

## 9 - Red Lipstick

### Red Lipstick

Her statement piece, her personality, her color, red lipstick. That's who Geneive was; she used to be a cheerful, bubbly young lady. That had all changed in the blink of an eye.

Geneive woke up at the crack of dawn when she heard her parents yelling from the kitchen.

**\*CRASH\***

She jumped out of bed as she heard the glass break. She knew what happened although she began praying the glass had only been dropped. Geneive ran up the creaky wood stairs to see in the kitchen her mother lying on the cool tiles covered in her blood. She knew it. Her father threw the glass at her mother while they were arguing.

The screams of her father rang in her ear. A feeling that he had pushed her to the ground. "What are you doing you worthless brat?!" her father called before hitting Geneive with his cold, veiny hands.

"I was helping her! Look what you did!" she yelled back in a terrified voice, scared of what was going to happen next.

She ran back down to her room and threw a few essentials in her bag then sat down at her vanity while sobbing at all the commotion going on upstairs. She took a breath and then applied mascara over her wet eyelashes, watching as they clumped up. While her eyelashes dried she stroked her long blond hair, before adding red lipstick to her plump, pale lips.

She grabbed her bag and snuck out the window. She knew that she wouldn't be returning. The cool winter breeze brushed gently against her causing her skin to suddenly be covered in goosebumps. The further away she got from home, the more guilty she felt for leaving her mother with that awful man. Geneive pulled out her phone and dialed 911.

“911- what’s the address of your emergency?” asked the inquisitive voice.

“348 Maryland Drive- my name is Geneive Swar. I just left my home due to my father’s abuse. My mother is still in the house all cut up from glass being thrown at her by my father. I do not know the significance of her injuries but I think that she needs an ambulance,” Geneive said in a shaky voice.

“Yes, I understand. We will send out police and an ambulance to the location of your emergency,” the operator replied.

“Ok. Please come fast,” she begged before hanging up.

Geneive hung and waited for the screeching sirens of the ambulance to fly down her road. About five long minutes later she saw the flashing lights of the ambulance pull into her driveway. Once she saw the officer, she walked back to her house and watched as the paramedics dragged her mother out on a stretcher.

But where was her father? She asked herself. A moment later, she heard a gunshot followed by an ear-piercing scream. She covered her ears, still ringing as she ran as far as she could. She couldn’t take it all. She walked for hours until her feet ached from the wet snow seeping through her red Converse.

After a few more steps, she collapsed in the fluffy white powder. Bawling she had no hope left.

“What is a pretty lady like you doing out here in the cold?” she heard a man call out.

“She looked up and saw a tall, lanky man who appeared to be the same age as her with blonde curly hair.

“I’m just going through it,” she said in between sobs.

“I see, would you like a ride?” He asked gently.

As bad of an idea as it was, Geneive replied, “That would be nice.”

Geneive followed the man to his red Chevy truck. Second guessing her decision to get in his truck and wondering what would happen next. Was she going to be killed? Kidnapped? But she took a deep breath and asked, "What's your name?"

"Alexander, Alexander White."

"Mine is Geneive."

"What a lovely name for a lovely lady."

She was flattered and could feel her pale cheeks turn bright red like a tomato. After what felt like forever, they finally arrived at his small cottage house. He walked out of his truck and around to the passenger side to open the door for Geneive with a light smile.

"Where are your parents?" Geneive questions.

"Oh, they are always at work. Never enough time for me, I suppose," Alexander replied.

"Oh, I am very sorry to hear that."

"No worries, Geneive, you get used to it after a while. It's kind of nice now because when they were both home at the same time they would have constant arguments which really impacted me mentally," he added.

"I understand what you mean. I used to be so bubbly, the center of attention at school. Well, that was before my father abused both me and my mother for months and months. I just left home for good. That is what I was doing on the side of the road," Geneive said.

"Well, mi casa es su casa," Alex responded casually in an upbeat tone.

"Thank you, I greatly appreciate it."

Only a few weeks had passed since Geneive had met Alexander, however, she caught herself thinking in her head, *dang! I have fallen head over heels for this man!* She was unsure how to feel as she had never felt like this before for anyone. She had had heartbreak after heartbreak, none of which was true love. She could feel it in her heart this time, this was different. He was special to her and he made her feel like she was worth the world. Then when

she spent time with Alexander he made the world freeze in the moment making her feel that love for him flowed through her veins.

The next day when she woke up, she could smell the coffee and waffles waiting for her in the kitchen. She walked downstairs to see Alexander waiting for her at the table.

“Have a seat, lovely lady,” Alexander said.

She took a seat across from him and had then decided to confess her love. The words she had running around her mind that she was planning to say had all gone out the window when she said the three words in eight letters.

“I love you,” she said nervously.

“Wow, I love you, too,” Alexander said, taken aback.

“Over these couple of weeks, you cared for me more than anyone ever had. I appreciate it so much more than you could ever imagine. You complete me and you make me feel whole again,” Geneive told Alexander.

“From the moment I saw you on the road, Geneive, I knew that you were the one. How about tonight we go to a party and celebrate our relationship?” he suggested.

“That would be lovely,” she replied.

Late into the evening, Alexander and Geneive went to one of Alexander’s friend’s parties. As soon as they arrived, they were met with a ton of people singing and dancing without a care in the world.

Within all the chaos of the party, Geneive had managed to lose Alexander and she accidentally bumped into a man.

“Oh my goodness, I am so sorry,” Geneive apologized.

“No worries sweetheart,” the man replied.

She was a little weirded out by the man, however, she quickly spun around and took a sip of her drink. A few short minutes later, she started to feel very dizzy like the entire room was spinning in fast circles. She started to feel her fingers go numb. Failing to keep her balance, she

felt someone grab her and bring her to an empty room with only a bed accompanied with a rug at the end. Through all the haze, she was pretty sure she recognized the man as the same one she had bumped into earlier. She couldn't do anything, paralyzed out of fear or the drug that was slipped in her drink. She wasn't sure.

The man laid her on the cold bed and she was scared out of her wits but she just closed her eyes and waited for everything to be over.

Just before she had gone unconscious, Alexander had barged through the door and started screaming like he was crazy.

“What the heck are you doing, Geneive?! You had just confessed your love, and now you are cheating on me? I gave you a home, food, a bed, I provided everything for you!” he yelled.

Geneive had yelled back at him with the little energy that she had left, “I don't know what happened, Alexander. I think he slipped something into my drink.”

“You and I both know that is bull spit!”

“I swear to you! Why can't you believe me? I have never done anything to hurt you, I love you! I love you more than I love myself! I don't know what to do without you. However, you don't believe me and will never— and I mean never —be forgiven.”

Geneive pushed Alexander out of the way and stumbled out of the house. She was exhausted and collapsed under the lights of only the moon and stars.

A few hours later she woke up in the hospital, very confused. She looked around the room and saw herself hooked up to a million machines.

Geneive glanced by the window, “Mom?” she whispered.

Her mom ran to her bedside, “Oh, dear ,I am so sorry this happened to you!”

“What happened, Mom?”

“Oh my goodness, you don't remember anything? Well, sweetheart you were drugged and a few teenage girls had found you in the woods unconscious. The doctors have run a few tests on you and have determined that you were drugged at a party,” her mother said slowly.

Geneive was at a loss for words and just broke into tears as her mother wrapped her arms around her and comforted her.

Geneive had never fully recovered, however, they had moved far away and built their own house near a beautifully clear lagoon. The man at the party was also identified by photos from that night and everyone knew it was him because he had a circle of Geneive's red lipstick around his lips. The man was identified as a 26-year-old man from New Jersey named Michael Pons. Michael had been preying on young girls like Geneive for years, but her lipstick was the clue that had put him in jail. She had tried her hardest to forget everything that had happened. That was all until one day she heard a knock at her door.

She walked to the door and opened it cautiously.

“Geneive?”

“What the heck are you doing here, Alexander?!” Geneive asked Alexander as he was standing at the door.

“I am so sorry, sweetheart. I have been keeping up with the reports of what had happened that night. I had no idea what had happened to you. I am incredibly sorry,” he apologized profusely.

“Sweetheart? You left me when I was vulnerable in that room! Vulnerable and helpless! YOU had failed to notice what was happening to me- and for that, I will never forgive you. Besides, I do not need your sympathy anymore. My mother found me in the woods and she gave me a home, food, and most importantly- love. My mother was there for me and she always believed what I had told her about what had happened that night. You couldn't even believe me, let alone, comfort me. That was the absolute least you could have done!” Geneive yelled back before slamming the door in his face.

“Who was that, honey?” her mother asked.

“Oh, no one, Mom, just the mailman,” Geneive replied.

Geneive walked to the couch where her mother was sitting, watching a movie, and she snuggled with her.

“I love you, Mom,” she said.

“I love you, too, Geneive,” her mother replied.