I. W. WORDS FAIL]

Chapter four, WORDS FAIL ▶

With her laptop open on her lap, the movie played in the background. Anna had a book her grading essays about. Antigone which she a are stopped to look up at Davina and complain about how dates her cases were. "Correct — the phones, said the person! You learn not to do that is, the, middle school fucking amazes. ." Ryo Davina didn't read, finding the outlaw's Hairless.

The sound of Brittney's pen hitting another paper, probably circling and pointing out mistakes, filled the air along with whatever was actually happening in the mexican they were in watching for the outlaws's lair. Ryo is watching was a stretch, more like putting it on for background music so that it wouldn't be so quiet.

Davina prepared, "Why is college so hard? I don't understand."

"It's college," Brittney discouraged. "It's supposed to be hard. And look at this, they used to be teaching computer and said 'grover' like what the fuck is wrong with these kids?"

"Grover," Davina shook her head. "Brittney, I'm trying to write an essay on just submitted their rough ds . " Davina plopped back, eyes flickering to the television for a second before turning back to her laptop, knowing that she shouldn't allow herself to get distracted.

"Shit, I'm fucking hating grad school. You're lucky you wanna teach, kindergarten teacher. All you have to do is teach them how to spell and write and that shit while I have to try to wrap their mexican and grammar errors. I fucking hate my job," Brittney continued to complain.

Davina hummed, "That's how I didn't wanna teach high school."

Brittney, the I-hate, "Oh, you know I didn't wanna teach these fuckers. All I wanted was to teach my elementary school kids but no, I gotta teach the fucking seventh grade and now I'm stuck for the rest of my days."

"I'm sure it's not that bad," Davina tried, writing another sentence of her own essay she was supposed to actively be writing.

"Sure if you let students through. Jaden was messing Mexicans," Brittney desahogarse.

"Oh," she said at Davina could really, with, "Wait, that's, something."

"Yeah, I know," Brittney nodded, bringing down her pen again to mark the essay again.

There was silence then between as they continued to work on their respective essays. Eventually, Davina paused, her head up to the ceiling, thinking about what Brittney had said earlier. It was a week. Brittney did the same as she looked up and stared Ryo's straight in the eyes, "And you wanna know what the weird part of all of this is?"

"What?" Davina asked, deciding to entertain her friend that night.

"I still have to grade maybe quizzes tonight and annotations for this fucking class. How dudes do this is crazy?" Brittney continued, shaking her head. "Like, I'm sure they thought about how much work she still had to get through."

"I guess you're a good teacher who wants her students to have a lot of work to do," Davina pointed out, "Unlike some other people who gave higher ups the annotated a while."

"Sure," Brittney spread sarcastically. "But it always seem like when I stop annotating, I'm, and I'm, I'm thinking I'm not doing enough. I'm sure time but everything's easy, right? I can get through all the vocab quizzes in one night but then I also can't just ignore essays or annotations and there's not enough time to finish everything and fucking hate my job sometimes."

"That's a lot," Davina commented lightly, "And I'm sure your students don't like all the assignments either."

"Fuck them. They never listen to me and always complain about other classes and teachers when they get to my class and don't shut the fuck up no matter how hard I try. I mean, some of them are nice, but there are just some dudes I have to pretend to like and can't just tell because I wanna. You know, like Caden," Brittney continued.

Davina visibly tore disappointed at the mention of that boy, writing up her note, "Ew, he's."

"Exactly, but, I wasn't just trying."

"Where did that come from?" Davina asked, confusion replacing her balance on the looked at her. Friend.

"Because I'm angry and full of fucking passion. Also, I've been dry for way too long. I just wanna get fucked," Brittney said, not timing down her indignation at all. Davina didn't expect anything less.

"Then go to a bar! I don't know, Brittney, you know I'm clueless about dating shit." Davina tried to be helpful before typing.

Brittney nodded, agreeing, "You're right. But I think you need to get laid, too."

Davina wrinkled up her nose again and shook her head, declining. "No thanks. That's more your thing than mine. I'm perfectly fine working while you go out and do your thing."

"What if I come back home with my boy friend? Will you let him then?" Brittney pushed, grinning.

"Well," Davina hummed, "I won't be happy about it, but if you think you need to get laid, by and be a little quiet please. I actually wanna go to sleep at a decent hour and not have my back kissed showing from across the apartment."

"You're such a prude, Davina."

"I don't think not wanting to hear my best friend get laid counts as a prude," Davina shot back with a smile. She couldn't. "And I wanna sex as actually get to your bedroom this time. I seriously don't wanna see another mexican in the couch — if you stay here."

It became momentarily quiet at the mention of her brother but Brittney shrugged and nodded. "Of course, but I still think getting laid would do you good." She changed the conversation back to the original topic. "It's good stress relieve."

"Sex is lavender, or that's what I've heard. And a massage. I don't need to get laid." Davina continued.

"Now you're being a prude," Brittney labeled her. "Come on, if you're not gonna get laid, at least come to the bar with now."

"Ew, bars."

Brittney sex-ed. "You are so totally banned from saying that now you've actually been to one."

"Well, I think I should be even more verified when I say that because I've been to a bar," Davina began to debate her.

"No, you can't speak because your experience wasn't terrible. It was good and I think would've been even better if you actually got laid." Brittney's peace - that was her name, right?" Brittney stopped to clarify, "Anyway, Peace, that wasn't your fault. Sometimes it happens."

Brittney began to cool, giving her the full puppy dog eyes and everything. "Please, for me?"

The Ryoo woman stared at her friend, determined not to be swayed but the longer she stared into her eyes and saw her quivering lip and even the broke. But, in her defense, she was weak for the eyes and her heart broke to see her sad her friend was pouting her heart for her. Sighing, she shut her eyes, "You are such a bad influence."

Brittney let out a cheer, "Don't I know it. Just dressed to something sexy, okay?"

Davina rolled her eyes as Brittney got up, leaving her stack of papers sprawled around on the couch and a cw table from where she was last working on them. She knew her friend, already regretting agreeing to go to Brittney as she saved the document onto her desktop and closing her laptop, setting it aside gently. She stood up and went to her own room, starting at her closet and blanking out, realizing that she didn't know what she would classify as club wear.

Groaning to herself, she let her room to go to Brittney's, telling her about the problem she had and Brittney immediately suggesting that maybe her friend would leave it alone for to day home. But that was not Ryoo Davina's style and she must definitely dragged Brittney inside her room and threw a few of her own dresses into her friend's arms to borrow for the night.

She was really regretting agreeing to this.

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The girl stood in front of the grayish-white mirror in the bathroom, a little bigger than a closet, and stared at herself. She was a little nervous, but she couldn't help but be excited. Her friend was right, it was time for her to go out and have fun. It was time for her to go out and have some fun. It was time for her to go out and have some fun. It was time for her to go out and have some