

Chris sat down at the end of the table - the long, oval table that was used for meetings more important than the one that was about to commence. He watched the others sit down in chairs that left a large distance between people. He never thought this would be the last time they would all be sitting together as a band.

Chris looks over at Justin as he tries his best to explain. As he tries his best to say how he liked how his solo album went, and he wanted to move on. He feels that their isn't much more he could learn from *NSYNC.

Chris's eyes run to the others. "Lance and Joey started this all," he thinks to himself. "They were the ones who gave Justin the idea of going solo, with their movie On The Line." He can see in their eyes they blame themselves, but they simply respond with nodding along to Justin's words.

Chris darts his eyes to his right to where Jc is sitting by himself, opposite to Lance and Joey. His hands are clenched together and his jaw is rigid. Chris knows he is mad. "Not surprised," he thinks inside. "You release an album; it isn't as popular as Justin's. I'll give you a break, man." Similar to Lance and Joey, he bobs his head up and down to the beat of Justin's fingers on the table.

Chris sits with his arms crossed and foot on his knee, which bounces at a fast pace. His eyes remain in contact with Justin, who looks up at every other sentence in hope that he will show him a bit of understanding. Chris burns a hole in his body with his eyes, showing Justin how he will always feel.

A few more things are spoken. Chris doesn't remember if he said anything. He expressed his opinion in glaring and his body language. Everyone pushes back his chair. Chris does the same - very slowly however. Justin walks from the room, avoiding everyone's gaze with his head held high. Chris doesn't want to feel a strong hatred for his

closest friend, but at this point he didn't try to stop. "I will never look at Justin the same again." He keeps this thought inside his mind, stored in the freshly built file cabinets just for Justin emotions.

Jc pats Chris's shoulder and walks out. He keeps his eyes on the ground. Lance rubs his other shoulder and follows after Jc, his head slightly higher. Joey gives more of an effort to cheer Chris up by hugging him tightly.

"Everything will be alright. I promise I am here for you. We are still friends, right?" Chris bobs his head, eyes fixed on a plug-in by the door.

"Don't you know this band is my life? I need this and you are taking it away from me! You can't take this away. I made you, I made you all!" Chris screams inside his head as Joey walks out the door. "Come back..."

He needs to be strong. He knows that *NSYNC wouldn't be around forever, but the music would go on into the centuries for all to hear. He turns his body around slowly, looking back at the chairs that had been pushed away from the table.

The lights go out one by one in Chris's head and he is left standing in the dark. Darkness envelops him and he stumbles through the dark to the closed door. He is scared to open it. He doesn't want to move on. He slides to his knees and stares off into the distant abyss. He feels weak and useless.

He lets it take him over...

TA-DA!