

My Biggest Mistake Was Loving You

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Submitted: February 17, 2006

Updated: February 17, 2006

This is based on a Romance story I read, well, basically the sex scene. The girl says she loves the guy, he gets irked, and they break up, so this is will happen here. Also, there is goign ot be a part form "Peach Girl" in this sotry. It's not done,

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Chapter 1 - My Biggest Mistake Was Loving You

2

1 - My Biggest Mistake Was Loving You

I sighed deeply, watching the movie, the history professor was playing. It was a war movie, though, I wasn't paying attention, just sketching in my notebook. I glanced at Verse, noticing her eyes were glued to the screen, and the teacher aide, who, I had to admit, was good looking. He was reading at the moment, yet scolding random people for annoying each other, or making too much noise. I saw Verse lean in to whisper something in my ear, "He's looking at you." I glanced at my friend, then at the teacher, Mr. Michaels. I glanced away, giving a sigh. "I don't care, he can look all he wants" I stated, looking back at the note book.

Rod sighed, looking over at Jet. "Looking at Corinthos again?" He asked, raising his pierced brow, looking at him from over his book. Setting the book down, he slid closer to him on his rollie chair, in what seemed to be an elegant movement. Rod gave a nod, glancing at his aide. "Do you think I should ask her out? To lunch, or something of the sort?"

Jet rubbed his chin a bit, moving his glasses up a bit, then moving his hair through his chin length hair. "I think you should, if you like her that much" He pursed his lips a bit, "Think I should ask Miss Clement? She's so adorable" He stated, with a smile. Rod gave a nod. "She seems to be good for you too, I think she also likes you"

"Which girl doesn't like me in this class?" He raised a brow, and Rod grinned a bit. "You have a point there." Michaels commented.

Jet gave a grin, nodding. "I know I do... Go talk to her, I'll make sure the class will be nice" He grinned, picking up the paddle ball near by, and playing with it.

I looked up, and then I saw him, Rod Michaels, walking towards me. I looked back down at my sketch book, then looked up again, when I saw him in front of me. "Skye-" He began, "I need to talk to you about the grades your getting. To my office, please" He went towards the door of his office, and I followed, pulling down my black skirt, for my garter, and garter belts wouldn't be noticeable.

Stepping into his office, I closed the door, and stayed rather close by it. I wanted to stay my distance, I don't trust him. I hid my emotions, and just stared at him, sitting on top of his desk, before saying, "What do you want to talk to me about?" I raised my pierced brow. He had his arms crossed, his gaze fully on me, "I wanted to discuss your grades. I've noticed that your scores have gone down in my class, and others.... What's been happening? Anything with your friends, family, that may cause this? Problems with the teachers or classmates?" I couldn't help but noticing his tongue was pierced, but let's forget about my little distraction. "Mr. Michaels, I don't believe it's your business" I stated, my tone rather cold. I couldn't and wouldn't tell him about my home life, let alone with Professor Gagarin was doing to me. All of that, truly wasn't any of his business. Rod stayed where he was, but he just uncrossed his muscular arms. "I just don't want to see one of my best student's failing her classes" He retorted, his hands by his sides. "You know you can tell me your problems, I'll stay here and listen" He said kindly. I kept my face emotionless, tone cold, "What's going on with me, isn't of your business." I stated again, "And I can handle my grades fine, I don't need help" I bit my bottom lip for a moment. "There is something I wish you to do though"

He nodded, "And what is that?" I looked at him, my hands on my slender hips, now. "I was wondering if you can place me into another Creative Writing class" I said this as calmly, and coldly as I could, I didn't want my tone to change. I want to keep him as far away from me as possible. "I'll try my best to do that" He smiled somewhat, standing.

"Is that all you wanted to discuss with me?" I asked, crossing my arms again. He nodded, then I turned my heel, going to open the door. "Would you like to go out to lunch with me?" He blurted out, and I blinked several times, turning to face him. "You're the teacher, I'm the student. I'm not interested in you, not even as a friend, a boyfriend, anything." I didn't care if I was being doggy. I turned the knob, and walked out the door, going back to my seat, as Rod too, went back to his own desk, seeming rather down.

Jet blinked several times, frowning, the ball of the paddle hitting him in the face, making him scowl, and rub his nose. "Well?" He raised a brow. Rod sighed deeply. "She hates me... She was so... Distant, and her defence was up... The whole time..." He frowned, biting his lower lip. "And I practically asked her out, and she refused.... Am I really that much of a monster?" He muttered, rubbing his temples.

Jet sighed, rubbing his back in comfort. "No... No, you're not... Maybe... She's just going through a rough time, and isn't sure what to do, or ask for help..... Did she ask you to do anything while you were alone with her?"

Rod nodded, his hand to his forehead, then moved to rub his temples. The comfort of his friend didn't help to much. "Yeah.... She asked me to change her out of her creative writing class." Jet raised a brow, rubbing his semi-prickly chin. "Did she say why?" He raised his pierced brow, his arms crossed. Rod shook his head. "No, she just said she wanted it changed.... I'll talk to Sarcozy after seventh period..." Jet looked at him, his blue green eyes somewhat sad looking. "Cheer up... It's not the worst thing that can happen... Let me know how the talk goes, okay?" Rod nodded, going to his laptop and putting the grades in.

I sighed, looking down at my hands, not even bothering to pick up my pen. Verse lent over and began to speak, softly. "What did he want?" She raised a thin brow, a lock of her curly ebony hair falling in her face. I sighed deeply, "He wanted to know why my grades were getting slower.... And he practically asked me out." I saw my friend's face light up. "Really?!" she stated excitedly, "What did you say?!" I looked at her, raising my thick pierced brow. "I said no. He's the teacher, it's not right... Anyway, I'm not interested in him." I was telling the truth. I wasn't. I glanced at the clock, in less than a minute, the bell would ring.

Biting my bottom lip, I glanced at my friend. "Hey Verse?" I began in a low voice, looking at the clock, then back at her. "Can you wait for me in Creative Writing... You know I sometimes take a while to make things perfect....." I stopped, I know she'll say yes, it seems like her to do so. And I was right, to my delight, she had smiled and nodded. "Of course" she said simply.

"Oh, Verse... Is it okay if I move in with you and your dad? My father's kicking me out" I frowned, giving a sigh. "If I don't have my things gone by the end of this week, He'll throw them away"

Verse frowned, and nodded. "Yes, of course. Is later today fine?" I nodded, "I hope this won't be too much trouble...." She, Verse, looked at me sternly, "Skye, it's no trouble at all. So don't you worry about it" Then, she pulled me into a embrace, and let go, since the bell just rang then.

I left, not looking at Rod, nor Jet, though Rod was looking at me, and kept his eyes on me, till I was out of sight.

The day passed by rather quickly, to my surprise. Which I was glad of, but last period is taking forever to end. I sat besides Verse, quietly writing. Easily four pages, though, I was almost done, when the bell rang, like always. I bit my lower lip, finishing up quickly. I picked up my shoulder bag, and Verse followed me. Placing the stapled papers on his neat desk.

"Skye, can you stay after class for a few moments? I need to talk to you" He said in a dreamy voice, a smile plastered on his face. I shook my head, "I can't I need to do several things" I moved towards the door, though he grabbed my arm, forgetting I had a friend with me.

Rod sighed deeply, watching his last students leave the room, then looked at Jet, who was speeding about in his rollie chair, humming the "Speed Racer" theme, and then switching to the "Mighty Morphin Power Rangers" theme. "Go Speed Racer, Go Speed Racer, Go Speed Racer Gooo" Jet sang happily, rolling around. That song had ended, and he switched to the Power Rangers theme, "Go go Power Rangers" then he hummed, when it was called for it. "Go Go Power Rangers, you mighty morphing Power ranger" he stopped, then looked at Rod. "Arn't you supposed to be heading to Sarcozy's now?"

Rod blinked several times at Jet. Jackson was hyper. He had a bit too much sugar. "I'm leaving now. If anyone comes in, asking for me, tell them I will be back shortly." Jet nodded, with a grin, giving a thumbs up, "Got it, Cheif" He rolled over to his desk, watching his friend leave, still humming away.

Sarcozy had grabbed my arm and pinned me to his desk, as I struggled to get out of his grasp. I couldn't, he was too strong, and he was already undoing his pants, and moving my skirt up. I felt his hands move away my g-string, as I still struggled, I moved, and kicked him between the legs. Finally, I was free. Moving, I went to the door, but even though he was still in pain, he grabbed me, pinning me again to his desk, moving my shirt up and undoing my bra, and exposing my breasts. Doing this movement, the desk had cut me, and I could feel that I was bleeding.

Verse had left already, to get help. I wish her Gods speed, I don't want to be raped again, I can't take it.

I watched Vladimer lean down and cup my breast, while he suckled the other one. His hand holding we wrists together, though I still tried to get out of his grasp, I failed, and continued to fail, though that didn't stop me from trying. I winced, as he uncupped my breast and slapped me, his nails cutting my cheek a bit. "You're going to stop moving!" He yelled at me, though my eyes avoided him. frack him, I'm not going to listen.

Sarcozy held my wrists together still, as his other hand pulling his hardend member out. I bit my lower lip, as he shoved himself inside me, and started to thrust violently, his hand, on the side of my head, to steady himself.

Verse had been running down the halls quickly, trying to find someone to help Skye. Suddenly, she rammed in someone, and ended up falling on her bum. She got up quickly, picking up the things the man had dropped then gave it to him, seeing it was Rod. "Professor!" She stated out of breath, as Rod looked down at her concerned. "Verse, what is it? you okay? Where's Skye?" He asked, hands on her shoulders. "Sh-she's being raped by Sarcozy!" She stated out of breath. Rod's eyes widened, and he ran towards the class, more like sprinting towards it.

I heard someone slam through the door, still struggling to get out of the grip of the man on top of me. Even in his shocked state, I couldn't get out. I glanced over, seeing that the person who had ran in, was my history professor.

Rod's eyes were wide, from the sight of us. He placed two and two together rather quickly, knowing THIS was the reason why I wanted out of this class. Glaring, he took Sarcozy, pulling him off of me, and punching him hard in the jaw. They argued a bit, and Rod punched him more, out of anger.

I flinched a bit, when he placed his hand on my shoulder, while I fixed my bra, and my g-string. "Don't touch me" I stated coldly, pulling his hand away from me. He frowned, noticing my cuts. "Come to my office... I'll clean the cuts for you" He stated, kindly, walking out of the office with me.

"No, I can take care of my cuts without YOUR help" I said coldly, not looking at him. This was bad, I was going to cry soon. I held it in, hiding all emotion, I will NOT cry in front of him. Rod sighed deeply, "No, Please... I'm just going to clean your cuts, nothing else will happen" He assured me, but I refused to listen, which later, he ended up slinging me over his shoulder, and carrying me to his office, trying not to let go of me, due to me struggling.

Jet blinked, looking up at the two of us. He wasn't quite... Expecting this. He was busy doing some grading, since Rod had been gone. "Skye, are you okay?" He frowned, noticing the slap mark and cut on my cheek. Rod gave a sigh, his hand on his hip, while he still had a good hold on me. "Sarcozy was raping her."

Jet gaped, going over, and hugging me lightly. "You okay dear?" He asked, though, I flinched, and didn't answer him. Though, he didn't hold it against me, helping both me, and Rod, he opened the door to his office, and went to get the peroxide, and some paper towels.

Rod palced me down on his desk, taking his hand and stroking my cheek gently, I moved away from him. "I told you, don't you frackign touch me!" I snapped, biting my lower lip, as Jet walked back in, with the stuff. Rod took it, pouring the peroxide on the paper towel, and dabbing at my cheek a bit. It was then I began to cry, and I couldn't stop it. Tears streamed down my cheeks, greyish tears, due to my makeup was running. I buried my face in my hands, whimpering gently. I couldn't hold it in, my cup had finally toppled over.