

The Girl He Craves by Demiah13 Chapter 20

Chapter 20

Sophie's pov

I had ignored Carson the entire ride home and when he dropped me off, I didn't care to tell him goodbye.

Ingrid had instantly noticed my mood and had cursed Carson for being a douche even though she didn't know what he had done or said to me. I reassured her that I was fine and it was nothing and went to my room to sleep.

Now it was the next day and I was ignoring Carson. Mali realized something was off and asked me about it

I told her we were just going through a rough patch. What she didn't know was that I was looking for a way to break up with Carson without hurting him.

I know what he had said to me last night didn't call for me to be cautious with breaking up with him, if anything I should just cut the chain off, rip the bandaid off.

But I was a good person. As good of a person to lie to him.

I was at least trying to be a good person.

So what I did do was avoid him at all cost today and ignore him when he tried to call me. I needed space to think and he wasn't helping.

A part of me knew that I was only avoiding him because I was still shocked that he said those words to me last night. A part of me couldn't comprehend how a nice guy like Carson could say such mean stuff to me.

"I'm off to therapy." Mila sighed as she drops me off in the detention room. Mr. Gray wasn't here yet.

Call you later?" I said and looked at her.

She nods with a smile. "Definitely."

And then her eyes roamed over my face. "Are you going to avoid Carson forever Soph?" She asked softly as if treading on something that could shatter at any moment.

I looked away and shrugged.

'What the hell happened at that party, Sophie? The guy looks miserable while you look sad.' Mila says with curiosity in her voice.

How can I explain this to Mila without her putting two and two together? How can I avoid mentioning Aiden? It was impossible.

I blinked the light sting in my eyes and turned to face her. "I did something terrible Mila." I admitted. Sleeping with Aiden wasn't really a bad thing, it was just now a bad thing that I had developed feelings for him.

Feelings I knew were there before he even kissed me.

Mila looks at me questionably and in worry since she noticed my uncalm demeanor. She's about to respond to me, perhaps ask me questions when Mr. Gray's presence nears us. 'Chop chop, Mila. You can't be here.' He warned and looked at me with a stern look

Inside Mrs. Bell He demanded, Mila and I said our goodbyes quickly but I noted how her eyes told me that she would find out what terrible thing I had done

I sighed and settled myself on the chair. Seconds later the door is pried open and Aiden walks in with his bag strap on one of his shoulders.

He greets no one and just strolled in.

“The door Mr. Xavier.” Mr. Gray says in annoyance.

Aiden rolled his eyes. “I’m too far now. You get it.” He grumbles lowly. “Lazy ass.”

“What did you say Mr. Xavier?!” Mr. Gray demanded as he looked at Aiden’s back in suspicion.

Aiden again ignores him.

As expected, Aiden settles himself beside me and looks at me. And goes right to pestering me.

“Pssst.”

I gritted my teeth and ignored his call.

“Puppy.” He called again this time placing his foot on my desk. He was trying to get my attention the entire day and had not succeeded.

I wasn’t going to let him now.

I turned my head away and ignored him completely, not even telling him to move his foot off the desk.

“Are you ignoring me puppy?” He asked in amusement, purposely crossing his foot over the other.

When he realized I wouldn’t budge he stops pestering me. Mr. Gray fell asleep halfway and when it was time for detention to be done, he magically seemed to have awoken.

“See you tomorrow kids.” He said opening and closing the door.

I shook my head when he rushes out of the room without so much as a glance our way.

I sighed and moved off the chair. My hand reached out for my bag. But as I tugged it, Aiden grabs a hold of the other strap. Preventing me from taking my bag.

“Let go of my bag Aiden.” I grumble while tugging the bag.

He doesn’t let it go. Only stand up and snorted. “And she speaks.”

“Don’t be an ass Aiden. I have no time for games right now. I have somewhere to be.” I grumble under my breath.

“Somewhere as in with that stupid boy Parson what’s his name?” He gritted out.

“He’s not good enough for you Sophie.”

I turned to him fully, angry that he was still giving me shit about Carson when he was parading with Rena. Just last night he had been dancing with her and trying to make me jealous.

“And you are?” I raised a brow in mockery.

My eyes turned like steel as I glared at him for all the wrong reasons. One being that I couldn’t stop thinking about him. And another was not being able to stop my heart from reacting to his closeness.

“You’re nothing but a bully Aiden” I gritted under my breath.

Carson walked around the desk until he was standing beside me, so close that I could feel his heat. I shivered. This time it was a good shiver.

His stormy eyes narrowed down on me and I squirmed. “That word. You always say

that damn word puppy

He takes a step forward until his front was pressing against mine. I willed my legs to move but they stayed frozen and still

Sophie, Aiden says softly.

I fixed my panty while still cursing and grabbed my bag. "Fuck. "I cried and run out of the room before Aiden could even put his jeans back on.

I can't believe I did that. Especially when I had yet to break up with Carson. I had just cheated on him. I had to tell him. I can't lie to him anymore.

But little did Sophie know, that Carson had witnessed everything.

Carson's pov

I tapped my fingers on the steering wheel while staring at the entrance of the school. I was waiting for Sophie to walk through those doors

I wanted to drive her home and ask her for her forgiveness. I knew I was an ass for what I said to her. She had trusted me and I blew it.

And boy did I pay for it. She completely ignored me the entire day and I felt so damn awful.

I wanted her pretty eyes on me and wanted to feel her hand in my hand again. I didn't want her to give up on us just because of some stupid words I hadn't meant at all.

Honestly, I didn't know what came over me to even tell her those words. I guess was just frustrated she was always treating me coldly when I was her boyfriend and Aiden wasn't.

I wasn't stupid to not have noticed how she looked at him and how he looked at her.

It was clear as day and anyone who didn't catch the glimpse of it was blind as a bat.

I groan and scratched at my scalp. I didn't want her to break up with me, I think what we had was special. And maybe given more time to woo her, would result in her falling for me and forgetting about him.

Aiden Xavier was a huge brick wall between us and I was determined to do anything to get rid of him soon.

But I'll not focus on that now. I'll focus on Sophie and how I'd get back into her life. I didn't want things to end how they did, I refuse to quit.

I continued to tap my fingers on the steering wheel, waiting for her to walk out those doors. I hoped I'd surprise her in a good way and I'd hope she would notice my efforts in trying to reconcile.

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It was now a few minutes after the hour five and there were no signs of Sophie. Even the detention teacher, Mr. Gray had walked out, though I'd more so as say it as he rushed out of those doors with a skip in his steps.

The man looked happy, ecstatic even to be out of the school. I shook my head in amusement when he practically run to his beat up blue car and raised his head to the sky.

I had an inkling he was thanking the heavens for getting him out of there.

Mr. Gray soon leaves and I keep my gaze on the empty spot he left.

What could she possibly be doing that was taking her so long to get out? I thought in

frustration.

Aiden was inside there too, I knew so because he hadn't walked out.

I didn't want that sleaze bag to have a chance with Sophie. I didn't even want him to talk to her.

I shook my head. I don't see what she sees in that guy. He had been nothing but mean to her with every chance he got. He was a bully. Plain and simple

Then why was Sophie pining over a guy like that?

I sighed heavily and practically ripped the seat belt off me. I had to see what was taking Sophie so damn long to get out of the school. The teacher had already left, so why was she still inside?

Unless, Aiden was bullying her again

An annoyed breath filtered out of my mouth and I grinded my teeth. If I see her getting bullied by him, I'd lose my temper. If it comes to it, I'd get another broken nose for her again.

I opened the car door and stared at Joe the security who walked out of the doors and made his way to the back of the building.

I wasn't sure if I was allowed to be in the school after hours and especially since I wasn't one of the kids who were in detention. But it was a good thing Joe wasn't here to see me,

I closed the door and quickly made my way to the double doors. I looked at where Joe walked to just in case he came back and when the coast was clear I entered the school

The detention room. I hummed as I looked around

There was once I dropped her off in that room and I knew it was way at the back. But the closer I got to the detention room, the louder moans and grunts whipped through my ears and I froze

What the fuck?

My heart on its own started pounding in my chest.

Why the hell do the moans sound like Sophie?

And why the fuck do the grunts sound like fucking Aiden Xavier?!

Anger, hot anger had blinded my vision as I continued my way to the room, my hands fisted at my sides.

My steps were firm, angry and I had never felt so blinded by rage before. A part of me wanted to believe that it was just my mind playing tricks on me. That Sophie wasn't moaning and Aiden wasn't grunting in pleasure.

But as I am inches from the door and the sounds grew even more. That little part of me died out when I carefully took a glance through the little squared glass on the door that made it visible for anyone to see inside the classroom and outside.

My heart drops painfully when my eyes pin on them.....fucking.

Aiden was taking her like his life depended on it and she was clutching on to him like he was her pillar.

Rage. Anger. Fury. Disappointment. Betrayal.

She had been ignoring me the entire day, hadn't even said a word to me. She could've voiced out her anger for all I cared, I had just wanted her to speak to me. To

say at least one damn word.

I couldn't believe I felt so awful for saying those things to her at the party

But this proves that she deserved every word.

It should've been me inside her and throwing my head back in pleasure...not him.

Not that mother fucker who was taking pleasure from my girlfriend.

gripped my teeth

This was all his fault. He was in the way

He was the pillar wedged between us and refused to move

I will just have to move him forcefully

.

I can forgive Sophie for what she had done, she was probably forced into having sex

with him. I wouldn't put it past Aiden especially judging the way he treated her

There was no way she'd give herself to him willingly.

My jaw hurt as I clenched it when Aiden's entire body trembled and he groaned

loudly. I hissed in anger when Sophie moaned out his name.

That should've been my name rolling off her tongue, not his.

I was tempted to burst through the door and punch the living daylights out of that

bastard for taking and enjoying something that should've been mine.

But I reared my temptation in when Sophie suddenly pushes him away and fixed

herself. When I noticed she was making a move to head to the door, I quickly entered

the classroom on the opposite side and hid behind the door so she'd not see me.

When she scurried out the door and down the hallway, I waited for that bastard to get

out.

I was going to get rid of him. That was the only way Sophie and I could even have a

chance.

So when I finally saw him leave the classroom and went the opposite direction from

where Sophie ran to, I followed behind him quietly, hoping I'd get a chance to sneak

up on him and teach him a lesson on not touching something that wasn't his.

Aiden's pov

I groan.

I fucked up again. Like usual I fucked up with her.

I fixed my jeans and my eyes swept to the surveillance camera. It captured

everything, I was sure.

I didn't want Sophie to get into trouble again because of me so when I left the

classroom, I headed for the little room with all the footage. I'd delete it before anyone

got a chance to see it.

I couldn't make her feel humiliated again in the presence of my grandfather.

Maybe I can start with that little thing to have her.....

What, forgive you for all the shit you put her through? My subconscious mocked me.

I sighed and walked up the stairs, my focus on breaking into the room and removing

what the camera captured of Sophie and me.

But when I reached the top of the stairs, someone's angry voice behind me had me

halting.

"You fucking bastard!"

Alden's pov

I whipped around, stunned to see that asshole who thought it was okay to be with my girl.

Carson, his name was, was it?

I narrowed my eyes, unsure of his intentions as he glared at me in fury,

"Tho fuck you just call me?" I sneered under my breath. Why was he even here and what the hell was he playing at by following me upstairs?

His blue eyes narrowed on my face, his glare brutal but doesn't upset me one bit.

"You heard me asshole. You're a bastard."

My lips thinned. "Funny. I was about to say the same thing about you." I growled.

His eyes pinned me with a death stare, something that showed me that he loathed me.

Good. Feelings were mutual.

"Stay away from her." He sneers under his breath and took a step forward.

Was he trying to be menacing? Did he really think he looked intimidating? I wanted to laugh.

He looked like a damn cat compared to me. He knew he stood no chance against me, I wondered why he was even trying

I knew who he was warning me about and was tempted to tell him that Sophie is and still will be mine. But I only acted nonchalantly and pretended that I knew nothing of what he was saying.

"Stay away from who? There are a lot of hers?" I taunted, not back away even when he took another step forward.

"You know who I'm talking about dick." He sneers. "Stay away from my girl."

Now at that, I grew angry. Stay away from his girl? I snorted. Sophie was my girl.

Always had been even though she didn't know it yet.

She probably thought I was joking when I told her she was mine. I had every intention of showing her I meant every word.

"You know I should be the one to tell you that." I took a step forward and noticed the shift of emotions in his eyes. He wasn't sure if to back away or not

I snorted

I was right. He was a pussy He only tried to show off in that diner because Sophie was there.

"You carne walizing in here, playing with something that doesn't belong to you. Did I not tell you...." My angry and stormy stare pin down on him. That pussy belongs to me and no one else?" I growled.

Carson looks frustrated and snapped, "You had years to get her and now that I'm with her you're being an ass about it. You lost your chance blo, just stop going after Sophie. Stop bullying her to get her attention."

"Dont fucking call me bro!" i saged, glaring at him.

I should've fucked up his face even more in that diner. Maybe then, Sophie wouldn't have said yes to being his girlfriend.

"Sophie has a mouth of her own 100. If you're feeling threatened by me, just say so Stop beating around the bush and admit that you know she's mine and not yours You know I can have her if I want 10. You know you don't stand a chance with her. I said

bluntly with truth in my words

Carson's face looks red with rage and I smirked knowing I was getting to him I took a step forward. "And you want to know what I think? I think the only reason she said yes to being your girlfriend, was because she knew she'd hurt me. You're nothing but a pawn Carson. You mean absolutely nothing to her."

My eyes fall to his fisted hands at his sides. "You're lying bastard! Sophie would never use me just to make you jealous."

"Oh?" I raised a brow. "I think I know my little Sophie more than you do. I know how she moans when I enter her and how she pulls me closer...."

I look at his face and then it clicked. A big smirk emerged on my face. Jackpot. "You heard us, didn't you? I bet you stayed to watch the little show. Were you trying to be a good boyfriend by waiting for her after detention? And came looking for her when you didn't see her coming out yet?"

I clicked my tongue in amusement when he sneers,

I chuckled. "Don't see why you're mad about it. Somewhere in the back of your head, you knew that this would have happened sooner or later. Sophie and I can't resist each other."

What a loser, thinking he can just come here and prance around with my girl. Sophie was mine and not his. It would be better for him to understand that now rather than later.

After all, I had every intention of confessing to Sophie. I don't think I would be able to cope if she gets with another guy that wasn't me again. Her being with this ass only proved that I couldn't take it.

"Shut the hell up!" Carson barks and I chuckled.

"Let me guess.....so after you saw me fucking my girl, you followed me here to warn me off of what belongs to me?" I snorted, chuckling when Carson grits his teeth.

"So I am correct then." I laughed.

"Why are you even after her? You have other girls hanging off your arm every day. Isn't that enough? Why do you need her too?" Carson snarled in disgust. "You can get any other girl, why her?"

"Because none compares to her! None is Sophie! Those girls mean nothing! They never meant anything." I roared.

What will it take for this moron to get it through his thick skull that Sophie was always my girl and even if he smiles prettily at her, she'd never truly be his?

"You won't treat her right. You're not right for her. I'm not letting go of her just for her to fall into a bastard's lap!" Carson sneers.

"That's the thing, Carson, she already did!" I blasted. I was losing my patience with this fool. "And she'll continue to fall into my lap, again and again

My head snaps to the side when a fist collided with my jaw, I hadn't had time to react when Carson threw fist after fist at my face.

I could feel the amount of rage he had for me as his knuckles collided against my jawbone. This time I had no time to react before his fist met my face

I was too blinded by the words I was saying to him to have realized his fist was

coming toward my face.

When I felt the blow, I staggered back and then didn't wait a second later to retaliate. I was furious, enraged, and fucking beyond redemption as I saw turn as someone that was in the way of getting what I wanted.

He had the nerve to kiss my gut. Touch what's mine and come here acting all macho as if I couldn't see right through him. He was a pussy. And the only reason he was so transfixed by my Sophie was because he wanted to fuck her.

I could've seen it in his eyes and the way he stared at her bottom. He didn't like her, he didn't love her. Not like I did. And he better realize that competing with me for her would be useless for him. I'd always win.

"She's mine!" He roared, colliding his fist on my stomach.

His words brought on a burning rage I never felt before and before I knew it, my fist had collided with his face so hard and powerful, that

Carson 'staggered back clumsily.

I watch in absolute horror when his fingers slipped from the handrailing and his body tumbles down the stairs and stops in an awkward position.

I rush to the top of the staircase and fist my hair in my hands tightly as I stare at the blood pooling from his head. His eyes were still wide open and it wouldn't take a genius to see that he was dead.

"Fuck!" I yelled, rushing down the stairs with my heart pounding painfully in my chest.

When I got to his body, there was someone standing at the bottom of the stairs. I turn to see who and my heart drops painfully in my stomach. I wanted to vomit.

Sophie's eyes are wide in horror and her mouth is parted as if she is on the verge of letting out a scream.

"Aiden.... what did you do?" She whispered in disbelief and takes a shaky step forward.

Sophie's pov

I rushed to the bathroom needing to cool down my face and figure out what I'll do next. How would I explain this to Carson?

Does he even have to know that I cheated on him with Aiden?

I can just tell him that things were not working out between us and that we needed to go our separate ways.

It was not like it wasn't true, we were not working out. Things just were not progressing. My heart still beat for Aiden and even though I hated that fact, I finally came to terms with it.

But that didn't mean I'd let Aiden have his way with me whenever he pleased. I was hell bent on staying single and sparing no guy, including Aiden my attention any more. No matter how hard it would be to ignore him, I would

I washed my face and groan.

If I don't tell Carson what was really going on, I'd feel even more guilty for not telling him I cheated on him with Aiden.

He deserved to know the truth. He deserved to know. I can't lie to him any longer.

I sighed and washed my face again, needing that cool water to wash away the heat on my face. If only it could wash away the guilt too.

When I was done I walked out of the bathroom, hoping to not catch up with Aiden.

Had he left already? Did he try to look for me? Was he still looking for me?

Why do I even care?

I shook my head and made my way to the front doors. It was best to not think about Aiden and focus on how I'd tell Carson what I had done.

done,

I had betrayed him and betrayed his trust. And even though he said some mean things to me last night, it didn't justify what I done today. In fact a few minutes ago.

I could still feel him inside my walls. The wet heat of him....

I chewed my bottom lip, feeling pity for myself knowing getting over him would be practically impossible.

Why did I allow him to crawl into my heart?

When did it even happen?

I chewed on my bottom lip harder as the front door is only a few feet away from me.

When I opened the door, the first thing I noticed was the tamdiar black car that belonged to Carson

My heart sunik and then started beating quickly in my chest. Did he wait for me?

Now i leel even more awful for what I had just done with Aiden

How would I break thus down to him? How would I even start?

I could just go up to him and say I cheated on him with my bully
id challer tus heart,

But then again no matter how I say it, i'd shatter his heart either way.

This was my fault. I should never have pushed him into this mess. I should not have agreed to be his girlfriend knowing my heart belonged to someone else.

I had royally screwed myself. And I would hurt someone who didn't deserve what I was about to say to them.

I held my breath and started for the car. But as I narrowed my eyes, I realized Carson was nowhere inside the car.

Where was he?

I stopped and looked around. There was no one around, not even Joe.

Carson wouldn't just leave his car here so that wasn't an option. I pulled out my phone and rang his number. His phone is in the car and it blares inside.

Great

I whipped around to face the school, my hands now feeling clammy as a thought pushed inside my head.

What if Carson was inside?

What if he was there the entire time?

What if he had heard Aiden and me?

What if he saw?

I chewed on my lower lip nervously and then headed back inside the school, Ijump, a bit startled when I hear shouts. The words were not very coherent from where I stood but I can make out Carson's and Aiden's voice.

Oh God.

What have done?

They were arguing. I can already tell by how rough and loud their voices were.

Were they fighting too?

I gripped the phone in my hand tightly and run back down the hallway. The closer I got to the voices the louder I can now hear grunts and fists hitting bones.

They were fighting!

My heart skipped a bit knowing I was yet the cause of the two boys fighting. I picked up my pace and then everything happens so quick i wasn't sure if it really did happen. I wasn't sure this was reality. It couldn't be

I froze, watching in horror as I saw Carson tumbling down the staircase with Aiden looking down at him the exact same way I was looking at him in horror

By Aideri's stance, I knew he must've pushed Carson and I wasn't sure if it was by accident or not.

My heart shatters and my mouth parts I could feel a scream wanting to burst through my mouth but nothing comes. It's bubbling in my

throat when Carson finally stops tumbling but lands awkwardly

Blood so red gushes out of his head and he doesn't twitch. Carson looked....dead.

I can't swallow the lump in my throat, I couldn't understand what I had just witnessed.

This wasn't real. Carson was still here. He wasn't dead

He was

My eyes sweep over to Aiden who let out the word fuck. He rushes down the stairs, his eyes wide in horror and the color of his skin ashy white.

When he reaches beside Carson's motionless body, he suddenly noticed I was there.

He looks ready to vomit,

My throat feels so tight and achy as I whispered while taking a shaky step forward.

'Aiden. what did you do?'

He doesn't answer, he looks at a lost for words. Just like I was seconds ago.

My heart pounds in my chest and I shook my head in disbelief. This didn't just happen.

I didn't just witness my boyfriend's death.

Boyfriend

Now I felt to vomit. I was the cause of this just as much as Aiden.

I let out a soft cry when I got closer to Carson, forever haunted by his opened eyes.

Those eyes that had stared at me with happiness now had no light in them.

"Oh Carson..." I cried, mourning.

"Call 911 Sophie!" Aiden rushes out and crouches beside Carson's still body.

I nodded quickly as I dialed 911 and brought the phone to my ears. I draw in a shaky breath when I hear the pinging sound of the phone ringing.

They answered on the second ring. "911 how may I help you?" The dispatcher asked on the other line.

My bottom lip trembled as I shakily answered. "My boyfriend just fell down a flight of stairs. He's unresponsive,"

Aiden's head whips up when he hears the word boyfriend and then he quickly looks down at Carson.

*Please send help quickly." I rushed out and then gave her the name of the school.

Aiden's fingers near Carson's neck where he could feel the pulse. His hands are shaky and I could see the fear in his eyes.

"He has no pulse," He whispered in dread and horror.

His confirmation that Carson was no longer alive sent pain slicing through me. This was my fault and Aiden's. We caused this.

I knelt beside Carson and reached out to touch his arm. "Oh Carson, I'm so sorry. So so sorry." I sobbed knowing I had caused this too.

Sophie's pov

I stared at the casket. The casket that confined Carson's corpse inside.

My throat burned and every word the priest let out seemed to go on deaf ears.

The only sounds I can focus on was the sound of the pattering rain that fell on the umbrella Ingrid held over my head so I'd not get wet

I think I deserve to get wet. I deserve to feel the cold of the rain. Maybe then I'd start to feel again.

Since Carson's death a week and a few days ago, I had become numb. I could not feel anymore except for the eating guilt

Ingrid wrapped one of her arms around my midsection and held me close as Carson's parents wept loudly Their cries were louder than the pattering rain and that did not surprise me.

Mila looks over at me and looks at me in sorrow. She stood beside me and grabbed a hold of my hand. She squeezes it in reassurance

She knew everything. I told her everything. And she knew how fucking messed up I was now after what happened

She was the only one who knew why the two boys were fighting that day.

"Wait. No don't put my baby in the dirt. Wait no! He's not dead! He can't be. I saw him last night. He's not dead. Don't put him down yet!" Carson's mother screamed and started to thrash in her husband's hold.

My stomach churns and I feel disgusted to even be in their presence knowing I was the main reason they lost their son.

I didn't deserve to be here. I didn't deserve to receive everyone's sympathy while Aiden got nothing but pitchforks thrown at him. They blamed him. They called him the devil.

Everyone turned their backs on him.

But me, everyone was way too sweet, way too nice to me. I didn't like it. I hated it. I didn't deserve their words, I didn't deserve their sympathy. I was the main reason Carson was dead.

If I hadn't

"No my baby boy! Don't leave us! Please you can't leave us! You were supposed to grow old Carson, give us grandchildren. How can you just leave us so soon?!" His mother screamed, tugging forward but her husband who was still visibly crying held

her back.

Her words had my heart pinching and my eyes began to water again. I have been crying for so many days, for so many hours that I didn't know I had any tears left to let out.

But feeling them trail down my cheeks showed me that I still had more than I thought. I wasn't done crying and I didn't think I would ever stop

The casket was now being placed down in the hole they had dug up for where he would rest. I felt sick to my stomach.

"Noi Please no Don't put him down' He's okay! He's here with us! Carson baby come out and stop playing! Carson please stop giving moma anael Carson! Pleasel Carson!' Hie inom screamed louder, thrashing harder in her husband's hold.

"Marge he's gone Carson's dad cried, hugging his wife tightly

Her bottom hip wobble as she looks down at the casket that was now her son's bed.

She cried louder. I promise I'll make that devil pay for what he did to you Carson I'll make that bastard pay

Her words were like a blow to my heart even though they were not directed at me

They were directed at Aiden but I felt it I felt their force

And suddenly I couldn't breathe. I looked up at Ingrid and said shakily with panic "I need to go " I didn't wait for her to respond, I just turned around and aimlessly made my way through the people around us

"Sorry." I gasped out when I shouldered someone by accident

"Sophie!" I heard Mila's voice call out behind me

I needed to get out of here. I didn't deserve to be here

If Aiden was a devil then I was a demon.

I shook my head, my hair quickly plastering to my face and black dress as the rain shower over me

The heavens felt my sorrow. They felt my guilt. They felt my pain. The rain..... were my tears

Oh Carson. If only you had not spoken to me that day. If only you had not called me pretty girl. You would've still been here

You would still be in your mother's arms. Your parents would still have their son

This was my fault. All of it.

Not only was one boy dead because of me but another was behind bars and would be going for a hearing tomorrow. One that would seal Aiden's fate.

They found a lot of evidence that showed that Aiden was always malicious to Carson. And on the surveillance camera they saw the two boys engaging into a fight.

They couldn't hear what they were yelling about but apparently from the angle of the camera, it showed Aiden had either punched or pushed Carson down the stairs.

That was enough to put him behind bars and hold him until his hearing. What made it even worst was that Rena recalled Aiden threatening to kill Carson in the diner when they were fighting.

His friends denied it but the owner of the diner also showed the footage from the surveillance camera where you could hear loud and clear what Aiden had said to Carson that day. Which did include him saying he'd kill him.

I knew he hadn't meant it in that kind of way, but with all the evidence and others coming forward to speak on how much of an asshole he was 10 Carson, Aiden stood no chance.

Had I really just ruined two boys future because of my selfish heart and actions?

I shook my head. Aiden wasn't the devil. I was

My legs felt jello and weak and I found myself falling on my bottom beside someone's tomb.

I was a good distance away from the funeral but I knew someone had followed me.

An umbrella hovers over my head to block the rain from seeping to my bones. Mila sat beside me and one of her arms hugged me.

"Everything is going to be okay Soph. I'll always be here for you no matter what."

Mila whispered, kissing my cold cheek

I stared at the trees off into the distance. I knew the mud was creating a mess behind my dress and I knew that I might catch a cold. But I didn't care

I could sit here forever. The cold, I wish it could freeze my heart so I'd not feel so much pain.

"I don't think so Mila. I'm a monster a huge one for making Aiden take all the fall for what happened." My lower lip tremble as I started to cry.

Mila shook her head. "Don't you say that Sophie. You were not the one who pushed or punched Carson and had him tumbling down the stairs. This was Aiden's doing, he made that choice. Not you. Don't you dare blame yourself.

I don't respond to her knowing that she'd always try to make me feel better. But I knew that I was the biggest cause for what happened.

I sighed shakily and just stared off at the trees in the distance. Tomorrow was his hearing and I was supposed to take the stand as one of the witnesses.

I had to say the truth. Even if the truth will hurt Aiden or me.

*Day of the hearing

"Would Sophie Bell please take to the stand."

Hearing my name had my heart dropping in my stomach and a heavy feeling weighing on my chest.

I rose from the chair and walked up to the stand. When I sat down and took the oath, I felt his eyes on me.

He had been silent as expected to. Bull could tell by his rigid form that he was afraid.

I took a quick peek at him and my breath catches in my lungs. He looked like he hadn't slept for days.

Carson's family lawyer walked up to the stand and started asking me questions that made me feel light headed.

"Miss Bell? It came to our attention that you and Mr. Xavier had a sexual relationship going on between the two of you?"

Her question had me quickly snapping my gaze to Aiden's. No one knew about our relationship except for Aiden's grandfather, Mila, and Aiden himself. Carson did too, but he was no longer here.

Who told

"Don't try to deny it. We saw the footage when we went through the surveillance

cameras.' She continued.

Ashamed to look at anyone in the crowd of people listening intently, I kept my gaze on the wooden parts of the stand.

I didn't want to see the look on Marge's face.

"Yes We were in a sexual relationship

Sophie's pov

She nods. "And you two engaged in that sexual relationship minutes before the altercation between Aiden and Carson?"

Oh God, this woman was ruthless. Couldn't she at least let me take a breather before blasting me with yet another personal question?

I looked up, my eyes sweeping 10 Aiden's. One of his elbows was on the desk and his fingers were playing with his chin as he waited for my answer.

He looked at me emotionlessly but I could see the flicker of betrayal in his eyes. Did he think i betrayed him?

My stomach twisted and I looked away from him, not able to bear the weight of his gaze any longer.

I started and feeling the weight of others in the crowd, my eyes fall to Marge who looked at me in anger and betrayal. It feels like a powerful blow to the chest

I scan over the crowd and everyone's gazes were the same, shocked, betrayed, and anger. Pure, pure anger.

The only people who were not looking at me like I was the devil's wife were Mila, Ingrid, and her husband,

I tear my gaze away, my throat feeling impossibly tight,

"Answer the question, Miss Bell." The woman pushed, impatience heavy on her tongue.

I squeezed my eyes and then opened them before answering shakingly. "Yes. We were."

This feeling of hate for myself ate up inside me until my breathing feels harsh. I wanted out of this place.

The woman nods, seeming satisfied that I answered her with the truth. I was sure they saw it too. They must've. She looked like she knew all those answers to the questions she knew she'd give me.

I tangled my fingers together and played with the material of my jeans. That was the only thing that could distract me from the glares I was currently feeling

'So, did you know the two boys hated each other Miss Bell?" She asked, giving me her unwavering attention.

Something I didn't want since I felt like nothing more than an ant under a microscope who was getting burnt with rays of sunlight.

"I didn't

I shook my head and move my eyes off of hers and focused on the floor. I knew that they were not seeing eye to eye." I nodded and without being able to resist, my eyes connected with Aiden's

His jaw is locked and he looked frustrated. When he noticed my gaze on him, his

eyes turned hard as a rock. It had my heart-shattering. I was hurting him. I knew so Buui couldn't lie

Lying would only make it worst on both our parts

The woman nods "Okay, so you admit that they were not seeing eye to eye because of you miss. Bell?"

"I didn't

I started unsure of how to answer that question. No matter how I answer it, I would still put both Aiden and me in hot water.

"Objection your honor!" Aiden's lawyer said to gain the judge's attention while he glared at the woman who was seeking my answers.

The judge shook her head and said. "Overruled."

"Go ahead and answer the question, Miss Bell."

I sighed and then opened my mouth to answer. But the door suddenly opens and an older man who radiated power strolled into the room with two huge and strongly built men, who I presume were his bodyguards,

The man was dressed in the most expensive of suits and the watch wrapped around his wrist gleamed, mocking those who didn't have the funds to even glance at it.

He glanced at me, his eyes familiar. His mouth sets into a tight line that showed he was displeased to be here. I have never seen this man in my life.

He made his way over to Aiden's parents who looked rather uncomfortable.

I'm pulled out of my thoughts when the woman pushes me to answer. She seemed annoyed and frustrated with me. I would be too.

I swallowed and answered. "I didn't say that. I may have played a role in their hate for each other but there's no evidence that I was the cause

"Oh but there is Miss Bell. There is evidence that you're the main cause of that fight that led to Carson's death."

Suddenly the woman presses a button on a small squared remote. The entire room is now filled with Carson and Aiden arguing.

My heart thuds painfully quickly as I listen to their angry voices.

* You want to know what I think? I think the only reason she said yes to being your girlfriend, was because she knew she'd hurt me. You're nothing but a pawn Carson. You mean absolutely nothing to her."

This was Aiden's voice.

My hands fisted on my lap as I try to stop my trembling fingers.

"You're lying bastard! Sophie would never use me just to make you jealous."

Carson's voice had my heart squeezing.

The conformation that his death was the cause of me had my eyes misting with tears and I sniffle. It was truly my fault for ruining the two boys futures. I was the cause

The woman presses the button again and the room goes silent

She aites a perfectly arched brow. "Is your name not Sophie Miss Bell?"

i nodded faintly

'Then I will find it hard to believe that this Sophie' they're talking about is not you.

Her taunting eyebrow mocked me

"You see, the audio was fued in the footage where we can hear clearly what the two

boys were arguing about before they fought each other And the way Mr Xaviet worded it out, you belonged to him Does that not speak possessiveness Miss. Bell? She tilted her head,

taunting and mocking me with her eyes.

She knew she had trapped me. One wrong word slipping out of my mouth and I'd be burnt alive. Though, I felt like I was already being cooked.

"Objection your honor!" Aiden's lawyer seethed as if frustrated that his client was perceived in a very bad light.

"Overruled." The judge responded casually.

"I-I don't know," I whispered.

The woman shook her head in disappointment and turned to face everyone. Of course you don't. Mr. Xavier was jealous and possessive of you. He wanted you all to himself. But Carson was in the way. So what did Mr. Xavier do? He got rid of him, correct?

"Objection your honor, lack of evidence!" Aiden's lawyer growled.

"Overruled!"

The woman whipped back to face me and narrowed her eyes on me. "Am I correct Miss. Bell? She taunted, her upper lip threatening to lift into a smug grin.

"I don't know!" I snapped, frustrated that she kept asking me questions that were too difficult to answer.

This time her smirk was visible as she faces the judge. "That will be all for Miss. Bell your honor. She's given me enough to proceed.

Everything turns into a huge blur as the jury reaches its verdict.

I try to listen to their responses. My heart pound in my chest and my palms turn clammy.

Marge, Carson's mother had been glaring at me in hatred the minute I sat down beside Mila when I got off the stand. It was safe to say that she now saw me as a devil just like she saw Aiden as.

I knew I deserved it.

My heart drops when the responses were not quite what I wanted to hear, though I should've expected it.

Mila's hands grabbed mine on my lap and she squeezes it almost brutally. She knew I was hurting and she knew that whatever comes after, would be bad

When the verdict was done, all I could do was stare at Aiden's stiff back. They were locking him up for five years.

I let my heart pung. This was my fault

Suddenly I couldn't breathe, and every breath I tried to pull into my lungs felt like it wasn't enough.

Alderss lawyer whispers something in his ear, the exact moment the older man who screamed wealth and power rose from his seat and stormed out of the room. His two bodyguards are right behind him

Alden rose to from his cha, bus body treening when Marge throw disgusting words huis way Then she turns to face me, her upper lips pulling up my a snart

* wou deserve everything bud punt de bain You deserve to rol, not my baby Carson. It should ve been both of you, not him!”

Her Husband tries to rush her as the Locurity look ready to intervene just in case things go too far

Her words to d

evs vad down frty cheeks

Upon hearing her words, Aiden turns around just as they place those ugly handcuffs around his wrists

His eyes fell in my own and they were so cold that I shivered under their weight

“You both deserve to rot!” Marge screeches just as they push Aiden to move

He looks at his parents, nods, and then turns around to leave. When he disappears, it feels like he just took my heart with him

Sophie’s pov

#two months latert

Mila burst through the bathroom door, her eyes wide as she holds up her index finger in a waiting gesture.

She hauls in a breath and lets it out through her nose as she looks over at me seated on the toilet seat. With her hand still on the doorknob, she lifts up the brown paper bag.

“I bought three just in case.” She breathed out and closed the door behind her walked in further.

The closer she got to me, the quicker my heart seemed to pound in my chest. In that brown paper bag held three pregnancy tests.

My hands trembled as I rose from the seat. “Did Ingrid see you?” I winced. Ingrid had been very concerned with me lately, especially seeing as I was always so ‘sick’ to go to school.

That was true in a sense but I also wasn’t in the mood for judgemental eyes. Since Aiden’s hearing, everyone got to know that I cheated on Carson with him, which led to the fight and also led to Carson’s.....demise.

So no one greeted me with sympathy anymore, no, they greeted me with malice.

Mila nods, wincing. “She saw the bag. Told her I brought you a gift. It is your birthday today after all.”

“And what an enjoyable birthday it has been indeed,” I said sarcastically, feeling pity for myself.

I had been feeling nauseous since morning and I lost count of how many times I actually vomited this week.

I wasn’t looking forward to my birthday per se but I didn’t plan to actually feel nauseous and sick the entire day. It didn’t help that I had missed my period. And that’s when the fear kicked in.

Mila handed me the bag and sighed. “That damn woman behind the counter gave me the stink eye. Can you imagine the nerve of her!?” Mila scoffed and rolled her eyes as she struts over to the bathroom countertop.

She sits on top of the surface and looks at me in confusion. “How many minutes do

we have to wait again? I can't remember." She asked.

I shrugged and removed the boxes out of the brown paper bag. Seeing them in person is one thing, but touching them and knowing you're about to use them is another thing entirely.

My fingers tremble as I turn the box to read the instructions.

'About two minutes?' I gnawed on my lips as I pulled out the sticks from the boxes.

My heart slams in my chest.

Mila nods and then suggested "Don't you just want to take a cup and pee in it then dip the sticks in? Wouldn't that be easier?"

Right That would be easier. Why hadn't I thought about that?' I grumble lowly.

Honestly, I hadn't been thinking clearly much lately.

It has been two months since the hearing and my heart still feels broken. The pain of being the reason two boys' lives were ruined completely took a toll on me I was a miserable person twenty four seven

Mila hops down the countertop and turns around to search through the draw 'Is there one inside here?' She rummages through the tiny pill bottles and finds a ornallcup Well, this one should do " She murmurs and walks over to me. She places the cup in my awaiting hands and pries the test from my hands.

"Okay, here you go. She whispered and looked at me, her eyes darting from both of mine. "It will be okay Soph There's nothing wrong with just trying to be sure it will be fine

She was the one who suggested that I take a test

I hauled in a breath and let it out through my mouth shakily Okay

I backed away until my legs touched the toilet, lifted the lid, and then pulled my panties down my legs. Lifting up my dress, I fit myself on the toilet sit and then push the cup between my legs

I looked at Mila panicking when I dont feel my pee going down "Relax Soph. It will be okay No matter what happens next, it will be okay She reassures with a nod to her head

I try to relax but I just couldnt 'Can you just turn on the pipe please?' I asked, hoping that hearing the water pouring into the drain would help my pee finally stop playing peek-a-boo

Mila smiled, nodded, and opened the faucet It takes a good while until I felt my pee entering the cup. I would have done a happy dance if i wasn't so worried about the results

When I was done, I gave Mila the cup She cringes 'Oh, I love you babe, but touching your piss is a no-no. Despite her words, she grasp the cup and placed it on the surface of the countertop

I rolled my eyes and fixed my clothes and panties back into place I flushed the toilet and closed the lid, I sat back down on the lid and sighed heavily while shaking my legs nervously

Mila washed her hands under the running pipe while looking at me Aren't you going to wash your hands, Soph?"

Oh.

I sheepishly smiled and walked over to the opened pipe. “Are you sure Ingrid isn’t suspicious of what’s going on?” I asked nervously as I washed my hand under the cool running water.

“I can’t really know for sure Soph. But whatever happens, she’ll fully support you no matter what and you know that Mila sighs.

I closed the pipe and gripped the countertop. “I turned eighteen today. I’m an adult now. They no longer have to take care of me according to the state.

“You know the Simpsons would never do something like that to you Soph. I can’t believe you’d even think like that.” Mila scowled.

I looked down at the sink and sighed. “You’re right. I just don’t see this working out if I’m pregnant Mila, it’s already so difficult to make ends meet.”

“Hey! You don’t know if you’re pregnant yet Soph. How about waiting for the results before bursting your head about it?” Mila suggested.

I nodded. She was right. I should really stop worrying so quickly especially when I didn’t have the results yet. I could be worrying over nothing really.

But I can’t help but think about how my life would be if I were actually pregnant.

How would I be able to raise a kid on my own? Aiden was not here to help me.

I just couldn’t see this working out.

I had college to think about.

What the hell would I do if

The two minutes are up now,” Mila whispered, removing the timer off her phone.

All three tests were beside us, but I had refused to even glance at them once. But now that the two minutes were up, I didn’t want to look at them at all.

“Can you look for me?” I whispered, my voice shaky.

Mila nods and squeezes my hand reassuringly. Of course Soph:

It’s quiet for a few seconds, but even with the lack of noise, I can somehow feel the tension zipping through the air.

“What do they read Mila?” I asked nervously, my skin coating with a thin layer of sweat until the material of my dress begins to itch me.

*All three are... She trails off with a nervous shocked edge. Breathing in sharply she whispers lowly. “You’re pregnant Sophie.

My entire world feels like it’s crashing down around me. I shook my head as tears filled my eyes. She was wrong. She must be.

I whip my eyes to the three tests I had been avoiding looking at. I can’t seem to breathe properly when my eyes zeroed in on those two red lines.

Oh no.

I shook my head. “This isn’t possible,” I started in denial.

“I can’t be.” I whimpered praying that this was all just a nightmare and that I just needed to wake up.

“I can’t be pregnant Mila.” I cried, digging my fingers into my hair and gripping the strands tightly.

Sophie’s pov

Mila’s words were reassuring. They really were. But they couldn’t break the circle of

doubt, fear, and shock I was currently feeling at the moment.

I was pregnant. At least that's what all three tests read.

"I just turned eighteen today, I have no job, Mila. How am I going to do this on my own? Aiden

I stopped, hiccuping on a sob. Life was unfair to me.

Did the heavens hate me that much to not give me a break from all those hurdles they flew my way?

Aiden was behind bars, serving time. And I was a hundred percent sure he hated me with a passion. I dream every day about his cold eyes that shone with betrayal when he stared at me that day before they took him away.

In a way, he blamed me for what happened. He hated me.

My heart squeezed. I had placed myself in a tight spot and I saw no way to get out of it.

"You're not going to be doing this on your own Soph. You have the Simpsons and me. We'll be here every step of the way she reassured me while hugging my body sideways as she wiped my tears.

"There are other options you know...." She trailed off as if unsure if her words would create more harm than good.

I shook my head quickly. "I could never do abortion."

She shook her head. "I was more leaning on adoption? There are families who crave to have what you carry in your womb.

I wince at her words. She was definitely making this more real for me.

But.....she was right

There are families who yearn for a child. I had one currently in my womb. I could make some family happy. I could give them something they craved for

But as my eyes drop to my stomach, my heart squeezes. What if I can't let him or her go when I first set my eyes on them? What would I do then?

*I don't know Mila. 'I trailed off unsurely.

'it was just an option Soph. You don't have to think about it so early on.' She reassures, squeezing me to her.

"And if you do happen to keep the baby, I will be here to help you every step of the way. She beamed.

My eyes meet hers in the reflection of the mirror. "But what about New York Mila? Our plans? My shoulders sagged.

Mia and I had already planned to go to New York when we graduate from high school. It was supposed to be an exciting new chapter for us. Me to college and her to look for work Mila had no intentions of going back to school.

Apparently, school and learning just weren't for her anymore

We only had a few more months until graduation. And now I had a huge damper on the plans.

She winces and lets me go while mumbling. "Well, I hadn't quite thought about that."

She scratches her chin and paced the entire length of the bathroom before stopping before me.

“My cousin Ria was willing to let us share her apartment with her. We only need to pay our share of the rent. Her mother, my aunt, did suggest I come and work for her in their little diner. I’m sure that they’ll accept both you and me.” She rushed out as if finding a solution to the hardest math question.

I raised my eyebrows in doubt. “They’ll accept a pregnant eighteen year old?”

She nods. “I’m sure they will. My aunt isn’t as strict as my mom. In fact, I once caught her smoking marijuana at one of our many family gatherings. She owes me one for not telling her husband she relapsed.”

I sighed. This feels too good to be true. How will I make this work when I was supposed to go to college and make a better life for myself?

“Just think about it okay Soph? We can still go to New York and live with my cousin and work for my aunt. We can still achieve our dreams, even though they will be postponed for a little bit longer. Whatever you choose Soph, will be the best choice. I believe so. And you should too.” She pulls me into a hug.

“You got this Sophie. If anyone can do this, it will be you.” Mila squeezed me tighter.

I cried on her shoulder, holding her tight. “I don’t know Mila. I’m scared.” I admitted.

I still had a few months left till graduation. By then, I would be sporting a bump. The controversies this will bring, I can already see it. Many would be the baby belongs to Aiden while the others would think it was Carson’s.

I would be the talk of the town again. Though my name hadn’t quite died out yet.

“Are you going to tell him?” Mila asked softly.

I knew who’he’ was.

I shook my head. “No. I’m not going to ruin his life even more.”

Mila had left a couple of minutes ago already and I was currently in my room sucking up the courage to tell Ingrid that I was expecting.

After a few minutes of me just pacing across my room, I managed to get that little pep talk to actually push me.

I made my way downstairs where I can hear her playing with the pans and spoons.

They rattled and disturbed the silence in the house. My fast pace turns into a cruise.

The air smells like chocolate cake and my belly grumbles reminding me that I hadn’t eaten yet. I couldn’t keep much down, but boy do I now crave some chocolate.

Anything chocolate would do.

I found Ingrid in the kitchen like I expected to. She looked very focused on icing that chocolate cake. When she hears my footsteps nearing, she freezes and looks disappointed

“Damn it You were not supposed to see this yet.” She sighed and continued icing the chocolate cake. The strong smell had me licking my lips

“Cover your eyes until I say I’m done” She instructed

Ingrid always went out of her way to see me happy and this is how I repaid her? By getting pregnant so young? By causing the death of an innocent boy? For causing an innocent boy to take jail?

I don’t deserve all this.

“I’m pregnant Ingrid.” I stumbled out, my bottom lip already wobbling as I waited for her glare and scowl.

Hearing my words, Ingrid freezes, completely.

I must’ve disappointed her so badly. I am sure of it.

“I’m so sorry Ingrid. We were not being careful and I fully blame myself for putting myself in this position. I’m so sorry to disappoint you’ll rushed out, coming closer to the counter.

“When did you find out?” She breathed out, staring at me in disbelief.

“A couple of minutes ago,” I admitted afraid that she’ll accuse me of having an inkling of what was going on with me but didn’t tell her. Her eyes tell me that she was putting all those missing pieces together.

She shook her head, her eye misting. “We can barely make ends meet Sophie. You’re still in high school and you’re about to head to college Pregnant now?” She shook her head as if still in disbelief at what I had just said to her,

Her eyes drop to my stomach and she whispered, “Do you plan on keeping the baby?”

I looked away from her completely. “Mila suggested that I can give him or her up for adoption. Abortion is out of the question.”

Ingrid nods and sighs heavily. “Nine months Sophie. How are you going to go to school and what about college?”

I looked down at the floor, now finding it the most fascinating thing. I’m not going.”

“To school or to college?” I can just picture her with her brows furrowed in confusion.

“To college. I’m not going, I’ve made up my mind. I will finish high school and graduate. Not doing so is also not an option.”

“But going to college was always your dream Sophie? Are you going to give that up?” She whispered in worry.

I shook my head. “No, I’m not. I’ll just take a year off until the baby arrives then I’ll figure out what to do then.”

“Figure out what to do?” She voiced out in confusion.

I nodded. “If to put the baby up for adoption or not.”

“So no New York for you as yet then?”

I smiled shakily. “Mila actually suggested that we could still go, we both could work for her aunt. I think it’s a good idea. There’s a lot of opportunities there

It wasn’t named one of the biggest cities for nothing.

Ingrid smiles sadly “You seem to have everything figured out. Look at you acting like a grown-up already. Come here. She walks around the countertop and opened her arms

I walked right into them and she squeezed me “I love you, Sophie. You know we’ll support you know matter what.”

Iced softly on her shoulders. Today was a huge change in my life. One that will stay with me forever no matter what route I take.

“What about Aiden? Are you going to tell him and his family?”

“How do you know it’s Aiden’s?” “I whispered pulling away from her.

She grins slightly. "Because I know you, Sophie. You were never in love with that boy Carson. But I do remember the way you looked at Aiden. It's easy to figure out who you trusted with something precious to you."

I blushed brightly and shook my head. "I won't tell him. I don't want to make this even harder for him. I can do everything on my own."

"I can do it," I whispered, nodding with determination.

Sophie's pov

* Three years later

"Where are the shoes, where are the shoes!" I panicked as I raced back into the room. I crouched beside the bed and aimlessly shift my hands under the bed in search of Ash's shoes.

Ashton would always place his shoes and his toys in every crook and cranny of this place. Honestly, I love my little boy, but it was getting exhausting to always go hunting for those things. Especially when I was already super late to drop him off at daycare and late for work

"We're gonna be late Soph!" Mila yelled.

"Aren't you guys always late?" Ria scoffed somewhere in the apartment.

You'd think rooming with two other girls would be a blessing. But it was anything but that. The apartment was constantly a mess, which perhaps had to do with my troublesome twenty seven month old toddler. He was in that phase where throwing his toys everywhere was his own personal touch for the interior of the apartment. And don't get me started on the smell of burnt food every day. You'd think we were good in the kitchen because Mila and I worked at the diner. You can't be any more wrong. We were hopeless in the kitchen.

"Gotcha!" I shouted in joy when my fingers grab Ash's favorite shoes. I rise to my feet, brushing off the dust that was stuck to my knees. I really do need to clean this room. Actually, the entire apartment needs a deep cleaning

I walked out of the room, my fingers pinching his tiny shoes compared to mine.

I dangle it when I could get a good glimpse of him on Mila's lap. My heart slams against my chest every time his blue gaze sweep over to me.

He looked so much like Aiden. It was amazing how similar the two look alike. Ash practically had none of my features, all Aiden which was scary. The only thing he had which were similar to mine, was his ears.

Apart from that, Ash was an exact copy of Aiden, down to his mischievous ways.

His blue eyes drop to his shoes that were in my hand and he did that cute thing where he pushed out his tongue a little, bit the tip, and smiled. It had everyone fawning over him and falling for his tricks. Ash got away with everything.

"Did you really think I wouldn't have found it, mister?" I narrowed my eyes on his cute face. Gosh, how can I ever stay mad at that face?

Ash giggles.

"So mischievous" I giggled, smiling widely when I reach beside him and Mila. She helps me put on his shoes and when we're done, Ash is quick to tell Mila to place him on his feet,

His exact words were “Mi mi, wank down.” That were usually his signature words to tell us that he was fed up being carried like a baby.

“Okay then Mr. Ash’ Mila giggle and placed him on his feet. “Here you go.”

Ash walks the few steps left to reach me and hugs my legs. “Lek go, mama.” His big blue eyes stare up at me and I melt.

My baby was so beautiful even though he didn’t want to be considered a baby anymore since he always pouts when we do call him such.

“My mom’s gonna skin your asses alive for being late yet again. Ria shorts while entering the living room. She quickly wraps her black ink tresses in a ponytail Her tatted arms were one of the first things you notice about her and well, the vulgar words she uses often. She wasn’t too hard to point out from the crowd.

I quickly covered Ash’s ears even though he had already heard and glared at Ria.

“Dammit, Ria. How many times must I tell you no cursing in front of Ash!” I snapped.

She winces and shrugs. “Oops, I always forget okay?”

I glared at her and uncovered Ash’s ears.

“Riri say bad word mama.” He pointed at Ria who smiles at all of us sheepishly.

Lifting her hands up in exaggeration, she puffs out. “Hey at least he knows it’s a bad word. Anyway don’t you guys have somewhere to be?!” She shooed us, gesturing with her hands for us to head to the door.

“Girl we pay more than half the rent here, don’t shoo us out of our own apartment,” Mila says sassily as she picks up her bag.

Ria rolls her eyes knowing Mila was only joking....kind of. “God, I can’t wait for this peace and quiet when you two leave.”

“Three of us ass- I mean dinglebat.” Mila snorted, walking around the couch before I could throw something at her.

“I excluded Ash because he at least I can handle. You two annoy the living hell out of me. Now shoo. Be gone. Bye.” Ria shooed us again.

“Love you too bish

“What?” Mila gulped when I sent her an annoyed glare.

“Bish as in the beach get it?” She asked sheepishly. I rolled my eyes and picked up Ash. Grabbing a hold of my bag in the other, I turn to Ria.

I looked at her, narrowing my eyes. “Hey, at least clean the apartment while we’re not here?”

She scoffs but nods. That alone told me she would not even touch the broom. Much less look at it.

“I have a shoot at two thirty today. If I’m not home when you two get back the key is where we usually hide it.” She says.

Ria was an upcoming model. This season has been generous to her and she’s been getting more and more opportunities to do photoshoots lately

Both Mila and i nodded. We said our goodbyes and walked out of the apartment. We took the stairs. We always take the stairs.

We were convinced the elevator was possessed and it didn’t help the fact that this was a shitty apartment building where unconventional things happened quite often

For example, last night the lights suddenly went out and only came back on a couple of hours later. So you see, we didn't want to get stuck in an elevator for hours. Ash buries his face in the crook of my neck as I walked down the endless stairs. He hated anything to do with heights.

His little arms squeeze around my neck lightly, almost suffocating me actually. But I don't tell him to loosen his arms.

I hold then closer to me, kissing his head and whispering soothing words about how he was going to be okay and how we were almost out,

He nods, snuggling closer to me even more smiled

I wouldn't trade thus for anything else in the world. He was my life

"Hmph." I let out as I struggled to unbuckle the straps securing Ash in his car seat.

I sighed in relief when I finally got him out. I grabbed his bag with all his necessary things and hurried into the daycare center.

This was the hardest part. The part where I leave him for hours and not being able to see his face.

I try to reassure my heart that we would reunite again soon. When I drop him off, I was reluctant to let go. I crouched to his level and pepper him with kisses, loving the fresh scent of coconut on him.

"Mommy will miss you my little Ash bug," I whispered, pressing my lips to his forehead as I try to relax my heart.

"Lah woo, mama." He said, not being able to pronounce the word love and you properly. It still melts my heart and I squeeze his little figure to me.

This little boy was my entire world.

"I love you so much, Ash. To the stars, to the entire universe."

"Didn't want to let go?" Mila smiled turning to face me when I entered. I closed the door and buckled myself securely.

"No," I admitted. She knew how hard it was for me to part ways with Ashton even if it is just for a little bit.

"Figured as such." She laughs lightly as my old car roars to life.

Sophie's pov

I parked on the side of the curb, my old car coming to a stop with a loud screech and a shudder.

"Dammit." I snarled as I jab at the seatbelt to free myself.

Mila burst into fits of laughter as she watches me struggle with the seatbelt.

"Ha ha. Of course you're all giddy and amused because at least you're not stuck." | groaned, jamming my fingers on the red release button on the seatbelt.

Mila taps her hand on the dashboard. "Mary is really about to give up on us." She snorted.

I bought that car when I knew I needed my own transportation to bring Ash around. It was already old and looked ready to collapse, but it was at a reasonable price and that was all I could budget. It did the job anyway, even though half the time it's a struggle to get out or start it.

"You'd think that naming her Mary she'd be lucky." Thuffed, rejoicing silently when the release button finally works.

I was already contemplating if to grab a hold of the scissors I had in the compartment and just snip the entire seatbelt around me.

Mila giggled and then suddenly goes silent. "Uh oh."

I snapped my head to her in confusion. "What?"

She nudged her chin slightly at the opening of the diner where I could see Ressa, Mila's aunt and also Ria's mom, bounding over here. Her black hair wipes behind her.

"Oh shit." I winced when she knocks her knuckles on the passenger's window. Mila rolls the glass down and it makes an awful screeching sound.

Ressa's dark glaring eyes are more visible now as the dirty glass goes lower. "You two are late." She snaps. "I'm here running this thing on my own. You know how busy this shit gets in the morning."

"You know we have to drop off Ash first at daycare Ressa. We're here now." I said while looking at the road behind me to be sure that a car wasn't coming. When it was clear I opened the car quickly and got out.

"Oh right. How's that little bugger? I haven't seen him in a while." Ressa chuckled, "I miss his cute face. You have to bring him here more often Soph, he attracts me more customers."

"Leave it to you to still talk about getting more customers. You're a living bank aunty Ressa." Mila snorted as she got out of the car. The door screeches when she closes it.

Ressa scoffs. "If I was a bank child I'd already own a mansion. You don't see mansion printed on my forehead now do you?"

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"I don't see stick up the ass printed on your forehead either, but you sure walk like you have one." Mila retorted with a laugh.

I snorted out a giggle when Ressa sent Mila a death stare that had her throwing her hands on her knees and laughing even louder.

were significa “Just get inside you two.” She grumbles, walking away from us. My eyes fall to her legs.

kali pertama. “Hmmm. What do you know? She actually walks like she has one lodged up there.” I joked, siihen making Mila laugh even more.

Ressa opened back the door and the little bell chimes. “Any time now you two!”

Mila and I pass on amused looks at each other before walking to the diner.

“Your favorite customer is here.” Mila teased, stopping beside me.

I looked up from cleaning the table and my eyes dart to where he always sat. Mr. Bernard.

He was a man nearing age fifty-five and he had been a loyal customer for two years now. He was a very nice man and would talk to me about his home and family life. I consider us friends.

I smiled when his brown eyes meet mine across the room.

“I swear if that man was younger and not married, I’d definitely give him a chance.” Mila joked, turning around to fully face Mr. Bernard.

I shook my head, grinning. “He can be your dad Mila.”

She looks at me over her shoulder. “Which is why I said if only he was younger.” She snorted stressing on the word if.

“Mila get back to work!” Ressa yelled, coming out from the back where I was sure she was counting the money she just made. It was just lunch time and I should be on break in about ten minutes.

Mila pokes out her tongue at Ressa and turns to me. “Stick up her butthole lady is forcing me to do her bidding.” She rolls her eyes and skates away leaving me giggling at her parting words.

When I was done cleaning up the mess a family of four left on the table, I skated over to Bernard who was waiting for me patiently. “How’s your day been Sophie?” He asked with a cheer ful pitch in his voice.

Bernard thought of me as his daughter, it didn't help that we looked so much alike. Unfortunately, I would never get to meet her physically since she was no longer alive.

I took out the little notepad and then pull out the pencil behind my ear to write down his order. Apart from how busy and noisy and a bit stressful working at the diner can be, the friendly and kind customers made up for it. One of them happens to be Bernard.

"Busy. A lot. I got ketchup sprayed on me by a five year old who thought I needed a touch of red." I pointed at the red stain that was still so visible on the light pink uniform we were assigned to wear.

Bernard chuckled while awaking his head. "Kids these days huh?"

I beamed and nodded.

"Speaking of, how's Ash? Did he like the bunny I bought him?" He asked with high hope. Bernard met up with Ash countless times when Ash wasn't in daycare yet and I had to bring him to work when I got no babysitter.

I nodded and smiled. "You have to stop spoiling him Bernard."

Bernard scoffs. "No way. This is nothing Sophie. Ash deserves more than that. I was actually planning to buy him those big toy cars he-"

I shook my head quickly. "Oh no no no. You don't have to keep buying him stuff Bernard, especially so expensive.

He then sighs. "I've told you many times Sophie, I just want to do this for Ash. There's no huge dent in my bank account. I'm buying him those cars."

I narrowed my eyes. "I'm not accepting it." I threatened so he'd rethink his decision.

But Bernard only chuckles and grins, "We'll see about that."

Shaking my head at him, I asked. "Are you ready to place an order Bernard?" I smiled, the point of the pencil on the blank paper already.

Black coffee, four donuts, and some churros. If I knew Bernard as well as I thought, then that will be his exact order.

He nods. "Black coffee, four donuts, and some churros. Give me those churros to go, I need to eat something sweet while dealing with that arrogant CEO today." He huffed.

Bernard always complained about his arrogant boss who supposedly was always so furious and nitpicked at everything.

Everyone hated him, well the males hated him, but the women saw him as nothing more than someone who was walking sex on legs. Well, at least that's how I remembered Bernard described him as.

I gave him a pity-filled smile not bothering to jot down his order since I've already memo rized it.

“Well, I'll be back with your order Bernard, soon,” I told him and skated away.

When I got back, Bernard was deep in thought and hadn't realized I was beside him until i placed his order in front of him.

My brows furrow in worry. “Are you okay Bernard?”

He looks up and his dark gaze swept over my face. “Do you like working here Sophie?”

Confused and startled by his question, it takes me a while to answer him. I nod. “I do. It may not seem much, but meeting friendly people is the highlights of my day.”

“But the work?” He asked, searching my eyes.

I look away from him.

Working for eight hours a day literally on my feet the entire day wasn't fun. But it was not like I can just get up and leave and find a new job.

M

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Who would hire someone who didn't go to college and only had a high-school diploma? This was New York, I needed more than a high-school diploma to get a decent job that can feed both Ash and I properly, pay the bills and provide food on the table.

It was not like the diner was a bad place to work at. It was just that, this wasn't where I envi sioned working three years ago.

M

The other small jobs around here that would maybe hire me, were not child friendly. By that I mean, I'd have to push in more work and not get enough time to spend with Ash.

I turn to Bernard, extremely confused. He had never asked me those questions before. And by the gleam in his eyes, I knew that he wanted to ask me more.

“Why are you asking me this Bernard?”

He looks nervous but then lets out. “My secretary will be leaving in a week. She's relocating to another state. The spot is vacant Sophie, and I want you to fill it.”

