

Chapter 54 – The Biker’s Salvation

16-year-old Cameron.

“Yes, I’m sure, Cameron. I took two tests. And so what if we used protection? It’s not one hundred percent accurate.” “I know Trisha, but it just seems impossible.”

“Are you saying it’s not yours? Are you accusing me of cheating on you?” I held my hands out to tell her to stop yelling. I did not need my mom to hear her.

We were in the backyard. I had her behind one of the big oak trees in our yard. I wanted some privacy to make out with her. But then she said she was pregnant, just as I had my hand on her left br*ast.

“No, I’m not saying that. I’m just in shock. Look, whatever you want to do, I will be there. We can raise this baby together.”

“What? No! I don’t want it. I’m only sixteen!”

“Oh, well, if that’s what you want. But know if you change your mind, I’ll be one hundred percent present.”

“Are you saying you won’t be there for me if I get rid of it?”

“Will you stop putting words in my mouth? No, I am not saying that. I will be there for you for whatever decision you make. But I need to know what the decision is. Either way, I’m just as responsible for this as you are. I want to pay for everything. Visit [J o b n i b - . c o m](#) to read the complete chapters for free. If you a*ort it, I will pay for it all. It’s the least I can do, since you have to go through with the procedure. But if you keep it, I need to talk with my parents and start making moves in my life to get you and this baby safely with me.”

“Like I said, I don’t want it. I have a whole life ahead of me.”

I felt a lump in my throat. I wanted this baby, but I had no say in it. It was her body.

“Okay. Have you told your parents?”

“Yes. They agree with me. But they insisted I tell you. I don’t know why, but they said you had a right to know.”

She was so nonchalant about all this. It was starting to piss me off. This was a big deal.

“They are taking me tomorrow to a doctor that’s a friend of ours. He’s going to do the procedure at his clinic.”

“Can I come?” I really wanted to be there, for her support, but also to say goodbye to my child.

“No, in fact, I don’t think we should see each other anymore.”

“What? Why?”

“I just don’t think I’m ready for a relationship. I’m too young. I have dreams.”

She then turned and left my yard. I stood there utterly devastated.

My mom came out back to call me for dinner. She saw me sitting on the ground with my head in my hands.

“Hey, bud. Are you okay?” She asked, squatting down to my level.

“Mom, I f*cked up.”

“Hey, I’m sure that’s not true. Talk to me, let me help.”

“I got Trisha pregnant,” I said, looking at her.

She was silent for a minute and then her eyes softened, and she leaned forward and hugged me.

“It’ll be okay. We will support you both.”

“She’s getting rid of it, and she broke up with me.”

“What?”

“Yeah, she said she’s young and has dreams. She’s not ready for a relationship.”

“I’m so sorry, baby.”

She held me for a couple of minutes before dad came out to see what the hold up was. I watched as mom went to him and told him what had happened.

His head snapped to me. He walked over to me and I stood up. Was he pissed?

“Son, I’m sorry you are going through this.” He reached out and hauled me into his arms. I broke down hugging him. We were almost the same height. At sixteen, I was six feet already, my dad was a few inches taller. He let me finish my cry. He rubbed my back and patted me.

“Do you want me to go talk to her parents?”

“No, she’s made up her mind. She won’t let me be there. She was so cold about it all.”

He pushed me back to look into my eyes.

“You’ll get through this. Your mother, sister and I will be there for whatever you need.”

“Thank you, dad.”

On Monday, I saw Trisha at school. She wouldn’t look at me or talk to me. It got around that we broke up. I was pretty popular in school. I was on the football, basketball and baseball teams. I was one of the captains of the basketball team and baseball team. I loved sports. There was no shortage of girls trying to get my attention, but I didn’t want anything to do with any girl at the moment.

Three months later, I slammed into my house pissed. Trisha was still pregnant. She was openly showing her small baby bump to everyone. There was speculation that it was mine, which I knew it was, because we were together when she got pregnant. Why would she lie to me about a*orting it? I tried talking to her, but she would just sneer at me and walk away.

I went to my mom and told her. She got pissed too. The next thing I knew, she was on the phone with Trisha’s mother. I watched my mother’s body language. I couldn’t hear her side of the conversation, she was too far away. I was in the kitchen, and she was in the living room in the far corner. When I saw her body stiffen, I felt mine stiffen. She hung up a minute later.

She looked at me and her eyes were livid. She looked like she was ready for murder.

“Mom? What did she say?”

She looked at me, I could see the pain in her eyes. Whatever she was about to tell me I was not going to like.

“Cameron,” she started as she came over to me and grabbed my hands. “Trisha is pregnant with twins. Mrs. Marshall couldn’t stop talking about how sorry she was about her daughter, and that they didn’t raise her to be the way she was, and they didn’t know what to do with her. When I asked what she was talking about, she told me that Trisha had been caught sleeping with many boys. A journal was found in the hallway at your school three months ago. It was a journal with a bunch of boys’ names and ratings of how the boy was in bed, of how their oral game was, how good of a kisser and so on. She did a*bort your child. But apparently she got pregnant again right away. I am so sorry.”

“But she was a virgin when we had s*x.” I was in a daze. How was I so deceived by her?