

No drug could ever fill this gap.

Von Baekhyunnie

Kapitel 3: Cold.

*What I really meant to say is
I'm sorry for the way I am
I never meant to be so cold ...*

"Stay away. I mean it. Stay away from me!"

I was screaming, fighting, trying to make him stay away. I was afraid. To get hurt. He was going to hurt me, right? Like they did ...

"What's wrong with you?"

Tears were running down my face. This seemed like a horrible nightmare. And somehow, I wasn't able to wake up.

"Stay away from me," I whispered, stressing every single word. He just looked at me, confused and obviously unaware of what was happening right now. He was too close. Too close to me.

I felt like I was drowning, suffocating. Why was he still standing there, looking at me? I told him to get away. Why wouldn't he listen?

I was passing him by. Running, panting. This whole situation ... He had barely touched me but I snapped, freaked out. That was how it had started two months ago. By a single touch. A look. One word.

And it had changed my whole life. My whole existence. Everything.

And I couldn't tell him. I was too scared, too ashamed, too afraid of what he might say to me. Of being blamed. Was it my fault? Was it my fault I was stuck in a never-ending nightmare?

Blood was running down my wrist, silently falling to the ground and coloring the carpet. It was the only way to escape the fear, my nightmares. It was the only way to push these feelings aside, to finally breathe again. I sighed, pressing a towel to the wound when I heard him knocking on the door.

"May I come in?"

I stared at the floor when he entered my room.

"What's ..."

I closed my eyes, trying hard not to cry. I knew what was next.

Why did you do it? Stop it!

Maybe he was going to leave me. Like the others did.

But he didn't say anything at all, just sat next to me and pulled me into a hug. I froze. He was touching me, he ...

"Go away! Don't touch me!," my mind yelled at him but my body was weak and

eventually, I allowed myself to let these painful tears fall.

"What happened?"

I shook my head. I couldn't ... I wouldn't ... I wasn't ready to talk about it. Maybe I'd never be.

"It's fine. I'll stay. I'll stay with you ..."

And for a second, I almost believed him. Believed that things were going to be fine. But they'd never be again.

I was broken. And he couldn't fix me. Even if he tried ...