

BadBoy 34

Chapter 34

Get this party started

Let: It was okay, nothing like the movies but there was a lot of tongue. Honestly, I regret it. I wish I gave my first kiss to someone I like. Don't be like me, make sure your first kiss is someone you love or you will spend the rest of your life thinking about it. Anyways... Are you going for the Halloween party? I don't think I'll go, I have had enough parties to last me the rest of school year. Parties are a waste of time.

Me: I agree. A big waste of time with horny teenagers and loud music. Sadly, I will be

going because my best friend will be there and I can't break her heart, she will skin me alive. I have my costume, don't ask, I'm not telling. Thanks for the advice but why did you kiss someone you don't like? I can't do that. I want my first kiss to be special. I want to have my first kiss with my husband. Is

that cheesy? I know it is but don't you dare laugh at me. It's crazy that we are in the same school. Do you ever think of that?

Let: A lot. I'm like, what if you are someone I know and maybe hate. Lmao. I don't hate anyone btw, all the hate is reserved for my mother. Lol. As much of an asshole as she is, I miss her sometimes. Is that crazy? Does that make me a wuss? I feel like it does, it makes me pathetic. She's the only living parent I have and I don't want to spend the rest of my life hating her but she's not making any effort. Haha, I digressed. Sorry not sorry. I really hope you find your Mister right or you find Mister left and bring him to the right. Did you laugh?

And it's not cheesy, even if it's cheesy, it's the kind of cheesy we all like. My parents marriage didn't work but that has never stopped me from wanting to have a wife and kids I'll shower all my love. Show them how to be loved. I don't know the kind of husband or father I want to be but I know the type I don't want to be. I still have a bit of a girl phobia so that might take a long time to happen so it's not cheesy. The kiss was supposed to help me get over the phobia I guess but I felt worse after. Like I committed a crime, I dunno, it's stupid. The girl likes me, that's for sure. And we are friends.

I think about it a lot, I think about you, try to picture you dropping the letter. Do you smile a lot? What if you are one of those hot girls secretly dying for my touch? Or maybe crushing on me since first grade?

Me: Believe me, hot and me are words that should never be used in a sentence. I am far from hot, my mum says I am cute and I think she only says it to make me feel better. You shouldn't feel bad for kissing her. I'm sure you will feel better after a while but if you don't like her, don't lead her on.

I know adults are supposed to do the reaching out but if you can and if you miss your mum so much, I think you should contact her. Only if you want to. You are not pathetic, you are not a wuss, you are an awesome person. I'm sure you will be a great father, your wife and kids will be lucky to call you theirs. And yes, I laughed. I laughed so hard I farted. I'm lying but did that make you laugh? I think about you too, a whole lot. Lol.

Let: Na, I didn't laugh :/ OK I did but only a little. You will have to up your jokes. I can teach you but before I do, can I have your number? Like it or not, you are hot, you just have to fake it till you believe it. Easier said than done but whatever. If you think I'm awesome, then I think you're hot. What do you like doing? What grade are you in? Are you a new student? You don't have to answer if you don't want to.

Me: I like doing plenty stuff like baking, can you bake? I can't dance but I make a mean donut. Do you like donuts? I'll take a wild guess and assume you do because everyone loves donuts. Nope, I'm not a new student but I have a shoebox for keeping all the things I love and it holds our letters. I don't want this to end. We might hate each other in real life but we are safe within these letters, I like that feeling. I like that we don't know each other and I want it to be like this forever. Is that a stupid thing to say? It is, right?

Let: No, never stupid. It's not stupid, nothing you say is stupid. It's fine. I get it, I do. I feel safe within our letters too because I can tell you anything without being judged. I have a lot of friends but they have this image of me and I have to keep up appearances. I asked for the number because sometimes I don't want to wait too long for your reply. If this will help, I promise not to stop sending the letters. I don't have a shoebox but I keep yours in a box in my closet. I reread our letters sometimes. Lol. Now I sound cheesy.

Me: okay. +16729352440. It's an old number but it still works fine. Take care of you and AJ.

One week. It has been one long week since our last letter. I push the notes into my shoebox, closing the lid with a wry smile. It might be weird but I duplicate my replies and keep one for myself. Why? I don't know but I like rereading them with his reply. To know when I go off. Like now, I have reread it in order. But nothing seems off in my reply.

So, why hasn't he replied me? I have been checking my old phone since I gave him the number. Did I scare him by mentioning his brother? I ask about AJ all the time. I know how much he loves cookies and cake.

These thoughts occupy my mind as I skip to my closet to prepare for Nate's Halloween party. It starts at seven but we will arrive at eight as per Maria's orders. The later, the better that's what the party animal said.

Left to me, I would rather be in here rereading those letters. I'll never admit it to Let but I am glad he regrets kissing that girl. Does he have lips as soft-looking as Ben's? Hold up. Not me thinking about that asswipe again. If I wasn't sure before, now, I am one hundred percent certain he's ignoring me. He sat beside Abigail in all our classes this week. In Ms Eva's class, he sat far away from me and I'm his partner.

The phone ringing on the vanity pushes me into action. I let it ring twice before picking. "Didn't you hear your phone?" Maria screams the moment I answer. She yells a lot when she is excited and I know why or who is making her act this way. Daniel Holt. "Anyways, I hope your ass is ready cos I'm almost there."

"Almost where?"

The call ends, I stare at my screen and whimper. Okay, I can do this. If I attend this party, it's one more item off my list. Sign up for drama club. Check. Attend a party. Double check. Getting a kiss is hard, getting a boyfriend is harder but we will have to make do with those two for now. I slip into my costume, running my fingers over the light, red material. Like superman's, it covers every inch of my body. A mini spread skirt is replacing Spiderman underwear and the S logo emblazoned on my chest is in cursive.

Letting my hair down, I apply dark makeup around my eyes with a red lipstick that can be spotted from a mile radius. I ditch my sneakers for a pair of combat boots that elevate my height, giving myself a thumbs up in the mirror. If I do say so myself, I look good, a different version of the Tessa everyone is used to seeing with the smokey eye and bold lips. I look like an actual girl who puts effort into her appearance.

On getting downstairs, I am forced to stand at the foot of the stairs while Mum takes a million and one pictures. She keeps grinning with a proud look in her eyes as she suggests poses to me. To please her and myself because I love my outfit, I love how it makes me feel, I strike every pose without a complaint.

Her eyes are shimmering with tears at the end of our photo session, she gives me a side hug and I rest my head on her shoulder. "My baby is so grown." She sniffs, I pout. "When did you grow so much?"

I laugh. "Mum, I'm a big girl."

"My baby now attends parties." She shudders, dabbing her eyes with a pout. I muster a big smile, she gets too emotional over little things. "I wish your dad was here," she whispers as she pulls me in for another hug. My smile dims. He had to rush to the hospital or he would have been here. "He's so proud of you."

The honk from outside causes us to break apart. "My ride is here." She lets go with her hand lingering on my shoulder, Maria honks again like the crazy lady she is. I try to pry Mum's hand off me, she pouts and I have to give her a brief hug. This is how I feel when they leave. "Mum. It's just a party, I'll be back."

"Yeah, yeah. Don't forget your curfew."

Today I get to stay an extra hour out but I know for sure I'll be back early. "Yes, Mum."

Mum pecks me, her hand rests on my back as we walk to the front door. "Make sure you have fun." I already had fun playing dress up, I don't want to push my luck. "Take pictures, loosen up. Be a teenager."

A gentle breeze slaps our hair into our faces as soon as we open the door, she walks me to Maria's car in silence. Maria's face is a mask of innocence when we approach her, I roll my eyes when she flashes my mum a sweet smile. This vagabond wanted to ruin my eardrums a few minutes ago. Mum makes us take pictures, my eyes water from staring so much at the flashlight. Thankfully, she allows us to leave and Maria drives off immediately to avoid her calling us back for another picture. I love Mum but no more pictures.

"Your mum is clingy," Maria murmurs.

We are a few metres away from the party, I hear the music. Nate's parents must be out of town. The street looks deserted and I relax, we don't have to worry about disturbing the neighbours if he doesn't have any.

"Tell me about it."

Maria giggles. "I like it." We share a look, she shrugs. No doubt Maria's mother loves her but she doesn't show it the way Mum does. Mum is very physical with her emotions, she loves to show it. She parks in a spot in front of Nate's Mansion, my jaw drops and I blink in disbelief. His house is huge, the kind of house you only see in movies, movies of teenagers with filthy rich parents. "Let's get this party started."