

# **Chapter 1**

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**Chapter 1 (formerly known as)**

**Secret Chronicles of a Fashion Model:**

## **THE FUGITIVE'S GIRLFRIEND**

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## Introduction

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The Fugitive's Girlfriend

*“Stop! Please, stop! I won't do it again!” Elizabeth cried. She screamed in pain with terror in her eyes. The rage in Elizabeth's voice was not being used to fight for world peace but to persuade her boyfriend Casmir from choking her with a cord and sexually attacking her.*

*“Shut up!” he growled. A flood of tears gushed down her red flushed cheeks. Elizabeth screamed louder, as the phone cord wrapped tighter around her neck. Her boyfriend's one-eyed snake protruded deeper into her bruised anal cavity, face down, ass up. She dares not move, in fear of being slapped on the back of her head by his unforgiving hand.*

*Thus far, this was the most degrading abuse Elizabeth had endured by Casmir. The gun he once pointed at her or the pillow he suffocated her with until he decided Elizabeth could breathe again could not even compare. The feeling...the reckless pain at its best would be hard to describe, but Casmir knew having sex through the back door was the worst kind of intercourse for her, so he used it for punishment.*

*Even so, it still did not stop Elizabeth from rashly returning to Casmir's arms, shamefully happy they were still together.*

*“I love you,” Casmir whispered in her ear.*

*“I – love – you, too,” Elizabeth murmured slowly.*

*“Don't ever go to the store again without asking me, first,” he said. Elizabeth and Casmir made love like nothing ever happened.*

As the plot thickens, this shocking, unforgettable, and emotional rollercoaster ride of love will reveal a chain of events that no one should ever have to endure. Leave your comfort zone and get ready to enter the unbelievable and unreal wilderness of a manhunt with blood at the end, involving a lost but beautiful, biracial 15-year-old young lady. She goes by the name Elizabeth Tight...not Liz or Beth, just Elizabeth.

Her boyfriend, Casmir Nowak, was a 19-year-old polish gangster with a bad temper. The streets called him Richie, but he was as broke as a convict, which was odd, because everything Casmir put his hands on was done with precision. He ran a clean shop, and he certainly had money before they met.

Casmir may be a loose cannon, but once upon a time he had a soft spot for Elizabeth. She remembered the day they met at the shopping center a year ago.

Elizabeth and her friend walked through their Philly hometown mall in their new outfits that Elizabeth designed herself, having much fun. Elizabeth loved life. She commanded a presence with her magnetic personality, “live by my own rules” unafraid attitude, and infectious giggle.

The interracial high school she attended helped her adapt to all cultural backgrounds, allowing her to easily make friends and adjust to any situation. Guys would leave love notes in her locker. The girls wanted to be her friend. She was one of those people you met and never forgot, giving her first picks for valedictorian at her high school graduation the year she received her diploma.

Elizabeth did not know how to sing, but when she was not playing lacrosse or her favorite game UNO, she faithfully lip sang in the youth choir at her church. She was always accused of being too nice and only living by her good morals and values, but that was her nature.

Elizabeth and her friend were full of joy and excited about going to their favorite snack shop to pick up some fresh, candy-coated popcorn. But when Elizabeth arrived, she saw more than flavorful popcorn at the stand. She saw something she had never seen before in her teenage life. She experienced something she had never experienced before in her teenage life.

Love at first sight.

Blood rushed through her veins. She felt dizzy as she panicked and motioned her girlfriend to keep walking. The cashier made eye contact with her loyal customer, Elizabeth. She even detected something unexpected had just ensued.

Her girlfriend asked her if she wanted to go to the clothing store, but at this point, Elizabeth was not in the mood to think about shopping. Elizabeth did not mention to her friend that for the first time, she began to understand the taste and texture of love. Her friend also didn't know Elizabeth was on the verge of a meltdown because she figured she would never see her newfound love again.

Elizabeth sat on a nearby bench, slouching low, giving off an unpresentable image.

*I do not know what is happening to me, she said to herself. I came to the mall for popcorn, but the smell of pizza and buffalo wings we looked forward to as well was making me sick.*

Elizabeth fought off these feelings of despair.

As she gradually got up to enter the store her friend suggested, walking past her was the dreamy guy. His rich and radiant diamond-like eyes contacted hers, captivating every nerve in her body as if their spirits had known each other forever. Instantly her

heart fluttered and all the passion and emotion she felt before returned. It didn't take long for her friend to figure out why she had been acting so somber.

Unexpectedly, he held up a familiar bag to hand to Elizabeth but instead she hesitated and glanced at it with an empty expression.

"Take it," her friend insisted. She accepted the gesture while taking a quick look inside; it was red coated popcorn, the only kind she ate. *How did he know?* Elizabeth asked herself.

He was undeniably a true gentleman with a pleasant and respectable persona. Between his shoulder-length curly blonde hair, his clean chin, and his unforgettable bright blue icy eyes he was utterly irresistible.

"What is your name?" the guy asked as he stood close to her.

"Elizabeth," she answered sweetly.

"Casmir," he replied. "And this is my boy Franky," as his friend walked over to them.

"Oh," Elizabeth momentarily blushed. "This is my girlfriend."

"Binga, her best friend," Elizabeth's girlfriend smiled widely.

Standing in the middle of the mall, having a conversation with Casmir as shoppers passed by, Elizabeth could tell he was easy to fall in love with and his hardcore attitude when needed made all the girls want him.

He looked intently at Elizabeth like he knew that he was excellent at seducing women; he never had trouble attracting them and out of all the girls Casmir had ever met, Elizabeth was the one he couldn't forget. He knew he would love her like his most precious jewel, and he chose her from all the rest.

Instead of staying at the mall, Casmir invited Elizabeth to a local fair. As soon as they drove off in a fully loaded black SUV, his selflessness and generosity went beyond a single offering. He asked her to his place. And with her unafraid, willing to take risk attitude she went with him.

They talked and laughed for a good part of the evening at his prolific condominium; the two of them had instantaneous chemistry and Elizabeth felt like the luckiest girl in the world but she couldn't help but wonder where he had gotten the money to buy such expensive things at a youthful age.

They continued to talk and laugh; the sweet and soft music of Luther Vandross surrounded them as it played softly in the background. She could tell he had an old soul at heart. Elizabeth learned Casmir had several distant sisters by different mothers and

one brother by the same mom to whom his father was currently married. She also learned Casmir grew up in the part of town her parents wanted to keep Elizabeth away from, but so far in her eyes, he was perfect.

Casmir could tell Elizabeth was a good girl and his bad boy image fascinated her; she could not resist. He looked her directly in the eyes with a wicked but enduring spark.

“You are so pretty.” Elizabeth’s face softened and her heart sank. She was in love with him already. Was it possible...

As the bright room became dark and the music struck a different tune, she gave him a big juicy kiss and all of Elizabeth’s good morals and values went out the window, as she gave Casmir her virginity that night.

After the brash act, she observed the small spot of blood on the sheets while covering her young bush. *I shouldn’t have gone beyond kissing but there is nothing I can do about it now*, Elizabeth thought. As the music ended, Casmir embraced her and she embraced him back, and as the night became wet and windy, she asked him to take her home.

Casmir and Elizabeth easily bonded and adored each other. They spend every single day together. One day she asked Casmir to meet her at her house to have dinner with her family. He accepted the invitation, arriving on time.

They ate, after Casmir volunteered to say the grace. *Nice*, Elizabeth thought. *He must really want my parents to like him.*

Casmir had nothing but good things to say about Elizabeth. He told them how caring, loving, and giving she was.

“I’m a sucker for her love,” Casmir said to her dad.

Elizabeth’s parents knew their beautiful daughter was very driven, a hard worker, and an amazing shining star, which sometimes made her mom jealous. But her parents were delighted to hear someone else saying all of these wonderful things about their daughter. They felt like they raised a special child and that made them feel good inside.

Her mom really liked the fact he was close to his parents, and he went to church. She thought the grace he said was beautiful.

“Whose fish is this?” Casmir wondered.

“It’s mine,” Elizabeth said, smiling sweetly. “My dad gave it to me for my birthday. Her name is Freckles.” “Nice name,” Casmir said genuinely.

“Yeah,” Elizabeth agreed. “I was cleaning out the fish tank today so that’s why she’s on the kitchen counter. I hope she did not gross you out.”

“No, not at all,” Casmir said.

Her mom looked at Elizabeth.

“Please take it back to your room tonight.” “Yes, ma’am,” Elizabeth muttered.

“You are a daddy’s little girl, huh?” Casmir asked.

“Yes,” Elizabeth answered as her mom rolled her eyes.

“Whatever my dad does or gives me is special,” Elizabeth continued as her mom stood up at the head of the table to grab the plate of baked chicken.

“I will get that for you Mrs. Tight,” Casmir said, handing her the plate.

“Thank you,” her mom said gently.

“Speaking of daddy’s little girl, you have a younger sister right, Elizabeth?” Casmir asked, though he knew the answer to that question.

“You will meet her soon,” her mom replied. “She is with a girlfriend for the weekend.”

As the night ended, Casmir headed out the door.

Elizabeth picked up Freckles to take her back to her bedroom.

He said his goodbyes and gave Elizabeth a kiss on the cheek. She flushed, and lightly touched his stunningly rugged face.

*He is absolutely beautiful.* But then she saw her mom staring at her hand. Elizabeth giggled silently to herself as she moved her hand away from his face.

“I will talk to you later, babe.”

Casmir also noticed her mom watching them, so he ended the night by saying to her parents, “Your daughter is a spectacular lady with lots of class. She means the world to me.”

Her dad arched his eyebrow.

“Treat her right.”

“I will...I promise, Mr. Tight. Good night,” Casmir said. He turned to Mrs. Tight, “Good night, Mother Tight.” Elizabeth’s face flickered to Casmir one last time, and she instantly flushed again while Casmir shut the door. Mrs. Tight smiled as her mom ate the last big piece of chicken.

She definitely wore the pants in that family.

Elizabeth’s mom and dad liked Casmir a lot. They thought he was a fine guy, especially since he validated their parenting. Elizabeth was just overjoyed that her parents got along the entire time during dinner.

*My parents were married on Valentine's Day, and they are still together,* Elizabeth said to herself, *but it was like war of the roses between those two.*

On the other hand, love was exciting, and harmony was in Elizabeth's and Casmir's relationship. They shared the same activities and had deep and meaningful conversations. Family events hit a sweet spot. They were inseparable to the point that Casmir's life was wrapped around hers but like most relationships, they all start out wonderfully, but this fiery relationship eventually came crashing down like icicles hanging in the balance until the spring thaw.

Casmir went from Mr. Nice Guy to showing his insecurities and the bond became chaotic.

Elizabeth contemplated whether or not she should leave Casmir alone, but Casmir guarded his chosen partner like a prized possession, becoming obsessive, jealous, violent, and controlling.

As time went on, the strangest things began to happen. This once - materialistic guy lost his SUV and his lavish condo. He let his mustache and beard grow long and his hair stayed dirty. Casmir wore the same white nylon sweat suit every day, even in the summertime. The only beautiful feature left of him was his fit body.

His Polish father and Irish mother could not explain his out-of-control ways or his new beastly look.

Ah! Appearances were deceiving because this now raggedy-looking guy with a missing tooth was cruel but very smart, clever, and systematic. As a result, Casmir did not jump into situations. He was effective at everything he desired, even if it meant plotting or scheming along the way.

His next plot was holding on to Elizabeth, at any cost.

But thank heavens, he did not have a cent to his name anymore because he definitely would not be using it for the good of the land; instead, Casmir would be more vicious with money and power.

Despite his flaws, Elizabeth thought Casmir meant well and she stayed with her man. She thought back to his kind manner at the popcorn counter. Deep down inside she knew Casmir loved her and they were good together.