

Love Addicts

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Basically this is a story about a family with three messed up kids with psychic powers. Its broken up into a few sections with at least three chapters per section. Each section is narrated by a different character. I hope you enjoy it.

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<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/XxPreciousxMiseriesxX/57570/Love-Addicts>

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I can't stand it! They are always fighting! I just need to get away. I can't live like this. These have been my main thoughts for what seems like forever now. My parents fight constantly. I don't understand why they don't just get divorced. Dad already has a new girlfriend. I don't think Mom knows. Alex is only twelve. I was the one who stopped his drinking. He still cuts himself. I can't stop him. That's his only escape. Only my twin sister Mya knows this stuff. I didn't tell her. She saw it in my head.

Ever since we were little, Mya and I have been complete opposites. Mya is a beautiful, honey, gold, blonde. I have dull, dirty, blonde hair. Mya has eyes as bright and blue as the ocean. Mine are lifeless, bottomless, and the color of blue Kool-Aid. But it isn't just our looks that are so different, besides even our parents can't tell us apart. Mya is yellow and pink. Her aura is. Bright, happy, caring, loving. Kind and sunny. My aura is blue, green, black, and red. Sad, dull, anxious, angsty. Untrusting and dark. We have always been like this.

Even now we are polar opposites. But we balance. Carefree and joyful. Serious and cautious. The way we are handling our parents is different too. She pretends everything is fine. Escapes to her friends' houses and cheerleading practice. Mya bottles up all her negative feelings and thoughts then hides them deep inside herself.

I can't escape. See I'm psychic. Not "see the future, dig into your past" psychic. I'm an aura/mind-reader. No, I can't read your mind right now. I have to have physical contact. And even then it works better the closer I am emotionally to the person. I don't need the contact with my parents though. I don't know why. I just hear their thoughts. They always think about how much they hate each other. So, I have no more friends. I lock myself in my room and blast my death metal cd's to block the voices. The effectiveness varies daily. Only Mya knows any of this.

Mya has psychic powers too. Hers are different though. The only mind she can hear is mine. And only when and what I want. Mya isn't a see-er or a hear-er like me. She is a control-er and move-er. She manipulates. Influences. Except family.

As a rule we try never to use our power. That's why I don't have friends. It's also why Mya isn't on the varsity cheerleading squad. So I wear glasses I don't need to hide auras. Mya doesn't make eye contact so her will isn't imposed on anyone by accident. I listen to rock music during class and avoid contact. She's impulsive and doesn't think about things. Last year I tried contacts and held my boyfriend's hand. His aura was tinged with lust. He had a very perverted mind. I haven't had a boyfriend or any friends since. Everyone thinks I dumped him because he was bad in bed. He moved after two months of rumors.

He hasn't told anyone yet but my brother has powers also. He sees the past, future, and ghosts. Alex started drinking when he started having bad visions. He cuts himself once for every life he can't save. He hasn't figured out how to control his powers yet. He saw his own death. He is only going to be twenty. He saw the twin towers fall two months before it happened. It was on his tenth birthday. He almost died that night. Loss of blood. Alcohol poisoning.

I haven't told him about my powers or that I know about his. Neither has Mya. Once there was a terrible accident on the freeway. Alex dreaded it for days. Mya used her powers to him from hurting himself. The next day he died his soft golden locks let black. Two months later he had saved enough money to buy colored contacts. Now his eyes are violet. He wears more black than I do.

I wish I could help him but I know he has to accept his powers before he can control them. It would help if he didn't have ghosts from the disasters he's seen following him around. And it can't help with our

parents constantly screaming. He has new friends now so he isn't home much.

Alex is lucky though. Our parents worry about him. So, at least he gets attention. Mya does too. Mom and Dad are proud of her. She's smart, pretty, and popular. Me, I'm just the moody, loner child.