

Unstable II: The Battle for Her Mind

Prologue

Upon waking, he immediately realized something was terribly wrong. Panic set in as it became clear that his hands and feet were bound. He attempted to see what restrained them, but with it being pitch black in the room, he could not see anything around him. It was eerily quiet and all that could be heard was his frantic breathing. Where was he and why was he tied to a bed?

Before his mind could begin to put the pieces of the puzzle together as to how he ended up in his current predicament, he heard the door to the room suddenly open. He desperately tried to make out the image, but no light entered the room. Still, he could feel someone approaching

“Who’s there?” he called out.

His question was answered with complete silence.

“Who’s there?” he screamed again.

“It’s me, Daddy. Millie and I came to play with you,” Stephanie stated in a childlike voice.

The sound of her voice caused the hairs on his arms to stand on end. For a moment, he stopped breathing. Quickly realizing there would be no positive outcome to this situation, he lost control of his bowels and began to silently pray that God would somehow deliver him from the hell he was about to enter.

“Stephanie,” he whispered as tears ran down his face.

“Yes, Daddy?”

“I’m sorry,” he cried.

“Sorry for what, Daddy?”

“Stephanie, please listen to me. I was only trying to help you, baby.”

“Sorry for what, Daddy?” Stephanie repeated. “Please tell me exactly what you are sorry for.”

“I’m sorry for contacting the police. I just wanted to get you some help.”

“You mean you’re sorry for betraying me? Sorry for stabbing me in the back? Sorry for lying to me?” Stephanie screamed, breaking down from her father’s betrayal.

“Stephanie, I swear I was only trying to help you. I love you,” he begged, his lips trembling in fear.

Liar, Liar, pants on fire!

“Daddy, it’s way too late for sorry. Save your sorry story for somebody who cares.”

Stephanie quickly produced the knife she had been concealing behind her back and began brutally attacking the man who she once loved. She stabbed him repeatedly in his chest while he struggled to get loose and stop the violent assault. The sound of the knife entering his body was therapeutic to Stephanie. In her eyes, justice had finally been served. The fifth strike severed a major artery, and he began to jerk as his life slipped away. Not deterred by the blood splattering everywhere, Stephanie continued to slice his body apart.

Stephanie awoke completely drenched in sweat. She kept having the same dream, and it always ended the same way. Having become consumed with ending his life, Stephanie plotted her revenge against her father over and over in her head. She only prayed her dream would soon become a reality.