The Bubble Wrap Girl

Synopsis:

Melissa Amore is a girl everyone knew and respected. Just after enjoying her graduation party, she come home and receives a call that has her on her toes to go to Boston. She fears if she is late, she will regret it each moment of her life. The only problem is her mother, who does not allow her to go alone unless someone she trusts, accompanies her daughter. Finn Garver has to go to Boston to attend the soccer summer training. Everything is fine until his Dad's best friend, Greg Samuels, asks him for a favour. A favour that he knows will prove to be very difficult for him and more so too difficult to deny. His favour being to take Melissa Amore with him to Boston. His difficulty being that he has harboured a crush on her since sixth grade. Even though the whole school knew him as the ultimate bad boy, he never approached her for one reason. One reason he wished never existed.

Join Melissa and Finn on this amazing journey filled with mixed feelings, broken finger, hilarious situations, a broken down cottage, innocence, crappy hotels, marmalade sandwiches and finally a terrible fetish with bubble wraps.

Chapter 1 II The News II

“And, now we would like to call on stage our most brightest and promising graduate of the year, Ms. Melissa Amore.”

I look up from my tangled figures rested on my lap to the stage where the principle, Mrs. Luton, is waiting for me with a fake warm smile on her face. I stand up on my wobbly legs, which no ne seem to notice, and make my way to the stage, acknowledging some of the greetings passed on to me by my friends.

I am not nervous to stand in front of a crowd. I have been doing that since I was a child. I am nervous to deliver the speech Mrs. Luton asked me to prepare and deliver. After a lot of discussion and choosing between me and Georgia Luton, I was selected to be the year valedictorian. Georgia did not mind, but her mother, our school principle did. Apart from being good in academics, I am also involved in sports. Everyone in my school knows who I am, but I am not among the typical ‘popular’ clique. In fact I have only two best friends; Amy Vance and William Claire.

Taking a deep breathe, I square my shoulders in a confident posture and climb on the stage. After receiving my graduate certificate and medal and posing for the camera, I make my way to the podium.

“Hello everybody! I know I am merely wasting your time before you go party, but I swear I won’t take long. Finally we finished our high school. Many of us will leave for other states while some will stay here. We may or may not see each other for a long time. For me, these four years in high school was fun and I’m sure almost all of you will agree with me. I mean, come on, who will ever forget our fabulous football school team winning the league cup, the memorable field trip to Hawaii, the blossoming of young couples and lastly, the winter fests. These are things which will remain with forever! I want to wish you best of luck for your future and hope you live each moment of your life. Keeping up to my promise, I will wrap this up by bidding adieu to each and everyone one of you and hope we meet again with us sporting souvenirs of our success. Thank you and goodbye.”

The moment I step down from the podium there is a loud round of applause. I walk down the stage after making a dramatic bow to the audience and army style saluting the teachers, which earned me a few hoots and cheers.

The moment Amy spots me, she starts pushing her way through the crowd who were not huddled in big groups talking to each other. As soon as she reaches me, she tackles me into one of her famous bear hugs. She squeals in my ears something about not believing we finally graduated. I hug her tightly after removing my hat and throwing it in the air.

Just when we were about to pull away from the hugs, a strong pair of our arms pull us into its chest, making it completely impossible for me and Amy to breathe. William, a.k.a Will, being the quarterback he is, will one day definitely be thrown into prison for killing girls in his super tight hugs. God knows how Amy even survives this guy’s hugs. I guess she can’t really complain seeing that she is his girlfriend.

I pinch his back making him loosen his hold on us. As soon as he does that I wiggle my way out and start being dramatic by resting my hands on my knees and pretend to show that I lost my breathing. Will laughs and ruffles my hair which earns him a death glare from me. No one touches my hair. They are my most treasured asset.

“*Come on, Mel!* It wasn’t that hard. I’ m sure I dint labour your breathing”, He says chuckling and wrapping an arm around a grinning Amy.

“Try being on the receiving end, idiot”, I say with a frown. He laughs again.

Amy whispers something in his ear, making him grin and pull her into him. And the next second they are kissing. I roll my eyes and look away.

It sucks horse shit for being the third wheel most of the time. However, I don’t really complain. It took them after a lot of time, misunderstandings and alleged rumours, to finally start dating. They love each other a lot and how much ever I say it’s annoying, they deserve each other. I am happy for them.

I look around to see some of the students showing off their medals and certificates to their parents. A pang of nostalgia hits me. My mother could not make it today. She said she was busy and was going out of town for an important surgery. While I tried to understand that a doctor’s life was not easy, the hoped she would at least make time to attend her daughter’s graduation ceremony.

*Don’t you dare spoil your mood, Melissa! Today you should be celebrating with your best friends not thinking about your absentee mother.*

I turn to look at my friends and see them nearly kissing their faces out. I *almost* gag. These two can really be annoying sometimes. I lean ahead a bit and clap my hands loud. They break apart with laboured breathes and beetroot red faces.

“Are you done exchanging spit?” I ask coyly with a mischievous smile. Amy scrunches her face in disgust while Will colours deep red before laughing. Amy hates it when I put it this way.

“Come on, girls! We need to get going to the party. We are beyond fashionably late.” Will announces dragging us towards the exit towards his car.

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I close the door quietly behind me. I stand static to pick up any noises in the house. Yes, I have superman ears, if only I could have his eyes. That would be so cool. When I hear nothing, I deduce my mother has not returned yet.

I trudge over to the living room and place my certificate and medal on the coffee table for my mother whenever she finally decides to show up home. I have a feeling that she won’t be back soon. She will probably spending her night with her doctor boyfriend, Greg Samuels. He is a nice guy.

Grabbing a bottle of water from the refrigerator, I walk upstairs to my room ready to crash. It has truly been a tiring day. I change into my Pj’s and flop on the bed with a thud.

Just when I sense sleep engulfing me, my phone starts to blare. I groan out of annoyance and cover my ears ignoring the call. However, that blasted thing continues to blare. I pat my hand unconsciously on the bed-side table and find my phone. I pick the call without looking at the caller Id and say a very muffled, “Hello?”

The line goes quite for a minute before the person calling me starts crying. Alarmed, I sit up straight and see an unknown caller Id. I repeat myself. The caller who I recognise as words, replies in a very shaky voice, indicating that she has been crying for a while.

“*Melissa?*”

I tense up. I recognise the voice. I also know that the only reason she ever calls me is to tell me my sick father’s condition. His condition has been deteriorating recently. So much that the doctors are fearing the inevitable to happen sooner. Suddenly, my heart starts beating faster.

“M...Mr.Amore. The Doctor’s say the time is n-near. He wants you here, M-Mel. Please come. Pl-please come. He needs you, Mel.”

The line hangs up and I feel a part of my soul die.

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Chapter 2 II The Persuasion II

I could not sleep. My thoughts were filled with ‘what if’s’. I know for a fact that my mother does not appreciate it when I keep in touch with a man, who very subtly broke her heart. She does not object occasional emails and calls between my father and me, but somewhere deep inside she fears that he would take me away too. I know she does, no matter how many times she said that she must have chosen my elder brother, Ethan instead of me.

When my parents divorced, Dad got Ethan’s custody. He wanted me too, but I was nine years old, so the court agreed that I should stay with my mother. I remember watching her crying happily when she found out that at least she could keep one of her children. I thought she would love me forever, but after three months she blatantly started ignoring me.

Ethan is seven years elder to me. The divorce had left him in more shattered pieces than it had to me. When he turned eighteen two years later, he left for college and barely looked back. I had totally lost contact with him. Four years ago, when I was a freshman in high school, he found me and apologised for leaving me alone. He offered me a place at his apartment in Boston which he shared with his girlfriend Taylor. I agreed and that’s where I am heading to at the end of this summer until I save enough money, I plan to get