

IT'S TIME TO GET GROCERIES



It's Time to Get Groceries

KAY

It's Time to Get Groceries is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

No part of *It's Time to Get Groceries* may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means without prior written permission of the author, except by a reviewer who may quote brief passages in a review to be printed in a newspaper, magazine, journal, or online.

Cover photo by Oleg Magni from Pexels.

Copyright © 2018 Kay

All rights reserved.

IT'S TIME TO GET GROCERIES

At thirty-five, Jennifer hasn't met Mr. Right and works from home as a freelance writer. The only time she ventures outside is to go to the grocery store. She performs her grocery-shopping ritual every Tuesday night. When Jennifer walked into the grocery store, fear was the last thing on her mind. However, a routine trip to the grocery store becomes an experience she'd never forget.

CHAPTER 1

Jennifer sat at her desk and checked her emails. She's a freelance writer and works from home. Jennifer eagerly waited to see if Mr. Williams had signed off on her article she wrote ten days ago. It seemed to have taken him longer than usual. She was particularly anxious because her air conditioner was on its last leg. Summer was around the corner. And, she didn't want to sweat.

At thirty-five, Jennifer lived alone in her three-bedroom townhouse. She bought it ten years ago and was glad she purchased it when she did because the current housing market was out of her reach.

She kept refreshing her inbox. No email from Mr. Williams. Jennifer got up from her desk and walked over to her refrigerator. When she looked inside, it was almost bare. She had two eggs left in the carton and a half-empty container of milk. Jennifer shut the refrigerator door. Then, she inspected the cabinets. She found a lonely can of baked beans and knew it was time to go grocery shopping.

Jennifer walked back over to her desk and pulled up her checking account balance. Then, she looked at her upcoming bills. After an addition here and a subtraction there, she managed to come up with enough money to fund her grocery-shopping trip.

Jennifer was used to the feast or famine aspect of her writing gigs. However, she wouldn't trade it for a nine-to-five. She loved the flexibility it gave her. Plus, she preferred the solitary life she led.

After her breakup with Ethan, she didn't want to be around other people. They had been together for five years. She thought it would've led to marriage, but it didn't.

It was now nine o'clock. She put on her shoes and grabbed her purse. Jennifer went out to her garage and got into her car. She backed out and drove down the dark street. As Jennifer drove, she thought about what she was going to buy, because she forgot to make a list.

Dan locked up his garage and drove home. He'd spent the past fifteen years tinkering on Pleasantdale's cars. Pleasantdale had treated him well. Its people were friendly. The town was big enough for him to disappear into the crowds when he wanted to.

He walked into his bedroom and powered up his laptop. Within seconds, he was on one of his favorite sites, "Bondage and Other Delights." Dan watched how the site's top performer, Chrissy allowed men to strap her to a bench and have their way with her. It made him sweat with delight and aroused him immensely.

Dan rose from his chair and took a shower. After he dressed, he felt hungry and went into the kitchen. He only had a half-empty container of juice in the refrigerator and crackers in the cupboard. Dan grabbed his keys and proceeded to the grocery store.

The grocery store parking lot was almost empty. Dan got out of his car and entered the store. As he approached the meat section, he stopped in his tracks. He couldn't believe his eyes. Chrissy had come to life. This gorgeous brunette stood by the sandwich meats. She had on a pink sweatsuit with a matching cap and a ponytail sticking out. Then, she walked away.

Dan grabbed a pack of ham, cheese, and bread. When he reached the registers, he saw her at a self-checkout register. He advanced toward an open self-checkout register and scanned his items. Then, he paid for his items and walked out of the store.

Dan sat in his car and waited for the brunette to come out. Five minutes later, she pushed the cart to her car. He watched her load the groceries into the trunk of her car. Then, she took the cart to the corral and got into her car.

Dan started his car and followed her. He watched her drive into her garage. Dan parked on the opposite side of the street and watched the lights go on and off. He sat in his car and fantasized about her. Dan wanted this brunette. Ten minutes later, he drove home.

CHAPTER 2

Jennifer's phone vibrated. It was a text from her mother.

Hello, doll. How's it going?

Great. What about you?

I'm doing well.

That's great.

Well, I'm off to a meeting. Take care.

You, too. Love you.

Love you, too.

Besides daily texts from her mother and emails from clients, Jennifer didn't have much social interaction. Occasionally, she frequented websites and commented on posts with her online persona, Happy Jen.

After two hours of working on a project for a client, she grew tired and decided to take a nap.

Jennifer climbed on top of her sheets and closed her eyes. An hour and a half later, she heard her doorbell. She got up and went to the door. Jennifer peeked through the peephole and saw that it was the postal carrier. She opened the door.

"Yes?"

"Are you Jennifer Smith?"

"Yes, I am."

"I have a package that I need you to sign for."

"Okay?"

She signed for the package and shut the door. Jennifer didn't remember ordering anything. She took off the tape and opened the box. Jennifer found a sealed box of cookware. She didn't see a note or an invoice. It was just cookware.

Jennifer thought it was odd that someone would send her cookware. She doubted her mother sent it because her mother knew she wasn't the cooking type. Jennifer like quick and easy meals.

She put the cookware on her countertop and stared at it for two minutes. Then, she went back to the couch and picked up the box to see if there was a return address. Jennifer didn't see one.

For a moment, she felt weird and wondered if she had a stalker. She couldn't help but wonder why someone would buy her cookware. It still had the manufacturer's seal on it. Jennifer decided to keep the cookware. Maybe, she'd be inspired to use it. She put it up and went back to work on her client's project.

When she finished the project at eight-thirty, she shut down her laptop, took a shower, and went to bed.

Dan closed his garage early. He hurried home to open the boxes of items he ordered. If he couldn't have Chrissy, he'd have a stand-in. And, he anticipated all the fun he'd have with her.

As he pulled the items out of the boxes, he marveled at the whips, chains, and handcuffs. The black nylon outfit would look good on the brunette he fawned over in the grocery store.

Dan licked his lips as he imagined himself playing the role as the men played with Chrissy.

He had four more days before his fantasy became a reality. Until then, he'd fine-tune his plans, so the experience would be one he'd never forget.

Dan spent an hour reviewing the footage of the brunette he desired. He'd captured her at all stages of undress. *Soon*, he thought, *you'll be mine*. He turned off his laptop and went to bed.

Jennifer woke up at seven and decided to take a morning walk. She wanted to clear her mind before she tackled a creative project she'd been enlisted to do. She took in the sweet sounds of the birds and the smell of the morning air. Her neighborhood consisted of a cluster of townhouses that were mainly occupied by singles and older people.

Forty-five minutes later, she completed her walk and showered. Then, she put on a pot of coffee and powered up the laptop. As she sat at her desk, she thought about how she'd start the novel she was ghostwriting. This book would be her third ghostwritten book. She prided herself knowing that the prior books became bestsellers. However, she couldn't enjoy the accolades under her name. Maybe, one day she'd write one under her name and hoped to enjoy the same success.

Ten cups of coffee, four trips to the bathroom, and eight hours later, Jennifer had completed five chapters of the novel. She got up from her desk and did a victory dance. Her creative juices were in overdrive. Now, she'd worked up an appetite that she had to satisfy. She looked in the refrigerator and didn't see anything she wanted to eat. So, she grabbed her purse and went to the grocery store.

Jennifer pulled into the parking space and abruptly got out of the car. She went up and down the aisles putting things into her cart. Since she was in a great mood, she decided that she'd fix a real dinner. When she finished her selections, she had a cart full of vegetables, shrimp, pasta, salmon, cereal, and ice cream.

She smiled at the grocery store employee as she headed to the self-checkout register. Jennifer liked being in control of her life and her groceries. She put her debit card into the payment terminal. Then, she put her bags into her cart and proceeded to the parking lot. She popped open her trunk and filled it with her bags. Jennifer smiled as she put the cart into the corral and got into her car. She'd completed another weekly shopping trip. Now, she anticipated trying out her new cookware.

CHAPTER 3

Jennifer pulled into her garage, turned off her car, and let the garage door down. When she opened her car door, Dan emerged from the back seat and put his hands around her neck. She screamed.

"I need you to quieten down."

"Okay."

"Now, I'm taking my hands from around your neck. I need you to remain silent and get out of the car."

"Okay." Jennifer had a rapid heartbeat while sweat filled her shirt. She took the key out of the ignition.

Dan got out of the car and stood behind her. "Let's go inside. I have plans for you."

"Can I get my groceries out of the car?"

"I'll get them. Right now, I need you to go inside."

She opened her kitchen door. Dan followed her inside. He looked around the kitchen. Then, he pulled out a chair.

"Sit here."

She looked at him and thought about ways of getting away from him. Her cell phone was in the car. And, she didn't have a landline. Jennifer sat down and prayed he wouldn't harm her.

Dan handcuffed her wrists and duct-taped her legs together. He left the kitchen and went out to the garage. Two minutes later, he came back into the kitchen with her groceries.

Jennifer looked at him while he put her groceries up. She thought it was odd that he'd be in her back seat and now he's putting up her groceries. What kind of lunatic was he? She inhaled and exhaled. Then, she realized she forgot to lock her car when she got out of the car at the grocery store.

When he finished putting up the groceries, he sat down at the table across from her.

"So, Jennifer, did you like the cookware I got you?"

"You bought the cookware? Why? I don't know you."

"Yes, I bought it. And, you don't know me. However, I know you. I've watched you for weeks. I know your routine. You're quite the homebody, aren't you?"

"I guess you can say that. But, why are you here?"

"I'm here because I want you. I need you. You've been on my mind and in my dreams."

"Why did you choose this way to introduce yourself?"

"I don't know. I thought it'd be fun. Plus, I didn't want you to turn me down if I had approached

you as normal men would."

She looked at him and thought about how she'd never would've gone out on a date with him. He had to be approaching sixty. And, his hands were calloused. Then, to appease him, she smiled.

"You know, you didn't have to handcuff me. And, who knows, if you'd approached me, I might've gone out with you. What's your name?"

"I'm sure you would've. You know, you wouldn't have taken a second glance at me. And, I don't think you need to know my name. But, you can refer to me as Baby."

"Well, Baby, that's not true."

"Well, it doesn't matter now. I've done what I've done. We're here together. So, let's have a little fun."

She looked at him and feared what would happen next. He looked at her and smiled. Then, he got up from his chair and went over to hers.

"Get up. Let's go to the bedroom."

She stood up and shuffled behind him.

Dan shut the bedroom door. "Go sit on the bed."

Jennifer sat on the bed and almost fell over. "What are you about to do?"

"Don't mind that. What I want you to do is put on this outfit?"

"I'm not putting that on."

"Oh, yes you are. I don't want to hurt you."

"How will I put it on with handcuffs and taped up feet?"

"You have a point. I'll remove the handcuffs and tape. Don't you try anything stupid, okay?"

She looked at him and forced a smile. "Okay."

He removed her restraints. She undressed and put on the skimpy crotchless, open-cup teddy. Humiliation filled her body. Jennifer tried hard to hold back the tears.

"Stop the watershed. We're going to have fun. All you should do is cooperate. Everything will be all right."

She knew everything wouldn't be all right. Nothing about this night was all right. This stranger was in her home and was about to make her do things she didn't want to do. And, if she'd ever fantasized about something like this, it would be with a hunk with a six-pack not with a man nearing retirement.

Dan looked at her and licked his lips. "Wow, you're beautiful and sexy. I knew this would look great on you. You've got a great body. I'm surprised you don't have a man." He walked over to her and ran his right hand down her lips and touched her breasts.

Jennifer froze and tried to block what was happening to her from her mind. But, it was hard. His fingers scratched her skin. She wanted to scream and felt contaminated.

He took his hand off her body. "Now, I want you to turn around. I want to check out your rear-view."

Sweat poured from her body as she turned around. He slapped her buttocks. "Look at your perky cheeks. They're glad to see me."

She tensed up and wanted to disappear. As he grabbed onto her cheeks, she felt her worst nightmare had come to pass. Then, he pushed up into her. The pain was the most intense pain she'd ever experienced. Ten minutes later, he pulled away and fell onto the bed.

Tears rolled down her face. He debased her. Her life would never be the same. But, she knew she had to find a way to get away from him.

CHAPTER 4

"I've worked up an appetite. Why don't you fix us some dinner with the cookware I bought you?"

Jennifer looked at him and wondered how he expected her to cook for him after what he did to her. "I need to freshen up and change."

"No, I don't think so. I like what you're wearing and want to see you whip up something in what you're wearing. I think it'd make the food taste even better. Now, there's no need to delay. I need you to get up and get to it."

She looked at him and said nothing while she got up from the bed and went into the kitchen. He followed her into the kitchen and sat down at the table.

As she took things out of the refrigerator, she wanted to throw something at him. She was afraid of knives and didn't want to use one against him for fear of it backfiring and cutting her. So, she put the salmon in a pan and started a pot of water for the pasta.

"Mmm, you've got it smelling good in here. It's been a long time since I've had a woman cook for me. I must admit this is a treat."

Jennifer refused to give him eye contact. She wanted to vomit, scream, and run away from him. However, she played her role and completed dinner. She handed him a plate. Then, she sat down.

He smiled at her as he ate while she picked at her food. The appetite she had before going to the grocery store had gone away.

"Why aren't you eating? It tastes great. You're a great cook."

"I'm not that hungry."

"Come on and eat. You need to fuel your body and build up your energy."

She rolled her eyes and ate her food. The thought of him touching her again chilled her bones.

After another round of the unthinkable, Jennifer felt defeated. She wondered why he chose her and couldn't believe that she was going through this.

All Jennifer ever wanted was peace and solitude. She'd lived her life tending to her business. Now, he's shattered her world. How would she recover from this? Better yet, how would she get away from him?

Her turbulent night had turned into day. She sat handcuffed and taped on the bed while he slept. Jennifer looked around the room for something she could potentially use as a weapon but figured moving off the bed would wake him.

Other than defiling her, he hadn't struck her or used a weapon on her. Nevertheless, she was

afraid of him. Even though he was several years older than her, he was strong. She could tell he did work that required manual labor.

She wondered why he thought forcing a woman to be with him would be a great idea. How long does he intend to keep her under his control? What was his end game?

Jennifer feared that he'd kill her after he's done. He wouldn't want to risk going to prison for what he's done.

No one knows he's in her house. And, it's not like she's a chatty Patty or a socialite. She's just a woman, who lives alone with no friends and a mother, who texts her daily.

Then, she thought about her mother. She's sure that her mother has texted her. And, her mother knows she's quick to reply. Hopefully, her mother would become suspicious if she doesn't receive a reply. Jennifer prayed that her mother would alert the police to do a welfare check. But, the police may tell her mother to wait until twenty-four hours had passed.

Dan rolled over in bed and saw Jennifer sitting in bed. "You look like you've been up for a while. I'm surprised you didn't try to get away. But, I guess the restraints made it a little hard, huh?"

She remained silent and rolled her eyes at him.

"Come on, Jennifer. You know you've been enjoying our time together. Are you ready for some more fun?"

She ignored him and continued to sit on the bed.

"Why aren't you saying anything? Are you mad at me? I don't want you to be mad. I want you to be happy. How about I let you freshen up like you wanted to last night?"

Jennifer couldn't believe that he had the nerve to act like they were a couple, who had a little spat. And, he wasn't interested in making her happy. He only wanted to fulfill his sick fantasies. However, a shower would give her the opportunity to wash his filth from her body. She reeked of his scent and body fluids.

"Yes, I would like to shower."

"Okay. I'll let you do that. However, I want to watch you."

She shuddered at the thought. "Okay."

Jennifer stood up. Dan took off the handcuffs and tape. Then, he followed her into the bathroom.

He delighted in watching her undress. When she turned on the water, his eyes consumed every inch of her body. Then, he took off his clothes and got into the shower with her.

She froze as he drew his body close to her. The spraying of the water masked her disgust and took her out of her body. Jennifer freed her mind from what was happening to her.

Dan turned off the water and dried her off. He led her to the bed and sat her down.

Jennifer looked at him and wondered what he was going to do. She had no words for him and was tired. At least, she smelled better. However, she didn't know how long that would last. She could tell he was conjuring up more activities for her to participate in.

He walked over to her dresser and pulled out a t-shirt from one of the drawers. "Put this on."

She put on the shirt. "Can I put on some panties?"

"Naw. The shirt is good enough." He kissed her on the lips.

It took everything she possessed inside of her to not slap him.

Dan looked at her and smiled. "Your lips are sweet just like the other parts of your body. You can make a man fall in love with you. I think I am."

She looked at him and wanted to vomit. Jennifer had to find a way to get away from him. He

wasn't the man she'd wanted to spend her last days with. No matter how much he flattered her, she wasn't going to succumb to Stockholm syndrome. She'd spend her dying breath keeping her mind from falling into devotion to him.

CHAPTER 5

It was one o'clock when Elizabeth Smith, Jennifer's mother, looked at her phone. She noticed she hadn't received a text from Jennifer. Elizabeth thought it was odd. Usually, their text exchange started around eight every morning. She'd been out and about and hadn't noticed until now. When she dialed Jennifer's number, it immediately went to voice mail. She thought Jennifer's cell phone battery may be dead. So, she powered up her laptop and sent her an email. She'd give her an hour or two to respond.

Elizabeth lived five hundred miles away from Jennifer. Jennifer was her only child. Five years ago, Elizabeth's father, Stan, died of Pancreatic cancer. She'd been married to him for almost thirty years.

Jennifer was the apple of her parents' eyes. It broke Elizabeth's heart when Ethan ended his engagement to Jennifer. Before the breakup, she'd hoped Ethan was the right man for her daughter and hoped he'd make her happy as Stan had made her. Unfortunately, he wasn't. This breakup compounded with her father's death drove Jennifer into a depression. She spent months in counseling and had a brief stint in a mental institution. During this time, Elizabeth put her life on hold to be there for her daughter. After a year and a half, she saw her daughter regain the glow of her former self. Afterward, she returned to her home and made sure that not a day would go by without them being in contact with each other.

Three o'clock arrived and no email, text, or voicemail from Jennifer. Elizabeth grew worried. She contemplated calling the Pleasantdale police department. However, she knew it hadn't been twenty-four hours since she last had communication with Jennifer, so she prayed that everything was okay and decided to wait a few more hours.

After hours of performing weird things for Dan, Jennifer was exhausted. She didn't want him touching her anymore. And, she never wanted to see another whip, chain, or handcuff in her life. She collapsed onto the bed.

"Aww, Jennifer. Are you tired? You were doing such a great job. I appreciate your cooperation in making me happy." He popped her buttocks and got into the bed beside her.

Jennifer closed her eyes and dozed off.

Dan looked at her as she slept. He ran his fingers through her hair and kissed the back of her neck. Then, he realized that he couldn't possibly think that their situation could go on indefinitely. Eventually, the food would run out. And, he didn't want his employee, Charles to become suspicious

if he's gone for more than a week. He told him that he was taking a vacation for a week.

However, he didn't fully flesh out his plans like he thought he had. If he's seen coming out of her house, he's sure her neighbors would be suspicious. Maybe, he'd order food in after the food runs out. But, what would he do after that?

Jennifer didn't know his name, but she knew what he and every part of his body looked like. Eventually, he'd have to leave her house. How would he keep her quiet? Murdering her wasn't in his plans. Even though he'd committed acts against her will, that wasn't in him. Maybe, he could persuade her to stay quiet. Perhaps, he'd scare her into keeping quiet. As his thoughts got the better of him, he closed his eyes and went to sleep.

Eight o'clock arrived. It was now officially twenty-four hours since Elizabeth heard from Jennifer. She went online and found the Pleasantdale police department's phone number. Then, she dialed their number and cleared her throat when a woman answered the phone.

"Pleasantdale Police Department."

"Yes. I need to speak to a detective or someone who can do a welfare check on my daughter."

"Ma'am, why do you need a welfare check?"

"I haven't heard from my daughter in over twenty-four hours. We text each other every day."

"Okay, ma'am, I'm sorry to hear that. What's your name?"

"Elizabeth Smith."

"Mrs. Smith, I'll get Officer Riley on the phone."

Elizabeth's stomach turned somersaults as she waited on the line.

"This is Officer Riley. You're calling about your daughter?"

"Yes, sir."

"What's her name?"

"Her name is Jennifer Smith. She lives at 724 Archer Street."

"Okay, ma'am. We'll check on her. Is the number you're calling from a good number to reach you at?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay, Mrs. Smith. Hopefully, she's okay. We'll let you know. "

"Thank you." She hung up the phone and sat down at the table. Her hands trembled as she drank a cup of coffee.

Elizabeth would be devastated if something had happened to her darling Jennifer.

When the officers arrived at Jennifer's house, there were no visible signs of anything out of order. They knocked on the door. No one answered. Then, the officers walked around her townhouse and checked the windows. They were locked and showed no signs of disturbance. However, phone tracking led to her address. So, they knew the phone had to be on the premises.

Officer Riley called Elizabeth.

"Mrs. Smith, this is Officer Riley. We're at your daughter's house. We've knocked on her door. No one answered. GPS shows her phone is at her house. Do you give us permission to force entry into her townhouse and be responsible for any damages?"

"Yes, sir. Do what you need to do. My daughter's welfare is my utmost concern."

"Okay, ma'am. We'll keep you posted."

Officer Riley directed the other officers to force entry into the house. When they entered the

house, they heard some noise in the bedroom. An officer put his ear to the door. He could hear a woman's voice say, "No, no. I don't want to do it again."

He motioned to the other officers to be prepared for forced entry into the bedroom while another officer went outside and stood by the window.

When they opened the door, Dan was against Jennifer as she was on the bed handcuffed. One of the officers pulled him away from Jennifer, read him his rights, and handcuffed him.

Another officer uncuffed Jennifer. "Are you okay, ma'am?"

"I am now. Did my mother call you?"

"Yes, she did. We'll have the paramedics transport you to the hospital and check you out. Afterward, we'll talk to you and get more information on what happened."

"Thank you, officer."

The paramedics came in and put her on a stretcher. Then, they transported her to the hospital.

Officer Riley called Elizabeth and told her what happened. She took the next flight for Pleasantdale.

When Elizabeth arrived at the hospital, Jennifer had been transferred to a room. She walked into the room and saw the color gone from Jennifer's face. Jennifer opened her eyes and smiled at her. Elizabeth went over to her and embraced her.

"I'm so glad you're away from that awful man."

"I'm glad you called the police."

"You know I had to. When I hadn't heard from you. I knew something was wrong."

"I was so afraid he'd kill me."

"I'm sure you were. Officer Riley said he was a mechanic. Had you ever met him?"

"No. I've never seen him before. He obviously stalked me."

"Oh, my. We're going to have to get you a security system."

"Yes. I never thought I needed one. However, I see that even quiet Pleasantdale has hidden psychopaths."

"They do. It seems they're everywhere. The nurse said I can take you home in the morning."

"That's great. Mom?"

"Yes, dear."

"I love you."

"I love you, too." Elizabeth kissed Jennifer on the cheek and watched her fall asleep.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Kay Hillery writes short stories under the name of Kay. Other short stories she's written are [*Deceptive Beginnings*](#), [*Computer Blues*](#), and [*Mr. Trucker Man*](#).

Under the name K. Hillery, she wrote *He Was My Addiction*, *How I Feel Inside*, [*What I Feel*](#), [*From Inside Me*](#), [*Thoughts*](#), [*He Was My Addiction Revisited*](#), and [*How to Start a Blog*](#).

Her poems, blog posts, and short stories are featured on freedomtovent.com.