

(In my story I will switch narrator perspectives as to give the reader a easier time picturing the storyline)

My eyes clouded and my ears were stuffed, my body felt detached, almost numb, save the burning cold clot that stuffed my lungs. Breathing became hard and labored from the sharp pain with every inhale at its peak, like someone was pinching my windpipe and sticking a hot needle through it. There was a stuffy smoke that filled my nose and turned its hairs into a crisp. It took all my energy to keep my eyes open, my brain blindfolded, drowning in a muddy, thick, congested cloud.

The girl in my arms, in between my legs on her couch, her head resting on my chest, the exact spot I felt the burning sensation on my lungs. Was her head on fire? No that can't be right, then it must be my heart on fire, you know what everything is on fire my muddled mind can't figure out what happened in the last 15 minutes, and to be honest I don't feel like using the rest of my energy to force it to make sense of this scene I play a part in. It quite literally is a dark spot that is spreading in my memories, like a film being burned. I can't keep track of what is happening. The only thing I remember before the dark spot was joining the girl in her basement where she turned on a movie. After 15 minutes into the movie and making small talk, still keeping a conversation going she walks over to a coffee table where she gently inserts a oddly colored needle into her bloodstream. She looks in my direction and her eyes dance with an idea. I however had mixed feelings about the ingesting of drugs.

“Do you want to try some?” I smile at him. The kind of smile that you can hide behind.

“You don't have to, I'm used to this drug by now since I do it for fun.” Looking warily at the drug his eyes look back up to meet mine.

“ Well um I didn't originally have this in mind but if you're doing it im willing.”

Excitedly I start to spark the red and black wire together to get electricity from the outlet into my drugs. A feeling of thrill fills my being and is tampered with by the drug, forcing all thoughts away.

“How long is it going to last?”

Pushing my hand away momentarily to give himself a moment to think.

“It depends, if you only hit it once it should only last two hours, it also depends on how much you take in on the hit.”

His face betrays him which gives me hints of his feelings. He likes me and knows it might be fun, he takes a slow and deep breath.

“Okay, two hours should be fine, i need to be home by **:”.**

Reassuringly I tell him some more comforting words. He manages a smile back at me, as a sign of gratitude towards the words of consolation, for however nervous he may be. Back to raising

the needle to his neck again we resume what we had paused, I slide the needle into his bloodstream, gently pushing the fluid into his body, letting it do its job.

“See it wasn't as bad as you made it out to be in your mind's eye!”

He responds with a worried smile,

“Well I guess it wasn't so bad, I think I expected something more potent...”

Suddenly being cut off by an uncontrollable sneezing and coughing fit, caused by the drug.

In the same moment, trying to laugh it off.

He moves to settle on the couch again, his posture loosens and his legs slither out more as he leans his head back to take a deep breath, causing round two of his coughing fit, he tries to cover the sound with his arms. Looking back at my syringe, I raise it directly to my bloodstream again, pushing the thumb rest (part of a syringe), feeling the last bits of the drugs flow into my body, a cold sharp pain. I wonder how it will affect someone as clean as him with low tolerance.

“Okay want to watch something?”

Looking back up at me he goes “yeah, how about one of **** * films?”

“That's perfect”

My eyes feel like they're moving around on my face, re-arranging everything while simultaneously blinding me, turning the room into a whirlpool, I don't know where I am. I need to think, I need to find my mind, but f**k. I close my eyes to give my body a second to breathe. My search leads me to my feet, they're gone, my legs are gone. There is a heat in my chest, melting and spreading like a lava that touches each of my breaths, causing my brain to slow and my mouth to dry. Opening my eyes again the room loses its focus. The girl rests her head on top of my chest, I don't see her though, I feel the weight of her, the heat of her, her heat is my heat and we are sitting on a bonfire, melting into the flames, fanned by the spinning of the room. Like a playground roundabout, it's too fast for my body but it places my mind in slow motion. I need to grab onto something, slowing down myself will slow down my time, my hands come across the girl's waist and I hold on tight, pulling her close so I don't fall into the ocean. She raises her face to mine, a wisp of her orange red hair hooks my eyes, they fall down her face and my eyes keep falling until they come to an end at her lips. Perfect in shape they smile an inviting smile, an invitation telling me something, something in a language I can't seem to understand. The warmth in my chest spreads upwards to my face, a sensation flows into my chest, like a worried feeling... but I'm not worried, it flows through my neck and arms, reaching my face. It brings a heat to my face and I can feel, I can see this. My eyes close and I can see, a hand parts ways with her backside and discovers the back of her head, already making its way towards mine. Her face is so close to mine, I can feel the space between us, I can feel her slim body pressed against mine, her lips corner mine against the ocean floor. The warmth from her lips wakes up a sense. My fingers run through her hair, guiding her lips, she follows in suit and guides mine.

