

Jeny W. Hothi



SERENITY FOSTER:

Book I

Stolen Life



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by Jeny W. Hothi



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Dedication

This and any further publications are dedicated to free thinkers,
and my family Chris, Gray, Aaron, and Glen.

Walk with me to find the truth.
Let no language impede this knowledge.
Satisfy the thirst for time at leisure.
This knowledge can only bring a satisfaction of pleasure.
Imparted with just kind; in the portals of your mind.

1



Before my first kill:

My name is Serenity Foster, and I am a serial killer. Before you start to judge me, understand this would not have been my first choice as a career. I was thrown into this life without warning, so let me give you some idea of the beginning of my illustrious career. My first adventure was at the tender age of nine years. I suppose at the age of nine it is hard to believe that anyone could do something so vile that it would create a rage that would last a lifetime. Perhaps in my nine-year-old mind this was the only way I could justify my actions.

I was a typical nine-year-old, from a good upper class family. When I looked in the mirror I could see my Mother's curly black hair, heart shaped face, and plump sensuous lips contrasted with my

Father's striking, bright green, almond shaped eyes and fair complexion. Everyone said, "One day she'll be quite a beauty,

just like her mother.”

I lived in a large gated house in Coco Beach, Florida. My father was an aeronautic engineer at N.A.S.A., and my mother was a socialite. I was placed in the care of an alcoholic nanny who used to drink vodka from a mouth wash bottle. This meant that at the drop of a hat my nanny would fall into a drunken stupor, and I was left to my own devices. It was on one of these occasions that Luke, the gardener’s helper, asked me if I would help him set rabbit traps in the everglades behind our house. Something about the way he asked me to help did not sound right, so, I told him I needed to ask my mother first. My nanny had been given strict instructions that I was to go nowhere near the everglades. This, of course, made it something I was sure would be fun just because it was breaking the rules. A short while later came the day that for the rest of my life I will never be able to erase from my mind. My Father had been upset because the camera security system for our house was not working, our morning security officer was out sick with the flu, and no one had come to replace him. It was the perfect time for me to play hide and seek to get attention.

I was hiding in my Father’s study in the liquor cabinet playing hide and seek with my nanny. Of course, she did not know I was playing the game and started quite a disturbance when she could not find me. I kept hidden until the house was

silent. Then I crept out of my hiding place and peeked out the large picture window in my father's study. I saw Luke leading Rosa into the everglades behind the house.

Later I would find out that he got her to go out into the glades under the pretext of finding me. I picked up my Father's camera; slipped down the backstairs, and followed from a safe distance, making sure I was not seen or detected.

When they were deep into the glades where the house could not be seen, Luke suddenly stopped, and grabbed Rosa by the hair, and she screamed.

"Shut-up whore," Luke yelled. Then he hit her with his fist, breaking her nose and spraying blood over the front of his shirt. "Bitch, you'll pay for that," he yelled again. He hit her again, knocking her down. Rosa put her hands in front of her face and whimpered. Luke grabbed her hands and held them above her head. He continued to hit Rosa in the face until she no longer moved or whimpered.

Luke then ripped Rosa's clothes from her body. In my mind I was thinking how or what I could do to stop him. But I knew there was nothing I could do but watch, and take pictures. I would do what I could to help Rosa when he left. Luke unbuttoned his pants and pulled down his fly. He then pulled his underwear down showing his nasty, hairy, body. There from the juncture of his legs in a nest of black hair was a large wide cock. I stared

in fascination as he pulled Rosa's legs wide; he forced his cock inside her.

"A nice tight-fitting pussy, just what a man needs to start the day," he muttered.

Finally, he began to pound himself inside her so hard blood started to seep from the sides of her legs and pulse in a steady stream. After a while he withdrew from Rosa, and flipped her on stomach. Then, putting his cock at Rosa's asshole, he began to grunt and strain, forcing his cock into Rosa's ass. Once he was deep within Rosa's ass, he started pounding himself into her again.

Finally, after a short while he squealed, "Oh yeah," and collapsed on Rosa. After a few minutes he withdrew from Rosa's ass, and stood up.

"Get up Bitch!" Rosa lay still; Luke kicked her hard in the ass and still Rosa did not move. Luke reached down; grabbed Rosa's hair, and pulled her head up. Rosa hung like a limp doll in his grasp. Luke dragged Rosa's body by the hair and dumped it into the gator infested river at the back of our property.

I waited until he was gone. Following the path down to the river, I waded into the water. Rosa's bruised and battered body floated close to the shoreline. Her face looked like raw meat, tiny swollen slits marking where her eyes should have been. I touched Rosa's shoulder and shook her, but there was no response. My

Rosa was dead and would never smile at me again or make extra chocolate chip cookies or popcorn.

You will pay Luke I thought, and you will pay sooner than you think. I took my father's camera, and made my way back to my house being careful that no one saw me coming out of the everglades. I made my way to the downstairs pantry where the live in staff had rooms on the back hallway. I crawled into the air duct, which was one of my favorite hiding places. I slowly crawled to the vent opening into Rosa's room. Luke was in Rosa's room packing her belongings. I watched, taking pictures from the air duct. Luke finished packing Rosa's things and paused; then, he looked up at the air vent. I froze. Did he see me?

"I'll take care of you later Chiquita." Luke carried Rosa's things out the back door of the house. As I heard the back door slam I scooted through the air duct to the opening above the garage. I watched and took pictures as Luke put Rosa's things in the trunk of his car. Luke walked to the driver's side door of his car, opened the door and got in. The car roared to life. He backed the car out of the garage, and drove down our long tree-lined road.

I crawled out of the air duct and ran to my room. About that time I heard my nanny and Jose the gardener in the front of the house. I ran down the stairs and shouted, "Mrs. Holloway you have to help me." Mrs. Holloway promptly started to scold me

for running away and told me to go to my room. I tried again to tell her what had happened; that Luke had murdered Rosa.

“Stop making up stories, and go to your room.” Mrs. Holloway grabbed my arm, and proceeded to drag me upstairs to my room.

Jose excused himself saying, “I’m glad you found the little girl. It’s time for me to leave for the day. I’ll be back on Friday.” My nanny shoved me through my bedroom door and told me to go to sleep.

I really never took a nap I only pretended so she would leave me alone. I waited maybe half an hour until I heard her snoring. Then I slipped out of my bedroom. I took my Father’s camera and hid it in my hidey-hole under one of the floorboards of the upstairs attic. I came downstairs, and crept into my mother’s room searching for anything I could use to protect myself. Luke was coming back and he had seen me taking pictures. I kept searching. I found my Mother’s stun gun in the top drawer of the night stand. I wasn’t quite sure how to use the stun gun, but I knew I could figure it out. I left my Mother’s room carrying a weapon that might help me survive.

I would plot my revenge carefully and remember Rosa’s battered bleeding body. Getting Luke away from the house would not be a problem; he had already threatened to take care of me when he returned. The clock was ticking; Luke would

soon return and try to lure me out of the safety of my house so he could murder me.

My major problem was how to permanently incapacitate Luke so I could work on him slowly. I needed a place where he would not be found. The pump station house on the backside of our everglades property would be the ideal place. My father had taken me to the pump station house once when the water had been shut down because of a storm. There was equipment like a maintenance toolbox, pulley and chains, padlocks and piping. I needed to make a list quickly and prepare the pump station house before Luke's returned.

I would need old clothes and shoes that could be burned, buried, and not missed. I found these things in the bag left for the thrift store. I also found an old leather vest of my Father's in the donations bag. Some, strips of leather soaked in water would make good restraints because as they dried they would become tighter and restrict circulation to the hands. Numb hands meant no pesky fighting to get loose. Of course I expected some struggle after all Luke was a big man.

I placed all my collected items in a plastic trash bag and crept down the back stairs. I raced through the yard to the edge of the everglades and stumbled to the path that would take me to the pump station house. I paused briefly listening for the sound of an approaching vehicle; there was only the chirping of insects.

I moved down the path and made my way to the pump station house. The door to the pump station house was closed, but not locked. I open the door and slipped inside. I changed into my old clothes and shoes, and then started to collect tools. From the maintenance tool box I took a small electric portable hand saw, three inch nails, a nail gun, and a small hammer. Glue sticks and a glue gun were set aside on a wooden bench that was used as a sort of work area. I went to the back sink area and filled a bucket with water. I then threw the water on the floor in front of the door, where it pooled in a large puddle.

There would be no way Luke would avoid stepping in the water. Water makes a nice conductor for electricity. I wanted to make sure the effects of the stun gun were magnified, so Luke would be incapacitated at once. I cut my father's old leather vest in strips and placed the strips in the now empty bucket and filled it with water. I then carefully looked at the stun gun. There was an on switch and three buttons: 350,000 volts, 650,000 volts and 950, 000 volts.

I would set it for the maximum effect at 950, 000 volts that with the water should do the trick; it should take Luke down fast. I was scared, and trembling, but I had to do something. I really did have no choice. No one was going to believe a nine-year-old who played tricks, and acted out for attention. I put the stun gun in my pocket and left the pump station house. I followed the path

back, to my yard, and sat down on the grass to wait for Luke. I heard the peppy little engine of my mother's sports car in the driveway, then the sound of the garage door opening, and the sound of my Mother's car entering the garage.

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