

# **My Addiction**

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*Its a want not a need.*

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# 1 - The Addiction

Its sad really. Relying on one *thing* to get you though, but at least I am not going to lie about it.

That one perfect *thing* that lights up my day, no matter how \*terrible\* its going. Just the quick eye catching sight of *it* makes my smile to myself. Its sick really. How my day could change by seeing *it*. [br] I could not even image my life without *it*. It is my soul purpose, my everything. From the way I try to dress and why I am not already in doubly-digits. The reason I even get up in the cold mornings for school. Just so I can see *it* before class starts. I keep my morals the way they are. Just so I can stand out and maybe catch *Its* attention of being different. [br]

Sad, really. I am horrible addict. And not matter how many times I realize I need to just throw it away, I can t. And no matter how many times I actually do, I let *it* slip right back in to my head. Just because I like it the way *it* makes me feel. [br]

It was mutual, but Im not so sure now. Even if it was I dont even deserve *it*. Someone as selfish and low as me. Teasing with temptations of false hope, not to sound slutty. I was just afraid. Honestly. [br]

This was no ordinary *brand*, if I remember correctly; *it* was quite popular with practically everyone. Boys and girls alike. *It* could have hooked anyone it if wanted it. [br]

It just so happened that this rare *brand* got hooked on me. Im still not really sure how it happened. But I guess I never really appreciated *it* until it was sold out. [br]

*It* just stuck with my for so many months, I took it for granted that the *it* would never go away. Though when *it* did, the withdraw was unbearable. But still not as unbearable as the second time it happened, because by then I knew that I would never get over this addiction if *it* left me again. [br]

The second time *it* left me; *it* had been about a year and showed up out of nowhere. Of course I wanted to binge right away. The only problem was I didn t know how to. [br]

Never was it that I didnt love its excellent taste, I just didnt know how to fully love it. I was just scared *it* wasn t going to be put to good use by me. And one day *it* would just leave. [br]

So I distanced myself, but it didnt really work. It only confused *it* with me and me with *it*. I didnt fully want to let go, but I couldnt hold on. [br]