

(Oliver's pov)

\\ A.N: imma boutta cry. \\

"Love thy neighbour", but they forgive a rapist and not the raped.

"Love thy neighbour", but they care for a straight guy and not a lesbian.

"Love thy neighbour", but they forgive a murderer and not the killed.

"Love thy neighbour", but they don't actually care or love their neighbours.

They just cherry pick who to respect and believe.

White, straight, Christian. That's all that matters. Not who you are or what you've done. As long as you're 'normal', God will forgive you, it doesn't even matter if you're sorry or not.

So I lie there. Clothes thrown to the floor, but that I can't bring myself to pick up, in a bed that I can't even consider mine anymore. Everything hurts. But it doesn't matter. I'm a man, so I gotta be strong. I can't be vulnerable.

I had spent six years forgetting all of it, and it all comes back like a painful boomerang.

I'm alone in my own house, no first aid kit, no one to give a fuck.

I look down at myself, bruises, scratches, and hand prints from a hand that I had never even shaken before.

My phone rings, making me jump up in surprise. I look over to where I hear the ringtone coming from. It was thrown all the way to my beanbag. I slowly get up, my legs and back hurting in an ungodly manner.

I walk over there, leaning down and picking it up with a shaky hand. The screen had cracked. Who was even calling?

Oh, right, no one was. It was my alarm for school.

My alarm. For school.

Did I really let him take advantage of me all these hours?

How was I even supposed to get to school in these conditions? Where are my parents? I could tell them what happened and- oh right. Not like they would care. I'd just be told to brush it off since I'm strong and have gone through it all before.

I can't skip school, though. I have perfect attendance, I can't throw it away for something like... like this....

I walk back over to my bed, as I sit back down, I realise how dirty it is. How it's full of my own blood. Was I bleeding from inside? Did he make that happen?

Was that bad? Should I-- I can't. I can't get help. I'm not allowed to. I shouldn't need to.

I sit at the top of my bed, sitting with my knees up to my chest, and my arms holding them there. I rest my chin on top of my knees, letting tears quietly roll down my cheeks.

All this effort. Just to get better and try to live. And for what? For them to kill me again? What a waste of time. I hate myself. I hate that I can't say anything. I hate that I can't defend myself. I hate living and being like this.

What did I do to deserve such indescribably agonizing pain for my entire life? Was it a punishment for something I had done in a past life? Have I always just made mistakes and failed so miserably that destiny had to come back and bite me in the ass even in a different life?

A message pop's up on my screen. From Nari. She wants to know if I'm coming to school, since she didn't catch me at the bus stop.

I'm not at school because I think that if I tried to get up, get dressed, and walk to the bus stop, I would physically collapse.

But I'm not gonna tell her that. She doesn't need to know. I want her to think I'm safe and alright, as usual. She doesn't need more stress in her precious life. All I can reply is that I'm sick. I have a fever and won't be coming to school.

Fuck you, Axel.

Fuck everyone who's ever touched me. Fuck anyone who thinks they know me. Fuck the world. Fuck my life.

I never want anyone to touch me again. Humans disgust me.

I stand up, pulling myself together as I always did. I get dressed in fresh clothes, the ones I had washed myself, that smelt like that tacky clothing freshener I had bought on accident that I had to use anyways, but that I gotten attached to.

I grab the old ones from last night. My favourite yellow cardigan, my trousers and shirt. They're covered in blood, stains of cream coloured liquid that made me want to barf simply for the fact of knowing from where it came from.

Without a second thought, I walk over to my dresser to grab the lighter I used to light candles and the cigarettes I'd smoke to drown my problems, and bring it into the bathroom together with the clothes.

I look at myself in the mirror, evidence from last night littering my neck and everywhere else on my body. The sight of myself makes me want to kill myself right then and there. But instead, I hold up the clothes in front of me, switching on the lighter and letting the flame closer to the dirty cloth in my

hands, letting it all catch on fire. As soon as it does, the whole world pauses for a moment.

Fuck the cardigan, I'll buy another. Fuck my trousers, I always wore them to church anyways, now I have an excuse not to. Fuck my shirt, I have a thousand others like it.

I'm brought back to reality as I feel my fingers burning, I quickly turn on the tap, dumping my clothes into the sink and letting the cold water turn the cloth into black, shriveled up traces of what was once a clothing item.

Next time I see him I'm punching his face inside out.