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### Rejection

It was a cold, rainy day in Seattle when Andrew saw Candice through the glass window at the Starbucks. He walked in, ordered a black coffee and sat down. Struck by her beauty, Andrew kept looking over at Candice. She had brown hair with a hint of blonde highlights, and long natural eyelashes. She wore a white long sleeve shirt with a plaid scarf, leggings and hunter boots. She looked around the age of a college student, probably at Seattle University. Andrew could tell just by her looks that she was his type, as Andrew was a student at Seattle University as well. Candice could feel his eyes gazing towards her, so she looked up to see who kept looking at her. Once she saw Andrew, they locked eyes. Neither one of them could take their eyes off each other after that, but Candice knew it was just a little eye flirting, so she packed up her laptop, threw away her cup and walked out the door. Once Andrew saw this happen, he pushed open the door and ran to her side. He stuck out his hand as he was walking side by side next to Candice, and said, "I couldn't help myself but from noticing how beautiful you are. My name is Andrew." Candice shook his hand and said, "Oh thank you, my name is Candice." "What a beautiful name for a beautiful girl," Andrew responded. "Where are you headed?" "Back to my dorm. I'm a freshman at Seattle University," Candice said. "How ironic, that's where I'm headed," Andrew smiled at this because he could have more time to talk to her. As they continued to walk and talk, they told each other a little bit about themselves. Candice,

originally from Portland, Oregon, came to the university knowing no one, but she has made plenty of friends the last few months. Andrew was a Seattle native, and a junior at the University. When they finally reached the entrance to Candice's building, Andrew asked if he could see her again. They arranged to go to dinner the next night, and exchanged cellphone numbers. Andrew couldn't wait to see her again, but that would be sooner than Candice expected.

That night, Candice went out with her roommate Vanessa to get dinner. Andrew had been waiting outside her dorm all day so he could see her again. Andrew slowly started to follow them once they were outside, and waited for them to sit down at a restaurant so he could be seated on the opposite side. He wore a baseball cap and sunglasses so Candice could not tell that it was him. The entire time Vanessa and Candice were enjoying their dinner, Andrew did not take his eyes off Candice. He got his iPhone out, and started to take pictures of her. He left before they could, and ran back to the entrance of her building. He was waiting across the street so he could see when Candice and Vanessa turned the corner. Once he saw them, he put his headphones in and ran across the street, right next to them. Pretending not to notice, Andrew ran right on by. Candice stopped, turned around and yelled his name, "Andrew!", he stopped running and took out his headphones, "This is my roommate Vanessa. Vanessa, this is the guy I told you about from Starbucks this morning, Andrew." The two shook hands, and Vanessa said, "You forgot to mention how cute he was." Andrew blushed, and said "I totally forgot this is where you lived! I better get my directions right for tomorrow." Candice laughed, "You better! Look forward to seeing you tomorrow!" Vanessa and Candice both smiled, and turned around. "Me too!" Andrew yelled from behind. He quickly snapped a few photos, and ran home.

His home turned out to be an abandoned mansion he found on the outskirts of town. He was in a fraternity on campus, but got kicked out once rumors started spreading that he had been drugging girls. After that, no one at the University would take him in, so he found a free place and made it his own. He did this by putting a steel door to one of the rooms in his basement, with at least four locks on it. Turns out the rumors were true, and he had a habit of taking control of the girls that would reject him. He would take them back to his creepy home, and lock them in that room. This had only happened to two girls before, but the outcome wasn't very pretty. Their bodies were found at the Seattle Harbor. The girls were random girls he had tried to pick up in a bar, they had no relation to each other except that they had both turned down the wrong guy. Andrew was hoping Candice would be different, and he wouldn't have to use his little pills on their first date together.

At seven o'clock exactly, Andrew arrived at Candice's entrance with flowers. Two minutes later, Candice walked out with her hair back and a slim red dress on. "You look beautiful, these are for you," he said as he handed her the flowers. "Thank you for these, where are we going tonight?" she asked Andrew. "I think we would start off by a nice dinner at Canlis, then maybe get some ice cream after." "Sounds good, let's go!" Candice said enthusiastically. They whistled for a cab, and arrived at the nice restaurant. They had a great talk at dinner as they both told each other more about their past, and Andrew explained what the college life is like at Seattle University. He left out the details about his incident with the fraternity, and almost being kicked out of school. But the good news was Andrew could tell that Candice was genuinely into him, so he wasn't worried. As Andrew got to know Candice more, he learned about a different side of her. She was a quiet girl in high school and never really got to go to parties, so she

wanted to experience a college party. “How about instead of getting ice cream we go to Red Rocks, I have a friend that bartends there,” Andrew suggested. “That sounds so fun, thanks!” Candice replied. After they paid the check, they took another cab to Red Rocks, and Andrew slipped the bouncer a \$50 to let Candice in. With her sweet little smile, Candice walked inside. “Unfortunately I got my dates mixed up and my friend isn’t working tonight, but I have enough money for as many drinks as you want, so bottoms up,” Andrew said. The truth was after the rumors started to spread, Andrew lost all his friends. He became even more dependent on a relationship, and was always looking out for the perfect girl, and the perfect girl was sitting right next to him.

After a few shots into the night, Candice had opened up entirely. She told Andrew things that usually would have been told way further into the relationship. Some of these things were about past relationships, and by the sound of it, Candice was a loyal girl. Andrew grew confident that this time things would work out. Throughout the night, Andrew took pictures of Candice. Candice, unable to notice, was having the time of her life. When she started to fall over, Andrew decided she had had enough, and took her back to his place. He carried her up to his room and laid her down on the bed. He thought it would be best to wash her off, so he took her clothes off and started to bath her. She kept splashing the water everywhere, but Andrew didn’t care. He wrapped her in a towel and put his favorite Led Zeppelin t-shirt on her. He laid down right next to her, but rather than sleeping his gaze was set on her the entire night. He never felt so lucky.

In the morning, Candice woke up confused and scared. She had no idea where she was, or what happened the night before. When she saw Andrew lying next to her, she felt embarrassed for having been so drunk, so she grabbed her clothes and ran out. Candice looked

around, and realized she was in the middle of nowhere. The house she had been at was huge, but very run down. There were cracks in the wall, weeds growing everywhere, and some of the windows were broken. She was surprised that such a nice guy lived in such a creepy place. She walked down the road until she saw a gas station, and used a payphone to call her roommate since she couldn't find her phone. 10 minutes later Vanessa arrived, and drove her back to campus. When Andrew woke up, he was furious that the beautiful brunette was nowhere to be found. He tried calling her a few times, and when she never picked up he put on his running gear, grabbed his little pill and headed out for a run.

It took 35 minutes to run to the entrance of Candice's building. Once again he waited there for her to walk out. It took almost two hours, but he finally saw her leave. This time, he ran straight up to her saying, "Hey Candice, I didn't hear you leave this morning. I tried calling you too, but you didn't pick up. Is everything okay?" Candice was surprised that he ran up next to her, but said "Oh yeah I just forgot that I had an early class this morning. And I lost my phone so that's why I didn't pick up." Andrew thought these were all lies, and he became angry. "Okay well I'll see you around then," he said as he put his headphones back in. Once again, Candice was surprised but at the fact that he just ran off. She thought it was because after last night he didn't want a trashy girl like her. But Andrew thought that she was completely over him, even though he took care of her last night.

Andrew continued to follow her. She was walking to the science building, probably because she had class, he thought. He went inside to try to see what class she was in, but lost track of her in the flood of people. He waited again until the class was over to find her again, and he did. She walked into the dining hall, and ordered her food. She put in her headphones, took

out her laptop and went to work. Andrew, making sure she was very concentrated, walked by her and slipped something into her drink. She never noticed, and took a sip of it. When this happened, Andrew tapped her on the shoulder and said, "I just walked in and saw you sitting down over here. I'm sorry I walked away earlier, can we go talk somewhere?" She nodded, packed up her stuff and they went to a bench outside of the dining hall. Once they sat down Candice admitted she was not feeling good. Instead of talking, Andrew insisted that she needs to go home, so they got in a cab. But instead of taking her home, he took her back to his rundown mansion. The cab driver asked if she was okay once she fell limp in the back seat, and Andrew just said that she was exhausted from the night before and needed to sleep. The cab driver believed it, and Andrew grabbed Candice and shut the door. He carried her into the house, and down into the basement where he dropped her on the bed, and shut the steel door. He locked all four locks that night.

After two days, Andrew heard a pounding in the basement, which meant Candice was awake. During the two days, Andrew meant to keep a low profile but ended up running into Vanessa. She was worried because she had not heard back from Candice for two days, and she hadn't told Vanessa that she was going anywhere. Andrew said she had saw Candice crying after class, and she told him that her father was in the hospital so she had to fly home. She had also lost her phone, so there was no way of getting in contact with her. Vanessa believed it, and gave Andrew her number in case he heard anything. Andrew deleted her number right after, and returned home.

Andrew unlocked the locks, and opened the door. Inside he found Candice in a ball, crying on the bed. He went to go sit down next to her, and asked her how she was feeling. She

sat up and slapped him. After he recovered and looked at her, she asked frantically “Did you drug me?!” “Of course I had to, the only way you’ll spend time with me is if I force you to,” he responded in a very sympathetic tone. She started hysterically crying, and asked why he would think that. “You pretended to have class in the morning, just like you pretended to lose your phone. I’ve heard those ones before Candice, you’re not the first girl to run out on me. Now if you just shut up and stop crying, I’ll let you sleep with me tonight. If you don’t, it’s another night down here in the dark.” She tried to gather herself, but the tears wouldn’t stop flowing. “Another night down here it is,” Andrew said as he slammed the door. He could hear her yelling his name from behind the door, saying “I promise I won’t cry! I’m sorry!” He was planning something big for them tonight, but it would just have to be pushed back to tomorrow.

Andrew was angry that he wouldn’t be able to spend time with her that night. “Why does she keep crying,” he thought to himself, “I’m such catch. Any girl would be lucky to have me.” As he laid in bed, he opened up his iPhone to the pictures, and scrolled through the hundreds of pictures he had of Candice. This was as close to her as he would get tonight, but tomorrow would be a different story. He woke up the next morning, and made breakfast for Candice. He carried the food downstairs and unlocked the four locks. He turned on the light from the outside, and placed the pancakes at the foot of her bed. He was stroking her long, brown hair when she opened her eyes. “Good morning beautiful, I made you breakfast. When you’re done, there’s a shower down the hall so you can clean yourself up. Come back here after and wait for me to come get you,” Andrew said. Candice looked around for the breakfast, and once she spotted it she jumped right up and started to inhale it. She had not ate for the past three days so she was starving. Andrew walked out and left the door open, but locked the door from the basement to

the main floor to prevent her from leaving. An hour and a half later, Andrew went downstairs to see if Candice was ready. She was sitting on the bed, brushing her wet hair. Andrew stood in the doorway, staring at her, until she looked up at him. She did not smile, in fact she looked scared. “Don’t be scared Candice, I’m gonna take care of you now,” Andrew said as she tried to comfort her. He grabbed her hand and led her upstairs to the main floor. He informed Candice that they would be staying inside all day, and watching movies and making food and doing things regular couples would do. “This is not a regular thing Andrew. We’re not a couple,” Candice told him. “If you want to act that way, then you can spend the rest of the week alone downstairs until I find a permanent place for you,” Andrew responded. Candice started to cry, and Andrew had had enough of crying. He slapped her right across the face, and she fell to the floor. She continued to cry until Andrew sat by her and said, “I’m so sorry Candice, I didn’t mean to hurt you. I just don’t want you to feel scared is all.” Knowing that Andrew could be violent, Candice pretended that everything was okay. “I forgive you Andrew, now what did you have planned today?”

They spent the next two hours watching Titanic, a classic love story, which is just what Andrew wanted. The entire time Andrew had his arm around Candice, but she was a little hesitant as to how close she would let him be. Rather than watching the movie, Candice was brainstorming ideas of how to escape the torture she felt she was in. She thought of the things Andrew would do to her if she did not cooperate, or even the possibility of death. She had never been so frightened in her life. It didn’t help either that no one knew where Andrew lived, and come to think of it, no one even knew who he was when she mentioned his name around campus. The whole situation became very sketchy to Candice, and more things began to make sense. Like how Andrew accidentally forgot she lived there and ran by her just as she was walking outside, or



how he said he had a friend who bartender but got the dates mixed up. It seemed like Andrew was a compulsive liar, who would stop at nothing until he got what he wanted. He was also a madman, and obsessive once he became attached. Now that Candice saw what Andrew was capable of, she knew she had to comply with his demands.

After Titanic was over, it was already time for dinner. Andrew told Candice that he would be making a gourmet meal for her because he had to impress her. This left Candice sitting alone at the table, watching the man who was controlling her like a doll. As she was watching Andrew, she observed the entire kitchen. To her luck, she spotted the knives right by the fridge. She asked Andrew if she could get her own water since he was busy at work, and he smiled as he looked over his shoulder and said, "Of course, there are water bottles in the fridge." Candice stood up and walked towards the fridge, shaking. She waited until he was completely focused on cooking so she could reach for one of the knives and put place it between her jeans and her back. She was reaching for the water bottle when Andrew came up to her and spun her around. "Dinner's almost ready my darling," he said. Candice was shaking so noticeably that Andrew asked her what was wrong. "I'm just cold, do you have sweatshirt I could borrow?" Candice asked. Andrew grabbed her hand and led her to his room. Candice figured out he would never leave her alone to prevent her from leaving. She slid the sweatshirt very carefully over her back so the knife wouldn't get caught on the fabric. Once it was on, they returned back to the kitchen and ate the meal. "This is really good Andrew, thank you," Candice said. The conversation was very short at dinner, but Andrew did most of the talking. After dinner was over, Candice volunteered to do the dishes and Andrew accepted that request. While she was washing away, Andrew was watching her and taking pictures. Candice noticed, but decided not to say anything.

What did catch her attention was the fact that Andrew had a phone. If she could get her hands on that phone, she could save herself.

Since Candice had been a good girl that day according to Andrew, he decided to let her stay with him that night. Andrew lended Candice one of his t-shirts again, and they climbed up in bed together. While Candice was changing, she hid the knife under the pillow. She planned on stabbing him while he was asleep so he couldn't fight back. Once they both were laying in bed, Andrew slid his hand onto Candice's leg. She jumped at the touch of his cold fingers, but tried to calm her breathing so that she would give no hint to Andrew that she was scared. Andrew tried making conversation with her, but she would just make up the excuse that she was tired. Andrew started to become impatient with her, so he leaned over and kissed her. At first, Candice resisted, but then she tried her best to make it seem like she was interested. "This is our first night in bed together that you remember, so will just keep it at that tonight. Good night Candice, I'll see your beautiful face in the morning," Andrew said. They both turned off the lights and Andrew fell fast asleep. Candace was wide-awake, with fear and anxiety spreading all across her body. She didn't plan to use a knife until many hours into the night, but that didn't happen due to the fact that she was exhausted from the day's events. She also fell asleep, but was abruptly woken up by the screaming of Andrew. He had found the knife, and was standing on her side of the bed, with the knife extending towards her. "What the hell is this Candice! I thought you were actually starting to like me! I can't believe I found this under your pillow...were you planning on killing me?!" Andrew was screaming as he was pacing back and forth, "You know what, don't even answer that. You have rejected me so many times that I know I will never have a shot with you...which means no one else can." At the end of his sentence, Candice's eyes widened as she saw Andrew

leap forward at her with the knife, and felt the sharp pain in her right arm. The knife sliced right beneath her elbow, and the blood was spilling everywhere. She grabbed the cut on her arm, and started to run. "Oh so you want to make this a game of hide and seek, huh pretty girl," Andrew said as he was following the trail of blood from Candice. Candice started to become light headed as she ran through the gigantic house. She never knew there was an upstairs, but it served no purpose as she discovered every single room was empty. There was nowhere to hide. She entered one of the empty rooms and saw there was a window. Her hope of jumping out and living escaped her once she realized that she had a better chance living in here than jumping out there. She had to think fast, so she hit the window with her fist and picked up a shard of glass as her choice of weapon. She closed the door and hid by the closest wall, until she noticed little red dots following her on the floor. She heard the creak of the stairs, and knew that Andrew was close. He found her trail, so there was no use in hiding. She stood in the center of the room, waiting for Andrew to enter. The doorknob turned, and the door flew open. Candice never noticed the crazy in Andrew's eyes until that moment, where death was facing her. She knew someone was going to die that night, and she had an unfortunate feeling that it would be her. Andrew said nothing, the only sound in the room was Candice's heavy breathing. Andrew took off towards her and tackled her to the ground. She used all the strength she had left to keep the knife from killing her, while still holding the glass, that was also cutting into her hand. She bit Andrew's hand, and he rolled over. She stabbed the glass into his leg, and he cried in agony while holding his leg. She retrieved another piece of glass by the window, but Andrew stood up and grabbed her hand. He tried to push her out of the window, but she grabbed the wooden frames and refused to move. She took her foot and kicked the glass deeper into his leg. She could feel the hot blood rushing

down his leg onto hers, and knew he was losing more blood than her. Andrew fell to the ground, and Candice looked for the knife. She figured he must of dropped it as some point while they were wrestling on the floor, but she couldn't find it. When the sharp, painful sting came back in her left thigh, she figured out Andrew had the knife the whole time. She put her hand on the cut that was made on her leg, and it came back with red blood all over it. Candice fell to the floor, and Andrew stood over her, very triumphant that he would win once again. "Well, this is goodbye Candice," he said as he raised the knife over his head, ready to kill. As he did this, Candice used all the power and strength she had left and kicked Andrew in the stomach with enough force that he tumbled and fell straight out of the window. Candice waited until she heard his body hit the floor to look out the window, and was relieved when she saw the image of a disfigured body lying in a puddle of blood. Unable to walk due to the cut in her leg and loss of blood, she crawled down the stairs into Andrew's room to look for his cell phone. Her image was becoming very blurry, but she found the phone and quickly dialed 9-1-1. "My name is Candice Crawford. I've been kidnapped, abused and stabbed...help me." After she said her last words, her hearing went out, and her vision was fading fast. The last thing she saw was a bloody body standing over her, with a face that looked exactly like Andrew. Right when he got close enough to her that she could identify this person as Andrew, her vision went black. As she took her last breath, she heard a whisper say, "You're mine forever now..."