

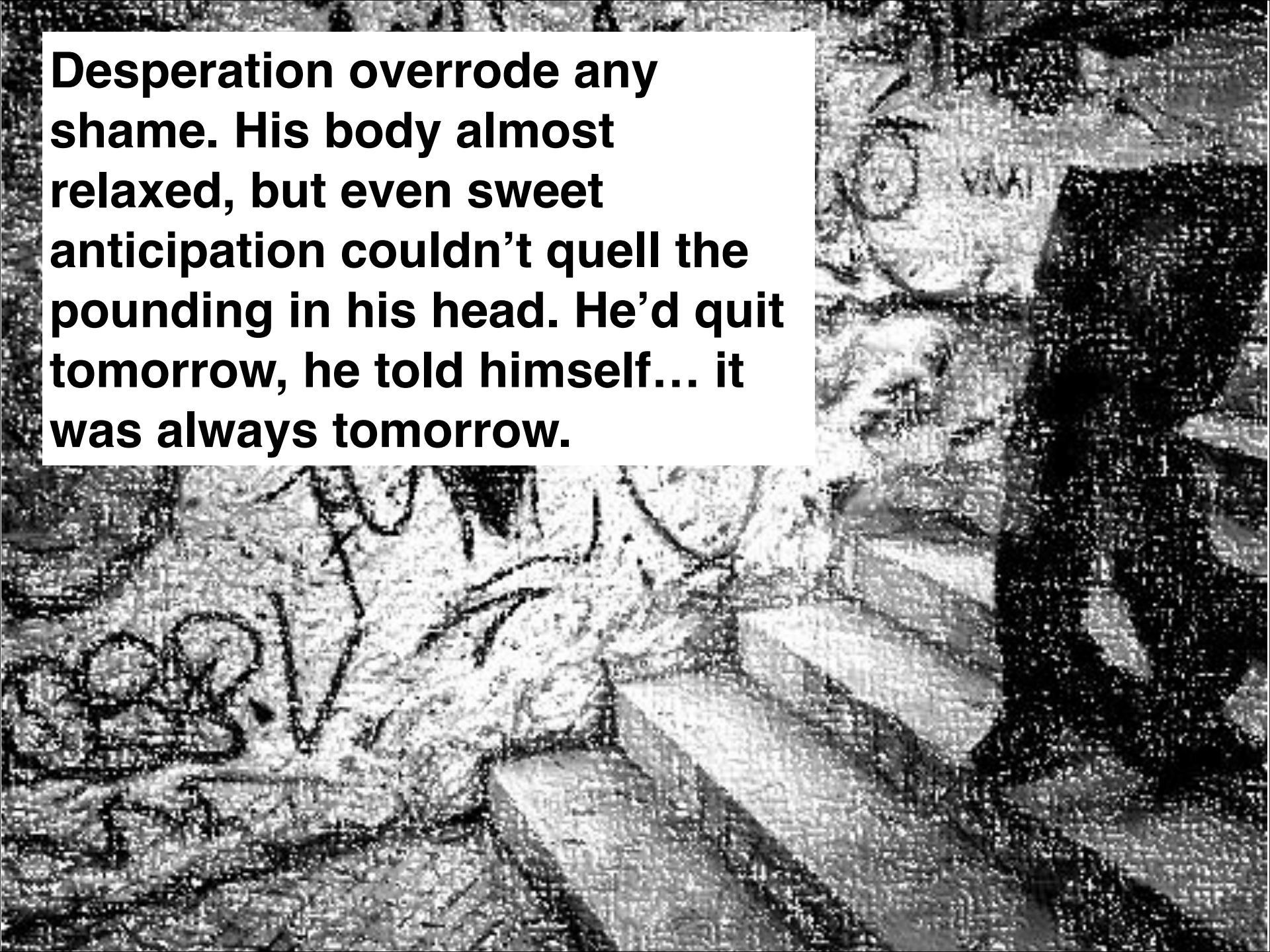


**Desperation drove him back here.
He had tried to fight it... he couldn't.**



The moment day broke, he threw on his thin, grey hoodie and, sweaty and shaking, stealthily navigated the litter-strewn sidewalk.

Desperation overrode any shame. His body almost relaxed, but even sweet anticipation couldn't quell the pounding in his head. He'd quit tomorrow, he told himself... it was always tomorrow.





At the moment, he didn't care. Spying his dealer, there was no time for pleasantries. With the cash damp and crumpled in his fist,

**relief was eminent.
He begged in a hushed tone,**





“ One Venti Caffe Americano.”