

All I Ever Wanted

“Euphonious! I loved it! You did bloody brilliant my dear! Now you just rest up until your next show tomorrow night.” My father exclaimed, his British accent thick, as he clapped me on the back. I winced. This praise always came before his critiques about the flaws in my performance. Thankfully, my manager, Megan, raced over before he could start.

"Eve! That was amazing. Your singing always fills me with a feeling of euphoria." She praises. I grin.

Megan was the closest thing I had to a mother. She was also my best friend. My own mother had died when I was ten and my father had never remarried. Instead he told me how someone had apparently assisted her in her own suicide. That was nice of the bloodthirsty murderer. A few years later, when I was in the seventh grade, my music teacher had praised my singing to my father, sent me to some audition, and BAM! Suddenly I'm famous. After that my father grew more stricter. I stopped going to school and instead had a private tutor. Of course he could afford one. He's a world famous architect. I practiced every single day to please my father. But he was never home. It was Megan who would stay with me when he was gone. She was always so happy and loving. Also, if it hadn't been for her, I never would've survived the severe punishment my father gave me for sneaking out of the house when I was fifteen and going to a high school party.

Not that I remember anything from that night. I only remember what I was told after waking up in the hospital. I don't even know why I had been in the hospital in the first place. I apparently had been recognized and the Paparazzi showed up. Father had come home early from a business trip that night and, when he didn't see me, called the police. When they found me, thanks to the Paparazzi already plastering my face in every magazine and news report they could, he was enraged. So was Megan. But not at me. At my father. I remember them arguing in my father's study, but not much about what was said. Except this little bit.

“I don't care what you say, Megan! This is too much! Have you seen these? In Vogue, People, Seventeen, Glamour, Star, Teen Vogue, and Lifestyle. On ABC, News at 11, CNN, FOX News, and Good Morning America. Eve's face is EVERYWHERE!” My father shouts. I slink away from the door a bit.

“What did you expect?! You're never home, you took her away from any social contact, and you keep her locked up like a prisoner! Is this so surprising? She wants attention! Something you never give to her!” Megan's voice is an angry viper of fear.

My father fell silent. I slipped away after that. I didn't want to hear anymore.

My punishment was severe, despite Megan's arguments, but she helped me through it.

I snap back to the present with seventeen year-old me, my father, and Megan, my manager and the person I had come to think of as a mother. Pasting a smile on my face, I say,

“Yeah. I did pretty good, didn't I?”

Little did they know that the events of that fateful night two years ago were coming back. And I wasn't gonna stop until I found out the truth.

