

Come Out

Come Out

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Dylan is an outcast at school and home. His parents don't accept his sexual preference. Only one person accepts him for who he is. Aaron.



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"Mr. Croteri. Would you like to answer number five on the homework?" The teacher's nagging voice came to my attention. I groaned inwardly and bit my lip.

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"I don't have the homework." I muttered, my face heating up.

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"Oh? Where is it?" I caught a glimpse of her smirk as I glanced up.

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"Home," She rolled her eyes before moving on to the next student.

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Every class after that was practically the same. Student's in their own little worlds, teachers babbling about god knows what. "Kid! Kid!" I turned around to see someone jogging toward me. I cowered back, gripping onto the only thing I could. "You dropped your money." He handed it to me, breathlessly and I relaxed a bit, taking it.

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"Oh... thanks." I furrowed my brow, watching him, carefully. Maybe there was some good in this world.

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"No problem." He smiled and turned on his heel, exiting the school. I shortly followed, making my way home. I kept my distance from groups of kids heading home, walking alone on this Friday evening. It looked like another boring weekend for me.

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At home, everyone avoided my like the plague. I walked up to my room, slumped down on my bed and cried silently into my hands. It wasn't like I was tortured too badly, just ignored and called a few names. It still hurt... to be alone. It used to be different, when people didn't know. I shouldn't of opened my big mouth, I should've just pretended to be straight. Things would be different; better.

¶

"Dinner," My mom shouted later on. I waited an hour before walking quietly down the stairs and grabbing leftovers... as much as there was. My mom didn't necessarily make me food. She made it for my dad and younger brother. I took the last small piece of chicken and heated it up.

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Pulling it out of the microwave, I stuck it on a paper towel and headed to my room, nibbling on it. Sitting on my bed, I used my free hand and grabbed my tamogachi, my only friend.

I played with it for a while, tossing the paper towel into my trash can. The poor little guy was hungry. I placed it back into its rightful box and stripped into my boxers. I lay down, pulling the blanket over my head, curling up into it and fell asleep.

¶

Chapter 2

Waking up on Monday was better than Sunday again. Being home was good for a while, but getting out was always good. Walking to school was the same routine, some harsh words were called out and I pretended to ignore them. They hurt deep down. Every day things would get worse, people pushing me harder.

It was weirdâ not having any friends. Not having anyone to lean on when I was sad or down. Or even to just talk to. "Dick sucker!" Someone shouted, making me jump. That was a faulty mistakeâ I had no dicks to suck. I had no one.

Sighing, I made my way into the school. Kids talked in hushed tones, looking at me. Maybe it was just my imagination, but it seemed as if I was the talk of the school. I had only just come out not even a month ago.

I watched couples showing a little too much affection in the hallways. My mind went into overdrive, thinking about all of the things I could be doing if I had someone; the hugging, kissing, holding handsâ smiling.

I took a seat in the back of class, as usual, playing with the tip of my pencil. "Practicing for your boyfriend?" A kid called back to me, smirking. I put my pencil down slowly, shaking my head.

"Hey," A tap on my shoulder made me jump. I looked up to face a dark haired guy that I hadn't seen before. "Do you have a pencil?" He murmured, biting his lip. I bent down and pulled out a different pencil, handing it to him; he whispered a 'thank you,' before looking around at everyone in the class.

"Are you new?" I muttered, just as the bell rang, indicating class starting. He nodded with a small smile.

"Aaron," He introduced.

"Dylan," I smiled slightly back at him. We then both faced the front as the teacher did attendance. Class dragged on for what seemed like ages. I finally heard the bell ring and I stood, grabbing my stuff.

I glanced over at the new kid. He wasn't afraid to talk to meâ maybe I should use that to my advantage, before he found out my secret, and turned against me. "What do you have next?" I stuffed a hand into the front pocket of my jeans, looking down at his feet.

"English," He answered.

"Me too, I'll show you the wayâ!" I bit my lip to hold back a smile.

"How nice of you, guy." He smiled as I looked up at him. I nodded, walking around him and headed toward the door out of class. "When do you haveâ lunch?" He pulled his schedule out, walking beside me, looking at the list.

"I have lunch from 11:30-12:00." I muttered, looking around the hallway at everyone.

"Is that B?" He furrowed his brow in concentration, reading his schedule.

"Yeah," I watched as one of the guys who picked on me constantly made his way toward us. My eyes widened and I gripped onto the strap of my school bag, imagining a life where there was no such thing as discrimination.

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"You don't wanna talk to that fag." He emphasized the word fag, glaring at me. Aaron stopped in his tracks, blinking slowly at the guy as if he was a figment of his imagination.

"Fuck off," He spat out, catching us both by surprise. Aaron quickly grabbed my arm and pulled me over to the other side of the hallway. "Where's our class?" I pointed to the room down the hallway and he walked quickly to it, me following behind.

Once we got there, we sat down and I turned slowly to him, biting the inside of my cheek. What if he hated me now? Why did people have to be so cruel?

"Don't listen to that guyâ rumors." I laughed nervously, easing my way out of the truth. I didn't need to lose a chance of having a friend.

"No worries, I don't judge." He responded, looking into my eyes. I broke the eye contact, glancing down at my desk. "I think it's you who shouldn't listen to that guy. He's a douche bag."

"He doesn't know what he's talking aboutâ" I trailed, looking anywhere but him, feeling his gaze on me.

"Dylanâ I could care less if you are gay or not." He stated boldly, just as the bell rang. The teacher walked in, looking around the room. I slid my hands into my hair, gripping it tightly, tugging. I then let out a deep breath, taking a cunning glance over at Aaron. He smiled reassuringly at me, giving me a quick wink.

I turned away, biting my lip. What was that? I slowly slid a hand over my stomach, feeling the hot-guy-just-winked-at-me effect, also known asâ butterflies. I peeked over at Aaron, hearing his quiet laughing from beside me and realized that he knew what effect he had just had on me. My face turned from pale to red in the matter of seconds.

I put my head down in my hands, groaning internally. I heard the screech of a desk moving closer and turned my head to the side to see Aaron moving closer. "Hey, guy." He smirked, patting my shoulder.

"What are you doing?" I whispered. He cocked an eyebrow, looking at me.

"Didn't you hear the man?" He nodded his head toward the teacher. "Pick a partner. I hope you don't mindâ" He glanced around, looking for someone. "If you're not working with anyone else,"

"Noâ" I swallowed, looking him over discreetly.

"Checking me out?" He laughed lightly, watching me.

"Sorry not," I mumbled, sitting up in my seat. He laughed, looking at me with a genuine smile, his eyes glinting with humor and gratitude.

"That was cute," He chuckled. I smiled, watching as he sobered up from his laughing. The teacher pulled us both out of our momentâ or whatever that was by explaining the new book project.

"So basically you will all be required to find a book that connects both you and your partner in a meaningful way, none of that last minute 'oh we picked this because we both like soccer' bullshit." I glanced over at Aaron as the teacher spoke, gazing at him. He looked so calm and relaxed, listening to the teacher speak. I had just met him, but I felt as if I had known him for a century.

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It was a miracle; finding someone who actually wanted to talk to me. I smiled to myself, taking in his features. He was a good looking kid, but I wouldn't take my chances on that, I had just met him, he probably wasn't even gay.

"What book would you want to use?" Aaron's voice brought me out of my reverie, allowing me to come back to reality. I shrugged, looking down at my hands. I barely even knew him. I didn't know what we had in common that would be meaningful.

"We should probably learn more about each other." I suggested, looking back up at him. He cleared his throat, picking up the piece of paper with the directions on it. "I meanâ if you'd want."

"No, yeah, of course." He muttered, looking around. "When?"

"Whenever," I scratched the back of my head, not sure of what his schedule was. I had plenty of time, seeing as I had no one to cater for.

"How's Saturday at two." He questioned, waiting for a response. I pretended to think about my plans that were non-existent, before answering, 'sounds good.'

We both jumped once the teacher yelled at us to stop talking. We faced front, listening intently to the boring lecture. Class ended quickly and soon I found myself sitting at lunch, with the trashcan at my side.

I looked over, seeing Aaron looking disoriented, trying to find a table. A bunch of girls then made their way over to him, with their flirty exteriors on. I looked down at my lunch, not surprised in the least. I glanced back up, just as he looked my way. He said something to the girls, making them giggle before starting towards me. I picked up my sandwich, pretending to not notice his presence.

"Where is everyone?" He took a seat across from me, looking around at the empty seats. My face flushed and I put my sandwich back down.

"Over there," I pointed across the cafeteria to everyone talking and laughing. He kept his gaze on me.

"You sit alone?" He asked, giving me the pity look. I rubbed my face, sighing.

"It seems so." I munched on a chip, keeping my eyes cast down.

"But, where are your friends..?" he asked, confused.

"They're not in this lunch," I lied.

"Ohâ who are your friends?"

"Uhâ Kevinâ Fredâ!" I bit my lip as I said the first names that came to mind.

"Hm. They sound interesting." I caught the smirk he was trying to hide. "You should introduce me sometime."

"That won't be necessary. They're not used to meeting attractive males."

"That can't be true. They're friends with you, aren't they?" He raised an eyebrow and I rolled my eyes playfully, looking up at him.

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"I guess that's true. Fred loves when I feed him." I tossed a wrapper into the trashcan beside me. "Don't you, Freddy?"

Aaron's smile broadened as he began to laugh. "Fred seems easy to please, eh." I smiled, gazing over at him.

"Yeah," I laughed a genuine laugh for the first time in the past month.

"So we're still on for banging on Saturday right?" Aaron asked

My jaw dropped open as I took in what he had just said. I sat with that expression for a few minutes as thoughts raced through my mind and I was interrupted from my state of shock by Aaron starting to talk again.

"Dylan? Did you hear me? I said are we still on to hang on Saturday?.. I mean unless you suddenly made plans.."

"Oh no, no plans, Saturday's still fine, I was just... thinking" I exclaimed, faltering a little as I was still a bit shaken from what I thought he had said.

"Okay, good. It would be a pretty boring weekend without you. So what were you thinking about?" He questioned, looking at me quizzically. I flushed, looking down at my hands.

"Uhhh..." I searched my mind for an explanation when it hit me. "I was just trying to think of some ideas for our book project," I said, hoping he would believe it.

"Oh, okay cool, have you come up with anything yet?" he asked.

"Not really, it's a bit hard considering we don't know much about each other." I stated in a 'matter-of-factly' tone.

"Good point, well maybe we'll find some sort of connection this weekend." He stated with a sort of glimmer in his eyes.

"Maybe,"

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The next day dragged on, and I had to force myself to get through the day. The only high of the day was that I got to see Aaron. He really knew how to make me smile. I was glad that he wasn't afraid of me and my sexual orientation. I didn't quite understand why people were even scared of the way I was. It wasn't like I was different after I told them. I had been carrying the secret for a while, and in the time they didn't know, they thought of me as normal. But, suddenly, I was a freak show.

I shrugged the thought off and walked with Aaron to last period. We sat in the back of class and Aaron gave me a small smile. "I should probably get your number." I raised an eyebrow, looking at him. "If we're hanging out tomorrow," He justified.

"Oh ,right." I fished my phone out of my pocket and handed it to him. I watched as he quickly typed his number in and handed me back my phone. I stuffed it back into my pocket quickly as the bell rang.

"Just text me later,"

Come Out

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I sat at the end of my bed, holding my phone in my hands, staring at the contact name Aaron had put in for himself, smiling. *'Attractive Male ;)'* stared back at me, allowing a small chuckle to escape my lips.

I crossed my fingers as I clicked on the 'message' button, starting a text. My heart began beating hard as I re-wrote about twelve messages. How would I word what I wanted? What would I even say?

Heyâ Where tomorrow? It's Dylan, by the way.

I sent the message quickly, falling back onto the bed. I sounded so stupid. I took a peek at my phone, seeing that he was typing back. I felt my heart stop as I stared at the three dots, indicating him typing. A message popped up.

Hey, Dylan! J Where do you want to go? Your house? Mine? The library? The park? It doesn't matter to me.

I smiled, reading over the text a few times. My house was not an option. My parent's hated me enough. His house? Meeting his family? Was that a good option? The library seemed logical. Not the park; Way too public for a Saturday.

I sent a quick text back: *The library? We could search for books.*

The response was almost immediate: *Sounds good, Dylan. ;)*

I took a few seconds to think about whether or not I should respond back; if I needed to.

I'll see you tomorrowâ !?

I could almost hear him laughing at his next response: *Seems so.* Before I could think of another response, a text came through: *I'll pick you up at two.*

I smiled wider than I had ever thought possible, for me and texted back my address.

Good night, Dilly. See you tomorrow.

The butterflies in my stomach were hard to ignore: *Good night. J*

For the first time in a long time, I fell asleep without the trace of a tear on my cheek.

Chapter 3

Waking up to a text message was something new to me. The smile that followed was even more novel.

Good morning, Dyl.

I typed a quick response back before heading downstairs to grab a muffin and some water. I jogged back up the stairs, setting my breakfast down. Checking the time, I smiled. In less than three hours I'd be seeing him; my only friend. I began eating, showering and getting dressed. I was hoping for a good day.

~ ~

I sat at the table in the café part of the library, while Aaron was up and ordering us drinks. He sauntered back over, looking calm, cool, and collected. He placed my soy latte in front of me and I mumbled a thank you. To say I was nervous was an understatement.

"How's life?" He smiled brightly at me.

"It's been better lately." I glanced up at him. "I think it may have to do with someone."

Aaron smirked and said, "Oh really? And who is this someone?"

"Fred," I murmured, pursing my lips. I watched as he fake pouted. "Sorry not,"

"Well Fred's a very lucky trash can," He replied, jokingly.

"Indeed," I nodded, taking a sip of my drink.

"What do you like to do for fun?" He asked, taking me by surprise. I racked my brain for something I could use.

"I talk to the dead," I said as serious as I could. I began cracking up as soon as I saw Aaron's eyes widen. "I'm kidding!"

His face eased up immediately, "I knew you were kidding." I rolled my eyes, playfully.

"Yeah, sure. But, in all seriousness I like to listen to music." I did like to listen to music; just not as much as other people did. It wasn't common to find me with ear buds in.

"That's cool. What kind of music are you into?"

"What are you into?" I countered back, not really having an answer. Like I said, I barely listened to music.

"Alternative punk rock; stuff like that." He shrugged and I nodded as if I knew what he was talking about. What kind of music was that? He laughed, eating a piece of the muffin that was placed in the center of the table for us to share. "You don't know what that is, do you?" I shook my head, picking a small piece off and eating it.

"Not my style." I looked up at his smiling face and couldn't help but smile back.

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"I'll have to show you the good songs." I nodded and stood up. He eyed me warily, taking a sip of his coffee. I smiled and walked over to the table with lids, straw, etc. and grabbed a few napkins. I turned around to find Aaron looking at a lower region on my body before quickly glancing up to my eyes, smiling with no shame. Either he didn't notice getting caught, or he just didn't care.

Why would he be looking at me like that? Maybe it was just my imagination. Yeah, probably. I headed back over and sat in my rightful spot, handing him a few napkins. "Why thank you, kind sir." He chuckled, watching me.

"No problem," I smiled a genuine smile. "We should probably search for books soon."

"Why? I got all the time in the world." He leaned back in the chair, stretching his arms out. "I'm enjoying this da-day." He stumbled over his words.

"I am too," I smiled shyly, picking at the muffin. He smirked before picking the muffin up and leaning across the table.

"What kind of bites are those! Mouse bites!" He put the muffin up to my lips, causing me to laugh.

"What are you, my mother?" Although, my mother wouldn't even put a finger anywhere near me.

"Eat up." He shoved the muffin into my face, causing crumbs to fall onto my lap, and the rest to stick around my mouth.

"Aaron!" I whined, a mouthful of muffin dropping out of my mouth. He sat back in his seat, cracking up.

"Wait, wait, wait. Stay there." I pouted as he pulled out his phone, lifting it up and snapping a picture. He then pressed a few things before facing his phone towards me. "Look how cute," He cooed, showing me his wallpaper of the picture he had just taken. I wiped some of the excess muffin from my face and leaned across the table, wiping it onto his cheek.

"Take that," I sat back, crossing my arms over my chest like a three year old who just won a fight with their sibling.

"You don't play fair," He scowled, "You copy-cat."

I was about to answer to his complaints when the manager of the café walked over to our table with a stern expression on his face. "I'm going to have to ask you boys to leave. Your behavior is unacceptable for this type of establishment." I flushed, grabbing a napkin and cleaning my face off.

I looked up at Aaron, watching as he rolled his eyes and stood up. "We're going." He walked around to my now standing state and grabbed my hand, pulling me toward the entrance of the library/café. Once we got outside, Aaron burst out laughing, leaning down to catch his breath. "That guys face though."

"That laugh though," I muttered, as he sobered up and turned to stand in front of me. He suddenly reached down and began wiping the crumbs off of my pants. My eyes widened and I looked around to make sure no one was looking. I could've done that myself!

"All clean," He leaned back up, smiling. "Where to now?" I shrugged, smiling. "Are you hungry?" He bit his lip to hold back more laughs. "It seems you had a hard time finding your mouth." His index finger traced the corner of my mouth as he wiped a few more crumbs away.

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It took me a few moments to come back to reality. My heart began racing and my body began tingling. Who was this kid? Where did he come from? Why did he want to talk to me? "I could eat," I mumbled, coming back to my senses.

"Want to go to my house? No one's home," He questioned, smirking at me. I raised an eyebrow, pursing my lips. "I'll make you food," He added, trying to convince me.

The logical side of me would think about this option. But, considering there was no logical side of me, I agreed without a second thought. It wasn't like anyone would be looking for me, or care for that matter.

"Sweet," He smiled wide and began walking the opposite way from me. I walked behind, stuffing a hand into my pocket.

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We sat on Aaron's couch, eating the rest of the popcorn, while watching *The Human Centipede*. I really had no interest in the movie, seeing as, it was raunchy. But, Aaron insisted.

"This is so disgusting." I scowled as the man began assembling the centipede. Aaron's facial expression resembled mine and he began to slowly scoot toward me.

"Yeahâ!" He murmured, now at my side. I tried to focus more on the movie than Aaron's close proximity. The movie was far too gross, but a good looking guy sitting close to you when you've had no physical contact for the past month is a whole new world to me.

"Ew!" I groaned, once another gross part came up. My mind then went into overdrive as Aaron unexpectedly nuzzled his head into the crook of my neck, whining.

"Who comes up with these movies?" He complained. I bit my lip, beginning to feel greedy. I wanted this, no, I needed affection. Some form of human touch. My prayers were answered when Aaron slowly snaked his arms around my torso, nuzzling his face deeper into my neck. "You smell good," He whispered, making me feel overwhelmed with emotions. My arm found itself around his waist, pulling him closer and keeping him tight against me.

"Thank you," I muttered, not so much about his compliment, and more so for his random appearance in my life, making things better.

Maybe he wasn't gayâ! but, I still could use a friend. A friend was better than no one at all. "We should put on something less gruesome." He said, his smirk apparent against my neck.

"I'll change it," I quickly said, grabbing the remote and gripping onto his shirt, sending yet another prayer that he wouldn't move.

I switched off of the movie and went through the On Demand options, putting on *The Notebook*. Aaron made no move to even tilt his head to see the TV. I looked up at the ceiling, thanking the heavens for one good thing in my life.

"Good choice," Aaron muttered dozily. I smiled, loosening my grip on his shirt warily. His arms tightened around me before loosening. I glanced down, noticing his body relaxing into a sleeping state. I smiled and wondered what it'd be like to fall asleep at such ease, with no worries in the world. With no one in your business about whom you wanted to be.

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I found myself lightly pressing my lips to his head, letting them linger for a few seconds, a single tear rolling down my cheek for many reasons. For being here, with someone who didn't care that I was gay.

The feeling of Aaron's smile against my neck made me stiffen. Was he still awake? I could've sworn he fell asleep. Then again, that was quite fast for someone to fall asleep. He lifted his head, his smile still on his face until he looked at me. "Why are you crying?" He furrowed his brows, a worried look on his face.

I cleared my throat, looking over at the TV. "The movie," I mumbled.

"Okayâ" He trailed, laying his head back on my shoulder, knowing that I was lying. The movie had just started five minutes ago.

I breathed deeply and closed my eyes, leaning my head against his. His thumbs gracefully moved in small circles on my side, making me feel like I was walking on clouds. Butterflies formed in my stomach and I pulled him impossibly closer to me, relishing his touch.

"I'm tired," He whispered, dozing off. I nuzzled my nose into this hair, smiling. So this was what it felt like to be happy again.

"It's only four o'clock." I chuckled lightly. He hummed in response, sliding a hand higher up my side.

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We both ended up falling asleep on the couch; him with his head tucked into the crook of my neck, and mine lying back on the couch. The sound of a vacuum was what woke me. I opened my eyes slowly, seeing a middle aged woman, pushing a vacuum around the room in front of us.

I glanced over, seeing a young girl picking up our trash, throwing it out in the kitchen. I blinked a few times, taking in my surroundings. The vacuum suddenly stopped and the lady looked at me with a bright smile. "Hello,"

"H-Hi," I stuttered, aware of Aarons arms tightening around me. He made a few small noises before lifting his head and smiling at me. I glanced from him to his mom and he raised an eyebrow before looking over and sighing.

"Hey mom," He murmured. My eyes widened slightly before I closed them. Of course it was his mom. Who else would be in his house?

"Hi, sweetie. How has your day been?" She asked, putting the vacuum away.

"Very good, yours?"

"Pretty decent. You guys made quite a mess with that popcorn." She laughed and I opened my eyes again.

"Sorry about that." I apologized quietly.

"Hello," The young girl said, walking over and standing in front of us. "You're cute," She smirked at me, making me feel uncomfortable.

"Thanks," I bit my lip, looking down slightly.

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"Get out of here, Izzy." Aaron grumbled, tightening his arms once again.

"So who is your friend?" His mom asked, still with a smile on her face.

"This is Dylan," I noticed him looking at me in the corner of my eye.

"Nice to meet you, sweet heart." She nodded at me.

"Nice to meet you too," I smiled slightly, feeling my phone vibrate. I pulled it out of my pocket and saw a text from my phone company telling me that my bill was overdue. My heart stopped and I locked my phone.

"Uhâ ¸ that was my mom. She wants me home," I lied, not feeling exactly comfortable in this situation: Aaron wrapped around me while his mom and sister watched us.

Aaron gave me a questioning look before untangling himself. "Alright," He said suspiciously, standing up and straightening out his clothes.

"Sorry," I flushed, also standing. "I'll uhâ ¸ see you Monday,"

"Yeah, Monday." He smiled slightly, watching me. "How are you getting home?"

"I'll walk. It's not too far." He nodded at my answer and walked me over to the door, away from his family.

"I'll see you soon," He wrapped his arms around me in a hug. I hesitated in surprise before returning the hug.

"Yeah. Thank you, for everything." I mumbled, pulling back. He frowned, looking like he was having an internal battle with himself, before smiling.

"No problem, Dilly." I turned on my heel and opened the front door before stepping out of his house and making my way home.

Chapter 4

The problem with the phone bill being overdue was that my mom was the one who was paying for it. I didn't think she would stop just because I wasn't into girls like other guys were. I couldn't catch a break. How was I supposed to keep in contact with Aaron?

Today, I had decided to sit at the dinner table with my family and catch up on everything. I obviously wasn't included in the conversations nor was I looked at, but I was there nonetheless. A lot of the time there were awkward silences and my parents would just stare at each other. My older brother would chew on his food slowly and glance my way every few seconds. I felt out of place; like I didn't belong there. It wasn't an unusual feeling, as they had always made me feel that way since the outing. But, I couldn't help but feel more sad than usual. Wasn't a family supposed to love you no matter what? Weren't they supposed to support you in every decision?

Once dinner ended, I cleaned up my plate and ran up to my room. I fell face first into my pillows and cried silently. I just wanted to feel loved from my own family. I just wanted people to enjoy my company. The only person I could really feel safe and happy around was Aaron. Some kid I had just met the other day. Who knew how he really was? I barely knew anything about him. I just put all of my trust into him, hoping that he wouldn't let me down; hoping that the one good thing in my life for the past few days wouldn't disappear too soon.

I sat up, grabbed my phone and pulled up Aaron's contact, changing his name to a shorter one: '*Aaron*