

## **His Mission Chapter 2 - "Please don't hurt me."**

### **C2 "Please don't hurt me."**

As I'm walking home later that evening, I turn the corner and study the home I grew up in. It isn't a home anymore. The front garden that once blossomed with beautiful flowers is strewn and filled with rubbish. Disappointment settles in my stomach as I remember how much my father loved to tend to his flowers in the summer. I turn the key into the door and slowly push it open, trying to stop the annoying creak. The last thing I want is to wake the monster.

Trevor usually falls asleep in front of the television during the day. I can hear his heavy breathing and loud snores before I even have a chance to step a foot inside the house. I can't help but compare him to a snorting pig. With his bald head, short stubby nose and pale flushed skin, he definitely resembles the pink creature. Amusement flickers across my lips at the image filling my head.

I wonder what Mom finds attractive about him? Maybe it's his bank balance.

You recall the day Mom bought Trevor home for the first time. It wasn't long after that when he started to beat her. After a particularly harsh beating, I was furious and stood in front of her in an attempt to protect her. No child should ever witness their mother being beaten by a red faced stranger. Seeing your Mom cry out in pain and whimper in fear causes even the quietest of children to protect their family. Trevor hadn't taken my courage well, his whole face raged with anger. I remember standing my ground stubbornly which only deepened his frustration.

My jaw clenches as I replay the times he'd beat me senseless as a little girl. I despise violent people, especially the ones who prey on the weak and vulnerable. Trevor has always been a coward who preys on the weak. I've thought about reaching out for help multiple times. Trevor's threats would constantly snap me back into keeping his secret.

"If you tell anyone, I'll know straight away." He'd sneer in my face, eyes shining brightly from my torture. "And then, I'll kill you."

There's no doubt about it, I'm officially trapped in this hell hole until I turn eighteen. I'll have no money, no family and no roof over my head but that's better than the constant beatings.

My breathing hitches in my throat as Trevor stirs in his armchair. His hand clutches a bar and the scent of smoke mixed with alcohol clouds the air. I cover my mouth and focus on climbing the stairs without making a noise. I've become quite the professional at creeping around the house silently. Once I'm safely in my room, I lock the door and breathe a sigh of relief.

I kick off my trainers and grab a hair tie off the desk, pulling my long dark hair into a high ponytail. I wince as the pain flares through my throbbing scalp. It took me almost ten minutes trying to disguise the bald patch this morning. I quickly changed into pyjamas, grateful for the relief of getting out of my clothes. As I'm wiping the concealer away, I study my appearance in the mirror, wondering where it all went so wrong. I look exactly like my mother, high cheekbones with full lips and large brown eyes. When I was younger, she'd dress us in matching outfits. I smile at the memory before crippling pain hits my chest. Somewhere along the way, I lost my mother...

I don't think I'm ever going to get her back.

My phone begins ringing and I reach over for it, glancing at the screen. An unknown caller ID shows up on the screen. A frown covers my features as I slide the button across and raise the phone to my ear.

"Hello?" I say uneasily. I expect it to be a wrong number but the deep voice that calls my name sounds like it's intended to freak me out.

"Emily." His voice is smooth but drips with danger. You picture your anonymous caller smiling twistedly on the other end of the line. Your stomach knots with fear and a cold shiver runs down your spine.

"Who is this?" I ask, my heart picking up pace. I don't recognise the voice at all.

"Don't act oblivious... It's your father." His tone is calm yet cold, rid of any emotion. I hold my breath as I register his sick response. What is he talking about?

I briefly hold my phone away from me and notice my trembling hands. Through the speaker, I hear him laugh down the phone. A deep laugh that causes every hair to stand up on the back of my neck. My stomach churns with nausea as he continues to laugh at my expense.

"Who is this? Is this your idea of a sick joke?" I yell angrily down the line. He immediately hangs up but his chilling laughter echoes down my ear. I stare at the phone in disbelief, my mouth hung open in shock. I've never received such a disturbing phone call in my entire life.

I couldn't sleep that night, my father's face appearing in every single dream. He'd be smiling but then his face would contort in fear and pain. He'd reach his hand out, desperately trying to get a grip of mine. I'd hold on as tight as I could, telling him I wouldn't let go. No matter how hard I tried, he fell away from me each time before eventually disappearing. All that's left is darkness surrounding me, engulfing me in silence. The silence is long and drawn out, every second feels like a lifetime.

Hours pass where the nightmares continue over and over again so in the end I give up, lying wide awake in the dark and waiting for the sun to rise.

