

## **His Mission Chapter 9 - The return of the creep.**

### **C9 The return of the creep.**

My safe haven, let me tell you about it.

A cafe located down a small side street that's only a ten minute walk from where I live. It's a small building, possibly too small but that's what I like about it. The moment I enter, the warmth and scent travels around me, making me feel safe.

My father and I are the only people to know of its existence which means Trevor has no idea that it's my favourite place to hide. I love to sit by the window when it's raining and watch as the droplets of rain slide down the glass. The entire building holds a special place in my heart along with fond memories of me and my father.

After ordering a hot chocolate and a cheese toastie, I scan the dining area and make my way towards a seat in the corner that's out of view.

Lulu's cafe is designed like the inside of a cabin. Dark wooden booths line one corner and chocolate leather sofas are along the other. Pictures of assorted pastries, cakes and coffee covers the walls. The delicious scent of warm chocolate, coffee beans and pastry permanently lingers in the air. My stomach rumbles loudly in protest, screaming out for something to ravish.

I can't remember the last time I ate.

"There you go dear, enjoy." The owner smiles, placing the plate down onto the table. The smell of toasted bread and cheese hits me and my stomach rumbles embarrassingly.

"Thank you." I respond, smiling at her in return. As she begins to walk away, my phone buzzes inside my pocket. I smile immediately as I pull it out, hoping to see Jake's contact flash up on the screen.

It isn't Jake.

My palms begin to sweat and I look around, the paranoia building up inside me. My hands begin to tremble as I scan over the text a second time —

You shouldn't be skipping college. . . I'm watching you Emily.

Who is this person? Why are they watching me? That's not creepy at all...

Who are you? Leave me alone!

I quickly send the text before slamming my phone down onto the table. I blow out the breath I'm holding and lean back against the chair as I study my surroundings.

Suddenly I don't have much of an appetite for the cheese toastie.

After finishing up at Lulu's, I decide the safest place for me to be is college. It's supervised by teachers and somewhat safe. I've already missed two hours but showing my face is better than not attending at all. On the way there I can't help shake the feeling that I'm being followed.

I knock on my classroom door and enter, my eyes landing on a substitute teacher sitting at the desk instead of Mrs Wilkins.

"Sorry I'm late, I had a dentist appointment." I explain briefly before taking a seat next to Trish. I still feel terrible, my body is weak and constantly in pain. I've managed to hide the bruises forming on my skin underneath a grey turtle neck jumper. I ignore the stares around me and instead pull out a text book from my bag, placing it onto the desk. Beside me, Trish watches before leaning closer —

"You look terrible Em, shouldn't you be at home resting?"

I shake my head, giving her a small smile. "I feel fine." I lie effortlessly.

"Is it the flu? What if it's Ebola?" Trish grimaces and I notice her not so subtle way of creating distance between us. I immediately splutter with laughter and curse myself for doing so as pain shoots through my side. I grip onto it tightly and wait for the pain to subside.

"It's not Ebola," I explain, breathing in and exhaling out slowly.

"It's always best to be safe than sorry. Ebola kills quickly." Trish continues, her eyes wide as she inspects me from head to toe.

"I'm fine, Trish. Can I copy your notes?" I mumble, reaching for her book. She nods and pushes it further in my direction. As I'm halfway through writing, Trish leans closer and bumps her shoulder with mine.

"I have so much to tell you!"

It's a completely innocent interaction but the force of the impact against my bruised muscles causes me to hiss in pain. I suck in a breath and yelp, jumping backwards. Her eyes widen and she stills, watching me squirm beside her. I close my eyes and silently pray the tears building up inside my eyes aren't noticeable.

"Excuse me," I mutter, my jaw clenched from the pain. I quickly stand up and head straight for the door, ignoring the murmurs of my classmates behind me. I don't care

anymore, all I want is the pain to stop. I run through the empty hallway, push past the double doors and head straight for the girls bathroom. Pained tears roll down my cheeks and I wipe them away quickly.

Once I'm inside the bathroom, I place my palm on the tiled wall and take several deep breaths. My heart feels like it's going to explode out of my chest so I slide down the wall and sit on the floor. Moments later, the door opens and a voice floats through the bathroom.

"Emily?" His voice is low and lined with concern.

"Leave me alone, Jake." I respond, my words muffled behind my hand. I glance up through my blurred vision to find Jake standing against the doorway with a worried expression on his face. Upon noticing the tears in my eyes, he walks towards me and crouches down.

I immediately feel my stomach twist in nerves. His blue eyes watch me intensely for a moment, scanning over my features. Eventually he looks directly at me before his eyes darken.

"I think it's time you tell me what's going on."

I remain silent, unable to let him into my thoughts. The thought of telling anyone terrifies me. Jake sighs at my silence and reaches up to wipe a stray tear on my cheek. I immediately freeze, sucking in a deep breath from the way his fingers feel against my cheeks. He places one hand under my chin, tilting my head up so that I'm holding eye contact with him.

"The teacher wouldn't allow Trish to leave." He mumbles apologetically.

"What about you?" I ask him quietly.

"I'm not going to let a teacher stop me." He responds, giving me a small smile. I can't help but notice how soft his voice is, completely opposite to the way he speaks to everyone else around him.

"Please talk to me," Jake pleads, his voice softening. I close my eyes and shake my head, leaning back against the wall. The words that I want to tell him are at the tip of my tongue but no matter how hard I try, I can't speak the truth.

"My life is completely messed up." I eventually mumble, being vague.

"Oh look, we have something else in common." Jake smiles, his tone playful. He reaches forward and pulls me into his chest. His body feels warm and for the first time since my dad died, I feel safe.

The feeling of safety is one that I haven't felt for years. I'm surprised that someone like Jake Melvin is the first person to make me experience it. I can hear the soft thumping of his heart through his shirt and I sniffle, burying my head closer to him.

"It's going to be okay." Jake reassures me despite being oblivious to the truth.

"You can't possibly know that," I whisper in response. His arms tighten around me and I relax against him, breathing in his warm scent. A comfortable silence falls upon us until Jake gently pushes backwards, his eyes meeting mine. I feel embarrassed and reach up, wiping away the last of my tears.

"Sorry, I must look a mess right now." I mumble, a red tint covering my cheeks. Jake doesn't respond and looks at me intensely, almost as if he wants to say something. Before he can, his phone begins to beep inside his pocket. He reaches for it but doesn't break eye contact with me and his stare makes me feel vulnerable and exposed.

I clear my throat and look away, focusing on a small piece of rubbish on the floor instead. From the corner of my eye, Jake smiles before glancing down at his phone. The smile on his face vanishes as his eyes scan over the message —

"I have to go."

I nod quickly but can't help feeling a little disheartened. Jake must sense my disappointment and he sighs before running a hand through his dark hair. Butterflies fill my stomach at the sight of him. He suddenly stands up off the floor and holds out a hand for me to take. I reach out, placing my hand in his and I'm not surprised that his hands radiate warmth just like his body.

"Thank you," I say quietly, noticing how close our bodies are. His chest rises and falls, lightly skimming my chest. I hold my breath and don't dare breathe as I search his blue eyes.

"Anytime," Jake whispers. He inches forward, raising his hand to tuck a piece of stray hair behind my ear. I flinch automatically but don't realise that I'm doing it.

"Why do you do that?" He asks suddenly, looking at me with his head slightly tilted to the side. I glance to the right, unable to keep eye contact with him as I'm afraid he'll be able to see right through my lies.

"I don't know what you're talking about." I respond quickly.

Jake raises an eyebrow and opens his mouth to respond but his phone pings and vibrates multiple times.

"Fuck," He mutters under his breath, clearly annoyed at the person on the other end. He answers the call and holds the phone up to his ear. As he listens to the call on the other

end, his blue piercing eyes never leave mine. I find myself staring back, getting lost inside the swirls of blue.

"Don't let him leave, I'll be there in twenty," he eventually says, his tone low and lined with a danger I haven't heard before. His voice snaps me out of my daze and I blink. It's my turn to raise my eyebrow at him questioningly and he shrugs in response, pocketing his phone.

"I'll see you later," he says quietly. The only thing I can respond with is a simple nod of my head. Jake takes a step back, his eyes flickering over me one last time. He sighs unhappily before disappearing out of the bathroom. I watch him go and replay the interaction with him multiple times inside my head.