

Painful Love

By Kirsty Ferguson

Her eyes squeezed shut, her heart, racing like wild horses over a field of green. A lock of her hair held lovingly in his hand, inhaled slowly. He sighed with pleasure, she shuddered in revulsion. His soft hand slid down her cheek and cupped her jaw, turning her face towards his. Her eyes were still screwed tightly shut, refusing to even glimpse this man before her. This man she hated more than anything.

“Open your eyes,” he whispered. “See me.” It was the last thing she wanted.

His hand grew insistent under her chin, squeezing, hurting. She opened her eyes and looked into his soulless ones. Black, cold, without mercy, no longer loving. A cruel smile curved along his lips, more terrifying than before, a promise of worse to come.

A tear slides down her cheek like another broken promise, just another lie to add to the others. He wipes her tear and slides his finger into his mouth, relishing the taste of her fear. There is no one to help her, no one to care anymore.

As he closes the door, she whispers “Daddy.”

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