

## *The Confession*

“What I... what I wanted to do was this.”

Amanda’s words echoed in Mags’ head as their lips connected. Fireworks exploded in her chest and butterflies fluttered in her stomach.

Maybe it was because this was technically Mags’ first kiss, maybe it was because she had just learned that this girl, this blonde, stereotypical cheerleader in front of her, was the girl that she had been fancying from afar for nearly a month.

The moment was only interrupted by Nate’s loud cough as he cleared his throat, probably to bring the two back down to earth and remind them that there were three other people in the room.

Amanda’s eyes shot open and she went to pull away from Mags, whose hands were now threaded through her hair and pressed against the nape of her neck, keeping her close.

“Oh my God you two, get a room.” Nate’s hands were cupped around his mouth, trying to make his already loud voice louder. He was the only one of the three who was still paying attention, Ellie and Alijah had turned to look the other way, probably discussing a new song they were cooking up.

Mags removed one of her hands from Amanda to flip him off, before finally separating from the blonde girl.

“Shut the fuck up, Nate.” Mags glared at him, her brown eyes reflecting the fluorescents and giving them a dangerous tint. He rolled his eyes in response, but backed off.

She turned back to Amanda. “Do you... want to get out of here?”

It took Amanda a couple seconds before responding, “I don’t want you to miss your practice.”

“I think we need to talk. The band will understand. Plus, they aren’t *that* useless without a drummer.”

A small, melancholy smile appeared on Amanda’s face, and she followed Mags silently until the two were out of the warehouse, standing under the small canopy as rain began to fall.

“So?” Mags asked.

“...So?” Amanda repeated, looking up at the drummer.

“I think I deserve an explanation, one where I’m not yelling at you.”

Amanda lets out a small sigh, leaning against the exterior, metal wall of the warehouse.

“I don’t know what to tell you that you don’t already know.”

“When?”

“When what?”

“When did this start?”

Amanda dug the ball of her foot into the dirt, watching it kick up loose soil. “I told you, I started coming a couple weeks ago. To find an escape.”

“What would *you* have to escape from?”

“...I found out my boyfriend was cheating on me.”

Mags paused. “Your *boyfriend*? You haven’t broken up with him?”

“I mean... not technically, but in my books he’s dead to me, and I think screaming at him got him to take the hint.”

“Right, okay. But that’s not what I meant.”

Amanda’s gaze turned towards Mags. “What did you mean then?”

“When did you start... liking... me... I guess.” Mags’ face was slightly flushed, she could feel the heat in her cheeks. She never really thought anyone would like her. Her younger self was a dorky, dinosaur-obsessed kid, and sure she had her fair share of girls confessing to her when she presented as a long hair, masc metalhead. But as herself? As *Mags*? She didn’t really believe it.

“I always thought you were kind of cool. My parents hated you though. Thought you would turn me into a Satan worshipper or something... now they think I’ve become one on my own accord so... fuck it I guess.”

The drummer stifled a laugh. “*You*? A Satan summoner? Hell- I didn’t even think you knew any music other than like... Taylor Swift until tonight.”

“There’s a lot you don’t know about me.”

“I’m sure there is.” Mags said, leaning down a little bit. She paused, hesitating. “Can I kiss you again?” Her voice was hushed, a whisper.

“Only if you answer a question from me.”

Mags let out a low, breathy laugh and pulled away a little from Amanda. “Shoot.”

“Do you... actually like me? Like actually like me. You just... you seemed pretty mad at me back there and I don't... I don't want you to kiss me if you think you'll just get a cheap fuck out of me that you can brag about to your friends.”

Mags fell silent, her face coloured with slight concern.

A million thoughts raced through her head. Was this really what Amanda thought about her?

“No. Oh my god, no, Amanda I wouldn't...Christ.” She paused, distracted momentarily at the blonde's expectant face.

“Do you remember...seventh grade? I'd just moved here. I thought you were the prettiest girl I'd ever seen. I guess...my liking of you kind of started then. And then your boyfriend – ex-boyfriend – came into the picture. I didn't like him and he didn't like me. I guess my anger for him kind of also trickled into my opinion for you.

“But Amanda. I fell for the girl I saw in the crowd. I fell for you all over again and I didn't even know you. And even just talking to you here and now, you're one of the most...beautiful people I've ever met. Inside and out.”

There was silence.

Silence except the rain falling on the ground, creating puddles beneath their feet that echoed.

Silence except the two's breathing, heavy and hot, the air escaping their lips creating steam in the cold air.

Silence except the step that the cheerleader took towards the girl with purple hair as she wrapped her arms around her.

Silence except the sobs Amanda let out as she held Mags.

Silence except the rustling of clothes as Mags rested her sweater on Amanda's shoulders and hugged her back.

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“What are my parents going to think?” Amanda was sitting in the passenger seat of Mags' car, wrapped in the drummer's sweater still.

“What do you mean?”

“Getting dropped off in the middle of the night after basically running away, soaking wet and with you.”

Mags smiles a little, glancing at the blonde next to them. “With me?”

“Yeah, with the very person they told me I should never go near.”

“I mean, you don’t have to go back tonight. You could always stay at my place. My mom wouldn’t mind.”

Amanda’s face turns bright red. What was she implying? “It takes a lot more than that to get me in your room, Mags. Plus I need to...smooth things over.”

Mags shrugs. “It is what it is, I wish you luck.” She turns onto Amanda’s street at her direction. “But I can’t imagine seeing me with you will help much with the Satan worshipping allegations, want me to drop you a couple houses down?”

“Maybe that’s a good idea.”

The drummer pulls to the side of the road and puts her car in park. Amanda reaches for the door handle, before stopping.

“Mags.”

“Mhm?”

“Will I see you tomorrow? At school? Can we...eat lunch together?”

“Sure.”

“And can I...have your number or something?”

Mags laughs. “Damn Amanda, you’re really asking me on a date and for my number? Just like that?” She leans in a little. “Maybe I should have gotten you into my music sooner.”

Amanda’s face flushes, her ears turn a shade of pink. “Shut up.” Amanda closes the gap in between the two, giving Mags a gentle peck before practically scrambling out of the car, leaving Mags in slight shock.

She takes a second before putting the car into drive again, opening the window and driving slowly next to Amanda. “You still have my sweater.”

“You’ll get it back tomorrow, when you give me your number and we go on that date. Okay?”

“Alright, princess. Sleep well.” Mags blows her a kiss and drives off. Leaving Amanda to continue walking home, with a wide smile on her face.

*End.*