"Bleeding cracks are more hurtful then a bleeding Woond"

"Mind if I walk you home?"

Thats how it started.

"Why?" Was a question I asked myself nightly, when music or youtube videos couldn't drown out my thoughts. I Had a Stalker and I hoped he wasnt leaving me anytime soon.

I hear a light tapping on my window He's early, Its only 8:30. I Get up and unlock the window, Pulling back the ruffled, Brown curtains.

'Why am I doing this?' it was quite simple really, I was in love with him, With my stalker, and he loved me too <3. He crawls through the first story window, that enters right into my bedroom. "Hello, darling." he whispers as he grabs my hand. My heart starts racing as I look Away, blushing. 'Why do I feel like this?' I gently push him Away, this shouldnt be happening. The moonlight floods the room as I pin open the curtains. "You're plants look lovely." he says as he admires my blooming rose bush.

"Thanks." I smile and sit down on the end of my bed, fiddling with a loose string on my quilt. I watch him look around my room. The moonlight reflects off his dark, shoulder length hair. "You've redecorated?"

Oh, so he noticed? "yes, I didn't like it before."

"Ah." he softly exclaims.

His frame is tall and slim, with light skin and freckles. He was quite odd looking, like a vampire of sorts.

I Notice faint scars covering his arms, I know what their from. He's perfect. I love him. Why would I ever want him to leave?

He walks over to my desk, grabbing some thing from the drawars, then comes over to me.

"Its 9 pm," he says, handing me a small shot needle. "Time to take your Meds, love." I Nod and take it from him. The doctors dont know whats wrong with me. ive tried everything. A little guinea Pig for them, for their Tests.

I tie off my Arm, Carefully Placing the needle tip.

"Deep breath." He says, calming me.

I shove the needle into my Arm, filling my blood with drugs. Victor sighs, taking the empty syringe

"Good job, lovely." Without this medicine, He would leave me forever.

I sit back down on the bed, Patting the spot next to me.

He sits down with a sigh, Pulling me close.

"I love you, sweetheart."

"I love you, too" I whisper.

my Arms bruised and Swollen,
As usual. I feel Sick.
I Guess he could See I felt Bad,
and grabs my Small
trash can. I puke blood into
the can. Am I dying? No,
I couldnt be. Im in my Prime,
Im 23, And healthy. I must
just be Sick. victor Pats
my back, "Are you okay, hun?"
I Nod, "just tired." He has me
lay down and tucks me
in. "Im going to go, So you can
rest, okay?" I Nod again.
He walks to the window
unpinning the curtains

and crawls back out of the window, into the darkness. I miss him already.

I go to sleep that night twisting and turning, wishing he was still here.

I wake up the next morning and get ready. I have someone to meet today.

I take a shower, get dressed, fix my hair and hurry out. Today, I went for a more casual look. A Black band-T, jeans and Converse. I'm meeting my therapist, Rosa, today.

She's a very straight-forward but kind woman. She reminds me a lot of my mother. Todays warm and sunny so I decide to walk. Turns out Im early so I take a quick detour through the park.

It happened near here, near this park. I was out walking late at night when 3 guys started following me, catcalling. "Hey sexy lady!" one of them yelled out, drunkenly. "Im not a lady, leave me alone." I say back. He pauses then Replies

"then what are ya?"
I dont want to talk to
this gross, deranged, man. I ignore
him. "Hey! answer me!" He yells.
He's angry. "Who are you?"
I hear him say.
I turn around to
see a tall figure standing
between me and the group of men.
"Get away from them." he says
"Now." The figure turns
around and starts
walking towards me.
"mind if I walk you home?"
he asks, his face is soft
and his eyes are kind.

"Oh um... Sore." he smiles and I feel myself melt a little. He seems go polite. The drunks are yelling behind us. "Ignore them," he says. I can feel his hand on my back. Chills go down my spine. "Cold?" he asks. "Oh... No, Im fine." I smile at him. That was the first time I met Victor. After that he just showed up where ever I was. It was a little weird sometimes, but I got used to it. I've known him for about a year now.

Its about time for me to head over to my therapists appointment. I head towards her office, Victor still heavy on my mind. I knock on her office door lightly, "hello?"

"come In!" I hear her yell.

I open the door and am overwhelmed by the smell of coffee. She drinks alot of coffee. Too much, really,

"Hello, milo!" she greets me.

"Hey, rosa." I smile. She gives me a warm hug and sits me down on her plush couch.

its afternoon already

So the sunlight is streaming through the windows. Her office is warm and cozy, like a cabin in the woods, I like it. We talk for awhile about this and that, both have a cup of coffee, and then Im off. I'm relieved its not dark yet, I didnt want to walk home in the dark again, I Hurry home and unlock my door. "Vic!" I yell out, closing my front door and locking it, He said he would be waiting for me. "hello?" Oh no, no, no, no, I forgot to take my medicine

This morning. I run to my room and take my dosage. "Victor, you here?"

No Answer. maybe if I take another?

I hesitate, but do it anyways "Hey!!"

Nothing. I start taking more and more, Syringe after Syringe.

"Vic!! Not Funny!" I scream.

I took 23. Too many. Way too many.

"Fine fine, im right here." Ben walks into the room. My sight starts to go blurry.

He pauses "Sweetheart?" He looks down, seeing the empty needles scattered around my feet.

I start to fall. "MILO!!"

He jumps forward, catching me.

I feel myself fading.

"No No No No, my love, stay with me!"

I put my hand up to his

cheek and whisper "see you around"

He pulls me closer, but I'm

long gone

I Guess it could have

been worse, Victor could have

been Real.

He could've really lost someone.