

Sleeping With Roaches

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TW: Drug use, domestic violence

Chapter One- Lucas

“Olivia, please stop,” Lucas begged as he watched his girlfriend tear the cushions from the couch and throw them across the room.

“Where is it?” Olivia snapped, searching the naked couch frame. “I know you’ve got a fucking stash in here somewhere.”

Lucas took a step toward Olivia and took one of her hands in his, his gaze not quite meeting hers. “Liv, I told you, I’m clean. I don’t have—”

“Liar!” Olivia hissed, pulling her hand away from him. “I can see it in your eyes. You’ve been using again. I’m not fucking stupid, Luke. Tell me where it is.”

Lucas sighed. This wasn’t going to end well. He knew it. “Liv...”

Olivia ignored him and went back to scouring the apartment. “Five fucking years, Luke. Five fucking years I’ve been with you! You think I don’t know when you’re lying to me?” She flipped over the end table, letting the picture frame on top smash on the hardwood floor before searching the bottom for taped up dime bags. “I knew I shouldn’t have left you alone. You’re like a goddamn child. You shouldn’t have to be supervised twenty-four-goddamn-seven...”

When she didn’t find anything in the living room, she moved to the kitchen.

“Liv, please,” Lucas said again, reaching for her with a shaking hand.

Olivia scowled at him and swatted his hand away. “Don’t ‘Liv’ me.” She searched every corner of the kitchen, tearing everything out of the drawers and feeling the empty spaces for

evidence. Nothing. She moved to the art supplies on the counter— cups full of brushes, pencils, and various odds and ends— and started dumping them.

“This is insane,” Lucas sighed as he started haphazardly shoving things back into their places.

“No,” Olivia snapped as she turned to face him. “No, you don’t get to do that to me. You don’t get to throw away six months of sobriety and a five year relationship and tell me that *I’m* insane.”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“Then, tell me, what did you mean?” she asked him evenly.

Lucas ran a hand through his hair in frustration. This wasn’t the first time Olivia had wrecked their apartment in the two years they had been there. He tried to keep his voice steady as he spoke. “I just think you’re overreacting.”

Olivia laughed wryly. “Overreacting? No. You know what? Fuck you.” She pushed a mason jar filled with loose change off of the counter.

Lucas flinched as it crashed to the floor, hoping that she wouldn’t look down at the mess that she’d made. Olivia examined his face, then looked at the change on the floor. She scoffed when she spotted the dime bag mixed in with the coins.

She shook her head. “Unbelievable,” she said as she stepped around him, kicking a piece of the broken glass across the floor as she did.

“Liv, wait,” Lucas said, grabbing her arm.

Olivia spun around and slapped him across the face. The sound echoed throughout the otherwise silent apartment. Lucas was stunned for a moment, not knowing how to react. Olivia broke the silence.

“You know what, Luke? I don’t care anymore. Go ahead and drug yourself to death. I won’t be here to stop you.” Olivia pulled away from him and left, slamming the door behind her so hard that some of Lucas’ paintings fell off the wall and landed with dull thuds on the floor.

Lucas stood frozen for a moment before looking around their wrecked apartment. Well, it wasn’t going to clean itself, and Olivia would be even more pissed if she came back to it looking like this.

He put the end table right side up and placed the picture frame back on it, careful not to cut himself on the broken glass. He stared at the faces in the picture: himself and Olivia, fresh out of college. Lucas was about twenty pounds lighter then. He was two weeks clean at the time; the sleeplessness and anxiety were evident even when his image was stilled and the persistent shaking of his hands couldn’t be seen. Olivia was wearing that yellow summer dress that he loved. Her long, blonde hair was perfectly curled, and she was smiling at the camera and leaning against Lucas, looking absolutely carefree.

That Olivia cared about him. That Olivia would’ve given a damn and stopped to ask *why* he relapsed instead of immediately condemning him.

Lucas sneered and pushed the frame back off of the table. Olivia didn’t care what he did? Fine. Good, even. If she didn’t care, then neither did he.

He dug his cellphone out of his pocket and searched for a contact he hadn’t used in a long time. He pressed the call button and brought the phone to his ear. After two rings, someone picked up.

“Hello?”

“Hey, Kurt. It’s Lucas. You free tonight?” he asked, walking into the kitchen and kicking aside the broken glass from the mason jar.

“Oh my God. Fuck yes, dude,” Kurt answered, his voice saturated with excitement.

“Great.” Lucas grabbed the dime bag from the pile of change and stuffed it in his pocket.

“Meet you at our old spot?”

“Absolutely. See you in ten.”

“And Kurt,” Lucas added quickly, “bring everything you’ve got.”

“Fuck, yes!” Kurt cheered into the phone before hanging up.

Lucas slammed his empty shot glass down on the counter for the second time. Kurt laughed and slid him another one.

“What a bitch!” he yelled over the loud music in the club.

“I don’t even want to talk about her anymore,” Lucas said before knocking back the next shot. He already felt better after a bump and a few drinks. “What’ve you been up to?”

“Living the life, man,” Kurt answered, a large grin plastered on his face. “I bought a house and I’ve been runnin’ business outta it for the last couple of months. I’m my own boss now. And it’s not just blow anymore. I gotta whole arsenal.”

“Got anything fun on you? I need a distraction. A good one.”

“Of course. You said to bring everything I’ve got, and I know what you like.” Kurt pulled something out of his pocket, purposefully concealing it from Lucas. “Open your hand,” he urged.

Lucas rolled his eyes and held out his open hand. He watched as Kurt placed a tab in his palm and laughed. “Jesus Christ. I haven’t seen this shit since college.”

“Well?” Kurt asked, looking at him expectantly.

Lucas stared at the tab for a moment longer before flashing Kurt a sly grin. “Only if you’re coming with me.”

Kurt laughed out loud and reached into his pocket once more. “Anything for you, man.” He popped the paper into his mouth without hesitation.

Lucas did the same, then flashed a smile at Kurt. “You always did know how to cheer me up.”

Kurt patted him roughly on the back. “Glad I could help!” He waved down the bartender. “Let’s get another round!”

Lucas didn’t remember getting up from his spot at the bar. He also didn’t remember meeting the guy he was dancing with, splitting off from Kurt, or losing his cellphone, but there he was, being grinded on in the middle of the club, alone, without his phone in his pocket. Part of him screamed to leave, to run away from the club and never go back, but the other, more reckless part of him took over and pulled the man closer.

The young blond smiled at him and wrapped his hands around Lucas’s waist, groping him clumsily as they moved to the music. Lucas felt dizzy, but in a way that was almost enjoyable. The man in front of him seemed to be right in his face but miles away at the same time. The floor felt like a trampoline beneath his feet, and he could feel the music like a second heartbeat in his chest.

The young man spun Lucas playfully. He laughed as he almost fell to the floor. The alcohol had to be catching up with him. The drugs, too. What all had he taken? There must have been something after that last shot...

Before Lucas could think about it more, the young man was pulling him through the crowd. Lucas followed, holding tight to his hand, feeling like he might be absorbed by the people around him if he let go.

They reached the bathroom at the other side of the club, and the man shut and locked the door behind them before pressing Lucas up against the wall and kissing him forcefully. He smelled like cigarettes and cheap booze, but Lucas didn't mind. He probably smelled the same. He kissed back and raised his arms above his head as the other man peeled off his shirt. With his shirt tossed aside, Lucas wrapped his arms around the man's neck and pressed himself close to him, deepening the kiss.

Lucas felt the man's hands wander down his back to the hem of his pants. He shivered as the man blindly fumbled with his belt before freeing Lucas of his jeans, leaving him in his boxers. Lucas moved his hands under the man's shirt before pulling back to remove it. He opened his eyes and froze in fear.

In front of him was not a man, but a seemingly formless figure with holes for eyes and no space for a nose, but plenty of space for teeth. Lucas' breath caught in his throat when he tried to scream as he pushed the... the *thing* in front of him away.

"Wait!" the thing called after him as he unlocked the door and ran out into the club. A rush of cool air reminded him that he was naked, aside from his boxers. He looked around for some help, but he nearly fainted as he found that there were no people left in the club, only more of those *things*.

He pushed his way through them toward the front of the club. He could see the door, with its brightly colored "exit" sign over the top, but it seemed to only get further away as he ran. Something grabbed him by his arm, but he pulled himself away just as he reached the exit. He

pushed the door open and dashed out onto the sidewalk, slamming the door shut behind him. He couldn't stop, though. He wasn't safe.

Lucas forced himself to run faster, to get as far away from those things as he could. The streetlights overhead were blinding, as were the lights that seemed to flow around his body as he ran. He slowed and dared to look behind him. As he did, he heard a blaring noise, then a squeal. He felt his feet leave the ground without him telling them to. Then, he felt and heard everything and nothing at all.

The world went black.