

Change of Heart

I walk in the first day of senior year. It was going to be perfect. I was so excited for cheer practice right after school; I was the captain this year. My two best friends were on the team; we've been cheering together since freshman year. One of the best parts about cheer was that we got to practice out in the football field and watch the football players practice. My boyfriend, Brad, was the quarterback. We are almost at our three year anniversary. My parents loved him, of course they did! What wasn't to love? He came from doctors and my parents had dreams of us joining the two families together.

I walk into my first hour and sit down next to some friends. I hear whispers of everyone talking about the new kid, Remy. Apparently he has been in juvenile detention center and moved to California from New York. I always had a thing for mysterious, bad boys, but no one knew that. I'd been dating Brad for almost forever and we had been best friends growing up. No one could ever know that I secretly had always wanted to date a guy like that. It wouldn't be socially acceptable for me to date someone like that. I was popular, rich, and pretty. I had blonde hair and tan skin. Everyone says I should model. I wouldn't ever be able to model though; that's way too superficial for me. That would be my parents dream for me to model; their dream for me is to marry Brad and just not work. We both come from super rich families, so we would be set for life. My parents would hate me forever if I broke up with Brad, but I knew that it was going to have to come to an end soon.

The new kid sits two seats away from me, I glance over at him and quickly realized that we had a connection. I had to have known him somewhere. I had to get to know him. There was a connection, but I wasn't sure what. I caught myself staring at him all period and had to stop myself. People would start talking if I was caught staring at anyone but Brad.

After class I tried to talk to Remy, but I couldn't catch up to him. I go through the next four classes trying to find him, but had no luck. The four classes went by fast and then as soon as I know it

I was at cheer practice. “Sooo, Jessica, how's that new kid? Remy? He came from a juvenile detention center, he's dangerous!! Yeah, I saw you looking at him all hour in english today! Don't let Brad know that you have your eye on the new guy or he will flip!”

I tried to pull it off and act like I wasn't staring at Remy and that I was daydreaming. I think they know I wasn't, but they agreed with what I said anyways. We get through practice and then I went home.

I get home from practice and sit at the counter eating dinner. My mom didn't have a job, so she spent her time at the country club, cleaning the house, and cooking. My dad was a doctor and didn't get home til late at night after I was already in bed. I didn't see my dad a lot, but I was really close with my mom. I was the only child so naturally, I was spoiled. I tell my mom about my day and head up to my room. I was exhausted. The first day of school wasn't hard, but it was the first morning I've had to wake up early since June, so I was ready for bed.

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I woke up the next morning and made sure I looked extra good for the second day of school. I was determined to talk to Remy today, no matter what. I decided to wear my favorite dress, a navy blue dress with floral print on it. I curled my long blonde hair and put on my makeup and headed to school. I walk into first hour and sit down where I sat yesterday. The only difference was that Remy was sitting next to me. I decided to talk to him, “Hey, I'm Jessica! You're new, right?”

“Hey, yeah I'm Remy. I, uhh, caught you looking at me yesterday. I, uhh, well, I felt like we kind of had a connection,” he said shyly.

“You felt that too?”

“Yeah. As soon as I saw you I felt something and I dunno, I just felt like we had a connection.”

“I did too. Hey, are you going to the party Friday night?” I asked. The first Friday of each school year the seniors have a beach party. We had all been looking forward to this party since we started high school.

“I wasn't planning on it, but I might come check it out now that you're going to be there,” he said with a half smile of his face.

“Great! See you then.”

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The rest of the week flew by and soon enough it was Friday after school. I had just gotten out of school and had to go home and get ready for the beach party. The day had finally come, and it was all anyone was talking about at school today. I decide on wearing my sparkly, tight dress to the party and straightened my hair.

Brad picked me up at seven and we went to the beach. It was beautiful out, and the house was absolutely amazing. Everyone was outside on the deck. Parties were not my thing, way too many people. I should be used to this, right? I quickly find a few friends and just hang out with them the rest of the night while Brad did his thing. Something was up with him lately, but I wasn't sure what. It just didn't feel right when I was with him. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Remy pull up, so I went out to meet him.

“Hey! You showed up!” I say to Remy.

“Yeah I decided to come check it out,” Remy said to me, “hey let's go for a walk down the beach for a while..I don't know anyone here.”

“Yeah that sounds good!” I say, butterflies were whirling in my stomach.

We walked down the beach, and started to hold hands. Everything just felt so right when I was with him. He was talking about how he came here from New York because his mom died and he didn't know his dad. Eventually we headed back for the party.

“So, do you wanna go out tomorrow night?” Remy asked me.

“I'd love to, but I have plans. I'm sorry!!” I was so upset that I couldn't go, I had my three year anniversary date with Brad. I planned on breaking up with Brad tomorrow night.

“That's alright, another time. Can I bring you home?”

“Yeah, that would be great. Thanks.”

We walked up to Remy's motorcycle, it was the coolest thing ever. I've never rode on a motorcycle before, and if my parents knew they'd kill me. That's the cool thing about these kind of guys, it's so rebellious and not how I'm used to living. I got on his motorcycle and he dropped me off. He walked me up to the door and kissed me. I was in heaven for a few seconds with him. I knew the right thing to do was to break up with Brad.

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I woke up Saturday morning and had four text messages.

“From Brad: Where were you last night???”

I quickly texted back, “I went home..you know I'm not the best with large crowds and parties.”

I read the other text messages, “Are you and Brad over?” “Whats up with you and Remy??” “Where did you go last night? I saw you leave with Remy!”

I didn't reply to any of the texts, I'd be able to just tell them at school that I wasn't feeling too well and I had to leave the party. They could get over it. For now, I had to focus on what I was going to do tonight. Brad was taking me out to a five star French restaurant. I really hate fancy places like this, I'd so rather go on a date to get a burger and make it a casual date, not a fancy date.

I got ready and when Brad picked me up I was quiet. He opened the car door for me, and we got in. “Is everything alright?” he asked.

“Yeah everything's fine!”

We get to the restaurant and I open my menu. This restaurant was definitely not for me; this date was way over done. The servers are wearing tuxedos, we have alcohol-free champagne, there's a violinist, and there's a fountain in the front. “Uh..Brad, don't you think that this date was a little much?”

“It's our three year! What do you mean it's a little much? It's perfect!” He quickly says, with an irritated sound to it.

“Well, I can't even read French! How can I order?” I was flipping out. The menus were in

French.

“No, it's fine. I know what you'll like. I'll order for you.” Brad says demanding.

Brad ordered us the three course meal. The first thing comes, and I have no idea what it is.

“What is this?” I ask worryingly. It was some fish that I've never heard of.

“Don't worry babe you'll like it. I promise.”

“No Brad. You don't. You don't even know me anymore! You're so controlling of me and you have changed so much, I'm sorry Brad, but I have to break up with you.” I quickly run out of the restaurant and get a taxi and go the diner we have across the school, hoping Remy would be there. I spot Remy there sitting at a booth; I rush in, with tears in my eyes, and hug Remy.

“Remy I'm so glad you're here!”

“Whats wrong? I thought you had plans.” Remy asked.

“I did. It was my three year anniversary date with Brad, but I broke up with him. It wasn't right. Plus, I belong with you.” I start to cry my eyes out and Remy's there holding me tight; it was so comforting.

“It's going to be alright, I promise. Do you want some ice cream?”

“I'd love some. So why are you here?” Remy scooped us some ice cream and told me that when his mom died, he came here from New York looking for a place to live. The owners of the diner are letting him stay above the diner, and as a return he works and gets all the free ice cream he wants.

After we eat the ice cream for a little bit and just sit there and talk, I realize that I should be getting home. He brings me home, walks me up to the door, and asks me “Jessica, I know it's really soon, but would you go out with me?”

I quickly respond, “Yes,” and I kissed him for a second. I walk inside the happiest girl in the world, but my parents were waiting for me in the kitchen furious.

“Why would you break up with Brad? And who are you making out with already?? You can't break up with Brad. This was your three year anniversary, and you guys have been best friends since

since you were both born! I can't even handle you right now Jessica, go up to your room!" I burst out into tears and run up to my room. I guess Brad had called my dad, knowing that my dad would be furious with me. I check my phone and have six missed calls and two texts all from Brad. He wants to get back with me, but I don't want to.

My mom walks into my room and says, "Honey..I have to talk to you. I want you to know that if you weren't happy with Brad that it is alright and I'm not mad at you. I can't say the same for your father, but he will turn around. That isn't what I wanted to talk to you about though, I wanted to tell you that when I was in college I was in love with your dad, but this guy, just like Remy, came around. Things happened and I got pregnant with him. I couldn't tell anyone, so your dad married me before I started to show. Everyone knows your dad as your dad, but he's not your biological dad. I loved your biological dad so much, and I wonder all the time what would of happened if I hadn't left him. Not that I'm not happy with your dad, but I feel like I could be happier."

I burst into tears, sobbing into my pillow on my bed. My mom was sitting at the foot of the bed and started to tear up. "Mom, I'm not stupid. I know that something has been up with you and dad, but you guys try and hide it from me. It's like everyone's happiness is fake around here! We are all living a lie. Everyone thinks that we have the perfect life and we are the perfect family, but we aren't!"

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I woke up the next morning and took a shower. I didn't know what to do. I knew at school that I'd have to quit cheer because I didn't want to keep living this lie. I had to be truly happy. I only cheered because my mom was a cheerleader in high school. Monday came and went. I quit the cheer team. I hung out with Remy after school everyday. I didn't tell my parents that I quit cheer, but they would find out soon enough. Remy asked me out on a date that Friday night to a musical; I was so excited. I loved musicals, plays, music, everything that I didn't ever do. Friday night came and I lied to my mom saying that I was headed to the game, but I went to the musical. On the way home we passed the high school and saw huge flames. I assumed that it was just a winning bonfire. I didn't think anything of it, but

when I woke up the next morning I realized it wasn't just a fire.

The newspaper said "Local Student's Car Set On Fire." It didn't have any details, and I was curious to know. All of a sudden I get a call from Remy. "Hello?" I asked. I could tell that Remy was crying.

"Jessica, I have to leave. I'm getting expelled for something I didn't do. They're saying that I set Brad's car on fire last night! There's nothing I can do, I leave today."

"But..but..but that's not true!" I said in tears, "I was with you last night! You didn't do it! You're innocent!"

"I know, but what can I do? Nothing. I'm sorry. I will come back for you, don't forget about me." Click. He hung up. I start crying. The best thing that's ever happened to me is gone.

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Months and months went by. It was almost prom, and I was going alone. I made new friends, and I was in the drama club now. I still felt empty inside. Brad left flowers and a card in my locker, "Will you go to prom with me?" I knew that Brad wouldn't ever give up on me, so I accepted.

It was the day of prom and I had Sarah come over. I was going to do her hair and make up. We went shopping a week ago for our dresses. I chose out her dress, she looked absolutely gorgeous in it. I was so excited to see the look on Ryan's face when he picked her up. They had been best friends forever and they both liked each other. I was hoping that he would ask her out at prom and she would have her first kiss with him. Sarah would be so happy!

Ryan showed up at my house, and as soon as he saw Sarah he asked her out. I was so happy for them! They left and I was waiting for Brad to pick me up. He finally came, and we got in his car. I didn't realize that the trip seemed longer than it should have. I look and realize that we weren't at the school. "We are finally able to do what I want to do. All these years without it, and it's finally here." He grabbed me and I started flipping out.

"Brad! STOP!" I scream. I was scared out of my mind. All of a sudden, I hear Remy's

motorcycle. He came and punched Brad and grabbed me. I started bawling my eyes out. Brad admitted that he was the one to start his own car on fire to get Remy expelled. I knew it. I got on Remy's motorcycle and we left. We went to prom and I had the best night of my life. Brad wasn't allowed in, and he got expelled. He admitted to the school that he just wanted Remy expelled. I was finally happy. I was able to make new best friends and I had the best boyfriend. Life was perfect. I was truly happy.