
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A Deranged Book
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Torn From Innocence

Also by Mark G Melvin

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Page by page I assimilate the transition, the introduction, of my life, when born not a thing was missing. Kicking and screaming my mothers eyes gleaming.

Proud pops marveled at what his cock had produced, The seed he had planted had now grown into fruit.

They took me home warm bundled and secure. Nuzzled against the breasts of my mother, my first feelings that were sure.

Family arrived and all were styling, monsters with open mouths gaping called smiling.

Love was given and reassurances felt. Joy, laughter, and fear unknown, this place of innocence this place called Home.

Movement came easy, toying watching bubbles, when I first learned to crawl, I discovered that thing called trouble.

The pain that it caused, those that loved, took their love back, when I made my own decisions, my hand was subsequently smacked.

Stumbling came, and eventually walking, Dada and Mama, the beginning of talking.

This world was consistent protected and all, four years had passed by and September brought fall.

School began and friends were made. Now strange monsters gaping teeth, were to instruct me on how to behave.

No slaps were given, only a single finger pressed softly to mouth, a command to represent the precursor to a time out.

Loss of love no companion to speak to, this is the discipline applied when I don't do what you say do.

Panic attacks, anxiety as I sit on my hands and wait. When that monster called teacher turns away, I will escape.

Better yet why not now, for no slap is given here, I will only be instructed to sit down.

Some children are mean for no apparent reason, they repeat their meanness repeatedly, must find a way to defeat them.

What can I do? This place is not like home . I can't runaway and I can not use the phone.

Wait until I get older, I will show them you'll see. They should have never made me sit in time out, and did nothing, while some kid's were repeatedly mean to me.

At home I tell mother, her response, don't fight go and tell the teacher. Mother does not understand, I can't stand that hideous creature either.

Another year of grade school, six more years of that, and now on to junior high. I'm a little bit taller now, I have discovered the whens and hows of lies.

Parent's and kid's do not want to here the truth as it is, now I get picked on worse, oh my goodness I hate those kids.

My parents take me to church where all are mostly happy and nice. Why is it not like that dealing with everyone else in life?

People are cruel and everyone wants to be seen. I wear glasses and I am skinny, people call me names that are obscene.

What happened to those smiling faces, and nudging into mothers warm cozy breasts. My dad tells me to stand up and be a man, suck in your gut and stick out your chest.

If only he knew the horror shame and disgrace. The urinated toilet bowls where eighth graders washed my face.

I only did what mother taught to go and tell the teacher. Now I'm marked as a snitch, and a four eyed pimpled face creature.

Ninth grade finally came now I am in high school. Contacts replaced my glasses well, also I look somewhat cool.

Teachers pet I have become, glee club and drama class. It is the only place that seemed safe, free from shoes that kick my ass.

The assaults became worse, slaps as I walked down the hall. I had grown a few more inches in height and now I was skinny and tall.

Some kids throw me around. I laugh to keep myself from crying. How long must this go on sometimes I feel like dying.

What's the use and where is the love? That is when it happened Bonnie Frank gave me a hug.

She held me as I cried my tears and wiped them all away. Bonnie said that she cared for me, and honestly for her I felt the same.

Bonnie was in the band and the dance team, she said that she liked that I was tall and that my hands were as big as could be.

One day we talked after school. We hung out outside. Bonnie's mother came to pick her up. Bonnie told me to go run and hide.

This puzzled my brain I asked her the next day, "what was the problem boo?" Bonnie said, "my mother would freak out if she knew that I was with you."

The children left me alone, it's as if Bonnie Frank gave me status. Like all of my toilet bowl swirly days vanished, poof, gone disappeared like a magicians magic.

Illusions of confusion were now a thing of forgotten. My mother noticed when she saw Bonnie Frank and I together," son something smells rotten."

" Mother whatever could it be?"

" Did you stop to think that maybe she is setting you up."

" No mother you are talking nonsense, Bonnie Frank loves me, and I love her, and that is what's up."

" Son she is beautiful, and I am not saying that you are not, but is she not that chic, who usually dated jocks? So what does she see in you, you are skinny, and tall as a tree?"

" Mother leave me alone your just mad Bonnie Frank loves me!"

" I don't think that you should see her again!"

" No mother no!"

" If I see you around that girl again you will be on punishment, and no phone!"

I walked away crying and sobbing silently wishing that mother would die, Burying my face into my pillow,that graciously heard my cry.

Talking into my pillow as if at church for confession. I know what I will do, I'll teach her a lesson.

The next morning I got dressed for school, sneakily out of the door I crept. Deflating mothers air out of her cars tires until there wasn't any left.

Dad had left earlier, now she will have to catch the bus. Mother should not have forbidden me from seeing my wonder, my joy, the apple of my eye, in my life. Bonnie Frank means the universe to me and all in it, one day she will be my wife.

Two kids and a house, her husband her spouse. When we are all alone, and our kids are gone, I am going to put my private inside of her mouth.

The things I imagine fantasizing of Bonnie, waiting for the moment, for her to put it on me.

School was going well up until the third period rage, two boys had got into a fight and I was accidentally kicked in the face.

My contact cut into my eye and no ambulance did arrive, the school called my mother for the emergency, she had no air in her tires to drive.

My eye became infected by the time mother came, she asked did I know anything about her car, lies filled my brain.

The ambulance finally showed up we went straight to the emergency room and dad came and took us home. Where I cried again into my confessional pillow all alone.

The morning came and once again Bonnie wiped away my tears. She told me to stop crying, that a man should not drop any tears.

Bonnie invited me to a party with everyone popular at school. Without a second thought, I told her sure babe that would be cool.

We kissed goodbye and she had a sexy look in her eyes.

"Bring a condom baby tonight is going to be a big surprise."

I went home and asked mother she immediately said no to the party. Mother said that she had a bad feeling, a woman's intuition of something naughty.

The evening came and mom and dad went to bed as usual at nine. Out of the window I crept, to the drugstore, now waiting in line.

Condoms check, breath mint check, hair, clothes, check, time to go and get to the party, and finally have some sex.

When I walked in all the music stopped. Bonnie was nowhere in site, in the center of the room were two high school bullies dressed up like cops.

"Seize him!!!" I quickly looked around. Before I knew it I was handcuffed and stuffed in the closet upside down.

The party went on for hours as the blood rushed to my head. Crying into the imaginary confessional pillow wishing I were dead.

Things grew quiet as the laughs subsided wondering had they forgotten about. That is when the closet door opened and Bonnie Frank yelled, "let him out!!!"

The football players grabbed hold of me, lay me flat on my back, on the ground, my face covered I listened intently for any kind of a sound.

My mind going crazy, as I felt three bodies sit atop of my body to keep me from getting up. My face cover was then removed, and that was cool, yet over my face stooped a hovering butt.

This was no man, that I could tell with my one good eye. It was a woman's vagina, with blond curly hairs, and a tampon string dangling on the side.

My heart was pounding inside of my chest, as if I had run a marathon race. Gas erupted and brown chunks spewed out splashing onto my face.

Roaring laughter followed as the entire party encircled closer to watch. When the excrement had finished, three football players jerked their ejaculation onto my face with their stiffened cocks.

Everyone left and the last one there, was Bonnie Frank wiping her butt, and calling me a square.

" We never liked you, you are dumb as fuck! That is why I shitted on your face, this whole relationship was a great big fake set up.

Tears fell no more as I walked home and woke my mother up to I told you so, and dad chiseling off the handcuffs.

The next day arrived and rain poured on my window, and my soul all day. It was Saturday, the night came, and not one word did I say.

Sunday came and went, as I snuck into my dad's closet, beautiful treasures did I find there, as a thief I robbed it.

Monday morning came and I confessed into my pillow, dressed up in my best, sure to impress, and off to school I did go.

First period came and Bonnie Frank sat down, I blew her brains out and then I sat back down.

The children all ran, as I sat my dad's gun onto the desk. Silently waiting for the police to show up next.

My trial was brief. I pleaded guilty to all charges. I was the first teen ever sentenced to death. Now my life will end as it started.

Smiling faces of monsters bring me my food. In a world consistently protected and all, bars and guards, a padded room with high walls.

The one thing here that reminded me of home was nudging my face against my cell mate's breasts as he made me his own.

Also I was given a pacifier of sorts to suck on, beaten in my face every night, and at the early rising of every dawn.

Now I miss my pillow the confessional into which I cried,
now my backside was my cell mates pillow wherewith he placed
his penis inside.

My illusions of life are realities nightmares. This a dream I
can not wake up from, there is nowhere to go from here.

Death awaits my entrance for me to land in its awaiting arms
as I landed into life. All I ever wanted was to be loved, and
make friends that treated me right.

Bye Bye world merciless vacuum of insignificant
magnificence. Now I sit in time out again, without a friend, Torn
From Innocence.

Thank you,
The Bullies Victim

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The Confessional SINS

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SINS.