

The Trucker's Nightmare Continues is a collection of compelling short stories with unexpected and unpredictable endings. Each story is unique from all the others, revealing the darker side of the most important industry in the country, which often times goes unnoticed, until tragedy strikes and the media grabs a hold of it.

The Trucker's Nightmare Continues...

Book 2

by Chris Hanly

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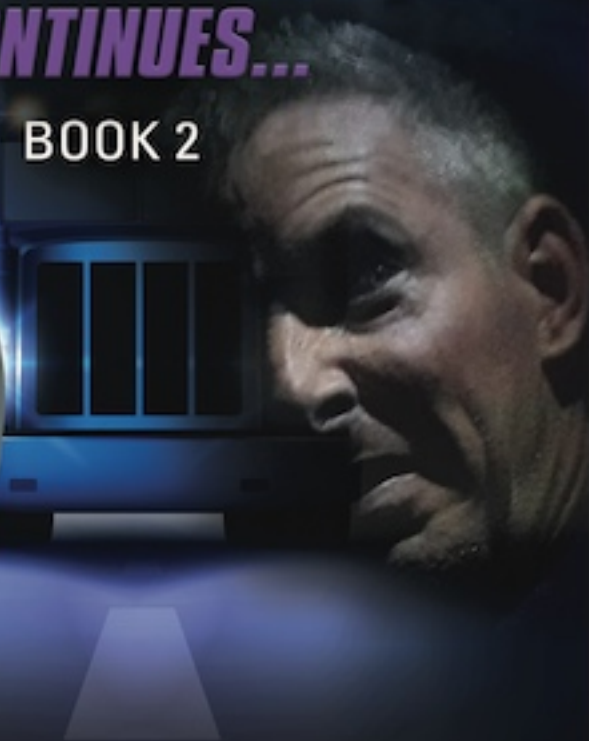
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CHRIS HANLY

**THE
TRUCKER'S
NIGHTMARE**

CONTINUES...

BOOK 2



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Contents

Preface	9
Street Walker	11
Homeless.....	22
Chain Reaction.....	53
Jailed.....	68
I. D.	88
The Prankster	99
A Friend's Revenge	110
Cracked.....	123
Beautiful Death.....	135
Hotel Stop	145
Love Kills	162
Waiting	174
The Dinner.....	195
The Lost Blossom	210
The Polisher	225
Charlie is Dead.....	235
R. I. P.	248
Council.....	254
The Hurricane	269
WHY!	291
About the Author	308

Love Kills

Derek sat sideways in his chair with his feet propped up on the passenger seat. He enjoyed this quiet time at night, especially here. This particular shopping plaza seemed to be a hub for the women needing to take a short-cut through onto other streets. It certainly made it easier for them to get to the back side of the truck stop across the field. There never seemed to be an end to the ladies searching for a man to pay his way into satisfaction. Then again, Derek noticed as he had watched the truckers in some of the truck stops, that there had been no shortage of men willing to pay, either.

He had checked this place out years ago, and had made it a point to stay here overnight when he could. Parking behind the plaza in the dark corner of the property had always been his favorite spot. He knew that the cameras on the building weren't set up to cover the side entrance onto the property or this area. This spot made it so much easier for Derek to see a lot of the activities that would take place around the surrounding area.

Two dirt trails, each leading close to where he had been parking, had been worn into the ground from the foot-traffic of the people who went back and forth from a large group of run-down apartments. Most of the people living there had accepted the fact and even relished in the idea that surviving on welfare and other assisted living, was the easiest and most favorable way to live since the economy was so bad in this area. Then those who really loved to beat the system would find ways to make more money that would be "tax free". Dealing drugs, turning tricks, stealing, con-jobs, or simply begging for money were the usual practices that had been performed around here.

Watching the people going past him kept him pleasantly occupied. He found it thrilling to observe the various types of, in his opinion, refugees, that would cross his path. His outlook on most of them was very low, yet he took a kind of twisted pleasure in seeing them, as they struggled to make it through the daily grind of what they considered their lives.

He turned away most of the women that came knocking on his door, with a few kind words. Once in a while if he thought that one of the girls had been cute or even humorous in her attempts, he would give them some money. Now if some dude came knocking for any reason at all, it would piss Derek off to no end. There had been a few times he had gotten into a fight over the years when someone wanted money or tried to climb up in his truck “for a minute.”

As he sat there in his rig, with the motor and lights turned off, he listened to the metal of his bowie knife grinding across the sharpening stone as he casually honed the length of it into a razor-sharp edge. As with every tool he owned he needed this tool to be in perfect condition. He smiled as he focused on the sensation of the knife resisting the coarse surface of the stone in his hand.

.

His thoughts wandered to his childhood. He knew at a young age that he was different from the other kids. He remembered taking his sister's dolls and ripping off their heads, just to see her cry. As time went on, he would work on meaner and more destructive ways to destroy her toys just to get her upset. One day, a short time after their parents had allowed her to bring a kitten home, he took it and drowned it in the bathtub, leaving it there for his sister to find. His parents couldn't prove anything, but they knew he had done it. As time went on, he found other ways to torment and kill animals.

His real escalation into the darker side of his mind occurred after he had been released from juvey for attempting to molest his sister

and her best friend, unsuccessfully, during a sleep over. His mom walked in on him before he could harm either one of them. She was the one who called the cops and pressed charges against him. The other girl's parents were too scared of him to try anything.

His uncle picked him up from juvey. He was supposed to stay with him for an undetermined amount of time. He didn't stick around there for long. His uncle was a drunk and from the first night of his being there, his uncle had beaten several times. He didn't hold back his efforts as would use his fists on him.

So, Derek simply walked twenty miles to get home. When he stepped inside, he heard his sister crying for help. With a butcher knife in his hand he barged into her room and plunged it into his dad's back. Then he rolled him off of his sister. She had actually been untouched, but it wouldn't have stayed that way for much longer. He smiled at the irony of it.

Since they were in the country, with their closest neighbor living five miles away, it wasn't hard to find a secluded spot to bury him, and then continue to live as if nothing had happened. His mom had abandoned his sister and dad after Derek was arraigned and sent away. She had hooked up with some dude in a motorcycle gang and had taken off for parts unknown.

It wasn't long after he had killed his dad that his sister's guilt about her dad being buried so close by to their home and her fear of what Derek might try to do to her, had overcome her emotions. She ended up hitching a ride out of town never to be seen by him again.

.

He continued grinding the blade slowly across the stone, watching two young girls stroll by, each of them lost in their phones, oblivious to their surroundings. Two potential victims to be abused by a countless number of people.

“It only takes one person like myself to ruin the rest of your life!” Derek whispered as they passed the front of his rig. He smiled to himself. “Not my type.”

.

He had thirteen bodies scattered around his dad's property by the time he fled town. He had gotten word that the cops were asking a lot of questions about missing persons from around the county, including the fact that neither his dad nor his sister had been seen for some time now. He left with only a bag of clothes. He made sure the place appeared to have been abandoned for a few months, by throwing dust up in the air for each room, knocking over bags of garbage, and leaving the door open.

His efforts at home seemed to have paid off. He heard reports later that year that all three of them were on the missing persons list. There had been no mention of anybody digging around or bodies found on the property.

Changing his I.D. turned out to be a lot easier than he had thought, since he was a nobody from a no-name small town. It took him a year after he fled the state to find a man who could forge documents. Three thousand dollars later the man gave him a new driver's license, social security number, a birth certificate and an absolute guarantee that his past would never be found out. He still had his doubts about that, even today.

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A man, hunched over pushing a grocery cart, had been slowly working his way toward Derek. Even in the dim street light that the man was now walking under, Derek could see a couple of large wine bottles, one of which looked to be half full. In his opinion, people down on their luck was one thing, but drowning oneself in liquor or drugs, really set him off. He decided to give this old-timer a break.

He turned his overhead light on, illuminating the inside of his cab, then he raised his knife up enough to be seen, and twisted it around a few times, allowing the metal to reflect the light toward the direction of the old man. The response had been exactly what he had desired, as the homeless man spun the cart around and quickly walked away, making his way toward the shopping plaza, not looking back once.

Turning the light off, he continued to sharpen his weapon of choice, as he watched the old man vanish around the corner of the building.

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Ten years ago, before driving trucks for a living, he had been eating dinner at a fast food joint. He sat there pondering what had taken place earlier that day. Derek had just finished cleaning himself up from his last episode in one of the filthiest bathrooms that he had ever seen at any run-down gas station. He smiled as he examined the scratch marks in the broken mirror, from the young woman. She was a fighter, that was for sure. After he had talked her into going into the abandoned building for “a little fun”, he drew his blade out and sliced at her stomach, to disable any attempt at her running from him. Her quick reflexes surprised him as he merely grazed her skin. Her mistake had been that she didn’t run. Instead she became irate at the idea of her having a scar. She launched at him with her claws out. When she made contact with his face, she froze, her eyes widening at the realization of her mistake. A moment later, he slid the bloody knife out of her abdomen.

Any remnant of the washed off blood in the sink or on the paper towels in the overflowing trash can would blend right in with the rest of the grime. After he had left the gas station, he was strolling down the street and he made his way to this little hole-in-the-wall called a restaurant. Before he had gotten to it, he looked down the nearby

alley. His eyes caught sight of a woman walking down the dark corridor by herself in the ghetto of Detroit.

She had on the typical outfit advertising that she was a prostitute. Her extra fine-tipped stilettos kept tripping her up on the rough gravel. She stumbled and cursed every couple of steps. Her super short skirt, kept rising up above her bare butt. Each time she missed her step, she had to grab at her skirt and pull it back into place. When she wasn't fixing her dress, her hands would fly up to immediately adjust her wig as it fell over to one side or the other of her head. Derek couldn't help but laugh at her.

He followed her for a few moments till she grabbed the top of an over-flowing trash bin that had been long forgotten. She was distracted from her environment while she was trying to adjust one of her shoes. At that moment he jumped her. Plunging the knife into her back, he wasted no time in killing her. It was a rare moment for him. He usually took hours in torturing his victims. Today however, with his adrenaline still surging through his body from his earlier kill, he had decided that he wanted one more quick fix, like a drug addict wanting something fast. Once she dropped to the trash-filled ground, he pulled the knife out of her, then carefully wiped the blade off onto her skirt before retreating it back into its sheath. He threw her into the dumpster, not bothering to check if she was still alive. He then covered her with the surrounding trash. It would take a few days for anyone to notice the smell of her rotting corpse, if that were even possible in this rank alley.

He recalled his actions, after he had gone inside, sitting there in the restaurant, enjoying one of the best Rueben sandwiches he could ever remember having.

"I did that bimbo a favor. Heck, I did all of Detroit a favor by putting that sorry excuse of a hooker away." he whispered to himself.

The T.V. that had been mounted on the corner wall had been turned to the local news. Focusing his attention on the breaking events, he smiled as he listened to the news woman, Anna Dudley, giving a detailed account of the violent arrest which involved a truck driver.

“...amazing arrest. We aren’t sure who the truck driver is yet, however, many witnesses have come forward describing the brutal attack that had occurred to a young woman, who remains unidentified, until her parents are contacted. Police have told me that the girl did not live through the attack. A witness saw him sneak up behind her as she was walking between two tractor trailers. He began using a baseball bat on her, then the witness saw a small hatchet being pulled out from inside the man’s belt.

Police were immediately notified and surprisingly, had arrived in a matter of minutes. The truck driver immediately turned on the police trying to keep them away from him. He had been tasered twice with little effect. Pepper spray and brute force by several officers had finally taken him down. If you recall, Bob, several months ago we had a situation at this very truck stop where a trucker had brutally raped a prostitute and had been arrested. Since then I have found out that on our great highways across America, there are at any given time at least one-hundred and fifty serial killers that are driving big trucks. There are even more rapists out there. That number has not been able to be determined since most of the woman won’t come forward to make a report. Situations like that are looked at by some authorities as being deserved by the women considering the profession, they are in. So, it goes unreported. I had talked to one woman who worked on the streets during the other investigation and she told me that at least twice a month one of the girls that she works with has been raped. She even admitted that once in a while even she is raped or robbed after her services were, shall we say, fulfilled. She

said that neither she nor the girls ever report it, unless it happened to be an extremely brutal attack, because the cops would arrest the girls for illegal activity. When they did report it, and actually weren't arrested, nothing would ever be done for them. It would simply be filed away with the other lost causes. She told me after a couple of times trying to get something done to stop this kind of abuse, that the girls would just stop calling for help and learn to put up with the abuse. They realized really early in the business that it was simply a part of the trade they were in. She said that some of them would find different ways to protect themselves when they were able. It is beyond a sad situation for many of these women out here. With some of the areas that drivers have to deliver to, the locations can be really sketchy, which makes for a perfect location for the troublemakers. Such as the girl tonight, there seems to be no end to the potential victims available to be abused or even killed. As soon as we are given more details, we will update our listening audience. Back to you Bob."

Derek sat there, forgetting about his sandwich. He was lost in the many potential opportunities that were available to him as a truck driver. He realized as he sat there, with his Rueben getting cold, that this was a life-changing moment for him. He would become a truck driver.

.

That had been ten years ago. That Anna Dudley was sure correct in her reports. Derek had realized over the years, that there seemed to be no end to the number of victims available for the taking. He had lost track of how many people he had destroyed and disposed of. He knew it had been well over a hundred since he had started to drive trucks for a living.

He quieted his mind, as he pushed the surrounding noises away from his thoughts. He began to count each event that he had

experienced. After several long moments of silence, the answer came to him.

“Two-hundred and sixty-five people. I suppose the three men can be counted with them. They shouldn’t have tried to be heroes and attempt to save those girls.” He said out loud to no one in particular.

.

She had been halfway across the desolate parking lot when he caught sight of her. Her long brown hair, shimmering from the sparse light emanating from the street lamps, bounced elegantly off her shoulders. She wore a very short, yet loose skirt, that rose up high on her thighs, while moving gracefully with each step in the gentle night breeze. The white blouse she had on highlighted her features perfectly.

Derek saw her look in his direction and she immediately changed her course, drawing herself closer to him. His heart raced, as it always had before the adventure in his mind could be played out. He casually reached behind the seat, placing his knife between the pillow and the mattress of his bed.

Without knocking, she opened the passenger door and climbed into his truck. She sat down facing him and smiled.

She held herself with an air of confidence he hadn’t seen in a woman for a long time. Her strong boldness and determination in what she wanted, spoke volumes about her character, especially in the way she simply climbed into a stranger’s vehicle without being invited.

His excitement intensified by leaps and bounds every second that she stared at him. After several moments she finally moved, thrusting out her hand toward him. He almost flinched at the gesture when he realized almost immediately that such a reaction was extremely rare for him. He countered her action by taking her hand in his. She had a firm and even controlling handshake that impressed him even more.

“Hi, I’m Kitten. Since you are sitting here in the dark, I know you’re only looking for the best. Now you have it. I’m a little pricey, but worth every penny. I guarantee when all is said and done, you will be purring.”

“Okay,” Derek responded happily. “What are we looking at?”

“A hundred for a half hour, two hundred for an hour and three for an hour and a half. If you go for the latter, I really don’t pay too much attention to the clock. If you’re willing to put that kind of cash out there, then you deserve to get treated like a rich king should be treated.” she announced with a sensual glare.

He stood up, taking a couple of small steps back to the edge of the bed and pulled his wallet out of his back pocket. He handed her three hundred dollars, knowing full well at the end of the night that he would have it back. He sat down on the bed and opened the cabinet where he kept his shelf food. He maneuvered his arm around inside till his hand reached a back corner, where he carefully placed his wallet.

.

This had actually become a part of his ritual after he had talked one woman into “hanging with him.” He reflected back to when he had given her some money, nothing even close to Kitten’s offer, when, without thinking, he had placed his wallet on the driver’s seat. He turned to get “comfortable” when he heard the passenger door open. The girl bolted out of his rig with the cash he had paid her, and he noticed his wallet went with her. Then the chase was on.

Once he had caught her, he immediately took her to the ground. To keep her from yelling he simply shoved his bowie-knife into her mouth, jabbing the back of her throat hard enough to cause her to choke and gag on the blood draining down her throat. Since she was mostly silenced, except for her choking sobs of blood she had been spitting up, he dragged her back into his rig, unnoticed. After cutting

off her fingers for stealing from him, he carved a message into her stomach. He recalled how her eyes had grown even larger after everything he had done, when he had taken a picture of it on his phone and showed it to her. It read ‘Crime Doesn’t Pay!’

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Even now thinking about that moment caused him to grin, as he closed the cabinet door.

Kitten stood up facing him, cash in hand, smiling from ear to ear. With her free hand she pulled the strap of her small be-jeweled purse off her shoulder. Opening the top zipper, she placed the money inside of it, still looking intently at him. She then turned around to the passenger seat, bending over slowly and purposefully, as she casually placed her purse on the floorboard out of reach.

Derek watched her spin sweetly back around facing in his direction.

Both of them simultaneously froze in time and space, their eyes locked intently upon each other, as a new reality began to register in both of their minds.

The sharp cold metal that now pressed up against Derek’s throat caught him off guard. Kitten held the switch-blade firmly at his carotid artery, with just the right pressure, Derek immediately realized that just the slightest wrong move would prove to be deadly for him.

Kitten, on the other hand, slowly lowered her gaze toward her abdomen. Derek had the tip of his bowie-knife pressed perfectly into the soft tissue of her diaphragm so that if she moved suddenly, he could pierce her right through.

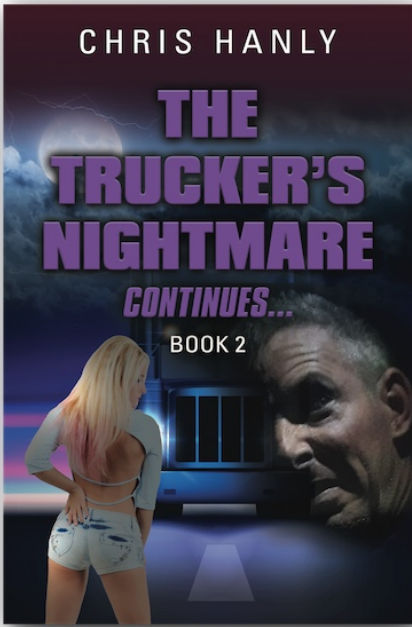
For what seemed an eternity the two only moved their eyes around as each of them contemplated what their next moves might be. When their eyes finally locked on each other’s--- Derek smiled, feeling the edge of the blade slightly piercing his skin. The hot blood

slowly ran down his neck bringing a sensation of pleasure to his heart, and sending a surge of excitement throughout his entire body. He knew that this had not been her first time doing this.

He pulled his knife away from her stomach and tossed it onto the floor between her legs, still smiling.

Kitten stood there for a moment, watching him intently, trying to read what he might try to do next. Then she saw it in his eyes. She withdrew the switch-blade from his neck and tossed it behind her. The tip of it stuck into the custom wood floor, next to the gear shifter.

The two of them swiftly moved toward each other, their mouths locking onto each other's, as they passionately kissed, while they began to embrace one another.



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