

Broken Memories

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This is my series called Broken Memories...Devona's boyfriend has hit her for te last time. She runs away to her best friend, Mikayla's, house, only to realize that she has to get out of that place. Will she ever find a place to live safely?

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Chapter One:

Devona ran down the street. She didn't know where she was going, just away from him. He had stumbled in the house, drunk again, in the middle of the night. He only hit her once this time, but she would make sure he never touched her, again. On the left side of her face she had a gash above her eye, and a bruised cheekbone. Her tears stung as they ran down her face.

"I have to get away from here!" she thought as she approached her best friend's house. She had been friends with Mikayla since she was a baby. Their mom's had been best friends also. They were inseparable.

She knocked on Mikayla's door, not caring that it was one in the morning. She heard someone run to the door. Mikayla swung open the door, obviously annoyed someone woke her up. Her expression changed from annoyed to horror as she saw her best friend standing in the door beat up and crying. "Oh my god Devona! What happened?" she said, grabbing her best friend inside and giving her a hug.

"He hit me again, Mikayla, he hit me again! He came home drunk, again!" sobbed Devona.

"I'm not going back there again, there is no way."

"No, your not, you can stay here, as long as you want. I have enough room. It will be like the old times, don't worry." said Mikayla, comforting her friend.

Devona only nodded and continued to sob. She didn't want to tell Mikayla, but she needed to get far away from here. There were too many memories, bad memories. Justin had hit her one to many times, and she was through.

Mikayla got some of her clothes out so Devona could change. She fixed up the guest room, and she got out some stuff so they could clean up her face.

"God Devona, what did Justin do this time? The cut above your eye is really deep, you might need stitches." said Mikayla.

"He threw a bottle at the wall and a piece of glass flew and hit me, it's not that bad. If it doesn't bleed, we can at least wait until tomorrow." she tried to hold the tears. Her face stung enough already.

After they had cleaned up her face, Devona went to bed. She fell asleep right away, knowing that she was safe in her friend's house.

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Chapter Two:

After Devona had fallen asleep, Mikayla went into the kitchen and got her car keys. She didn't tell Devona, but she was going over her house to get some of her stuff. She hoped Justin would be asleep or passed out from being drunk. She went outside and got into her car.

When she got to Devona's house, she made sure she went in quietly. Relieved, she saw him asleep, or passed out, she didn't know, and didn't care, as long as he didn't hear her.

She crept up the stairs and went up to Devona's room. It was a mess. She figured Justin had come up here looking for her earlier. She just forgot about it and hurried to get everything she thought Devona would want. She thought she heard Justin mutter something downstairs, but just shrugged it off and kept packing. Then she heard him start coming up the stairs, or at least trying to.

She panicked and put the shirt she was holding in the bag she was using. She quietly moved out of the room, she thought maybe he was drunk enough to not see her.

"Hey, you've come back for more, eh?" Justin slurred. He gave her a grin. He obviously didn't know it wasn't Devona.

"I'm not Devona, stop! Leave me alone!" screamed Mikayla as he ran towards her, threatening to hit her. She ran past him and he stumbled behind her. She hurried through the door and yelled before she walked out. "You leave Devona alone!"

She ran out towards the car and jumped in. She quickly started the engine and floored it the rest of the way to her house, even though she knew she was safe. Finally she got to her house and sighed as she got out of the car.

In the morning

In the morning Devona woke to the smell of bacon and eggs cooking. At first she didn't know where she was and panicked, remembering what Justin had done to her. She finally remembered as Mikayla walked in holding a warm plate of breakfast.

"Hey, how you holding up? Sleep well?" questioned Mikayla. "I went over your house last night and got some stuff."

"Mikayla! He could have beaten you, too! Why?" said Devona, getting stressed.

"Relax, he was too drunk to do anything to me, besides, you need your stuff. I don't think you can fit into all of my clothes." responded Mikayla.

Devona had tears in her eyes as she told Mikayla that she couldn't stay. "Mikayla, I really appreciate all that you have done, but I have to get away from here. He will eventually find out where you live, and it would be best if I moved somewhere else. I have some family in Waldorf, and maybe I can go there."

"Okay, I understand that, but when? I mean you can't just leave with any money at all." said Mikayla.

"I have some saved in the bank, about one hundred I think. That should be enough. Waldorf is only about two hours away." explained Devona.

"Okay, if you need help with anything, let me know." said Mikayla, hugging Devona.

After breakfast, Devona started to get all of her stuff together. She got it all and started to say goodbye to Mikayla.

“I’ll miss you, you know that, right?” said Devona, on the verge of tears.

“Yeah, me too. Just know you can call me anytime.” said Mikayla, also about to cry. “I guess this is goodbye, call me when you get there!”

Devona walked out the door and looked at her best friend, maybe for the last time. “See ya!”

Driving

The trip to Waldorf was unexpectedly short, considering Devona was crying the whole time. When she pulled into the familiar driveway of her aunt’s house, she calmed down. Her aunt had always been there when her mom and dad were fighting. She shook her head and tried to put the bad memories in the back of her head.

She walked up to the door and rang the doorbell. The house was more beautiful than she remembered. The house looked like a mansion, but it was only a big condo. It was light gray in color, and had a black door. She remembered always playing in the huge backyard with all of the neighborhood kids. They used to play hide and seek. She smiled to herself as she waited patiently.

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Chapter Three:

As Devona waited, she heard someone come to the door. She stopped thinking about the past and stood up straight. A lady opened the door. Devona didn't remember this lady being her aunt many years ago. The lady kept looking until Devona spoke up.

"Uh, hi. My name is Devona. I remember this being my aunt's house. I'm not sure if it is though!" said Devona, shaking her head.

"I'm sorry, but I guess she moved. You can come in if you want." said the lady, moving away from the door so Devona could come in. "My name is Robin Madden, by the way. So, what brings you here anyway?" she asked nicely.

"Well, I don't like to talk about it, but I left my house in Annapolis because my boyfriend hit me, too many times." said Devona, a tear dropping from her eye.

"Oh, I'm sorry." said Robin, pulling Devona into a hug. Devona was beginning to like this lady. "If it makes you feel any better, I had problems with my husband. He left me and my four children. It was hard, but we got through it." Now both of them were quietly crying.

A guy, Devona guessing Robin's son, came down the stairs, hearing his mother crying.

"Why are you crying ma, and who's she?" asked the guy. He had a lot of piercings, and a lot of tattoos to go with them. Devona was a little nervous at first when seeing him, but she warmed up to him.

"This is Devona, she came here from Annapolis. This used to be her aunt's house. She, uh, came here because she ran away from her house because her boyfriend hit her!" said Robin.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I guess mom told you what happened with us. That's the only reason she cries." said the guy, laughing a little. He saw the confused look on Devona's face and introduced himself. "Oh, sorry, my name is Benji." He walked up to her offering his hand to shake.

Devona took his hand and shook it. Then she saw another guy walk downstairs, looking almost exactly like Benji.

"Hey, mom. Uh, not to be rude, but who's this?" asked the other guy. He looked a lot like Benji, but he didn't have any tattoos that she could see. She blushed a little and looked away, suddenly interested in her shoes. She thought he was kinda cute.

"Joel, this is Devona. She came here because this used to be her aunt's house. She used to live in Annapolis, but her, uh, boyfriend hit her." said Ms. Madden, choosing her words carefully.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" said Joel, immediately embracing her into a warm hug. She was taken aback at first, but then hugged him back, suddenly feeling safe. "What are you going to do?" he asked concerned.

"I don't know, I was going to live here, you know because I thought my aunt lived here, but now I don't know!" she responded, crying.

"No, don't cry. We'll figure something out." said Joel, hugging her again. "Mom, do you think that maybe she could stay, I mean we have enough room. She could stay until she finds a new house or something." said Joel, pleading with his mom.

"Sure, she can stay as long as she wants to." Ms. Madden said with a smile.

"Come on, I'll show you your room." said Joel, taking Devona's hand and leading her

upstairs.

“Thanks mom, I think she’ll like it here!” said Benji, giving his mom a hug. “I think Joel likes her, so you’ll have to watch him!” he said, winking and walking upstairs.

“Benji!” she said, shaking her head and laughing.

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Joel's POV:

I took Devona up to mine and Benji's room. I think she was a little nervous, but I hoped she would warm up to us soon. To me, she was beautiful. I don't think Benji thought this when he first saw her, so my hopes are up.

"So, this is our room, and I guess it's gonna be yours, too!" I said, showing her the room.

"Uh, nice!" Devona said, trailing off.

"Hey I know it's not the biggest room and all, but, if you don't feel uncomfortable, you can sleep in my bed." I said, not taking my eyes off her.

"Uh, sure I guess. But I don't mean to sound rude or anything, but hands off me until I get used to everything." Devona said smiling. "I'm still worried that Justin, my boyfriend, well ex, cause I'm definitely not going back there, but anyway I'm still afraid he's still looking for me." she stuttered.

"Of course, I kinda know how you feel. You see, my dad used to hit us before he left." I said sitting down. I normally would stay off this subject, but for some reason I felt I could tell this girl without having an emotional breakdown. "He hit us for anything, all he had to do was find something misplaced, or the TV. left on, anything. It only started as him coming home drunk from some random bar, and taking everything out on our mother. But one night Benji protected her, and ended up getting hurt himself. Being the more emotional one of the two of us, I just ran off crying in my room, since I was afraid of getting hit myself. From then on it was all of us getting hit, like I said, for anything."

"Wow, I'm so sorry. I didn't think I would know anybody that went through the same crap as me." Devona said with sad eyes.

"Yeah, I don't normally talk about it, but, I just feel like I can relate to you, ya know?" I said.

"Yeah, now I think I can feel more comfortable here now!" said Devona. Just as she said that Benji walked in.

"Oh great, I can't leave you two alone without you guys making out!" joked Benji.

"Benji! We were talking!" said Joel, slightly blushing.

"Awe, Joel, damn, he's your brother, you don't have to hide everything from him!" said Devona winking, playing along with Benji's joke.

"Great, now I have to deal with two jokers!" said Joel sarcastically, leaving the room.

Devona's POV

Joel walked out of the room. I think I was beginning to like him, but I was still unsure about the whole being with someone deal. I guess Justin had that effect.

"So, Joel was talking about how your dad, uh, hit you." I said, feeling uncomfortable.

Benji looked uncomfortable as he sat down next to me. "Yeah, he did." His eyes were full of sadness now.

Feeling bad that I made him think of his past, I quickly changed the subject.

"So, what are you guys making for dinner?" I ask, smiling.

"Well, I dunno. We could go out if you want. If not you'll have to stay here and eat my horrible cooking." he said with a wink. This guy jokes a lot, I thought.

“Ok, either sounds good to me!” I said, not knowing if his cooking was good or bad. Joel came back into the room asking Benji something.

“Hey, Benj, could we maybe go out to eat tonight, I haven’t had a good salad in a long time.” said Joel.

“What, my cooking’s not good enough for you?” said Benji looking hurt, obviously joking again.

“Wait, are you guys vegetarian or something? No offence but no one goes out and has just a salad!” I say.

“Yeah, why is that a problem with you?” asks Benji, acting like a high school bully.

“No actually, I don’t. I am, too!” I say happily.

“Awesome! Well, are we going out?” Joel says excitedly.

“Sure, let me just get changed.” I said. Benji left to go to his room to change, but Joel stood in the doorway. “And no you can’t watch me!” I nearly screamed, laughing as I shut the door in his pouting face.