

PRAISE for *PLAYMATES*

“A chilling portrayal of two young siblings from a broken home who embark on a journey of bloodlust. Scott captures the pathos, the inner turmoil, and the cold logic of surviving childhood in a world without tenderness—with only the smell of cheap wine on its breath.”

— *Charles Austin Muir, contributing author to Hell Comes to Hollywood (Stoker-nominated) and Dark Visions (Grey Matter Press)*

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“A true-to-life action-packed family drama, complete with sex, drugs, alcoholism, and violence. Jess writes with brutal honesty about kids who are bullied and abused by their parents, portraying the characters and their inner lives with clarity and astonishing detail, and illustrating exactly why and how kids turn into bullies (and more).”

— *Katherine Mayfield, author of “Bullied”*

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“Jess pulls no punches in this tragic, brutal, morbid and disturbingly enthralling tale about how two kids, both the kind you could meet in real life, eventually turn into monsters thanks to their abusive environment and the pop culture elements shot into them. This is a dark cautionary tale of children mutated by our sick and hypocritical society that should not be missed.”

— *Kristopher Miller, author, reviewer, and critic at The Catacomb’s Bookshelf*

Selection of Books by *Jess C Scott*

PLAYMATES
BEDMATES
SOULMATES
(Wilde Twins Trilogy)

EYELEASH: A BLOG NOVEL
(teenage memoir)

1: THE INTERN
(Book #1 [Lust] in the YA Sins07 series)

THE OTHER SIDE OF LIFE
(Book #1, Cyberpunk Elven Trilogy)

BAD ROMANCE
(seven deadly sins anthology)

SELF
(seven heavenly virtues anthology)

TEEN GUIDE SERIES
(co-authored with Matt Posner)



PLAYMATES

[Wilde Twins, Book #1]

Jess C Scott

PLAYMATES

[Wilde Twins, Book #1]

By Jess C Scott

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This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or locales or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

1. Fiction—Psychological
2. Fiction—Thrillers
3. Fiction—Crime

Summary: As kids, survival instincts turn into a deadly game which ignites the Wilde twins' first taste for blood. Book #1 in *The Wilde Twins*.

* * *

To Billy (age 4) and The Kids.

Because every child should grow up in a healthy home environment.

* * *

All things truly wicked start from innocence.

~ Ernest Hemingway

PART I: 9 Years Old

Chapter 1: Trevor

My birthday wish was simple: run away with my twin sister.

We were seated on the upper bunk of the bunk bed in our bedroom. The top bunk was mine.

“Make the first wish,” Tania said, “since you’re older than me by two minutes.”

Tania often reminded me of the fact. It was how we decided I’d get to be on top too.

She was lying on her stomach and resting her chin on her hands, looking at the starry night sky from our log cabin at Pleasant Lake.

“I’d like to run away with you,” I said, as I pointed out the brightest star. I didn’t know whether it was a star or planet, but I liked how it flickered with white, red and blue hues every night.

“Where would we go?” Tania’s big eyes were shining brightly. “Do you know?”

I shook my head. “Somewhere faraway from here.”

At least I was sure of that.

Tania gave a half-hearted smile. She gazed out the window as a gentle breeze brushed her soft hair against her face. “I would like to be a movie star.”

There was a loud yell from the living room then—Dad’s voice—and the familiar violent jolt of the sound of glass shattering. Someone had once again broken a bottle on the wall just outside our room.

“Flinging the bottle,” I whispered, even though our parents referred to it as daily “wine time.”

I moved a little closer to Tania when I saw her wince. No

matter how routine loud sounds could be, they always affected her. A hint of frightened tension would go over her face, like she was just on the verge of breaking into tears at any second, even though she rarely did.

“I wanna be a star—I wanna run away—I wanna be a star,” Tania muttered, almost like she was repeating a chant. “Run away with you. Yes. I would like that, Trev. I would like that very much.”

I glanced at the clock on the wall. 8:00 PM. Wine Time usually started at 6:00 PM and would go on as the sounds and yelling got louder and louder—“Shit!”—“You bitch!”—“Whore!”—the famous “eff” word—until Mom or Dad threw a bottle at the other person. It would be left to Tania and me to clear the mess and clean up the blood.

Tania and I tasted some of that stuff called alcohol, by the way, the day before our ninth birthday. We helped ourselves to one of the bottles lying around on the floor.

I poked my tongue out and made a face when I tasted it. It had a strange scent and taste and got me very thirsty very quickly.

“They’ll start throwing the bottle at *us* one day,” Tania said as she bit on her nails. “You see it on TV. Our parents are batshit crazy. I wish we could live like the Kazandjians.”

Tania only said “batshit” in front of me or some of her friends at school.

Mom struck her across the face the first time she said it.

“Nasty bitch running her mouth!” Mom had muttered under her breath. And Mom’s Herculean foot kicked Tania out of the way as she stomped across the hallway towards the kitchen.

I was sitting on the couch when that happened. I was watching something about a porn star’s boobs and butt implants on MTV. I recognized the blonde sweet-faced porn star in some of Mom’s *Always In Touch* magazines that were stacked high on one side of the couch.

Tania crawled onto the seat next to me, folding her arms across her chest with a sullen look on her face.

“Mom says ‘shit’ all the time,” Tania snarled during an ad break. She spoke softly since Mom was pretty nearby, talking very loudly and cussing a lot over the phone. “And she doesn’t hit *you*

when you say bad words.”

“Then I won’t say those words in front of Mom too,” I said with a smile. “Okay?”

Tania nodded and leaned against me as we watched a masked man using a black marker to draw arrows on the porn star’s nose, face, and body.

I liked being close to Tania. I liked that we didn’t pick on each other. We knew we both didn’t want to. What did we have apart from each other?

In the mornings, we would sometimes gaze out at the colors of the sky at dawn, listening to the trickling sounds of the lake lapping the shore, or viewing the wonder of the sun rising out.

At the same time, I thought it was funny we lived in a place called “Pleasant Lake,” where the people around us often weren’t in a very pleasant mood at all.

Mom always had colorful pills and a vodka bottle in hand. She liked talking to herself and throwing random things on the floor or against the wall. Sometimes, she’d take Dad’s hand gun out and wave it around. She’d point it at us and cackle, “Don’t worry, kids—it ain’t loaded...” before tossing it back into the drawer where it came from.

She never did that to us when Dad or anyone else was in the house.

It must have had something to do with a back injury she had from a ski trip when Tania and I were six years old. That’s when the doctor gave her those white pills in an orange bottle, then she got more pills by herself from the store, and later on started to take them all together, washing it all down with a swig or two from the bottle she’d have in an iron grip with her right hand.

Mom was a beauty queen in her senior year of high school. She used to be very pretty. She started to dress more sloppy and pack on the pounds once she started staying at home more. I think she stopped combing her hair too. After that, her favorite pastime was walking around the house announcing she wasn’t going to “bathe that day” because she hated taking showers past 4:00 PM.

Dad sometimes said she could be featured on *Ripley’s Believe It or Not* for ending up this way when she actually was a former ed

tech at Pleasant Point Community College, which was how she met Dad, who was an English lecturer.

He confused me too.

I would see him nicely dressed in the morning for work, looking every bit the studious professor he was. Black rectangular glasses, trimmed beard, ironed shirt, nice shoes.

Tania and I would sometimes see him at the college when he picked us up from school.

He was all smiles at his workplace, with a pleasant face and greeted all around by smiley faces. He was happy during the drive back home too—goofing around to the songs that played on the radio or whatever. Tania would howl with laughter with some of the nonsensical lyrics he made up on the fly. Like, he'd change the words "I'll Never Break Your Heart" to "I'm Gonna Breaaak Your Heart," or sing "Sweet Dreams Tomato Juice" to the tune of "Sweet Dreams Are Made of These."

But he'd reach out for one of those bottles lying around the minute he set foot into the house. Very often, like clockwork, Tania and I would do our homework, then sit in front of the TV with our TV dinners, or go to our room with a peanut butter sandwich for dinner, as our parents had what they called their "wine time."

So Tania and I had each other at least, in that Pleasant Lake house.

Later on, I still had simple birthday wishes.

I'd wish that my twin sister and I could have had a childhood.