

Poison

"Roni, you have to talk to him," Cindy sits down beside me.

I let some tears slips out.

"No Cindy, I don't, I don't want to talk to him, I don't need to," I tell her so ly.

"There has to be a better explanation for why he cheated," Cindy turns me to face her.

"There isn't, he was mad because I didn't say I love you back to him, how.. low of him," I feel tears slip down my face.

"Awh Roni," Cindy lays down beside me and cuddles me.

I just cry into her shoulder. Am I even good enough for him? Am I worth it to him? If I was worth it, he would've waited until I felt the same.. He would've been patient. He wouldn't have hurt me, I thought that he couldn't dream of hurting me.

"Roni, we have to go to school," Cindy tells me, getting up.

"Do I have to?" I ask, shi ing.

"Yes Roni, you have to keep a good attendance for a while so they don't expel you," Cindy takes my hand and pulls me out of bed.

I stand up and go to my mirror, I look at myself. Shit, I look terrible.

I have dark bags under my eyes, my eyes are red and pu y, my face is pale, and my hair is a mess.

I sigh and go to my drawer grabbing one of Ben's sweaters and a pair of my sweatpants. I throw them on and put my hair in a messy bun. I smell the sweater, it smells of alcohol and axe, Ben's smell.

I feel tears form in my eyes again, he really fucked me up.

Cindy drags me to school, I hope I don't see or run into Ben. He has been texting and calling me, but I won't answer him. I don't want to hear it from him.

I get into class and look to the back, to my now normal spot. I see him sitting forward, shaking his leg, while his friends are laughing and making jokes. I make eye contact with him, just seeing him hurts my heart.

He stares into my eyes from across the room, he gets up as I sit at the front of the room.

"Babe, come sit with me, we can figure things out," Ben stands beside my desk.

I don't look up to face him, he stands there trying to talk to me, I ignore him, tears slipping. Ben whispers a so " sorry," and sits back down. Class ends and I'm at locker. I see some of my friends walk by.

"Whoa Roni, you look terrible," Amanda says.

"Thanks," I just numbly say.

I close my locker and turn to leave, but bump into someone, dropping my things.

"Oh shit! Sorry," I bend down and collect my stu .

I stand back up and come face to face with Ben.

I just look at him, he just looks at me.

"Roni.." Ben speaks, breathlessly.

I feel his hand connect with mine, I just look down.

"Is that my sweater?" Ben asks, clearly knowing the answer.

I just nod my head.

"Please I just want to hear your voice, I keep calling you but you won't pick up, I just need to hear your voice, please say something," Ben takes my hand in his.

I just look back at him, I see pain in his expression. I just take my hand from his and shake my head, walking away.

I can't talk to him, I don't know what I'm suppose to say to him.

There's no words, no actions that could take back what he did that was for a petty reason.

I get through the day, Ben didn't show up to anymore of the class we have together. I didn't see him in the halls anymore.

I walk home and throw my shit on the floor. I lay down and curl into a ball, letting my tears flow. There's nothing to say, nothing to do, but cry.

I grab a half empty bottle of vodka from under my bed and drink from it, I listen to sad music and watch myself cry in the mirror from across my bed.

I put the lid on the bottle and place it back under my bed.

I lay down and hug my sheets, letting it all go. Seeing Ben today, a er what happened yesterday, it was hard.

But Ben looked just as bad, he had bags under his eyes and his face was just as pale as mine.

I hear my window open, I don't know who it is due to my laying down, not facing it.

"Babe, please talk to me," I hear his voice.

I just ignore him, pretending I'm asleep.

"Please I know you're awake Roni," I hear him walk closer.

I feel him get on the bed.

I just get out of my bed and go to the other side of the room, not looking at him. I don't want to be in the same room as him, I don't want to look at him.

"Baby, please, I'm so sorry.. I-I don't know what I have to do to show you how shitty I feel and how much I am sorry that I hurt you beyond forgiving.. But whatever I have to do to make this right, I'll do it," I watch as Ben's feet come closer to me.

I just shrug my shoulders, bringing my arms closer to me, so if he tries to take my hand in his, it won't work.

I watch as my tears fall to the ground.

"Please have an actual conversation with me," Ben gets frustrated as he corners me.

"I just don't know what to do Ben," I tell him so ly, trying to keep my voice quiet, due to my crying.

"Give me another chance, please babe, I'll make it right," Ben pleads, li ing my chin up to look at him.

"I don't know if I can trust you," I tell him sternly, moving my face to not face him.

I stand there for maybe ten minutes, I finally look up and Ben's not there.

I break down again, he just.. Le , gave up..

I grab the bottle of vodka and down the rest of it, out of anger and confusion I smash it against my wall. Throwing it as hard as I possibly can.

I scream into my pillow, crying myself to sleep.

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