

“Swimmers, take your mark.” BEEP.

I take one last breath as I jump off the block and dive into the water. Kick, kick, kick, I think. Don’t let her beat you. As I surface, my arms start swinging and I am zooming down the pool. I look to my left and see my competitor has fallen behind, but as I glance to my right, all I can see is white waves.

I’m not winning and if I’m not winning, I am losing. I am so frustrated. I do not even want to continue this race. Then I hear it, coming from above the water.

“Come on! Push! Kick! You’re right there, don’t give up!” my boyfriend called from the deck. His few words meant the world to me. I had to win this for him. I cut down my breaths and kicked with all my might. I was closing in on this girl. She had no endurance and I was ready to win.

My last twenty-five. I only allow myself one breath. Right before I reach the flags, I tuck my head and swing my arms as if they are going to fall off. I jam my hand into the touch pad and come up for air. I look at the crowd, cheering with passion. I look at my coach; she’s jumping up and down. I look at my time, 3:02:59. That beat my previous time by seven seconds! I dropped seven seconds. Later, I find out that I hold a new school record. Finally, I turn to look at him. He has the biggest smile on his face. I can tell he is so proud of me and what I achieved.

When the rest of the girls finish and I shake their hands, I get out of the pool. Before I can even take off my cap, there he is. Kissing my forehead and pulling me in for a hug. My suit still full of water leaves wet marks on his t-shirt. As if he cared, he says, “Look what you did, babe, you got me all wet,”

“You’re a swimmer, too! What do you expect? Dry meets?”

“You know I’m just messing with you. You did great out there” he smiles as he lets go of me.

“I have to go see coach,” I tell him as I leave his presence. I hate walking away from him. He is my biggest supporter. He had not missed a single meet that season. I was so lucky to have such a dedicated boyfriend.

After the swim meet, we all went out to eat at Molly’s, a local restaurant where the teenagers always spent their afternoons. Dylan and I enter the place along with our other best friends. We find a big booth and get comfy. As the two of us walk up to the counter, Dylan says, “How about we go back to your place afterwards?” I smile, knowing what he really meant. We would turn on a movie, not really watch it, and play tonsil hockey.

“We’ll have the usual, Tommy” Dylan says with a sexy tone. I find him so attractive. Everything about him is sexy. I just love running my fingers through his hair while we kiss. Thinking about him, I grab onto his arms to feel his biceps as he pays for our dinner. What a gentleman.

When we enter my house, the first thing I noticed is the music. Country, my favorite. I could jam out to Luke Bryan any day. However, Dylan hates country. I look over at him, “what’s going on?”

He walked away from me, leading the way up the stairs to my room. “Go in,”

“What?” I asked. His reply was simply a nod. I turned my handle and stepped in.

The floor was covered in rose petals. Candles everywhere that illuminated the room. On my bed lay a heart outlined with my favorite chocolates, Doves. In the middle of the heart was a note. It read. “12 months, 11 gifts, 10 dates, 9 meets, 8 states, 7 parties, 6 friends, 5 charms, 4 classes, 3 dances, 2 people, 1 love.” Tears came to my eyes as I ran and jumped in his arms.

“Happy anniversary, babe! Thank you so much, this is the best gift I have ever gotten!”

He spun me around in his arms. I leaned my head down to kiss him. He tasted so sweet. He is so sweet. He did all of this for me, for us. As Luke Bryan started a slow song, Dylan put me down on my bed and sat next to me. “Honey, there is no one I would rather have spent this time with. You are my best friend. I can tell you anything and I tell you everything. You are the best thing in my life, don’t ever leave.” I could not contain the goofy grin that enveloped my face.

I tackled him and pinned him down. We started kissing and then moved on to other things. Different things, new things. His hand moved from my back to my butt. He was touching me all over and it was an okay feeling. It was a good feeling. I allowed him to discover new places on my body I had not yet discovered. We were moving fast but how could I say no? I wanted it and so did he.

As the night when on, we broke more and more barriers. We made love. I made love with the boy that I loved. It was truly magical. As we lay there, my head on his chest, I told him how much I cared about him and he told me he felt the same way. I don’t know how much longer I stayed awake, but I know I fell asleep. As did he. He woke me up later and said he had to go. I got up and hugged him. I threw on some sweats and went back to bed.

The next day, I went to his water polo game. I was at his games as he was at my meets. We always found opportunities to support the other. I was high on his love and the passion from

last night.

“GOOOO!” I jumped up and down seeing my boyfriend get a great brake away. The smart goalie passed him the ball and he dribbled it to three meters. He picked it up, looked around him, clear. He took a fake, waited for the goalie to go down and then shot it hard at the goal. BANG. *Whistle*. The scores in now 5-1, they did not even need the point. His team was so good. Always won their games, it did not come to a surprise to anyone anymore.

I shouted, “Good job!” and when Dylan looked up at me, his smile dropped. His speed decreased, and his focus was deteriorated.

What was wrong? Had I done something wrong? I was so very confused.

After the game, I walked up to him to give him a kiss and a hug, “Good job sweetie, you played so well today,” he gave half a smile. I asked him if everything was alright. We hadn’t talked since the night before. Maybe something had happened with him family. His parents were going through a divorce and it was affecting him bad.

“Can we go back to your place?” he said the same words but with a different meaning. What was going on? Is he just tired? He played hell of a game. “Uh-oh, is everything okay? Did I do something?” I held on to his body tight, waiting for a reply.

“I have to go, I’m sorry,” he walked off to the bus with his teammates. As he walked away from me, I knew he was walking out of my life. It was over. He was going to break up with me. I ran out to my car and called my best friend. I told her everything and she consoled me. We had been together for a year. It wouldn’t make sense to give up on everything that we had.

She had a point. He was the only one who knew about my anxiety disorder. And I was the only one he told about his parents’ divorce. I wiped my tears and drove off. Once I arrived at home, I paced back and forth. Too nervous to sit. Too nervous to tell my mom. Too nervous to eat, even though I was so hungry after not eating all day. Too nervous to do anything. I was waiting and waiting. After what seemed like hours, he knocked on my door. I opened up and he walked in with a depressing expression on his face. He looked as though he was in pain. As if he were being hit, on the brink of tears.

We went into my kitchen and he sat me down. I held my breath trying to calm myself. He reached for my hand, “I think you know what this is,” I bit my lip trying to pull back the tears. I shook my head violently and started crying.

“I’m breaking up with you,” Bawling. I was shaking and he let go of my hand. I tried to as why, what had happened and when did he lose interest in me? He had professed his love for

me last night. When I opened my mouth, the only sound that came out was a moan. A giant sob racked through my body and I felt weak.

“Look, I am really sorry. I hope we can still be friends. I never meant to hurt you. We are just different people with different values,” I shot him a look. He knew what I thought, I didn’t have to say it. That was a shitty excuse. “For example, you like country, I like rap. I play polo, you swim. I’m German, you’re Spanish.” This wasn’t making any sense. He got up and asked for a hug. I told him to leave. I ran up to my room and locked the door. I fell down crying. I was so angry. How did he think this would be okay? We were fine last night. We were amazing last night. We had connected. It was like we were one person. I gave him everything I had to offer.

That was just it. I had given up everything for him. He was done. It was all he had wanted. He simply wanted sex. It took him a year of hard work but he had gotten it. Did he ever like me? Did he ever mean all the bullshit he fed to me?

I cannot believe what was happening. I cried and cried myself to sleep. I even cried in my sleep to the point where I would wake up and throw up from crying so hard. I slept all day the next day and spoke to no one. The next two weeks followed the same pattern. It was a good thing that we were on summer vacation. So I didn’t miss a day of school.

I checked my phone whenever I was awake, waiting for a text or a call that said he wanted me back or that he made a mistake. But the text never came. I never received a call.

I had a mix of emotions. One minute I was devastated but the next I was royally pissed off. I ripped all the pictures of us around my room. I ripped up the clothes he gave me, even his clothes that he had let me borrow. I burned it all along with the jewelry and the candy. Every memory of him was gone out of my room and my life. That fire marked the first day of the rest of my life.

When school started back up, my feelings towards him started up again. How could they not? He was in two of my classes and he sat right next to me. I couldn’t ignore my lab partner. I needed a good grade in AP Chemistry.

The first quarter of senior year went by fast. By the second quarter, though, things started changing. I was moody all the time and while I told myself that it was because of Dylan’s new girlfriend, I knew it was something else. I was yelling at everyone for little things. My sister asked if I was on my period and then it hit me. I hadn’t gotten my period in four months. It all made sense, the cravings, the mood swings, the weight gain.

I was pregnant.