

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 acceptance? bad discription
rating subject to change...*

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Chapter 1 - Character Bios	2
Chapter 2 - Chapter One.	3
Chapter 3 - chapter 2	5

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 bubbly, 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 mopyy

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 attached 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 thought 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.

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 down the 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. It's 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, it's 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 of 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 can't 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 won't 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.

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...))