

Peanut-Butter

# Peanut-Butter

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depression, heartbreak, tears, love.

Published on  
**Booksie**

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## Chapter 1: Homecoming

It is the month of October. Damn, I only have a pen to write with. I asked the guard for a pencil, but she just ignored me. Oh well.

On the first day of the month of October, Damn, too wordy. Let me start again.

October 1st, Duh.

My story begins in my hometown, Osceola, Wisconsin. My name is Kailee Marie Jensen. This is half the story of why I am right now in Juvie. Enjoy.

Homecoming week had at last come to an end. Wait, I had enjoyed the hell out of Homecoming week, so that wasn't the best way to phrase it. BUT, I WAS paranoid all damn week because of Austin. (The current B.F.)

Well, anyway, he was sick. A l l w e e k.

On Friday I went to my cousin's house. Her name's Sarah and she's also my best friend. Well, Sarah was driving her dad's car and got in trouble-nothavinga license-but something like that never stopped either one of us from doing what we wanted, which, I guess, is sort of why I'm here in Juvie. Anyway, as we passed the school bus that Austin's younger sister Miranda was on, she shouted out the window, and yelled to me. "Kailee!! Hi!! Austin is sick!! He won't be making it to your dance...I'm sorry!!" She was a real sweet kid, but what she said really burned me.

All I wanted a simple dance with my boyfriend, and maybe our first kiss-seeing as we had been together for four entire months, to the day, when the dance was going to take place. Ahh, our four month anniversary.... I got onto my bus and rode home to Sarah's. I spent the night, and cried to sleep. Saturday came around and I had only my knowledge of a terrible night upcoming.

It was there that I saw an old friend--TJ. I asked him to slow dance with me. He did. We admit our feelings for each other...

TJ told me, "Come with me, alone." I at first couldn't understand what he was implying. I followed him until we came over to the area of the front doors. TJ put his mouth to my ear and whispered,

"Baby you don't know how much I would love to fuck you right now. Go in with me Kailee, let me show you what real love is." His hot breath seemed to sting me as it hit my neck. The goose-bumps rose, as my anger did too.

I backed up from his arms and hissed, "No, I like you, but I will never do anything like this--not to you." He grabbed my arm and fiercely pulled me away into the Janitor's closet by the front doors--and pushed me inside.

He slapped me and held me down, taking off my clothes. He took off his pants. TJ picked me up from my hips and bent me over. Before I knew it, his nails dug deep into my skin and I heard his loud moan, and knew he was done.

I had screamed, but I was left in silence with my pursuer; for the music was playing so loud there was no one to hear my cries for help. TJ's nails had made me bleed. He looked at me and said,

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"You'll say we were racing, and you slipped in your high-heels and got cut. You hear me!?"

I nodded in agreement, worried, and scared shitless. Huh. So my night went from shit, to what-the-hell. My friend Abby ran up to me in a shock.

"Kailee what happened?? Oh my God, we need to take you to the hospital! You're bleeding!"

I slapped her across the face for being a dumb bitch.

"No, dumb-shit, I'm just standing here PEEING out of my arm. Get your fucking purse and get the first-aid kit."

"Okay!" she smiled back, as retarded as she was.

That night, the story was how I was racing the guy I danced with to the punchbowl, slipped, and cut my arm on the side of the wall. Everyone believed it, but I knew the truth and couldn't tell. What did I do for this to happen...?

Losing my virginity was something I once had been excited for, but now that I lost it to someone by rape--.....It was...hurtful. This was absolutely not the plan I expected to have for my first time having sex.

That night when I got home I felt so dead, so depressed, that I went into the cleaning closet in the hallway, and grabbed the bleach.

I was an "emo" girl at this time--too emotional. So this was unfortunate for me. Why? Because I wanted to die more than anything, even beforehand, but I never attempted until now.

I made half a glass of water, and poured in bleach. I picked up my "Peach" flavoring packet and opened it, poured it in, and began to drink, letting it burn my throat slowly. I lied down on my bed and rested, for this would be my final slumber.

## Chapter 2: Deep Secret

Early morning I woke up, and my throat ached, I coughed, and tears fled down my cheeks. I had to live for another God-forsaken day on earth. Even Hell itself would have been better, but no, I couldn't be dead. What was I, invincible?

I was only hoping for some way to keep my own body's bruises hidden from what had happened including the cuts, and hopefully remaining hidden from TJ. I woke up into the bright sunlight of my room to see a scar along my arm with a slight patch of skin scabbing over every dent of where his nails had dug.

My night was over, and I was to forget about that bastard.

And there Austin was on Monday. I walked up to him, and demanded apology. He didn't apologize to me. He took me along the east wall by the front doors of the school, and said, "I don't think this is going to work out. I don't like girls who cry, and you just aren't my type. I'm not the guy for relationships."

"Oh," I sighed, "So this is it then?" He nodded and I solemnly walked away, knowing he didn't want me anymore. No one did. I was alone. Until gamers' club that night, where Lewis Bleaker (A.k.a. Lewie) had stolen my scarf.

He took it from me, and we laughed and played. He was a super-senior, aka senior who was a senior twice. We sat down and talked for a while. Then that night I texted my mom saying how I was going to a friend's house and I didn't need a ride home. Lewie and I were dating apparently, as he had told everyone.

That night, we had sex, and even if it was the second time, it was intense, and I had the longest kiss of my entire life. The way he held me close and how our bodies fit together. It was love. NO I was not a whore I was just seventeen, and hormonal.

We were together until someone at school found out and teachers knew that we had sex, being underage. We broke up before we got into trouble. Wow, two week boyfriend. Maybe it was like a two-nighter kind of thing for him. My heart was shattered.

I had to try dying once again. This time I went and grabbed the bottle of Anti-freeze, and chugged away, shortening my life--I hoped. There I closed my eyes and went to sleep again, hoping to pass away--forever.

If it didn't work this next time, I had another idea. Something very sickening for the soul. I hoped everyone was ready for a funeral!

## Chapter 3: Maybe....

I was very disappointed, knowing I failed at death. I crept into the bathroom, and found a razor. Maybe I would bleed to death. I placed the blade on the edge of my wrist, and pushed down a little bit. It hurt, so I put my toothbrush handle in my mouth, and bit down as I re-attempted to make myself bleed. I began to push harder onto my skin, and the lines slowly turned red and drizzled out the red liquid. As I saw this, I wasn't disgusted with myself for doing it, I felt actually pleased, looking at this beautiful red thick liquid now dripping off the side of my arm. I felt like my sin was just washed off and disappeared. Why was I feeling this joy in my pain? I did not know. But I did know that I was strong enough to fight my pain and enjoy it.

Cutting myself had become a habit for the next few weeks, hiding them of course was difficult, but it was so worth it, all of the pain. I broke up with Austin because we had become so distant from each other.

I had difficulties hiding them sooner, because they had become even worse and all over my body. Cutting myself had become so amazing it was like an orgy party. A bloody orgy party, with only myself. Ha-ha. Okay, yeah I was so lame. Whatever why do you care? I was slowly becoming worse in life, now I had started to try things....like weed.

"Ohhh my god I could really use some chocolate right now--chocolate and peanut-butter. Whoa!! I can make a kick-ass profit if i combine chocolate and peanut-butter into a little candy!!"

I giggled, in my poor, pathetic, hallucinating-high druggie self-contained room. Only I being there-it was not crazy- honest!!

Sooner after, I tried Acid with my friend Tweak. We all call him that, but no one knew why. I needed to keep my sanity, so I started a diary.

Dear Diary, yesterday i made a new kind of candy, and its chocolate and peanut butter. i dont get what my problem is and i cant spell worth crap. i had to go to the hospital this morning, and i said my dog had problems playing to rough with me. what time is it? like you would know and tell me HAHA!! i learned what acid was. or is it spelled acid? idk. its like coke and meth and some other stuff i guess. funky huh? well i gotta go i have munchies more crazy than a blonde girl and a fat kid and cake. with a whore. doing it. with one of those cops that really are strippers. those ones are cool. okay well i am gonna go. bye!!

Shut the hell up and ignore it. Lol. Is there no help for me?

No reason to do much, i just called tweak to get me some stuff. He came over to my place and we smoked some.--and my smoke alarm went off. Me and Tweak ran downstairs and told my mom it was just the candles' smoke and she should leave us be so we could have some alone time. She bought it. While we were in my room locked away, Tweak looked at me and said, "Have you ever fucked while you're high? --just a question, not a proposition....unless you want to." i looked him and smiled. "no," I said, flirtatiously, "but I'd love to." he kissed me and held his arms around my waist and slid his hands down to my ass, and we made love, like peanut-butter and chocolate does.

Next day.

Dear diary, last nite was amazing!! i had sex with him and i am happy now so happy!! i think i know what to do when im high now!! well i have to go wake him up :P okay bye!!

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Well I went to wake him up--and he was gone. he was in the bathroom lol. he looked at me later and said he had to go home. he left, leaving me alone, and down. Drowning in my heart.

"Hello?"

"WHAT!?!"

"OHMYGOD!!"

"God, no please no!!"

"...Thank-you for calling..."

Turned out...he was hit by a public bus, and died. I was the last one he talked to, according to his phone.

## Chapter 4: @ The Hospital

..If I had actually known that my dear friend Tweak was going to be hit by a vehicle, I wouldn't have let him leave. As if it didn't hurt enough that life was sucking for me, my best friend had died.

That night was stressing for meâ I had a choice to make. Should I just sit there like a dumb ass? Or cut myself and relax a little bit. *Hmmâ not so hard to make the decision.*

I grabbed my blade from under my computer's keyboard and picked up the red silky-soft towel on the floor from my shower that morning.

I looked to my wrist and glided my finger across my fading scars from earlier cuts. Taking in a large sigh, I placed the razor on the previous scar and dug in deep. The dark, thick liquid bled out, running down my arm onto the towel.

"Mmmâ !," I sighed. I got goosebumps when I even bled a small amount. There was no end to the exact moments that my adrenaline wore down.

I giggled to myself and started cutting a rose onto my skin. Very tolerant to pain I was, so I didn't really flinch muchâ !.but as I was cutting, I hit too deep, and the blade slit my main vein in my wrist. I loved the fact there was so much blood coming out at first, until I began to get dizzy, and so weak that I slid off my bed onto the floor, and passed-out cold.

I woke up in the hospital, dazed and confused by all the flowers and balloons in the room I was in. *All for me?* I thought to myself, *I am never this lovedâ !* My eyes swelled with tears as I imagined my mom and little sister, caring so muchâ !until I looked over to my left at the other bed that seemed to have just appeared.

There was a teen-looking boy there, approximately seventeen or eighteenâ !and looking-emo..? He looked back to me and smiled, and said, "Hey beautiful. I'll bet you're in here for cutting yourself tooâ !? I was actually going to-never mind. Uhmâ !I think you're pretty cute. Why would you ever want to dieâ !?"

I hesitated to answer; for I was staring into his beautiful glistening eyes and dying to know him even more. Who was this stranger? And why didn't I have any balloons or flowersâ !?

"I'm Kailee," I sighed, blushing. "Thank-you, and uh, what's your name?"

He smiled a smile worth a million dollars, and it made me shiver and quake just from his gorgeous tempting grin.

"I'm David."

## Chapter 5: David

My mother called earlier that dayâshe disowned me and wanted me to move out of her house. *What a bitch*, I thought to myself.

That night, I snuck out to find the cart with all the medicine on it. I saw it by the desk area on level two. As I crawled over to it, I was about to grab some morphine when a voice said,

"Tsk, tsk. Poor Kailee, has to sneak out in a failed attempt to find drugs, making herself feel better."

I sighed and turned, to glance at my anonymous "parole officer", and it turned out that it was David! He was holding a bag of medical marijuana. I smirked and whispered, "So I'm *not* the druggie here after all; we both are! How cute."

David rolled his eyes in the darkly lit hallway, and grabbed my arm, pulling me up. He took me back to our room to show me his treasuresâand ooh boy there was many, many treasures.

"So David, I see you know your way around hereâ?" I questioned lightly.

"Well miss nosy, if you must know, I am here quite a lot and it's like a second home to me. Wellâmy only home. I don't count a juvenile center as a home."

"Oh," I replied.

"So you like to cut yourself," he said, in a sick way of happiness.

I smiled.

That night he showed me where to cut myself, where not to unless I want to die, where it doesn't even hurt so it'd be pointless to cut there, and where to cut if I'm really pissed off. For the next two weeks, David became my best friend. Every night felt like a month with him, and by the end of our stay together, I fell in love with him, and I am damn sure he fell in love with me too.

Thursday came around, and we locked eyes as we were let loose. Neither of us had a home, and we both we so close we didn't want to separate. Two weeks seemed as if it were all seventeen years of my life. I loved him.

"Kailee," he said, holding up my chin as the warm tears streamed down my face,

"These past two weeks have been amazing. I've never felt so happy with someone. Right now, I don't want to die. I don't want to die ifâ"

"If what," I asked.

"If I have you, I'll never wish to die. IâI love you."

âAnd with a swift move of his muscular body, he pulled me up to him with his arms and kissed me strong. It was a twelve second kiss but so passionate, I knew he meant it.

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This wasn't the guy only planning on getting into my pants. This emo hunk was actually in love with me, even for only two weeks passing by.

"David," I gasped, "I think I'm in love with you too."

He kissed me again, but softer this time, and pulled off before saying, "We can be together, we could move in together somewhere and make a life of ourselves. Would you like thatâ !?"

He knew the answer by my smile, and we were off to visit my home. I crossed the road to the bus stop, and we waited for the bus in silence, holding hands.

## Chapter 6

The bus ride home was full of giggles, and the "Nervous Game". As we arrived to my house, I looked into his deep green eyes and said, "Be ready babe, because I am not so sure how my mom is gonna care about me. âprotect me if it gets abusive?"

"Anything for you sweetheart." He grabbed my hand and we stepped inside my home as I saw the wreck of a house I used to know as my home.

"Mom," I said, loud enough to hear from anywhere in the house, "I'm home." I heard a loud *bang* and her pounding down the stairs with fierce eyes. "Why the hell would you do this to your mother!? I gave you life you threw it all away, you had a loving family, you had everything and-who the hell is *this*!?"

"I rolled my eyes, and said, "This is David, he is my new boyfriend. He loves me, and I the same. We're going to move into a house and make it our home-together. Dave, stay here baby, while I go get my clothes."

He nodded, and I went in my room, where it was the only clean place in the house left I assumed. I pulled out some clothes and put them into my suitcase, gathering a few things here and there, but not too long before I found a picture that meant something special to me.

The picture of me, my mother, sister as an infant, and father, all together for a family photo. In fact, the only photo left of our family when we all were happy. I pulled out my savings box and grabbed my two thousand dollars I had saved up out of it.

I went downstairs, and nodded my mother goodbye, then David and I were out the door, and got into my Lancer, and drove off into the city to find a home.

## Chapter 7: Disaster Strikes

The Lancer slid to a stop as I pulled into a handicap parking spot at the *Late Night Motel*. David looked at me with the most dumbfounded look I had ever seen. "Wh-" He began to speak but I cut him off when I picked out a handicap parking ticket and hung it on the mirror. Quickly, he stepped out of the car and opened my door for me. "Well somebody is a gentleman," I insisted. Another grin. I locked the car and we walked into the building. when i woke up, who knew who i would be sleeping next to...

in the mornig, i was awoken by someone wrapped around me, an embarassing hard-on pressed onto my lower back.

"David..." I whispered.

"mhmmm..." he moaned, still in his slumber, "I wanna rape you Kaikai."

My face was blood red.

## Chapter 8: His Birthday ?

His hard-on still pressed against my back, I slowly turned around to make him wake up.

"David."

"David."

"David."

"David."

"David."

"Davi-"

"WHAT." He aghast, half asleep.

"Are you horny?" I asked, quite aware.

he pulled me over him and attacked me. S.O.B.

"TOOOOOODAAAAAY is my birthday!!!" he screamed in my ear.

i gave him a purple large hickey.

happy birthday, baby.

## Chapter 9: The Truth

I woke up, and I was at home. My alarm was blaring into my ear with the ever-so-annoying buzz. I checked the date, more confused than shit. The calendar on my phone said today was September 28thâ which was the day of my homecoming dance. I was in my room. At my MOTHER's house...hmm. I out on a plain white sundress and flip-flop sandals to match. My hair was left down. As I walked downstairs into my once humble abode, my mother called me into her room.

"Tonight is your dance, so here is your dress. It was my dress when I was younger." She said, promise in her eyes.

"Mom?" I said, confused.

Before she could reply, everything turned white. After a few seconds, I was back in bed at the motel with David. Out of nowhere, I threw up. I needed to eat before I threw up again. I climbed over David, and went into the mini-fridge. There was several cookies in there. I ate one and a bite out of another.

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