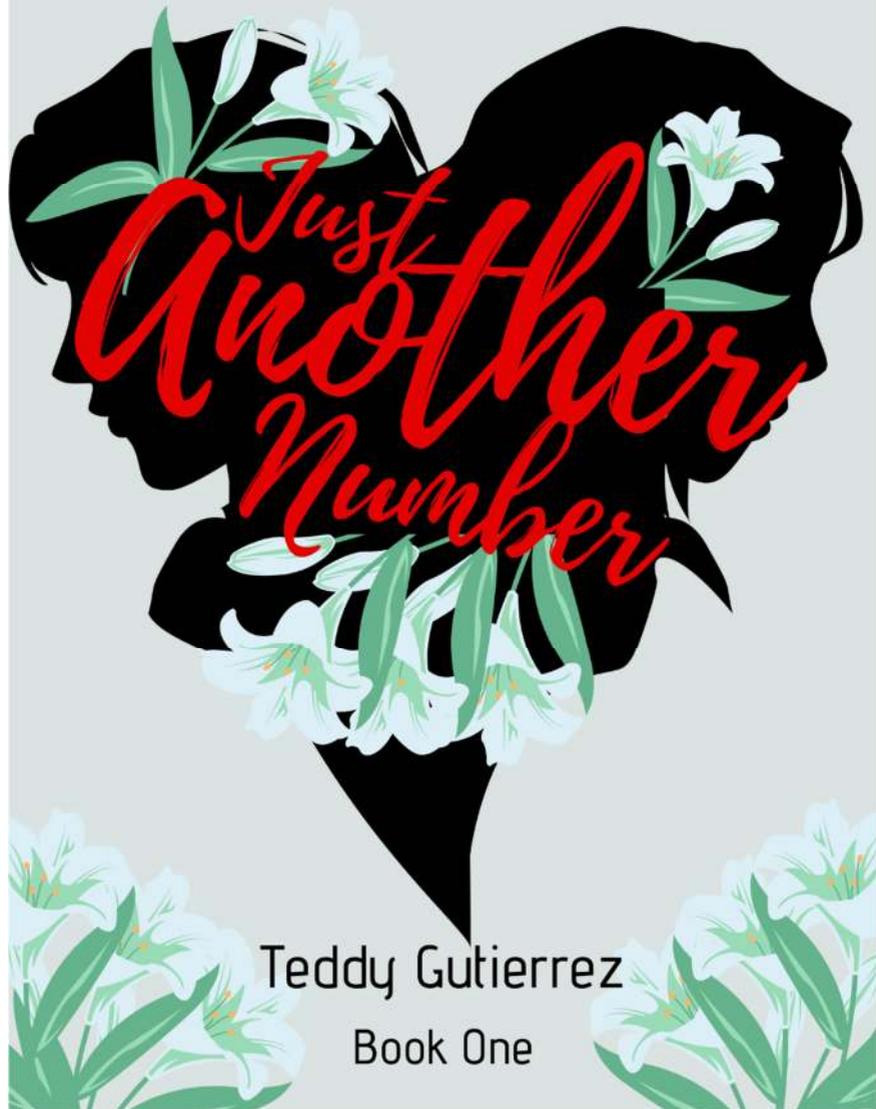


Once a Dystopian Horror,
Now a Real Life Terror



Teddy Gutierrez

Book One

Just
Another
Number

Teddy Gutierrez

Also, by Teddy Gutierrez

The Orcas Series

Tobias

Family Ties*

The Dehumanisation Series

Just Another Number

I Will Find You

Other Works

Ace of Hearts

My Mate

The Little Ones

Trans Turmoil*

**Work in Progress – Coming Soon*

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Acknowledgements:

During the production of Just Another Number, I was in my third year of college. I wrote this, based on art work and looking back to World War Two, and the millions who died unnecessarily.

Being who, and what, I am – I have always had a Love/Hate relationship with the world, and as the world becomes more outrageous and terrifying as time progresses. It scares me to think that what I initially wrote as a Dystopian Fiction, has become somewhat reality for those in Russia, and other non-LGBT+ friendly countries. Remember – do not accept defeat, resist. One day, we shall all be free from discrimination and segregation – no matter your sexuality, gender, religion, culture, or heritage.

I would like to say thank you to those who help me put this together, and those who inspired me to make meaningful art and not just general shite.

Thank you.

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Introduction

We didn't think the pink triangle would come back for us – we thought we'd be safe. "*The world is evolving,*" they say. I can't agree. Parts of the world have evolved, but not all of it – or certainly not at the same rate.

I thought we'd be safe here... But we were wrong. I was wrong.

Chapter One

They were told it wouldn't happen again, that it was a crime against humanity and that no human would be allowed to put others through that amount of torture, torment, and pain.

But it did happen; almost in exactly the same way, but more secretively.

When they came for Agatha, she was in bed next to her girlfriend, Rosie. They were yanked out of bed by their hair, out of their home, and into the street – they bound their hands and feet. Their neighbours stood in awe, terrified as the soldiers pulled Agatha into the middle of the road, but not all of them; one neighbour, two houses down, stared

at them with a smug look on his pathetic face. He'd reported them – there had been signs and advertisements telling people to report any Queers causing disruption to the Christian population – the adverts didn't tell anyone what would happen to the reported. But it became very apparent, very quickly.

Agatha and Rosie continued to struggle as she was pulled into the middle of the street. A man with a heated branding iron pressed it against Agatha's arm, she screamed so loud that more people on their street came out of their homes. A few of them tried to get past the soldiers and stop what was happening.

The branding iron was passed to the soldier who had hold of Rosie. As it was lowered toward her skin, she threw her head back, into the crotch of the soldier. "Rosie, no!" Agatha begged.

Rosie got up and ran, the soldiers took aim. They counted down from three, and they shot. Seven bullets to her back; she didn't die instantly – that would have been too kind. She died as they dragged her back, bleeding out onto the cold tarmac. Agatha looked around the street; her neighbours looking on horrified, even the smug bastard that had reported them had his hand over his mouth.

Rosie's body was dragged in front of Agatha, they forced her head down to look at her. "This is you if you do anything stupid," said the soldier who'd branded her. "Get it in the truck, I want to get to bed at some point tonight," he snarled, dehumanising Agatha in a single sentence.

The man, who'd been holding Agatha, picked her up and tossed her into the back of the dark van, all light vanished as the doors were closed.

And that's how Agatha ended up in the Seabrook Institute.

She's been here three years now.

Between losing half of her body weight, being sexually abused, tortured, mentally scarred for the rest of her life, she continues to hold the sentiment of *I suppose it could be worse. I could be on the outside thinking that my life, and the world around me, is perfectly fine and there's nothing wrong in the world, only for my world to come crashing down at any point.* Her sarcasm keeps her sane while in this place. Of course, she'd rather be outside of the prison, with Rosie. But instead, she's number two six five eight four seven; she's stuck in here, and she doesn't even know where Rosie is buried.

"Two six five eight four seven, you're up for inspection. Please go to block nine for examination," the intercom operator

announces. She stands up in her solitary confinement cell, knocking on the door.

Seconds pass as she waits before the door opens. The guard stands to the side so she can exit. "Go to the examination room – if you do not attend, we will find you, Aggie." He grins.

She groans, shaking her head as she exits and walks away from him. "Only my friends call me Aggie, and you are certainly not my friend."

~~~

"Agatha Gomez, please remove all clothing and acquire a gown from the pile, then get on the examination bed," Doctor Holloway commands, gesturing toward the testing bed as he continues scribbling down notes on a piece of paper. Matron nudges Agatha into the room and closes the door behind her. The smell of medical items

causing a sickness to grow in Agatha's stomach. The doctor looks up at her, his eyes showing kindness. "Didn't I tell you to get changed?" He bellows, slamming his fists down against the table like an angry ape, putting on a show for the Matron, who listens from outside the door before leaving. Agatha takes a deep breath and hurries over to the examination bed. She undoes the buttons on her jumpsuit, letting it fall to the ground around her, stepping out of it and putting a gown on. "Get on the bed," he says, sounding impatient.

She climbs onto the bed, laying back. As Holloway's cold hands make their way up her legs, checking her bones for breaks - Agatha clenches her jaw, knowing the pain that will ensue. He lets go of the gown and moves up the side of the bed. He places his hands on her stomach, pressing down. "Your stomach is abnormally hard, have you been in

any discomfort, at all? Sickness, stomach cramps?"

"Slight nausea, stomach cramps." She pauses, tears welling up in her eyes, she knew what was wrong with her already. "And bleeding."

He steps back from the bed to get the ultrasound machine from the other side of the room, setting it up next to the bed. He turns to Agatha, placing a blanket over her legs and hips before pulling the gown up to her breasts. "This is going to be cold," he mumbles, squeezing some gel out of the tube and onto her stomach. The sudden temperature change causing her stomach to tense and make her squirm. He presses the ultrasound probe against her skin, moving it around as he continues to stare at the screen. "When did the bleeding begin?"

"My first day in solitary confinement this time around."

He clenches his jaw. "Did you tell the guards?"

She lets out a chuckle of annoyance. "Like they care. Yes, I informed them. They didn't do anything."

"Clearly... I know we're a modern-day *concentration camp*, but we still need to take care of you."

She stares up at the ceiling, tears running down her face. The reason Auldive's Seabrook is called an Institute and not a concentration camp is because everyone on the inside is either criminally insane or falsely accused as such – that's the cover-up by the Saintre government. They're planning to purge the entire population of Saintre, but right now – it's Auldive's that they focused on. They get locked away as loonies with murderers, and

the Human Rights organisations of the world know nothing about it. It's all a big conspiracy. The only good thing about Seabrook is that when they try and kill you, they'll bring you back from the brink. However, most see that as torture. Agatha would, too, if it wasn't for her will to survive.

"They've been abusing you again," he comments, a harsh tone in his voice.

"Yeah..."

Holloway inhales deeply as he takes the probe off of her stomach. She turns to look at him, finding him angrily wiping the probe clean then putting it back on its stand. "Who? Inmates or guards?" He looks at her, his eyes full of rage and feeling as cold as ice.

She presses her lips together as she tries to stop them from trembling, recalling the many memories. "Take your pick."

~~~

As Agatha cleans remaining residue off her stomach, Holloway allows her time to get redressed. He sits down at his desk, a look of disgust on his face. Although Holloway terrifies most inmates, Agatha knows he's a good man. He doesn't support the institutes, but he volunteered to work in Seabrook to help the victims as much as he can.

"What would you like me to do?" He probes, making notes, his hand shaking as he scribbles.

She fastens the top of her jumpsuit as she approaches the desk. "I don't know. What do you suggest?"

He inhales deeply, placing his pen down, his hands still visibly shaking. "I can suggest many things, but not all of them being within my power. If I had it my way this place wouldn't even exist," he whispers, keeping his

voice level to make sure Matron doesn't hear him. "What I can do is keep you in the infirmary for a week, and give you a contraceptive injection to prevent pregnancy, as well as menstruation. Other than that, I can't do much else."

She sits down in the chair opposite him, looking into his eyes. His brows narrow, causing his skin to crease; his eyes expressing sorrow and remorse. "Better than what the rest of these arseholes have done for me." She grins slightly, making light of the situation. *None of this was his fault. He didn't report me for being against Christian values; he didn't rape me, or beat me; he isn't the one refusing me food.*

He shakes his head, smiling slightly. "Oh, Miss. Gomez, you make me laugh," he chuckles. He picks up his pen, beaming down at his paper as he begins scribbling again. "I'm

going to bring you in for a week, you're going to have food – because it's pretty clear you're not eating enough. And you'll have your injection for contraception in a couple of days, hopefully, then you'll get your strength back and be able to start fighting off some of your abusers."

"Thank you."

He looks up from his paper, a sombre expression on his pale, stone-like face. "It's the least I can do. I just wished I could get you out of here. One day, when all this is over, I'll take you for a beer." He beams, his smile causing dimples to show. His eyes are still full of sadness.

"One day, I'll take you up on that offer."

Chapter Two

After an extended stay in the infirmary with Matron and Sister McDonald stalking Agatha, she's finally free. Matron and Sister McDonald know what the guards do to inmates in this place – and they're happy to help the guards with it.

As Agatha walk into the library of the prison-like Institute, she sees her friend Jose Lucas – a short, red-haired, white, homosexual man. As she approaches him, his blue eyes light up. "Gomez, you're out of isolation! How are you?" Jose walks over to her, holding his arms open to embrace her. Her arms snake around his hips as his wrap around her shoulder, pulling her close.

She sighs, feeling his soothing warmth as she places her chin on his shoulder, his bones digging into her jaw slightly due to his thin structure. "I'm okay, I got out of isolation last week. I've been in the infirmary."

He quickly steps back, his mouth open slightly as he gasps. "Are you okay?" The expression on his face showing fear as his face drains of all colour.

"I miscarried and continued bleeding for three weeks while in isolation, so Holloway kept me in to keep a check on me," she tells him. She quickly takes a look around, making sure that there aren't any guards in the proximity. "Holloway is going to try and talk to the Human Rights Campaign. His internet and phone access are both monitored so he can't just call them, he's going to write a letter to an old colleague and get something done. No one on the outside knows what's happening in

here and some don't even know these prisons exist..." She whispers, she takes another look around and finds Robert Delacy walking into the building. His eyes wander around the room before settling upon Agatha, a smug and unsettling smile creeps onto his face. She turns back to Jose as her stomach begins to churn as the possibility of vomiting becoming ever more increasing. "Don't say anything."

"Aggie!" Robert yells, a happy tone to his voice. His presence alone could curdle milk by how foul of a human he is – he may not even be human, you'd need to have humanity for that.

She peers over to him, turning her head slightly. "Agatha."

His sickening smile fades as his face turns to stone. "Fine, *Agatha*." He pauses, an angered tone in his voice. "I heard you were in

the infirmary after being released from isolation. Why were you admitted?" He growls.

Agatha attempts to hold her nerve, shaking slightly as anxiety takes over. "I was ill, they kept me in for observation."

In seconds, his hands are on her biceps, forcing her to face him wholly. "Tell me the truth!" He roars, shaking her.

"I was pregnant," she blurts, turning her face away from him – her stomach churning – his touch making her feel sick.

He laughs, pushing her aside. "Whore." He walks away, leaving the pair alone.

Jose sighs, "Holloway better hurry up..."

~

Staying in the library – away from the real inmates and away from most of the guards, Jose and Agatha hide out. It's been

over a year since Holloway contact his friend – they've been trying to infiltrate.

"Hey, there, *Aggie*," Delacy laughs, standing behind her as she's sat at a table reading – Jose opposite her. "How you feeling, baby?" He asks, sliding his hands down her arms and onto her chest.

"Guard Delacy," a voice says from behind Delacy.

He lets go of her and spins on the spot to look at the person. "Sir."

"What do you think you're doing?" The voice asks. Agatha stands up and steps to the side, peeking around Delacy to find a senior officer.

"I was punishing an inmate, Sir," Delacy comments, standing upright.

"Punishment for what? Reading? Get out of here," the elder officer roars, his throat

expanding and a vein pulsating on his neck as he does.

Delacy looks to Agatha before heading out of the room. The lack of his presence giving both Agatha and Jose the opportunity to breathe again. She gasps as she tries to get her breath back, clutching her chest. You'd think she'd be used to all of this: the abuse, the pain, the attacks; but it never gets easier to deal with. It terrifies her.

"Holloway said I'd find you here," the officer comments as he walks towards them both. His face calming in colour as the redness of his anger fades. "Let me introduce myself. My name is Doctor Hector Garis, I'm the new boss around here." He smiles as he walks closer to them, his presences weirdly warming and welcoming. "You can thank Holloway." He pauses. "I'm his contact," he whispers.

Agatha let's out a sigh of relief. "So, what's going to happen now?"

His smile fades slightly, his jaw turning to stone as he grits his teeth. "Unfortunately, I can't do much. The start of what I'm going to do is move inmates around – having the actual convicts in one cell block and have the persecuted in another. Hopefully, that will keep you all safe from the rapes and assaults from the inmates. On the guard front, I'm going to need you to identify who they are so I can find a problem with their services without sending them on their way for abusing you – if I do it that way, they'll target you more or kill you before leaving. I've got a couple of other guards of mine coming into work and try and keep y'all safe, as well as two nurses coming into the infirmary to keep you safe in there, too. After all, the current staff are... Well, inhuman is the only name I can call them without being extraordinarily vulgar," he

explains as his soft, brown eyes look between Agatha and Jose.

"At least it's starting, we might be able to save people." She nods, agreeing to his plan.

"Save people? What about protecting yourself? I've looked at your medical records, you had four miscarriages under the previous doctor here. And with your last one before Holloway got you the contraception and two others under Holloway's care, that makes seven. You're only twenty-seven, Agatha." He presses his lips together as he frowns, a look of sympathy - or maybe empathy - crossing his face.

"It's too late for me."

He shakes his head, looking at Jose before looking back to her. He places his hands on her shoulders, holding her still, his hands giving her a feeling of stability. "By your

reaction to Delacy, it's not too late for you.
You're not numb to it."

She gulps and peers down to her feet
as tears threaten to escape her eyes. "Yet."

~~~

As they, Agatha and Jose, walk into the  
cafeteria, they're greeted by stares.

"Hey, Aggie." Chad grins, his crooked  
smile and perversion causing Agatha's eyes to  
water.

"Leave her alone, Chad," Jose mumbles  
as they walk past Chad's table toward the food  
queue.

They get to the queue, wait in line, and  
finally get to the front. "Here's your rations,  
Jose." The cook beams, her yellowed teeth  
making Agatha's stomach do back flips. As  
she turns to Agatha, her smile fades, and her

expression becomes stern. "You're not having anything today, dirty bitch."

"She needs food," Jose objects, raising his voice slightly, causing the guards to look in their direction.

"A filthy slut like her isn't allowed any food, she's the devil; seducing the poor guards into doing horrific things," the woman scoffs before she turns around and goes back into the kitchen.

Agatha puts her tray back on top of the pile and heads toward the exit. "Agatha, you need food," Jose tells her as he follows.

She stops in her tracks, just in front of the doors. "I don't, it's okay. I'll figure something out. Go eat, stay safe." She gives him a quick smile, fighting back the pain – *how can anyone think I made them do this to me?* She turns away from Jose and leaves the building, heading toward the infirmary.

Before she gets to the infirmary, she's pulled through an open door by someone. The door closes behind her, the lack of light causing her not to see her captor. "Hello?"

The light flicks on, revealing Holloway. "Miss Gomez, I'm sorry to have startled you. I was checking stock and saw you heading toward the ward – I thought I'd spare you the hassle of explaining to Delacy and Michaels to why you were there by pulling you in here," he explains, a sincere tone to his voice.

"Thank you. I was coming to talk to you, it seems that the entire *prison* now knows about what the guards have done. I think one of the nurses are leaking information. It could be Matron," she mumbles.

"Jesus... I thought they'd have *some* decency... I suppose not. Go see Hector, tell him we need all the nurses dismissing from the infirmary permanently

and immediately. Get new brought in. We can work with only having two nurses for at least a week, but I can't have Matron and her heretics releasing delicate information to the staff and inmates – God knows what they'll do," he frowns. He presses his lips together, his jaw turning to stone as he looks off into the distance – as if thinking about something.

"Okay, I'll go. Will you be okay?" She asks, a tone of concern in her voice.

He turns to her, a soft smile on his face. He nods. "I'll be okay. You go, and take care of yourself, all right?"

She bobs her head in response, giving him a small smirk as she leaves. She pokes her head around the door, making sure no one is to see her. When she finds that the coast is clear, she sprints down the corridor and towards Hector's office. *Please, help.*

~\*~

As Agatha turns onto the hallway hosting Hector's room, she finds herself blocked by a crowd of guards huddled in the middle of the corridor.

"Aggie!" Delacy sniggers, a revolting smile on his face. As he makes his way toward her, she stumbles back slightly, trying to tear herself from the situation and run, but every part of her body is seizing up. "Where do you think you're going?" He growls, grabbing her left wrist and pulling her toward him. "So, where were you going, Aggie?" He snorts, wrapping his left arm around her waist, as he pulls her against him. She's poked in the stomach by his erection, making her gip in response.

"Please, let me go," she whispers in a desperate cry, tears forming in her eyes. She would scream for help if it weren't for her throat feeling as if it was closing.

"And why would I do that?" He smirks. After a second of staring at her, he tries kissing her, his saliva smearing across her face as she struggles against him. The other guards cheer him on like chimpanzees.

"Oi, get off her, piggy," a man's voice roars from behind her.

Delacy takes his lips off of her neck, where they have left yet another bruise. "Who the fuck are you?" As Delacy growls at the man, his grip loosens on Agatha. She pushes him away causing her to fall to the ground and hit her head.

As she stares up at the ceiling, she sees the man walk forward, squaring up to Delacy. "Your superior. Now get back to fucking work, you dirty bastard," he barks.

"Prove it."

"He is your superior," Hector says, pushing past the huddled guards who have now gone quiet. "Lucas, get her up. Take her to Holloway."

As Agatha recovers, her eyes blur as he picks her up from the ground at a rapid speed. "Wait, I have a message..." she groans, her head wobbling slightly as she becomes dizzy.

She holds onto Lucas as Hector approaches her. "What is it?" Hector asks in a whisper.

"The nurses need to go, all of them, and new brought in. They're leaking personal information to the guards and staff to punish the fake inmates more..." She looks up to Lucas, her vision still blurry, causing her to be unable to see his face properly. "I'm sorry..."

"For what?" He asks as she starts to wobble. Her legs give underneath her. Collapsing into Lucas' arms as a stabbing pain

attacks the back of her head. "Let's get you to Holloway."





## Chapter Three

"Lucas, what are you doing here?"

Holloway asks as Agatha is laid on the examination bed. "What happened to Agatha?" He asks, his voice revealing his worry.

"She hit her head on the ground while getting away from a guard. And I'm here because Hector asked me to help," Lucas explains. Holloway takes in a deep breath as she opens her eyes. "Does she have brain damage?" Lucas probes, looking into Agatha's eyes.

"No, I have Anisocoria," she groans, lifting a hand to rub the back of her head as she sits up. "I'm fine. Who are you?"

"I'm John Lucas. I'm with Hector and Holloway," he explains, a harsh tone in his voice. "And you are?"

"The girl you've come in to save," Holloway growls.

Agatha looks over to him, finding him staring at Lucas – *if looks could kill...*

Lucas spins on the spot, walking to the other side of the examination room.

"How do you know that she's not a real inmate?"

"Because if she were, she wouldn't fucking be here. This is a male prison, she is female. Plus, if you read the paperwork Hector gave you, you'd know that," Holloway roars.

*I've never seen him get this angry. For Lucas being someone who is supposed to be helping the situation, he seems to be making it worse.*

Lucas inhales deeply as he looks over his shoulder at Agatha. "Is what they say, true? Are you here for being homosexual?"

She crosses her arms, resting her elbows on her knees. "I'm in here for being both Bisexual and being in a same-sex relationship when captured."

He bobs his head in acknowledgement, then all of a sudden there is a knock at the door. "Can I come in?" Hector asks with the door still shut, his physique viewable through the frosted glass window of the door.

Agatha peers over to Holloway and gives him a nod of a go-ahead. "Come in, Hector."

Hector comes into the room, shutting the door behind him. "Have you filled Lucas in on what's happening?"

"So, you expected him not to read the files you sent him?" Agatha scoffs, laughing slightly while keeping her voice down.

Hector's expression hardens slightly. "Not particularly, and even if he did – he doesn't believe easily."

"Of course, I don't believe easily. How has my brother not been put in one of these places if this is all true? My brother is gay, he seems okay."

Holloway goes from the side of the examination bed and sitting down at his desk. "Your brother? As in, Jose Lucas?" Holloway mumbles, flicking through the files on his desk. He looks up from his desk once finding the file, his piercing eyes looking for truth on Lucas' face.

A sickening expression appears on Lucas' face as he turns pale. "He's been

writing to me. He's still at home, he's still in  
Ine," he rambles as tears well up in his eyes.

"He couldn't tell you because our mail  
gets checked... He's in here," Agatha confirms,  
clutching her legs to her chest and resting her  
face on her knees.

"Do you know him?" Lucas questions  
as he walks toward the bed. When Agatha  
looks up, she finds him at the foot of the bed.

"I do. Jose's actually my best friend.  
And the only one in here that has stuck up for  
me. He's ended up with beatings because of it,  
though." She takes a deep breath and exhales.  
"He may not look the same as he used to... He  
has gained a few scars."

"What kind of scars...?" He probes, a  
tear falling down his right cheek.

"A Glasgow Grin."

~~~

"How did it happen?" Lucas asks as he follows Agatha as they march down the hallways.

"The inmates got hold of him the day after he got brought in. I didn't know him at that point. They did things to him; they cut the corners of his mouth and made him scream," she explains, her voice sounding shaky as she remembers how she found him – lying on the floor, his head resting in a pool of blood, completely naked with bruises all over his body.

Lucas gulps. "And he healed?"

Agatha nods, stopping outside of the library door. Agatha spins around on the spot and puts her hand on Lucas' chest to stop him from going in. "He healed to an extent. The scarring is still very red."

He takes in a deep breath. "I want to see my baby brother."

She bobs her head, and stands to the side, taking her hand from his chest. He bursts into the library, finding Jose sitting at a table facing away from them. "Jose, someone is here to see you," Agatha announces.

He stands up and spins around. His smile fades as he sees who is standing in front of him. "John? What are you doing here?" His bottom lip starts trembling, his face turning white.

"I'm here to get you."

~~~

"I can't believe you've been in here all these years and I didn't even know..." Lucas mumbles.

Sitting around the table, Jose and Agatha on one side, Lucas and Hector on the other, and Holloway stood by the door, looking

out the window. The atmosphere feeling cold as they talk about the abuse.

"If it makes you feel any better, I met Agatha. She's the best friend I've ever had. At least something good came out of this," Jose laughs, trying to make light of the situation. Lucas doesn't seem to appreciate the light tone, however.

"This isn't a laughing matter, Jose," Lucas snaps.

Jose shakes his head as he leans back in his chair with his arms crossed over his chest. "Don't you think I fucking know?"

"Jose, language," Agatha whispers, trying to keep him calm.

"No," he roars. "I will make light of it if I want to, I've been tortured, almost killed, and fucking raped. If I want to laugh so I don't fucking cry, I fucking will."

No one has ever seen Jose angry, he's always been happy – at least he's been as happy as he could be in this place. But to see him lose his temper – it terrified Agatha and shocked Hector and Holloway.

Lucas bows his head, hanging it as if he's ashamed of himself.

"Now, we need a plan on how we're going to do this," Hector comments, sitting forward and leaning on his elbows.

"We need to get all the non-inmates into one cell block and the inmates in the other. If we don't get separated, more of us are going to end up dead." Agatha presses her lips together, looking between Hector and Jose, who has now sat back down. She looks back to Hector. "Help."

"We'll get every non-inmate put into cell block A, but it's going to take a while

considering the number of people in here."  
Hector rubs his chin as he sighs.

"You don't need to use the paperwork. Just look for the tattoo," she tells him, showing him her number on the side of her hand. Jose does the same, it being on the outside of his forearm rather than on his hand.

"I didn't even realise..." Hector gasps, his face tinting green slightly. He covers his mouth, a sickened feeling taking over him.

That's when Agatha notices it, the Star of David hung around his neck. *He's Jewish.*

He closes his eyes as he takes in several deep breaths. She puts her hand under the table to hide the tattoo while Jose pulls his sleeve down.. "We need to get them out. What do we need?" Hector asks, aiming the question at Lucas and Holloway.

"I need new nurses, I would like Esmerelda to come in and help. And we need to find out how to get a message out to someone who can contact the Human Rights organisation on the outside," Holloway blurts out. He walks over to the table, looking at Lucas and Hector. "Funny, isn't it? How both of you didn't believe me when I told you. Get over yourselves, we have people to save."

~~~

Six months have gone by, they're still not sure if the Human Rights campaign is fully aware of what's happening and none of them know what's happening outside of this place – whether they're freeing others or if more are being captured.

Agatha wakes up to a cold breeze, snow filtering into the cell block – and she's the unlucky one to have a cell next to the front

door. But she can't complain, at least they've been moved into cell block A now.

As the chill floods the block, she begins to shiver. The cell doors slide open as the guards line up. "Wakey, wakey," Lucas says, standing outside of her cell.

"Can I just go back to bed? It's freezing!" She stands up, trying to keep herself warm by rubbing her upper arms.

"I know, but unfortunately, we have to run like a prison – no exceptions." He smiles as he begins walking away.

"Screw you..." She mumbles, smirking.

After breakfast, Agatha gets a note from Hector saying: meet me in the library.

"Jose, I'll see you outside. Hector wants to talk to me," She tells him. She pats Jose on the back and heads toward the library.

On the approach to the library, it's unusually silent in the corridors. The lights flicker slightly as the generator powers the prison. As she comes to the library doors, something seems off. The doors are unlocked, but the lights are turned off. She steps into the room, staying in the lightened area that is being illuminated by the light filtering in through the windows of the doors. She steps to the side of the doors, flicking the light switches only to receive no response.

She inhales deeply, feeling slightly terrified. As she goes back to the door, a shadow is cast on the ground inside the library and soon leaves. She looks out of the window and sees one of the guards leaving. She pushes the door, finding it stuck. She peers through the window and finds a broom stuck between the handles of the door. "Fuck," she gasps, panic setting in as she begins to

bang on the door, trying to break the broom on the other side so she can escape.

"You're not going anywhere..." A familiar voice growls.

Please, no...

Chapter Four

Within seconds, a hand covers Agatha's mouth as she is pulled backwards, into the darkness. She's pulled far away from the light and bent over a table, the hand removed from her mouth. Without thinking, she screams, "get off me!" She struggles against their grasp.

The person hits the back of her head, forcing her head down and hitting her forehead against the table. "Shut up," he growls.

Hearing the voice again confirms her suspicions. *Delacy*. As he begins to uncloth her, she starts to struggle again, stamping on

his feet. "Please, no!" She wails as she tries to break free.

He begins to growl and picks up a paperweight from the table. "Shut up!" He roars before using the paperweight to knock her out. It took a couple of blows to the back of her head to knock her unconscious properly. She became limp, sliding off the table and into a crumpled heap on the ground. He rolls her onto her back, continuing to undo the buttons to her jumpsuit. "You're going to be mine from now on, no matter what," he snarls, grinning down at her wilted body.

He begins to lose his patience, tugging and eventually ripping off her jumpsuit, leaving it underneath her, with her hands and feet still in the suit, causing it to work as a restriction mechanism. He spreads her legs as his hands make their way up her thighs to her sex. He spreads her lips, looking over her

vulva. "Such a beautiful thing," he whispers. He retracts his hands so he can undo his trouser button and zip, letting his erection loose.

He clambers on top of her, biting down on her neck as he plunges himself inside of her violently. Having sex with her unconscious body. He'd been waiting for this moment since she was released from isolation, he doesn't touch any of the other girls. She is his special *slut*. He begins to growl in pleasure as her body starts to twitch as she starts to regain consciousness.

He begins to quicken his stride, knowing that he only has a few minutes left to finish the deed.

As her eyes begin to flutter open, he's almost finished. Agatha looks at him, seeing what's happening before screaming. Her screams make her sound like a banshee, but

he's too focused on finishing to think of covering her mouth.

The doors to the library crash open, light flooding the room. Agatha looks toward the door, seeing the feet of three people as they enter the room. She begins to struggle, finding her arms trapped underneath her body by her jumpsuit and her legs strung together by her underwear. She wails, "help!"

Within seconds, Delacy is pulled off of her and Holloway is untangling her clothes to free her. "We've got you," Holloway whispers to her in an attempt to soothe her.

She shakes, her body aching. "It hurts..." She cries.

"Where?" He asks as he fastens her jumpsuit.

She lays limp, being tugged around like a ragdoll. Her body aching, the pain spreading

throughout her body, radiating from her core.
"Everywhere."

~~~

Agatha lays asleep on the examination bed; her jumpsuit and undergarments are removed before being put in a hospital gown and covered with a blanket.

"What are you going to do with the sick fuck?" Holloway growls, sat behind his desk, his fists on the table as he shakes with rage.

"I'm going to arrest him." Hector sits down in the chair opposite him, crossing his arms over his chest as he stares at Agatha, laid still and peaceful on the bed.

Holloway shakes his head, gritting his teeth as the rage takes over. "I will not let him get away with this!" He roars, causing Agatha to stir in her sleep.

"He'll go to prison, he won't get away with it," Lucas announces, believing his own comment as truth.

Holloway sniggers, continuing to clench his teeth. "Lucas, your white privilege is showing." He pauses. "Of course, he's going to get away with it. He's raped a Mexican, Bisexual woman. He's a White, Heterosexual, Christian. Look at this place! Look at what the *government* is willing to do to her! They put her here, they made her vulnerable. The courts will just say she led him on."

"Then what do you suggest?" Hector probes, sitting forward and leaning against the edge of the table.

Holloway peers over to Hector, his sombre and stern expression softening, turning sinister. "I'll kill him."

~~~

Delacy is tied to a chair, shirtless, in an empty cell in the basement of the prison, hooked up to a drip to keep him quiet.

Holloway walks in, hands in his pockets and a bag on his back. "Hello, you scumbag," he snarls, standing in front of him as the door behind Holloway is shut and locked.

Delacy huffs, unable to comment due to the sedative.

Holloway puts the bag down on a table next to the drip. "I'm going to check whether you have a heart, okay?" Holloway grimaces. Taking a scalpel out of the bag. "Let's get started." He presses his left forearm against Delacy's throat pushing him back in the chair as he makes the initial incision, cutting into Delacy, right down to the bone.

Delacy grumbles in pain. Holloway cuts out a large square of skin, taking it off along

with the flesh, revealing his upper rib cage and his sternum. Holloway places the scalpel down, taking out a bone cutter from the bag. "This is going to hurt." Holloway smiles grimly. He cuts away the ribs. Once the bone fragments are out of him, he puts the cutters down next to the scalpel on the table.

Holloway stands upright, walking toward the door to get the stool that was sat next to it.

He places the chair in front of Delacy, sitting himself in front of him. Holloway starts poking around in his open chest cavity, causing Delacy to wail in pain. As more blood begins to pour out of him, Holloway realises he hasn't got long left, so he reaches into Delacy's chest and pulls out his heart carefully. As he holds the warm, wet organ in his hand, holding it in front of Delacy as it still beats. Delacy starts to cry as he watches his

own heart, dripping with blood in Holloway's hand.

"This is for Agatha," Holloway growls, rage filling his eyes. He tightens his grip on the lump of muscle, restricting its beat pattern. Delacy begins to struggle to breathe as he goes into cardiac arrest.

"Help..." Delacy gasps.

Holloway shakes his head. "You don't deserve to live." He grits his teeth as he stands up, continuing to squeeze his heart before quickly pulling on it, ripping the heart out of Delacy's chest. Blood squirts onto Holloway, hitting his face and chest. He looks down at Delacy as the life leaves his eyes.

"Come in," Holloway says. The cell door opens as Holloway turns around. A figure stands in front of him, Agatha. She steps forward, toward Holloway.

He drops the dead organ on the floor, his mouth gaping open slightly. "Thank you."

~~~

"How could you let him do it?" A black-haired woman roars at Hector, leaning against his desk.

Hector shakes his head as he stands up and walks around the desk. "He wanted to do it, we needed Delacy gone. It was justice."

Agatha and Holloway arrive in the room, coming straight from the basement. Holloway has wiped off some of the blood from his face, but his white shirt is still covered. "Esmerelda?"

The angry black-haired woman turns around to look at Holloway. "What the fuck were you thinking?" She screams. She's the female double of Holloway. "Well, Vincent?"

What were you thinking?" She approaches him, squaring up to him with her hands on her hips.

"I thought the bastard deserved to die, so I killed him. What's the problem?" He asks.

"What's the problem? What's the fucking problem? You fucking killed someone, Vincent!" She shrieks at the top of her voice. Agatha quickly turns and shuts the door, trying to avoid drama.

"I killed a homophobic, racist, rapist. He wouldn't have even got jail time if we'd just arrested him. Why can't you understand that?" He shouts, expanding his arms out to his sides.

She shakes her head, crossing her arms over her chest. "My brother's a murderer."

He grins, an angered expression on his face. "I'd rather be a killer than letting a piece of shit like that get away with what he's done."

~~~

"How did you get rid of his body?" Agatha asks, sitting on her hospital bed in the infirmary.

Vincent sits down on the bed next to her, leaning his back against the pillow. "I burnt it in the morgue using the cremator. We've put a resignation letter in his file and destroyed his personal affects, too. That way, if anyone goes looking, they just think he's fucked off," he comments as he watches Esmerelda give an IV to a new patient.

"Do you think it will work? What about the other guards?" She peers up at him, her eyes wandering over his face.

Vincent takes a deep breath, raising his hand to scratch his stubbled chin. "The other guards won't say anything, they have all been involved in a crime against humanity. If anything, one of them will want to take the blame for killing him, so they don't get executed for working in this place."

Agatha sighs, looking down at her hands that are clasped together on her lap. "You won't be punished for working here, right?"

He turns to her, eyebrows raised. "Are you worrying about me?" He smiles.

She lets out a slight giggle and punches him in the arm, causing him to jump slightly and rub the beaten area. "Of course, I am. I'm still human," she laughs, looking away from him.

He sighs, taking hold of Agatha's hand, stroking the top of her hand with his thumb.

"I'll be fine, Agatha. You're going to get out, and we're going to go for that beer," he whispers as he tries to soothe her.

She peers up at him, pressing her lips together as she smiles. "We better."

Chapter Five

It's been seven months since Agatha's rape. The prison is finally being inspected by a human rights organisation. The inmates are being transferred to a new prison while the persecuted are being left at Seabrook while they're spoken to and inspected.

Agatha is taken into Hector's office. She's met by a blonde lady with a clipboard sat behind Hector's desk. "You're number two six five eight four seven?" She asks, looking her over. Agatha nods in response. "And you've been here four years, coming up to five?"

"Yes."

The woman continues scribbling things down on her clipboard. "And you're here for being Bisexual?"

"Yes."

She nods, continuing to writing – the scratching of her ballpoint putting Agatha at ease. "Have you seen anyone killed by the Saintre Government for being LGBT+?"

Agatha's mind goes back to the night she was captured. *Rosie...* The memory of her former girlfriend brought tears to her eyes, she hadn't thought about her in so long; she had been so focused on staying alive. "Yes."

"Do you know their name?" The woman probes, showing no emotion to the snivelling Agatha.

"Rosie Lopez."

~~~

Seabrook was finally shut down on August 10th 2025. The guards of the prison were arrested and charged with crimes against humanity. Those who had abused and killed inmates were given the death penalty. Those who worked in the Institute willingly were sentenced to life in prison.

Vincent, Hector, Lucas, and Esmerelda were pardoned and awarded Daque Citizenship, along with every victim who survived.

Some Victims got to go home but most chose to start a new life in Daque, not wanting to be in Saintre anymore. Jose went to live with Lucas, but Agatha had nowhere to go. Her house was repossessed due to the lack of mortgage payments, leaving her homeless with no family to turn to.

She's been living in prison for the past month, waiting to find somewhere to live with

the money given to her in compensation...

"Still here, I see." Vincent walks into her cell. She's sat on the bed, reading a book, still wearing a prison jumpsuit.

"I haven't found anywhere to go yet..." She pauses putting her book down on her lap. She looks forward at the ugly, grey wall – staring at the scratch marks of counted days. "How am I supposed to rebuild my entire life?" She asks, tears welling in her eyes.

She peers up at him, pouting in an attempt to prevent her lips from trembling. She's been so alone since the prison closed. She was the only one to have lost everything. She didn't have any family before all of this happened, all she had was her house and Rosie. Now, she has nothing.

"I don't know how you're supposed to. But you will," Vincent tells her, attempting to reassure her.

She shakes her head in disbelief.  
"How? Nobody wants to take my money, I can't get a job, and I have no one to rely on out there... I don't know what to do," she cries, clutching her knees to her chest, rocking back and forth as she tries to soothe herself.

Seeing Agatha in this state brings tears to Vincent's eyes. He sits down on the bed and hugs her, with their patient-doctor relationship gone, it was no longer inappropriate to comfort her. "Agatha, come live with Esme and me. I'll take care of you, I promise," he stutters, holding her close as she continues to rock.

She pulls away from him, releasing her legs. As she wipes away the tears, she asks, "really?"

A watery smile appears on Vincent's face as he looks down at her. "Of course."

~~~

Vincent is driving, using his hands-free to call Esme. "Hello?" Esme says when she answers the phone.

"Hey, would you be able to lend me a pair of your jeans, underwear, and a jumper or something?" He asks, focusing on driving as he speaks.

Esme falls silent, leaving a long pause before commenting, "are you cross-dressing again?"

Agatha giggles, covering her mouth to hold back the laughter. "No, and I have never asked you for clothes for that purpose. I wear my own lady clothes, thank you very much," he laughs, continuing to look at the road ahead. "I need them for Agatha, she's coming to stay with us, and she's still in a jumpsuit. Until we can get her shopping and get her clothes, do you mind getting her something?"

Esme sighs. "True, you have never worn my clothes. Anyways, yeah. I'll get some out for her. See you when you get to the house."

"Thanks, Esme. Bye." Vincent hangs up. He quickly looks at Agatha before looking back to the road. "Why did you laugh when she mentioned cross-dressing? Do you think it's funny?" He questions, looking into his wing mirror before drifting into another lane on the freeway.

Agatha shakes her head, staring out of her side window. "No. I laughed because the way she said it made it sound like you *borrowed* her clothes in the past. I wouldn't have been too pleased if my siblings had borrowed my clothes," she chuckles.

Vincent smiles, visibly relaxing as he sinks into his seat. "Thank God for that."

After an hour of driving, Vincent pulls up outside a house. Esme appears from inside the house, walking toward the kerb to meet Vincent and Agatha. "Hey." She beams, walking forward and embracing Agatha. "Let's get you inside," she says, stepping back and pulling Agatha toward the house. Agatha looks at Vincent as she's dragged toward the house by Esme. He smiles at her, then winks, as he laughs.

Agatha grins. *Things are looking up.*

~~~

Agatha has been living with Vincent and Esme for six months, now. She's getting caught up with everything that she's missed over the years.

One thing she's missed is television. As Agatha and Vincent watch TV in the kitchen, Esme goes and answers the door. Seconds later, Esme appears with her fiancé, Michael.

"Hey, guys," he utters, sitting on a bar stool next to Vincent.

"Hey," Vincent says in response. Agatha is too engrossed in watching the TV to reply.

"When is she leaving?" He asks crudely, pointing at Agatha.

Vincent and Esme look at each other before turning back to Michael. "Never, this is her home now," Vincent announces.

"What's going to happen when me and Esme get married, then? We can't live in a house with her!" He scoffs.

"Well, I was sort of hoping my sister would get her own house instead of sponging off me," Vincent sniggers, an annoyed tone in his voice as he looks back to the TV, raising his cup of coffee to his lips. "Or are you planning to sponge off me, too?"

"Fuck you, Vincent," Michael growls, standing up and knocking his chair back, causing it to fall to the ground. The loud bang of the chair makes Agatha flinch and start to shake.

Vincent slams his fists against the breakfast bar work surface. "Get out of my house before I rip your fucking head off."

Michael shakes his head as he goes to leave. "Wait," Esme says before walking around the island of the Kitchen and squaring up to Michael. "You can take this with you." She pauses, taking her engagement ring off and putting it in his hand. "I'm not marrying a biphobe. Now get the fuck out," she growls before getting back to cooking the pancakes. All three – Vincent, Esme, and Agatha – ignore Michael as he stands in place, in shock. After a few minutes, he slowly walks out of the house and bangs the door shut.

"Put the door back on its hinges, will ya?" Agatha yells in response to the slam of the door, still focused on the TV, causing Vincent and Esme to laugh. They may not have many people in their lives, but at least they have each other.

~~~

"You know what we haven't done?" Vincent asks, sitting down on the couch next to Agatha, holding two beers in his hands. He passes one to her, smiling.

She shakes her head and chuckles as she takes the beer. "Thanks."

"No problem," he says before taking a gulp of his drink. "So, I have a question. Which room would you like to make yours? We have the basement, attic, and the office. Or you could have mine, if you want? You've been here a while, you need to be sleeping in an actual bed," Vincent probes, staring at the TV.

Agatha has been sleeping on the couch since she moved in.

"I like the sofa," she mumbles, a frown settling on her face.

"What's wrong?" He turns to her, placing his hand on her knee.

"I don't want to be alone. At least sleeping on the sofa means I get to spend time with people, even when I'm in bed..."

Vincent sighs, retracting his hand and wrapping his arm around her shoulders and pulling her close. "I'd say you can share mine, but..."

"But what?" She looks up at him.

"It would be inappropriate." He comments, his face blushing slightly.

She raises her hand, cupping his face. "Not really. We've been friends for a while now..." She beams.

After a long pause, Vincent perks up the courage to ask, in a whisper, "Agatha, can I kiss you?"

She grins, pressing her lips together. "Please." She pauses. "Call me Aggie."