

Room 138

"What the fuck Roni?!" Cindy stares at me.

"I didn't say I forgive him!" I get defensive.

"Roni he hurt you! He hurt you beyond forgiving, you can't just give into his bullshit apologies like that!" Cindy criticized.

"I know he hurt me, he hurt me so bad, but I don't think they're bullshit apologies, I think he actually is sorry.. Cindy you should have seen the look in his eyes, the pain and regret drowned out all the light," I try to explain.

"Why would you agree to be his friend," Cindy tries to understand.

"Because Cindy, I love him, and everyone deserves a second chance,"

"But this is like his fi h chance, he's now taking advantage of you,"

"He isn't taking advantage of me, can we please not talk about it," I ask her.

"Fine, but I'm just saying that if I were you, I wouldn't forgive that bastard for what he had done to you,"

"I can see you wouldn't," I laugh.

Cindy brings her attention back to the movie we were watching.

I have given Ben many chances, but I know what happened this time will be the last time anything like it happens again. He wouldn't betray me in such a way ever again.

I know he's sorry, I truly know he is sorry. But just the things he said about me and to me.. I can't get past.

Maybe he didn't mean them, but the point is, is that he still said them to me. He didn't stop to think about his words.

He let himself destroy the one he loves with his words. I don't even know if he actually loves me.

God everything he's ever said to me I now have to re-think about, all the compliments, the I love you's, everything.

I just hope Ben is serious about us, and will prove to me that he loves me.

All I want is for this to be over. I want all the stress to go away. I want Jessica to go away, I want any memory from this whole crap show to go away.

I walk out of Cindy's house and back to mine. I open my bedroom door to see Ben sitting on my bed.

"Jeez, do you like to just break into my room whenever?" I laugh.

"It's not breaking in if the entrance is unlocked," Ben chuckles.

"Should I be worried about that theory?"

"Nah,"

Silence falls over us, awkward silence.

It kind of saddens me that Ben and I could go from being able to talk about anything, to this. Being awkward and not able to start up a conversation.

"So how was your day?" Ben asks.

"Do you care?" I accidentally say, he told me he never cared about how I was doing or about my day.

"Of course I do," Ben speaks so ly.

"My day was alright, how was yours?" I just continue to go with it.

"Mine was good, where did you just come back from?"

"Cindy's,"

I brush my hair and throw it in a bun. "God I'm ugly," I mutter looking at my reflection. I catch Ben staring at me through my mirror.

"What?"

"Nothing," Ben looks away.

I turn around and face him.

"No, what was it?"

"It's just.. I love yo—when you put your hair in a bun, it looks so nice," Ben compliments.

It seems like he was about to say something else before he continued his sentence.

"Oh," I kind of shrug the compliment o .

Silence falls over us again.

"So what did you do at Cindy's?" Ben goes asking those basic questions again.

"We watched a movie and talked,"

"What did you talk about?"

"You," I bluntly say.

"Oh,"

"Yuppers,"

It's like Ben and I don't know how to be friends, we don't remember how to act like friends. But Ben is a great actor, acting as if he loved me, acted as if he enjoyed being in a relationship with me, he should be able to act like my friend.

"Well I should be going, I just wanted to see how your day was," Ben stands up.

"Okay, bye,"

I hold my hand out to shake his hand as he goes to hug me.

"Oh, uh,"

Ben awkwardly brings his arms down and shakes my hand.

"Bye Ben," I say as he climbs out my window.

I sigh, it's hard I'll admit. Having to be around him, having him compliment me. But I hope it'll all be over soon.

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