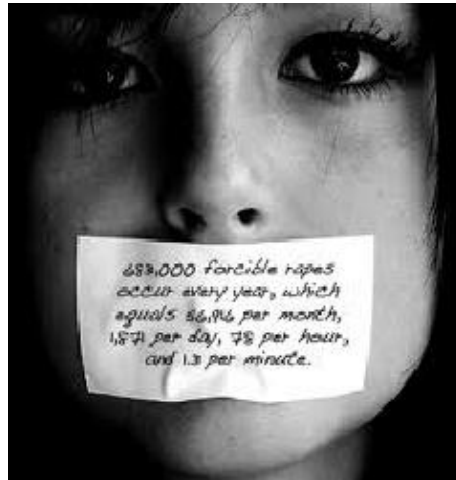


The Struggle With Me

By : sassygirl967

Emily is a typical teenage girl, or so everyone thinks. At school she may act the part, but as soon as she gets home, things take a turn for the worse. Will she make it stop? Or will she just continue to let the pain inside eat her away?



Published on
Booksie

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He was on top of me again. His weight cushioning down on my body, smushing my face into the floor. I keep my mouth shut as he rips off my clothes. The cold air nipped at my now naked bottom half. I want to scream, want to fight, want to push him away, but it is no use. This has been going on for years. Everytime I try to move, he just hurts me, then it is just a story I have to make up to tell people how I got the bruises. No use to fight anymore, non at all. Every time this happens I just count the second, minutes, and hours it will take for it to end. I want it to end, not just this, I want my life to end. I want this pain to end. I want everything to end. He finally bucks his hips forward, smashing his body into mine. The pain rips through my body, I should be use to this. Shouldn't I? He is hard and rough with me, the pain just burns and burns, until there is nothing, my body finally starts to go numb. The pain starts to slowly fade into nothing. I can hear his moans, as he rips through my body, like I am nothing. When he is fianlly done, he pulls out and lets his seed go all over my back.

As soon as my bedroom door closes, I can sit up and cry silently. The salty warm tears spill down my hot, flushed cheeks. I want to die, I want it to all end. I should tell someone, anyone. Like anyone would care. Slowly I stand, wipping my face. Now my toture can begin. I slowly pull up my pants, taking off my now soiled shirt, tossing it into a basket. I slowly open my doors and walk out, only to find my mother standing by my door. She slaps me hard, jerking my head to the side, the ringing in my ear begins as she starts to scream, "This is your fault! He fucks you now! He will never fuck me! You should be happy I even let him!" I stand my ground, just looking at her as tears sting my eyes. I force myself to just take it, to just pretend this is normal. Every kid goes through this. That is a lie, no child goes through this. I go through this, because I deserve this,I deserve this all. My mother finally walks off, leaving my alone in the hallway. The tears start to fall again. "You deserve this, all of this!" I say outloud to myself. Slowly and zombie like I walk to my bathroom, and peel my clothes off, getting into the shower. I let the water run down my body, slowly hiding my tears.

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