

Captive

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I finally arrived at Miami Airport, and it was just how I had imagined. Feeling a combination of joy and excitement, I was ready to take my initial steps towards a brighter future. Whether did I know that a storm had nearly just begun?

Life had started out quite good for me. I remember being a good student, with a good family of my mother, my father, and two brothers. Up until I was sixteen, life was good and mundane. I was athletic and took part in sports activities in high school. It's strange how once an incident can flip everything around in just a matter of time. Life can be good at one moment and not so much at the next. To my disappointment, I experienced this at quite a young age.

One day "we need to add where you and your friend were standing, like did you just get done with something or were you waiting for someone? Basically, how should we start the story? The story continues from the information we have available.

The guys promised my girlfriend and me to take us home. It was a gloomy winter night. We had no such thoughts of suspicion at the time, mostly because there was no evidence to the contrary. These guys were part of the crowd who we used to hang out with at the time at the local coffee shop after school. That is why there was never any suspicion that the situation could go wrong; my girlfriend and I had seen them around often. After a while, the driver pulled over at a forest in the city. His friend told my girlfriend that he would like to talk to her, and they got out of the car. The driver got out and sat next to me in the car. (He was very friendly, and he was not a bad-looking guy either but definitely had some brain damage. He spoke a little weird, I thought, and I think the other guy was the one in control, and the whole thing was his idea. He was fat and looked genuinely evil. When I saw that they were not going in the direction of our home, I was just hoping that we would survive to get out of the situation with little to no damage. But I started to get scared when the only thing I saw was the forest and fog surrounding us. I had the feeling that this wasn't good at all. When he locked the door, I was scared and just wanted to get it over with. They opened the glovebox on the way and had a gun on them; these guys were both very big. So, I thought that the best way to ensure the least possible damage was to say nothing. I noticed that he locked the doors and started to pull his pants down. He pushed my head on himself and forced me until he had an orgasm. He opened the locks after, while I was in a complete and utter shock. I got out of the car and told my friend that we needed to leave.

I'm sorry, but this is going to be a bit nasty. I remember spitting his semen from my mouth as soon as I got out of the car, and it was disgusting. I also saw on the guy's face that he did not mean to do that, but it happened nevertheless. I was

standing there cold, crying, and disgusted. It was November, and in Hungary, it gets very cold in the winter. It gets down to 0 Fahrenheit sometimes. We ran home to my parents' house. I was terrified. I told my parents, and they were devastated. My mom was quick to tell my dad and me that we needed to go to the police station to file a report. I did not want to go because I felt the trauma and the years of hustle that it would require were not worth it. I felt devastated and ashamed, probably even more as well as guilty for getting into that car. Even my parents had always told me not to get into strangers' cars. But I felt like I somewhat knew them and hence paid the price. I wanted to feel safe and at peace more than going over the investigation dilemma.

See, the police system in Hungary is not the best. Their effectiveness varies heavily on the character of the police personnel you are to deal with. There is a good chance that you run into an officer of the law who might not be a pleasant person. There are a decent minority of cops, too, by they are a minority.

Anyways, we did end up going to file a report which ended up in a lengthy process. First, the investigation took place, then began the medical exams, then the trial. After all the hustle my family and I put in, in the end, they tried to make it look like it was my fault. After two years of trial, those two guys got a year's probation.

This was a time in my life where I felt hopeless. I had started to get very scared to be out on the streets. I remember that I kept looking behind my back on every corner. After what had happened to me, you would expect the authorities to have a heart. But they don't. Unfortunately, in Hungary, it is pretty common for girls to get raped. It is a highly criminal and very poor country with people, mostly just trying to survive. As a result of such an experience early on, I did not trust the authorities as much. They could not help a sixteen-year-old girl who was working against her will; what assistance could they possibly have to offer to me later on? We all have different experiences that shape us to be who we are. These experiences laid out a bitter truth for me, that in order to survive, self-dependency and fearlessness is key. I am glad that I learned something of this magnitude even before I turned eighteen, but sometimes, the tougher the people, the tougher their challenges; my biggest challenges were yet to come.

A couple of months after, the worst happened when my father decided to leave the family. My incident occurred on November 16th, and he left at the end of January next year. I felt like I needed him more than ever, but he did not feel the same way. He already had another lover at that time. Not only did he leave us, but he also emptied the bank account and left us, my mother and my two brothers, there to rote with my mom. This was one of the darkest times of our lives. Many claim, but few know how hard it is to survive in such a situation. No money and kids to feed; it's a situation where the best of us break. I remember my mother had about \$10 left in her bank account to feel all three of her children. We still spoke to our father, but the memories I have is of him mostly lying and excuses that he would meet us and help our condition.

After around a year of him leaving, we decided to completely finish our relationship with him, which was nothing but unhealthy. We all felt betrayed by him for leaving us in such a condition and lying about how he would fix all of it. We had all too much. Reportedly, he did quite well and earned a decent amount of cash but decided to spend his earnings with his new lover instead of the children his wife gave birth to. Not the kind of father I would wish for anyone.

We had to fight for the survival of basic necessities like food on a daily basis. His leaving affected us psychologically as well. My older brother fell into drugs and barely finished high school. My younger brother became gay and never finished high school, as well. I, on the other hand, went through three different high schools. This was because I had developed a problem with coping with the children around me. They did not like me; I had become the odd one out due to my situational lifestyle. Striving for basic necessities every day has an effect on you socially. See, the whole vibe is different. As a teenager, if your problem is that your father didn't buy you the new shoes that crystal wears and are in fashion, you don't know how lucky you are. Especially if your problem, in contrast, is to worry about surviving and striving each and every day with no one to really provide.

But that's life, so much of it, we can control, and some we cannot. It's strange how dark one's life can become in such a situation. So dark that we tend to cling on to any ray of light that falls upon us. You need to break out of our situation; and claim any or all opportunities that are presented to you to take you out of your situation; that is exactly what I did when I met Sam.

Short for Samantha, she was introduced to me as a friend of a friend. She used to drive around a beautiful convertible Audi. She spent a lot of time in the gym, and it showed. She had a beautiful body and nice hair. She claimed to travel the world and was the one who had an answer, a solution to everything. She was so cool, and we had started to hang out. We often went to have lunch, and she would mostly take care of the bills. She told me about how she spent time in the United States and has traveled to almost all the states. I remember being amazed. She talked about going to these big sporting events and meeting amazing people. She had a sense of style and shopped for the best brands one could know of. I had started to look up to her as she was everything a girl could hope to become.

Even though I had not much gotten into it before, I asked her how she was able to afford such a lavish lifestyle. That's when she told me about Szabolcs Kazab, her employer.

I do vividly remember my conversation with him on skype. It seemed like an opportunity of a lifetime. He told me that he had his connections and attended VIP parties and hangs at private yachts with celebrities. He told me that he could easily get me a model or a hostess sort high-caliber high-paying jobs on these events that attended by billionaires. He mentioned that I could easily make around \$1000 bucks a day. He had painted such a good picture that I remember watching CSI: Miami at home with my mom and picturing myself dancing on those yachts at the boy. The situation I was in versus the

intensity of the opportunity made it impossible for me to decide otherwise. I had seen Sam and how successful she was, and after getting an offer from her employer was all that I could wish for. I had seen Sam's lifestyle to know that it was not bogus. There's a huge contrast between \$1000 a month vs. living on \$10 a week. This was literally the opportunity of a lifetime.

And so there I was. We all get opportunities through life, some are worthy of accepting, and some are indeed not. The dilemma here is that one cannot sometimes know what the opportunity really has in store for us. Taking a leap of faith and bigger risk vs. reward is something we are all thought of, and this seemed to be like the perfect opportunity to capitalize on. Looking back, if I came from a wealthier family, I probably would have noticed some of the devils in the details. But it is who I was and where I belonged to that helped fade away the clues that could have helped me determine what exactly this was about. But maybe there were no clues to be found. Who knows? The whole thing was set up so perfectly with me getting to see a successful example of someone who is a part of this offer, to a great many promises of a better life. Perhaps it did all seem to be too good to be true. But I couldn't possibly focus on the negative consequences of my decision, primarily because the offer was just too good to go against it. The value of the offer weighed more than my current situation, and so I made the decision. The decision that would completely change my life forever.