



Should you wish to read more tales of vampire erotica, please visit <http://www.vampireerotica.net>

The story you're about to read is copyrighted to LiaCarla. It is available for free, and MUST NOT be altered, re-published in any way, and MUST always retain the present format unless expressly allowed by LiaCarla. For further information contact LiaCarla via her website.

One Night in Beechwood

Chapter One - The Beginning

As I walked from Jane's house where we had been setting up plans for the night ahead, I noticed that there was something different about Beechwood. It was about 5:30pm and I didn't pass or see another person on my journey home.

The sky had turned to a lovely orange glow as the sun was setting, and the birds were singing merrily, but otherwise it was deathly quiet. It took me back to a time when I was a little girl walking home to my grandad's house, enjoying the peace and tranquillity of the evening, knowing that other people would be settling down for a cosy night in front of the television, but my night was just about to begin.

You see, I could sense that something really bad was going to happen back then. I'd enter my grandad's house through the back porch, lock it, and then I would lock the back door behind me. The front door to his bungalow was always locked. My nana would be sat in the front room watching the television and my grandad would be working nights down at the harbour. At 8:30pm I would tell my nana that it was time for bed and then I would help her into bed. She had pre-senile dementia and I would look after her because she wasn't capable of helping herself.

The illness that she suffered made her forget things. She was a danger to herself because she would forget that she had put the kettle on the cooker to make herself a cup of tea, or worse still she would forget to light the gas. Sometimes she would fall out of bed in the middle of the night and I would have to help her back in.

I used to feel sorry for her. I think at the beginning of her illness she knew she was losing her independence and it was very hard for her to take, but as the months progressed she gradually got worse until she relied totally on me and my grandad to look after her.

When my nana was settled down for the night, I would go and sit in the front room and wait

for what the night had to offer. It was long overdue. Bad images and awful memories were going through my head and I only wished that I could live a life like any other normal 9 year old. Then the phone would suddenly ring startling me back to reality. I sat there and wished the phone would stop ringing but deep down I knew that was not going to happen. My stomach was in my mouth as I went to answer the phone. It was my mother ringing me. Any other kid would be happy but not me. It confirmed my earlier sense of foreboding. She told me that they were coming round.

I put the phone down ran into my bedroom and hid the two goldfish bowls under the table. The bastard wasn't going to torture them like he did to the puppies or any of us. The Ford Cortina pulled up outside the bungalow, so I reluctantly went and opened the front door. In walked my mother and my two sisters, followed by him. He said to my mum that we had all better be there when he got back from the pub, otherwise he would find us and kill us all. Off he went in the car.

The next two hours we all sat there in silence. The only time that any of us spoke was to beg our mother to take us and run away from him but she was too scared. Tension was building until we heard a car engine outside beeping it's horn. Hell had just begun again. My mum went and opened the door. Me and my sisters listened to her muffled cries and him shouting at her to get into the car. My legs were like jelly and all three of us stood there too scared to cry only waiting for what would happen next. He appeared at the living room door. "Come on and move it now" he shouted. You could see the hatred and anger in his drunken eyes, and with him standing in the door way it was just too scary to pass him, so none of us would move. Samantha was in front of me, so as she moved shakily towards the door, he grabbed her by the hair and threw her into the radiator head first shouting, "I said fucking move". Louise and I ran out of the room stepping over Samantha as she lay there, still. We ran straight to the car and my mother was in the driver's seat with the car engine ticking over shouting at us to hurry up. Somehow Samantha was right behind me as I was getting in the car.

My mother was now screaming at us to lock all of the car doors, as she was fighting with the gear stick in panic trying to get the car to reverse.

As I was about to lock the car door I saw him running towards the car and I froze in terror. I could not lock the door, I was too scared. By this time my mother was reversing the car as he opened the passenger door. He jumped in and he was furious. All three of us were in the back screaming as Peter smashed my mum's face into the steering wheel as she was trying to drive the car. This caused her to bump into a neighbour's car near the house but they didn't come out to investigate, they just phoned the police the next morning.

Once inside the house the night got worse. I remember standing there as he was in the kitchen beating my mother, my legs could barely support me as I was shaking that much, and never have I felt such a weird intense sick feeling of terror cruising through my body. At the same moment he appeared in the kitchen doorway and shouted at me to get into the kitchen to help my mother make him something to eat. I immediately obeyed. Once in the kitchen my mother was really strange. I kept looking at her with eyes pleading her to tell me that it was going to be all right, I wanted her so much to reassure me. I looked back at the

kitchen doorway and he had disappeared, I whispered to my mum, "What's he going to do?"

No sooner had I whispered, something crashed into the back of me. I didn't feel any pain because I think that terror overcame the feeling of pain. I looked behind me to find a chair being hurled through the air at us, with him screaming "You're fucking telling her when to meet her boyfriend aren't you?". I knew that there was no point in denying this because I'd been accused of this before, I just stood there and watched the chair land on top of the ironing board with an almighty crashing sound of splintering wood on metal.

I screamed out as he lunged forward and grabbed my hair dragging me towards the front room where my sisters looked on motionless. They weren't crying or screaming. They had seen this sort of thing happen too often, almost everyday as a matter of fact. They knew that to survive they had to enter a different world inside their little heads. They cut themselves off from the real world and everything that was happening around them. The twins had turned themselves into human robots. Doing what they were told when they were told and showing no emotion. I wish that I'd known to do that, but because I'd escaped from living with him and sought refuge at my grandad's house, I was about to suffer greatly.

I was thrown into the centre of the living room where I landed roughly on my hands and knees. By now I was screaming, the pain was pounding in my head and my hands and knees were burning through rubbing on the carpet. A sharp blow hit me in the side of my head and by the time that it registered with me I was already being forced to kneel again in the centre of the room. "You get the axe now out of the shed". I looked at Samantha who was standing there. Her face was weird. Her eyes were so wide but dark. Blacker than black. They held no emotion whatsoever. Her skin was white and for a small 7 yr. old, she just stood there staring at him.

I remember looking at her, my eyes silently screaming out to her, "no don't, don't do it, please Samantha", "Now Samantha before you get it as well" he suddenly shouted breaking my concentration on Samantha as she turned and headed off for the garden shed.

"You're going to regret the day you were born" he said, slurring away. He was the epitome of evil. He relished the fact that he could inflict pain both mentally and physically. Mental pain was far worse than physical pain. His main saying to me was "If your going to kill me then you'd better make sure you do it in the first blow, or else I will make sure that you wish that you'd never even thought about it, and that's before I kill you." Then he would get a kick out of handing me a knife and telling me to take my best shot. How many times I'd wished that I could've tried to do it instead of being too scared to. I think he knew what I thought of him and what I would like to do to him, because he must have seen it in my eyes. I've never hated anybody so much in my life and to describe true hatred is really hard.

Samantha handed the axe to him. "Right, you kneel" he said in a tone which was deathly. By this time I'd given up on life anyway. Chicken way out I know, but I was hoping that he would put me out of my miserable life, but, oh no - he knew that that was what I wanted. He had a degree in psychology and he knew how to use his knowledge to inflict the worst kinds of mental torture - unimaginable to the average person.

I felt the draft of air above the top of my head as the axe hit the carpet. I remained still. I'd finally learnt to become an unemotional robot like my sisters. Finally we were all made to sleep in my mum's double bed with him keeping guard all night at the bedroom door. In the morning the police knocked on the door and Peter answered it and somehow he got away with the report made of his car banging into the car down the street.

Oh yes, when I have the feeling that something bad is going to happen I'm never wrong. But my mistake is thinking that nothing is going to be as bad as what happened to me 18 years ago. I mean that's all in the past, what can be worse than that.

I'm grown up now, the worse thing what can happen to me is that I could be murdered, which would most probably be quick. I could be knocked down which could be quick and painless. I might never regain consciousness. I could even come face to face with Peter again which I admit, the thought of knock's me sick with fear but, I'm a lot older now and still young and strong. He's older but he prepared me for the future in an uncanny way. He taught me that if I ever get the chance to reap revenge he will be disabled in one go so that he can't lay a finger on me. Then it will be my turn to inflict an enormous amount of physical and mental pain that will have him begging me mentally to finish him off. But I guess that as he is doing time in a mental institution for murder and holding a probation officer hostage in a prison, my fear of him returning will never happen.

OR WILL IT?

Chapter 2

The phone was ringing as I entered the front door so I raced to answer it. It was my mother ringing to let me know that she would be down between 6:00pm and 7:00pm to collect Kerry, my daughter. Brilliant! Everything was going to plan.

I quickly made tea for myself and Kerry, and after we had finished eating, I sent her to Phil's with a message for him to come over here at 8:00pm. Then my mother turned up for Kerry. By this time the only thoughts going through my mind were what Jane and I had talked about earlier. Tonight was going to be the biggest stitch up planned yet for Phil, something totally different.

Because of Jane being married, it's not often she gets the chance to spend a night at mine, usually it's about once a month. When she does stay the night, we usually have a drink of cider and a few joints. Phil will come over as well and sometimes John and Vinny pop in as well.

It's really uncanny that Jane and I each know what the other is thinking. When we have had a smoke and a drink, we can act very childish and Phil, Vinny and John will do or say something that will make us roar with laughter, and more often than not, I will end up with a pain in my stomach through too much laughing.

But tonight is going to be different. Instead of just sitting in my flat and doing the same old

thing, we have arranged for Hazel, Jane's wacky sister, and Paul to be in on the plan.

Phil showed up first with Mike and John to my surprise. They had brought with them some pot as well. Half an hour later Jane and Hazel showed up. John said that Vinny would be turning up as well and as I glanced over to Jane and Hazel, I knew that they were thinking the same thing as me. This is going to be a night to remember, the more the merrier.

Now, Phil has got a thing about wanting to be a vampire, because he gets turned on by the thought of being able to seduce women into bed with him. To make matters worse for Phil, Jane and I know that he's all mouth and no action, so when he said that he would have vampire sex with me, Jane said that there would be more chance of hell freezing over than of Phil doing that. Of course she was right because Phil has always come up with an excuse to get out of it. The plan for tonight was for Hazel to come on to Phil and pretend that she was really into vampires and their ways. Phil would obviously then start his excuses and try to worm his way out of it. Then Paul would turn up unexpectedly, with a tube of fake blood up his sleeve. Phil would watch on in horror as Hazel turned on Paul and saw loads of blood on Hazel's mouth and Paul's neck. Then we would all fall about laughing at Phil as he realised that he'd been set-up.

This didn't happen because things didn't go to plan. We weren't expecting Mike and the others to turn up, although that wouldn't have stopped us, but Paul phoned to tell us that the plan was off due to there being nobody to look after Jane's and Paul's children.

After an hour or so we were all wrecked, and having a laugh stitching each other up, when Hazel pulled out an ouija board. As soon as I saw it I thought "no way, that is not going to happen in my flat. I'm not having any evil spirit haunt me for the rest of my life".

Jane was splitting her sides laughing at me now and I thought "oh no they're not stitching me up now are they?" "You fell for that one Karen" said Jane laughing, not being able to control herself from spilling her cider.

I glanced at Phil sneakily taking a look at his watch and at the same moment, Jane and Hazel saw it as well. "Time to go is it Phil?" said Hazel in a sarcastic tone. "No, I was just seeing what time it was". Mike stepped into the conversation now and asked what time it was, "10:15pm" said Phil. "I've got to get going" said Mike. "Do you have to?" I said, "Yes, Mel's on one again and I don't want to upset her." We all said good-bye to Mike, John and Vinny.

"What shall we do now?" I said to the rest of them. "Got to do something different, can't just sit in here all night", "Come on, it's my shout. We'll go to the Birch for last orders", said Phil. I looked at Jane and Hazel, thinking that Jane must be thinking the same thing as me. I just couldn't believe Phil was offering to buy us all a drink. "I thought you were always skint Phil?" said Jane sarcastically. That confirmed that she was on my wave length. I started giggling with Jane when Hazel said "Good idea, come on lets go".

I've not been to the Birch for years because nobody went there anymore. A new landlord had taken over the place, and very little was known about him. I took the rest of my pot with me because you never know where you can end up after coming out of the pub.

We didn't need coats because the night was still warm. As we were walking to the Birch, Hazel was winding Phil up, much to mine and Jane's amusement. They were walking ahead of us and you could see Phil edging away from Hazel with some excuse, like bending down to re-fasten his shoe-laces, every time Hazel's hand gave Phil's left buttock a gentle squeeze.

I was the last one to enter the doorway to the Birch. There were only two men in the pub and one barman. The barman was obviously the new landlord. He was a big stocky bloke with a big beer gut. He looked about mid 40's, with dull black wavy hair, which was just above his shoulder line. He had a moustache and beard that looked like it had been left to grow for years without a trim. He was talking to the two men who sat at the bar. One was skinny, with balding mousy brown hair and the other one had an average build, with greying short hair.

Chapter 3

As soon as the door banged shut behind me the landlord looked up at us and just stared. The two blokes turned round and glanced at the three of us. None of their expressions changed, but you could tell that they were eyeing up, Jane, Hazel and me.

"What would you like to drink you three?" asked Phil. "I'll have a Vodka and coke" replied Hazel, "I'll have a bottle of Pils" said Jane and I asked for the same.

I headed off for the usual corner where I used to sit ages ago. Jane and Hazel followed me as Phil went to the bar. "I can see why nobody comes in here anymore" I said, "there's not even any talent in here" said Hazel.

As Jane and Hazel chatted and giggled, I watched Phil being served at the bar. The landlord's expression didn't change once and I thought that he must be one miserable sod. The two blokes didn't speak either while Phil was at the bar, they just watched him in silence. They must not like outsiders in their pub I assumed. I glanced in the direction of the jukebox to see if it was switched on. Music has got to liven this place up. That was when I noticed there was a third person in the pub.

He was sat in the shadow of the jukebox. You could tell that he was a lot younger than the other men in the pub, but you couldn't see his face clearly because of the shadow. "Do you reckon we can get away with skinning up in here?" asked Jane as Phil approached the table with our drinks. "I doubt it" I replied as I reached for my drink. "Now you can see why everybody drinks in the Quarter-deck. It's so boring in here. At least they have still got the pool table. Does anyone want a game?". "I'll play with you Phil", replied Hazel in her come to bed tone of voice. You could see Phil's cheeks begin to have a rosy pink colour starting to spread on them.

"Come on then, Darling", said Phil in a tone as if to say, you don't bother me with your silly jokes. If it wasn't for the fact that his voice croaked half way through his reply, he might just have got away with pretending not to be bothered. As Hazel and Phil stood up, Jane and I were doubled over laughing at what Phil was going through. I turned to Jane, "it's a shame,

he always falls for it doesn't he?", "Hazel hasn't even started with him yet", said Jane.

Movement from the side of the jukebox suddenly caught my attention as the bloke reached forward for his drink on the table. I could clearly see his face now. I could feel the blood rushing through my body as I stared at him trying to figure out where I'd seen him before. He was aged about mid twenties to thirty, mousy coloured hair cut neatly. His face was clean shaven and you could tell from the structure of his face that he was one of those men who trained daily to have a nice physique. No sooner had he lifted his drink and pursed his lips to take a sip our eyes locked. Jesus, I could feel my legs starting to tremble and that butterfly feeling deep at the bottom of my stomach begin to start fluttering. Then I felt a burning sensation begin to start spreading on my cheeks and I quickly looked away. God I thought to myself, now you've shown yourself up by blushing when a fit guy looks at you, I bet he's laughing at me now inside his head.

"Watch Hazel", as Jane nudged me in my side, "Watch what she does and then watch Phil's face". I glanced at the pool table where Hazel was aiming to pot the yellow ball in the left corner pocket. Phil was on the opposite side of the table to Hazel and I suddenly realised what Jane was witnessing.

Hazel was bent over the table slowly moving the cue back and forth between her positioned fingers. She would occasionally glance up at Phil to see if he was looking at her and to her amusement she had Phil doing exactly what she was intending for him to do. She was wearing tight light blue jeans, with knee length black suede boots. Her top was also black. It was a loose blouse with buttons down the front. The bottom was tied around her waist and the bottom few buttons were fastened, leaving the top few undone. She had a cracking figure and long permed hair with a subtle red tint on it. Hazel knew that she looked good and she always knew how to make a man want her, and she definitely knew what Phil could see as he looked at her bent over the table. I looked at Phil's face, his eyes transfixed on Hazel's chest and his mouth hanging slightly open. My eyes wandered down his body until they rested on the long stem of a bulge appearing where his zip was. I immediately cracked up laughing, nudging Jane as I said eagerly "look, look". That was all I could say. Jane and I were creased over laughing, tears running down our cheeks as Hazel glanced over to us with a cool knowing grin. She then took her shot and stood back up as her ball hit the corner of the cushion. Phil proceeded to take his shot.

I took a quick glance in the direction of the jukebox and to my relief he wasn't looking. "Tell me who you think that man reminds you of near the jukebox when he takes a drink" I said to Jane once we had calmed down. We watched him as he took another drink. He looked over in our direction and smiled at the pair of us as he put his drink back on the table. This time he didn't sit back into the shadow, he stayed in full view for us. "Well, who does he look like?" I said excitedly. By this time I'd figured out exactly who he reminded me of, I just wanted Jane to confirm it. It was his boyish mischievous grin that gave it away. But there was no way on this Earth, that it could be him. Jane just sat there staring at him with a look of amazement, she was puzzled. "Well?", I said.

"He looks like that actor who you like, but it can't be him, not here in the Birch of all places", Jane replied slowly. We both looked over at him again and he smiled over to us, then he

picked up his drink, stood up, grabbed his leather jacket and headed in our direction.

Hazel and Phil were too busy to notice what was happening, but as I watched him walking towards us, I could hardly breathe. This was like a dream come true. This sort of thing would not happen in a month of Sundays, especially not in Beechwood. I thought of saying to Jane, pinch me so that I'll wake up but I didn't want to show myself up in front of him.

"May I join you two ladies?" He had the same distinctive voice and American accent as the actor who he so strongly reminded us of. I tried to answer yes but my mouth just opened and not a sound came out. "It's okay you know. I won't bite", he said. I think that he knew that we were both dumb struck. I knew that I was blushing madly and I would have done anything to stop blushing. Relax, take a deep breath, just act normal as if he is one of your everyday friends. "So what are you doing down here then?" I said, trying to act as if I wasn't bothered by his presence. Jane burst out laughing and said to him, "Look at her trying to act normal, she's one of your biggest fans". I was really cringing with embarrassment, I thought that any moment now Jane will tell him that I fancy him, then I would die.

"We're here in England filming the sequel to Teathers. I had to do a shoot today in the Arena across the way, and I've got one more shoot left to do within the week." "So where are you stopping then?" I finally got my words out this time, without stuttering. "In my motor-home with Jack. I thought that I would venture out and have a pint in an English pub, but I wasn't expecting it to be like this".

"You've never been to Beechwood before. The most boring place in the whole world where nothing much happens" replied Jane.

Phil and Hazel finished playing pool and started to make their way back to the table where we were sat. I could see them trying to figure out who we were sat with. The look on Phil's face as he sat down and realised who it was, was so funny. He had that stupid grin on his face and in a childish voice he pointed at our guest and said "You're Christian Alters".

"Never" we both said sarcastically in unison.

"Let me get the next round in", said Chris. He looked at me first and said "What will you be having?" Just as I was about to answer him, Jane replied "I know what she wants" - "and it's not a drink either" said Hazel and the pair of them cracked up laughing. Oh, I could've have curled up and died, I glanced at Phil and he had a big grin on his face. Then I looked at Chris who was just looking back at me with a smile on his face.

"A bottle of Pils please", I said.

"Me too", said Jane.

"I think that I will have the same as them ", said Hazel.

"I'll have a pint of lager", replied Phil.

While Christian was at the bar, me and Jane soon got Hazel and Phil up to date about why Christian Alters was here.

"Who's Jack?" I asked when Christian returned with our drinks.

"He's my minder but sometimes I can do without him following me everywhere. Anyway it seems safe in here but the rest of the clientele in here seem a bit weird." As I looked over in the bar direction, I saw the men quickly look away and begin whispering amongst themselves. I wondered what they were saying about us. Suddenly my concentration was broken as a rowdy young crowd entered the pub. I instantly recognised one of the leading lads. He was called Paul and I hadn't seen since leaving school. What on Earth was he doing in here? I wonder if he recognises me?

"Do me a favour you guys? Don't let on who I really am. If they ask, my name is Nick and I always get mistaken for Alters." We all agreed as the crowd approached the corner where we were sat.

They were a funny looking bunch of people. All dressed in black. There was about eight of them altogether, three women and five men to be exact. Paul returned from the bar with the drinks and sat down with his mates. I watched them all chatting away and laughing amongst themselves. They seemed harmless but I couldn't help wondering why they were drinking in this pub.

Hazel soon got into a conversation with one of the lads, not bad looking too. He was about 5' 8", dark shoulder length hair and blue eyes. They seemed to be getting on pretty well. Hazel was being introduced to the rest of the group. Once finished she started introducing us.

"This is Phil, Nick, my sister Jane and....."

"You don't need to introduce Karen to me. I knew it was you as soon as I clocked you. How are you? I've not seen you for years", said Paul.

"Fine. What are you doing here?"

"Were having our annual meeting. A few drinks in here first and then we are going to Chisley Moss. That's where the real party begins. You're welcome to join us if you like."

"What are you doing up there?" asked Jane.

"It's all locked up you know", said Phil.

"We know it is. Once a year we all climb the fence, make our way to the special place, drink beer and smoke pot until the morning comes."

"What's the special place?" asked Christian.

"It's deep inside Chisley Moss where nobody ventures. There is something special about the place. It's a circle of trees, thirteen to be exact. Nothing grows within that circle and they say that a few hundred years ago, a witches coven was broken up, whilst attempting to call the Devil."

"Yeah right" I said. "I've never heard of a witches coven at Chisley Moss before."

"Well it's in the history books.", replied one of the girls.

"I'm definitely game for going", said Hazel eagerly.

"Yeah me too", said Jane.

"What about you Phil?" I asked.

"Count me in definitely".

At that moment my heart sank. I didn't think that Christian Alters would come with us. This is going to be too childish for him. I really didn't want to leave him. I might never get a chance to get to know him better, or should I say, I might never get a chance to know him more intimately. Who was I trying to kid. There was no way that Alters would get off with me. Wake up Karen and join the real world. I reluctantly decided to ask Christian if he was coming as well.

"As long as you're going, yes. I would love to keep you company." Oh my god he was actually replying to me and all the time he looked deep into my eyes. This just could not be happening. He's winding me up. He wants me to think that he fancies me when he doesn't really and it's all going to turn out to be some sort of sick joke. Ah yes, but who could have told him to wind me up. Pull yourself together girl, I thought to myself. You're going way over the top. So what if it is a wind up. I might end up getting a snog off him at least. Just go along with it and see what happens, but don't fall for anything too obvious.

"Yeah I'm game for going" I replied to the two groups.

"One problem" said Paul. "There's only two cars and thirteen of us. Any of you got cars?"

"We'll use my car", said Chris.

"I'll get in the back of Joe's car", said Hazel obviously because she wanted to be near Ste. Fine I thought. At least she's not after Christian because if she was, there would be no chance for me. "Great, lets all drink up and get on our way then", said Paul eagerly.

We all finished our drinks and headed for the car park. Me, Phil and Jane followed Christian. Hazel was heading for a red sports car, which must have been Joe's. Her and Ste got in the back, whilst Lisa and Joe got in the front. Paul, Stella, Amy and Smithy climbed into a black Suzuki jeep that Paul was driving. Chris's car was a black sporty looking BMW. Jane got in the back with Phil, which left me to get in the front alongside Chris.

As we left the car park and started our journey to Chisley Moss, it was obvious that this was going to turn into a race. We were driving at 80 mph down the main road trying to get past Joe's car. My heart was pounding but I was feeling good as the adrenaline rushed through my body. I could hear Jane laughing in the back of the car. Yeah, she must have been enjoying this as much as I was.

As I looked across at Chris, he just smiled at me, so I smiled back. Phil was shouting "Go on faster Chris, faster"

"You'd better get into the habit of calling me Nick, Phil", "Do you want to ruin my night?"

"Sorry Nick," said Phil. You could tell he was embarrassed, but Chris didn't want anything to ruin his night.

"Apology excepted" said Chris nicely.

We approached the roundabout outside the gates to Chisley Moss. They can't be parking their cars right outside the gates, I thought. If the police came past they would know that we were in there.

"Where we going?" asked Jane.

"They'll be parking up one of the side streets so that the police won't see the car", replied Phil.

We came to a stop behind the back of Joe's car and we all got out. As we were walking to the front gates, Jane approached me and whispered, "It looks like Christian likes you",

"Don't be silly Jane" I said trying not to sound embarrassed.

"No I'm telling you, you can just tell."

Chapter 4

We all followed Paul in a single line through the bushes at the side of the wire fence. Then he pulled out a pair of wire cutters to cut a hole in the fence. Once we were all inside Paul recommended that we walk in pairs. It was lucky for us that Paul had two extra torches and he handed one of them to Christian. Jane and I paired up with Christian, and Phil paired up with Stella.

It was really spooky in there. I kept on remembering what Phil had said happened when he came here with his mates, sometime ago. They all heard this mad wailing noise which had scared them that much, that they legged it, and they've never been back since. There's got to be a rational explanation for what happened.

"It's so dark in here, there's no lights anywhere" I whispered to Jane.

"Yeah I know. Whatever you do, don't leave me will you?"

"Of course I won't".

"You two aren't scared are you? What is this place?" said Chris.

"It's a nature reserve." I said.

"There's a load of peat bogs that go on for miles and miles. I wonder if there are any bodies undiscovered which have been involved in ritual killings?" said Jane.

"Yeah they'll come back to haunt us won't they Jane", I said sarcastically but laughing at the same time.

"Stick with me you two and nothing will harm you", said Chris.

"Oh what a hero". At that last comment I made, me and Jane burst out laughing. Chris was chuckling too.

I was reassured that I could still hear the other's voices up ahead of us, but all I could make out when I looked ahead was a few shadowy figures and glimpses of torch light filtering through the trees.

We must have been walking for at least an hour when we finally strayed from the path. In single line we made our way up this muddy embankment through the trees. Jane fell over in front of me, but she quickly got up and carried on walking. Then I almost tripped over the same root of a tree that was responsible for tripping Jane. It was so dark and deathly silent except for the odd shout ahead made by one of the group. I was beginning to get scared now. I don't know why but I knew that this was a bad idea.

"Are you all right", asked Chris as he put his hand on my shoulder.

"Yes, just wish I could see where I was going".

"Here take my hand and I will guide you." He held out his hand for me so I quickly grabbed it. I felt so safe whilst he was holding it. We came to the top of the embankment and it was obvious that we had reached the end of the journey.

The clearing was huge and the moonlight revealed that everything within the clearing was dead. There wasn't one plant or bush growing there. You could easily make out the thirteen trees, because each one had the pentagon sign on it.

We all proceeded to sit in a circle, and rest from the long walk. "We must collect some fire wood to build a fire," said Paul. "Phil and Ste come with me. We won't be long", he said as the three of them disappeared into the dark forest surrounding us.

"It ain't half spooky here", said Amy. She seemed very quiet and different from the rest of her group. It was odd that she was a part of them. Perhaps she was tired from the long walk or the alcohol had taken a bad effect on her.

As I sat there waiting for the others to return, Chris put his arm around me and pulled me closer to his side, keeping me warm.

"Pass us the weed Karen and I'll skin up", said Hazel. I passed her the stuff while Smithy asked, "Who wants a beer?"

"I will", said Jane instantly. I decided to pass on the beer and so did Hazel. I thought that it would be a bad idea for me to start drinking; I'll just have a smoke instead. As Smithy passed the beers round to Stella, Chris, Joe, Johnny, Lisa and Amy, Johnny decided to get the ball rolling with the story of the witch's coven.

Johnny was about 24 years old. He had blonde hair, green eyes and a friendly face. When he smiled, the dimples showed as well as showing his straight white teeth. He was very good looking and I could already see that Jane was taking a shine to him, because of the way she was acting and how close she had moved to be sat next to him.

"In 1744 on Walpurgis night, you do all know what Walpurgis night is don't you?"

"Yes" I answered, "It's the night before May 1st, something to do with witches celebrating."

"That's right, how do you know?, if you don't mind me asking"

"My mother mentioned it to me once because her birthday is on May 1st. Plus I don't know if you've ever heard of Old Demdyke, one of the Pendle Hill witches, well she's supposed to be one of my family's ancestors." I could see Johnny's face lighting up now with pure excitement.

"You should join our group Karen. You'd be perfect, you're a true witch even. Have you ever practised witchcraft before?"

"No, never had the chance to go into it"

"Well firstly, we need to find out about Old Demdyke. If you want, we will visit the library sometime and research your past."

"Yes, it's a date then, can Jane come with us as well?"

"I don't see why not, anyway getting back to what happened here on Walpurgis night.

The power of witches was at its height at this time, and on the night of April 30 they would assemble here at this very spot arriving on broomsticks or with demons to perform their evil rites, indulge in wild dances and orgies, affirm their allegiance to their master the devil (who would be there in person or in the form of a goat or some other animal), initiate new

members, and receive their assignments for the coming year." We all sat there, listening to Johnny. He was good at telling stories, (if this was a story) he certainly knew how to captivate his audience.

"This year though there was great rebellion amongst the surrounding villagers. Local children were dying from unknown diseases, and expectant mothers were giving birth to hideously deformed babies.

The villagers believed that the dying curse of Old Fishtail was to blame for the strange happenings. Six months earlier, the villagers had tortured Old Fishtail, believing that she was one of the leading members of the coven who met here where we are now.

She was drowned in the ducking stool but the last words muttered from her foul mouth were, "You and your children will pay for this".

"On Walpurgis night the villagers hid in the bushes surrounding us now. The witches were busy celebrating, enthralled in one another, performing nude sexual acts on each other."

"God I would have loved to have seen that, it turns me on thinking about it", interrupted Smithy, whilst he grabbed hold of his male bulge to show us just how much he was telling the truth. "Grow up Smithy, your such a pig, you know," said Lisa. It was obvious that Lisa and Smithy were a couple, but she was not impressed with him now. Everything fell silent as we waited for Johnny to continue.

"When seeing acts of lesbianism, some of the villagers believed that they would fall to the evil filth of the witches curses. A few of them got so scared that they ran from here, never to be seen again. Nobody knows what happened to them, as their bodies were never found. They could have drowned in the peat bogs, or something else in these surrounding woods could have been responsible for their disappearance. In the meantime the remaining villagers decided to proceed with their plan. They lit their torches. Earlier in the day, three of the leading citizens of the village had been chosen to come here and douse the bottom of the thirteen trees in thick black tar.

Fire is a protection against witches, so why not burn them to hell within the circle where they celebrated with their disgusting orgies of offering themselves to the Devil. They threw their torches high in the air as they were aimed accurately towards the bases of the thirteen trees. Instantly they had succeeded with their plan. The witch's screams were unbearable as the villagers ran back to the safety of their homes.

Only one villager by the name of Pedro was brave enough to stay and watch the witch's fate. He saw them running terrified within the circle, before the flames started licking at their bodies as they screamed in burning agony. Others remained calm as they chanted some curse before the raging flames spread in their direction.

At that moment there was an almighty deep roar which could be heard for miles and miles around in the dark cold night. Pedro's eyes grew wide as he watched a flash of lightning hit the centre of the circle and smoke started to build. He watched terrified as an enormous

figure held out its arms as the witches ran towards it. The figure must have been at least 10 feet tall, half-man, half-beast. As the beast turned its head in Pedro's direction, Pedro wished that he hadn't stayed to watch. He realised as he looked into the beast's raging, bright eyes, that the devil himself had come to rescue his children. Pedro fled the scene, surviving to tell future generations what he had witnessed, and to tell them that the circle was a forbidden place.

Since then a few people have gone missing around here, never to be seen again. They say that the burnt remains of the witches are still here waiting to reap revenge on the villagers who condemned them."

"Wow" said Hazel slowly.

We all sat there in silence, I mean this is supposed to be a true story and if it is a true story, I began thinking to myself, what the hell am I doing here past midnight.

"Karen doesn't need to worry about anything seeing as she's a witch" said Jane laughing away.

"Ha ha very funny." I said.

At that moment a sharp cracking sound in the distance broke into the midnight air. My stomach immediately flew into my mouth as my head snapped sideways to see what made the noise.

From the bushes appeared Phil and Paul carrying firewood. They headed towards us and dropped the firewood in the centre of the circle.

"Great" said Chris, " I'll get the fire burning, which should protect us from the evil spirits out there" he said with that mischievous grin of his.

"Where's Ste?" said Hazel instantly. "I thought he was with you two collecting firewood?"

Phil and Paul turned round to find that Ste had not returned with them.

"He was right behind me a minute ago", said Phil.

"He's most probably trying to scare us or something", said Paul who still remained calm.

"Why, does he like trying to shit people up?" said Hazel instantly. I could see that Hazel was not taking this lightly. Jane moved over to Hazel and reassured her that it was a joke they were playing to wind us up.

Chapter 5

Back in the woods Ste had spotted a nice big piece of firewood. Phil and Paul were making their way to the circle as Ste made his way to the piece of wood. "This will last ages on the

fire", he muttered to himself as he bent down to pick it up.

As he stood up and turned around, something black, slimy and hard suddenly darted down in front of his face. As Ste suddenly focused on what was obstructing his view he began to scream for help. Too late, the bony skeleton arm, dripping with black gunge, and fingers as sharp as razor blades had already sunk its fingers deep into Ste's throat and lifted him straight up into the tree tops.

The chunk of wood hit the ground, followed by a few splatters of blood.

The fire by now was really warming us up and thanks to the joints that had been skinned up by Hazel and Smithy, we were all joking and laughing. The only other sound that could be heard above the noises we were making was the crackling of the fire.

I noticed that Phil was getting on really well with Stella now. They were sat there on the other side of the fire from me and Chris, and Phil had his arm around her. She wasn't thin but she wasn't fat. I'd guess that she was about size 14, with blonde wavy hair and bright green eyes. She was attractive and I could see what Phil saw in her as well. They were whispering to each other before the pair of them stood up.

"We're going for a little walk to see if we can find Ste hiding in the bushes" said Stella casually to the rest of us.

"He's most probably got his head down in the car, had too much beer and pot and decided to call it a night", said Paul laughing.

"You had better watch out for the Witches you two if you're going out there for a walk", said Johnny in a mocking tone.

"Yeah, yeah anything you say Johnny", said Stella.

"She'll be safe with me there to protect her", commented Phil as they left the circle.

"I can bet on what those two are going to get up to, can't you?" whispered Chris in my ear. "Sure", I replied.

"Perhaps me and you should go for a walk Karen",

"In a little while, when I've had some more to smoke",

"Not scared are you?"

"A bit, I've got a funny feeling about this place"

"It's just the weed making you paranoid. Relax, you're with me now".

It was obvious why he wanted me to go for a walk with him, but I was beginning to get real

nervous about him. He can't really fancy me can he? I thought to myself. Get a grip of yourself girl. If you carry on like this then you will never find a bloke, just take it as it comes.

Phil and Stella had made their way to a large pond at the bottom of the embankment. The moonlight clearly shone on the water's surface and it looked like a clean pond. Perfect for swimming in. "Fancy a swim Phil?" Phil took one look at her and he all ready had a stirring feeling in his groin. He watched Stella as she began to take off her jacket to reveal her black bra. Next off came the pants to reveal her matching black thong. Phil's heart was racing now. He really wanted her and he was not going to throw away a chance like this. He quickly began to strip, nearly falling over as he hopped on one foot to take his sock off. Stella watched him and chuckled at him rushing to get his clothes off. Then she peeled off her bra and knickers to dive into the pond. Phil looked up as he heard the splash and realised that she had gone in completely naked. He wished that his feelings weren't on full display for her to see. So when she wasn't looking in his direction he quickly made a run for the pond and dived in.

The water felt so cool and relaxing as Phil floated there watching Stella, gently gliding in the water towards him. She put her arms around his neck and pulled herself towards him. They embraced in a passionate kiss. Phil could feel Stella's nipples which had grown big and hard rubbing on his bare chest and he couldn't believe his luck. The blood was cruising through his body and his erect penis was so painfully hard. He guided his hand down towards her buttocks, where he gently caressed her before she rose in the water, placed her hands on his head and ducked him under the water. Then she swam for the edge of the pond and was climbing out as Phil reached the surface of the water. He coughed a bit and watched Stella, who was not afraid of showing her body, walk to the tree and lean against it, with her back gently moving on the bark of the tree.

Phil swam to the edge, climbed out and walked to Stella. Phil could see that she was turned on and ready for him as he moved in to take his pleasure.

"I love the way the rough bark feels against my back Phil. Am I turning you on?" she asked in a purring tone. Phil didn't respond. He was so turned on that he thought that his balls would burst at any moment. She put her arms around Phil's naked back, which was almost too much for Phil to take. He took hold of her arms and lifted them into the air and pressed them against the bark of the tree. He held both arms there with one of his hands. He loved to see the shape of her breasts change as they were made to stretch and lift into the air. As he held her to the tree, he leaned forward and kissed her passionately, and with his spare hand he gently cupped her breast and began to roll her nipple between his thumb and fore finger. He was really getting into the flow of things now as he listened to her moaning. The more he caressed her breast, the more frantic her breathing became and the more her moaning started getting louder and louder.

Stella was really turned on by now. She felt the sensations from her nipple begin to spread all over her body. She was in ecstasy now as she felt the rough bark rubbing on her hands above her head. She could feel her legs being parted as the sensation of the thick head began to nudge it's way up deep inside her. There was an edge of roughness to the intrusion of her private parts, but as each tremor of pleasure rippled through her body, the pain just

heightened the pleasure she was feeling.

Suddenly from deep down within her, the pain ripped through into her stomach sending white flashes of light, pulsing through her closed eyes. She tried to scream out but the pain was too intense, and as she opened her eyes to see what Phil had done to her, she saw him standing away from her with a look of pure horror on his face.

Phil had stood back to admire her just before he was going to fill her with his powerful love juice. What he saw, soon put an end to that idea.

In shock he looked on as he watched the branches of the tree secure Stella to it. The branches resembled bony hands, which had pinned Stella's hands to the tree where Phil had. Two more branches were now moving round to pull Stella apart. Each breast was being pulled away from the other causing a rip to tear down Stella's front. The most horrible thing Phil saw then was a thick branch between Stella's legs. Blood was running down it to collect in a pool at the bottom of the tree. Phil rushed forward, frantically trying to pull the branches away from Stella. He looked at her face as her eyes grew wide and her mouth slacked in the middle of a huge silent scream. It was then that he saw the branch protruding from the middle of her stomach.

It was too late for Stella. Phil fell back on the floor in despair and shock at what he'd just witnessed. This was too unbearable for him to contemplate. He wasn't aware of how vulnerable he was at that moment. He felt nothing. Everything was silent and dead. He looked up and Stella had vanished. He quickly got his jeans and jumper on and ran as fast as he could to where the others were.

I stayed close to Chris's side as we walked through the trees. We got back on to the path and walked casually along until we came to one of the nature reserves hides. "This looks like a good place to rest" said Chris. Those eyes of his when he looks at me, really turned me on. It's as if you can read him like a book, knowing what he's thinking and knowing what he's going to do next.

We made our way to the hide, climbed inside and sat next to each other on one of the benches. All you could see from the glass-less windows were miles of bog land with a low mist rolling along, close to the ground. I was at ease with him here, being together and away from that dreaded circle. There was something about that place that put me on edge, and I couldn't wait until it was time to leave.

"What time is it?" I asked. The night was beginning to take its toll on me. There was nothing worse than mixing alcohol and cannabis.

"2:53am. Tell me Karen, do you do this sort of thing all the time?"

"No do I heck. In fact, I don't really do anything at night, except for messing about in my house, either with my computer or watching the television. Most of the time Phil comes over, and we have a smoke."

"Phil who's come along tonight?"

"Yes. We're just friends."

"Glad to hear it" he smiled, as he pulled me towards him and our lips met. Wow, what a kiss it was. I could feel the goosebumps start to leap out along my arms, as he ran his fingers up through my hair. As I started to relax, things started to hot up and the more turned on I was becoming. He forced his tongue roughly into my mouth, and began to swirl it around my responding tongue. I could feel his fingers begin to take a firm grip on the back of my head, and by now my heart was pounding.

He gently pulled away and sat there just smiling at me. "I just knew the first time I saw you looking at me, that you wanted me Karen", he spoke in a confident manner. I just looked at him as I thought to myself, here we go, this is where the mind games begin. Does he want to prove to me that he can have anybody he wants, or does he want me for just the one night or what, I began to wonder. The best thing for me to do now was to decide what I wanted from him.

I'd already made my decision before thinking of the question, funnily enough. Come on, it's not an everyday chance you get to make out with your favourite actor is it?

"What makes you think that I want you?"

"The way you looked at me in the bar",

"That doesn't prove anything Chris. So, do you want me?" I asked daringly.

"You will just have to wait and see", he replied with a cheeky grin on his face. It wouldn't have bothered me if he'd said no. I was just glad to be with him now. Anyway if you think about it logically, there is no future for the two of us anyway.

We began kissing again, then he began to whisper in my ear, "Do you want to leave now?"

"Yes" I murmured. No way this is really happening. My legs have turned to jelly and I've got that numb feeling between my legs, slowly beginning to creep upwards into my stomach.

"Come on then." He grabbed my hand as we walked back to the path, leaving the hide behind.

"We had better tell the others that we are going, or else they will wonder where we are." There was no way I was leaving Jane and Hazel up there, not knowing where I'd gone.

As we reached the top of the embankment, it was instantly obvious that something was wrong. As soon as we appeared at the side of the circle, Jane was screaming "Thank god you two are all right." She was clearly very distressed and as I looked at the rest of them, all huddled together around Phil, I knew that something terrible had happened.

I ran towards Jane and asked her what had happened. "Phil said that Stella's dead and he isn't joking." I looked at Phil sitting there like a pathetic little boy shaking and crying. He certainly wasn't acting his age, which was 20 years old.

"Phil !" I shouted, but I got no response. I decided to sit down next to him and I put my arm around him to comfort him. "Phil" I said gently. Phil was sobbing uncontrollably. All he could say now and again was "Stella's dead, she's dead."

"This is no good. We need to know how and where she died and whether or not he is telling the truth." said Chris.

"Yeah. We need to know how she died" said Paul.

"Phil's in shock. You'll be lucky if you can get any sense at all from him" interrupted Smithy.

"What if Ste was killed as well?" asked Hazel. Everybody fell quiet at this last comment. I thought to myself that, if Ste and Stella were killed out there, then what caused it, and furthermore what about us lot.

"PHIL!" shouted Chris. Phil didn't respond, he just started sobbing even more. Chris grabbed him by each arm and shook him violently. "Phil, tell us what happened." Then Chris slapped him across the face, which seemed to bring Phil to his senses.

His face was white as a sheet and gaunt looking too. He was obviously in shock, his eyes displayed the horror of what he had witnessed. They were without emotion and dark.

"What happened, Phil?" asked Chris softly.

"The tree, the tree," spoke Phil as he began to cry again.

"What about the tree?"

"Killed Stella",

"Who killed Stella?"

"The tree, ...the fucking tree killed Stella. I couldn't help her, I tried but it was too strong." Phil was hysterical now. I felt sick and my legs were feeling weak, just like the time when Peter would come home in one of his drunken violent rages, except back then, you had a good idea of what might happen next. This time it was different.

"What do you mean?" asked Paul.

"The tree killed Stella." Phil had stopped crying now. But he was still in shock because he just stared blankly.

"Which tree Phil?" asked Chris.

"Straight ahead, over there, near the pond" answered Phil pointing in the direction where I had watched Phil and Stella walk off together.

"Do you want to show me Phil? There's got to be a rational explanation for what has happened" said Chris.

"No, I'm not going back there. You can't miss the tree, it's the big oak on the left."

"Are you coming Paul, to take a look?"

"Yes okay. You Guys! Stay here with the girls." Said Paul to Johnny and Smithy.

I looked at Chris. I couldn't believe that he was going to leave me and take a look. He walked over to me and put his arms around me.

"I'll be okay. I need to see what has happened, to decide if we're safe or not."

"You're not in the movies now, you know. This place is supposedly haunted and Phil says that a tree has killed Stella, and Ste disappeared ages ago, and you want to go and have a look at some tree?" I was crying now as I pleaded with Chris not to go.

"Can't we just all go home and call the police. Let them come here and take a look?"

"Don't be stupid Karen" said Joe.

"Yeah Karen. If the legend is true about this place, then it's the witches taking revenge on us through the trees. You're a lot safer here in the middle of the circle away from the trees" interrupted Smithy.

"We're all going to die aren't we?" Lisa cried out.

"I want to go home" interjected Jane nervously.

"So do I but let's all calm down now" said Hazel. I was surprised at how calm she was. Obviously she was scared but she had the ability to keep cool in a situation like this. I went and sat next to Jane as Chris and Paul spoke to each other.

"Shame we've not got an axe", said Paul.

"I've got this." Chris pulled out a huge hunting knife out of his inside pocket.

"Stick with me Paul. Don't touch any of the trees. There's something funny about this place. Me and Karen have just walked through the trees, to get back to the circle, and nothing happened to us."

"We definitely need to find out if Phil is telling the truth," said Paul as he and Chris headed

in the direction of the pond.

I looked at my watch and the time was 3:15am. "It won't be much longer till it start's getting light Jane."

"Hopefully we won't be here much longer. Perhaps Phil killed Stella, Karen. You know how false he can be at times" whispered Jane.

"Don't be silly."

"Haven't you admitted to me before in the past that you don't really know him?"

"Yeah, but to kill someone?" I knew that Phil was false, but I couldn't believe that he would be capable of killing someone.

Phil interrupted the conversation. "Let's just go and make a run for it."

"What about Paul and Chris? Do you want to leave them out there?" said Smithy. He was clearly annoyed at Phil's suggestion.

"Perhaps he's got a point", said Johnny. "Perhaps one of us should try and get some help."

"No way. It's too dangerous", said Lisa.

"We'll be alright if we keep away from the trees. Why don't me and you make a run for it Johnny?" asked Phil. "We could use your car and go and get help."

It was clear to us all that Phil wasn't going to remain here. So we all decided that Johnny should go with him. Paul and Chris had been gone now for twenty minutes, and although I didn't like to admit it, something might have happened to them. We wished Johnny and Phil good luck and off they went to find help.

Jane started crying. I knew how she felt and how Hazel must have felt when Ste never returned. It's really strange that your feelings are so strong for another person you've only just met, when you know they could be in serious danger.

"Oh my god. Look everyone", said Amy suddenly. She was pointing to one of the thirteen trees. She started screaming hysterically.

The pentagon star sign on one of the trees was bleeding. It must be true about the legend of the witches, I thought. "Stay calm everybody. Nothing can happen to us if we stay away from them" said Smithy calmly. I could tell that he was as scared as us, but in situations like this, you need someone to be in control, and Smithy was obviously the guy for it. Lisa, Amy and Jane started crying. I looked at Hazel as she looked at me and we both knew that things were going to get worse. Then I spotted another pentagon symbol bleeding. This wasn't symbolising Stella and Ste's death was it? Somehow from deep within, I knew that it was, and obviously if any more of them started bleeding then the witches of the trees had

claimed another victim.

"Listen here everyone. We've got the fire to protect us haven't we?" said Smithy. "It's a well known fact that villagers used to light fires to ward off evil spirits. As long as it doesn't go out, then we're safe for the time being."

"Well how do you intend to keep the fire burning when we've used the last of the fire wood?" said Hazel in a sarcastic tone. We all looked at the fire, which for our sakes was burning strong, but Hazel was right. There was no more firewood and it was too dangerous to collect any more.

Suddenly there was movement in the bushes all around us. Amy started screaming hysterically, "I don't want to die, please God, I don't want to die." I found myself holding on to Jane for dear life as I saw what was happening. The bushes were growing all around the thirteen trees, imprisoning us there. It was at that time that I realised what Phil had said was true. We were like sitting ducks, lambs to the slaughter. Even Smithy didn't have anything to say. Jane was suddenly sick with fear as she passed out on the ground next to me. Hazel immediately ran to her side and held on to her.

"What are we going to do?" screamed Lisa.

Chapter 6

It was then that a swirling blue mist started ascending from the two bleeding trees. I felt like a tree being rooted to the spot. I was not capable of speaking or moving because of the intense feeling of terror crashing through my body.

"Do something !," screamed Amy, as the blue mist started ascending from all the trees. They were floating around the circle now and it looked like they were forming with one another into something huge. I suddenly wondered about Chris and the others as a force so huge arose in my body that I couldn't scream or move, before I passed out.

"This must be the spot where Stella died" whispered Paul.

"Just don't go to near the tree, Paul."

"Look there. That must be blood Nick."

Chris examined the dark patch on the soil and looked closely at the tree. You could make out blood on the tree as well, but where was Stella's body, Chris wondered. He couldn't contemplate the idea of a tree killing someone. You would have to be seriously mad if you thought that something like that could happen. He looked around him and everything was silent.

"Her body must be somewhere around here, it can't just vanish into thin air" said Chris as he approached Paul.

"Well I don't fancy looking in the bushes, do you?"

He walked past Paul and made his way to the edge of the pond. As he stood there looking across the water he could see no sign of her body. Moonlight shone down onto the pond's surface, caught the gentle ripples gliding across the surface of the water, as wildlife stirred, deep within the black water. Suddenly he heard Paul screaming behind him. He got his knife out and ran towards Paul who was struggling with the root of a tree which had started to weave itself around his ankle.

Chris stabbed frantically at the root of the tree as Paul screamed in agony. The root was squeezing hard as it continued to slowly spiral up Paul's leg. Chris could see how tight it was squeezing because of the bulge of flesh above the root on Paul's leg. Suddenly the bulge of flesh made a popping sound, as blood was forced high into the air, in pulsating rhythm with his frantic heartbeat, Paul bit his tongue off without knowing as the agony surged through his body.

Blood was everywhere. Each time Chris plunged the knife deep into the root, blood spat high in the air. Paul had passed out and Chris, due to all the blood, found it hard to keep a firm grip of his knife. What he didn't know was that another one of the evil tree's roots was slowly creeping along the ground behind him. It rose in the air, ready to embrace Chris around his neck.

Meanwhile, Johnny and Phil were running fast down the embankment, heading for the path. Johnny knew that he would be a lot safer once he reached the sand path. He could hear Phil puffing and panting behind him, but his thoughts were to get help and save his friends, especially Jane.

He had never met anyone like her before and although he didn't show his true feelings, he'd longed to take hold of her and tell her how much she would be safe with him there to protect her. He thought it must be her petite size and vulnerability that he liked so much. Now he was having second thoughts about leaving her up there.

Suddenly Johnny was grabbed around the throat, lifting him about three feet off the ground. As he kicked and fought with the slimy tree branch that was squeezing the life out of him, he tried in vain with both hands to loosen the firm grip of the tree. If he could hang on for a minute longer, he knew that Phil would help to save his life. He passed out as he watched Phil steadily and wearily step past him.

Phil heard Johnny scream out in front as he was pulled up into the tree. He raced to where Johnny was kicking and fighting for breath and noticed the tree's branch which was squeezing the life out of him. Phil then noticed the park ranger's hut which was just off the path, and immediately ran as fast as he could to it. The door luckily was easy to break and he quickly found what he was looking for.

He raced back with the axe and found that Johnny was just barely alive. With one almighty swing of the axe, he instantly severed the tree arm and Johnny fell to the floor.

The pair of them were covered in blood which spurted out in every direction as the tree wailed in agony. Phil quickly dragged Johnny to safety where he gave him mouth to mouth resuscitation.

It's was now up to me to get help for the rest of them up there, thought Phil. He realised how selfish he had been, due to the way he had been handling the situation up until now, only thinking of himself, but now he had to be positive.

He picked up the axe and tucked it into the waistline of his jeans. Next he struggled to lift Johnny up on to his shoulders in a fireman's lift, and then started to make his way out of Chisley Moss.

Chapter 7 - The Ending

It was light when I woke up and I suddenly began to wonder, where the hell I was. The bed springs gave a loud moan as I shot upwards into a sitting position, looking around me. That was when I realised the pain my whole body was suffering from. I began to see black dots appear in front of me gradually growing bigger and bigger, before I passed out.

Apparently I had been in hospital for three weeks before I'd come round. Both of my legs had been broken in thirteen places, and I had suffered from internal injuries.

It was a long struggle in hospital but thanks to my family's support I recovered within three months. I gradually had to learn to walk again, and the pain was awful, but it was worth it. According to the doctors, I had been in and out of a coma for the first 6 weeks, and the they couldn't tell me how I'd received such injuries.

My family had questioned me about the night it all happened, but all that I could remember was the special place and the bushes growing and trapping us in there, as a weird blue swirling, fog like vapour, started to ascend from the trees. I could see the disbelief in their faces as I told them. Perhaps they thought that I had gone mad, and maybe it was best if I went to see a psychiatrist. That's the reason I decided not to mention that night again. Only the people who were there knew the awful truth about the special place.

The day before I was released from hospital, I was allowed a visit from my friends. I was so happy to see Jane and her husband Paul, Hazel and Johnny appear through the doorway at the bottom of the ward. Jane flung her arms around me and gave me a big hug. I could see the emotion in her eyes, water welled in the bottom of her eyelids, as she pulled away. It was then that I realised that I didn't know what happened to my other friends, that night, and what about Christian?

I felt sick, he's dead I thought because I could remember him leaving with Paul to look for Stella's body. Why wasn't he here now? Why hadn't he been once to visit me while I had been in hospital all these months. He must be dead.

"You don't know how much I've missed you Karen" said Jane, she couldn't contain her tears any longer. They were streaming down her face now as she sat on the side of my bed with

Paul's hand resting on her shoulder. "I've missed you lot as well," I said choking back the tears.

"You certainly are responsible for saving our lives kiddo", said Johnny. I just looked at him in amazement, with questioning eyes. What on Earth was he on about, me saving their lives. I couldn't remember anything at all. "You don't remember a thing do you?" asked Hazel quietly. "All I can remember was a weird feeling start to tighten my body and I couldn't breathe. Then I woke up in here. I was scared stiff, I didn't know where I was." I could feel my heart pounding fast as I spoke and I still felt scared for some reason.

Hazel told exactly what happened and how I was responsible for saving everybody's life that night. "You remember the spirits of the witches started to come out of the trees, don't you?" she asked.

"Yes", that must have been the blue vapours coming from the trees, I thought to myself.

"They started forming into a huge like force, growing bigger and bigger, as they swirled like a hurricane above our heads. I was shit scared and I thought, that's it, we're all going to die. All I could do was hold onto Jane because she'd passed out. The noise coming from the wind was tremendous. It sounded like witches screaming and laughing and all the time it was getting louder and louder until my eardrums started ringing.

It was at that time that Amy must have lost her marbles because she stood up, to try and make a run for it. I screamed out to her as she was sucked off the ground up into the trees, where she was impaled on one of the branches."

"Oh my god", I muttered to myself. Poor Amy, what a way to die. Hazel continued, "That was when I noticed you stood there. You didn't budge, it was like you weren't affected at all by the strong force of the wind. Your hair and clothes were viciously wrapping around you like the rest of us but otherwise, you remained firmly attached to the ground. But it was your face Karen. It changed. It wasn't you anymore, it was someone else's face, but still your features, it's really hard to describe what I mean. Then you lifted your arms high in the air and started chanting something in a different language. The more you chanted, the more the evil forces of the witches raged about us. Razor sharp fingers formed within the blue swirling fog, there were about eight of them and they started to sweep at us lot on the ground. I got cut a few times and needed stitches afterwards. Here look at the scar."

As Hazel lifted the sleeve of her T-shirt, I saw the scar, it looked real nasty. Jane had them as well, one of them was on her cheekbone, but it wasn't as deep as Hazels'. Jane was lucky because the doctor had told her that it would hardly be noticeable within a few months.

"Then things got real scary, Karen. I thought that you were going to die", said Hazel quietly. We were all trapped in our own thoughts as we imagined what Hazel was describing. "You started chanting louder and louder and as you did so, you started to rise from the ground. Your eyes were shining bright white and I thought that you had been possessed by one of the evil spirits of the witches. You rose about 15 feet into the air and from your fingers a white mist ascended, mixing into the evil blue hurricane. You could hear the triumphant

sounds of the witch's turn into screams of terror as you raged on with your mad chanting. At that moment the blue fog suddenly wrapped around you like a tornado, which spun you around so fast. Next minute there was a flash of lightning that struck in the middle of you and the tornado. The blue vapours vanished and you were thrown high in the air, real fast before you hit the ground, and then everything was quiet."

"What happened next?" I whispered. I could barely find the strength to ask because of the numb feeling inside of me as I tried to figure out, exactly what had happened.

"You were lying at the edge of the circle, all twisted up. You could tell instantly that your legs were broken. I knew that the torment of evil terror was over because everything felt different, plus it was light now. Smithy and I ran over to you, but you were unconscious. I couldn't help it, but I instantly screamed out as the relief swept through my body, at the realisation that we were going to be safe, but you were in a critical way Karen. You stopped breathing as Chris appeared on the other side of the bushes. You should have seen him, he was covered in blood, but he was okay."

Jane quickly stepped into the conversation, "Yeah that's when I woke up with Lisa smacking my face telling me to wake up, it's all over. I sat up and saw Chris on the other side of the bushes, hacking away frantically to get through them. I heard Hazel crying frantically bent over you as Smithy was giving you mouth to mouth resuscitation. Lisa and I ran over to where you were. I really thought that you were going to die, Karen."

"Then Smithy got you breathing again as Chris came running to you" said Jane. "Chris and Smithy stopped with you, as me, Hazel and Lisa ran to get an ambulance for you. That's when we found Johnny and Phil at the gates."

"Phil saved my life" said Johnny.

"He saw the branch catch me and lift me off the ground, and I was fighting for my breath, while thinking, hurry up Phil, help me. Then I saw him, stagger past me, looking all the time, and then he carried on running. I think that's when I must have passed out, I really thought that I was gonna die, but Phil saved my life."

"Yeah I spoke to Phil when we reached the gate and he said that he was scared stiff, but he knew that he had to do something to help Johnny," interrupted Jane.

"What did he do?" I asked.

"He said that he got an axe from a hut and cut the branch clean in half. He was in a right state though. He had called the ambulance for Johnny, but when we told him about you, he raced off to find you. Any way he told me to tell you that he's coming round to see you tomorrow when you get home."

I couldn't wait to see Phil and I was glad that I was going to see him tomorrow. When something terrible like this happens, it makes you realise how much you appreciate having good friends and Phil was maybe one of them. I was so pleased that nothing had happened

to him and I knew that our friendship would be stronger from now on.

I later found out that Paul's dead body was found where Chris had left him, and luckily enough, Chris's life had been saved from the unexplained miracle I had performed. Stella and Ste's bodies were never recovered, but Amy's was.

As I lay there in the bed, with my friends around me, I began to wonder about everything that had happened that night. How come I was the one who saved everybody? There was nothing special about me, I was your everyday normal person. And where was Chris? What had happened to him? Why wasn't he here now with the others? Tears suddenly filled my eyes as the emotion of everything I had been told began to sink in. Why did innocent people have to die on a night that was only meant for fun and excitement.

"Well Karen", Johnny interrupted my thoughts as he began to say, "It must be true about Old Demdyke being a part of your family tree. The only explanation as to what happened that night, is that you had some sort of magic power to fight the evil witches spirits, that were attacking us."

"Perhaps you were possessed by Old Demdyke herself, as she came to our rescue", said Hazel.

It had to be true I thought to myself. Nobody else apart from us who were there that night, would ever believe in a million years what happened to us. "Do you still want me to join your coven Johnny?" I said jokingly to break the silence.

"You must be kidding, and if you think that you're doing anything like that again Karen, I'll kill you myself. That goes for you too, Jane, and Hazel", said Paul glaring at Jane. He knew that I was only joking but at the end of the day, it was no joking matter what happened up there. "Lighten up babe", said Jane as she stood up and put her arms around her husband's neck. "Oh by the way Karen. I've got something here that will really cheer you up" said Jane as she took a letter out of her pocket. She handed the letter to me and they all said goodbye to me. "I'll nip round yours tomorrow to see that you're okay, seeya later" said Jane as she walked off down the ward and vanished out of sight.

There's nothing worse than being left to your own thoughts when you've got so many questions that need answering inside your head. I couldn't liven myself up and get rid of that numb feeling deep within my stomach, which made me feel sick all the time. I looked at the letter, which was simply addressed to Karen and decided to read it.

It was from Chris and as I read it, I started to cry because I was so happy. It soon got rid of my sick feeling, and I knew that I was going to be all right. The letter read,

Dear Karen,

You scared the living daylights out of me as I rode with you to hospital in the ambulance. You're obviously well enough to read this now and I just want to tell you, how much I am missing you, as I write this now.

I had to go back to the states to finish filming, as I explained to you all in the pub. I didn't want to leave you but I had a contract to fulfil. I've never met anyone like you before and I want you to know that I'm coming back for you baby.

You saved my life and everybody else's that night. It's certainly a night I won't forget, but for the moment what I will remember most was meeting you. Your friend Jane has been keeping me up to date with your recovery and that is why I asked her to give you this.

I can't wait to hear your voice again, so it doesn't matter what time of day or night it is, phone me on this number, 0144 45741121.

love you babe

Christian.

I couldn't wait to phone him so I steadily climbed out of the bed and made my way to the phone out in the corridor. I had bad butterflies in my stomach as I nervously dialled the number.

"Hello Christian, it's Karen",

"Karen, really, is that you?"

"Yes",

"Will you marry me babe?"