

## II Amelia

### ***Content Warning: age gap relationship, coercion, and sexual pressure.***

She locked me in her car and told me, “I’m not driving you home or letting you out until you ask me to be your girlfriend.” I was fourteen and she was nineteen. At the time, I thought that made me cool. It didn’t.

I knew nothing about this girl. Mikayla, my softball captain in high school, set us up together. She sent me a text one day, “how open/picky are you when it comes to girls? I kind of have a friend from another school that I think you would like.”

She sent me a picture of her and I was sold. Amelia was tall and thin. She had long, curly black hair. She had freckles splattered all over her face like someone was painting the galaxy on a canvas. I thought, “this may be the hottest girl that I’ll ever get a chance with.”

After a few days of texting with her, she asked me to go on a drive with her. It was late on a summer night. We listened to music and talked about our lives. I had just finished my freshman year of high school and she was talking about college applications.

She pulled into the shopping plaza in my town. She drove over to a spot that felt secluded. She leaned over and started to kiss me. She kept smiling. My heart was racing, not necessarily in a good way, but at fourteen it felt like excitement.

When she finished kissing me, she locked the doors to her car and laughed. That’s when she told me that I needed to ask her to be my girlfriend. That’s how it started.

I dated Amelia throughout the summer of 2014. At that point in my life, I was completely straight edge. I would have sworn to you that I was never going to drink or smoke. Amelia spent most of her time drinking with her friends. Fitting for her age but you could already see the disconnect between us.

I had this habit of entering a relationship with a girl before knowing who she was. I used the relationship as a way to get to know someone. But I always got a weird feeling with her whether we were on the phone, hanging out, or even just texting. There was probably a reason for that.

I suppose this is a good place to introduce my sister, Claire. Claire is four years older than me. We never got along as kids. We have always been

complete opposites. She was the popular type in high school. She saw me as her lame ass younger sister. I wasn't even allowed to say hi to her at school. Claire was dating Brett. Brett went to the same school as Amelia.

My sister and her boyfriend were in the same grade as Amelia. They were *well* acquainted. Mikayla filled me in on their lore.

To sum this up: Brett had sex with Amelia. When Mikayla asked if that was okay, I replied, "yeah I don't give a fuck."

I'll tell you who gave several fucks... Claire. Yeah, my sister didn't talk to me for a solid year after the decision I made. The fact that I was related to Claire was definitely a huge motivator for why Amelia wanted to date me. I was too young to piece that together. I was too selfish to give a shit about my sister's feelings. I wanted to be with this pretty, older girl.

Amelia came over to meet my parents. My sister and I didn't share Amelia and Brett's past with my parents. All my parents knew was that I was dating an older girl and they were okay with it. They kept repeating that it made sense because I was mature for my age. It also helped that we were two girls. If Claire was fourteen dating a nineteen-year-old boy, they would have never allowed it. I got away with a lot more than my sister because my parents didn't know how to treat my relationships.

After chatting in the kitchen with my parents, I took Amelia to the basement to watch a movie. We walked down the steps, turned the corner and there was my sister laying on the futon. "Oh... we were just going to watch a movie-"

"Hey Claire," Amelia said with a big smile on her face.

My sister slammed her laptop shut and walked right past us and up the stairs without any acknowledgment.

Amelia gave me an... interesting summer. I loved having a girlfriend that could drive me around. She would pick me up and bring me with her wherever she went. It gave me my first glimpse of independence. The issue was that my independence relied on Amelia.

She told me when we were going to hangout, "I'm going to pick you up after work and you're going to sleepover."

I wanted to be a good girlfriend. I said yes to anything and everything she wanted to do.

Sex came easy to her. For me, it felt like being pushed onto a stage without a script. I knew she had way more experience than I had. I quickly realized how different it was with her than with Carter.

We pulled up to my house in her car, “Let’s just do it in the back of my car really quick before you go in.”

“My parents are home. That feels weird to me.”

“Come on, just really quick.”

I missed Carter. I missed it being soft and gentle.

There were a few nights that Amelia came over to swim at my house when my parents weren’t home. One of those nights, we were splashing around in the pool when the spotlight from our house lit up her side profile.

I stood in the shallow end. My eyes were tracing her body. I saw something, “Hey, Amelia, what’s that?”

She grabbed her chest and said, “What are you talking about babe?”

I walked over to her in the water and gently pushed her head to the side to get a closer look at her neck, “I don’t remember giving you that hickey?”

She swatted her hand over it like there was a bug on her. “Oh... well... you didn’t.”

*What the fuck?* I was looking at her like I was trying to do long division in my head. “If it wasn’t me, then who the fuck was it?”

She started to tear up and replied, “Some guy. You don’t know him.”

I got out of the pool, threw on my towel, and went into my house without another word.

I heard Amelia come in a few minutes after me. I was changing upstairs in my room when I heard her screaming out. I ran downstairs to see what was going on. She was sitting on the floor of our laundry room with her hands on her head. I crouched down next to her and asked, “Why are *you* crying?”

“I thought it would be okay. I can’t lose you. He didn’t mean anything to me. It was literally just sex. Just don’t be mad at me. Don’t leave me.”

I grabbed her hands to take them off her face and helped her stand up. I pulled her in for a hug, “this hurts but I’m not going anywhere. Just never do it again, okay?”

The relationship should have ended there. Instead, I told her to head home for the night. I needed time alone to think about everything.

I ignored her for a couple days. A few missed texts. A few missed calls. When I made my decision, I waited until my parents were gone to invite her over.

She walked into my kitchen. I was trying to be more mature than I was when I broke up with Carter. “I wanted you to come over because we need to have a real conversation.”

“Okay... so talk?”

I tried to break up with her in a gentle way but she was not letting me off easily. She started screaming at me.

“I don’t think I’m going to be able to get over the fact that you cheated on me. That’s all I think about now. Why wasn’t I enough? I tried to do everything you asked of me” I said to her.

Amelia was enraged. “You fucking said it was okay. I thought we were going to move past this. You said you weren’t going to fucking leave me and look at what you’re trying to do right now.”

We were on opposite sides of the counter. I texted my friend Dayna while she was crying, “Please come here. This is not going well and I don’t want to be alone with her.”

I tried to offer her a hug to calm her down. She pulled me into the bathroom off of my kitchen and locked the door behind us. She pushed me up against the wall forcing kisses down my neck, “Don’t you want me? You’ll miss this.”

I didn’t want to touch her. I didn’t want to hurt her anymore than I already had. She grabbed my wrists and pushed them against the wall above my head. She scratched down my arms in an attempt to be sexy. When she went in to kiss my lips, I turned my head to the side. “Amelia, I don’t want this any-”

The front door swung open. A forceful knock on the bathroom door. “Hey, are you guys in there? It’s time to go, Amelia” Dayna said.

Hearing her voice was an immediate relief. *Thank fuck.* Amelia pushed off of me and said, “You’re kidding. You told her to come over?”

Amelia opened the bathroom door and grabbed her phone off the counter. Dayna waved her hand towards the door, raised her eyebrows, and let out a long “byeeeeee.”

I thought dating Amelia made me cool. I thought she gave me freedom. Every time she locked a door, I had less of it. That summer was a constant question of “*what the fuck just happened?*” And then there was Dayna, standing in my doorway like none of it phased her. Calm. In control. I didn’t realize it then, but that was the first time I saw what control actually looked like.