

Hi Dad...and Dad.

By **emozim**

Submitted: March 19, 2009

Updated: March 19, 2009

Gay & Bisexual people do not necessarily raise gay children, so let them adopt without judgment!

Provided by Fanart Central.

<http://www.fanart-central.net/stories/user/emozim/55870/Hi-Dad...and-Dad.>

Chapter 0 - Hi Dad....and Dad.

2

0 - Hi Dad....and Dad.

"So.....your...."

"Yeah....Yeah, I am."

"But, Scotty! What will your parents say? Do you have a place to go if they kick you out?" he asked.

"Yeah. Kelly is letting me stay with her if things don't go...as planned."

"Are you sure?"

I put a hand on Marc's shoulder. "Yeah, I'm sure." He took a breath.

"Fine" he said. "but just...be careful. Parents aren't always excepting. You know Clem Brookers? Yeah, she told her mom and she flipped, sent her to live with her dad and his wife. Heard his dad is hot. I bet he has a nice a-"

I zoned out of Marc's little rant. He loved @\$\$\$. He was always commenting on everyone's, even the girl's. "I can't believe I'm-"

"Believe your what?" Drew asked. His blonde hair was cut short.

His eyes sparkled blue like his boyfriend's. "Nothing!" I yelped. I giggled nervously, rubbing my palms together and turning red.

Drew nodded slowly, with an eyebrow raised, and turned to Marc. "Hey babe" he said. Marc smiled. I quietly sighed in relief.

The bell rang. Oh great. I'd have to walk into the hallway full of them. Bleh. They were a constant reminder of what I wasn't and who I should be, those couples. Joseph, a guy who everyone knew fancied me, smack my @\$\$\$ as he sauntered by me through the door, making his way to his next class. He frowned when my eyes widened. Oh no. He could be suspicious.

I made my way down the hall answering to the occasional "Heya, Scotty!" or "Yo, Scott." I noticed a few people point and frown in curiosity as I couldn't help but stare at Chelsee Leeman's chest. Hello, people! She wouldn't wear that skimpy shoot if she didn't want people to look!

I pushed past some girls holding hands and stepped into my Chemistry class. Mr. Hoompuhlot sat at his desk reading some purple book. He sniffed a little and adjusted his pink ascot that was tied around his throat. When the bell rang he came to the front of the room and spoke.

"All right little girls and boys! We need to split into groups! Quickly, darlings!"

Good. I hated taking his notes. Instead, he wanted groups of four to create some weird blah blah type of gas. I don't remember, I wasn't paying attention. I was to busy staring at Brooke Clarkson's @\$\$\$. It was encased in tight orange fabric. Her shorts stretched so nicely and tightly around her-

"Whoa, Scotty. Were you just staring at Brooke's @\$\$? Wait, Scott...are.....do you want to tell me something?" Drew asked.

"Uh.....I-I.....I'm uh...."-I began sweating furiously-" I'm *****"

Drew's eyes widened in disbelief. "What the.....frack.....Scotty.....Scotty...how!?"

"Scotty? What's wrong honey?" Dad asked me. I sat at my table poking my spaghetti. I watched the lights from above the table gleam off the chunky red sauce.

I gulped and began to cry. "Scotty?" Dad asked. "Scott, what's wrong?"

I choked a few sobs. "Dad and.....Dad." I said turning from one of them to the other. "I think I'm.....I'm.....Dad...Dads....I'm straight" I cried.

All I could hear were the clang of forks slipping from shaking fingers to the table below and a gasp of breath.