

Juice

Juice stood posted up against the apartment building, waiting for his next fiend. Not much had changed over the years. He was still a slimeball drug dealer that preyed on young children. He had started to molest young boys and had developed quite an appetite for their innocence.

Since his last arrest years ago for molesting a young girl, Juice had managed to fly under the radar, undetected by authorities. He was tried and convicted, but only received six months in jail and probation since it was his first conviction.

Juice had changed his address so many times since his arrest that they had no idea where he resided. He had a few minor run-ins with the law for dealing, but he only received a slap on the wrist. Over the years, Juice had molested several children and raped four girls. As he shattered lives, he walked around without a care in the world. Well, all of that was about to come to a bittersweet end.

Stephanie pulled up to The Underground in a red Honda Accord coupe after completing the three-hour drive from Ohio. She had “borrowed” the car from a young woman there earlier. She couldn’t use her own car because she didn’t want the incident to be traced back to her. She was becoming a pro at covering her tracks. It was beginning to be too easy.

Stephanie planned their meeting down to every detail. She just had to make sure he took her home with him. She had a rather large hobo pocketbook to conceal all the necessary items to carry out her plan: a change of clothes, gloves, a hammer, and GHB, which stands for Gamma-Hydroxybutyric acid and is commonly known as the date rape drug.

She wore a studded white wife beater, skinny jeans, and silver stilettos. She stood five-feet ten-inches with a lean one-hundred-ten-pound frame. Her hair was normally short and natural, but she wore a curly wig. Her skin was the color of night, deep chocolate with striking features.

She could have easily been a supermodel. Well, if not for the severe burns covering her legs and her battle wounds. She wore a short, cropped jacket to conceal her scars. The cutting was an attempt to battle her inner demons. She had lost and the rage won. Juice was about to see the result of years of rage.

Stephanie spotted Juice as soon as she entered the bar. The bar was nice and dark. That element would help conceal her identity. She committed every detail of his being to memory during the previous month while she stalked him. The rules had changed. Now the prey was hunting the hunter.

Her blood began to boil as she got closer. She had to get a drink quick to calm her nerves before she lost it right there in the bar.

“I’ll have a Long Island Iced Tea, and make it strong.”

“Miss, I need to see some ID,” stated the bartender.

Stephanie quickly flashed the ID of the young woman she met earlier. She purposely ordered the same drink Juice always ordered to strike up a conversation, and it worked.

“That’s how I like my tea, too, nice and strong.” A drunken Juice turned and looked Stephanie up and down.

“That’s the only way I like mine,” Stephanie said, putting on a show to draw him in. “Is this seat taken?”

“Not anymore,” Juice slurred as he ordered yet another drink.

“Please put his drink on my tab,” Stephanie said as she sat on the barstool.

“Wow, beautiful and you’re treating? You’re definitely my kind of girl. What’s your name, beautiful?”

“Tracy,” replied Stephanie with pure hate in her eyes. She wanted to see if the mention of her mother’s name drew a reaction out of him.

“Tracy, my name is James, but everybody calls me Juice.”

“How did you get a name like Juice?” Stephanie questioned.

“Well, because the ladies tell me I’m sweet like Kool-Aid.”

Juice grinned and moved closer to Stephanie. She had to turn away to contain her rage. She could not wait to finish this piece of shit off. It took every fiber of her being not to kill him instantly.

Stephanie engaged in meaningless conversation with Juice as he put away two more Long Island Iced Teas, totaling six. Juice asked the bartender to settle the tab so he could head home, hopefully with Tracy. She looked somewhat young, but he liked them young. So, she was his type of girl.

Juice drank so much that his bladder felt like it was about to explode. He excused himself to go to the bathroom, and that’s when Stephanie decided to make her move. She asked the bartender to give them one more for the road, and she paid for the additional drinks.

Once the drinks were placed on the counter, Stephanie inconspicuously added the GHB in his drink and stirred it quickly. Just as she removed the straw, it looked like the bartender gave her a strange look. When Juice returned, he noticed the new round of drinks.

“What do we have here?”

“Oh, I just ordered us one last drink for the road.”

“A pretty thing like you wouldn’t be trying to slip me a mickey, would you?”

Stephanie laughed. “Of course not. I have plans for you tonight, and I need you alive and kicking.”

“Well, in that case, let’s get the heck up out of here and get this party started.”

“Not so quick. We have plenty of time for what I have in mind. Finish your drink, and I’ll finish mine.”

Juice proceeded to gulp his drink down. Within minutes, his entire drink was gone and he was staggering, trying to get to his feet. Just as they were about to leave, the bartender called out to Juice, and Stephanie thought the jig was up. She just knew she was busted.

“Drive safely.”

That was a close call. Stephanie breathed a sigh of relief as they headed toward the door.

“Let me drive,” said Stephanie. “You’re not in any condition to drive.”

Juice opened the door for Stephanie and then climbed into the passenger seat of his Expedition.

“Where to?” Stephanie asked, as if she didn’t know where he was currently residing.

Juice was so drunk that he didn’t even notice her cover the steering wheel with a towel when she drove off.

Do You Remember Me Now?

Juice was disoriented and dizzy. He didn't know what was happening. He felt weak and chills ran through his body. The GHB was shutting him down. The hammer cracked his skull on impact. He was losing consciousness. Blood splattered everywhere. He screamed out in pain.

The next strike took out his left eye. Out of his right eye, he was able to see a blurred image of a young woman. He desperately tried to defend himself against his attacker, but he was rendered powerless by the drug placed in his drink.

His attacker showed no mercy as he was hit repeatedly with the hammer. She could have easily killed him, but she wanted him to suffer. As Juice fell to the floor, he was able to see the face of his attacker. However, he still did not register that it was the little girl that he brutalized many years ago.

As Juice lay on the floor with blood pouring out of his body, Stephanie stood over him, ready to ask the question she wanted answered for so many years.

"Why did you do it? Why did you hurt me?" screamed Stephanie.

"Do what? Hurt you? I don't even know you."

"Look closer, you piece of shit! Think back almost twenty years ago."

Juice was hurt pretty badly and going in and out of consciousness.

"I swear I don't know you!" he screamed.

"You don't know me, bitch? How about her?" Stephanie asked, pulling out Millie.

Juice looked at the doll, but he was still confused. He remembered seeing a doll like that sometime in his life, but could not remember exactly where and when. Stephanie got close, right up in his face, and grabbed him by the jaw to force him to look at her. Sheer terror overcame him as he looked into her eyes. He then registered where he had seen the doll.

“No, it can't be!”

Seconds before the fatal blow, he recognized those beautiful eyes. He attempted to mouth the words I'm sorry, but it was far too late for apologies.

Apologize to God and tell the devil I said hello, because I'm not trying to hear anything you're saying right now. Stephanie dealt the last blow to send him to the hell he crawled up from.

Payback was definitely a bitch, and her name was Stephanie Jordan.