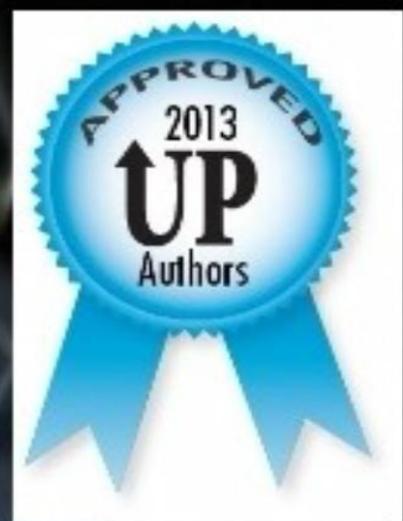


Pure Justice

No Escape
Paid in Blood



Linda L Barton

Pure Justice

Linda L. Barton

*Inspired by
Bob G. Barton*



***Deadly Reads
USA***

DeadlyReads.com

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Dedication and Special Acknowledgement

To my wonderful, husband Bob.
You are the true creative force
in this writing adventure.
For it's your constantly working mind,
where our stories are born.

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Chapter 1

Lisa was glad the day was finally over. The art show had been a complete success, and after standing all day; her feet were killing her. The new artist's work was bold and exciting; for this reason, there had been a large turnout with several important people in attendance.

He's going to be quite famous in no time at all; she thought to herself.

Her boss had asked her to stay and clean up, so she would not be home until around 9 o'clock.

"I can't believe he left me here to do it all by myself again. I need to get a better job because this one doesn't pay enough to put up with his crap!"

Lisa never liked to stay at work after dark. The employee parking was in the alley behind the building, and the lighting had not worked since she started a year and a half ago. She had asked several times if they could get it working properly, but her boss would only tease her about being afraid of the dark.

"Come on Miss Mathews, what's the big deal? This is a nice part of town, so nothing will happen to you here."

She hated the way he made her feel. "I have a Masters Degree for God's sake! I can go any place and get a better job than this!"

Lisa had taken the job straight out of college. Mr. Levitin was one of the leading art dealers in the country, so when the opportunity arose to work with him she had jumped at it.

Lisa had always dreamed of submerging herself in the world of classic art, so when introduced to him at an art show during her final year; she knew he would be her ticket.

"Yeah, some ticket this turned out to be. I ended up being nothing more than a glorified maid," she said aloud as she put the last of the champagne glasses in the packing box.

Next, she locked the door to Mr. Levitin's office, turned off the lights in the restroom, and then looked around the gallery one last time, making sure that everything was in its proper place.

"Okay, it's time to get the hell out of here," she sighed, as she walked to the back door.

The man in the shadows was pleased that he had decided to wait.

This is gonna be easier than I thought; he said to himself silently.

He was relieved when the older man left a couple of hours earlier, leaving the young woman alone. He knew she would be an easy mark.

He had watched as the people arrived earlier in their long, black limousines, dressed in their expensive clothes; each wanting to be the first to see the work of the new, exciting artist.

Man, this place must be loaded with money. All those fancy people buying them stupid looking statues. This place is a goldmine and will set me up for a long time; he smiled.

He never understood why anyone would pay thousands of dollars for art. *Damn fools, why don't you save yourselves some money and just buy a good porn magazine. Now that is art!* He chuckled.

"It's time, sweetie," he whispered to himself, as he watched her come out of the backdoor. He waited for her to turn around to lock the door before making his move.

"Okay, let's have us some fun," he chuckled silently to himself.

The attack caught Lisa completely by surprise, as he slammed her against the door.

"Open the door!" he growled in her ear.

"Please, don't..." Lisa whimpered.

"Open the door, NOW!" He shoved her again, causing her to drop the keys.

"I can't...the keys! Oh, God, please don't hurt me! Take my purse; there's money in it! Please..., don't hurt me!"

Lisa knew the last thing she needed was for him take her back inside away from help. Her mind spun wildly when suddenly a horrifying thought came to her. *He's going to rape me!*

"Please just take my purse and leave me. I promise that I won't tell anyone...please!"

It was all taking too long, and he knew the longer they were outside, the more chance there was of someone seeing them.

"Come on bitch, I don't want your purse. Pick up the damn keys, and unlock the fucking door!" He shoved her down toward the keys while still grasping her right arm. "Pick up the keys, NOW!"

Lisa knew if he got the door unlocked it was over for her. She closed her eyes, searching her mind for what to do when it finally came to her. Last year a friend had convinced her to go to a self-defense class with her. Lisa was not interested at first but had finally gone along to make her friend happy. The instructor of the class had shown them the safest way to escape an attack. He had said to use anything you could to distract the attacker, and then make your escape.

Lisa remembered the instructor saying how you could use keys as a weapon in order to distract your attacker.

Okay, here goes. She steadied herself then reached for the keys, firmly clutching them between her fingers.

“Hold on, hold on..., I have them,” she cried while trying to appear calm. She held her breath, stood, and then whirled around to face him.

The attacker did not have time to react before the keys raked across his face, and the pain was instant, causing him to howl in protest.

“You bitch...I’m gonna rip your fucking head off!” He grabbed her throat and began to choke the life out of her.

“I’m gonna enjoy watching you die, bitch!” he growled, watching the terror in her eyes.

Lisa could not believe what was happening. *I’m going to die, and there’s nothing I can do to save myself,* the words screamed in her mind.

The world around her began to grow faint, and a feeling of lightness moved over her body.

So, this is what it is like to die? She thought to herself, as she felt her soul begin to slip from her body.

In her mind, she heard crying and then to her horror realized it was her own voice begging for mercy. Finally realizing there was no escape from her nightmare; she closed her eyes and waited for the sweet release of death until something changed.

The death grip on her throat released. *What now, has he changed his mind?*

Standing with her eyes tightly closed, and not sure, of what to do, Lisa knew she had to act before he decided to attack her again. She swallowed, and slowly opened her eyes. However, the vision that appeared before her was the unthinkable.

His head is gone! Fear once again gripped her body, as she realized she could not move; she could not scream.

Lisa watched in horror, as the headless body of her attacker crumbled to the ground. Her heart was pounding in her chest, and she wanted to run only she found her feet would not move. Noticing something wet on her face, she reached up with a shaky hand to wipe away the offending substance.

She held out her hand. *Blood? Oh, my God, it’s blood!* The words screamed in her mind, as she felt the world closing in on her again. Her head was spinning, as she fought to comprehend the vision before her.

Then as she began to slip into the darkness once again, a face appeared before her with cold, steel-blue eyes.

“Oh, God, please, no!” the words barely escaped her lips.

“Don’t worry, you’re safe now. He won’t be able to hurt anyone again.” She barely heard the words, as his hands reached out to steady her.

“He has received what he deserved; justice is fulfilled.”

His steel-blue eyes burned into hers with such intensity that she believed they would consume her soul, however, to her surprise the fear consuming her moments before now had vanished. Her eyes locked onto his like a lifeline, but what he did next surprised her. He smiled, pointing a gloved finger at his eye, and then down to the head lying next to the crumpled, bloodied body and softly said, “An eye for an eye.”

Lisa’s mind spun, trying to understand everything that had just happened, but the overpowering emotions surging through her body caused her legs to crumble beneath her. She felt the darkness flooding her mind, as she looked into his eyes.

“Thank you for saving me,” was the only words she whispered until she finally surrendered to the gentle arms of unconsciousness.

The media had a field day with the story of the woman saved by a mysterious vigilante. They loved that sort of story because sex and murder always made for a glorious headline. Lisa had answered every question the police asked when they came to the hospital, and she did not understand why they insisted asking the same questions repeatedly.

“I don’t know who he was. I’ve never seen him before and besides, I only saw his eyes. They were a deep steel-blue.” She knew she ought to have told them more but, to be honest; she did not want to.

“Don’t you all understand that he saved my life? I hate to think of what would’ve happened to me if he hadn’t shown up when he did.” She trembled at the memory of those cold hands closing around her throat.

“That guy said he was going to kill me. He said he was going to rip my head off! I’m alive because a stranger came to save me like an angel from heaven. I’m sorry, but you’re going to have to find him on your own. I’ve told you everything I can remember.”

When her story leaked out to the press, they ran with it like wildfire, and it was the lead story from coast to coast.

ANGEL OF DEATH SAVES WOMAN; DECAPITATES HER ATTACKER

A Message from the Author

I wish to thank you for taking the time to read a sample of Pure Justice, and I hope you will want to continue reading this exciting story.

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