

# Therapy Session

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*A story about Edward.*

*Nothing more.*

***This*** = Voices

*This* = Edward's thoughts

***CAPS*** = Screams and stuff ofc

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**Chapter 1 - White**

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# 1 - White

They're talking about rape D8

I'm planning on doing like... three or four chapters.

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I've always wondered how white could help people get better. I'm talking about mental facilities and people who are mentally ill. White walls. White floors. Everything. I was in one of those white corridors. I had stopped and stared at a door. Someone had been screaming. Then I heard someone call out to me from behind. I turned and saw a nurse.

"Edward," She said and smiled. "Screams are normal."

I was scared. What if I turned out to be one of the screamers? I shook my head and continued to walk. The nurse followed me. I could see a door in the distance. A white door.

I didn't know what I should do. I was going to meet my new therapist soon. I was nervous. I walked to the window.

*Maybe I could jump outta this window, run away and never come back?*

I looked down. This was the third floor and I didn't want to die anymore. I backed away from the window and sat down on a chair. I didn't have to wait much longer. A man entered the room. He was about 35 years old, had glasses and short black hair. He looked friendly. He sat down in front of me.

"Hi Edward. My name is.."

I didn't care about names. I would get a new one in a couple of weeks. I decided to stare at the ceiling.

"Edward," he said. "Can you hear me?"

"Yes," I answered.

I looked at him.

*Don't look at me. Don't look at me. Don't look at me. Don't look at me. Don't look at me.*

He looked back. I tried not to turn away. He smiled at me.

"I heard you didn't like eyecontact."

"I don't. But I'm trying."

"That's very good, Edward."

He began to write stuff on his notepad.

"I don't know you Edward. How about telling me a little about yourself?"

"Well," I began. "I'm 16 years old. Single."

He nodded.

"I have many friends, even though I'm not sure if they like me," I continued.

"I bet they like you."

"I guess that's all I have to say."

He nodded again and wrote some more. I became silent.

"I'm going to ask you some questions now, you don't have to answer them if you don't want to but I don't want you to lie, okay?"

I shrugged.

"How are you feeling?"

I didn't answer.

"Okay. Do you or did you have a girl- or boyfriend?"

I shook my head. He continued to ask ordinary questions for a while, when suddenly.

"Do you know what triggered your disease?"

I stared at him.

"What?" I said. He repeated the question. I slowly shook my head.

**He told you not to lie.**

He wrote something and continued.

"Did someone touch you in a way they weren't supposed to?"

"WHAT?!" I yelled and stood up.

"Edward, calm down. You don't have to answer..." He began.

"I'm not a baby! You don't have to say like that! Just say it! DID SOMEONE RAPE YOU?! THE ANSWER IS YES!!"

"Edward, please. Calm down."

"Two times." I trembled. "Two times.."

I sat down and began to cry. He tried to comfort me but I didn't hear him. All I could hear was the voices.

**They raped you because of your cute face and girly looks. Didn't the doctor say you were cute before he shoved his dick in your mouth?**

I put my hands over my ears.

*Be quiet. Please. I beg you.*

The voices turned into laughter. I started hitting my face into the table with all my might. The therapist stood up and dragged me away from the table.

"I don't want a cute face! I don't want this body!"

I started to scream and threw myself against the wall. Two nurses entered the room and gave me some tranquilizer. It felt good. The pain from the needle and the liquid that calmed me. The therapist and the nurses helped me to my room. My white room. They locked the door. The white door. I lied down on my bed. My white bed.