

## His Mission Chapter 7 - Numb

### C7 Numb

I stop off at the local chemist after college and look around the shelves for something to ease the pain in my stomach. I desperately need something to numb the agony. I'm still dressed in Jake's clothes, my own are still damp inside my bag.

"Can I help you?" A voice asks, directing the question at me. I snap out of my little daze and turn to face a worker in her early forties who's smiling at me.

"Yes. My brother is a boxer and he's in pain with his stomach. I wondered if you had anything to help him?" I lie, knowing I'm babbling way too much. I can't help it, I'm a terrible liar.

"Has he been treated professionally?" She asks me, frowning a little. My eyes widen at her question and I feel my heart pick up pace.

"Y-yes but he's also been recommended to take painkillers, strong ones." I mumble quietly, staring at the floor.

"Follow me," she responds politely, disappearing down an aisle. I release the breath I'm holding and follow behind her.

"These can be taken three times a day. It's the strongest we sell." She says, handing me a box. I nod in understanding and pay for the tablets. As soon as I'm out the door, I swallow two with a swig of lukewarm water and head home.

I'm halfway up the stairs when Trevor stops me, slurring his words once again.

"What the fuck are you wearing?" He yells up the stairs. I turn slowly, feeling exhausted from the day. Trevor is standing at the bottom of the stairs in his pyjamas even though it's the afternoon. I can feel him glaring straight at me, his cold eyes burning holes through mine. He's clearly growing impatient as his foot taps against the floor.

"It was raining this morning so I changed into some dry clothes," I explain myself quietly, signalling at Jake's clothes. I turn around, wanting to escape to my room as soon as I can.

"You liar! You disgust me," Trevor responds, the hatred dripping from his voice. Confusion fills you at his words.

"What are you insinuating?" I ask, turning back around and narrowing my eyes at him.

"You're disgusting! Are you not ashamed to be walking around in somebody else's clothes?" He snaps back, his eyes flashing with hatred for me. I don't miss the smirk

that grows on his lips as he tears me down with his words. I immediately feel my chest tighten with anger.

My fists clench by my sides and I narrow my eyes into thin slits, staring directly at him. My chest rises and falls as anger and adrenaline swirl together, becoming dangerous. Without thinking about my actions, I spit down, aiming directly for his face. I know how degrading and disrespectful it is to spit.

That's exactly why Trevor deserves it.

My spit lands directly above his lips and slides down onto his upper lip.

"Bullseye!" I grin, feeling proud of my work. Trevor's whole body tenses up and he releases a low sound that resembles a growl. I immediately turn and bolt up the remaining stairs, heading for my bedroom door. I quickly lock it before pushing the chest of drawers in front of the door.

My heart continues to pound and it isn't long before Trevor hammers on it with his fists. The door threatens to come off its hinges and I stare wide eyed at the wood. It's the only thing separating me from the beast.

He's raging behind the door, screaming at me so much, I can't make out the words. I imagine him frothing at the mouth, fists slamming into the wood. He suddenly stops, silence filling the house. I can hear my heart beating inside of my ears and I frown, leaning closer to the door.

"What has she done this time, honey?" Mum asks him, her voice small and timid. The fact that she doesn't stop him sickens me to the core. Imagine the person who is supposed to protect you the fiercest in this world, standing back and allowing such pain to come to you.

"I hate her!" Trevor hisses and I roll my eyes at his immature behaviour. I listen as he murmurs something else, which is much quieter this time. I can't make out the words but whatever he said causes Mum to grow silent. I frown deeper at the door —

What is happening?

Moments pass and I hear Trevor retreat back down the stairs, his feet slamming down hard onto the steps in rage. He's leaving me alone?

"I swear to you, I will kill her if she gets in my way again!"

My blood runs cold at his words.

My hands begin shaking profusely and I drop my bag to the floor in shock. My phone and clothes spill out but I don't care. I walk over to my bed and slide down onto the floor beside it, feeling my body and mind turn completely numb. Trevor is going to kill me.

I feel bile rise to the back of my throat and run to the bathroom, nearly missing the toilet bowl. My eyes sting and I let out a tiny gasp, kneeling against the toilet for support. Tears roll down my cheek and I whimper, my entire body shaking in fright. The constant years of abuse finally began to hit me all at once and I find it impossible to breathe. Every single beating runs through my mind along with Trevor's cruel taunts and evil eyes.

I have to get away from here but where would I go? Trevor would find me.

I have no choice, I'm trapped.

The thought of Trevor continuing to beat me or trying to kill me sends chills running through my entire body. I lay against the cold tiles and pull my knees to my chest.

"Please God, let this all end." I cry out, my chest heaving with sobs. My father's face flashes through my mind and I yell out, kicking the wall opposite me in frustration. I know it wasn't his fault but I couldn't help think this wouldn't have happened if he didn't die.

"Why Dad, why?!" I yell at the bathroom ceiling, feeling my cheeks soaked with tears.

"Why did you leave me?" I whimper quietly, tugging at my hair. Despite the strands being locked around my fingers, I feel no pain. Anguish swirls around inside my head, going so fast I can barely understand what's going on around me. I feel my sanity slipping away with each second.

Why am I not strong?

If only I could find the strength to expose Mum and Trevor but I'm weak. Ever since my father left me alone in this cruel world, I began to slowly fall apart. A piece of me chipped away day by day and I had come to realise that I didn't even recognise myself anymore.

I'm a broken shell that was once the loving and fun Emily Wentworth.

It's like a sudden switch goes off inside me and I suddenly feel numb. Numb to the pain and heartache taking over my body. The most terrifying emotion a person can feel is absolutely nothing. Feeling nothing means you simply don't care anymore. You don't care about yourself and that is more dangerous than someone holding a gun at your temple, ready to shoot. You feel no fear, no anger, no pain.

I slump backwards against the tiles, my eyes staring straight ahead in a daze. I don't know how long I remain like that.

I don't know whether it's minutes, hours or days.

Eventually my eyes flicker shut and I see darkness. I fall asleep, feeling absolutely nothing.