Never Shall There Be Remorse

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Emily Travis, a young fifteen year old from Montana, becomes impregnated by her not-so-nice boyfriend and in turn is abandoned by him at a local motel in Idaho after they planned on running away together to elope in Las Vegas.

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You know how at least once in your life you meet someone who is not-so-good for you but you can't help but love him because-because he actually sees you?The kind of guy who would gladly leave you for any other girl who was the slightest bit prettier than you. The kind of guy whom your parents totally disapprove of because he's covered in tattoos and piercings and hides a hooka in the backseat of his car for â emergenciesâ (of course my parents didn't know about the hooka) and of course the fact that he was six years older than me. I'm surprised they didn't lock me up in a basement somewhere until I was forty. I don't know why I let myself fall for a guy like that. Maybe because he said he loved me? Maybe because I was a rebel and I never really listened to my parents when they told me I couldn't see him. Either way, I made a mistake. But I'll never regret my mistake.

I don't even really think of it as a mistake.

More like a blessing... an opportunity.

The best thing that ever happened to me.

One year earlier...

â Shh! Stop they'll hear you!â I said. Giggling while Jason tickled my bare waist.

â You stop...â he said, so slyly and seductively holding me close as we sat in the backseat of his old red Camaro. He had lit up his hooka while we fooled around wildly close to my parents' trailer. Jason liked things dangerous and risky and so he would park the car close to my trailer in order toâ spice things upâ when we would fool around.

â If you keep doing that we're gonna get into trouble!â I said in between squeals and giggles.

â When you gone let me take that pretty little flower a yours , Emmy?â he said close to my ear. He had a bit of a southern accent for someone who lived in Montana and it didn't quite go with his pale face and tattoo invested skin and his pierced ears, nose, chin , lip, tongue, and eyebrows. When I look back now I don't really understand why such an eccentric fellow tickled my fancy. He wasn't all that handsome, and he wasn't all that nice.

When I looked into his eyes as his hand went to undue the zipper of my shorts I saw a twenty year old man, hungry, not for my heart, but for my body and the sacred place that had never been touched- never been seen by uncorrelated eyes. I saw only a greedy boy who wanted to take my virginity. And, for some reason, I didn't mind. I let him touch me. I let him whisper in my ear the things he so desperately wanted to do to me. I let him utter words of love even though I knew they were lies.

I gently touched his chest to push him away.

â I can't do this now, Jason.â I said, my buzz wearing off ever so slowly as I spoke in a dreamy unfocused tone, â Do you even have protection?â

He looked at me an expression of confusion at first and then it turned sly and deceptive as he leaned in to kiss my neck.

â We don't need no protection, Emmy.â he said in between kisses. â You know if you ain't on your period you ain't gonna get pregnant.â

Now before you assume that I am an ignorant teenager eager only for the pleasure of manhood that is not the case. I was high, and I was, in fact, a tad bit aroused, but I was also exhausted... yes I know it's a pathetic excuse and you would probably be better off believing that I had been drugged against my will and forced into what I was about to say next. But I don't know why I didn't get out of the car and run into my perfect little trailer to my mom, hug her tight and tell her what happened so that she could have the prick sent off to jail. But I was young, I was naive, I was high, and I was desperate for love that I was too young to understand or handle maturely. I let myself go.

â You're right,â I said wearily, â forget that I said anything.â

I smiled at him and relaxed my legs.

He pulled away from my neck and smiled a cocky smile down at me.

â You sure?â he said, it wasn't exactly question per say because he had already started taking off his pants and was finishing undoing mine before he could say â sure?â .

â Babe, slow down I-â

He rammed into me then and I spent most of the time panting and screaming and moaning. Sometimes simultaneously. Which, in turn, actually did end up exhausting me.

It seemed as though he were just ramming and ramming and ramming himself into me over and over again with no specific purpose or even pleasure! I hated it, but I didn't want to stop him. I felt that I owed it to him. Why did I feel like I owed anything to him? At the time I did not know but later on I would have let him ram into me a million more times. Okay maybe not a million- but I wouldn't change anything for the world.

He had been at his ramming for quite some time before the door was jerked open by a red eyed perspiring father who just so happened to have a shotgun in his hand.

â Dad!â I shouted for no particular reason except that I was surprised but not all that shocked to learn that he had heard us.

And of course the fact that Jason was still well into his ramming when the door was opened.

â Get The Hell Off Of My Daughter!â he bellowed as he cocked his shotgun to scared the boy.

â Whoa! What the fuck! Chill dude!â Jason said. He scrambled out of the car pants-less and slightly panicked.

â Did you- Dude?â my father was speechless towards Jason's informally addressing my father as â Dudeâ . â I'll show you a dude!â

He aimed his gun upwards and fired. Jason,frightened by my fathers crazed state and his gun, jumped into the drivers seat, screamed at me to get out of the car, threw my shorts out the window, and gunned for highway I3.

And that, my friends, is how I lost my virginity and ended up with a nice little surprise a month and a half later.

Or lack there of.

Three months later...

I hadn't seen Jason in over two months and when I finally did see him again I was slightly heavier (not very noticeable unless said person was super picky) and â glowingâ according to his diagnosis. I had to sneak out late and meet him at the state park. My father hadn't quite gotten over the scene he had come across and the fact that I was â knocked upâ didn't help him cope.

When I reached the park and found the swing set we would usually meet at I saw sitting on either one and I noticed that he had let his hair grow out and that it was now braided to his scalp. He looked just as unusual now as he did the last time I saw him. And I'll never understand why he chose cornrows for his thick curly red hair.

â You pregnant?â Jason said after I sat down next to him on a swing and told him the news. â How do I know you ain't been screwin' around while I was gone?â

I was surprised he even accused me of this. For one: I wasn't the screw around type; and two: I had been in pain and screaming the whole time while we had done it. Why the hell would I have done it again!

But I didn't bring up this little tidbit because I was afraid I would upset him. So instead I said...

â Maybe you would know if you had stuck around.â it was more of a mutter but he heard me just the same.

He bolted up from his swing and grabbed me painfully by my elbow.

â Have you been fuckin' another guy, Emily?â he hissed at me. Pulling me so close I could feel the spit that escaped his mouth.

I tried to yank my arm back but he pulled me closer and grasped my arm tighter.

I let out a short wail.

â Answer me.â he said frighteningly calm.

â No! Let me go! I said.

â Was that an answer?â

I took sucked in a deep breath.

â You were my first and my last.â I said, â Please let me go, now.â

He practically tossed me away when he let go. He started to pace and mutter incoherent things.

He stopped, finally, after a few minutes of pacing and looked at me. He stared at me with a look that held sadness, regret, contempt, enmity, and wanting all at once.

â We're gonna have to get married,â he said, â you know that right?â

I stared at him, stunned and amused, and slowly wrapped my arms around him.

â I know. But my parents won't let me marry you.â I said. â It would be like giving their baby a loaded gun to them.â

He stared at me thoughtfully for a long time. Which surprised me because he never liked to look me in the eye. Especially with remorse.

â We'll elope then.â he said matter of factually. No emotion, no happiness.

â You don't want to marry me.â I said quietly. It hurt that he â lovedâ me enough to have sex but not enough to marry me when there was a growing child involved.

He took my chin firmly between his fingers and made me face him.

â I do want to marry you.â he said with a slightly indignant smile. â I love you, girl, you know that.â

He seemed to be forcing the words to form between his lips. 'Did he want to physically hurt me?' I thought, 'No, surly he's just overwhelmed but the sudden news of his becoming a dad.'

I told my self lies like these very often when I didn't want to believe in the evil that really was this world. I gently took his fingers away from my chin and touched my lips lightly to his.

â Alright. When can we go?â

He thought about for a couple of seconds then nodded to himself.

â I need to get a few things settled first,â he said, â We're gonna drive down to Vegas to elope and then I wanna drive up to California to get my acting career kicked of so I can support you and the baby.â

I nodded in agreement.

He had told me once that he dreamed of becoming the biggest movie star in the world. Bigger than Johnny Depp and Brad Pitt put together. This was another thing about him that didn't quite match his looks nor his personality, but I just told him that that was fantastic and I wished him luck.

â It's gonna take me about five months to get things together,â he said, â you think you'll be alright?â

I nodded and he kissed my forehead. He seemed to want to get away from as soon as he could because right after he kissed me he left. No goodbye or can't wait or anything. He just left, nearly running away even.

I saw him drive off, breaks screeching, into the night. Leaving me pregnant and alone on a beautiful starry night.

When I made my way back into the trailer I thought about Jason and how I was going to leave my family to be with him. Should I tell them? Should I not? I really didn't want to up and leave them in the middle of the night. But I didn't want to face what could only end up being a loud and angry vocal dispute over my well

being and the babies, and the fact that they thought they knew what kind of guy Jason really was and how he wouldn't- couldn't support me financially or emotionally. I just couldn't deal with it.

I later came to the conclusion that I would lie.

Tell them that I was going to spend the night at a friends (preferably Bethany, since they actually liked her) and I would call and explain everything after Jason and I were bound.

It felt like the perfect plan.

And it would be the perfect plan.

Five months later...

I was seven months pregnant and hating it.

I couldn't sleep comfortably on my stomach like I liked and so I was forced to lie flat on my back or on my side. Which I hate.

I ate too much and my feet would swell so badly I couldn't fit a pair of my favorite shoes!

Oh! the horror! The agony! Not my shoes!

But of course I packed them anyway because I was not going to leave them with my mother (who had been eying them ever since we bought them) I was sure my swelling would stop after the baby was born.

And then, of course, there was the weight gain.

I had noticed, during my packing, that I couldn't take a very large bag with me because I had told my parents I would only be staying with Bethany for about two days. I would have to really pack some stuff in there to have enough clothing and toiletries for the road trip.

After I finished packing my mom drove me to Bethany's house, we said our quick goodbyes and separated. I wasn't all that surprised that she hadn't known I'd been lying to her. I had call Jason before we left the house to tell that I was on my way. As soon as my mother left he pulled out from behind an abandoned building close by and stopped the car to help with my luggage.

â You should've brought more than one bag, Emmy.â as all he said to me after he loaded my bag into the trunk.

â I told my mom I was only staying for a few days,â I explained, â I didn't want to look suspicious having three bags for less than a weeks stay.â

He didn't look at me, touch me, or even act like he was happy to see me.

â Whatever. Get in the car we don't have all day.â

And so we got into his Camaro and started on our way towards our new life with our new baby and future ahead of us.

It had been around seven o'clock in the evening when we had started our departure and Jason had driven us at least six hours before he claimed to be tired and stopped off at a motel across from a run down looking Walmart somewhere in the middle of Idaho.

â Come on,â Jason said as we got out of the car, â I want to get a play before I hit the sack.â

It took me a few minutes to understand what he meant and when I finally did I was frightened by the idea.

We were in the room when I spoke up.

â Jason, I can't have sex with you,â I said carefully and quietly, â it might hurt the baby and I don't like the way it feels.â

He dropped my bag on the floor with a loud 'boom!' as if he forced them from his hands like you would a basketball and stared at me, hate filling his eyes.

â You'll get used to the sex, Emily,â he said with a contempt, â I need you...now... and you expect me to wait until...when?â

â Until I'm ready. Jaso-â

â Ready?â

â Yes! But it's not just for me-Jason think of the baby-â

â I don't give a shit about that baby!â he shouted. â Get your ass over here!â

I stared at him with what I'm sure was a blank expression. And I backed away from him towards the door.

â No.â I said in a tone just as plain as my face.

â No...â he said in a low threatening voice. He started towards me- first slowly- then he noticed my quickening pace and pounced. â No,no,no! Come here, Emmy, baby, I'm not gonna hurt you.â

I wasn't fast enough to reach the door before he caught me, trapped me- held my wrist painfully to hardwood floor of the motel room. I attempted to scream but he covered my mouth with his own hiked up dress his knee.

I fought him, I fought him as hard as I could, but I was so tired. I had barely slept in the car and I was so hungry. I was too weak to get away from him.

And he said he didn't care about our baby?

Would he ram into hoping to abort my pregnancy?

The thought made me fight him harder and longer and I even bit his tongue! I bit down so hard I felt my bottom and upper teeth meet. I tasted his blood as his mouth bled out between the corners of his mouth. But he kept going!

That had been one of the traits I liked about him; his persistence.

But now I hated it. I wanted him weak, I wanted him dead!

He finally rammed himself into me and I couldnâ t help but scream through my nose. It wasn't as loud as a vocal scream but it helped distract me from the horrible pain he was purposefully inflicting on me.

He had gone at it for several hours before he was satisfied. He fell asleep soon after and took up most of the bed so that I wasn't comfortable the whole night.

The next morning I was awakened by a hard nudging to my ribs. It was Jason kicking me.

â Wake up!â he said, â I need you to go across the street and get yourself some more clothes.â

I got up, dressed, felt relief that the baby had moved a little in the process, and headed over to Walmart.

I never liked Walmart; I always saw odd people in there: some hardly wore clothes, some wore too many clothes, children screamed for useless toys while their mothers ignored them. It all gave me a headache.

Jason had given me sixty dollars to get myself a few things: a bag, underwear, a couple of dresses, and get the hell out of there-where his exact orders.

I spent at least two hours in the store racking up a total of forty-five ninety. I felt relieved to know that I would go back to Jason with fair change, I felt like he would, somehow, proud of me.

But when I walked out of the store, which was, thankfully, fairly empty, I didn't see the Camaro.

I didn't worry about it though, I just went back to the room.

I tried the door but it was locked.

I looked in the window.

No bags and no sign of Jason.

I started to panic, hyperventilate, and my feet were swelling.

That was not going to be a good day. Was what I had been thinking when I felt my feet start to swell

I went to ask the man at the counter if he had seen a man I described as Jason.

â Yeah he done checked out an hour ago.â said the counterman.

I said thank you in the most amiable way that could to keep myself from crying in front of the stranger, and I walked off in search of a place for myself to sleep.

When I had gone a few miles my feet started to hurt and the numbed to the point where I just couldn't go on anymore. I sat down by the side of the road with my large bag full clothes and my fourteen dollars and ten cent stuffed inside my bra.

I was hungry but I didn't know how long I would have to travel so I pushed the thought of food out of my head. I embraced my legs pulling them close to my chest, folded my arms across the top of my knees, and laid my head down to cry myself to sleep

Sometime later, a little before dawn, a black Range Rover slowed to a stop a few yards away from me on the same side of the road as me. I heard the door open then close, I heard his footsteps come towards me with a bit of reluctant pauses every few steps. I heard all of this but I did not care to look up at the stranger. I had only looked up to see if the car was his Camaro. But it wasn't him, and so I let my head fall back onto arms.

He stopped few feet away and, assuming by the fact that he was silent, he just stared at me.

â Miss?â said a clear young manly man-like voice.

I slowly looked up at him; he was tall (at least from the ground), his skin was a little tanner than Jason's, his hair was dark with soft curls that fell slightly above his shoulders, and his eyes were an interesting gold-like hazel eyes.

My face must have given my physical condition away because he stood up straighter and looked me directly in the eye.

â You need some help.â he said. It wasn't a question, it was a matter of fact statement.

I nodded to him, still lost in his eyes. He didn't sound mean or rude or disrespectful. Just careful, as if he would anger me with the slightest mistake.

He nodded back.

â My name is Alexander Penn.â he said with a smile. â Is there somewhere I can take you Miss...?â

â Emily Travis.â

â Right, Miss Travis, is there anywhere I can take you?â

I shook my head. I didn't want to show up at home in a strangers car. A male stranger's car.

He sighed and ran his fingers through his hair.

â I'm currently living in on a large estate my father left to me...I inherited it along with his corporation that my uncle is now running until I turn twenty-oneâ he said, â it-it has a very nice guest house, a pool house, and then there's the main house, where I stay...â

He paused for a moment thinking about how he should propose his offer.

Then he continued-

â I-I would very much appreciate another being on the estate with me other than my dog.â he said with a laugh.

I smiled, it was a weary one, but I smiled up at his kind face as he held out a hand to hoist me to my feet.

â Wow! how far along are you? If you don't mind my asking.â

I shrugged.

What would be the point in not telling? I was going to be living at least on the same land with him, it only made sense to get to know each other.

â I'm seven months.â I said with a smile as I rubbed my baby bump. A little habit I had developed every time I thought about my baby.

â Sex?â

I froze and started to stutter-

â I-I n-no I don't really-I-I'm not-â

He stopped my rambling by placing a finger on my lips. His finger was soft and it smelled...interestingly sweet.

â Do you know if it's a boy or a girl?â he asked instead.

I shook my head and turned to pick up my bag and carry it to the car.

â No I've got it, just make yourself comfortable.â

I gave him the bag and placed myself in the passenger seat of his Rover.

When he settled himself in he drove off in the direction towards his home.

My new home.

Our new home.

My hand never left my belly the whole drive through.

Present...

I never thought I would be so happy with Alex, he was so good to me. He was kind to Will- the son I never knew I was having- as well that strangers would often walk past them assuming he was his father. Will was a beautiful pale baby with hair as red as father's and eyes a bright green like mine. He was very talkative for a three month old and he loved to argue with me about God knows what. Alex had been there during childbirth, I insisted that he stayed for the birth of the baby he saved. When I told him to stay his face lit up so bright I thought he would burst with happiness and for a second I had forgotten about the pains of an on-coming baby and gazed only at Alex as he walked back to my side and took my sweaty little hand in his. I looked into his eyes as he held my hand and I thought of all of the things I had learned about him from the two months I had spent with him before Will. He had taught me many things from cooking to the rules of football. He hired me a tutor after learning that I was only fifteen, and till this day I still do not like history very much. But I loved math. I cherished the numbers and their formulas, the way the pi sign looked in the middle of certain equation. I loved numbers so much I told Alex that I would love to go to college to be a math professor. He laughed at me when I told him but he told me that I could do it. And I believed that he was right. That was also the moment we had our first kiss. He pulled me close to him and pressed his lips to mine, so gentle, yet tender. I wanted him to want me, no the way Jason wanted, but I wanted Alex to actually love me for me, not my body. Alex knew about Jason and he very much hated him. But he didn't wish that it never happened.

â Because I never would have met you if it weren't for him.â he said, his lips barely kissing my ear as he utter his true feelings. â Never shall there be remorse, Emily.â That same night we slept in each others arms, skin to skin, but no sex. And I was happy. Alex was happy. And Will kicked with joy at the idea of no longer being poked and kicked at.

He deserved to be in the delivery room with me, just as a husband should be with his wife.

I often thought about Jason and what happened to him. And one night, a month after Will was born, I saw him! He was an extra on *Days Of Our Lives*. He had only had twenty seconds of camera time but I saw him and quickly pointed him out to Alex.

â Wow... he is an odd looking fellow ain't he?â

We both laughed at the truth of his words while Jason bussed a table in a staged restaurant and made surprised faces when an argument broke out. I'll never forget Jason. I'll always love him, even if it's only out of sympathy.

Alex proposed to me just a few weeks before today and I know I have done everything right. My mistakes, my debates, my baby, my Alex, my Jason. Everything is just right.

Alex said he would wait for me to become of age so that we could have a real marriage ceremony and even invite my parents down from Montana. Maybe even Jason as well.

But I do know that I am happy.

Alex takes care of me, so beautifully, and my angel sent down to me, is the best baby boy I had ever known.

And I did not regret one thing.

Never will I feel remorse.

Never shall I regret my past.

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