

I rush into the house, grateful that he no longer has the sense to lock his door. I'm no longer afraid. I won't let Ryan control me anymore and I won't let her control him anymore.

I find the bags in his top drawer. A few ounces left, and I pick them up cautiously, as if she can suddenly reach out and consume me. I stare for a few seconds, and tears fill my eyes as my hands just become a blur of white and plastic.

I clench my hands and stride towards the bathroom, and toss them into the toilet.

"Gracie?"

I turn around, but I am too fervent, too impassioned to respond. I flush the toilet, and watch her go far, far away.

I can feel the exact moment that Ryan realizes what I've done.

And I welcome the darkness.



I wake up in the hospital, and am in considerably less pain than I expected.

I flex my fingers and toes, and realize that my discomfort is coming from the IV line in my hand.

A nurse walks in, and I turn.

"Why am I here?" I inquire softly.

"You fainted in your boyfriend's house, and he brought you here because he didn't know what was wrong with you." he replies sympathetically.

I blink at him.

"He's actually here right now. I'll get him in here, if you want." he says. James, his name tag says.

I stare at his name tag for a few more seconds before I nod.

Ryan comes in, wearing his gym clothes and looking as disconcertingly good looking as always. But I don't care.

He sits in the chair next to me, and James leaves the room after checking my vitals.

Ryan looks at me for far too long, and I look away because of the intensity of his gaze. He comes closer, until I flinch, and whispers, "I'll get it back, Grace. I'll get it all back."

Right when I think he's going to strike me, he retreats a few inches and runs his hand through his hair. "We're done. The last thing I need is a girlfriend like you. You're just too damn soft."