

Where Did It Go?

"Whoa there Veronica what's wrong?" Ben grabs my shoulders gently, stopping me from walking.

"I don't know Ben, hmmm maybe I was dumb enough to get drunk you and your dumbfuck friends, and have sex with one of those dumbfucks! Then pictures got taken and that dumbfuck Ashton posted pictures of me from last night! Oh! And you didn't look out for me! Even better! I don't know what could possibly be wrong!" I yell at him.

"Did you just say the 'F' word three times in a sentence?" Ben just ignored what I said.

I shake my head in disbelief and walk away and out the school. I can't face anyone right now.

I hear footsteps walk out behind me.

"Wait Veronica!" Cindy says.

I stop, wiping my eyes as I turn around.

"Yeah?"

"Are you okay?" She asks.

"No not really," The tears keep flowing.

"Oh hun," She walks up to me and hugs me.

I just cry into her shoulder. How did things turn out this way? It can't get any worse than this.

I lost my virginity, I had sex and I couldn't even remember it. Something—a moment I can never get back.

Cindy let's me cry on her until I let it all out. I pull away from her and wipe my eyes.

"I'm sorry I got your shirt wet with my tears," I apologize.

"It's okay Roni, now go home and get some sleep. You look like you need it, call me when you wake up," She tells me.

"Thank you," I hug her and walk away.

I climb up the tree and into my room being quiet because I'm suppose to be at school and my parents are home.

I put my backpack and books down on my desk and change into some pyjama shorts and a tank top. I climb into bed and I try to get some sleep, hopefully more sleep will relieve my migraine.

"Veronica Marie Banks get your ass down here!" I hear my father shout, waking me up.

I roll my eyes, this ought to be good.

I walk downstairs to find my father staring at his phone, and my mother just sitting at the bar stool with her hands over her face.

"When were you going to tell us about this?" He yells at me, showing me what's on his phone.

It's the pictures from last night.

"Dad I-"

"I don't want to hear it young lady! How many times have you gotten drunk huh? How many excuses of going to the library have you used just so you could get drunk?! How many guys have you slept with?! Huh? You know what don't even tell me!" My dad shouts in my face.

I feel my tears start to fall.

"Dad!" My voice cracks, "It was only that one time! That was my first time!"

"Bullshit! Bull-fucking-shit!"

"Watch your language Joshua!" My mother spits, removing her hands from her face.

"I don't have to watch my language Sasha! Not when our daughter is whoring around with some guy, getting drunk! I thought we raised you better than this! You're a disgrace! I'm embarrassed of you!"

I feel myself break inside. Is this how really feels about me? My own father.. I thought he would love me unconditionally and yet he's speaking these cruel words to me. Did I really deserve this? I made a mistake.

"Whatever father! I don't care anymore what you think of me! I don't care about your morals, obviously you don't either! You always told me growing up to treat others how you wish to be treated, and right now you're treating me like shit! You know what, I hope mom divorces you! I never thought my own father would break my heart, would say these cruel things to me! Your own daughter! I made a mistake, It's not like you haven't before!" I scream, raging, losing it.

My fathers mouth just hangs slightly open, he's at a loss of words I can tell.

I just sco at him and run back upstairs, wiping the tears away.

I lay in my bed crying, I don't want mom to divorce him, I was just so mad and it clouded my thoughts and what came out of my mouth.

I wish I hadn't been stupid with Ben and his friends. I wish no drop of alcohol touched my lips, I wish no cuss words ever exited my mouth. I wish it could just go back to the way it was before my parents were fighting. Before I had met Ben. Before things went bad.

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