



The Night He Followed Me Home

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You never really think about the person standing behind you in line until you realize they've been following you for three blocks. Hey everyone, welcome back to GGX... I'm glad you're here, because honestly... I don't think I could tell this one alone tonight. [SFX: rain hitting window] It was one of those nights where the air feels heavy, like it's holding its breath before something terrible happens, and I was just trying to get home after a double shift at the warehouse.



The streetlights were flickering, casting these long, jagged shadows across the pavement... and that's when I first heard it. [SFX: footsteps] Just a rhythmic tapping behind me, perfectly synced with my own pace, stopping when I stopped and starting when I moved again. I tried to tell myself I was being paranoid, just tired, but my skin was crawling in a way I couldn't ignore!



I ducked into a 24-hour convenience store just to see if he'd pass by, my heart hammering against my ribs like a trapped bird. [SFX: heartbeat getting louder] Through the glass, I saw him... just a silhouette in a dark hoodie, standing perfectly still under the neon sign across the street, staring directly at the door with this absolute, terrifying patience.



I stayed in that store for twenty minutes, buying a coffee I didn't want, just waiting for him to leave, but he never moved an inch. [SFX: static noise] Finally, I thought I saw him turn the corner, so I made a break for it, sprinting the last two blocks to my apartment building with my keys already shaking in my hand.



I slammed the front door shut and locked every deadbolt, leaning my back against the wood and just breathing for a second. [SFX: breathing nearby] I thought I was safe, you know? I really thought the walls of my home could keep out whatever that was... but then I heard the softest sound from the porch outside.



It was a wet, sliding noise, like something heavy being dragged across the floorboards. [SFX: metal scraping] I looked through the peephole, but it was dark, just total blackness until a flash of lightning illuminated a single, muddy work boot standing right there on my welcome mat. *He was already on the other side of the door.*



My phone started vibrating in my pocket, and I almost screamed, thinking it was the police finally calling back. [SFX: phone vibrating] But when I looked at the screen, it was an unknown number, and when I answered... there was nothing but the sound of heavy, wet breathing and the faint, distant sound of my own TV playing through the walls.



The realization hit me like a physical blow... he wasn't just outside, he had been watching me for weeks, knowing my routines and my weaknesses. [SFX: glass cracking] Then I heard it, the sound of the kitchen window sliding open, the one lock I always forgot to check, and the smell of wet wool and rain filled the hallway.



I didn't think, I just ran for the fire escape, my feet barely touching the metal as I scrambled down into the alleyway. [SFX: floor creaking] I could hear him behind me, not running, but walking with that same terrifying, rhythmic pace, like he knew there was nowhere left for me to hide in this city!



I spent the rest of the night in a crowded diner, shaking so hard I couldn't hold a fork, watching the door every time it opened. [SFX: wind howling] They never caught him, and sometimes, when it rains like this... I can still hear those footsteps perfectly synced with mine, waiting for me to forget to lock the window just one more time.