

Mind Progress

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*Ummmm... *summary summary summary*...*

A guy named Primus is uber special in some way. And he goes on a great adventure (and of course there""s romance in this book just like every single one of my stories. :3

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1 - Escape

ESCAPE

Waking up is hard to do when you're on drugs. Everything was too bright. Too...white. I had to keep my eyes half-way shut so they could get used to the lighting gradually and less painfully. I felt like hell. My arm ached. Scratch that, my whole body ached, but my arm was weird. Oh. That's why. I had at least five IVs in my right arm. That didn't matter at the moment. I had to figure out where I was. A nurse walked in the room while I was immersed in my thoughts. She smiled warmly and gave me more drugs. I suddenly felt really warm and giddy. I smiled back at her. But she didn't see me as she walked away. I sat back against the headboard, feeling too happy despite the situation I was in. Damn drugs. Resist. A professional-looking woman stepped into the room. She smiled plastically. Nice nose job. I laughed, but she assumed it was just because of the IVs.

"Hello. My name is Kristen Reed. And I just need to ask you a few questions to see how you're doing."

"With what?"

"With..." She hesitated. "Life." Then she smiled again.

"Okay..."

"Now, what is your name?"

"Primus." How did I remember that? I don't know how I knew that, since the IVs and drugs were numbing me.

"How old are you?"

"Sixteen."

*Everything suddenly flashed back to me. I was ten, and my parents were at the grocery store. I had known about the fact that you're not supposed to talk to strangers, but I thought my neighbor was my friend since he had been here since the day of my birth. He'd always talk to me over the fence that separated our yards, and my parents had always trusted him. I was playing with our dog, Frankie, and he always caught the ball and brought it back. But this time, I had accidentally thrown it over the fence into our neighbor's yard (and for some reason I had never known his name).

"Hey, is this yours?" the man asked.

I stood on the chair by the fence and peeked over the top of the fence.

"I'm sorry, Mister," I had said.

"It's okay. Hey, are your parents gone or something?"

"Yeah."

"Well, I can be like your babysitter. And you can come over and watch TV at my house."

"Really?"

"Well, sure!"

He helped me climb over the fence and took me into his house. There were other people there, all dressed in black.

"We're just having a party," Mister said.

Then one of them grabbed my hair and dragged me to the front of the house. I tried to scream, but his other hand covered my tiny mouth. I writhed and thrashed at them all, but I was just a kid then. I was weak and feeble. Then I ended up here, in the Center.*

"Hello? Are you alright, Primus?"

I blinked.

"No."

Then I hit her in the head with a huge walking stick I had found in the bathroom. I'm getting out of here today.

2 - Found

FOUND

I ran through the halls, passing officials the whole way. Except I fell over a few times. The drugs weren't wearing off all the way. I passed other Patients. They either had silver hair like mine or silver streaks. For some reason, all patients have some type of silver in their hair. Someone finally noticed I wasn't supposed to be running around in the halls without a doctor. They sent people to come after me. Security guards at every corner were after me, shooting tranquilizer bullets. I don't know how I did it, but I dodged everyone (probably because my talent is precognition). One of the guards surprised me when he appeared right in front of the Exit door.

"Surprise!"

I kicked him in the face, making his nose bleed. He cried out, giving me the perfect amount of time to shove him out of the way. I heard a gun shoot behind me. They weren't using tranquilizers anymore. I had to get out of here. If only I had a car. Before I had found the garage, I took at least \$3,000 in cash from the Vaults and shoved them into my bag. I pushed the door open and landed in a garage. Oh. Wrong door. However, there was an advantage to this situation, I now had a car. I jumped into the nicest car I could find. A 1988 Spider. I could recognize cars easily, since I had a lack of entertainment in the Center. I didn't have much time. But where's the keys? Under the seat.

"There he is!"

"Damn."

I started the car and crashed through the garage door. Freedom. I could smell fresh, crisp, autumn air. I closed my eyes for only a moment, then put my eyes on the road. Or...trail. I had never looked outside before, there weren't any windows in the Center. The Center was set in the middle of a random forest. I had always imagined a desert outside, since this place was in the middle of nowhere. The Spider soon ran out of gas, and I had to abandon it. It's time to walk on foot, now.

My breathing was in short, raspy gasps. I needed water and food, terribly. Exhaustion was taking over my body. I had no idea what time it was, but it was dusk. I had finally made it into a town filled with poverty. I knew I was going to, but I didn't know I would feel worse than I did in the Center. Dark circles and shapes danced in my vision. I had to find a place soon, or else I'd probably end up in some mugger's basement.

A few people showed up feet away, but I was certain they were hallucinations. But then they started yelling. I couldn't hear them over the blood pounding in my ears.

"Hey! Dad! Look at him!"

"Well...he isn't in good shape. Probably hasn't eaten in days."

"Help him!"

I feel anything else after then. I fell on the hard concrete, and heard a small crack in my head.

"Is he okay?"

“Yeah. Just a small concussion. He’ll be perfectly fine in a couple days.”

I groaned. A girl gasped.

“My head.”

I opened my eyes to see the most beautiful girl in the world that I had seen. Back in the Center, most of the Patient girls weren’t very attractive due to the drugs and treatments they’d been given. This one had soft brunette hair with blue streaks in it. Her eyes were an icy blue, with a kindness in them that made me suddenly feel safe.

“What’s your name?” she asked, her voice was like chocolate, which I heard was sweet, so I gave her voice that description.

“Primus. Yours?”

“Collin.”

“That’s different. I’ve never heard of a girl named Collin.”

She laughed. “Well, now you’ve met one.”

I tried to sit up, and another head rush flowed through my mind. Collin put her hands on my back. They were so warm and comforting.

“Take it easy,” she said.

I smiled at her. She was also the sweetest girl I had ever met. What was she doing being so nice to me? I probably looked so hellish. And she was like a goddess.

“Are you okay?”

“Yeah. Thanks.”

I sat up with the help of her arms.

“Can I get you something to drink? Eat?”

“Um...well.”

“We don’t mind.”

“Well, water please.”

“Alright.”

“That was my mom,” Collin said.

Collin was like a miniature version of her mother. But her mother’s eyes weren’t as hypnotizing. Maybe because she was in her late thirties.

“You know why don’t you stay here tonight,” Collin’s father said, “You don’t have a place to stay, do you?”

“No. But I don’t think-”

“Well, of course you can stay,” her mother interrupted, “We have a guest room right down the hall!”

I had never been taken care of like this before. I didn’t feel too comfortable with it right now.

“Umm...I think I’ll just stay on the couch,” I answered.

“Oh.” Mrs. Collin’s Mother hesitated. “Well, that’s okay!”

I tried to help with the cleaning of dinner, but both Collin and her mother refused. Collin’s father seemed to care for my safety, but he didn’t like me very much, I could tell.

“Well,” Collin’s mother yawned, “It’s getting late. We should all get to bed. I’ll get you a blanket, Primus.”

“Thanks.” Where did I get a polite attitude? And *manners*? Being in this house made me feel like I had to live up to expectations.

Collin’s parents went up to bed, but Collin stayed downstairs for awhile. We watched TV together, and soon she became tired.

“Wha-what?”

I blinked a little. Where’s a clock in here? Wait, I have a watch. 3:13 a. m. I needed sleep. I tried ot lay down some more, and a weight lightly fell on me. Collin.

“Sorry,” I said, “I didn’t mean to wake you.”

She stretched. “You don’t mind me sleeping here, do you?”

“No.”

She snuggled up to me. I had only been here a few days. Of course, I didn’t mind the attraction, but it felt weird. But right. So I just accepted it, laying down on the couch.

“I kind of like you,” Collin said.

“Me too...I guess,” I answered. She smiled.

3 - Lip Gloss

LIP GLOSS

Whispers filled my ear drums.

“How did she get down here?”

“She must have fallen asleep.”

“Unacceptable.”

“It’s not her fault!”

Collin yawned. Her parents fell silent. I pretended to stay asleep, I’ve noticed that if you’re asleep, a lot happens. So might as well pretend you are to understand everything.

“Why is everyone up?” she asked, still groggy.

“We were just making breakfast, dear,” her mother said. I wish I knew Collin’s last name, so I could give her parents names.

I had to open my eyes a little to get a look at Collin. She was still pretty in the morning. Nothing is going to happen anymore, since Collin woke up. I sat up on the couch. They would talk to her later about last night, when I wasn’t around.

“Oh yeah. You didn’t see him last night, but that’s my brother,” Collin whispered to me. She gestured to a younger version of her dad in the kitchen. Both her father and her brother had blonde hair and brown eyes. They seemed to act the same to. It reminded me of Collin and her mother. I’ve heard of families like this one, but have never seen one.

“Primus, are you hungry?”

“Oh. I don’t need anything. Thanks.”

“You sure?”

“Well...okay.” I smiled. I needed food badly. But I didn’t want to show it.

Afterwards, Collin went up to me before leaving.

“It’s Saturday,” she said, “Do you want to go out with me and my friends?”

“Uh...I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Why not? Oh come on! You need to get out!”

She dragged me out the door to wait for her friends. I didn’t like going in a car with complete strangers. Especially after the Center. That place is filled with doctors that no one has any idea of. A girl’s car drove up.

“Hey, Collin! Uh, who’s this?” A girl with almost bleach blonde hair and blue eyes. I couldn’t trust her from the start. There was something about her that wasn’t right.

“This is Primus. He didn’t have a place to stay so...my family kind of him in,” Collin answered.

“Oh...well then join us, Primus!” A ginger piped up. She’s too perky for my tastes. Collin’s friends sucked, other than Collin herself.

“Where are we even going?” I murmured to Collin as we stepped in the car.

“Movies,” she whispered back, then said louder, “Oh well, I should introduce you to my friends.”

“Jillian.” She pointed to a slightly Goth girl sitting next to me.

“Lola.” The evil blonde driver.

“Kris.” A light brunette in shotgun.

“And-” Please don’t call the redhead Ginger. Please, please, please!

“Andy.” Thank God.

“What are we seeing?” I asked.

“Sherlock Holmes,” Collin answered, “I heard it was really exciting. So we’re going.”

Hm...I’ve actually heard of going to see a movie in a theatre. It always sounded exciting to me, but to others, it seemed like a normal thing to do, so I kept a straight face.

The theatre was filled with people nobody knew, and I didn’t like it. I suggested we sit in a corner where no one could see us to Collin, but she said sitting in the middle rows were the best views. So I had to sit there, surrounded by others. The movie soon started, and the man was an insane genius who locks himself in his room, then goes on an epic case to catch a Black Magic sorcerer. Magic actually never existed in the movie, it was just a machine. Though it was interesting to listen to the dialogue. Collin kept on scooting closer to me in her seat, and by the end of the movie she was touching my arm with her head on my shoulder. I thought it was sweet, though. Lola didn’t seem to like me or the fact that Collin was starting to. I didn’t like her either, so we were both caught up on each other and our “acquaintance.”

We were laughing our heads off when we got home, and I forgot why, but she was holding my hand, and that was all that mattered. Unfortunately, she stayed in her room for the night. I was alone this time. She kissed me goodnight, though, when everyone else was asleep. I had never kissed anyone before, and I felt...unpracticed, so to speak. She didn’t notice, or was pretending not to notice, but I didn’t care. It felt good, and I could still taste her cherry lip gloss the whole night through.