

## ***BACKUP GIRL NO MORE: ADIOS TO MY V-CARD AND MY FIRST LOVE***

### **Backup Girl No More**

#### Chapter 6

I jerked awake to find that familiar jaw and throat above me.

His scent enveloped me – that cedar cologne he loved, now mixed with a faint trace of unfamiliar

citrus. Probably Madison's perfume.

I'd almost forgotten Aiden knew my door code.

Seeing I was awake, he leaned down with that cocky smile, trying to kiss me.

I panicked, turning my head away and shoving him back, scrambling to the other side of my bed.

"Playing shy now? After last night?" he chuckled.

I stayed silent, pulling the comforter over my head.

He started tugging at it. "Really, Brooklyn? No goodnight text and your phone off? Since when do you ghost me?"

Before I could stop him, he slipped under the covers and pulled me against him.

"Come on, we've talked about skipping breakfast. I went on an early run just to get those chocolate croissants from that French bakery you love. Waited in line forever." His voice dropped lower. "Though we could always... work up an appetite first..."

His breath was hot on my skin, his hands starting to wander.

Finally coming to my senses, I struggled against him. But at 5'4", I was no match for his 6'2" frame.

I couldn't understand why he was even here. He had Madison now – why couldn't he just leave me

alone?

“What’s wrong? Mad I didn’t take you to the party? That’s what this is about?”

I remained silent.

He buried his face in my neck, laughing. “Let me guess – Maya snitched about the party games? It was just Truth or Dare, babe. Why are you so jealous? You’ve always been like this – getting all moody whenever I talk to other girls.”

Fury surged through me. Remembering that self-defense class, I drove my knee up between his legs

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and bolted from the bed when he doubled over.

“Brooklyn!” he growled through clenched teeth, face red with pain.

I grabbed a hoodie to cover my pajamas and fled to the living room. I couldn’t be in my bedroom with him. Not anymore.

He followed shortly after, looking both angry and exasperated.

After a long pause, he asked casually, “You took the Plan B, right? We can’t have any... accidents. Our

parents would freak.”

He picked up a boba tea from the table and held it out. “Come on, drink something. You know your

stomach gets upset when you skip meals.”

I didn’t move or speak.

His arm stayed extended until his patience snapped.

“What’s your problem? You can’t throw a tantrum without a reason, Brooklyn.”

“I don’t deserve this,” I whispered.

He slammed the drink down so hard the plastic split, tea spilling across the carpet.

“What’s that supposed to mean? Who do you think you are? We hook up once and suddenly you think you own me? You’re suffocating me!”

His voice had never been so harsh.

Instantly, tears streamed down my face, yesterday's humiliation and pain flooding back.

Aiden seemed startled by my reaction, suddenly awkward.

"Sorry, I was drunk last night. I shouldn't have snapped."

He crouched beside me, reaching to wipe my tears, but I flinched away.

He froze, hand suspended mid-air.

His phone buzzed. One glance at the screen and his expression changed completely.

"I have to go. Cool off, okay? We're starting college soon – you need to grow up. No one likes drama." .,

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Chapter 7.

Chapter 7

Less than thirty minutes after Aiden left, Maya sent me a screenshot.

It was Madison's Instagram post: "Perfect morning Say you're hungry and your crush magically appears with breakfast. I think this might be turning into something real... ?"

The photo showed the exact same box of chocolate croissants from my kitchen table.

I didn't reply.

Just silently wiped my tears and knelt down to clean up the spilled boba tea. After scrubbing forever, I realized with frustration that the stain had soaked deep into the wool carpet fibers. It wasn't

coming out.

In a burst of anger, I rolled up the entire carpet and threw it away. It was the one Aiden and his parents had spent an entire afternoon picking out in Nepal and carried back as a gift anyway.

While I was at it, I gathered everything Aiden had left at my house, plus every gift he'd ever given me. Even all our photos together – from prom pictures to casual selfies – went into garbage bags.

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It took all day to pack up and throw away six years of memories. Not like he'd want any of this stuff

anyway.

After that day, I didn't hear from him for days. Things must be going well with Madison. Or maybe he was waiting for me to cave first – like I always did during our fights, without exception.

But this time, I didn't reach out.

There was no point anymore.

I blocked him on everything – Instagram, Snapchat, texts, calls. Changed my door code. Deactivated

all my social media accounts.

After that purge, I called my parents who were away on business. Told them I wanted to spend the

summer with Aunt Claire in Boston.

My plan was to stay there until fall, then head straight to Stanford with Maya. Besides her, no one

knew I'd switched schools.

This way, I could perfectly avoid any chance of running into Aiden.

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Chapter 7

Mom teased me on the phone: "Ooh, planning a romantic summer getaway with Aiden?"

I made up some excuse, not wanting to explain. Just said I missed Aunt Sarah and Grandma.

Begged Dad to book me on the next available flight – I needed to leave tonight.

But as I was heading out, I ran into Aiden's mom by our driveways.

"Brooklyn, sweetie! Where's Aiden? Isn't he taking you to Aspen for skiing? He mentioned planning a special trip – you have my full blessing!"

I was confused.

During senior year finals, I had mentioned wanting to go skiing in Aspen, dreaming about a winter

getaway.

But given everything, a romantic trip seemed ridiculous now.

Running late for my flight, I mumbled some excuse and hurried off.

What I didn't expect was to see Aiden himself at the airport

Chapter 8.

Chapter 8

He was with a group of friends. Madison was there too.

Aiden carried her designer bag in one hand while his other arm wrapped around her waist. They walked at the back of the group..

Whenever Madison wanted to tell him something, she'd lean in close, and he'd attentively bend

down to listen.

Not like with us.

Aiden had always been taller than me, growing more so every year. I always had to bounce on my tiptoes, craning my neck just to talk to him.

I guess for someone he actually cares about, he makes the effort to meet them halfway.

I took a deep breath.

Told myself to show some dignity. His life wasn't my business anymore – I'd slap myself if I kept overthinking this.

But there seemed to be only one path to the gates.

I had no choice but to trail far behind them.

Finally, we reached a fork in the terminal.

Aiden started getting antsy.

He made several calls that went unanswered, then spent ages staring at his phone. Finally, he borrowed a friend's phone and headed toward the restrooms, looking stormy.

Moments later, my phone rang – unknown number.

“Brooklyn, you’re really committed to this silent treatment, huh? Won’t even reach out unless I make

the first move?

And blocking me? Real mature.

Good luck keeping this up. Let’s see how you handle Columbia alone when you don’t know anyone there.”

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Chapter 8.

Aiden’s tone was harsh as he laid into me.

I stayed silent there was nothing to say.

This only seemed to anger him more.

“Whatever. Just unblock me on Instagram already.

I’m heading overseas with friends for a couple days, might be hard to reach. Don’t want you crying

because you can’t get hold of me.”

I couldn’t even bother giving him a single word.

Just hung up and turned off my phone.

From a distance, I watched him storm back to the group. He grabbed Madison’s hand and headed

left toward their gate without hesitation.

I sighed, turned right, and walked away.

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Chapter 9

During my time with family in Boston, I put on a good show of being happy.

I kept myself deliberately busy, filling every hour with activities, leaving no empty spaces for unwanted thoughts.

And no, I didn't unblock Aiden like he'd demanded.

Still, Maya and other friends kept sending me updates about him.

Apparently, Aiden and his friends spent days in Aspen. For some reason, he started posting

constantly on Instagram – totally unlike the guy who'd go months without a single post.

Sometimes it was videos of him carving down black diamond runs, sometimes lavish dinners and

all-night parties, but mostly group photos of everyone goofing around in the snow, all smiles and inside jokes.

Even though I didn't want to know, people kept sending me screenshots.

Everyone kept asking why I wasn't in Aspen with Aiden.

I dodged their questions, making vague excuses about family obligations in Boston.

While Maya straight-up called Aiden a player, everyone else just gave me these knowing looks, like

they were afraid to say what they were thinking.

I knew why. In every group photo he posted, he and Madison were practically glued together, inseparable.

That spot beside him – it had been mine for years.

Each time I saw these posts, I kept my face neutral, but my heart would twist painfully.

He was my first real love, someone I'd genuinely cared about for so, so long.

Late at night, I'd let myself break down sometimes, feeling the unfairness of it all.

But then I'd remember his cruel words and mentally slap myself.

Over and over, I'd repeat: "Brooklyn, have some self-respect. Don't make yourself even more pathetic."

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Chapter 9

Just hold on. Get through withdrawal. Things would get better.

We went a whole month without contact – the longest we'd gone since meeting.

Distance and time were supposed to be great healers, and I'd pushed through the worst of it.

Just when I'd almost stopped thinking about Aiden altogether, he called from a new number, his voice crossing the continent to find me.

## Chapter 10

“Brooklyn, must be nice running off to another coast all summer without a word. Classes start soon- or did you forget about our travel plans?”

After a month of silence, his usual confidence wavered slightly.

I still had nothing to say.

Then his mom's voice took over.

“Sweetie! How's the East Coast treating you? Aiden just told me about your fight. Don't be too hard on him – we'll sort this out when you're back. And guess what? His college letter came today! Yours

must be on its way. When are you coming home to celebrate? I have something special planned...”

She'd always been like a second mother. I couldn't bring myself to cut her off, so I listened.

“Actually, we're keeping it low-key. My parents are swamped with work – we'll probably just do a

virtual celebration. I might not be back until move-in...”

Aiden snatched the phone back.

His breathing was heavy; I could feel his anger even through the static.

“I'm trying here, Brooklyn. How long are you going to keep sulking? If you want to play it this way,



fine. I won't wait around for you to join me in New York."

When silence was his only answer, he added coldly: "Just don't come crying when you regret this."

I ended the call and blocked this number too.

Later, Mom called – my acceptance letter had arrived.

My parents were stunned to see the West Coast school name where they'd expected an East Coast

one.

"Honey, when did you decide this? Without talking to us? Does Aiden know? His mom was just asking about your letter..."

Dad's worried face appeared on screen. "Sweetie, that's the other side of the country. Are you sure about this? Remember how much you hate the heat? And you've never lived that far from home."

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Chapter 10

I tried explaining about the school's reputation, about having my best friend there.

They weren't buying it.

"Is this because of a fight with Aiden? You can't choose a college over an argument."

"What happens when you two make up? You can't just transfer across the country."

"You couldn't even last two weeks at camp without calling him..."

I had to stop this.

"Aiden has someone else now. I need distance. Mom, Dad, I need to build my own life, not revolve around his. Please support this. And please don't tell anyone yet."

They exchanged that parent look, fell silent, then finally agreed. They just wanted me home soon. College was approaching, and they wanted their last few weeks with me before I left for good.