

Don't Pray For Me

"You know Ben, I haven't been to your house before," I tell Ben, just realizing.

"I never thought about that," Ben says, as he lays down on my bed.

"I should come over sometime soon,"

"I'll make you a deal," Ben looks at me.

"A deal?" I ask, clearly confused.

"You go to school the whole week and you can come over on the weekend,"

"Why do I have to go to school in order for me to go to your house?" I kind of laugh.

"Because you haven't been to school in a while, the last time you went to school was for only one day a er you showed up a er your party, and that was a week ago," Ben sounds concerned.

"Okay mom, since when do you care? Shit has been going on in my life and I don't feel like doing anything," I laugh.

"I don't know, I understand, but I just think you should to go school,"

"Oh? So I can see Cindy, and so she can continue to ignore me? I will not show up and allow her to just ignore me," I get annoyed.

"I'm sorry I brought it up," Ben notices.

"It's okay, anyway, do you want to have a smoke session with me right now?" I ask.

"Don't you think you should be trying to not smoke?"

"It's weed Ben, and no, I think I'm perfectly fine, you smoke weed,"

"I know I do, but you do it twenty four seven,"

"I do not," I get defensive.

"You do so, you can't even lie,"

I just start laughing at him.

"Yeah you're right," I laugh.

I get up and grab my box from my bra and underwear drawer and open it as I go to sit back down with Ben.

"Okay, so I'll roll one, and you tell me if you want it by then," I tell him.

"I don't, I have to go home to do some homework," Ben says, standing up.

"What? You're leaving me? And for school work? Come on, have some fun with me, stop caring about school, I've stopped caring a long time ago, just stay here with me please," I whine at him, giving him puppy dog eyes.

"Ugh you know I can't resist your puppy eyes," Ben groans, sitting back down.

"Yay!" I grin, kissing his cheek.

Ben and I smoke up together in my room, now we're dancing around and listening to some music.

I rut my butt against him as he holds me close. I kiss his hand and giggle.

"Ben you're the bestest best friend in the whole world," I grin up at him.

"And you're the bestest best friend in the whole world,"

"Uh I can't be the bestest best friend in the whole world if you're my bestest best friend in the whole world," I whine at him, looking him in the eyes.

"You kill me," Ben smiles.

Ben and I eventually come down from our high and we're laying in my bed.

I sit up and take my glasses o . Ben stares at me, smiling.

"What?" I can't help but to smile as well.

"You're just very beautiful without your glasses,"

"And what? I'm ugly with them on?" I laugh.

"No! You're beautiful no matter what,"

"Well thank you," I grin, laying down cuddling into my best friend.

"Where's your mom at?" Ben asks.

"I don't know, she hasn't been home since my party," I so ly speak, becoming very tired.

"I should go," Ben speaks.

I cuddle into him more.

"Please don't,"

"We have school tomorrow,"

"Don't go tomorrow," I tell him, getting impossibly closer to him.

"I have to, and so do you," Ben says.

"I don't have to go,"

"Yes you do Roni,"

"Stop telling me what to do," I get annoyed.

"Whatever, I have to go, go to school or don't go to school, I don't care," Ben stands up and climbs out.

I just watch him leave, not a word exchanged from the both of us.

Whatever.

Lately he's been annoying me with wanting me to stop drinking so much, or stop smoking, or to go to school, stop going to parties, start wearing more clothes, basically it sounds like he wants me to become the nerd I once was.

I hated the nerd that I was. I'm happy the way I am now.

He has to get over it, or else him and I can't be friends.

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