



My Sweet Regina

Author: *Lauren Hammond*

Category: Dark, Young Adult, Horror

Description: Regina Taylor never loved any of the other boys she'd dated the way she loved, Adam Jacobs. He was beautiful, smart, and charismatic. The type of guy most girls dreamed of having for a boyfriend. Except, he's not the type of guy she thought he was.

Total Pages (Source): 5

Page 1

Source Creation Date: July 10, 2025, 4:01 am

Chapter One

I hate feeling like I'm fenced in because when you're fenced in there's no escape.

Mud walls.

Rocks.

A few sticks.

My tomb is a pit of hurt, agony, and betrayal.

It is cold.

And foreign.

It is a home without coziness and a welcome mat.

My final resting place.

Except...

I'm not dead yet.

I try to breathe, but the gash in my windpipe prevents me from doing so. I think about trying to scream, but even if I did or if I could, I know no one would hear me.

Gathering as much strength as I can muster up, I blink and roll my head to the side. It rests in between the top of my bicep and my shoulder blade and I blink again as I watch the crimson colored life flow out of me.

I am dying.

I am dying.

Love will be the death of me.

It came on in small doses.

Slowly.

With a knife, some force, and a few strangled breaths.

The sound of metal clinking against rocks throbs in my ears and I wince when Adam grunts and a shovel-full of cold, wet dirt lands on my stomach. My body convulses as the colds bleed through my clothes and seeps into my pores.

I keep thinking to myself; so this is how it ends?

This is how it ends?

I thought when a person dies they're supposed to go out with a bang.

But no...

Not me.

I'm lying here alone.

In the middle of nowhere.

In a shallow, circular grave.

I'm bleeding.

I'm dying.

And my heart has been blown up into tiny, tattered pieces of confetti.

I swear I can feel Adam's shadow blanket me with warmth as he hovers over me. I swear I can feel his moist lips against my neck and hear his deep, raspy voice whisper, "I love you."

It's a lie.

How dare he?

He's a fabrication.

A walking, talking contradiction.

I know this now.

I wish I would have figured him out sooner.

I blame myself for not being able to see through the façade called his everyday life. I guess I'm paying for it now.

More than anything, I wish I could tell him, "Adam, my love, you were supposed to be my knight-in-shining-armor—not—my murderer."

Chapter Two

Time...

Sometimes people think they I have so much of it.

They think they have so much of it so they waste it.

A minute here.

A minute there.

I'm one of those people. At least, I used to be. I used to think; well, there's always tomorrow so don't live for yesterday.

Now...

Page 2

Source Creation Date: July 10, 2025, 4:01 am

I regret ever saying that.

I regret even thinking it.

Because now...

I don't have any more tomorrows.

All I have is yesterday.

Because yesterday I was among the living.

Today, I walk among the dead.

Standing at the edge of my shallow grave, I stare down at my body in its twisted, mangled form. When I can't look at it anymore, I spin in a circle as numerous questions flit through the walls of my mind.

Why am I still here?

Why am I still here?

Shouldn't there be a light?

Shouldn't I be walking, skipping, or sprinting toward some heavenly beam?

No....

I'm an angel who can't soar her way into heaven because her wings have been clipped.

Tilting my head back, I stare up into the sky. It is deep, dark, and black, an abyss of nothing that seems never ending. My eyes bounce from the moon to the stars. I observe the moon and how its glow is dulled down by a layer of clouds and how the stars don't seem to be shining as bright as they normally do. I watch a sea of mist as it moves across the heavens and hides all the best parts of it.

It looks gloomy.

And depressing.

And secretive.

And wrong.

I guess it fits the situation.

There have been times where I wondered if the stars could talk just what kind of stories they would tell me. There have also been times where I wanted to ask them questions like; why do you hide away sometimes? In my opinion, the most beautiful things always shine, shimmer, and glisten on even the darkest of nights.

My thoughts are interrupted when I hear Adam grunt beside me. My head snaps to the side and I narrow my eyes, glaring at him. He twists his upper body to the side as he chucks another mound of dirt onto my rotting corpse. Asshole. For a second I wonder if he can hear or see me so I say, "Asshole," again with grit and a booming tone to my voice.

But he doesn't hear me.

Of course.

If he couldn't even hear me when I was living.

There were moments during my relationship with him where I thought something about him was off. He'd stare into blank space, lost in a daze more times than I could count and I would literally have to shove him to get his attention. Or even times when I'd look him in the eyes and see no soul what-so-ever behind them. I'd ask him, "Adam, what's wrong, love?" At that second, it's like a switch would snap somewhere inside of him and he was back to his normal, charming self.

But I should have known better.

I should have been smarter.

Wiser.

I should have taken off my love-goggles so that I wouldn't have been so blind.

Page 3

Source Creation Date: July 10, 2025, 4:01 am

But I didn't.

And I was so very, very blind.

Because I was weak, naïve, and foolish.

In the end, I think I'm angrier at myself than him because I allowed him to fool me. Isn't that how it always is, though? Not only is love a killer, but it is the ultimate illusionist as well.

I plop down on the edge of my open grave on a mound of dirt and for once, I don't care if the jeans I'm wearing get dirty. It's not like it matters anyway.

Keeping my eyes on Adam, I watch as his chest rises up and down. His breathes are raspy and heavy. Beads of sweat dot his forehead and he raises his arm, wiping away the perspiration with the sleeve of his navy blue sweater. "Yes love," I say. "I imagine digging my grave and filling it in is very strenuous." I give him a nasty look and grit my teeth. Then I scoop up a palm-full of dirt. "Here," I chuck the dirt at my body, "let me help you." My voice is a mixture of pain and rage.

He used to tell me I love you every day.

And there were moments where I swear that he used to mean it. Or at least where he made me think that he meant it.

I love you. I love you. I love you.

My mind is a tilt-a-whirl and the words keep spinning around and around and around. I feel nauseated and part of me wishes that I was dreaming, that I would wake up, and that someone would let me off this terrifying ride.

But I'm not dreaming.

This isn't some old, rickety carnival ride.

Adam throws another shovel-full of dirt onto my body and that reminds me that this is a nightmare, except....

There's no waking up.

No relief.

No coming back.

Reality smacks me like a brick to the face.

I really am dead, gone, and almost buried.

I'm a secret, hidden in a field, miles and miles away from civilization.

And what frightens me the most is that I don't know when, or if someone will ever find out about me.

Chapter Three

"Come closer, love," Adam told me. "Lie here with me." His voice was soft. The tone of it was rich yet hypnotic.

I was sitting on his bed, fiddling with the edge of the navy blue comforter, but kept my eyes locked on his. “But you’re in the closet,” I pointed out. Literally. He was literally laying down on the floor in his closet.

He smirked and winked and it was always at moments like that, that I couldn’t refuse him. “Just get in here,” he said.

I obeyed but remained hesitant, tip-toeing across his bedroom to lay down with him on his closet floor. When I reached him, I got on all fours and crawled closer before snuggling in next to him. Then I planted my nose against his chest and inhaled. The light ocean-spray scent of his cologne did a dance with my nostrils and I thought, I wouldn’t mind if my nose was sewn to his shirt. I could bathe and inhale the scent of him forever. He always wore just the right amount of cologne. Not too much. Not too little. “What now?” I questioned.

His moist lips pressed against the spot behind my ear. “Close the door,” he moaned against my skin.

Goosebumps sprouted up and down my arms and heat radiated in my cheeks. Words were lodged in the back in my throat and I struggled to get them out. Finally in one, breathless rasp I asked, “Why?”

Adam worked his way down my neck, leaving a trail of kisses before planting his lips on my collarbone. “Just do it,” he said, peeking up at me through his long, dark eyelashes.

“Okay.” I pulled my leg back the slightest bit and closed the door with the heel of my right foot. “What now?”

Adam kissed his way up my neck stopping at my jawline. “Nothing,” he stated.

Page 4

Source Creation Date: July 10, 2025, 4:01 am

We were wrapped up, cloaked in a layer of black so thick it felt like driving on a foggy morning without headlights. And seeing the yellow lines on the road on a morning like that was nearly impossible. “What do you mean, nothing?” There was a hint of curiosity in my tone. “There has to be a reason why you wanted me to close the door.”

He pressed his lips against mine and my mouth parted. At that moment, his tongue began a slow, sultry dance with mine. He pulled himself all the way on top of me and tangled his fingers in my auburn locks. Desire blossomed in the pit of my stomach and I felt my legs starting to tremble. Breathless, and uncertain of what his purpose was, I broke the kiss and exhaled, “Adam, I—.”

“Shhh.” He cut me off with his pointer finger against my lips. “You might disagree,” he went on, “but I happen to think there’s something seductive about the dark.”

I tuck the memory into a portion of my mind that I know I won’t revisit when I hear Adam coo in a sing-song voice, “My sweet Regina.”

“I hate you!” I fire back at him. I hop up from the edge of my now filled in grave, positioning myself directly in front of him. I stare up at him, my eyes filled with fury. “I fucking hate you!”

I am a terrible liar.

The worst part is that I don’t hate him.

I hate myself.

I hate myself because I thought he held the key to the gates of heaven in his eyes.

I hate myself because I loved him so much.

I hate myself for giving him the opportunity to prove me right when I so desperately hoped he would prove me wrong.

Because I knew....

I knew all along that something wasn't right with him, but I didn't want it to be real. I didn't want to believe it. I was content living in a fucked fantasy relationship with him because it is easier to live in a lie rather than face the truth.

Because the truth hurts.

And lies don't cost a thing.

Out of nowhere, I hear Adam laugh. It is a laugh filled with deceit and wickedness and I can't do anything at that point but scream.

Out of pain.

Out of anger.

Out of sorrow.

Or maybe a mixture of all three, I'm not quite sure.

Tears flood my eyes and I ball my hands into fists at my sides. "But I loved you!" I shriek. "I loved you!" I repeat the words several times until my voice dies down to barely above a whisper, "But I loved you." I collapse at his feet, feeling weak,

defeated hopeless and broken. Sobs rack my chest and before I know it, I'm crying so hard that I can't breathe.

But I loved him.

He whistles before belting out, "Regina, the apple of my eye."

At that moment I snap. Every shred of sanity I have left evaporates into thin air. I'm on my feet again and in a few quick steps, I'm behind him. "Fuck you!" My emotions are a cyclone of love, hate, and misery. The funnel spins around and around inside of me, destroying everything in its path.

My head, my stomach, my heart.

Every part of me is shattered debris.

Unable to keep my emotions in check, I launch my shoulder into Adam's back and shove him. I shove him as hard as I can, but then I remember that I'm dead.

He doesn't even feel me.

He doesn't even flinch.

All he does, is stomp on the dirt concealing my body, flattening it. He does this while whistling the tune he always he used to sing to me.

Page 5

Source Creation Date: July 10, 2025, 4:01 am

My sweet Regina. Regina, the apple of my eye.

The sound of the song that used to bring me so much joy now sickens me. I've never wanted to rip out a person's voice-box so much. But that's not what breaks me.

No....

What breaks me entirely is when Adam picks up the shovel, places it against his shoulder then looks in my direction. He makes eye contact with me and cocks his head to the side. I start panting. I start hoping. I want answers. I need him to tell me why he did this to me. When he nods in my direction I have faith. Can he see me? Can he see me? Is this real or is my mind playing tricks on me? "Why?" I ask. "Adam, why?"

He doesn't give me the response I'm hoping for. Instead, he keeps his gaze centered, smirks and says, "I can't help the way I am." With that being said, he pivots on his heel and turns his back to me. He takes a few steps then stops, glancing over his shoulder and says, "You my love, will always be my best kept secret."