~Megan

đ

I walked up to Cynthia's desk.

"Hey, have you seen Breanna around?"

"No, no I haven't."

I pouted.

"That's strange. We were supposed to go out for Tacos earlier" I said.

Cynthia shrugged and packed her stu.

"I'll see you tomorrow?"

"Yeah sure," I said.

She le and I was standing there wondering where Breanna could be.

"Megan?"

I turned as I heard my name.

"Mr. Martin"

"I need you to arrange a few files for me and please tell them to get my car ready."

I nodded.

"Sure."

"Thanks."

"Excuse me Mr. Martin" I called him back. "You haven't happened to see Breanna around anywhere have you?"

"Not really."

"Great, you're ready," Mr. Corleone said coming out of his o ice.

He looked over at me.

"Hello, Miss Lancaster.

"Mr. Corleone" I smiled.

"You set?" he asked Mr. Martin.

I turned back to him, a worried look on my face. Mr. Corleone glanced over at me.

"Are you alright, Megan?"

"Yes sir. I was asking if Mr. Martin had seen Breanna around."

He arched a brow.

"Well, when was the last time you saw her?"

I rubbed my arm as I felt an uncomfortable chill.

"We were supposed to go get tacos together for lunch today but you asked to see her. Then later she said she was too exhausted to go for lunch so I o ered to bring her back some food. I got back and I haven't seen her since."

"That's odd" Mr. Martin murmured.

"Have you tried calling her?" Mr. Corleone asked.

I nodded.

"She's not answering."

Just then we heard a scream. We turned towards the sound and Cynthia was running in our direction.

"What is it?" Mr. Martin asked.

She was out of breath. She sputtered something and pointed in the direction she came running from.

"It's Breanna."

We rushed a er Cynthia and out of the building. And there she was, lying on the street, in a pool of blood. My eyes widened at the ugly sight.

"Breanna!"

~Brie

I groaned. The pain was unbearable. The voices I heard weren't inside my head. The ceiling was spinning and I felt nauseous.

"Miss, my name is Doctor Simon. You were involved in an accident and I need you to stay with me."

"Breanna open your eyes c'mon."

"Megan, did you get her parents on the phone?"

"I have them on speed dial. They're on their way. Bee stay with us please."

My vision was starting to get hazy and my entire body ached. Before long, I blacked out.

I woke up to the pungent smell of hospital disinfectant invading my nose. The room was silent apart from my heavy breathing and the beeping sound you o en hear in hospital rooms which indicated life.

I slowly opened my eyes, squinting in an attempt to sharpen the blurred images before me.

How long had I been here?

I shut my eyes and tried to remember what exactly happened. Then it all hit me.

There was panic as I rolled onto the gravel. The pain jolted throughout my body. People started to surround me, some dialing

911. A man was telling me to hold on. Mr. Corleone.

Out of impulse, my hand traveled to my face, pressing the throbbing area on my temple. I felt a scar and flinched at the pain.

My baby!

My hand traveled to my stomach and I couldn't tell if everything was okay because my bump wasn't really big in the first place. My heartbeat increased and the machine began to beep rapidly. I tried to get up but my body engulfed in pain objected.

Then I heard voices approaching the door. Suddenly it went quiet. Then someone pushed through the door and I heard a click before footsteps approached my bedside.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"Oh my darling sister, that is no way to talk to someone. Where are your manners?"

I glared at her.

"Well since you asked so nicely, I'll tell you. I heard you were in an accident. And as caring as your twin sister is, I decided to come see

I sco ed nastily.

how you're doing."

"And how are you taking the news."

I looked her in the eye.

"What are you talking about?"

She paced around and shrugged.

"Oh I don't know if I should say, I mean you don't look very good."

She eyed me.

"Okay fine. You lost the little demon you were growing inside of you. But don't worry, I made sure the man who hit you with his car was arrested."

My breath hitched up the back of my throat.

I lost the baby?

Drops of tears began to stream down the side of my face.

"Oh don't be sad. You'll get over it... eventually"

I wanted her to get out.

"But there's another piece of good news!" she grinned. "And I wanted you to be the very first person to o icially get it."

đ

a

đ

She reached into her bag and pulled something out.

"I would really like it if you came. And it would mean the world to me if you could be my bridesmaid."

Bridesmaid?

I slowly took the shiny card from her. I read the content and if I hadn't already lost the baby, this would have certainly made me miscarry.

"You're..." I looked up from the content of the card.

She nodded.

"I was going to surprise you at dinner two nights ago. But you just had to go get yourself almost killed." "This is why you came here, isn't it? To rub it in my face." "Oh don't bee ridiculous honeybee" she teased. "Stop with the bee puns already!" I fumed, the tears running down my face. "Jesus, calm down. You don't have to be so dramatic! I did invite you, didn't I? And I asked you to be my bridesmaid." "Get out." "Oh, my dear sweet little sister." "Get out Aubree!" "Oh, I'm so terrified," she said sarcastically, mocking me. Why was she doing this? a I clutched my stomach and cried out. She moved closer to me and lowered her voice in a threatening tone. "But let's be honest Breanna. You seriously didn't think both of us getting pregnant with Beck's child was going to work out did you?" She was pregnant? "One of us had to lose and fortunately it was you. I mean who else was it going to be? I'm marrying him in a few months a er all." I clenched my fist and sni ed. "Get out" I sneered. She smiled at me and twirled a car key around her finger. My car key. "Why are you driving my car?" I asked. "Oh, yeah. I thought you weren't going to make it so I had Dad let me borrow it." It all sounded like a dream. I closed my eyes. "Just get out please." Aubree nodded and blew me a kiss before hurrying out the door. I was le alone in the hospital. I'd lost our child and Beck was going to marry her? Did he even know? I dropped the card on the floor and cried. My life was over. A few days later, I was discharged. Mr. Corleone had been at the hospital every single day since the accident. He wasn't pleased that I didn't mention I was expecting a child. a The months went by and slowly I recovered and got back to work. Mr. Corleone let me o work much earlier though. He somehow felt guilty and was more than nice to me. I sighed as slowly headed up the paved lane with a little basket full of daisies. Step by step; the fact that Beck was marrying my sister still haunted me. I turned the doorknob and entered, squinting at the bright light. I groaned and slammed the door shut. The place was quiet. I was the first one home. Forgetting to be cautious of my next step, I tripped over a loose floorboard and my knees gave up on me, causing me to fall hard on my arm. I cried out in pain "Breanna!" I heard Zach cry. I looked up and he was rushing through the back door and over to me. "You had me worried when I couldn't find you in your room. Are you alright?" I groaned as he tried to help me up. "My arm!" I whimpered. "I think it's broken." He sighed. "Let's get you into the couch" he whispered and helped me into the living room. "What were you doing?" "I promised Roman to help him make his art project today. I was just getting some flowers." He sighed helplessly. "Breanna." I shook my head and grabbed a couch cushion with my le hand, then buried my face in it. I cried and cried, then got tired and stopped. I felt a gentle tap and raised my head.

"Here you go" he whispered holding up a box of tissue.

I looked at him.

"Go on."

Isni ed and pulled out one. I dried my eyes with it, then squeezed my eyebrows in confusion.

"It's scented" I pouted.

"Cherry. Just like when we were kids" he whispered. "I know it's not enough to make you forget about losing the baby but it has always made you feel better... no matter what."

I looked down at the tissue box and yanked a whole bunch out. Zach laughed.

"Now are ready to tell me what the tears are really about?"

Isni ed.

"I know Beck's marrying Aubree," I said. "Everyone's been trying to hide it from me but I'm not that stupid."

He stared at me.

"No, that's not true," he said. "It can't be."

"I saw the card, Zachary," I said firmly. "I held it in my own two hands. They're getting married."

"Who told you?"

"My sister. She was at the hospital when I woke up. She told me about it."

He looked at me sadly.

"Hey, hey, don't cry anymore" he pulled me in a side hug, pressing a kiss to my forehead.

I grabbed some more scented tissue and dried my eyes.

"It's going to be fine. Whatever happens, you'll be alright. Trust me. I'm with you. You're not alone Breanna. You'll be fine."

I nodded.

"My arm still hurts" I whispered.

"I've already called Dr. Seagate. She should be here soon."

I nodded.

"I can't believe my parents are actually supporting this madness."

"Bee, Aubree is their daughter too. And family supports each other—"

"Yes, not stab each other in their backs" I cut in.

He chuckled and shook his head.

"I know."

"I'm always going to have you on my side right?" I asked, feeling a little scared.

He smiled warmly and held up my good hand in his, kissing my knuckles.

"I forever got your back" he responded.

I groaned as the doctor examined my arm. She sighed.

"Well, Doc?" Zach asked.

"Don't worry Zay, I'm sure it's not serious" I said.

"I wouldn't be so sure Breanna" Dr. Seagate said.

"What do you mean?" Zach and I chorused.

"It's a pretty nasty fracture so I'm sorry but we'll have to bring you in."

"No."

"It's for your own good Brie. You need to have it treated or else you might never be able to use your arm as e iciently as before."

I sighed.

"The ambulance is already on its way."

"But I don't think it's really necessary."

"Bee, shut up please?" Zachary frowned.

I pouted.

"But she'll be fine, right Doc?" he asked.

"Of course."

I sighed and laid back.

This was not okay.

Thanks for reading!