Guilty Because I Saw

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Introduction

Will she make it out alive as she is being chased by a masked killer?
Chapter 1

I tripped over a branch as I was running. It was so dark and cloudy that I couldn't even see my hand. I was running because my life depended on it. I know who the masked killer is. It was the person I least expected. The person that I tell all my secrets too. The person who I shared my thoughts and theories with. The person I loved the most.

I heard a branch brake behind, causing me to run faster. I placed my arms out so I could feel my surroundings. I felt a sharp sting in my hand as I felt something pierce my hand. I fell as the pain went up my arm. I turned on my back and placed my arms out to protect me some how and some way. I heard a loud crash coming towards me. I tried to get up but the person grabbed me. Pushing me to the ground and pinning my arms behind. I screamed, hoping someone was out there and could hear me.
"You think that someone can hear you? There's a reason why I chose this spot to do my dirty work. The only person who knows about this place is me and you, but you won't be alive to tell anyone." she said in a low creepy voice.

"Why are you doing this to me? I'm your daughter. And why did you murder Mila?"

"Because, dear. She did same thing you did. She saw something that she shouldn't have seen. It's just life." and she laughed out loud throwing her head back. I stretched my hand back and found a rock. I began to twist my arms away from her and threw the rock on her head. She groaned in pain and let me go. I ran off. As fast as I could.

"You can run but you can't hide. Remember, I taught you everything you know." and she began to run after me. I began to look around for anything to attack her with while running. One thing for sure, I'm glad she had me take track. I was running light on my feet. Then she jumped me from up front. Knocking me to the ground getting on top. She pulled out a knife and cut my arms. I screamed out in pain and in fear.

"You will pay just like your sister. I don't care if you're my daughter or not. I can not have you tell the authorities about me or your father."

I gasped. My dad is part of this too? She must've saw the look on my face because she began to laugh.

"Of course dear. Your dad and just about every other adult in your life that you know is part of it. It's called a cult"

I tried to fight her off. To fight the pain off of knowing who she actually is. The pain that there is more to the story than what I thought. I gathered all of my strength and pushed her off. I grabbed her by the hair and pulled her ear my lips and whispered, "Gotcha." as I pulled out a wire from underneath my shirt.

"I knew you were the killer along, I just didn't know about the cult. And guess what. The police are on their way now." With that pushed on the ground and pounded into her. Letting out all of my anger, shame and pain. Shortly the cops showed up to take her in for questioning to find the others.
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