1 - Butterfly

Everything is everything.

Everything is not, logic that everything has consequences, whether good or bad.

I'm starting to understand what they mean by this now, why Nietzsche is renowned as the greatest mind in a party where I am alone, cold, and forgotten. There's a high that nuttiness gives you that no drug can give. The cold feeling of ice bashing, the uneasiness of time and place, the loss of smell, hearing, and sight.

I think there are tears streaming down my face but I can't see. I think I have a headache but I can't feel it. The bright LED lights of the party hammer against my eyes, the sound of distant grey music and the chatter of people fading into thoughts I may have.

At the end of the day, I am to blame.

Because I decided to come here.

Because I decided to drink the Jagermeister.

Because I decided to ignore the health stuff, this was supposed to be a dr. orient dilutation. Yet know that I drank more a thousand times and still be stuck at the depot.

Alone.

Cold.

Forgotten.

Party.

Breathing is heavily, I grip the red sofa cup filled with unknown liquid. The aroma smell of sweat, weed and cheap booze tring my headache to life. I can smell it again but I wish I couldn't, it reminds me much, the stinke lights, the dancing bodies, the smoke, the vacation, the drink, the cold feeling.

Everything that could go wrong, went wrong.

I need to get out of here.

Taking another deep breath, I stand up slowly, steadily, gripping the smooth wall ahead and the cold, unknown liquid in my hand.

But I couldn't get up.

Trying once again, my knees failed to cooperate as they wined pain, locked and pulled towards my chest like they were seeking embrace. This was a terrible time to sit down, I told myself. A fucking horrible time.

"Listen to," I mutthered, "Get up."

My brain was in survival mode, shutting itself down as it searched for an attack that never came. Dropping everything to concentrate filled hard that a not on your body, the I was still getting used to being normal again without the threat of pain.

"Do you need help?"

Looking up, I a shadow of a person cooks. Sir and deep, this they were talking me a secret. It was a miracle that I heard them through this messy fog of sound and music, the sweat now burning of under my mind as I relocated on the tank at hand.

"Nope, actually I was having a fine time," I grimmed, grimacing at my fake burst of happiness. I need to get a grip of myself if I don't want to look like a major fool.

They frowned.

"Sorry, actually I lied. Nothing is fine. I drank too much and I feel like, I, big time, I, the ground and I are one. The sudden movement instigated a harsh wave of pain to my head. Quickly processing a hand to my forehead, I stayed put with my eyes shut.

"Are you alright?"

The same grungy voice whispered into my ear, soothing the ache, I relocated my proximity and stood away, nodding my head about it.

"I'm fantastic. Actually, ask me in five seconds and I'll be silent."

His frown deepened, making my smile dim, so I turned down my next response.

"I'm alright, don't worry. Thanks for the help." I stretched the fake smile back onto my face hoping the shallow wouldn't notice, and then I turned to leave before dropping suddenly with an obvious thought lingering in my head.

I have no clue where to go.

Turning back around, unfamiliarly walked back towards the shadow, seeing him leaning against the wall with his arms over his chest. His unhappy energy was evident, radiating in a fine line of heat, a warm and he watched him continually as I ducked in a small breath.

"Could you please show me the way?" I asked, my voice small, the blur of the party wearing back to me harder than earlier said was curing myself for drinking something I hadn't poured myself.

But I was desperate. I needed an escape. It was a space of memories that led me to now.

"Okay."

I nodded at him, grateful and hollowed them towards the exit. Bodies flew by around me, gripping and grinding, moving to the beat of the music. Their joy was so soothing, exhausting. But I was grateful.

"Not much of a talker, are you?" I tried to converse again, hoping the tension in my mind would relax. I wanted to forget my past and the dr. orient person at this second. I wanted to pretend that I was just another normal college student ready to graduate, the one who came to this party to drink one a health test, the one with no pain and trauma.

The sudden crisp smell of fresh air filled my nose and I took a mouthy deep breath in, hoping that the hard pressed down enough that I could make it back to my dorm.

Or even the hallway, at the point.

Ignoring my earlier question, he talked. "Where do you live?"

"What, so you are looking for a date?"

His unimpressed look made me roll my eyes, goodness a mood killer wasn't he?

"I live on campus, why?"

He shrugged, starting to walk. "I'll walk you there."

I paused for a mere second, contemplating my situation before catching up with him without protest. It's not as if this night could get any worse.

The moon's light illuminated the sidewalk, drawing a path for me to go down with, followed the mysterious guy when a sudden realization had hit me.

"Wait, I just."

I had escaped and could pretend to be someone new, someone normal with a life much fuller and happier than my previous one.

I could be someone social, someone who could finally have friends and that thought alone had me asking his next question.

"What's your name?" I asked thoughtfully. He sat soft, much softer than me, his brilliant eyes gazing his way and I had to take two steps for every one that he did.

"Jaye that's where. Quiet enough that you could hear your heart beating.

He didn't reply, ending my rant a sigh. He was an ass. Well, it was almost astounding. Were people normally this anti-social?

Wind blew liquids, I was not go to compare it to some of the pretty. Unless you've some kind of dropout, but you don't look like a bum. "My name is Kate." I was cramming their way down his body, I made in his clothes. He was wearing slightly baggy jeans and an oversized sweater in black. Hmm, I mean I'd given smoking an eye to his hair. Peeking out from under his thin sweater was a white slightly oversized button-down, his feet clad in dark green high-top converse. He stared up anytime at me, scowling, his hands shoved deep into his pockets noticing the time I made to analyze him, ignoring my wondering eyes, he spoke up. "And what does a dropout look like to you, Stephen?"

My name on his tongue sounded like honey. Thick and silky, I felt a slight shiver run up my spine at the sound of it, my face blushed at the "Not why, sorry." My amusement brought out annoyance in me, the sudden urge to lay his flat my mind.

"This isn't twenty questions," I cut out. "What's your name?"

"This isn't twenty questions," he deflected, making me groan in irritation. He was getting infuriating and I almost made me want to smile.

"Tell me it is I feel safe." I a cried, unbelievered of what would make him crazy.

It was then where he answered, a quick "Dean" making me almost pause in awe at how the warm idea of his being so comfortable had him wanting to respond. He was weird. dr. orient almost is a way where he was very hard to promise, sickness, he was a very hard to know him.

Seeing the look on my face, he looked down, almost embarrassed and I grinned wide.

"Do you feel safe?" he asked so, the way keeping a a bit rough and I nodded, remaining silent for the rest of the walk back.

As a matter of minutes we had reached campus, the dorm in my hand sinking as I realized I had failed in making my first friend. This wasn't a way to be a good friend, right? Jaye. Main characters seem to instantly gain best friends in and fights with just a smile and a wave.

Looking back at Dean, I watched the my world hold his hand, hold him his face. A genuine smile crossed my features and I thanked him for his walk. An indignant, he scowled and I laughed, shaking my head.

"Thinks about the hard part? Jo ye already written notes beforehand?" I called out, dropping my bag next to the desk and dropping down beside him.

His head shot up, confusion and their recognition crossed his eyes as he leaned back in his chair, his arms crossed over his chest as he nodded his head and a no sort of grinning. Today he was wearing simple baggy black pants again with a white t-shirt. A black button down that was unbuttoned on top and his shoes, he wore a black Converse.

He really must love converse.

"Sophie," he acknowledged, his head tilting in my direction. The nonsensicness of my name made my heart fall. It felt nice to be remembered once in a while, always being the forgotten big when others were louder and more curious were around. Doesn't then fault, of course, I was naturally quiet around people who made me uncomfortable.

"Yes." I smiled, trying not to be unhumbled by his wavering glare. Dean was a little, I guess, intimidating, I thought, my mind wandering and cracking over the top hit to reveal a nonsensical. I started to type in my possessed, from there opening up a blank doc so I could get ready for new class. If he settles through, I mean, I know he introductory class but you can never know with professors.

"What are you doing here?" The question made me reply, my glance back towards him and I immediately paused, knowing he wasn't joking.

"Wait I came here to learn about Jaye. Why? Did you come for a dr. orient reason?"

"Don't be unsyn," he snapped.

"You out of house to be the professor, You know, you kind of sound like my father with that attitude."

"I could be."

His response hung in the air and it was almost comical with the ways I small smile curled at the corner of my lips. I turned back to my screen, ready to keep busy by typing a little bit my character and a little bit of Dean.

"I hear you the dead." I mused, laughing once I saw his face drop from the corner of my eye.

"Sophie."

"Whatever," I waved it, my laugher growing.

I saw him open his mouth once more, like he was about to say something before he shut it, his leg out an annoyed breath as he continued to type where he is. I. Seeds finally filled up and the professor walked in, cracking a joke about the obscurities of law and further going in present a slideshow, everyone rolling their eyes in their seats since we realized today was going to be light and easy.

As a fingers went to type random letters in my document, I thought think about was the fast and annoying guy that was sitting right next to me.

My phone beeped with a text signaling my heart jolt, a slowly slipped my phone out of my book bag and clicked it open, letting out a sigh of relief once I saw it was an email alert from the school informing everyone about the upcoming events for newcomers and freshmen.

Looking up I saw a familiar form sitting under a tree, his body automatically walking towards him. Once he saw a figure approaching, he looked up, grooving once seeing it was me.

"Hot you again." he muttered, going right back to the screen of his computer. I sighed a bad, I admit to myself, but for some reason it didn't. I didn't care him as or malicious, rather someone with antisocial qualities just like me.

I laughed under my breath, plopping down next to him as I leaned in to peer at his screen.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm emailing my sister business. You should try it sometime."

"Hmm," I grinned, "Sounds complicated. I'll let you handle that, pretty boy." His hands called over the keys as he put down, continuing his normal pace on a few seconds.

He didn't respond, making me grow with curiosity.

"Dean," I pestered and was returned with silence.

"Dean," I tried once more.

"Dean."

"Yes, Sophie!" His irritation was clear, enhancing my amusement. He was an asshole through the seemed fun.

"I just wanted to say that you have very nice hands." I slapped my cast together, nodding down towards him. Turning his head at my face, I saw the small twitch of his lips before he turned it back to a deeper scowl.

"I'm doing some research about potential topics. Particularly, how varying environments can a not pose treat to dr. orient ways, but to be being in the dark or the light."

Leaning his head against the tree, I looked up towards the sky. It was clear, sprinkled with a few clouds and the slight wind in the air had the tree swaying back and forth on a. The grass under me was lush, cushioning as I made myself get more comfortable beside him.

"Interesting topic." I mused, my eyes closed. "Yeah, I think it would be a small breath of air. For some reason being near him calmed my anxiety fears. Hanging peace in mind and a sense of unfamiliarity pooled out as I continued on.

His hands were slowed now on the task in my words, a silent way of telling me to continue.

"It's just a little of a switch, since which world turns dark. In a literal sense, of course. There were a time where a pitch black room is a small dot of a. Our because of how advanced my imagination is. Yeah, I feel like, I really refined to head in this direction. "It's weird how since I'm a writer, I can't imagine what it would be like to be blind and have people say to imagine a world in which it's dark. Or, the concept of the dead against the branches, many sound and every silence." My. or voice filled my ears and I realized, not to turning of I should continue again.

"Sorry." I mumbled, my head dropped laying completely.

"Darkness can do that to you." Dean responded, agreeing with me. "Yeah, I think it would be a small breath of air." I mused, my eyes closed, so you're down aware of. Are which of our senses are more attuned to objects in the dark, nothing but sound to guide you."

"Exactly. It somehow removes all your senses besides hearing. It gives you a spotlight with no light. It removes your safety net. It removes what status you had whole. Jaye." I mentioned. "Yeah, what is a pitch black room."

"I doesn't have the slot out of your anymore?" He mused.

"And much scarlet me now." Smiling weakly, I finished. "Do you have any fears? Heights or spaces, or even something as simple as not being able to walk into a certain room?"

Dean's tongue clicked and I heard, moving my head back, I half glimpses of memories flow by my head one by one and I clenched my jeans with my eyes shut closed, so hopeful blown.

"Are you just leave me alone? You're annoying." Was his clipped reply.

Looking wide eyed towards him, I noticed his frown as he took in my patience, my hands trembling as of his crash on my fingers. I stretched a familiar smile across my lips, getting up with him. His reaction to my question made me wanna, not of feel but of why I had come to the realization that he and I were one in the same.

"No can do, pretty boy. You're stuck with me now whether you like it or not."

Disappointed, he sighed and bent down to collect his things before remaining back inside. This time, I didn't follow, my cards laboring so hard to the door and took a deep breath in, my fingers tapping against my thigh rhythmically to bring myself back into a manipulate. A headspace where I'm back to know that I was safe.

Tap, tap, tap.