Let Me Change Your Mind

By : xXLoveMakesTheWorldGoRoundXx

Despite two loving brothers, despite a best friend, Winter feels alone. She feels like life has lost it's meaning to her so she decides the one way to relieve herself...to vanish herself from the world. Adrian has never had to deal with much at home, girls are like toys to him so one day on a date he sees a girl he never got to know...popping pills like they were candy.

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Winter

There is a moment before a bomb explodes, the last second before you realize everything and everyone you love could be gone, it would just take one more moment. People call this a rarity.

Winter calls is it life.

Every second that was coming up was torture for her, as if that would be *the* moment. The moment when everything will go up in flames, what was the bomb?

Insanity

Her mother was locked in an asylum,she was unreachable. Winter would occasionally visit her as If trying to reach the mother who she knew *must* be inside somewhere trying to get out. The doctors reassured her that insanity wasnâ t hereditary but she wasnâ t sure at all considering two years ago she was diagnosed with depression.

That didnâ t surprise her at all, she was with a foster care facility with two older boys and one single guy as their foster father. She was not near a member of her old family.

Donâ t ask where her dad is just donâ t. She wasnâ t ready to talk about him just yet.

Yes her brothers were loving, and her â fatherâ was decentâ ¦ish. She never felt connected to them, she wasnâ t exactly sure what it was like to feel connected to someone.

She had friends, three actually two guys and a girl. They knew about her mother, but they didnâ t know about the pills she popped. The ones that made her muscles burn when she woke up, that plagued her mind with demons, the same ones that were supposed to make herfeel better.

â She just needs to get over it.â

Winter was snapped out of her aimless wandering and her eyes immediately darted to the sound. It was Aimee, the female friend she mentioned before.

She silently walked until she hid behind the corner, watching her friend in her cheerleader uniform talk to the other cheerleaders. She prayed that Aimee wasnâ t talking about her and just some girl whoâ s boyfriend she stole. They were friends, despite how Winter was called depressing and would never go to the crazy parties she was invited too.

â I mean I get it! Her momâ s bonkers, but who cares? She has more family, she walks around like itâ s the end of the world, no big deal,â The words flowed gently off Aimeeâ s tongue before itâ s transformation to mini darts aiming at Winter who suddenly felt nauseous.

Like the world was coming down on her, she was gripping the locker to stick up, the same empty feeling that was common with her now. *No big deal*, this was the biggest part of her life and she brushed it off like it was a common problem.

The light laughs from the other girls echoed across the hall, she wondered what wouldâ ve happened if Winter walked in front of them. Would she call them out or would she just cry? She felt that if she spoke it would just come out as a meaningless stutter and she didnâ t want to feed the fire more.

So she never knew what wouldâ ve happened if she yelled, because she was running to the nearest restroom. The rattling of pills in her bag. Time to use them to their best.

She got to a barren room perfect, before she went into a stall quickly slamming it before sinking on the toilet and all of her life flashbacked to her. What was she *doing?* She felt like every day sucked a bit more out of her, as if wanting to see how hollow she could get before she could take it.

The fear of becoming like her mother, missing her father, wanting so badly to actually feel loved by her brothers who were doing their best but it was Winter who didnâ t let them in.

She thought of her psychologist, a middle aged woman who always had long bright red finger nails that would dance on the desk whenever she would talk, right before prescribing her to more medicine.

She would say that she was depressed, and she just needed to focus more on getting out there. Easier said than done, she would go out to someone and a stutter would fall out, she was so afraid. Of what exactly? She didnâ t know. Every week Winter would talk about her interactions and she would just hear a click of tongue in disappointment.

Her brothers would be better off without her, her school wouldnâ t need her and her inability to get over it. So she didnâ t focus on how many brightly colored pills fell into her hand before she started putting in as many as she could. She just wanted to escape this world, she obviously wasnâ t a high enough quality to be in it.

The numbness was getting to her, she started feeling like she was getting out of her body and she wasnâ t feeling anything any more, but that wasnâ t enough. The numbness would eventually fade away and she would feel worse and worse.

She wanted the pitch blackness, was all she thought as she kept shoving as many as she could

Adrian

He slid his phone in his pocket a sly smirk coming to his features, she was so easy. He would just have to text her a couple of words, and she would say sheâ s in the bathroom waiting for him and come get her. It was fun, but not a game. A good game is challenging

Thatâ s what women are, all different types of games ranging from easy to hard but you could eventually conquer one if you tried hard enough. He considered himself a master at this game.

He didnâ t even need to try.

The hallways were empty, besides a few girls hanging out after school he eventually found one of the girlâ s bathrooms the nearest to the girls, that was where she must have been.

He walked into it and heard a feminine sigh before he grinned and opened the stall door and his eyes widened at what he saw.

He recognized that dark toffee-colored face, but he never noticed that you could count her ribs even through a blue t-shirt, or that her eyes were almost to big for her face. She was on the floor on her knees, colors of medicine was scattered on the floor, and she was taking more as he spoke.

He heard rumors about this girl, she was always popping something, or had a dazed look on her face. He never heard her say more than a few words and those were just, â Oops, sorry, thank you, hello, good bye.â Before she would look down and walk away quickly.

Even if she was the druggie she was made out to be, this was obviously no attempt to get high, this was attempt to black out and never return.

Those huge eyes looked up at him, â W-what are y-you doing here?â She stuttered curling up against herself, â Just g-get away from me.â She looked so fragile, like a touch would break her.

He couldnâ t just leave a suicidal girl alone, he was an asshole but not that much so. He ignored her protests before pulling her to her feet, she was a tiny thing only five foot two at the most.

â Stop! Put me down Adrian!â She demanded yanking against him, â I-I h-hate you.â She reached for her bag with the other hand and missed.

â No,â He said simply before taking her to his car, a brand new Lexus, gleaming silver in the light, tenderly helping her into the front, he wasnâ t sure how to be gentle to someone but he figured it was like this.

Winter, he thought that was her name was gripping onto the handle of the car, as if she was going to pass out in the next five minutes.

â T-t-this is kidnap, I could arrest you!â

He rolled his eyes at her, â Iâ m actually doing this to protect you sweetie,â He says sarcastically before they drove the next ten minutes in silence before they got into the hospital.

â No! I hate hospitals! Donâ t make me go!â Winter insisted before he got to her side and got her out to lead her to the hospital, the sound of bad music, and the quiet receptionist who wrote down the appointments.

â Excuse me miss?â He asked the hurry in his voice building up, â I have to check this girl into the hospital. S-she-â He didnâ t know if he should tell the truth, they would put her with therapists, and she didnâ t seem like the type, â Got really bad food poisoning.â

Winter looked at him shocked but didnâ t go against the lie, he didnâ t know if she was a really good actress, or if it was just good timing, because Winter suddenly ran to a garbage bin and started throwing up. When she came out, her darker skin had a greener complexion, still holding the edges.

The receptionist looked startled, her Asian eyes showed compassion, â Usually I need to know if youâ re family, but right away,â Before she ushered them into a room with IV bags and computer screens.

Winter got on the cot and she passed out instantaneously.

What the fuck did he just do? What the fuck was he going to do?

He should just leave and go back to school and pray that the arranged booty call was still waiting for him, but he wanted to make sure she was going to be okay. That his efforts didnâ t lead her to the same dark fate that wouldâ ve happened if he didnâ t come.

The receptionist comes back out, â The doctor will be here soon, do you know if she has any family that will come up?â She asked and frowned as he shook his head, she probably thought they were dating or something, â Do you know her name I can put her in a database and call who ever is her guardian?â

He didnâ t even know her last name, â Her name is Winter, thatâ s all I know, but how many Winters can there be in this town?â He asked her incredulous, he heard a sigh before she went to one of the computers, â Are you planning on staying?â

Was he? He made a deal with himself, he will wait till whoever will pick her up comes, and get all the thanks for helping their daughter. He wanted to see what would drive her over the edge but it was none of his business.

This whole thing wasnâ t any of his business.

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