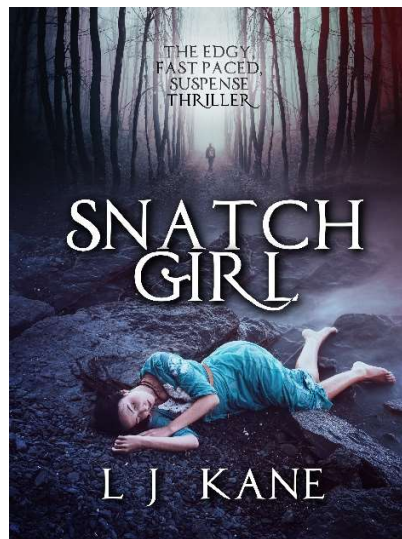


L.J. Kane – Snatch Girl

Sample Chapter

SNATCH GIRL by L.J. KANE



Chapter 1: Breathe

A shapeless shadow lunged from the semi-darkness, pitching her to the floor, with its solid weight on top of her, as Ellie pushed open her front door. She squealed as her head smacked against the hall table, with the blood from her split brow spattering across her forehead, her body overpowered by his strength, and her senses overpowered by his vile stench of sweat.

Ellie screamed and writhed, face down beneath him, as he slammed the door, and forced her face against the cold, hard tiles, tearing her college bag from her shoulder, and snatching her phone from her hand, hurling them across the floor.

He pinned her arms behind her back, with her shoulder blades burning, and the ice-cold metal biting into her flesh as the handcuffs snapped shut around her wrists, trapping her stinging, bleeding skin, Ellie kicking and thrashing, her body shaking beneath his weight as he held her down.



“Let me go. For Christ’s sake, let me go, you bastard. What are you doing to me?” She curled her hands into fists, yanking her wrists apart, but the handcuffs held firm, with the rough, metal edges cutting into her skin. “Help me, somebody, help me.” The pitch in her voice rose to a scream as fear tightened her throat.

He wrenched her onto her back and straddled her, smothering her, with his thumb and finger sealing her nose, and his calloused palm crushing her lips, stifling her harrowing screams. The claustrophobic vacuum constricted her throat as she gasped in vain for air, her back arching, her heels drumming against the floor, and her lungs burning. *Somebody help me. Please help me. Oh, God. What’s happening? What’s going on?*

He tugged a damp, sweet-smelling cloth from his pocket, bunching it in his hand. He let go of her for a second, and in that moment of freedom, Ellie took a deep breath and held it. The cloth came over her face like a crushing mask, Ellie clawing at the shackles beneath her trembling body, with her eyes wide, and her heart palpitating. *Oh God, no. No.*

He pulled her up from the floor, and dragged her backwards through the hallway, with the heels of her boots scuffing the tiles as Ellie squirmed in his vice-like grip, wrenching the handcuffs clamped between her wrists. *Don’t breathe, Ellie, don’t breathe.*

The sweet smell of chloroform fought for supremacy over his body odour, her stomach jolting with every dry retch, and her eyes streaming, Ellie nauseated by the spinning sensation inside her head. *Come home, Doug, please. I need you. What’s happening to me?*

Their reflections edged into the hall mirror, Ellie lurching at the sight of her blue eyes wide open in terror, her pale blonde hair streaked with blood, with her tanned complexion, ghost-like. The bloodstained cloth obscured her face, with her cheeks pushed in by the pressure of his hand as the blood from her split brow trickled over his fingers. Gone – the flirtatious glint in her eye. Missing, the teasing grin she kept for the boys. Her captor’s dark, soulless eyes stared back at her through the mirror, and Ellie’s veins iced up as his lip curled into a snarl.

“Breathe in, you bitch.”

He shouldered the door open with a thud, the door swinging wide, and then swinging back, hitting her leg before slamming shut, cutting off the haunting image as he dragged her into the kitchen. She felt the cold rush of air from an open door, and her heart jolted at the sound of a car starting up outside, its engine revving, impatient and loud. Her stomach tightened, pulling inwards, and her lungs ached as she choked beneath his hand.

“Breathe, you dumb bitch.” He drove his fist into her stomach, Ellie expelling the air with a rush, with an unbelievable hollow pain spearing her gut, her body folding, crumpling, and her head falling forward, inhalation imminent, and inevitable. *Oh, God.*

He dragged her outside, the revving louder now, with the icy wind curling around her, piercing every inch of her wilting body. He tried to lift her as the car door clicked open, and Ellie lifted her head, mustering the last of her strength, with her jaw tight, and her skin clammy.

She raised her knee to her chest, then rammed the heel of her boot into his groin, crushing, digging in, with his testicles banging together beneath her foot. He gave an agonised howl, and fell to his knees, his teeth clenched, and his face contorted, with the cloth falling from his grasp.

Ellie sprawled onto the frozen ground, gasping, dazed, with her body weak, and breathless. She tore at the handcuffs, clawing at the metal link between them, her nails breaking and bleeding. She had to run, had to escape, but with her hands behind her, and no strength in her legs, she couldn't even push herself up from the ground. Even as she cried for help, the tightness in her chest strangled her voice, and her words carried no more than a few feet. *Oh shit.*

Ellie raised her head in hope at the sound of running footsteps, and as the man reached her, he slowed to a stop, car keys in hand. He glanced down at her captor kneeling with his forehead against the earth, gripping his crotch, and then he switched his gaze to Ellie, his windswept brown hair falling across his brow, his face familiar, attractive, with the most hypnotic brown eyes.

His fingers curled around her shoulder, gripping, tightening, and then he hauled her to her knees, with his fist raised. Ellie gasped, her heart shrinking within her chest as she realised then that he was party to her kidnap. *Oh no, please, no.*

He watched as the tears trickled down Ellie's bloodied cheeks, and as she begged him to free her, he closed his eyes and hit her. The murderous ache swelled inside her head, the rapid darkening of her vision reducing the man to a silhouette, pitched against the blue-black winter sky, and as the scene faded to black, her heavy eyelids closed, and Ellie slumped against his legs, lying crumpled and vulnerable at his feet.

She didn't feel him lift her, she didn't feel the cold leather of the rear seat on which he lay her down, nor did she feel the car shake a little as he sat in the driver's seat, next to her injured captor whose vile threats towards her disappeared into the void. If she'd heard his threats, she would have thrown herself from the car into the path of another.