

Sometimes It Ends

Ben's POV

I wake up to someone fighting. I hold my head in pain as I stand up, walking towards the fighting. I walk into a bedroom to find Cindy and Veronica fighting.

"Whoa what's going on?" I ask.

"Fuck you! Fuck her! Fuck the both of you!" Cindy screams at us.

I suddenly hear a smack

I see Veronica holding her cheek, tears streaming down her face. Cindy stares at her, suddenly very quiet, looking paralyzed.

"Cindy what the hell?!" I spit.

"I um, fuck you guys!" She shouts and runs out of the room, hearing the house door slam.

At this point people have woken up and left.

"Roni.. Are you okay?" I ask, as I sit her down.

Veronica grips onto me and cries.

"I- I don't even know what I did! I just woke up to Cindy screaming at me! I- I didn't expect her to.. slap me," She cries.

"Shhh, it's okay, she had no reason to slap you, I'm sorry she did that, I doubt you did anything wrong," I soothe, trying to calm her.

She climbs on me and wraps her legs around me and hugs me. I just stay quiet until she stops crying, I know she doesn't want me to speak, and she doesn't want to speak.

I hear her hiccup a bit and sniff. She removes her face from my neck and looks at me while wiping her eyes.

"Thank you Ben, I'm sorry I cried," She apologizes.

"It's okay Roni, I'm here for you," I smile a bit.

"I really appreciate it,"

I look at the cheek that Cindy had slapped, a small purple bruise was forming. I graze my finger lightly over it.

"Is it bad?" She asks.

I shake my head no.

"Okay," She kind of whispers.

I look at her bruising cheek and kiss it lightly. She hugs me a bit.

"Thank you for being my best friend Ben," She speaks softly.

"Of course," I feel a warmth inside of me.

Veronica's POV

Everyone left including Ben. There's a huge mess all around the house, I suppose I should begin cleaning up.

I throw my hair up in a bun and change into sweat pants and a baggy shirt.

I grab garbage bags from under the counter and begin to pick up garbage. I collect cups that are half full and dump them down the drain and throw the cup in the garbage bag.

I hear the door open and bags drop to the floor.

"What the hell?!" My mom's voice screeches.

"Mom! Oh god," I panic.

"What the fuck happened?!" She continues to screech.

"I had a party?" I try to sound a bit innocent.

"Veronica Marie Banks! What the hell was going through your mind when you threw the party?! Huh?! I did not say you could throw a party! I didn't not say you could invite a bunch of people over to destroy my house!" Mom shouts at me.

"You didn't tell me you were going away! I had to find that out from your mom because you were too fucking drunk or stoned or whatever you have been for the past month to tell me! You're such a coward, drinking to escape your problems instead of finding a way to fix it!" I scream loud.

"Look at you Veronica! You're doing the same goddamn thing! Clean this fucking mess up and you're grounded!"

"Fuck that! Screw you!" I scream in her face, dropping the bag of garbage, a majority of the garbage falling out.

I stomp out of the house, slamming the door on the way out.

"Stupid fucking bitch, cock sucking whore, you hypocrite little asshole dumbass cunt," I curse out my mother to myself.

I go to the community centre where there is a heavy bag that I can punch.

I get there and out on some gloves. I go to it and punch it hard, over and over again, and with every punch I make a loud grunt, I hit as hard as I can to get my anger out.

I do this for an hour until I'm dripping with sweat.

"Holy, I'd hate to be the one who pisses you off, you've got a great punch," Someone speaks behind me.

I turn around to see a female who looks like she's been waiting.

"Oh gosh," I catch my breath. "Have you been waiting a long time?" I ask.

"No, I just got here, but by the looks of how far you punch it away from you, you're someone I'd hate to get in a fight with," She laughs.

That made me feel good, made me smile.

"Thank you," I laugh, feeling good about myself.

I walk away and take off the gloves and walk out. I head back home to find no one home. Where the hell would she be now?

I sigh and finish cleaning up the house. I even do a plus one and vacuum as well as mop the house.

I walk outside to throw the full garbage bags out and head back inside.

I head upstairs and look in the mirror. A deep purple bruise has formed on my cheek. I sigh and take a long, hot shower.

I get changed into a different baggy shirt and different sweat pants due to the other ones being drenched in sweat.

I throw my hair up in a bun and lay in my bed watching videos for the rest of the day.

I can't help wondering why Cindy is so mad at me. I literally did nothing to her. Why is she mad at Ben? He did nothing to her either.

God Cindy's such a little bitch, why was I ever friends with her? Why did she ever call herself my best friend if she could just go and slap me for no fucking reason.

Fuck man.

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