

One More Chance

1. Your Name Female
2. Babys Father Name
3. Babys Fathers Job
4. Location
5. Your Name Female
6. Your Best Friend
7. Your Best Friend
8. Movie
9. Color
10. Color
11. Color
12. Color
13. Color
14. Length Of Your Hair
15. Color
16. Color
17. Your Best Friend
18. Your Name Female
19. Your Name Female
20. Babys Father Name
21. Color
22. Type Of Car
23. Your Best Friend

24. Babys Father Name _____

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_____ Your Name Female _____ POV:: I was five months pregnant and showing. The father of my baby left me when he heard the news. As much as I miss _____ Babys Father Name _____, I don't think I can forgive him for walking out. He's a _____ Babys Fathers Job _____ for the city of _____ Location _____, and he's damn good at it. As I think of his sweaty, muscular body, I remember what he did before I got too much into my vision. Damn, I missed the sex. Besides cooking and being a gentleman, it was the best thing he was good at. Goddamnit _____ Your Name Female _____, I thought to myself, stop thinking about him. I ran my fingers across the bind of the pregnancy book my best friend, _____ Your Best Friend _____, had bought for me. I couldn't bear to read it. I knew it had things for the father to do as well, and I couldn't handle even thinking of the word. I heard a knock on the door and as I wondered who it must be, I checked the time on my watch: 11 o'clock, on the dot; just then, I knew who it was. As I opened the door, two arms found their way around my neck. " _____ Your Best Friend _____, I forgot you were coming," I said with the little air I had. "Come on! We're supposed to go watch The _____ Movie _____ at the midnight premiere! Don't tell me you changed your mind." She pulled away and looked into my eyes. "Are you okay? You look kind of pale." I turned around and walked toward my room, "Yeah, I'm fine. I just need to go change before we leave." I closed the door behind me and eventually found my way to my cluttered closet. As my stomach was showing, I decided on a _____ Color _____ dress with _____ Color _____ tights and a _____ Color _____ belt right below my swollen breasts. I also decided to show of my new _____ Color _____ leather jacket, which went perfect with my current outfit. Now, I wasn't a big fan of shoes, so all I really had were so _____ Color _____ converse and some old high heels that were probably a whole size too small. I settled on the converse as I had no other choice, and tried to tame my mane. My _____ Length of Your Hair _____ _____ Color _____ hair was easy to comb, but I just had no idea what to do with it. I eventually gave in to a _____ Color _____ headband with an attached bow, which made me look cute but mature. I walked into the living room and caught _____ Your Best Friend _____ eyes. "Damn, _____ Your Name Female _____ . You look hot." I smirked and did a little twirl for her. She was wearing a red shirt with very skinny jeans and a leather jacket, too. Her dark brown curls bounced as she raised from the couch. She was so pretty, I wish I had her looks. As if she read my mind, she said, " _____ Your Name Female _____, you are absolutely beautiful. More beautiful than anyone I have ever seen. _____ Babys Father Name _____ is stupid to leave you, he's missing out on something amazing." With that a tear escaped my eye(from my hormones, of course) and we escaped into the darkness in which was outside.

We drove to the theater in her _____ Color _____ _____ Type of Car _____, and we noticed just how packed the parking lot was.

We eventually found a spot quite a ways from the doors. We weren't halfway to the doors when my back started to hurt. I tried to rub it as we walked, but found no comfort. We finally made it to the entrance and bought us two tickets, and found our seats in the theater, which wasn't easy. _____ *Your Best Friend* _____ sent me out to get food and drinks as she saved our spots; but when I was at the concession, I saw something who I definitely did NOT want to see. My lips quivered as I whispered it: " _____ *Babys Father Name* _____."