

Lefevers - Stevens



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Twisted Angel

Milo Hansen and Nadia Tate have been together since they were teenagers - but over the years Milo notices that Nadia Tate is evil - But how evil can Nadia be? - As he delves deeper into her world -He will soon regret his decision.

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From The Writers

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We have covered many disgusting and horrifying scenarios throughout the conception of this title - but let it be known that we had as much trouble writing it as you may have reading it. We do not endorse or condone the subject matters within this fictional story. With that being said, our job in creating other worldly places is to reflect the true nature of human beings as best we can. Darkness of the mind exist, and the only way to overcome darkness is with light.

-N.LeFevers & K. Stevens

Breakfast Time

MILO

"Here's your breakfast." Nadia says to me.

I look down to the same paper plate that I see every morning. The same burnt eggs, the same burnt bacon, and the same rock hard biscuit with a spoon full of canned breakfast gravy. Oh boy, there's a shock, I got four pieces of bacon instead of three the fourth seems to be extra burnt, probably intentionally.

"Do you think maybe we could have pancake tomorrow morning." I say while I try to break up the biscuit with my spoon. Knowing damn good and well, it would be the same meal all over again, as it has been every morning for as long as I can remember.

Nadia looks at me, her eyes wide and her hand is on her hips, "Is something wrong with my food?"

I look around at all the extra food she has made, knowing I never ask for seconds. Probably why I only weigh 180 pounds.

"No, your food is fine, pancakes just sound good to me, I haven't had any in a while, I just thought I would suggest it." I say to her as I force a bite of biscuit and gravy into my mouth, I barely chew it and force it down my throat.

"Maybe someday we can. But we have enough bacon and eggs to last for a while, no point in wasting them." Nadia says to me as she rolls her eyes and turns back to her plate on the counter.

Nadia never sits at the table with me, I don't know if she is ashamed to eat in front of me, or if she just doesn't want to be in my presence.

I study her for the first time in a few months, I see her brown roots beginning to shine where her dyed black hair has grown out. She is small, she stands around 5'3 and weighs maybe 125 pounds. She is fit, she takes care of herself very well. But her attitude doesn't match her face. She is beautiful, in a way that a stranger would look at her and feel the desire to want to know her. But she is cruel and controlling. She has dark brown eyes, almost black. She has the cutest nasolabial folds around her mouth when she decides to smile, which isn't as often as it used to be.

Me and Nadia have been together since we were kids, I was thirteen and she was eleven when I asked her to be my girlfriend. Everything was always perfect, she made me feel loved, she bought me gift and made me feel important. It was somewhere around my senior year of high school when she started to change. She was always worried about where I was or who I was with. But being a teenage I knew she was just being jealous.

We moved in together when I was twenty, the day after she turned eighteen. Her parents got murdered by someone, and she didn't want to live alone, so me being the me, I offered to move in.

Things were great for a while, we went out to the lake, we went to the movies, we went hiking. Although she was always worried about what I was doing or who I was with, I still continued to think that she was just jealous. One day at the lake, she accused me of looking at a woman, she was obviously a very attractive woman, but her baby was crying, and the woman forced her hands over her child's mouth and was telling it to shut the fuck up, and that is why my attention was turned toward her. But Nadia didn't see it that way. Nadia turned into someone unrecognizable that day. When we got home she slapped me, and punched me, and scratched me all over my body until I begged her to stop. I should have left that night. But she told me she was sorry, that she was just feeling insecure about herself. I believed her.

You see, I am what they call a hopeless romantic, I believe that everything happens for a reason, and I am led

to believe that me and Nadia are supposed to be together. Maybe because we have been together for ten years, or maybe because she makes me feel like I am supposed to be with her, and she is good with apologies.

I continue to force food down my throat, as Nadia's eyes keep focusing on my plate as if she is waiting on me to finish. I take bigger bites. Hoping the food will work with me and not against me. A few more bites and I am finished. I look at my plate, the four pieces of biscuit sit next to the burnt scrambled eggs.

"May I have some more gravy?" I ask Nadia. To her it may feel like I enjoy her food, but I honestly need something to help the rest of the food go down smoothly.

Nadia places another spoon full of gravy onto my plate. I smile at her in a way that says Thank you. She looks at me with eyes that say Fuck off.

I twirl my bacon in the gravy as it scratches against the paper plate, I take a bite and crunch it a few times, enough that I wouldn't choke when I swallow it. Nadia watches me from across the room. I smile at her as I chomp on the brick of bacon in my mouth.

"Delicious." I say to her, as she mixes her gravy and biscuit together.

I force two spoons full of eggs in my mouth and swallow without chewing.

I look back down to the one piece of bacon, the extra burnt one.

"I'm full." I say as I raise from my chair to throw my plate away.

"Don't waste my food. You better finish that." She exclaims to me as I proceed to sit back down, staring at the bacon that may break my teeth.

"Sorry dear." I say to her in a low voice.

I break the piece of bacon into pieces easily, as it just crumbles to almost dust in my plate. I mix it in with my last spoon full of gravy and shove it into my mouth and forcefully swallow it whole.

"Thank you." Nadia looks at me as she eats her biscuit, which is always unnaturally lighter than the ones she serves me.

"You're welcome." I say to her as my throat becomes sore, once again, from forcing her burnt food down my throat.

How I Lie

NADIA

When I look at Milo, I see a man of distinct nature - he is perfectly normal - he's perfectly Milo. And his blue eyes entice me somehow. I'm drawn to them like a child drawn to a playground. I look over his body like I'm from a distance. Like he's a stranger walking past me on the street. If I do that than somehow, I can stay close to him. I don't use words like love to describe how I feel. Staying close is a more relative term that I can truly appreciate. As I look into his eyes, I know that he doesn't like the same breakfast I prepare for him. That's okay. But you must eat something - Milo. Or else you will starve. Milo places his paper plate in the trash can and turns to me and says, "It was delicious."

"You're welcome." I lean in for a kiss from his plump lips, as I do every morning. They are soft and wet lips. I'm used to kissing many different lips - man - woman - sometimes I kiss them together at the same time. But his lips are only mine lips. I won't share. Milo stares at me through those blue eyes, that small frame, those black and red basketball shorts and black and white tank top.

"I love you, sweetie. I guess I'm going upstairs to the office. Many phone calls to make." Milo shuffles awkwardly in front of me. A little bit of egg stuck to his lip, captured inside of his thin beard. I reach my arm out to him and with my fingers - pluck away that little piece of distraction.

"You had some egg there."

"Thank you," Milo says with a simple grin. "You can come up anytime you want too."

I bet you would like that. You want me to invade your space just so you have a sound excuse to invade mine.

"You know that I don't like coming into your personal space. I was raised better than entering a man's den." I say

with direct eyes. Milo throws his eyes on the ground.

"I know that Nadia, I'm just letting you know it's okay."

"I know it's okay."

I don't understand why I say it that way. It's frustrating to deal with someone who is weak to distance - I suppose. Milo, you can do you. And, I can do me.

"Well. You don't have to be a dick about it. I love you though." Milo says and reaches in for a hug. I grant him his hug. I wrap my long arms around his back and let him kiss me on the lips again. Milo enjoys my lips. He loves how thick they are. He loves how inviting they can be. Milo is a normal man - needing the normal things from me. I appreciate that he has the normal desires. It took years of practice - years before I met Milo Hansen to learn how to lie directly to someone's face. It's a skill that is proving itself worthy every single day. He's an easy man to lie to. Believe me. He's easy.

And as for calling me a dick - I understand it makes him feel empowered somehow. To call me a harsh name. But the adult in me disregards the notion that he's trying to be mean. Instead it says - I'm trying to claim back my manhood. He's trying to show me that he's a man. He doesn't take shit from a small woman. I wouldn't say that I love that. I would say that it is entertaining somehow. I guess I'm entertained easily. I enjoy when men and women for that matter - think they have more control than they do. To be honest with myself - it makes me wet.

Time For Business

MILO

Nadia has gone for a jog. It's time for me to get some work done. As I make my way up the stairs I see a picture of me and Nadia from my high school prom, I have on a standard tuxedo, and Nadia is sporting a sexy silk black dress that reveals her breast beautifully, it is short to her ass and a small slit is up the side. I got very lucky that night. Nadia showed me what every man should see. My dick was solid as a brick all night. It hurt to get off when she finally allowed me to.

As I sit down at my computer I look around at my desk, it's clean and simple. A picture of me and Nadia sits to the left of my screen slightly slid behind the screen so her dark eyes don't stare a hole through me as I work. I log into the hospital website and begin to scope through all the new patients I have to call today, hopefully before Nadia returns home from her jog.

I make a few calls, and schedule some appointments throughout the day, people who need surgery, people who need a check up, kids who are sick, people who want to know why they have a rash in unknown areas, a few medication refills. I get cussed out a few times a day normally.

Today for instance, A woman called me everything under the sun, told me I wasn't cut out for this job. She made sure to let me know that her dog would do a better job at helping her out. All because I couldn't tell her why her nipples were darker today than they normally are. This went on for a good 30 minutes, luckily I deal with Nadia on a daily occasion, so I am used to verbal abuse. I can keep my self together and speak to the patients as calmly as I would talk to a child that doesn't know any better. Maybe they haven't taken their medication, maybe they have a hard life at home and they have no one to take it out on, maybe they just need to vent. Whatever the case is, I am there to help calm them down, to assure them everything is okay, or that they need to see a doctor, or even just get a refill for their prescription.

I finish off with a woman who needs to speak to a manager, something about not being able to get Xanax prescribed to her because it would interact with her other prescriptions. So I get to page her over to the hospitals office and be done with my work day. Thank god, a easy end to my day.

I gaze out the window and see the neighbors, the woman is pregnant, possibly around 7 months along, the man is carrying in all the things they had bought throughout the day, probably last minute things they need before the baby arrives. The woman runs her hand across the mans cheek and even from the window I can tell she mouths the words, *Thank you*, as she holds onto her back and makes her way up the steps and into the house.

I always dreamed of having a family. I always wanted three boys and two girls, I wanted the boys to be older than the girls, so they could always protect them from any harm and danger that may occur when I am not around. But the further into this relationship with Nadia, the further away that dream slips. I couldn't see myself marrying her. I couldn't see her carrying my child. I couldn't see myself give her sympathy the way that man across the street did for his girlfriend, or wife. But that's what love is. You care for one another, you help each other in hard times, you take on the load that the other can not burden at a moment in their life. But in order to be able to do that, you have to care for that person, you have to want to make their life easier, you have to give a piece of your existence to assure that all their needs are met. I learned a long time ago that I did not love Nadia, that I was just used to her. I was used to her always