

A Bio 53

Chapter 53: Mellisa POV – Here be monsters

Hello! It is I! Your least favorite wordsmith!

.....Trigger warning for child abuse (Violence at the very least). If any of you had a somewhat rough childhood or had to deal with beatings while growing up, well...I think you should skip this one.

The last trigger warning (The gore one) was somewhat more milder than expected, so maybe this one will end the same? A man can hope. Either way, this one got me in the feels, since it is a shitty backstory for one of the characters that is such a bright and happy girl. Anyway, beware of yapping in the spoiler:

Spoiler

I like to make jokes about trauma and such things in some of my characters here and there, because I like stories with characters that go beyond the trauma, those that clawed their way from a crappy situation and blossomed into something better, that is why I don't mind these backstories, but this one...Man, such a dark turn into the psyche of a child, delusions and illusions for a better future, the silent fight of someone who tries to see the light at the other side of the tunnel.

A girl who wants to be happy and recover her happy family while not understanding why this is happening to her, but even so. She tries her best!

This chapter peeks at Mellisandra Singh's daily life. I know some people wanted more of this one, and I did promise that she would feature again. I kind of didn't want it to be like this, but as soon as I started

drafting her morning...yeah, you can't ignore the elephant in the room if the problem in her life is a bad environment. So with that as a prelude...

I give this a seven on the Thundamoo scale of trauma. If you know of this scale (The Thundamoo Scale of Trauma), you know what this means. If not, go and read some of Thundamoo's works. That one writes trauma like the best. She also writes stories about monsters. Why? Because she likes to write stories about humans.

[collapse]

[Anger], [Resentment], [Self-Pity], [Self-Hate].....[Love].

"Mamma! What will we have for breakfast?" She said in the most cheerful tone she was able to make.

[Anger], [Hatred], [Resentment], [Fear], [Self-Loathing], [Love].

"Melissa, what have I told you?" Her mother said with a smile [Hate] on her face, "Good girls don't just jump demanding things."

"Sorry Mom..." Melissa said downcast [HATRED], [FEAR]. Taking a deep breath Melissa ignored the feelings her Mother was emitting, she knew the bad ones always would come easier, she knew that her Mother had good emotions too, she only needed to fish amidst the bad ones. " Good Morning Mommy."

So instead she would fight today too. She would brave the sea of emotions.

[Suspiciouness], [Wariness], [Warmth], [Motherly Love], [Self Hate], [Self Pity].

“What will we have today for Breakfast?” Melissa said once more, in a more sedated tone. The deluge of emotions was calming down, and the good ones had started to show, even if they had come in hand with some of the ugly ones.

“Better.” Her mother smiled at her, [Love]. “Much better, good girl. As for breakfast, we will be having pancakes.”

[Hapiness]

“Yes!” She felt her emotions start overtaking the bad ones, but soon enough regretted her outburst.

[ANGER], [WARINESS], [HATE], [RAGE], [FEAR]

“MELLISANDRA SINGH!” Her mother raised her hand and she cowered as soon enough pain would come, it always came when she was a bad girl.

“*Hit* What.*Hit* Have.*Hit* I *Hit*. TOLD*Hit*. YOU*Hit*” The monster had came out feeding on her good emotions.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I will not do it again. I'm sorry!" It hurt her.

[RAGE], [HATE], [RAGE], [ANGER], [RAGE], [FEAR], [RAGE], [Self- Hatred], [RAGE].

This repeated for almost five minutes, at least it seemed this day it would be shorter.

"...Go fetch your useless father. I'm sure he is awake after what you did. Think of your mistakes while doing so." The monster receded, and some part of her Mother showed up. She continued preparing her breakfast. She no longer was hungry, but she would eat. The monster would come back if she didn't. "And be sure to cover those till they heal. We don't want people thinking we are the Monsters."

"...yes." She said in a low voice while grabbing one of her blazers, it would cover her arms and tummy. It would be hot, but she didn't want her mother to be hated for something The Monster did. "Papa? Breakfast is ready...Mommy wants you to come."

Her father was in his room, which was previously her playroom. She didn't have one anymore, not after she had turned into...a bad girl.

"Is it ready?" Her father opened the door, he stank once more. "Did she say what we will have?"

[Self-Hate], [Self-Pity], [Sadness], [Regret], [Fear], [Fondness], [Paternal Love].

At least this monster was easier to deal.

“Yes! We will have pancakes!” Melissa smiled as she tried to raise her arms to express her happiness only to wince at the pain as the rough fabric of her blazer hurt her arms. She hadn’t had nice clothes since she became a monster.

[Pity], [Regret], [Self-Hate],[Self-loathing],[Pity],[Regret].

“Yes, I would love some pancakes too. Let’s go Meli.” ...She wasn’t sure if it was the monster or her father the one talking, but she took the offered hand and walked towards the kitchen. She made sure to not leak any of her feelings out. Taking all the bad ones and trying to use them to cure her hurts.

The last time she didn’t manage to do it in time, they almost took her away from home. The only reason they didn’t take her away was that she somehow managed to channel the bad ones towards people who already hated that bad teacher.

She hadn’t seen the bad teacher since, and after that, they started having Miss Baking. She was a better one; she only needed to focus the feelings the other teachers had towards her into Teacher Baking. That was enough to make sure she didn’t become...a bad teacher.

[Hatred],[Regret], [Anger], [Heart-breaking pain], [Fury], [Motherly Love].

“There you are.” Her mother said that as she saw her coming back with her father, Melissa could almost see her mother behind all the monster's bad feelings. “Your food is already served. Eat it before it gets cold.”

[Regret], [Self-Pity], [Self-hate], [Heart-breaking pain].

“Thank you,” her father said as he smiled at her and pulled the chair back for Melissa to sit in. He used to do that for her Mother, too, before Melissa turned into a monster and The Bad happened.

Before Melissa summoned the monsters into her parents. Before the nights of pain.

“Thank you Mommy.” Melissa also followed suit.

[Regret], [Self-hate],[Pity], [Love], [Motherly love].

“You are welcome, Melissa, dear.” Her mother said with a sad smile, “...I’m sorry about before, but you know better. It is already bad that Miss Baker knows what you are. You need to control it better. We don’t want people...talking.”

“Yes, I’m sorry, Mommy. It will not happen again.” Melissa meant it, of course. She hated it, but it was so much fun at the beginning; she could share her good feelings with everyone! But...

It went wrong when she found weird feels from her father, and it turned even worse when she tried to understand them (It made her feel funny) by sharing it with her mother. She didn't know then of course. But doing so was what made the monsters.

She cried for them to leave her parents alone of course, she begged, she tried to be the goodest girl possible, but nothing helped. The bad feels remained, the hurt remained, the monsters remained.

"Good, continue like that. We would rather have good girls. When you grow up more we can speak again about...that." The Monster spoke.

[Hope].

It was what she kept in her heart, [Hope], the monsters spoke as if everything would be solved when she grew. Did that mean that they would leave? That she would get her Momma and Papa back?

"So tell me, did something interesting happen at the school tour they gave you?" Her father asked her.

[Curiosity], [Fear],[Regret].

"I meet a funny girl!" Melissa said happily, remembering the weird girl she had met.

[Wariness], [Fear], [Curiosity], [Happiness].

“What was so funny about her?” Her Mother asked. “Was she in another class?”

“I don’t think so? I never...” Melissa stopped and said in a lower voice. “...felt her. But she was weird, she felt... different, like she was... cold? Detached? She was more...logical.”

Melissa couldn’t explain it well, that girl. Alexa, had feels too. But they seemed different, more...organized, unlike the feels of the monsters that had been inside her parents, Alexa’s feels had been more delimited.

“...You couldn’t....Use your....powers in her?” Her Mother spoke word for word.

[Curiosity], [Hope].

It was the first time she hadn’t felt a bad one mixed there!

“Nope, I could take the feels but mine or everyone else got sucked in and disappeared as if nothing.” Melissa had used that chance to discharge all the bad ones she had been stockpiling. She never had felt better in quite some time after that.

“Find what classroom she is in and stick to her.” The Monster in her mother said.

[HOPE], [HAPPINESS], [EXCITEMENT].

It was the monster

? Or her Mother? She wasn't sure, but they were mostly good feels...Melissa was confused.

The rest of the breakfast was...fun. It made her remember the good times, but she still made sure that her own feels didn't leak too much. That she had them contained, even if she was happy. She cheered, she smiled, she laughed, but always made sure to keep her feels to herself.

She was feeling bloated, her tummy was hurting, and she had taken some of the bad feels from her mother and father too, those that seemed that could ruin the happy. But not enough that the monsters would notice. Just enough so that the good feels could drown the bad ones.

It was hard, it made her head hurt. But...it worked. So she was...

[Happy], [Sad], [Happy], [Sad].

Weird, she could somewhat understand the feels of others, but her own? She was sure that hers were different, but her mind could only understand them in those two names. They all felt different, like one sad was heavier than the other, but the first one felt as if it had thorns on it. It hurt when she tried to move it away.

And yet the Happy weren't the same either, one made her feel as if she had butterflies in her belly, while the other made her want to smile. She could pull them away quickly enough, but doing so made the sad fuse among themselves and become...worse.

So she needed to balance them. But it was hard, each time the monsters came around the sad would increase, and the happy would decrease. Each time the monster in her mother came around, the thorns became bigger, and each time one of the pain nights came the sad would increase in number and taste.

[Wariness], [Happiness], [Regret], [Pity], [Fear], [Motherly-love].

"Melissa? Are you ready? We need to leave for school." Her Mother came to her bedroom while she was flopping on the bed from side to side trying to deal with the feels she had stockpiled.

"Yeeeeeeessssssss." Melissa answered as she pulled down the blazer to see if the hurts had disappeared, they...didn't, not all of them. They would vanish by the time she arrived at school at this pace...but she would need to keep the blazer on. If her mother saw what the monster did to her, she would get more bad feels. "I'm coming, let me grab my backpack!"

[Amusement], [Regret], [Sadness], [Happiness].

"Okay, I will wait by the door with your lunch. Hurry up." Her Mother said as Melissa heard the footsteps fade away with the feels.

She wanted to take the bad ones, but she was so...bloated at the moment.

“Okay, today’s mission is...search for Alexa, dump the feels on her and see if she still doesn’t change. If not.... bring her home and pull the bad feels from papa and mama.” Melissa said with determination in her eyes.

She would feel bad for Alexa, the girl seemed like she could be a good friend, but she needed to think about her Mother and Father. This was for the best.

“I’m ready!” Melissa said as she made sure her blazer hid all the remaining bruises.

[Confusion], [Suspicious]...

“Melissa, will you take the blazer to school? It will be hot...” her mother said, looking at her weirdly.

Oh no....

[Realisation], [Self-loathing], [Self-Hatred], [Pity], [Motherly Love]...[Regret]

“I wanted to look cool! See! This one has SuperForce on it!” Melissa quickly pointed at the logo in front of the blazer, it was Superforce’s emblem. “I want to show off in class!”

[Suspiciouness], [Regret], [Self-hate], [Regret], [Pity],[Regret], [Love],[REGRET]

“...I see, if you...feel that it’s too stuffy, just take it out okay? Everything will be okay even if you don’t use it...” Her Mother said with tears in her eyes, “Now let’s go!”

Her smile hurt.

Melissa felt new feels form inside her, she didn’t need to use her Core Powers to know what their name was.

[Sadness], [Sadness], [Sandess], [Sandess], [Hapiness].

It was heavy, each and every one of them was heavy. The last one was the heaviest of them all, she didn’t knew why that one hurt her the most. It had a happy name on it!

Happiness!

Why did that hurt!?!?!?!?

“OKAY!” She answered as she covered her eyes with one of her hands and took her Mother’s hand with the other one. She didn’t turn to look at her; she didn’t want the monster to see her tears, and she would only share them with her mother.

When she was sure there wasn't any monster around anymore.

They didn't speak anymore, and spent more time than needed in the park that was on the way to the school, it was a nice park, and Melissa did feel stuffy with the blazer on. But she didn't take it off, even when she felt the last hurt in her body leave. This was the proof that her mother was still inside there. That the monster hadn't won yet.

"Thank you for bringing me this far mamma!" Melissa said with a smile on her face as they were a block away from the school. "I can go from here, you can go back and rest!"

Melissa didn't want her near the school, every time her Mother came near the school she would start having bad feels.

[Love], [Self-Hate], [Regret], [Sadness], [Regret], [RAGE].

"....okay, call me if you need anything...And if your teacher ever wants to speak with me..." Melissa's Mother started saying.

"I will tell her that you are busy and that I can deliver any letter she needs! If she doesn't want to write one I am to show her the numbers you saved on my phone!" Melissa answered before her Mother spoke.

She knew what would happen if she allowed her Mother to speak.

[Relief],[HATE], [Regret], [HATE], [Self-loathing], [Despair],[HATE].

One of the worst feels showed up, every time her Mother went towards those directions at least one would show, Melissa hadn't been fast enough.

Pluck.

Her Mother didn't seem to notice her, the bad feel hadn't stuck to her fully, "Okay, Love you momma, see you later!" Melissa said in a rush as she started running away.

Her tummy hurt, it hurt, it hurt, it hurt, it hurt, it hurt, it hurt.

[DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR],
[DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR],
[DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR],
[DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR], [DESPAIR].

She had taken a feel too big. It had started festering inside her. It hurt, it hurt, it hurt, it hurt, it hurt, it hurt, it hurt, it hurt, it hurt, it hurt, it hurt, why did it hurt? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why? Why?

What did she do? she had been good! she did her homework, she cleaned her toys, she washed her teeth, she didn't watch TV after eight. She was good!

WHY MUST SHE SUFFER?!?!?!?

WHAT DID SHE DO?!?!?

[illegible]

"So I can't go if someone said my mommy is hurt?" A voice? Whose voice?

"Alexa, do you have a mommy?" An adult voice spoke to the first one.

“....no?” The first voice answered.

Melissa stopped thinking altogether and concentrated in her Core Powers, she could feel the people around her.

[Lazyness], [Sleepy], [Hungry], [Amusement], [Love], [Lust], [Fear], [Tired], [Amusement]...[Fear], [Hapiness], [Sadness], [DESPAIR].

She could locate those feels all around her, but near the adult one?

[Amusement], [Sadness], [Happiness], [Regret], [Fear].

Only those of the old woman, she was speaking to a... [Blank].

Melissa didn't think when she felt the blank. She plunged the [Despair] she was feeling there, all the bad, she felt dizzy as the thorns on the bad feels ripped through her Core.

"Alexa? What's the matter?" She barely heard the old woman speak.

"...I think I found the friend I told you about." The other voice said with glee in her tone. "This way."

Melissa could only feel cold, and sticky, her face hurt, and she felt as if she had hit her face against the floor. Which was funny since she could also feel the rest of the floor on the rest of her body.

"...ARE YOU OKAY?!?!?" The older woman spoke as Melissa felt her body be raised, she could see the worried face of a black-haired pretty woman. "ALEXA?!?!? WHY DIDN'T YOU TOLD ME YOUR FRIEND WAS HURT?!?!?"

She was loud.

“...She is not though? Besides the bruise that seems to be fifteen seconds old, her body is in perfect condition.” The other voice was the blonde girl she had seen a few days ago.

Alexa, she seemed...different, more...happy. Even if her feels still were...mechanical.

[Amusement], [Curiosity], [Hunger].

“Are you okay? Where does it hurt?” The old woman spoke to her, trying not to shake her too much as she was raised in a princess carry.

Melissa missed the princess carry, her papa used to do them almost every day.

“...thank you.” Melissa said as she felt her consciousness blur away.