There's Nothing Here for You
by StinkKat001

Summary

A man who's on the run from a troublesome past meets up face to face with an uninvited guest in his hotel room with secrets of his own that gives the man a night he won't ever forget in all his life.

First story to many about my CreepyPasta Oc, Toxic Ooze

"Someone like you doesn't deserves anything"

A harsh and rather strained voice gurgled out, announcing itself in a dimly lit room where a sleeping man resides, cracking his eyes wide open to be meet with the god forsaken beast in a gas mask that had been plaguing his nightmares staring blankly at him. Pangs of sheer terror overwhelmed him when quickly realizing that he couldn't move a single muscle in his body. The freak began to touch him in a highly sensual way that for him was very uncomfortable when the latex glove traveled downwards to a place that was his most treasured areas. He whimpered like a wounded animal as the situation escalated even further when the anonymous induvial stopped what it was doing and instead jumped on top of their victim's broad torso. The stained white full body suit his attacker wore crinkled when it's mass leaned over, caressing his aged face similar to how a lover tried to comfort a terrified partner. Seconds soon turns into awkward minutes where the odd action kept happening between the two until a gloved hand was slowly inching towards his neck, finally wrapping around his throat and basically cutting off his airway. Obvious founded feelings of anger filled the already tense atmosphere even more than imaginable, the attacker continued tightening their grasp around his neck. The meantime a strange black ooze substance drips down from the ceiling, sharpening itself to a jagged point with sheer luck on its side was able to penetrate the man's chest in one sudden heartbeat.
Penetrating sounds of a man's yelling can be heard miles away as he was startled awake from a so-called light slumber. No other dream he dealt with recently in previous nights was like this one where it had an unsettling yet at the same time a familiar ring to it that he couldn't place an exact finger to it. "God dammit...that's got to be the fifth time this week?" He mumbled to himself, regaining his voice back from the piercing screams he'd done a moment back ago. Someone such as him wouldn't chalk it up to be a simple case of sleep paralysis that got to him again but still it was there tormenting him endlessly through the week. An ache numbed him from head to toe that he had to rub it up and down to soothe the sensation in his body, leaving it to be pretty pointless in the end. Sleep by now was far out of the question since merely looking at the alarm he had set up beside him on a small side table stated it being around three o'clock in the morning. Time now occurring slower and dead silent; the certain dream he witnessed wouldn't seep through to the forgotten parts of his mind. It was nothing to be let go so easily when having to hear over and over again the voice of familiarity speaking back to him in a chilling sentence. The horrendous attack against him by the monster went on until he, himself woke up from the ordeal in the end. A true fact was that it can't keep going on forever this way, it was far too real for him to handle, kept waking him up at the strangest hours of the night and being drenched in a heavy coat of sweat was something he didn't like to wake up very often to see in any way.

The man decided to get his lazy self out of the twin sized bed and in a short matter was all dressed up in a semi-formal outfit that looked amazing, the total opposite of how he was feeling on the inside. "Okay... Let's start the day fresh, shall we?" He was absolutely delusional if he were to think that the day was going to be fine with nothing ending in a total disaster. Negative thoughts like those didn't precisely help him as he gotten the jammed door to open up for him. The claustrophobic hotel room wasn't clearly dealing with a dingy appearance to it at all; sarcasm at their finest he exclaimed in his mind as he left the room. An escape of reality was what he thought be the needed change in his life that he needed but, in the end, it was one of mostly bad occurrences as everything and everyone he loved and built up like his reputation was gone in an instant of bad choices. Nights like this where the moon was out and shining its beautiful glow against the metal railings he leaned upon was rare and few, his attention instead being upon the rental car he had bought out to leave the town he called home with his family. A sigh left his mouth as he stared down at an old watch that was given to him by a close associative of his that had disappeared himself a few weeks ago in the mess that was caused by their foolery.

Issues that should've been dealt in a totally different way that might've and should've been changing for the best and in the opposite happened that left everything in a disarray. Groans left the crevices of his mouth when stepping down the stairs from the second floor to the first since he needed to get out of here quickly as running out of money was one of his many troubles with being on the run the main reasoning of his quick decent towards the main office to check out from the hotel. Ringing the small bell at the top of the door had alerted the clerk at the front desk of the man's presence.

"Hello sir, checking out I presume?"
"Yes, I am, got to keep going. No need to stay here any longer than necessary" He responded as he dropped off the key to his room to the other adult who looked like he couldn't give a damn and was waiting for his shift to just end, letting him go directly home. The clerk gave a simple nod, taking back the key as it was placed on the hook with the rest and there he waltzed outside into the unforgiving cold air breezing past his face. Stuff he had packed with him was in his suitcase, already in the trunk of his rental car so there was no need to go to the room again, which indeed was a once in a lifetime relief for him as he sat on inside to the driver seat of the vehicle. Nothing occurred out of mere normalcy as the car engine started up like it should be and he drove off the premises of the hotel.

"Run, little lamb, run" The same someone wearing the infamous, monstrous gas mask said to itself, exiting the heavily settled forest covering both sides of the highway and watching the man, who now was driving off in his cheaply made car in the distance that was barely seeable through the fog filling the atmosphere.
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