

Prologue

I stumbled down the steps, trying to find the bathroom. I couldn't remember how many drinks I had but everything was blurry and I was hella dizzy. I slide against the wall. Shouldn't there be a rail here? I needed to find a bathroom quick. I knew I was going to vomit.

The music was still loud and I felt my heart beating in my chest, about to explode. I hadn't been dancing that hard, I don't think. I knew I shouldn't have come to this party. I don't know why I let Mali talk me into it.

I get to the bottom of the steps and I can't feel my face or my body. My legs give out and I smack hard on the concrete floor. Looking around, all I see are distorted shapes and colors moving fast. I look back at the stairs and see this man dressed in a suit with white pointy shoes.

"Help me," I manage to slur.

He turned around to look at me. I couldn't see his face. It was so dark. He turned to leave out of the door. I try crawling back and I feel something wet and thick on my hands. I lift my hands close to my face and they are red. Is this blood? When did I get hurt? I try

feeling around and my hand hits something. Feels like wet hair.

I crawl closer with the little strength I had left. My heart was racing faster and my body was becoming numb. I have never in my life felt like this. The light from the moon is shining in and I finally get to the hair. It's a body. A dead body. I froze as I finally see the face, eyes wide open. I heard a scream before I blacked out.

PROOF

Alexis

I could hear people talking but I couldn't respond. I hear my mom screaming and my dad cussing someone out. I can't move, I can't open my eyes. I can't do anything. Am I paralyzed? I try to move and nothing happens. I try to scream but nothing comes out. What's going on? I hear this beeping sound become faster and faster.

"What's happening to her?" I hear my mother scream.

"Her heart is racing," someone says.

Am I at the hospital? When did I get here? Why am I here? The dead body. I instantly remember. Did I kill someone? No, there was a man there. Did he kill someone? Why can't I fucking wake up?

"You're screaming and cursing are not going to make her wake up any faster. Her system was loaded with drugs, including a paralyzer," someone says.

But I don't do drugs.

"She doesn't do drugs you piece of shit!" my dad seethes.

“Sir, if you keep being belligerent and aggressive, we will have security remove you from the premises,” the person says.

“Are you threatening me? Because I will fucking...”

“Nathaniel!” my mother screams.

She only says his government name to either calm him down or when she’s pissed. Right now, I am not so sure which one it is. Why the fuck can I not wake up?

“Fine, but you better do everything you can to make sure my daughter lives,” my dad finally says.

I hear footsteps walking away. Someone left.

“What happened to our little girl Nate?” my mom weeps.

“I don’t know but I damn sure am going to find out.”

“You think it has to do with the turf war going on?”

“Doubt it. That party she was at was on neutral ground. No one owns it nor is fighting over it.”

“We should’ve never let her go.”

“Come on Trunk, she’s 25.”

Trunk is what my dad nicknamed my mom when they first met. He said her ass was so huge, it was bigger than the trunk of his 1969 Cadillac.

“I don’t give a damn how old she is. Look where we are!”

Where are we? Why can’t I move? Why can’t I talk? What happened to me?

“Well, the only thing we can do now is find out what happened,” said my dad.

“My poor baby,” my mom said.

I felt something wet on my face before she kissed my cheek. She’s crying, but why? Am I never going to wake up again? I don’t even do drugs. Did someone drug me? What happened last night? I couldn’t remember. I have to remember.

The beeping became louder and faster and I hear footsteps quickly approaching.

“She’s in cardiac arrest and crashing fast!” someone yells.

“What’s happening to my baby?” my mom shrieks.

“What the fuck is going on?” my dad barks.

“Get them out of here please!” someone yells.

Are they talking about my parents? Please, don't make them leave.

"You got me fucked up to think I'm going to leave!" my father growls.

"I need a crash cart!"

"Sir, if you don't leave willingly, we will have to use reinforcements."

"Do you know who the fuck I am?"

"Right now, that doesn't matter."

"I am not leaving my baby."

"Charge to 200!"

"Ma'am, you don't have a choice."

"Don't tell my wife she doesn't have a choice."

"Where's that crash cart?"

"Call security!"

"Man fuck security, I'm not going anywhere."

"I need an IV drip, stat!"

I hear more footsteps. Lots of them. My heart is racing, my chest is burning. What's happening to me?

"Her BP is rising fast, her heart will explode! Get them out of here now!"

I hear my mom and dad screaming and cussing. I hear something hard hit the floor and a bunch of pieces sliding everywhere. I am terrified. What is happening around me? I feel people poking and prodding and sticking me.

Then I hear nothing.

PROOF