

## THE VIRGIN'S REVENGE

### Chapter 1 The Horrendous even

The thunder and lightening in the cold dark night sent shivers down Bethany's spine as she was trying to flee the deadly fate that was just around the corner.

The cold winds blew some strands of hair in her terrified face making her vision blurr.

Soon the clouds gave off to tears and a heavy downpour commenced the shattering sounds surged her erratic heartbeat, adrenaline filled her blood to the core.

She kept running in the forest but all the tracks led her deeper into the danger.

The lurking shadows in the dark soon caught up to her surrounding her just like a city besided by its enemy.

The spark caused by the lightening aided the visibility of the silhouettes she had been seeing, they were five viscous men the mixed look of anger, passion and lust made her weak in the knees and the realisation hit her what she dreaded most was invetiable at this point.

"Oh look what we have here a damsel in search of some fun i guess the run was worth it right boys," said one of the men as his piercing eyes searched her drenched body.

His statement made the rest to laugh out wickedly.

"Please let me go, dont hurt me," she held her trembling hands in a pleading manner.

"Tsk, tsk your really dumb do you think we can let this precious body of your's go after making us run after

it."

Tears streamed down her cheeks but she knew she wouldn't survive

she this "awww we made her cry, i think we should let her go what do you think boys?"

"Yeah," they said

"Looks like my boys have forgiven you run for your life and don't look back," the man said.

A little glimpse of hope sprouted in her heart, retracing her footsteps backwards she started running, little did she know it was a play for them.

No sooner had she ran than the man grabbed her drugging her down in the mud, he slapped her hard across the face while kissing her ferociously.

Soon they were all over Bethany spreading her legs wide apart the aroma in between her thighs drove them wild.

Her cries for help filled the forest but to no avail was it of any help instead it turned them on the more.

The fact that she was a virgin pleased them the more one by one they took turns with her, it was rough, fast and it happened.

The next day Bethany awoke to the sounds of birds in the forest, she held her head feeling an intense throbbing pain, her body was achy and sore like every muscle had been overworked and pulled.

Slowly opening up her eyes she scanned the area with her blurred sight, seeing the torn birthday dress soaked in the mud brought back the memories of last

night just like a hurricane.

She vividly remembered the torture they subjected her to just how much they enjoyed every bit of her caused the tears to offset at once.

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