

# Don't Depend on Me

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Storm and Dannie were best friends. Empahsis on the word were. Storm has just had the worst experience for someone her age, her mother was murdered, her father gone, and her sister as distant as ever. Now, when she needs her best friend the most, she gets the cold shoulder? Why? Well, Storm has had enough, she's going to confront Dannie and get some answers.



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**I know this isn't my normal erotica, but I had this idea. :) Hope you enjoy.**



*Here we go, welcome to my funeral, without you I don't even have a pulse*

*all alone it's dark and cold, here I go, this is my confessional, a lost cause nobody can save my soul*

*When did I, become such a hypocrite?*

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Storm wasn't in the mood for games. She saw her former best friend Dannie sitting across the lawn, talking to those bitches she called friends. She saw Dannie throw her head back and laugh, looking so care free. How can she laugh and be happy when I'm over here, suffering? Changing? Storm's mother was murdered, her father gone, and her sister so distant she might as well be missing. Dannie hadn't asked her what was wrong. Storm shook the nervousness off her shoulders, got up and stalked over to Dannie, not once taking her eyes off of that bitch she called a friend. She covered her arms, hiding the cuts, and pushed her hair back from her cheeks, as she approached Dannie.

The conversation halted, and Dannie's friend Ashley, nodded in my direction, giving me a sympathetic look. Storm started to have second thoughts as Dannie turned an apathetic stare in my direction, but Storm hissed out the words that she wanted to for months.

"We need to talk. Now."

Dannie rolled her eyes, and brushed past her, walking the direction of a vacant wall. Storm followed close at her heels. Dannie whirled on her the minute they were alone.

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"What do you want Storm?" she asked, crossing her arms, as if Storm was keeping her from a special task.

"W-What?" Storm got out.

"You called me over here. Say what you have to say?"

Storm was suddenly very angry. She narrowed her eyes at Dannie's perfect face, wondering why was it that *she* was angry. Storm hadn't done anything. She wanted to slap her for humiliating her, making her still want Dannie's comfort, even when Dannie had hurt her beyond repair.

"What do I have to say? Do you know what has happened to me in the last 2 months Dannie?"

Dannie shifted from her left foot to her right foot. Storm looked at her feet with wild eyes, becoming even more angry with each shift.

"Do you know?!" she suddenly yelled. Dannie flinched.

"Why were you there for me?! Why are you ignoring me? My mother has died, she is gone. My father is gone. My *sister* is gone! And I needed you there for me. You don't look at me in school! You act as if it's such a chore to at least ask if I'm okay! If this was Ashley or anyone of your other friends, you wouldn't even hesitate! I am so hurt, and just...angry right now, that I don't know what to do. I just can't believe you right now! You didn't even come to the funeral! What the hell is the matter with you Dannie?!" Storm yelled in her face.

Dannie looked at me with watery eyes.

"I'm sorry..." she whispered. Storm scoffed in her direction, and began to walk off. She's sorry. Of course she is, what she wanted was an explanation, and if she couldn't give her one, that just meant she didn't care in the first place, and she was only sorry because she'd lost my temper on her.

She grabbed Storm's wrist.

"Storm I'm so sorry. I don't know what happened. I mean I can't be there for you with everything. I'm sorry though. Are you okay?" she said quietly. Storm looked at her now. Really looked at her. The flawless hair, the fake apathetic attitude towards people, the tough girl-assertive exterior, but the marshmallow-jello interior. Storm jerked her wrist away from her former best friend.

"I can't depend on you?" Storm whispered. Dannie swallowed and folded her arms.

"YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE MY BEST FRIEND AND I CAN'T DEPEND ON YOU AT ALL?!" Storm yelled, making onlookers turn their heads. Dannie took a step back from her and Storm pointed a shaking finger in her direction, the tears of hurt, of being left behind, forgotten.

"You. Are. Dead. To.Me. As any times as I've let you lash out to me, cry on me, helped you, you can't take it upon yourself to help *me*? Screw you Dannie. Fuck you. Don't ever speak to me again, I mean not that you would. I...hate you so much right now. I wish you would drop dead. I never thought I would be saying this to you of all people, but you don't matter to me anymore." Storm barked out at her. Dannie cried openly now, clutching her sweater to her chest.

Storm turned on her heel and walked away turning her back, away from Dannie's weird friendship, away from her sobs, away from her life.

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