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The Sound in the Night

K. E. Johnson

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The Sound in the Night
By K. E. Johnson

Here I lie fast asleep.
All is quiet.

It's late.

Maybe It won't come.
Maybe this could be the first night It doesn't...

The sound.

The sound in the night.

It's coming.
The sound, barely heard in the silence of the night.

The floorboards creak.
Closer It comes.

My heart races.

It's coming.
Coming for me.
Like It comes every night.

Religiously.

I can barely hear the twist of the knob above my pounding heart.

It's here.

The door opens.
Closes.

Silent footsteps come closer.
Louder.

The sudden touch of something cold.

Cold fingers slither across my skin.
Up my foot.
Past my calf.
Beneath my shorts.

Pinch.

I bite my cheeks.
I must not make a sound.

We're not alone.
A shared room.

The taste of blood.
The wounds inside my cheeks that'll never heal.

I must not make a sound.

It moves closer.

The scent of Old Spice.

It takes a breath.
Exhales.

The scent of toothpaste.

A chill crawls down my spine.

Petrified.

“I know you're awake,” he hisses in my ear.