

Deepest Elements

My worst fear was those woods; my greatest fear had once been
him.

Amanda Fino

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I dedicate this book to:

For all of the girls that never saw their 21st Birthday due to sexual misconduct that turned for the worst.

*Those woods were once my worst fear; my greatest
fear once had been him. He had been my first
love. The first and no one could replace him.
He had a way with me.*

2018

Our long conversations could last for hours. The longing gaze in his eyes peering into my soul. Yes, it's true I'd been aware of pure darkness within him all along. For a while I overlooked it, observing the good side of him. Being young, stupid and so damn in love. Sitting on my patio area overlooking the Portland skyline, those days are long gone; I'm enjoying a new sunrise with my warm cup of coffee. Feeling the soft spring breeze upon my face, looking at the blank page on my laptop screen. It's past time to speak the truth. Tell the whole story. I spend time reflecting on what happened at Blue Bell Boarding School. What am I waiting for? I took a long deep breath. It's time!

My name is Peony “Poppy” Calloway, born on 24 May 1992. I’d grown up in Portland, Oregon’s elite, a blueblood. My father, Ronald, was the most powerful and respected man in the city. Our family was one of the founding families of Portland. Our family’s beautiful Italian architecture mansion was built around 1907, and it overlooked all of Portland’s skyline. My mother, Penny, left while I was still a newborn, telling my dad she didn’t

want to be a wife and a mother. Dad let her go with no fuss, allowing Penny to leave with loads of money. My dad had his daughter, and that was all he ever wanted from her. Also, he had his mother; my beloved Grandma Rosemary, helping him raise me. Everyone treated me like a princess. I was content living with my dad, my grandma and my dog, Chester.

I went to Happy Valley Elementary School. There I met two of my lifelong best friends, twins Ella and Riley Ellison. The three of us were always together. In school, I was the teacher’s pet. An excellent student, I loved to learn. Some teachers I’d had I didn’t care for. I’ve overlooked that. No bullying went on in my school days, unlike today. We all were friends and also kin to each other. My dad gave me the best of everything and always took me anywhere he went.

I went to Ringcon Middle School, the home of the Bulldogs. I was involved in the school's many activities. There I found my love and passion for writing. I became a part of the school newsletter. I was named the editor of the newsletter in my 8th grade year. Writing became my passion. I went out with Josh, the boy I played with in the sandbox during pre-school. Josh gave me my first kiss one night while walking to his home in downtown Portland. The kiss set off something that was missing inside me. My grandma always told me stories of her high school days at Blue Bell Boarding School. Grandma held a particular fondness for her old school. "Poppy, my girl, you're the right fit for the school," she urged me. It was a family tradition to go there, and everyone expected my dad to send me to Blue Bell. Had I thought of attending there? In fact, I did all the time, dreaming of that day I could enroll. I'd googled Blue Bell more often than I'd like to

admit. Built in 1812 and opening the same year, Blue Bell quickly became one of the top boarding schools in the US. Still, the school is hard to get into and only accepts the best. Even though I was a legacy, something else was at work drawing me to Blue Bell.

One night my dad and I were discussing the high school I would attend, eating dinner at the best French restaurant in Portland. I asked him if I could go to Blue Bell in the fall.

“Poppy, I knew you’ve been dreaming about attending Blue Bell. Sweetheart, are you sure about attending Blue Bell? It’s way back on the east coast! You might be homesick,” he told me after a sip of his wine, eyeing me while he did so.

“Yeah, I know daddy. I won't get homesick. Grandma went to Blue Bell, and she made it. She loved her time

there and graduated top of her class. Blue Bell is also a tradition in our family. It will prepare me for Dartmouth like we had planned. Oh, pretty please, dad!” I begged him.

“I can't argue with that! However, there is a wonderful private school right here, in the heart of Portland that

matches Blue Bell – Portland’s Ridge Academy. I went there, and I'd hoped that someday you'd attend it. All your

friends will be going there as well; you would be home with your grandma and me. I already put a call in for you to begin in the fall.”

“Dad, I love you ... I had set my heart on going to Blue Bell,” I replied.

“Are you truly sure of attending Blue Bell, Poppy?”

“Yes, I’ve carefully thought it out, dad,” I pointed out to him.

“How can I ever say no to my princess?” He took a deep breath and let out a sigh. “All right, Blue Bell it is. I’ll

put a call in for you to begin in the fall. Poppy, you will be a shoo-in because of our family history there.”

“Daddy, you are the best!” I exclaimed, smiling at him.

Blue Bell accepted me once they noticed my last name and read my application.

Freshman Year 2007, 14-years-old

I told Ella and Riley, along with all my other friends. They gave me hell for leaving them for a boarding school for no good reason. “Poppy, no one is making you go to Blue Bell!” Ella remarked to me while we were walking in downtown Portland with Riley.

“I want a change of scenery; to go on an adventure. Blue Bell will help me start on the way to my goal to become an award-winning author, if I work at the school newspaper,” I shot back at her.

“We’re about to enter high school, our golden teenage years! You want to miss out on the best years of our life?”

Riley griped.

I continued explaining to Riley and Ella my reason that I was going to Blue Bell. They did not like it, but they understood my argument. Ella and Riley also knew that my boyfriend, Josh, and I had ended on good terms,

understanding we didn’t want to have a long-distance relationship caused by my going to Blue Bell.

The big day came. I was thrilled and said my goodbyes to everyone. I flew off to Blue Bell Boarding School in Rhode Island.

Blue Bell looked like an old castle sitting all alone and surrounded by a beautiful lake, leading into the woods.

Located ten miles outside Radcliffe Heights, the picture-perfect small town, it was everything I'd dreamed it would

be, with much more. Blue Bell was very charming. Little did I know such dark secrets hid within Blue Bell's walls.

At first sight my new headmaster, Jordan Dashwood, took my breath away. Upon arrival, Headmaster Dashwood stood commanding authority and welcomed the freshman class as we all arrived at the main hall of Blue Bell. He explained the school rules. Headmaster Dashwood was a handsome blue-eyed man with salt and pepper brown hair, and a great, good-looking body. Also there were Mr. Derek Baxter, the executive head-teacher, and my all-time two favorite teachers, Ms. Alice Weaver, and Ms. Grace Santana. In all, sixteen teachers lived on campus along with the

400 students attending Blue Bell. I quickly made wonderful lifelong friends: Lindsay, Lionel, Chloe, Nate, Bryce, and Trent. All my new friends came from family wealth like myself – “old money.” Lionel came from a blue-blood family from New York City.

He was pure English, born in London, England. The rest were American families just like mine. They assigned Lindsay Kemper to be my dorm roommate, and we got along great. We had a blast decorating our room and were able to remain roommates for the next four years. Like me, she came from “old money” – a real southern belle; she still lived on her family’s southern plantation when not in attendance at Blue Bell. She was very proud of her ancestors’ rich history in Charleston, South Carolina. She loved *Gone with the Wind*, while I favored *That Hamilton Woman*, another Vivien Leigh movie. My roommate, Lindsay, became my best friend there.

I started at my school newspaper as soon as they would let me. Hearing stories of murders and mayhem in the school, stories of ghosts walking the school’s hall, peaked my interest immediately.

I did not want to buy into these rumors since my grandma had never told me anything terrible of Blue Bell so I brushed it off, but I kept being drawn to investigate. Still, I fell in love with Blue Bell. I loved to spend my Sundays off reading under a huge old tree right by the lake.

I spent a lot of time with Ms. Weaver and Ms. Santana after school hours. Ms Santana took me under her wing

and became a motherly figure in my life. One day I was late for a meeting for the school's paper. While running in

the hall, I smacked right into Headmaster Dashwood, knocking us both to the floor. He caught me in his arms and we look at each other for a moment.

"I apologize for rushing into you, Headmaster Dashwood," I said, getting up from the floor and untangling myself from him.

"It's all fine. I'm not hurt, but are you?" he asked me.

"No, I am not hurt. I would have been if it weren't for you catching me, Headmaster Dashwood. Will you be giving me a pink slip?" I asked nervously.

He smiled at me. "Why would I? It's just a mistake; I'll let it pass."

"Oh, thank you, Headmaster Dashwood!" I exclaimed thankfully.

"Please call me Dashwood. Headmaster Dashwood was my dad's name and my grandpa's. My family has owned this school since day one," he laughed awkwardly.

"All right Dashwood," I said, letting out a small laugh. "I'm late now!"

"Yes, you are. Better go ... Freshman, right?"

"Yea," I said as I walked past him.

"What's your name?" Dashwood asked.

"Poppy!"

"What a pretty name. See you around!" He waved goodbye to me and I smiled in response to him.

After that, I kept on bumping into Dashwood. We would start talking, walking the halls for hours on end, establishing a friendship with him. He made me laugh, and we joked with each other. I found myself being sexually attracted to Dashwood. I couldn't believe it, but yes, I did. I felt like I could tell him things that I'd said to no one. Lindsay called it a silly schoolgirl crush that would pass when I told her my feelings for Dashwood.



Fall and winter were just breathtakingly beautiful; the scenery of the estate grounds almost couldn't be described. I was having a blast with all of my new friends so I reluctantly went home on Christmas break. My grandma began doting on me for going to Blue Bell at all of the holiday parties. My dad was proud of me too. I took note of the longing in his eyes for Charlotte; he liked her. Also, Ella and Riley told me they had seen my dad and Charlotte kissing and holding hands without a care in a world at an outside café.

Dad never had dated while I was growing up. He always told me that it didn't feel right for him to have a girlfriend while I was at home and he was caring for me.



It turned to spring at Blue Bell. Lindsay, Lionel, Chloe, Nate, Bryce, Trent and I decided to venture into the woods beyond the school's grounds on a sunny Friday afternoon after school. We got lost in the deep woods, and wound up playing flashlight tag once the sun had set. I stepped on a piece of timber and realized that I had discovered a trap door on the ground covered by leaves and wood. "Why would there be a trap door in the woods?" I pondered while we all voted to see who would look at what was underneath it. We all had flashlights and decided to climb down together.

Once we were below, we discovered the bodies of three dead girls. They looked as if they had been beaten, stripped naked and tied, and were covered in blood. The bodies had been there for many years. Lindsey turned white as a ghost while she held my hand so hard. Chloe was yelling and swearing, Bryce looked stone cold at the bodies while Lionel and Nate took charge. Everyone talked at once about why there was something like that in the woods as our eyes wandered around the room taking in the scene.

The room had been built with bricks from the 1800s, I thought. It was a medium size room, with the walls covered with old blood stains with dangerous objects on the walls. Horror hung in the air. What the hell had we found? Why were there three murdered girls rotting away? My mind raced around for answers or some kind of reason, but there was nothing concrete that made sense.

My mind whirled with thoughts about how my dad had let me read Stephen King and Nora Roberts. I loved the good psychological thriller books and movies. Dad or grandma made me watch with them because they loved them too. I told them that I once read a psychological thriller with scenes like this and it was evident that there had been foul play here and we must not stay in this room another minute.

We heard the voices of Ms. Weaver and Ms. Santana calling to us as we each climbed out. We were relieved to see them. The teachers called the police to investigate the murders after we told Ms. Weaver and Ms. Santana what lay below the trap door. I had to answer questions from the police, Dashwood and Mr. Baxter. I was told that the three girls went missing in 1981. The missing persons' case was considered a cold case because the authorities did not find enough evidence to develop a prime suspect or even figure out what happened to them. Dashwood comforted me during this time by listening to me and consoling me.

I heard rumors that a prostitution ring that included sex trafficking of young girls was going on at the school, and that was how those girls had been murdered. Did I wonder about it? Nope, I didn't. I could not begin to believe Dashwood would allow that to happen in our excellent school.



That summer, I returned home. My dad was very angry with my grandma for most of the summer. "Look what you did, Mother! Poppy, my princess, has become involved in the finding of the bodies and investigation of these three horrible murders! Poppy must not go back!" he hissed at her one night while they thought that I was already asleep in my bed. They whispered more so I couldn't hear what they were talking about. Did they know something that I didn't know?

When fall came and against his better judgment, my dad let me return to school.

Sophomore Year 2008, 15-years-old

If memory serves me right, that was the beginning of the end of things at Blue Bell. One Saturday, Lindsay, Lionel and I played tag in the woods yet again. We uncovered an unmarked VHS in a box near where we had found the trap door. We didn't know what to do with it and we were scared. Lionel wanted to go to Dashwood and turn over the VHS to him.

We wondered if we should have listened to Lionel; however, Lindsay and I were being too headstrong and chose not to turn it over.

I was looking for my first big break in the school newspaper to write something that the school would buzz about. That night Chloe, Nate, Bryce, Lionel, Lindsay, Trent, and I snuck into a classroom at 2 a.m. while all the teachers slept and put in the VHS into the VCR player. The tape turned out to be a recording made by a child pornographer.

It featured a sweet little girl and a dirty, much older man. We were in such shock but we kept watching it to the end, mostly because we just couldn't believe our eyes. We were young, dumb and naïve.

It made me sick in every way. That's not possible, I kept thinking. I wanted nothing more than to figure out who the girl was and to ensure she was safe, and that it never happened to any child again. We noticed the date mark on that tape: March 1998. Right then and there Lindsay, Lionel, Chloe, Nate, Bryce, Trent and I took a vow to tell no one, not a soul, regarding what we had watched on that VHS until we could figure

out who the little girl was and if she was one of the dead girls we had found. A few days later after no leads on who

she might be, Lindsay and I began to wonder if that little girl was one of our classmates since she was our age. Why was that tape too easy to discover in the woods? Every damn time I had gone there I stumbled upon on something horrific. I must stop going there, I thought.

I'd begun to see a lot of sexual things happening at Blue Bell. Bryce got after school detention for a bad grade on a paper in Mr. Edwards' English class. Bryce told Lindsay and me after that he made her have sex with him while in detention; she had tears pouring out of her eyes and just wanted it to all go away. She didn't want to report him and didn't want us to say anything either. It had been her first time. Such a tragedy. How could I make this stop?

I wrote everything I saw in my notebook. Subsequently, digging deeper and deeper I discovered that some of the female teachers were prostitutes by night, and a few high school senior girls were in it as well to pay for college. Dashwood was rumored to be the head of the prostitution ring.

I went to Dashwood and came right out and asked him if the rumors were true. He told me in a matter-of-fact way and I began to see how evil he really was when he responded, "Yes," while looking deep into my eyes.

My heart broke inside while I told him off. I ran away with tears in my eyes. I cried my heart out all that night. I made a vow to expose what was going on at Blue Bell Boarding School with my friends' help.

We had heard lots of odd things that some of the teachers were doing and had done to the girls there in the past and present. I was still searching for answers as to who the girl was on the VHS. We looked through the many editions of the yearbooks and eventually drew a circle around the name and picture of a girl in our class because the features of her face matched so closely. Lindsay, Chloe, Bryce and I tried to become friends with the girl but it was much harder than I thought. She was so closed off and didn't want to talk to any of us. The boys, Lionel, Nate and Trent, tried to help.

I vowed to put a stop to all of the sexual abuse that had been kept within the school's walls for years. I started a group called "Bloodline" in secret where girls could send us messages. We began getting lots of girls coming to us whispering about things that happened to them. A few of the girls were nasty and warned me to stop what I was doing.

Now I wonder why on earth I didn't tell the cops, my dad and grandma, or even Ella or Riley. Did I enjoy playing with fire ...? I sure did. It was who I was.



That summer I went home and began writing a full story on identifying the sexual abuse and prostitution ring I'd discovered at the school using my many notes taken during the school year. I did not want dad or grandma to know what was going on at school because they might stop me from exposing the truth.

One night, alone with my grandma, we were cross stitching. I casually asked her to tell me more about her days at Blue Bell, without raising a red flag. She explained the joys of being at her beloved school. I asked her if she ever witnessed anything unusual at Blue Bell like hearing of a prostitution ring and sex trafficking. Grandma gazed up from what she was doing and told me with a panicked look on her face: "Poppy, for a sweet girl like you, you should not know a thing like sex trafficking and prostitution anywhere, much less at your school. I never observed such

things while I went there." Immediately I saw a knowing look in grandma's eye that she was hiding something from

me when she changed the subject. I now wanted to know what my beloved grandma was hiding from me. I started snooping in my grandma's belongings but always came to dead ends.

One afternoon, two men dressed in all black came to my home asking after me, while dad was at work. Only my grandma and I were home. The two men talked to me in a harsh tone of voice and warned me not to talk to anyone, much less writing an article about what I had discovered.

They made me vow not to dig anymore into the history of Blue Bell. I had no choice in the matter, so they said. I pretended that I dropped my mission to expose Dashwood and the goings-on at my school.

My grandma said we wouldn't breathe a word of this to my dad. I pondered, "What the hell is my grandma hiding from me?" Grandma began acting odd around me. It made me nervous being under her watchful eyes. I tried to stay away from her for rest of the summer. It drove me to speculate that she must have known much more than she alluded to.

Meanwhile my dad was still dating Charlotte; dad sure picked a winner. I had a feeling that he was going to marry her. Charlotte was the big sister that I always wanted. She was not much like a mom at all, and at thirty-two, closer to my age than his. Dad was robbing the cradle.

Charlotte took me shopping and to lunches with Riley and Ella and splurged on me enough to make me feel special.

I didn't dare to discuss the subject of my problems at school with Ella or Riley because I knew it would have been: "I told you so, Poppy!" for their first response when spending time with them.



Lindsay called me and invited me to stay two weeks with her before school began for the new fall term. It was the end of summer and I flew south, and we had such a blast. Staying with Lindsay on her huge and beautiful working southern plantation was something right out of a history book. Dressed up as southern belles, we went to a party and wound up sleeping in the old slaves' quarters one night. Lindsay and I watched the people work the fields one day. Then Lindsay told me, "History had an odd way, it has never changed. The people still work in the fields for paychecks and want freedom." Lindsay went on chatting and wound up confessing she had been romantic with our new history teacher, Mr. Corsair, who started teaching at Blue Bell during our sophomore year, and that she loved him. Lindsay explained to me that Mr Corsair was on our side and knew more about what was going on within the dark school walls and wanted to talk to me about Bloodline group. I agreed to meet with Mr Corsair as soon as we got back. I'd told her that my grandma had exhibited odd behavior since I asked her about her days at Blue Bell.

Lindsay replied, "Your grandma must have something or holds a major key to our school's past. You got to find out what your grandma is keeping from you, Poppy!"

Junior Year 2009, 16-years-old

I came into my own power that year and my news column in the school's paper had at last been approved. I chose to write about school life in my column entitled "Bloodline." I felt like I had a voice ... AT LAST! I didn't give a damn about those two men who showed their faces at my home and tried to give me a word of warning, still not knowing if they were FBI or two goons sent by Dashwood. But I was betting that devil Dashwood was behind it. I'd a voice now! Whether people liked it or not.

I talked to Mr. Corsair while we were walking across the school's grounds. I learnt that Dashwood had an evil dark side to him, with loads of power. To believe I used to be in love with Dashwood. I saw how evil he truly was and I learnt that the sexually scandalous things had been going on at the school since the 1800s. Mr. Corsair told me his theory of all the murders over the years by someone who made it look like the victims had committed suicide.

He told me that he stayed on at the school to see if he could help prevent more deaths and sexual trafficking because he didn't have enough evidence to make the authorities believe him. I thought about what he said; there had been four suicides since I began there. I just had never connected the dots.

I started to research more into the school's past; I discovered Mr. Corsair was spot on every detail we had spoken about. One day, while Mr. Corsair was out sick, Dashwood took over teaching the class and wanted to show us a movie for the class hour. To my astonishment and with much disbelief he showed us the VHS tape. I was so shocked. Somehow that VHS tape went from being locked away under my bed, and had somehow made it to our classroom TV screen. I still don't know how he found it. I was sick to my stomach the moment I saw what he had.

Dashwood made us watch all of it to the end. He was using the tape to prove he had power over us. He told us not to tell a soul about this, or all of us would pay dearly. He looked so evil and sounded so scary to all of the students we just sat in disbelief, terrified of him.

After class, I stayed back to confront Dashwood. We exchanged words. I was absolutely livid.

At the end, he told me that, in fact, he broke into my room looking for something to use against me, to get rid of me and my column at school. I cursed at him, telling him this established a war and that I'd see him caught for his crimes.

He yelled at me, "While you were a freshman, Poppy, you wanted me to touch you that way the men did in that video." I looked right at him to reply, "Go to fucking hell, Dashwood," and walked out on him.

I left the classroom, shaking and saw Lindsay talking with the most popular girl, Britney, in our class. Britney had come forth to Lindsay and me and explained she was terrified because she was the little girl in that movie and it was her own grandpa with her. I hugged her and worried about what would happen next. I knew that her grandfather was on the school board, and she swore it was filmed at our school.



It was Halloween night and Mr. Corsair led me, Lindsay, Bryce and Britney down to a level under the school. We expected to find storage rooms but instead there were bedrooms and a film set where XXX porn movies were made.

Britney revealed it was the same room where her grandpa used to take her. We stumbled on an enormous room filled with bondage toys and gear and we walked through an underground tunnel. We discovered it led right to a huge Victorian house. I thought it was in the direction of Dashwood's home.

However, it turned out to be a brothel. We snuck into that house of sin and hid in the dark so no one noticed us. I knew the girls and some of my female teachers we could see through the windows; I'd seen them before in the school's hallways and such. They were dressed in clothes I'd seen in a Victoria's Secret catalog. They were talking to well-dressed older businessmen and the girls still didn't notice us. I understood from the others and what they could see that a few of the girls happened to be nude or wore only sexy short shorts.

Unbelievably, Ms. Weaver was there, strutting around and acting like she owned the joint. "What the Hell? Is that what my own grandma did while she had been here?" I turned and hissed in Lindsay's ear while looking back and forth until I couldn't take anymore. I was disgusted with anger deep within me. It was a Hallowe'en that I could never forget.



I'd been sick for two weeks missing school classes and my news column. Even too ill to talk or walk. Ms. Santana

took care of me nursing me back to health. I confessed to her about what we had seen on Halloween night, Ms.

Santana advised that she knew about it but refused to take part in it, leading me to believe that she was trapped there because she knew too much, and they would kill her if she ever left Blue Bell. That was all she dared to say. What power do they have over her? Why can she not move on? I speculated.



Christmas break came and I went back home. I fought with my grandma the whole time. We had a massive fight over the brothel. My grandma laughed it off after I asked her about it. I saw a new side of my sweet and dear grandma that I never thought existed. I decided to keep away from her and stayed close to Charlotte who had now moved in. I could drive by now, having gotten my license recently and it allowed me to spend more time hanging with Riley and Ella. One day while visiting them I broke down when they took me into Victoria's Secret to shop for a good bra. I told them everything I had discovered and spilled my guts about the suicide/murders at the school.

“Good God, Poppy, can you see that your own grandma was grooming you into going to Blue Bell your whole life?” Ella made me realize at last.

Before I flew back to school, my grandma and I argued again, and I screamed at her, “I vow to you I will never be like you, opening your legs to any man just for money.”

She smiled wickedly while looking at me. “You shall if you want to save your life, sweetheart;” and I walked away from her with a vengeance on my mind.

I wrote each column outlining details of what had been happening and displeasing Dashwood, but I didn't give a damn. The truth needed to be known and he fought to cover it up. Dashwood and I were always fighting about my column because he was scared someone outside the school might see the details and investigate. It only fueled the war between us.

Ms Santana begged me to stop it but I didn't listen. Being so headstrong to stop playing games with Dashwood gave me a charge of power.

I used my time at the school newspaper to look at the school's archives to find articles with my grandma's name. I saw lots of articles that mentioned her involvement in class activities over her class newspaper. She was the "It" girl of her class. I heard about and knew these stories since I was young and I had proof of her accolades, but I kept wondering about her involvement in the dark side of the school.

I found not a single hint of any stories that tied her romantically to anyone. Until one day, I struck pure gold with an article about my dad's own grandpa on his father's side. He happened to be on the school's board. Suddenly, it all made sense. My great-grandpa had been having sex with his son's future wife and had been caught. I am sure he didn't want dad to become familiar with that.

However, the biggest blow to me was during my research I found an article identifying that my birth mother, whom I didn't know, also went to Blue Bell. Dad had never told me; he had barely spoken her name to me as I was growing up. I was so sick by this that I pulled away from my family and kept my calls to them super short. Being pissed at my dad and grandma, I did not wish to talk to them. I felt like a lamb led to the slaughter.



All of the girls in my grade were made to go a mandatory class late one Saturday night. I had no choice but to attend. I walked in the classroom and there was Dashwood, Mr. Baxter, Ms. Weaver and Ms. Santana there.

I questioned "What's this all regarding?" speaking for all of us in attendance. Dashwood snarled at me and began the lecture. He explained to us all how we were now of age and we would now become a part of our school prostitution ring. There was no choice – we joined or we would be punished severely. He went on to explain what would happen and how to use this opportunity for us girls to get paid, ever to get into a college of our dreams, as if it was really a choice. The money that one could make by selling your body or sleeping with someone would be much more than we could get working at any other job, he told us; however, it was well known that we were from wealthy families and shouldn't have had to work at all. Mr Dashwood told us that they would pair us with special men during summer break to train us for jobs like an intern program; however, we would really be required to have sex with the men or be punished. He reiterated that traveling with them, getting paid and all, like a school's summer program, was a privilege. But he made it clear, "If you don't want to or you

cause trouble, I will be choosing some of you for making money for myself." he hissed, looking right at me. Ms. Weaver then confessed that she was the madam and asked the girl to stand if they were willing to join in rather than be required to because it would be easier on those girls who made the choice.

All the girls stood. I could not accept the truth with my own eyes. Britney, Bryce, Chloe and even Lindsay gave in because of their fear and weakness.

Sitting alone with a pissed off look on my face I couldn't believe they were willingly going to be lambs to the slaughter. All of my friends had turned on me and what we were fighting for. Dashwood stared at me with a dirty look in his eyes. I remember shouting, "You are sure preying on these girls' weakness and fear, Dashwood! How dare you ... all of you! I can't believe this shit."

I was upset and hurt and I journaled the details of what happened that night and published it in the paper, how all of my dear friends betrayed me. Double-crossing, sellout bitches that I had the misfortune to meet. How dare they let this continue. They saw what had happened to those girls under the trapdoor; did they want to be next?

I didn't want anything to do with them. I began to spend more time hanging out on Facebook all the time chatting with Ella or Riley and avoiding Mr Dashwood along with the others. Ms Santana tried to talk to me about what happened that night, yet I didn't say a word to them all. I knew I needed to do something, but what could I do? I was angry, frustrated, and honestly a little scared.

I wanted nothing more than to run off, to drop out of high school or go home to finish high school with my childhood friends. I came to comprehend that wanting to go to Blue Bell was the worst mistake that I'd ever made in my life; thoughts of everything I witnessed there flooded my mind. Why did I want so badly to come to Blue Bell in the first place?

I made the decision to stay and keep playing Dashwood's games. I felt it was up to me to shut down the school once and for all. I needed to put Dashwood in jail where he belonged.

I thought back to my whole freshman year and half of sophomore year. I was in love with Dashwood. Here I was hating Dashwood, and yet, I wondered if a part of me was still love with him? Why didn't I go to the authorities at some point? Something must have been wrong with me.

Now looking back, I wished I had stopped playing my games with Dashwood and could have been a normal teenage girl, dating Lionel like he had wanted. But no, I shot him down every time he had asked me on a date. I always ended up saying no to Lionel so many times and yet he stood by me, helping me all the time. Lionel even took me to some of the school dances.



I've received a birthday gift from my dad to go horseback riding in the monitions. I was set to go with Ms. Santana for a weekend away from school on my seventeenth birthday. To my disappointment, she got sick and I was

left with the no choice but to have Dashwood as my supervising chaperone. Happy Birthday to me, a birthday alone with Dashwood. Blue Ridge's two-days horseback ride! Boy, this would be fun, I thought until Dashwood saved my life.

There was a bolt of lightning followed by a loud crack of thunder that spooked my horse and caused it to bolt. Although I had some experience riding horses, I could not cope with this sudden headlong rush. The horse was galloping too fast for safety and was uncontrollable. Badly frightened, I called out for help for dear life. The trail-master was too far out in front to hear me with the patter of the rain and the accompanying thunder.

Dashwood spurred his horse forward. “I’m right behind you. Just hold on tight as I get a hand on your reins, Poppy. As I slow my horse down, yours will pace with mine,” Dashwood told me.

As my horse sped along, Dashwood continued to talk calmly to me, telling me that the horse could sense my fear and that I had to calm down and communicate this to my horse by sitting deep in my saddle, talking to him, and sawing strongly on the bit in his mouth. The rain continued pounding down.

I felt the soothing tone of Dashwood’s voice and his lack of panic. As it communicated itself to me, I eased up on the racing horse and concentrated on hugging his sides with my legs and sitting deep in the saddle so that he could not throw or dislodge me. Gradually, he slowed down and stopped when confronted with a running stream.

Dashwood pulled up alongside and took my reins in his hand. As he did so, the rain began to die down.

“That was some wild ride you set us off on. Poppy, are you all right?” Dashwood asked as he dismounted, still

holding my horse’s reins. “You have one fine gallop,” Dashwood told my horse.

“I survived thanks to you, Dashwood.”

“May I help you down?” I give him an unsure look.

“Yes, my head is spinning. Where are the others?” I asked Dashwood as he tied both horses to a tree, caught me around the waist, and lifted me to the ground.

“I yelled to The Trail-Master to lead the rest to safety and that we’d catch up with them, but now I don’t know if we can find them in the growing dark. With so many riders, I doubt if he would leave them between the rain and the growing darkness. We can find shelter, make camp, and look for them in the morning. The others will come looking for us, then. The horses are blown, and we should give them a break. They can drink from the creek, and we can toggle their legs, so they don’t wander. Let’s get their saddles off.”

“That makes sense to me. Okay, let’s set up camp for the night. Good thing we each carried our gear.” The sudden release from fear left me more stimulated and alive than I had ever experienced before. Now I found myself alone with a man I decidedly found sexy, in the moonlight and the beauty of a wilderness shimmering with raindrops. It made me wonder what the night had in store for us.

While I fed, watered, and toggled the horses' legs to keep them from wandering off in the night, Dashwood set up a tent and started a fire as the rain petered out. The ground was wet, and the air smelled clean and fresh. There was a slight breeze blowing. He found dry wood under some nearby rocks and used waterproof matches he had thoughtfully added to his camping gear. While we talked around the fire, I learned that Dashwood loved the Rolling Stones, a band that enjoyed enormous fame and popularity in the 1960s. Mick Jagger was one of his idols, and he owned every record the group produced. Both Dashwood and I were huge movie buffs, and Dashwood enjoyed writing every bit as much as I did.

I was surprised to find I was once more attracted to the sound of his voice. His beautiful hair glowed in the light of the fire, and I liked his slightly rugged, yet refined features.

I confided in Dashwood about my life back in Portland. Dashwood couldn't help but laugh as I told him about the predicaments and grand adventures that my grandma had at Blue Bell. Although I was beginning to feel very fond of Dashwood, I knew who he was – a pimp who turned all my friends into ladies of the night.

Since there was only room for one tent in the small, dry space we had found, Dashwood gallantly insisted I take it, claiming that he had been a master Boy Scout decades ago. I gamely asserted that I had been a member of an élite Girl Scout troop, and my dad was the troop leader! I felt very much at ease bantering with him and experienced a sudden warmth toward this strange and wonderful man.

As darkness entirely fell, our glances met over the firelight and, embarrassed, we looked away. Dashwood offered to share a sandwich and chips he had brought along for dinner. Dinner would be provided, and I had only packed trail mix and apples. We added the trail mix to our repast and gave the apples to the horses as we sat on my picnic blanket in companionable silence. It was the perfect evening after my harrowing ride, and I felt grateful to Dashwood for coming to my aid while he sang me Happy Birthday. He had shown me a side that he never had before – thoughtful and gracious gentleman, and I was surprised to find I truly enjoyed his company.

“That was a great dinner, Dashwood,” I said, finishing my last bite.

“Thank you. My family and I camp out twice each summer with tents and backpacks. No RVs for us!”

I had not thought of Dashwood as a father. "You have two sons, right?" I asked.

"Yes, one is ten and the other is seven living with my ex-wife. She left me right after our second son was born."

"I don't blame her, for leaving you. What you are doing is sinful," I haughtily told him.

"Let talk about your problems at school now we're alone in these woods."

"Damn you; I knew when I let my guard down around you would find a way in, Dashwood. I am here to forget school for my seventeenth birthday."

"All of your friends miss you. You have been in your own world. I need to talk to you about this matter. Your dad called me to check up on you, and we spoke of your behavior. I had to tell him you were insolent," he proclaimed.

"Sorry, they are backstabbers. I can't forgive them, even my family." There went my women's right action group against this school.

"Poppy, what has happened to you?" As if he didn't know; as if his evil ways had nothing to do with my situation or how I behaved.

“You have turned bitter, cold like ice to everyone. Where did that sweet and happy-go-lucky Poppy go who made me laugh, put a smile to my face and made my whole day?” he asked looking right at me.

“That’s what happens after you get your heart broken many times over and over again,” I replied, still a little scared to be with him all alone at night.

“Did I break your young sweet, little heart? Do we have to end a wonderful friendship?” he asked as I looked at him. "Do we have to continue fighting when we return to school? I liked how it used to feel between us,” he

suggested. I remembered back to the days when I was fourteen and new on campus, curious if he would be the guy that I would give my body to for my first time.

I felt a pull at my heart from the dark side of me that reminded me of another side to Dashwood. A side to him that I longed to see – his romantic side, even though I knew he was evil.

"Yes. Oh god, yes," I started sobbing.

“Forgive me, Poppy. I am sorry ...” he gushed while pulling me into his strong embrace.

The sweet scent of his cologne drew me in and caused me to react to him. I said it. "Dammit! I love you,

Dashwood. I never stopped loving you deep in my heart," I confessed to him, letting my heart rule my mind even when I knew better. Dashwood turned my face to the stars now that the sky had cleared of clouds and rain.

"Make a wish, birthday girl." he whispered as I peered back to him, wishing to be a year older than I was. Dashwood moved to throw a log on the fire and cut his hand on the rough bark.

"I have a first aid kit in my pack; I'll get it," I told him, as I returned to staunch the blood and clean and bandage the cut. "I could kiss it and make it better," I teased him.

Before I realized what was happening, he took me up on it and leaned in, his eyes bright and his lips looking soft and inviting. Still a virgin, my body responded to his strong arms and the scent of him as he slid those breathtaking lips down my throat and across my collarbones. I wanted more but was unsure how to encourage him, so I nestled

my breasts against his broad chest and held him to me in a loving embrace. As he pulled away, he slipped his hand under my shirt and around my bra, loosening the clasp. I could feel his hot breath as he caressed each nipple and I could feel the moisture forming between my legs and an ache I had never felt before. My legs felt weak as I pulled

his head up to my mouth and felt the warmth of his tongue tickling my own. As he pulled away, his eyes asked the question, and I offered him my virginity.

The next thing I knew we went into the tent on the off-chance a mountain lion, wolf, or search party would stumble across us. We pulled at each other clothes and explored each other's bodies – discovering every pleasure point. Dashwood took his time arousing me to make sure I would remember this night, which he hoped would be the first of many to come. I had found the night to be much less awkward than I had expected, and was uninhibited as Dashwood rode me to ecstasy time after time. I loved the feel of him inside my body and the strength of his thrusts. I moved my hips to meet him and wrapped my long legs around his body as he cupped my buttocks and softly called my name. I could hear the horses pawing the ground outside, possibly unsettled by the sounds of our lovemaking. I gasped with joy as I felt my first orgasm, never wanting him to leave my body again. It was a heart-stopping climax.

“I love you, Poppy,” Dashwood breathless told me. “Oh my god, I came inside you,” he said with a slight panic in

his voice. I stared at him, and I replied, "I love you." He happily kissed my lips.

The sex between us had felt frenzied and fulfilling to me. It was everything I'd wanted my first time to be and there was more cuddling to Dashwood and whispering sweet nothings. I speculated if having sex had been a good idea or not, knowing he was the ringleader of the prostitution ring; but now he was mine, and I knew it. Breaking my vow to myself and the Bloodline group, I had turned Dashwood from my enemy into my love.



When I got back to school, I confessed to what I had done with Mr Dashwood to Lindsay and Chloe. Both of them were astonished that I even had sex that past night with Dashwood. They questioned me and wanted to know if I was planning on seducing Dashwood in order to break him. I was speechless having no answer for them or myself.

Could that be the reason I gave in to his seduction? It might as well be, I told myself. I had better come up with something or these girls would decide I was just as evil as he was.

We talked over our problems. They joined the whole brothel thing in order to become spies so they could break up the prostitution ring.

I didn't realize that was their reasoning that day back in that mandatory meeting. What a dumbass I'd been. I confessed to Lindsay, Britney, Bryce and Chloe that I just didn't know and we all made up. They told me the details of what happened in the brothel and the rules they were made to follow. I wrote it all down.

The rest of the year I had carefully carried out my love affair with Dashwood. I was enjoying his attention, yet telling them I was only doing it so we could break him and his ring apart once we had a good amount of evidence.

We hid it well, performing like we still hated each other around the school's hallways. No one had assumed that anything was going on between us. I carried on writing like always. I even convinced Dashwood that I needed to continue writing against him or someone would suspect our love affair.

I kept finding time to be with Dashwood, falling more in love him. And still I wondered why I loved someone so evil. What did that say about me and what I did? I loved spending my time making love to him all day long on Sundays. All the while the girls still came to me telling me about the sexual abuse that was happening to them. I knew rape and prostitution were going on at the same time as Dashwood made beautiful love to me. Why can sex be heaven or hell?

What should I have done about it? If I told, I would lose Dashwood forever.

Dashwood admitted to me that he wanted only me and promised to not have sex or a relationship with anyone else. He told me that he all about his ex-wife once, The marriage never worked because of his job. His wife left him years ago because he had to be the school's headmaster and she didn't want to live in the country around all those children that consumed his time. He knew his family had run the prostitution ring for years and he was to turn a blind eye to the rape and such. He admitted that someone more powerful would kill him if he got out of line. I tried to get their name or names out of him, but he refused to tell me.

Dashwood confirmed to me that the school had been opened all those years ago as a cover for sex trafficking young girls and the school had ties right to the top of Washington DC. His family still ran Blue Bell and were forced to carry on or be killed; yes, they made money from the school, but not the actual prostitution and sex trafficking.

All of that money was funneled up to men much more powerful than him. I was so stunned to learn this; I did not tell anyone this critical piece information out of my love for Dashwood.



One night I dreamt that I was back in the woods walking, and I stopped to hear some girl calling my name. She asked me if I was Rosemary's granddaughter, Poppy. I told her I was. She said her name – Dana. Dana told me that she was a ghost and she had watched me the whole time. She went on to tell me that she was proud of what I was fighting for and until I started to sleep with that man, she thought I might actually end the abuse. She began screaming at me, "Do not trust Dashwood, Poppy! Murder is coming." I was startled awake before I could respond to Dana.

Dashwood was a bed hog that night and he had kicked me awake suddenly. I lay in bed pondering: Did I really dream up Dana or was she really a ghost that visited me in my sleep?

Because I was open to communication to her the first time, I continued to dream of Dana almost every night. Sometimes she sent me a warning and other nights she peered gloomily at me saying nothing. I continued to wonder who she was and why she was haunting my dreams; I hadn't found anything with her name on it in my research at the school newspaper office.



Summer break arrived but I didn't want to go back home. I was so moody because I kept thinking about the fact I'd be away from Dashwood for the whole summer. I had at least convinced my dad to not let me "work" over the summer at this point and I really couldn't go back on that request without raising suspicions from him.

The night before I flew home for summer break, we made love all night long at a 5-star hotel suite. Dashwood had made excuses to the others that I had to be at the airport super early so he would take me to town and stay the night before so I could make the airport on time, promising to get two hotel rooms. He paid for two but we only needed one.

I slept fitfully on the plane dreaming of Dana all the way back home. "Set me free, find it," Dana keep on saying.



I arrived home to wonderful news. Dad and Charlotte announced they were getting married and had a baby on the way. I was so thrilled to become a big sister at Christmas time. They saw my happy glow and I told them swiftly I was dating Lionel as an excuse for my happiness. They had all wanted to know who the lucky guy was. I recalled thinking: Love is heavenly once you discovered it. But I knew I could never tell them I was having an affair with the headmaster at Blue Bell.



I found myself striding out to the enormous rose garden. I saw my grandma sitting alone on a terrace seated on the bench, weeping while the sun was setting. I sat beside her as we had not talked to each other since that past Christmas. It was time to call a truce between us. I knew she loved me.

"My dear Poppy. I don't want my new grandchild to go to Blue Bell. Look at you at seventeen, and I've turned you in someone I didn't want you to be. Can you ever find it in your heart to forgive me?"

"Yes, grandma. Forgive me, too, grandma. I miss you!" I replied.

We carried on the discussion that, in fact, she did have sex willingly and unwillingly while she attended Blue Bell. She confessed that she was so in love with my great-grandfather and got married to his son, my grandpa, to stay close to him when he wouldn't marry her himself because she was pregnant. This made my great-grandpa really my grandpa. She had never told my dad that his real birth father was his grandpa and because he said he loved his wife he wouldn't leave her to marry my dad's mom. I was the first to know of this.

I couldn't help myself and said to her that I was romantically involved with Dashwood. Grandma smiled at me strangely, "I thought so because of the way both of you have always been at each other's throats. Grand love sometimes can blossom out of pure hatred; it is a fine line my dear ..."

I inquired from her if she had known a girl named Dana while she had been there. Grandma turned white as a ghost and began to weep more. She pulled out the picture of her best friend at Blue Bell from her dress, and told me that it was Jane also known as Dana. She explained she had made a name up for her while she told me stories before because of the tragic things that had happened to Dana. Dana had been a lot like me, wanting to expose the school and its dark sinister ways. Dana had gone too far, found out too much, and paid the price with her life. Grandma was forced to watch her being murdered by someone who made it look as if she had committed suicide. Dana had hidden a key in a box in the thickest part the woods. That box had more information on the school, grandma told me. She went on to tell how scared she was when these men tried to murder her after they had murdered Dana. Those men had found out Dana had taken their golden key and a box of information to hide in the woods. They thought that she had helped Dana.

My grandma ran for her life with my great-grandfather to where he lived in Portland, because he couldn't stand the thought of her being murdered too.

There she met my grandpa and they began dating. She discovered she had gotten pregnant by my great-grandfather. She hadn't had sex with grandpa yet. So, grandma got in bed with my grandpa and seduced him, so she could tell everyone that she was pregnant with my grandpa and not be labeled trash.

She confessed to me it was hard to get married to grandpa while her heart still belonged to my great-grandfather. Sobbing by now, grandma Rosemary was hugging me while I told her of my many dreams of Dana.

"Oh, Poppy, I imagine Dana needs your help! I never could help her! You must find that box she hid in the woods. In truth, that's the whole reason why I wanted you to go to Blue Bell. I always dream of Dana too, asking me for help," Grandma remarked.

A ringing went off in my mind, loud -- just like the day we found that trap door. The key must be under the trap door in the woods. I would have to face those woods again to help Dana.

I began to make a plan ...



In the middle of summer, I got a call from Dashwood asking me to come to see him at his beach cottage. With my grandma's help, I went quickly, making excuses to my friends. I told everyone it was a last-minute decision on a three-week summer project for school. Little did he know that I had a plan to expose the evil he really was.

We had such a romantic time playing the card game War. We had long walks on the beach, explored the beach town, and enjoyed each other. It began to make me lose sight of my plan to end his sinister ways. Keeping up the act of couple in love confused my heart and my mind. I drank wine with Dashwood, which was my first real drinking experience. I must admit I liked it a little too much.

One night by a full moon that lit up the sky Dashwood made a bonfire on the lonely beach. I kept my eyes wandering between his back and then out to the sea before us as I stood on the deck of his cottage. The firelight lit up his face and my heart jumped. Here he was, bare-foot and sitting on the beach like he was an ordinary everyday man. I almost couldn't remember the evil things he'd done or the feelings of hatred I'd had for the happenings at Blue Bell.

I walked towards him and asked, "May I join you?" He turned his head to me. I saw Dashwood's eyes light up,

full of love as if he were looking at me for the first time again.

"I would love your company, my Poppy," he acknowledged while patting his hand on the sand wanting me to sit next to him.

I smiled at him and sat next to him. I couldn't take my eyes off him. I felt the electric waves washing between us.

"I had been waiting for you to mosey out," he confessed to me.

"I took my time following your trail, Dashwood," I teased him, hoping he didn't catch the double meaning of my words.

"Indeed, you did," he replied while I was looking upon the beauty of the stars.

"The stars look outstanding tonight, it's better than on the deck."

"No, you are the one who is outstanding... Poppy," he remarked. I gazed back at him, he leaned in and kissed my lips softly leaving me wanting more.

"It feels like I had been sitting here on this lonely beach for eternity waiting for you," he whispered to me.

Without a word, I inched closer to him. My fingers found his shirts button. I slowly unbuttoned his shirt to reveal his entire chest glowing in the firelight. He took off his shirt, and let it fall to the sandy beach.

“Let’s pretend that I finally found you at last. Yet, I could have only this one night with you,” I told him unzipping the back of my light pink dress. Foreplay with him was titillating. He put his muscular arms on me and began to kiss my lips.

His hands found the back of my bra and unclasped it with one hand. I let it fall off me while I enjoyed the sweetness in his kisses and not caring that we were out in the open on a beach.

"Lie down," he whispered between kissing me and licking my neck. He kept on and begins to caress my naked body as I lay on the beach. My heart was racing as he aroused me. His lips moved down to one of my bare bosoms, sucking on my nipple. I groaned with enjoyment. Dashwood took his sweet time going back and forth between my breasts.

He stopped and slipped his gentle hand into my wet panties, stroking, making me squeal with delight, slipping one leg at time out of them.

It was so exciting, being nude on the beach sand, hearing the waves crashing, and the fire crackling. I was feeling enchanted, speechless and captivated by all of this.

Dashwood gave me a mischievous look while he quickly unfastened his pants and slid them down his legs. I raised my hand to stroke his manhood which ended with him yelling out with pleasure. He kissed my mouth like tomorrow would never come. Dashwood proceeded to position my body in ways that allowed him to submerge his

love right into my soul. I watched Dashwood grab his pants, feeling for a condom to put on.

He stopped and looked at me. “Do you want this to happen, right here and now?” he softly whispered.

I wrapped my arms around him, embracing, pulling him towards me. I softly kissed him on his lips, giving him my answer. Dashwood rose, pulling the condom on him. He leant in while I was feeling his manhood gently enter me, thrusting into me in rhythm with the ocean waves as they hit the sand. I moaned while he cried out his release.

He kissed every inch of my body; everything was dazzling around me. I lost track of time while we climaxed many times. I never wanted to stop. The sensations were so satisfying. I realized the fire had died down and that he had sunk into my soul. Whatever will I do now? I contemplated.

His clutched my hand, put it to his lips to kiss it, and put my hand on his heart.

“You're always in my heart, Poppy.”

I pushed my head closer to his heart removing my hand, listening to it pounding a million miles an hour. I loved

that man. I swore I would love him forever. We lay there without a care in the world. Well, almost with no cares...

"I feel like we swam in the ocean. Being so wet and all," I teased him. Dashwood let out a huge laugh.

“Poppy, do you care that I'm your school's headmaster older than you?”

I let out small a laugh, “You don't act like your older than me while you're ravishing me. ...” I trailed off my thoughts.

“My pals will envy me because you are truthfully the best I've ever had, my good woman.” he told me. I rose up on my elbow to look at him, seeing my reflection in his eyes. I was loving the ability to touch his face.

“We'd better go inside and get some sleep,” I told him.

Grabbing our clothes we ran back into the cottage. Once back in, Dashwood took my hand and without a word led me to his bed, and started to make love once more while crawling into bed.

Senior Year 2010, 17-years-old

This was a year I always wanted to go back in time and repeat. I get goosebumps when thinking back to my Senior Year at Blue Bell. Let's say I'd been damn lucky. I returned to Blue Bell for my senior year. Something evil hung in the air that reinforced my fear of being at the school. That darkness had left me unsteady and anxious.

Every chance I'd gotten I slept in Dashwood's arms to feel safe at night. I think that maybe since he claimed to love me, he wouldn't hurt me... until Ms. Santana caught me red handed when I was sneaking out of Dashwood's bedroom at 5 a.m. Ms. Santana wasn't pleased to see me. She pulled me right into her own bedroom to scream at me for loving man with no heart or soul.

She wanted to know, "Don't you see the danger that lurks here?" She screamed at me that I'd crossed into a danger zone with Dashwood. She went on claiming she was very disappointed in me. "I thought you're the girl whose fighting spirit would change things and not give in to her worst enemy."

I replied, "I love him, and Dashwood loves me back. You don't know him like I do now," I whispered to her as I cried.

"I've known that guy, baby, for years. You need to watch your step! Poppy, please end it with Dashwood. You're like a daughter to me."

"I'm sorry I can't, Ms Santana." I left her speechless.



I never told Dashwood or anyone what I was planning. I had to find a loophole to not get him in trouble because I had been underage while he started to take me to his bed. Mr. Corsair, Ms. Santana, Lindsay, Bryce, Britney, Lionel, Trent, Nate and I still worked on Bloodline while we held our meetings in the dark corner of the library, going over what had happened or who had been seen coming and going from the school and the brothel. I explained to them what my grandma told me – of the murders of girls by someone to make it look like they had committed suicide over the years.

Because of what had happened, we finally decided to reach out to the news and see if they could investigate more than we had been able to.

Lindsey, Lionel and I did the unthinkable: we reached out via an email to a FOX NEWS reporter, Lori Richards. We had chosen her since she was the first woman to solo anchor a prime-time network nightly newscast. She was the best chance to get the story out, we believed.

We were shocked. Lori emailed us right back wanting to help. She told us we would have turn over significant dirt for her to go on. So, one night I snuck on to Dashwood's computer and I downloaded all the files to a flash drive while he slept.

Under advisement of my attorney, I still cannot say what I found, but it made me sick and angry at Dashwood. However, I knew I had to keep acting as if everything was okay between u ... and in some messed up way, I wished it was still good. I know, I know... I am messed up. What Lindsey, Lionel and I agreed was for everything we turned over to Lori Richards to stay between us three. It was too huge for Bloodline or the school newspaper to know.



Christmas break was upon us quickly and the investigation was not completed so we were ordered to go on as if nothing was happening. I traveled home to visit my family and on Christmas Eve I held my new little sister, Madison. The holidays had come quickly and I was thankful for the break to allow me to forget what was going on with school. Being able to act as a caring sister was a delight, filling my heart. I finally had the family that I had wished for years ago.



I'd started to realize that Ms. Weaver had been informed of my love affair with Dashwood. She was being very mean and made my life hell. She constantly made rude comments to me in and out of the classroom. I started hating her.

It was time for the Valentine's Day dance. To my surprise, Dashwood asked for a dance with him in front of everyone. The song Careless Whisper by Wham began playing and we started to dance. Dashwood was full of questions that he already knew the answers to. "Had I started Bloodline, and why am I'm even in on it when I say I love him?" I began trying to tell him that I was not going behind his back. I was so nervous telling Dashwood my plan was to protect him and to not cause him to go to jail. I explained shakily that I'd come to love him deeply. He didn't trust my words. And really, thinking about it ... how could he have?

Dashwood stopped dancing and told me to pick a side: him or Bloodline. I uttered Bloodline because even though I loved him, I still knew what was right and what I had promised my friends.

"I'm done with you, Poppy. You've been sleeping with me to make me weak and foolish. I won't tolerate you anymore!" he roared at me storming away while I stood there and listened to the end of the song that always was symbolic to me.

*"So I'm never gonna dance again
The way I danced with you
Now that you're gone
Now that you're gone
Now that you're gone
What I did that was so wrong?
So wrong that you had to leave me alone?"*

I wept right there in the middle of the dance, and looked like a fool. The next day everyone knew of the love affair between Dashwood and me. I had so many mixed emotions; however, I mostly didn't care anymore what anyone thought. I'd been hurt by him. Then I learned he had sex with Ms Weaver right after leaving me alone on the dance floor. It was the talk of the school. The girls in my class tried to read me the riot act for claiming to be someone that I wasn't.

I'd tried everything to talk to Dashwood, but he acted like I was not there, ignoring me. How the hell did all this blow up in my face?

Later that day, I found out Ms. Santana filled a pink slip for me to see him in his office. Dashwood and I had a shouting match and that spread like wildfire through the school, causing rumors. One of them had been that we had sex after the fight. It wasn't true. The worst one happened to be that I had gotten pregnant by Headmaster

Dashwood. Unfortunately, that one was true. I found out I was pregnant on the day of my dad and Charlotte's wedding.



I had gone home for the wedding. It was all very romantic between dad and Charlotte; each wrote their wedding vows giving their hearts to one another on our mansion's grounds. The fresh spring flowers surrounded dad and Charlotte, and they shared their first kiss as husband and wife. I was moved to tears. Everybody who was anybody had to be at the wedding of the year to the Portland's elite. Their reception was charming and held inside our mansion's grand ballroom. All of my friends were there with their parents, a few of them hadn't seen me since 8th grade. I even saw Josh, and made small talk with him.

At the end of the wedding day, I was so tired and just wanted to be alone. Perhaps it was my pregnancy, or it was my mind was overloaded seeing all my beautiful friends together for the first time in years.

All of them had been talking on the subject of their excellent high school that they all went to and their plans for college. All the while I stood there, pregnant, but couldn't say it out loud. I had to lie telling how great and superb Blue Bell was and yes, I was thrilled to be there. I could not tell them that my headmaster got me pregnant. I just kept wishing that I could stay home and go to high school with them.

Here while telling this tale, I've found myself feeling that yet again.

Sitting out on the terrace all alone to rest my mind, grandma joined me and asked me if I was still dreaming of Dana and had I found the box? I started to sob knowing that I let my grandma down and told her everything of the Bloodline group and of Dashwood and what had happened since last we had talked.

"It's been complicated like a damn soap opera. And to put the cherry on top, I've taken a pregnancy test. I'm having a baby, grandma. I am pregnant!" I whispered to her. She started to cry, and hugged me close to her and tried to console me.

"Have you told your dad and Charlotte or anyone?"

"No, grandma. It's their wedding day. I don't want to drop it like it's a terrible wedding gift. They will be grandparents in nine months," I replied. I looked across the estate and I could see my friends laughing about something that was funny between them all.

"Do you want this baby? We can go live at our beach house, and you can have this baby, and you will never go back to that Blue Bell hell!" grandma said as she pulled my attention back to her.

"What about being the girl who vowed to close down that damn school, prostitution ring, and sex trafficking for once and for all, grandma?" I asked.

"Do you want your baby, my child? We can make it so that bastard, Jordan Dashwood, never has to know this baby is his."

"Yes, I do with all my heart and soul. But I have to go back there to finish my mission. Afterward, I want to hide with you, grandma, and have my baby. Give me a few weeks and I will get out for good. I know I got into Dartmouth, but doesn't matter to me now. I had enough school drama to last a lifetime. I can go to Mt. Hood Community College. It will take me some time with a baby."

"All right, we will figure out how you can go back to school once you've had the baby. Be careful now. You have two souls within you, my Poppy."



After that night, I returned to Blue Bell knowing I had to act fast and, at the first chance, I had to go into the woods that I had come to fear. I quietly told Ms. Santana and Lindsey that I was pregnant and asked them to keep it to themselves. At a Bloodline meeting, I informed everyone that I'd be going to that trap door in the woods all by myself to prevent anyone else from being harmed.

Mr. Corsair, Ms. Santana, Lindsay, Bryce, Britney, Lionel, Trent and Nate gave me a hard time, objecting to my mission. They called this a suicide mission for me to go on alone and they insisted that a guy must go with me. I told them this: "I know what I am getting into but I need to do this on my own." No one was happy. It was against all of their better judgments to let me do this.

Lionel and Lindsey bugged me to go along with me all week but I always told them no. It was my calling, not there's! I finally broke down and explained to them that I was the one that Dana came to in dreams. In fact, they all warned me every time they saw me.

Ms Santana reminded me I had another life in me. Like I didn't know that ... ugh ... I told her that I was aware of it and nothing would stop me. Dashwood and I hadn't spoken a word to each other since I'd returned from the wedding. I hardly ever saw him in the halls and I knew that Ms. Weaver was with him then. Chloe told me he was spending a lot of time at the brothel, drinking, having lots of sex with all of the girls right under Ms. Weaver's nose. Dashwood wanted her as well. She turned him down, told him no because she was my friend. Dashwood forced her one night. Chloe told me she worried it might hurt me to know. I told her it didn't and I was much more worried about what he had done to her. Chloe claimed Dashwood had turned into a real monster; there was something dangerous behind his eyes. She and Lindsay were terrified of Dashwood and the way he was acting at the brothel.



We received an email from Lori Richards that same week. She was coming to meet us three by the side of the main road outside of the school to talk to us and pick up the flash drive to review on the same night that I wanted to go in the woods.

They told me to put it off, but I said no because time was of the essence for me. We planned that Lindsay and Lionel would meet Lori to give her the flash drive and talk with her. I would go under that trap door for the last time to close Blue Bell for good.

The night of my journey into the woods came. We handed the flash drive to Lindsay while we hugged and wished good luck to each other. Lionel ran to me, and he passionately kissed me on the lips, and told me that he always loved me. I was speechless and walked away saying nothing to him.

I went into the woods for last time wearing a backpack and holding a camping lantern. I was frightened of what would become of me. I made damn sure that no one-tailed me. It took a good three hours to find the trap door.

I had that same sick feeling that something horrible would happen after I got in there. I took a long deep breath in, opened the door and climbed in. I began looking for something that Dana had told me about – that box. The room looked the same as I found it years ago with a full-size bloody bed. Pictures of dead nude girls were on the walls, like they were champion trophies. It smelled like hell. Why did the police never take everything out of this devil hole just after we found the bodies? My heart was pounding.

"Dana, where is it? Where's did you hide it years ago!" I yelled aloud.

"Under that rug, Poppy." I heard her voice in my mind and yet I looked around for Dana.

"Don't waste time now. Find it. Oh, find it, Poppy, and get the hell out of there!" Dana demanded.

I moved the jute rug that looked like it was 100-years-old and found a smaller locked trap door. "The key, Dana!"

I panicked.

"Under the bed's mattress. I hid it in a hole. It is sewn shut on the bottom," Dana told me. I went to the bed and lifted the dirty old mattress. I saw a small hole that hid the key. I ripped it and got the old golden key out. I pushed the cushion back in place and ran back to the locked trap door. I opened it only to find many old notebooks and important documents which I put into my backpack.

"At long last, I can shut down the whole fucking Blue Bell Boarding School and everything that happens to be connected to Blue Bell," I yelled aloud with joy.

"Nope, you won't, my Poppy! Sorry to say you didn't win. I won this game, my love!" Coldness ran upon my back as I turned to see Dashwood smiling wickedly from ear to ear.

"How did you know I'm here!" I growled at him.

"My dear love, I am the Headmaster. I've had eyes everywhere," he replied. "Poppy, I thought that we might have sex ... my favorite way! I will murder you in your own blood after I've come." He laughed, coming closer to me into the lantern light. He looked like a madman.

"You're a monster! You are not my Dashwood!" I took a deep breath and remembered that I should make my attacker see me as a human if I was to have a chance to get out alive.

"I am still deeply in love with you, Dashwood! Also, I am pregnant, and I am going have this baby we made from pure love, please don't hurt me."

"Is that so, Poppy.? You will meet our baby soon after I am all done with you once and for all!"

"Keep the hell away from me and our growing baby, you DAMN BASTARD!"



Hours later, in the early morning as dawn began to break the day, I walked back to the school grounds, looking like I walked from hell, wearing nothing but my shoes, blood all over my naked body, out of breath, so cold and frozen. I heard people calling, shouting my name, looking for me over every inch of Blue Bell's grounds. I yelled until someone heard me and shone their flashlight on me.

"OH MY GOD! Poppy is alive, and nude. Get her a blanket and call for an ambulance. The girl is covered in blood! Don't let any guy see her naked," a woman yelled to people, as I rushed to take her arms before I fell down. I saw that she was a cop. I confessed crying, "I killed Headmaster Dashwood. It was self-defense after he beat me and raped me, trying to kill me."

"Oh Poppy, you'll be fine now, sweetheart. I'm Police Officer Beverlee," she told me.

In the ambulance, I had been in and out of consciousness. I realized slowly Ms. Santana was by my side holding my hand along with Police Officer Beverlee on my other side. I was told that my dad and grandma were on their way. I fainted at the thought of my baby and how everyone would know at school. I awoke in the hospital later that night and saw my grandma and Ms Santana right beside me smiling at me with tears in their eyes.

"Please tell me is my baby okay."

"Yes, your baby is wonderful, growing in you while we speak," grandma told me.

"I did it!"

"You sure did, Poppy! Save your voice ... I love you, dear one," Ms. Santana cried, putting a motherly kiss upon my forehead.

Dad was not happy to learn that he would be a new dad and grandpa within the year, especially when he found out that the father of my baby was that bastard Dashwood's.

The hospital discharged me the next day. Dad wanted me back home with him. Police Officer Beverlee told my dad that I needed to stay in town. I was required for questioning due to my knowledge of the events at my school. I was now the key witness; also that Blue Bell had FBI, CIA and police there around the clock, investigating. My dad agreed to let me stay as long as grandma could stay with me at a hotel near the school and not at the school.



I returned to Blue Bell for questioning but a sadness had settled on everyone's faces while I passed by them. My school felt so cold, dark and empty. I was trying to find Lindsay but she wasn't in our room. I went all over the hallways to see her or Lionel, until Britney, Chloe, Nate, Bryce and Trent found me with tears in their eyes. I asked them what was happening. "Where's Lindsay and Lionel?"

Britney was the one to tell me the horrible news that Lindsay and Lionel had been murdered by Dashwood before he found me in the woods. In shock and in denial, crying and wanting to be somewhere alone, I just kept running.

Ms. Santana found me and confirmed that Lionel and Lindsay were murdered on the same night, filling in the details that Dashwood and Mr. Baxter were implicated in their murders.

I confessed to her that Lionel and Lindsay had primary information on a flash drive that I took from Dashwood's computer while he slept one night. They were on their way to meet the reporter Lori Richards to give her a flash drive. I had looked danger in the eye and lived to tell the story, and they didn't. I cried my heart out while Ms. Santana comforted me. That night grandma was allowed to sleep with me in my dorm room because I couldn't bear to leave my friends' spirits.

The next day brought the hard part – sharing my nightmare of a story on how Headmaster Jordan Dashwood tied me up, beat and raped me, and used his hunting knife to cut me and how I'd ended taking his hunting knife and using it on Dashwood to kill him.

I've told the same story over and over again to the police, FBI, reporters. I was everywhere on CNN, FOX NEWS, and the top News Broadcast in America. Stories came to the surface putting Mr. Baxter and Ms. Weaver in jail forever along with other school staff and board members. I had suspected correctly the local police had been paid off for overlooking what was found under that trap door in my freshman year after I found the three girls.

New rules were announced at Blue Bell and no one would be allowed have date at the school; if you were caught it would be mean permanent expulsion. New teachers were being brought along with on-site counselors. Ms. Santana was named the Headmistress for the rest of the school year; while explaining that the doors of Blue Bell Boarding School would be shut. The sweetness of victory was mine at last, and it felt all so great. Lori Richards was the chief reporter for the school's updates and given exclusive access to the details as they came to light. It was the top newsbreak story in America.

I decided to stay at school and finish the year. We even held a funeral for Lionel and Lindsay in the schoolgrounds. Everyone in the school showed up. I spoke at the funeral. In fact, it was very hard saying farewell to two best friends.

I also had to figure out how to grieve for the man I loved while coming to terms with the fact that same man almost killed me and our child.

The rest of year I didn't make a wave in the school's newspaper. The day I graduated Blue Bell Boarding School was almost as sad as the day of the funerals. The year of the Class of 2011 was just extremely sad.

The murders hung over our heads, but we smiled while we walked for graduation to get our diploma in front of our family, friends, fellow classmates, and the school faculty or what was left of them.

The next day I was ready to move back to my home with my family. Grandma and I started to pack my dorm room early. I said my goodbyes to all of my friends. I asked my family to go to the car to wait for me. I wanted to take one last walk around school before I left forever. I saw Mr. Corsair, stopped him and said farewell. Mr Corsair hugged and kiss me on the cheek, and told how I made him proud to know me. He wished me all the best in life.

Ms. Santana was standing with my family by our car and told me to always call or text her. She wanted to come to Portland to see the baby right away.

I kissed Ms. Santana's cheek goodbye for now and gave her a hug. I got into the car, and I never looked back at Blue Bell as we drove away!



I did it. I actually closed Blue Bell's doors because of the sex scandals that went on from day one. It wasn't over just yet, as I had to go to court in Washington D.C. for days on end.

I was the main witness testifying to everything that had gone on at that school. I admitted to finding out about the series of stories I had uncovered in my research and was told by Dashwood of our past American presidents who had secretly gone to Blue Bell to have sex with the girls, along with a list of Washington's powerful people that's still coming out, putting a huge nail to the coffin of the prostitution and sexual trafficking. The heat was on Washington's top influential people.

And finally, it was all done for me. On my last night in D.C., I dreamt of it. Dana with Lionel and Lindsay. Looking so happy and at peace. Each of them being dressed in all white, in a nice place I'd never seen. They thanked me while they took turns talking to me while they dance joyfully around me.

"I am not trapped in that evil school anymore, thank you, Poppy," Dana sang the words making a song about her new-found freedom.



That same night I dreamt of Dashwood, dreaming of how I wish it could have been ...

I saw him sitting on a rock by the flowing brook. Dashwood looked like an angel while he peered right at me.

Walking right up to him I smiled causing him to let out a laugh while he stood up.

"Poppy, you're perfect," Dashwood rejoiced with pure happiness, pulling me into his arms.

I smiled. "Yes, I sure made it, my love." I let Dashwood passionately kiss me. Yes, I know he almost killed me; remember I warned you I wasn't innocent ...



7 January 2012, I gave birth to a beautiful boy that I named Jayden Dashwood, after my great-grandfather's first name. My baby has my and my grandma's unconditional love. Before Jaydan's first birthday we learnt that he has autism. It never changes how much I love my baby son.

~*~ *The End* ~*~

Where are they now?

Chloe: went off to New York to become a stage actress, but she found fame with her artwork. She really made it. She got married to an A list actor and now they live in an affluent suburb and have kids. Chloe is too busy with her artwork and being a housewife with kids. She won't speak of what happened at Blue Bell. She has PTSD and has severe depression as a result of what had happened to her and goes to therapy twice a week to cope.

Nate: a stockbroker. Travels all over the world with daddy's money. Always accompanied by the most beautiful women. We keep in touch.

Bryce: sad to report she is still stuck in Radcliffe Heights, Rhode Island. Britney once told me that Bryce won't ever move on and will stay stuck in that way of life. Britney told me, she tries so hard to help her but we found out that Bryce is into hardcore drugs, sleeping with every guy who will pay her and is now disowned by her family. I realize what happened to her at the school wrecked her entire life.

Trent: He went off to college and got everything after his grandfather had died. He is too busy with politics and running for some office in his home state. He is married with two boys and a baby girl on the way. Trent loves being a family man. Good for him.

Britney: she went on to be a lawyer after she went to Harvard Law School. We are wonderful friends. She always teams up with me along with Trent to expose the truth on underage sexual abuse in and out of schools. Britney was one who pushed and inspired me to write this story.

Ms. Santana: We keep in touch every day and I call her 'mom'. She now works for the law and always comes to see me, and she will be able to play with Jayden and my sister Madison. In fact, she found love at last with my dad's cousin and best friend, Harry Calloway. They are happily married. I couldn't be any happier for my beloved mom.

Mr. Corsair: his whereabouts remains unknown to me to this day. No one knows what had happened to Mr. Corsair. Like he fell off the face of the earth. I did discover some time ago that Mr. Corsair wasn't his real name. I asked everyone I've been on familiar terms with if they know who he is but with no answers. Odd huh? Whoever he is and if he is reading this ... “thanks for your fantastic help.”

As for myself: being a mother is pure joy. Watching Jayden and my sister, Madison play in the garden, watching them grow has filled my heart. I enrolled for college classes online and completed a Master's degree in women's studies and a minor degree in writing. I have dated guys since Dashwood, but in the bedroom department, I never let them do what Dashwood and I did in bed.

To tell you the real truth. I had lied. I didn't tell anyone the real truth on what really did happen that night in the woods between Dashwood and me. It will always remain between us. Perhaps someday I could write a series of the novel of Blue Bell, really telling it all.

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*123 Your Street
Your City, ST 12345
(123) 456-7890*

14 September 2021

*Peony Calloway
3458 Fresston St
Happy Valley OR 12345*

Dear. Ms Calloway,

I am impressed that the book that you wrote on your time at Blue Bell is now on the top of the New York Times Best Sellers List. I'm shaking upset that people love reading about a teen girl having sex with her murderess headmaster. I am writing to you because I know that you have no clue who your beloved Dashwood even was who tried to kill you, yet you killed him and then gave birth to his son, Jayden Dashwood who I just learned has autism.

Thank God he would not be pushing you for facts on his father or worse, becoming his dad. I have been doing my own research on Blue Bell history of your own family. The Callaway's were in deep shit just like the Dashwood's. I just imagined you reading my letter as you sit in your big mansion playing mommy with

Dashwood's money that he set aside for his son. Like he knew about his son all along and put a lifetime of money for his kids! I wonder how his ex-wife and sons feel about you. You know more than you wrote in your book and I can prove it.

Blue Bell's female Harry Potter is a liar. Before you sign the book rights to Netflix for a dark tv show of your life at Blue Bell, where was your beloved Dashwood in March 1981? Did you know that your great-great-grandma was sleeping with Dashwood's great-great grandfather as they ruled over Blue Bell, like a King and his Queen in the 1920s?

Sincerely,

R

Acknowledgements

What an epic adventure! I am so sad that the story of Poppy days at Blue Bell has ended, but also happy that I am working on it as you read this to be a full-fash novel. Coming soon

A big thanks to two my editor, Chell Morrow and Laurence French for battling fiercely my mistakes and making the story flowing like a river. Every writer thinks everything makes perfect sense in her own mind but sadly, that's not the case. Thankfully, we have our amazing editors on the task so the readers can rest assured the story is the best! My betas to many to many to name.

A Gigantic Thanks to Shelly Hansen, M. L. Ruscsak, Joelle McKnight, putting up with my stories so far and correcting my mind's strange thoughts. Lastly, of course, is you, my faithful readers and even though you might curse me now for letting you hang off like that, don't worry, we'll meet again in the next magical story. Until we meet again in another story, I wish you safe travels among the stack of books you have next to you.

Love and Light Amanda Fino ☺



ABOUT THE AUTHOR.

*"Wear your Cerebral Palsy as a badge of courage!"
~Amanda Fino*

Amanda is the author of Omerta: Timeless Endings as well as a host of other works of fiction. She is an advocate for people with disabilities and has worked tirelessly to educate others on living with cerebral palsy. She lives in Virginia with her beloved family, two cats and two dogs.