

# Letting Others In.

By : mintcherryful

Life is full of ups and downs. There have defiantly been more downs in mine. From a young age I've felt like an out cast, even in my own home. Living with a mum that doesn't really notice me and a brother that couldn't care less if I were to die. Then there's school, apart from my little group of friends, it seems everyone else goes out of there way to wind me up. Now I'm not saying I'm a loner, that has no love life, but i do find it nearly impossible to let people in. They only get there hands on my body, and then I shut them out before they have a chance to hurt me, like my dad did.

Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/mintcherryful](http://booksie.com/mintcherryful)

Copyright © mintcherryful, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

## **Table of Contents**

Letting Others In. Chapter 1

Letting Others In. Chapter 2

Letting Others In. Chapter 3

# Letting Others In. : Chapter 1

## Letting People In.

Resonantly my life seems to be getting a little better, my grades are going from E's and D's to C's and B's, which is surprisingly making me feel a lot better about myself. You see I thought school didn't matter, as long as your committed to getting a job it will just land in your lap and that's not really a good attitude for being 15. Well my thoughts soon changed when I decided i wanted to be a psychiatric nurse, and found you needed to do to 4-5 year course in university to even be considered for the job. That's what woke me up and got me thinking about my future. Do i really want to end up like my mum? No that is my worst nightmare, and always will be. So i got my grades up to scratch, and i now feel I'm not a complete waste of space.....

(Picture of Robin)

**Buzzzz...Buzzzzzzz...** My alarm had to go off again, didn't it? Oh God, I was so not in the mood for it all that day, fuck it. Smack. Just 5 more minutes, please.

'Robin!?' For fuck sake, get your arse out of bed, you're going to be late again'I heard mum calling.

Damn it, I knew I had to get out of bed, or else she'd get my brother to come up here and rip the covers off me.

Once I'd applied a load of black eye liner and mascara to my face, I picked out black, ripped skinny jeans with an equally tight, black vest. Yes black was my look.

When I got into school, there was the usual look of disgust, as well as fear. I pretty much laughed in their faces before being greeted by a load of misfits like myself; Joe, Chris and Abby.

Joe and Abby had been dating for let's say about a year, but no me a Chris weren't and had never. He was like a brother to me, always embracing me into his arms after I'd had another one night stand. Every time I had regretted it, and every time I did it again, no matter how many times he tried to reassure me I deserved better; I guess I'd made sure no one would ever love me.

'So Robin, what do you think about coming round to mine later to watch a movie?' Chris said,

'Yeah I don't see why not, that is if I get my paper finished for English and manage not to get court smoking again at lunch'

Abby interrupted before I could even finish my sentence 'jeez, I swear your starting to smoke weed like every day now? I heard it kills your brain cells if you have too much'

'Abby, your way too uptight about these things, stop reading into it and try it already, you no you want to' Joe chuckled before kissing her on the cheek.

The bell rang for first period and I quickly waved them all good bye and told Chris I'd see him in PE later. I only hung out with Joe and some of his mate's second break as the other two didn't smoke, as for first, well I'd be spending that in detention.

## Letting Others In.

As I walked away from the group I noticed some girls starring and giggling at me. Seriously? Don't they have something better to do with their time? It always pissed me off when people judged me but I was trying to change and ignore them, I've found that going up to them so i can scream in there face does not make me feel any better.

With that said i gave them a glare they'll never forget and carried on walking to first period. I've learnt that people seem to fear me enough to fall silent when i notice them yet still have the courage to judge and mock me.

When i got to the class late, i decided to quickly take my seat at the back and hope i wasn't seen.

'Robin, don't you have something to say to me and the class, again' the teacher said in a serious tone.

I replied quickly in an annoyed voice 'umm course, sorry I'm late...again' and then took my seat away from the judgemental faces.

I've always been the girl that has her hoodie up at the back of the class room, the one that never talks and always falls asleep. I guess it was just my way of showing the world I didn't give a fuck. Little did they know, late at night i went onto the school website to find out what I'd missed out on while sleeping in class, well the teachers just couldn't understand how I got the grades.

Grades were the least of my problems when I had the queen interrupting my thoughts every moment. I mean there's always that one bitch in every school that thinks she's all that because she plasters on makeup and wears pretty pink clothes. Katelyn was that one girl, the gossip queen that was not afraid to tell it right to your face if necessary, I swear if I wasn't in risk of becoming expelled, she would have had it by now.

'Hey Robin, you know that guy you fucked last night, did he sneak out the next morning or did he just fuck you in the bush, like the last man did. I mean have you reached 50 guys yet? Because there's always plenty more' Katelyn sniggered across the room to me, allowing the whole class to hear and burst out into laughter.

'Katelyn, we all know you're not the innocent flower you make out to be, the only reason your giving me a hard time is because you're not getting any, so sorry you are sexually frustrated but maybe you should go talk to your man about that situation.' I confidently said in her direction.

Hearing this the whole class went into shock as Katelyn stood up and turned around to confront me, 'you're still the biggest slut in school, I have no idea why guys even sleep with you, considering you've probably got aids'

'No I'm certain I don't have aids or any STD's, Katelyn and I agree I'm probably the biggest slut in school, but that can easily be changed. Unfortunately for you, your face will forever say scrawny little bitch!'

I felt my face redden towards the end of shouting the words at her, before slumping back into my chair to check my phone. Katelyn freaked and ran out of the class room in anger, just for effect.

Well of course the incident was blamed on me, like always. I cannot even count the amount of times I've been sent to the head masters office.

And so my mum was called in to discuss my outrageous behaviour, in the hope that one day It will change. As usual they talked as if i was not there, and then my Mum shouted at me for the next half hour before letting me go to third period.

I'll say it now, I've always loved the lesson, not only because it was PE and I was an exercise freak, but because i could hang out with Chris, it wasn't often that it was just me and him.

Apart from the brief pickups I allowed him to give me after one night stands. I mostly blow him off for whatever reason, and later regretted my choice. Yet i found he was never pissed and always stuck around no matter how many times i pushed him away. He was a real good friend to me, sometimes i found myself wishing for more but soon block the thought out of my head.

'Mystery!' Chris shouted across the field at me, being my nickname, I guess because I couldn't let anyone in.

This interrupted my stretches, and instantly made me break into a smile. As he ran over, I noticed he seemed rather too happy to see me and I started to get a little suspicious by the behaviour.

'Christ Jesus, you look happy' I chuckled as he gave me a friendly hug.

'Oi, I told you not to call me that' he smiled

'It will be fun tonight yeah? i was thinking we could go out clubbing first and go back to yours after' I tried to sneak into the conversation.

'Hmm, so you can ditch me again for a randomer, I'll have to think about that' he replied smiling, yet i knew he was being serious,

'Oh common, I said I wouldn't do that again, just for a couple of hours, i really need a drink to block that Katelyn bitch out of my thoughts.'

'Seriously, what's she gone and done now? I swear she's always getting on your nerves'

'Don't worry about it, it's just the usual, nothing i can't handle, so is that a yes?'

'fine, if i have to. Mind you, I'm not carrying you back to my place again, unless you want me to take advantage of you' he said with a cheeky wink.

'You wouldn't dare. Hey, look how behind we are because of you'

i shoved him, while running off. He'd always been a faster runner so soon caught up with me.

After PE, we decided to skip the rest of the day, because who needs French right? We got into town before seeing anyone we knew and were having a right laugh.

It was summer so i decided ice cream would probably be a good idea, so we made our way to a cute little cafe that were selling cheap homemade ice creams. I got strawberry and cream, while Chris decided to get mint chocolate chip cookies, and i found myself wanting his instead of mine.

'You know, if you want some of mine all you have to do is ask' he said laughing.

**'Excuse me, I got strawberry and cream for a reason'**

**'Sure, sure keep telling yourself that' he silently came out with, looking at his ice cream with a smirk.**

**I suddenly found myself speechless, i just looked at his smile, it was so perfect, with only one dimple, and kissable lips, damn and his sparkling green eyes now staring back at me in confusion.**

**'Mystery? Are you alive in there?' he said while waving his hand in front of my face.**

**That quickly snapped me out of the situation, and I found myself launching my ice cream in his face to avoid the awkward feeling and then running off.**

**Bad idea, I bumped into a gang of boys.**

**'Hey guys, it's that bitch i fucked behind the club the other night, all nice and sobered up, she barely looks recognizable' he sniggered before pushing me over.**

**'Get the fuck off her'**

**Chris calling from the distance was the last thing i heard before being knocked out.**

**(Photo of Chris aged 16)**

**So this is my first chapter to my novel and it really came out of know where as I've not been writing for a while. I'm not sure when I'll next update, probably quite soon as i haven't got much on. I'd really appreciate the feed back and if you want to be kept up to date the please let me know in the comment. Please comment if you like it or not so i know, because I need feed back inorder to know whether i should continue the novel or not... Thanks for reading :)**

## Letting Others In. : Chapter 2

### Letting Others In.

(Picture Of Sam, Robins Brother)

When I opened my eyes it was all blurry and I had a splitting headache. As I gained consciousness, I noticed Chris leaning over me in a panic.

'Robin! Thank God you're alright!' Chris shouted into my ear, which really didn't help the pain.

'What happened to me?' I replied, while I tried to lift my head and failed because of the pain.

'This asshole pushed you to the ground with such force it knocked you out instantly!' Chris's anger was rising as he pointed to one of the boys surrounding us.

'Derrick, Is that you? Wait, why would you do that?' I said confused to the guy Chris had pointed to.

'I-I-I...I'm sorry Robin, I honestly didn't mean to hurt you! I didn't realize it was even you...You've changed so much since I last saw you...' Replied Derrick in a shaky voice, fixing his eyes on my boobs.

'Wait...You to know each other?? How could you know that jerk?' Chris butted in, trying to be protective.

Oh dear, here comes the awkward introduction. Seriously, do I have to be the one... How uncomfortable.

'Umm, Chris this is my EX-boyfriend, Derrick this is my...best friend'

'Well this is awkward, Derrick...considering I fucked her the other night. Boy she's easy and she wasn't even that drunk' Another guy in the group said, smirking.

'Brian, she can do what the fuck she wants... we broke up like a year ago and I haven't seen her since. But could you at least try and be a little respectful' Derrick spat out, sounding rather pissed off.

'Right, well were off, Derrick are you coming?'

'Uhhh, I'll see you guys there.'

Before the group left, Brian bit his bottom lip and told me, 'even though you're one of the easiest girls I've ever met, your still a good fuck' and winked.

'That guy is a right dick, why are you even friends with him?' I asked Derrick as soon as he could no longer hear.

'Wellif he's such a dick, then why did you sleep with him?'

'What can I say, I like sex and he was there' I shrugged.

I could feel the awkwardness creeping in as I noticed the response on Derrick's face to what I'd said, wanting to ask why I never used to like it. It hurt to see how distant we were now, I so wished we had at least stayed friends.

I had forgotten about Chris who was passionately waiting yet obviously feeling very uncomfortable.

'It was lovely seeing you again, Derrick, we should really keep in touch. If you want to meet up some time...just as friends then here's my number.' I said, passing a piece of paper with my number on it.

'Uhhh, yeah sure. It was nice seeing you too, will keep in touch' Derrick said, hugging me and then hurrying off.

'Sorry about that, I always drag you into these things' I apologized to Chris.

'It's not your fault, are you sure you're still up for tonight??'

'Hmm maybe I should just stay over at yours, my head is still killing' I chuckled.

'Yes! Umm ...I mean, your head will be fine, you just need to rest it.' he gave a cheeky smile.

When I'd finally got back to mine to pack a bag for the night it was 5:30 and all I felt like doing was taking an ibuprofen and falling on my bed.

'Robin is that you? I need a word' Mum said before she sighed.

Oh God, what have I done now? Why is she always bugging me? It's getting kind of annoying now.

'Seriously, what's wrong now?' I replied as I entered the kitchen to find my Mum and Brother, Sam, standing.

'I know we don't always get on Robin, but we have to pull together at a time like this, it's really important to keep the social workers off our backs and you missing school and getting in arguments isn't helping matters.'

'Oh of course, I forgot the school calls home after I've been naughty. What can I say? I'll try much harder in future to stay in school and keep out of Katelyn's face, sorry' I replied sarcastically.

'Thank you, that really lifts some weight off my shoulders'

'Right well anyway, I'm staying at Chris's tonight, so see you guys tomorrow'.

I was just running up the stairs to my room when I felt Sam tugging on my arm. Urgh, what could he have wanted.

'Hey, have you told Mum yet? Seriously you need to let her know. Dad's coming back to visit soon, you should tell her before he pulls out his charm on her again, otherwise she may not believe you.' He whispered in a concerned voice.

'You believe me right? Mum's got too much on at the moment. She doesn't need to know about it yet. Anyway I'm going to get ready, remember your promise, I trust you Sam.' I said hugging him.



## Letting Others In.

**Sam pulled me away from the hug and said 'If you're sure, mind you if that bastard lays another finger on you, he'll have it.'**

**'Thanks Samâ for being there'**

**I quickly turned around and ran up the stairs so he didn't notice the tears filling my eyes. When I got to the mirror to fix my makeup, all I felt was self-hatred and instead of tidying myself up, I lost it.**

**'I HATE YOU! I FUCKING HATE YOU!' I kept screaming to the reflection before picking up a mug and smashing the mirror.**

**The next thing I know, Sam was restraining my anger and resentment. He attempted to embrace me into his arms but I just kept hitting him until my energy ran out and we fell to the floor, crying together.**

**Thanks for reading and please do comment you're thoughts on it.**

## Letting Others In. : Chapter 3

### Letting Others In.

By the time I'd finally got to Chris's house, I was an hour and a half late due to my brother repeatedly asking if I was okay. Sometimes I used to get annoyed by his concern, I mean I didn't need anyone to remind me about the past. I was trying hard enough as it was to pack it away, I kind of wished I hadn't told my brother about what had happened, I mean I knew he had meant well and even helped me out a lot but it just got a little overwhelming at times.

I had to knock about five times before Chris answered the front door, looking rather miserable. Oh great, I was hoping for someone to cheer me up.

'Hey Chris, I'm really sorry I'm so late! I lost track of time. Boy, are you okay? You look like shit.' I said after a while of analysing his appearance.

'Uhh, it's okay Robin and yeah, I just got some really shitty news. Come in?' Chris replied in a dull tone.

I felt my heart drop as he moved aside to allow me to enter. I'd never seen him so down, whatever it was, it must have been pretty awful to make him like this. I wondered if he wanted to talk about it, I would understand if he didn't.

'I'm really sorry Robin, this isn't going to be all that fun tonight' he said rubbing his eyes.

'Chrisâ If you want to talk about it, I'm here and I won't be going anywhere' I said in a concerned voice, as I whipped a tear away from his cheek.

I pulled Chris into my arms and put my head on his shoulder.

'M-m-my Muuuurrrmmâ she's gone'. Chris's bottom lip started to tremble as he stuttered the words out.

I knew exactly what he meant, although he didn't talk about it often, his Mum had been an alcoholic for years and was often being told by the doctor that she was killing herself. Chris had used to take the bottle from her in an attempt to save his Mum, but it had just made arguments and he got tired of it. I guess the alcohol had finally taken her.

Yet all I cared about was Chris, I'd never admit this to him but I'd always disliked her and how selfish she was. Why she never deserved such a wonderful son.

'Chris I'm so sorry, I should have been here' I said shivering.

'It's not your fault she's dead, it's her own' he replied, pulling away from me and the conversation.

I could tell he didn't want to talk about it, but block it out instead. This was one of the many qualities we shared.

'Okay Chris, we don't need to talk about this now. I'm going to go and put my stuff in your room and then come back to make a drink for us, the alcoholic kindâ you and me both need it.' I sighed and then walked

## Letting Others In.

away to give Chris some space.

Five minutes later I returned to find he'd already drunk rather a lot of the bottle of rum, thankfully mixed with coke.

'Oi, at least save some for me!' I said, forcing a smile.

'Alright, alright.' He replied, passing the bottle to me with a grin on his face. 'You know Robin, you're honestly the most beautiful girl I've ever met. I wasn't going to tell you this but I've loved you ever since we started being friends and I've always wished for more.' Chris blurted out as if removing a burden he'd been carrying, in the hope to relieve himself.

I just stood there, looking at him in shock. Now I cannot lie and say I didn't get butterflies in my belly, but I can say I felt stupid getting them in the first place. He was off his face drunk and his mother had just passed away. He didn't know what he was saying, so I decided to just laugh it off as if it didn't affect me in anyway.

I took the bottle from him and started to glug it down as if it was water. But boy did it burn my throat.

'You do know how much you're drinking right now? I know I'm off my head but that's got to burn.' He said, not at all concerned about how it will affect me after, like he usually is, because he was drunk.

We carried on drinking our problems away for the next couple of hours before I decided it would be wise to share my shitty news with him too.

'So Chris, you see, just to make you feel better I've got some crap stuff going on too' I said cackling to myself, feeling a little bit insane.

'Ah, a competition, now you're talking. Hit me with your worst.' He said winking at me.

'Alright. So you know Sam, my Brother? Well he's actually my half-brother. We have different dads due to my mum cheating on Sam's Dad about the time she got pregnant with me. Now you see Sam's Dad did not like this, no he didn't. But of course he couldn't leave his precious Son and wife who he did not blame at all for the affair. So instead of blaming her, he blamed me for everything. It seemed the older I got the more he hated me. At first it was only the occasional hit with a lot of shouting, which he mostly allowed my Mum to see. She never defended me as she feared he'd leave her, so always took his side.' I sighed and looked over at Chris who was intently listening. 'I was about 9 when it became more serious, he wasn't so open with how he treated me after that. I felt so alone, my Mum couldn't have known what he did to me after that. She would have done something, I'm sure. From then on he made me do things you know, to him; like it was pay back to the man my mum had an affair with. It was so fucked up. I never even told anyone until I was 14. My brother Sam was so understanding and helpful. He immediately believed me and stopped contacting his Dad. You know he keeps telling me to tell mum or the police about everything that happened because soon he's coming back from Thailand, his home country. He will come and stay in our house and I fear what he may do. Sam says if we tell the police before he comes back they may have a better chance of catching him. But do you know what I fear the most? I fear that they won't believe me, allowing him to come back into our lives and finish what he started.' I finally sat in silence, coming to the realization that I'd just told my best friend my biggest secret.

## Letting Others In.

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-31 07:09:55