# Can You Accept This?

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Devin's life is simple. Attend the private school her parents put her in, follow the rules set by her friends. Its not until she discovers something about herself that it all changes. Will she find acceptence? bad discription rating subject to change...

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Chapter 1 - Character Bios	2
Chapter 2 - Chapter One.	3
Chanter 3 - chanter 2	

#### 1 - Character Bios

NOTE: these are only a few characters...ill add more later...these are just the ones i have ready at the moment...

If anyone would like to draw these characters that would be AMAZING! pm me if u want to!

Name: Mary Devin Lewis

Gender:Female

DOB/Age: October 13, 1991 (16 years old)

Hair: Mousy brown, choppy and layered to just about her shoulders and has "emo" bangs.

Eye Color: Green/grey

Height:5'6 1/2"

Family:Mother(47, Marie) Father(50, Harold), Sister(7, Cassie)

Style:punk mainly, likes fishnets and chain pants, wears LOTS of bracelets and a cat collar on her neck as well as a chain of 3 keys. HATES shorts and skirts.

Other notes: plays guitar, likes photography and other art. kida the black sheep or her group of friends.

Name: Claire Merideth Jones

Gender:Female

DOB/Age: August 24, 1991 (15 years old)

Hair:perfectly straight and silky shoulder length honey blonde

Eye color: blue Height:5'5"

Family: Father (40, George), Brother (18, Raymond)

Style: short skirts, low shirts, tight pants.

Other notes: bouncy and bubbley, playful, and can be a dog when need be. Popular.

Name:Gavin Mark Mikowski

Gender:Male

DOB/Age:March 6, 1991(16 years old) Hair:Dark Brown, shaggy and moppy

Eye Color: Light brown/hazel

Height:5'11"

Family: Mother(Sandra,35)

Style:punk, goth-ish. always is wearing ALOT of black. Other notes: keeps to himself, an "out-cast" at school.

### 2 - Chapter One.

I looked her in the eye, those wild and playful blue eyes that I had become so attachted to. She looked back at me. I jumped a little when I felt her hand touch mine, causing her to flash me a perfect smile. She leaned in, my heart raced, I never though she would return my feelings...

I woke with a start. My body had that warm tingly feeling you get after taking a sip of something warm after coming in from a freezing winter day. I sat there for a second, replaying my dream in my head. After a few moments, my alarm jolted me from my thoughts, letting out an exaggerated sigh I turned it off and stumble out of my bed and headed for the bathroom.

"I can't believe I had that dream again..." I thought as I splashed my face with water, "I cannot think of Claire that way! It's just not right. I mean, she's my best friend, it's just creepy." I glared at my reflection in the mirror, trying to will myself to forget the dream. Finally, frustrated into defeat, I started getting dressed.

Going to my school meant a uniform. Black pleated skirts, white button up shirts, dark green ties with little silver pin-stripes, that whole shebang. Sarah-whether's Private School had become the sanction for my education in the 7th grade, now three years later I still disliked the uniform with a passion. I ran a comb through my choppy, mousey brown hair, applied some eye-liner and my always present necklace, dog collar, ad bracelets and was ready for the day.

"Oh good you're awake. I was just about to check on you." My mother, Marie Lewis th classic soccer mom with her blonde hair and blue eyes, smiled at my entrance.

I moaned and flopped into a chair.

"Are you doing anything after school today, Mary?" I winced, only my mother called me Mary even though I'd opted to be called by my middle name Devin since I was 5.

"Probably not, why?" I answered.

"I just need to know if you can watch Cassie if I go to the store." Cassie, my seven year old sister, was the center of attention in the Lewis house hold. My mother thought that since she worked when I was little she screwed me up or something. In order to avoid this "mess up" again she treated Cassie like she was the sun and we all had to follow her gravitational pull.

I let out a sigh, "I'll be here when she gets home, ok?"

"Oh, thank you!" She came over and kissed my forehead. "Oh, Mary, Why do you hide your face?" She asked brushing my bangs from my face.

"Mom, it's the way I choose to wear my hair, it's like asking you why you wear Birkenstocks. You do 'cause they are comfy." I said pointing at her sandal clad feet. She sighed at me and let me fix my hair.

I glanced at the clock "Now if you'll excuse me, I need to catch my bus." And I was out the door before she could respond.



Sara-Whether Private School's buses were all those old buses that got replaced at public school. They smell of sweat and oranges. They also had a nasty habit of breaking down at least once a week. It's not that the school is poor, oh no, they were just cheap. I took one last breathe of fresh air before stepping onto the death trap they considered a bus.

The bus was full of those unlucky few who didn't have a license or didn't have a car, meaning mostly freshman and a few sophomores. I took my usual seat away from everyone else in the last seat and got started on finishing the rest of my Algebra II homework.

"Ah, another privileged princess fitting into her 'rent's mold. Seriously, ever consider just turning in an assignment late?" a voice interrupted my fourth equation, causing me to jump. I looked up to find a smirking guy with overly shaggy brown hair and red-brown eyes. "Didn't mean to scare you, princess." He said, winking.

"What a wonderful way to say good morning. What do you want?" I asked in a forced polite tone.

"Wow, book worm to dog in three seconds flat. Impressive." He smirked again. I gave him a pointed look. "I'm Gavin." He said.

"Congrats, now if you'll excuse me, this is the only chance I got to finish this." I said returning to my books.

"Yeah, yeah, I get it. See ya later, princess." And with that he disappeared behind the seat, plugging his ears with headphones.

Princess? He was kidding, right? I sighed, clearing my had and focusing on the variables and numbers before me.

### 3 - chapter 2

#### Chapter 2

"Devi!" was all the warning i got before a blonde blur tackled me.

Hey Claire. You sure are awake this morning." I sighed separating myself from her quickly.

"Thanks to the wonders of coffee." The two fell into step as they walked downt he noisy hall towards their first class. "Ugh, did you get Mr. Tompson's Chem homework? It was impossible."

"Not really, it's just solving a simple ratio after plugging in the right chemical structures. Its all about balance. He explained it in class, remember?" I glanced at my friend who met my eyes with a blank stare.

"You and your equations..." she mumbled, crossing her arms and putting on her best pout. "I mean, its not like I was listening anyway..."

I sighed, "I'll show you later, okay?" meaning I would do it for her, as she and I both knew.

Claire perked up, "I knew there was a reason to keep you around."

"You mean besides my body?" I struck a pose.

"Oh, yeah baby! That too! Let's not forget your cooking skills and..." The roar of the halls soon drowned out Claire's voice as students rushed to class.

I found myself watching her, taking in her features as Claire ran a hand through her long honey blonde hair. It looked like silk as it fell neatly back into place. She smiled at me, revealing her perfect teeth. I felt my heart speed up as my eyes traveled down her face, past her bee kissed lips and to her neck. The creamy white skin almost calling to me, "It's perfect, just like the rest her." I found myself thinking as my eyes continued downward.

"Devin? Earth to Devin? What are you looking at?" Claire snapped her fingers in my face, snapping out of my trance, I felt myself flush as I looked away.

"Sorry, spaced out..." I mumbled, ashamed I had been thinking those thoughts again. Claire looked at me for a second and the warning bell rang.

"Oh, cmon! I cant be late again..." Claire grabbed my hand, sending warm sparks up my arm, and took off down the hall. "Out of the way! Girls on a mission!" she giggled, weaving through the crowd.

"I can't like her, I wont like her. I will not let myself think those thoughts. I just have to ignore them..." I thought forcefully to myself before pulling a smile for Claire and joining her in the yelling and giggling.

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"Claire, look when you are pouring that and where are those safety goggles!" Mr. Thompson's nasally voice nearly shrieked across the room.

I turned just to see Claire jerk to attention and nearly spill all of her vial. "Hun, seriously, give that to me before you hurt yourself." I took the vial.

"Sorry Dev, I got caught up in him again, I swear he was checking me out!" she squealed pointing at Matt Varner, the schools 'hottest' jock. I rolled my eyes, he was just another self-centered prick.

"Miss Lewis, how responsible of you to swoop in and save you and your partner's grade." Mr. Thompson appeared next to our table, giving Claire his signature half glare. "I hoped you wouldn't mind adding another to your lab team, we seem to have a new student." He gestured to the front of the class where I saw the guy from the bus this morning investigating Mr. Thompson's desk, nonchalantly.

"Sure, Mr. Thompson. The more, the merrier." I pulled a fake smile and felt Claire stiffen a little.

"Wonderful!" Mr. Thompson shuffled off.

"Devin! Why'd you say yes? That guy looks like a burn out dork! He's just not cool..." Claire whined.

"Yeah, I know he's not exactly cool looking, but hey many of your friends think that I'm a dork too. Besides I'm not exactly going to tell a teacher 'no' and it would be nice to have some help on the labs." I explained to her.

"I can help!" She demanded. I gave her a look and she sulked in defeat. "Ok, you're right."

"Well hello ladies." The guy plopped down in the stool next to Claire, making her almost fall out of her stool. "What's happening, princess?" he gave me this goofy smirk. Claire raised her eyebrow at me and I rolled my eyes. I was not going to give into his need for a reaction.

"Here, read over the procedure and then help us get to work." I slid my print out at him.

"All business again I see?" he leaned over to Claire. "Tell me, does she always have a stick up her @\$\$?"

"I do not. Now read." I pulled Claire with me over to the scales.

"Ew, do you know him? Omigosh! Do you LIKE him!?!" of course she would jump to the conclusion.

"Not in the least, we met on the bus this morning...he's a dick..." I grumbled, measuring out more chemicals. We ignored the new guy and worked around him. Before long we were back to giggling and having fun.

I was enjoying half listening to Claire's gossip as she was stroking my hair. I was working on some

questions while pushing aside the guilt I was feeling and just enjoying being around her. Gavin had remained out of our hair, doing what we asked without extra grief but I couldn't help but feel that he was only doing it for some underlying evil cause.

"So I have a question for you ladies." He leaned casually next to use on the counter.

Claire, being Miss Popular, was trying to tolerate him. She wrapped her arm around my waist, making me fidget with my pencil. I felt his eyes on me so I dropped the pencil. "Shoot" I heard Claire say.

"Are you to like...together? I mean I don't think I could buy best friends being quiet as close as you two without there being some action on the side." His eyes twinkled with curiosity. I felt myself go red.

"Ew! As if, we aren't dykes. We are best friends, but more than that. We are like sisters. We could never even consider doing anything disgusting like that." Claire laughed. I felt myself go from the deep blush to pale white. I could feel involuntary tears fighting to be released from my eyes. His eyes were still on me, reading every response. Damn it, now he knows. He knows the dirty thoughts I have to keep buried away in the deep crevices of my mind. I faintly heard Claire say "Right, Devi?"

"Right, that'd be totally gross." I glared at him only to find his returning gaze to be full of pity and concern, this only angered me more and I returned to my work.

After class, I waited for Claire to get her things together. "Can you believe he asked us that?" she giggled despite the slight offended tone in her voice.

I shifted on my feet uncomfortably. "Yeah, I would just forget about it. We only have to deal with him for a little, don't let him get to you." I wanted the subject dropped and forgotten as soon as possible.

"You are so right, Devin. What do I care what a nobody new guy thinks of me? I've got more important things to worry about. Like Saturday night! The Boyer's are having a party..." And she was off, plotting and planning out how to have the perfect party experience. I felt myself relax slightly as we slipped into the halls and off to our next class.

((im really beginning to hate how short my chapters are but cant seem to make them go longer..they look so much longer in word documents...))