

Insanity

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What is it exactly that drove me to the brink of insanity? Possibly my life has...

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1 - Parents and the PIG

What is it that drives us into insanity?

Is it that our parents try to run our lives and try to make it as difficult as they can so you get what you already understand?

Is it that your boyfriend cheated on you and now that you're over he still lies and denies it?

Is it that your, quote, UN-quote, girlfriend thinks your relationship is a joke?

Or is it that the guy you fell the hardest for is dating this dog that cheated on him and will probably do it again, and there's nothing you can do about it now?

Maybe it's all of those things that drove me crazy.

Lets start with my parents.

Life with them was "Ok" before they found out I was bisexual, They freaked out. Is it such a hard concept to grasp? I mean its 2007 shouldn't people be used to that kind of thing already? Plus my parents were catholic, aren't religious people supposed to be understanding?

My dad acted like every girl was just some one to "fool around" with. I must have explained to him a thousand times that just because you are Bi, doesn't mean that your attracted to everyone you see.

"Your not attracted to every woman you see are you?" I asked

"I'm married, it's different."

"No its not! I'm not attracted to everyone I see!" I shouted at him then ran back upstairs it was pointless to argue with someone who was so opinionated about what he thought was the "Right thing"

My mom ignored me for the rest of the night, I tried talking to her, I cried in the hallway and she didn't even look at me. She just kept cleaning or doing whatever it was she was doing. I screamed her name over and over; tear flying down my facing trying to get her to talk to me. But it was worthless. I went back into my room and hid in my closet. It was kind of ironic that I just came out of my closet to my parents and then I was back in it hiding from them.

It took months before my parents could trust me a little more. Although in December me and my best friend, got in trouble for a shop lifting mistake. We were fooling around and we put something in our bag and forgot to take it out. We tried to explain this to the lady but to luck they called her dad and we waited in the security office behind the mall. My Best friend was charged because she was holding the bag. The sad thing is if we hadn't of gotten in trouble my mom was going to let me sleepover at her house that night.

My best friend and I were separated for 3 long months before we were allowed to see each other again. And it was cruel for me to go with out my best friend for so long.

On New Years Eve, almost 2008, I asked my mom if I was allowed to go to Danielle's house for the night.

It had been 5 months since they found out that I liked girls as much as boys.

“Can I go over to Danielle’s tonight for new years?” I asked my mom who was cleaning the rabbit’s cage.

“I don’t know, what will you be doing there?” She asked not looking up at me.

“Just hanging out, probably going to watch movies and eat food.” I replied

“Is anyone else going to be there?” She asked

“No, I don’t think so.”

“Then you can’t sleep over.”

“What!” I exclaimed “Why not?!”

“Because its like sleeping over at a boys house.” She said calmly, at this point my dad had come downstairs and started agreeing with my mother. I tried to hold back my anger, it had been 5 months and we still haven’t gotten anywhere. If I got mad at them and yelled I knew it wouldn’t help me get to sleep over at Danielle’s. But I couldn’t hold it back.

“She doesn’t have a penis!” I shouted then grabbed the phone and called Danielle.

I got to be able to go over to her house that night but at 1 o’clock my dad was there to pick me up. frack him. I was so pissed off it wasn’t good. What a douche, I really hated him.

I fracking hate them, they don’t fracking trust me because I’m gay, its 2008, go frack a tree. Shouldn’t people be used to this kind of thing already?

Before I “opened this can of worms.” As my mom put it, my parents were fine with gay people. But now that they raised one in their home it’s the most horrible and embarrassing thing they’ve done and they don’t know what they did to deserve one of Satan’s gay children in their home.

I mean they did all the right things by raising me catholic, sending me to a catholic elementary and middle school, I got punished when I didn’t something wrong, but nope they messed up some where along the lines and got a gay baby. Lucky them, when they go to my wedding they’ll be the first of their friends to say “Hey I went to my daughters lesbian wedding.” But I know they wouldn’t go if I chose to marry a girl. The fact of two people being in love with each other goes against their religion I guess... whatever.

It really makes me mad that they cant accept their own flesh and blood as it is. Probably makes them mad that I’m not their perfect straight A student, whose involved with sports, plays the flute and the piano, dresses in cute preppy outfits, and has a boyfriend who plays football and is on the math team. But that will never be me, I’m the daughter who does average in school passing with C’s and B’s, does marching band, but doesn’t play and instrument, dressing in clothes from hot topic, and has a boyfriend that’s really a girl.

You know what it’s not my fault I didn’t want to be the same as every other preppy dog in my small

school.

You know what I hate more than my parents? Men. The lying, cheating, asshole ones. My ex boyfriend had the nerve to kiss two girls in one night over the summer when we were still dating. And the worst part was that even though after we broke up he still lies about it. Then when I asked him about it he lied about it, even after I asked both of the girls about it and they both told me the truth.

You know what, now looking back at it, I really hate him he was such a pig. He was such a horrible boyfriend I don't even know how we lasted 6 months. He would make fun of my music, tell me something then completely tell my parents something else. He was a complete. When I met him he knew I had a boyfriend. He knew that I was dating a nice guy that was a druggie but I didn't care. But he still knew that I was dating him and he kissed me. Practically gagged me with his tongue and bad kissing. But I guess I'm at blame too, because I kissed him back. So started our 6 months relationship.

1st month: All kissing no talking

2nd month: small fight, whatever

3rd month: Let's not go there

4th month: Its summer and we both started working so we never saw each other

5th month: summers almost over.

6th month: School started again and we had a class together. Not bad at first, but frack he was annoying as hell. All his friends made fun of me and he wouldn't say anything. After awhile I gave up trying and I broke it off. I knew I was going to tell him goodbye soon after that last incident.

Lets back up a few weeks, shall we...

We were chilling in his room, not doing anything but laying there together on his bed.

"Hey... we're alone" he whispered in my ear. I just smiled and laughed

"Wanna do stuff?" He asked. I was tired from walking to his house from school and I was definitely not in the mood...

I sighed "No, I'm kind of tired."

"Come on," He whined "You promised that next time we hung out we'd do something, its next time and we're alone, come on." He pressed, lowering his hands to the front of my pants.

"No." I said sternly "Stop I don't want to do that."

"Okay, we'll do something else, why don't you give me a hand job? You know just to try?" He said pulling his penis out of his shorts.

It was hot and sticky when I touched it, but I let go.

"N, I don't want to, it's gross." I complained

"just once, please?" He pleaded

"Ugh," I sighed and put my hand back on it and did whatever I knew how to do, but I didn't finish and

pulling my hand away after like 2 seconds.

“You know... you could put your mouth on it and see how it is...” the pig pressed for more.

“No.” I said and sat at the edge of the bed.

“Fine it didn’t even feel good anyway.” He said to me. I looked back at him

Why would he even say anything like that?

When I looked back at him he was jacking off in front of me and it was the most disgusting thing ever. I made a face and flipped out my cell and called my mom to come and pick me up.

The weeks following weren’t good. I broke up with him over the internet... so whatever.

The pig and I were still friends, we could still talk to each other but he was still a pig.

In the second semester, I was sitting in class with Sarah.

She leaned over and whispered “You know when you and Jason were going out he cheated on you?” she said

I turned to her. “What?” I asked stupidly

“Yeah, Me and Liz went over to his house and we played truth or dare and he kissed both of us.”

“Oh...” I said, at first I didn’t believe her but I did, he was such a pig I wouldn’t put it past him.

I walked up to him the next morning at school.

“Hey.” I said

“Hey” He replied

“So I was wondering do you remember kissing some girl named Sarah over the summer?” I asked

“Nah” He said “She must not have been good, I would have remembered it then”

“I guess so since we were still dating over the summer.” I said dryly the walked away not looking twice at his expression. I should have slapped him.

It wasn’t until awhile that he was trying to convince me otherwise. At lunch I walked up to the other girl he had kissed, Liz.

“Hey,” I said “Can I ask you a question?”

“Sure” She smiled

“Did you kiss Jason this summer?”

“Yeah he kissed me he kept trying to get me to make out with him, but I knew he had a girlfriend so I didn’t.”

“Okay thanks so much.” I said then walked away. I knew the truth so I knew he was lying.

I just wanted him to tell me the truth, until then I was going to be pissed at him. He stuck to his story and kept trying to tell me otherwise but it didn’t work after awhile he gave up and told me that he cheated.

I was glad that he told me the truth about it.

After a few months I started dating this other guy, he was nice and I really liked him. After a month he was looking more like a friend then a boyfriend. The pig came over one night when I was still dating the nice guy. He knew that I was dating him, he knew better but he still wanted to get me excited. He pushed me up against the wall and breathed down my neck. frack HIM. I really hated him right now. He started kissing me and I just couldn’t push him away and I gave in. I knew it was wrong to do to the nice guy but I was going to break up with him anyway.

The next day I dumped the nice guy. And I told myself that I was done with the pig. I didn’t want to have anything else to do with him. He was just using me and maybe I was just using him, but whatever I don’t care anymore.

2 - The Girl

(This Chapter is not as long. but I had nothing else to add in. Next Chapter, is the boy)

Vanessa my bisexual friend and I were sitting together on the bus one morning, after I broke up with the nice guy. I turned to look at her. She was so pretty.

“Hey, want to be my girlfriend?” I asked her “You know, like no boys just you and me?”

“Yea definitely.” She smiled and then kissed me.

It was okay from then on we could never hang out because her mom hated me and I wasn't allowed over. So I would only see her on the bus in the morning and sometimes the afternoon but it wasn't enough.

Soon summer came and before I knew it she had a boyfriend. She's got to be fracking kidding me. WTF!

Whatever, like it mattered, she hardly talked to me. She claims to be bi but she's constantly with a boy, I mean wtf! You can't have a boyfriend and a girlfriend at the same time. That's cheating unless their both okay about it. And I'm definitely not okay with it.

I haven't really talked to her about this, because I really don't want to start something about it, since it wasn't really serious with me and her. But one day she's going to get into a serious relationship with a girl and she's going to frack it up because she'll think that boys are open game.

So later on in the summer I see her again at the carnival.

“My ex girlfriend!, or girlfriend, whatever happened to us...?” she laughed

“I don't know,” I laughed as I hugged her,

“Well, I'm Single, so you want to go back out again.”

“Sure,” I smiled as I replied, I guess I didn't think it through, but whatever, she was so cute.

The whole night we hung out and laughed and chilled just like before. It was nice, for awhile I guess. Riding the sizzler, the Ferris wheel, getting sick after riding ride after ride, after ride.

She left around 9:30 and I was left with my other friends, Nikkie, Danika, and Kara. We sitting around, trying not to throw up. It was a pretty good night I guess.

I was sitting at home and my friend started IMing me. Telling me what Vanessa was doing at the carnival when I wasn't there. fracking around with guys and feeling them up and flashing them. Basically being an attention whore.

That's when I decided that it wasn't going to work out, and I didn't want to put up with that shoot.

I broke up with her. It would be better that way.