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**Friendships**

by [irismoon](http://archiveofourown.org/users/irismoon)

**Summary**

It's another "what happened Monday" fics :)

**Notes**

Watched this on tv last night and remembered that forever ago (2004 lol) i wrote a Breakfast club fanfiction. took me a bit but i hunted it down and posting it here just so i dont lose it again. Going to edit and clean it up a bit as i post the chapters. I honestly forgot i wrote this. It was the first thing i had ever posted till my ASOIAF stuff i just started doing.

Disclaimers: I own nothing, John Hughes rocks

Warnings: typical teenage crude language and drug use (nothing major) Mentions of abuse against woman and rape. (no actual rape)
CLAIRE:

Monday had come and gone. The group expected things to be so different. They spent Sunday worrying about Monday but it came and went. Very little changed. They were all so different that they barely even saw each other at school.

They had different teachers, different classes. They barely even passed in the halls. They had made a promise to each other. If they saw each other, they wouldn't ignore, or wouldn't make fun of each other. They would speak to one another. Surprisingly little opportunity presented itself. Life was basically the same.

Things may have stayed the same, but on the inside they were different. They had learned so much about themselves, each other, and life itself. The way that they saw things made life strange and new. Claire wasn't sure if she liked her new outlook on life, but she knew that she felt free. No longer a little girl who was supposed to be perfect. There were others who could see her for the woman she was, the woman she would become.

The week passed slowly, school days full of homework and gossip. Claire looked for John but only saw him twice the whole week. Once in the morning smoking under the bleachers. It was Tuesday and he smiled and gave her a small wave. She had surprised herself and waved back. Her two girl friends had giggled and asked her if he was her dealer. They wanted her to see if she could get some weed for the party on Friday night. Claire just ignored them. It was easier than she thought it would be. Her friends didn't care, she had expected them to make her a social outcast, rant and rave, demand if she was brain damaged. None of that happened.

She saw him again Friday being taken to Vernon's office. Being led by the Spanish teacher, Mrs Ortega, who looked extremely angry. He was laughing and gave her a big smile and spoke to her. "Looks like I get to spend even more Saturdays here, care to join me princess?"

Claire smiled back. "No thank you. One was hell enough. Besides I need my beauty sleep on Saturday."

"Your loss sweetheart!" He laughed as Mrs Ortega grabbed his arm to keep him from lagging behind and pulled in into the office.

Jamie and Samantha, who were walking with Claire giggled and joked about how they heard that he learned some Spanish curse words and used them for his exam. Claire smiled and rolled her eyes as she continued on to class.

Andrew she saw frequently. They hung around the same group of people. She saw him and a few of his wrestling friends approaching. "Was that Bender I just saw get taken to Vernon's office?" He asked her.

"Yes." Claire said. Answering his unspoken question. She had acknowledged him like they had all promised to do. Andrew nodded in understanding.

Claire and Andrew spoke to their friends about the big Friday night party. The wrestling team had won the meet the night before and were going on to the state championship. One of Andy's fellow wrestlers was throwing a huge celebration, being referred to as the party of the year. Claire and Andy were both planning on attending. It was almost a requirement for those in their social circle.
Claire barely made it to class on time. She proceeded to gaze out the window wishing that the day would end so she could finally escape the hell that was Shermer high.
Friday Night : Andrew

ANDREW:

Andrew rolled another keg threw the back door of Steve's house. Tonight was the big party. Steve's parents were gone for the weekend, and the team was planning on throwing the bash of the year. Andrew put the keg next to the others and went to sit on the front porch.

Alone his thoughts turned to Allison. She was perhaps the oddest girl he had ever known, but he figured that was why she interested him so much. She was more than just a pretty face and giggles like most of the girls he knew. She didn't seem to care if he was a jock or a joke. She saw him as Andrew the man, and not Andrew the wrestler, or Andrew the winner.

They had spoken a few times on the phone. She was still very shy and quiet, but that made her a good listener. At school they hadn't seen each other much. They had different classes and a different lunch hour. He had invited her to the party, but she had declined, saying that it wasn't her scene. He could tell that she was happy about the invite, none the less.

When one of the cheerleaders, Marsha, asked him to the prom on Thursday, he had declined. His friends laughed and he offhandedly told them about Allison. They had laughed and told him wherever he wanted to stick his dick was no concern of theirs. One had even offered him a condom. He slapped the guy's arm away, and told him not to talk about her that way. After some name calling like pussy whipped and such, the matter was dropped. They didn't care.

Afterwards he wondered what he had been so worried about. Did he expect them to forbid him to see her? Call him crazy? They were too wrapped up in the parties and wrestling matches to be concerned with his love life. Andrew laughed aloud at how silly he had been. He saw a few cars pull in the drive way. The party was about to begin.
BRIAN:

Brian threw his school books on his desk and switched on the lamp. He had a ton of trig homework that he didn't feel like working on. He usually did it in study hall, but today, he had skipped and smoked with John Bender outside. He laughed at how silly that sounded. The nerd and the criminal, smoking cigarettes under the stairs.

He had been on his way to study hall when he ran into Bender. It was the first time he had seen him since Saturday. He was in mostly advanced classes. They were on a different floor of the school. Bender asked him where he was going. "Study hall was for sleeping!" he said and pulled him outside with him.

Bender had been sent home for the day. He would be back in the morning anyway. Saturday detention would never end for him. Brian also had Detention this week. He had gotten 3 Saturdays for the incident with the gun. He wondered if Allison would make an appearance since it seemed she didn't need a reason to attend.

Brian opened his book and started on his homework. He smiled to himself. He was actually kinda looking forward to tomorrow. He wondered if this Saturday would hold as much excitement as the last.
When Claire arrived at Steve's house, the party was in full swing. She had planned on staying out all night so her parents weren't expecting her home until tomorrow. Now she began to have second thoughts about even attending. She had felt out of place all week, and really just wanted to curl up at home with a magazine. But her friends had insisted she come, and celebrate with them. They wanted to fix her up with a date for the prom she knew, but she didn't really care about any of these guys. Her thoughts went briefly to John, and she almost laughed aloud at that. John Bender at prom! She wondered what he would look like in a suit. She bet he cleaned up well.

The music was so loud and people were everywhere. Claire looked around and saw Andrew looking bored. She began to walk to him, when her friends stopped her.

"Claire you know Steve right. Isn't it so cool that he is letting us party here."

"Um ya, Hi Steve." Claire said getting the hint that this was the guy her friends intended on fixing her up with.

"So Claire, let me get you a beer." He spoke excitedly. He raced to get her one before Claire could tell him that she didn't want one. He was soon handing her a red plastic cup full to the brim. Claire took it and sipped trying to not make a face.

The party drug on for hours. Claire was really ready to leave, but one by one, her friends had disappeared with guys for make out sessions or to find out who had the drugs. Claire looked down and decided to go dump her beer that she had been holding forever. Maybe she could find Andrew and see if he could give her a ride home.

Andrew was coming from the kitchen with a bottle of water. "No beer for you" She asked.

"No way, dad has plans for me working out In the morning. I couldn't risk being hung over. I was getting ready to take off soon anyway. Get some rest." Andrew said.

"You wouldn't mind giving me a ride would you? I can't seem to find where Jamie went. She drove me here." Claire asked.

"No problem. Let me go get my jacket and my car keys and we will be on our way." Andrew went up the stairs.

Claire breathed a sigh of relief. She turned around with the intention of continuing on to the kitchen to dump her beer when she plowed right into Steve. Beer went all down the front of her shirt.

"Damn" she swore and looked down at her blouse. It was soaked. Now she wished she had drank more of the beer. Then it would have been gone, and not all over her favorite pink shirt.

"Oh man Claire. I am so sorry. Come upstairs with me," Steve said. "I will find you a t-shirt or something to put on."

"No that's ok, I was getting ready to leave anyway. I will just change at home," she tried to be polite, but she was just really ready to go.
"Even more reason to change. You don't want to go home smelling like beer. Your folks will think that you have been to a keg party or something," he laughed at his joke and pulled her upstairs. Claire frowned as he stumbled on the last stair. He was clearly drunk. She tried to pull her arm away.

"No that's ok, Steve, besides, Andrew is waiting for me, he is giving me a ride."

"Andrew is hung up on some freaky girl, Amy or Allison or something. You should hook up with someone else Claire." Steve said pulling her into his room. "Sit down let me find you a shirt, he said pushing her towards the bed and going to rummage through his dresser.

Claire smiled as she realized what Steve just said. Andrew and Allison. Well, it looked like her little make over had done the trick. She was happy for them. Maybe this would end up as some happily ever after, like in the movies. She was so wrapped up in her thoughts she didn't see what was coming next.

She felt the bed sink as Steve sat down beside her. He handed her a t-shirt. As Claire took it, she felt his hands take her face and kiss her. After a minute, She pulled away. "Wow Steve. I better get going, Andrew is waiting."

"I told you Andrew is taken, but I'm not." He kissed her some more, this time reaching for her the top button of her pants. Claire tried to stop him but he playfully smacked her hands away. "Come on Claire, have some fun." She tried to get up but He pushed her forcefully down on the bed. He pinned her arms down and got on top of her.

Claire tried to scream as he kissed her and fondled her. "Shut up tease!" he said slapping her hard across the face. Claire began to cry as he hit her again, and then yanked her hair pulling her head up to kiss her some more.
ANDREW:

Andrew stood in the entry way looking for Claire. She had seemed to be in a hurry to leave, but now she was no where in sight. After a few minute, he wondered if she had found another ride, but he had been gone to get his keys only a minute. Surely she would have waited to tell him.

Two of his buddies came from the kitchen with fresh beers, laughing and joking. "Hey Andy you leaving, already." They hollered.

"Wow way too much to drink" he thought as one of them leaned a bit too close. "Ya, I am just waiting for Claire, I am giving her a ride home."

"Claire Standish, that red headed chic, I think Steve just took her up to his room to play if you know what I mean." James laughed. "I guess he just ruined your evening Andy."

As they walked away, Andrew was filled with a horrible feeling. As far as he knew, Claire wasn't the type to go off with a guy she wasn't dating, plus he knew that Steve liked to get rough with girls. Andrew raced up the stairs, taking two at a time. Time seemed to be going in slow motion. As he ran down the hall to Steve's room, His mind kept saying "Don't let it be her, Don't let it be her." As he flung open the door, his worst fear was there in front of him.

He grabbed Steve and yanked him off Claire. She curled up crying as he fought Steve off of her. She was still clothed, but her shirt was torn. Andrew assumed he had gotten there before he had really hurt her.

"Andy what the hell, get your own girl, she's mine." Steve said stumbling into the wall.

"Back off Steve." Andrew said. "She doesn't want this." He walked to the bed and helped Claire up. Her cheek was puffy and he could swear her eye looked black already. Putting his arm around her he lead her out of the room.

Claire cried silently all the way to the car. As Andrew sat down in the drivers seat. She really let go. "Hey now, I will take you home." He said as he started the ignition.

"No, please. Take me somewhere else. Any where. I don't want to see them. Please anywhere else."

"A friends house then."

"All my friends are at the party. I have no where to go" she cried her hands covering her face.

"Don't worry, I know where we can go." Andrew pulled away from the curb and drove away quickly. He hoped that Allison was still awake.
Visitors: Allison

ALLISON:

Allison sat at her bedroom window, looking out at the night. She was alone. The house was quiet. Her parents gone who knows where. They never thought to tell her. Always assumed that she could take care of herself. She loved the quiet though. It made everything clear. Hid nothing. She liked that.

She was happier than she had been in ages. She had friends. Real friends. She had asked Brian to help her with her math homework and he acted like she had asked him out. He was so happy. Who would have thought that the bonds that were formed that day would last. She even saw Claire wave and smile at John Bender. Who would have believed that.

And then there was Andrew. He had kissed her that day, her first real kiss, not counting Nick from second grade. She really had never expected to talk to him again. That is why she stole his patch. To always remind her of that day. But he surprised her and had called every evening after practice. He had even invited her to some silly party, but she was still uneasy about large groups of people.

Suddenly a car pulled up in front of her house. Allison looked down at the street in interest and squeaked when she saw Andrew emerge. She raced down the stairs and got to the door just as he began to knock. She stopped and bounced a bit, not wanting to seem eager, and slowly opened the door.

"Allison, so sorry to come by so late. I was hoping we could come by, Claire needs somewhere to stay, she is crying, and I don't know what to do... Are your parents here, will they be mad, you weren't sleeping were you... " he began rambling, pacing back and forth on the porch.

"Andrew, slow down, my parents are gone for the weekend. Where is Claire now, what happened." She stepped outside and put her hand on his arm.

"In the car, she was almost raped tonight at the party." Andrew said so quietly, She barely heard him. She shrieked hurrying to the car and flinging open the passenger door. Claire practically fell out into her arms. Allison couldn't help but start crying too, as she helped her into the house.

Allison took Claire up to her room. Claire seemed to be in a daze. Andrew followed stopping at the bathroom and retrieving a wet rag. Claire placed it over her face and continued crying. Allison set her down on the bed. Claire stopped a minute to look at her. "He was right." She whispered.

"Who was right?"

"John, on Saturday. He said I was no more than a tease. I asked for this to happen."

"No don't say that. John was just being an ass, like always. He didn't mean it." Allison said softly.

"You didn't ask for this Claire." Andy shouted making both girls jump. "Steve has done this before. He thinks he can get away with anything. He probably won't even remember talking to you tomorrow, he was so wasted."

"Saturday, tomorrow is Saturday," Claire whispered. "So much has changed in one week."
Everything is different. I wish we could just go back, and still just be sitting in that silly circle, talking. Sharing our fears, our hopes, our dreams." She laid down on the bed. Suddenly exhausted.

Allison stood mutely, watching Claire cry. She knew what they must do, she turned to Andrew, her eyes big.

"Tomorrow, you will go get John and Brian." She stated.

"I don't know where to find them." Andrew said

"It's Saturday silly, where else would John Bender be on Saturday morning." Allison smiled.
JOHN

John hated school. He hated detention, and most of all, he hated Vernon. But his old man was home on the weekends, and was usually hung over on Saturday mornings. Grumpy and mean, he would smack his mom and him around. Saturday detention was a welcome distraction from that.

Walking into the library he saw Brian sitting there, already studying. A few other kids were there, none that he recognized. "No Allison" he said to himself, somewhat surprised, and sat down next to Brian.

"So why are you here again nerd." he said jokingly, slapping his book shut.

"Bringing a gun to school is pretty bad Bender, I got 3 detentions for it." Brian smiled at his new friend. "Why are you here?"

"Who knows. Hell, Vernon probably doesn't even know anymore. I should just move in. I could be the freaky guy that lives in the library."

"You could do that, and you could even try reading some books, maybe you could learn something." Brian joked.

"Are you making fun of me? Did you suddenly grow some balls over the week Johnson." he smiled.

"Alright brats listen up" a loud voice interrupted their joking. Vernon stepped into the room. After giving his speech and the rules, he flashed a dirty look toward Brian, and glared at Bender. "I better not have any funny business today Bender."

The minutes ticked by. Vernon left to speak with a teacher. Suddenly Andrew burst into the room.

"Hey sporto, are you joining us too?" Bender said as he saw him enter.

"No, I need you two to come with me right now." he said quickly.

"Come with you, you mean like leave the library?" Brian questioned.

"Yes something has happened, it is important."

"Well, I don't know, Andy, it seems to me that Saturday detention is also pretty important. What is it that requires our immediate attention." Bender said.

"Something happened to Claire. . . . "Andrew started. Not sure what more to say.

"The princess. What did she break a nail." Bender smiled, trying to hide his concern.

"Is Claire alright?" Brian said worry evident on his face.

"I'm not sure yet." Andrew said slowly. "Something happened last night at the party. With a guy. Claire is hurt."

Bender felt like he would explode. He promptly stood up. "Where is she?" He demanded.
"Come with me." Andrew said. Brian and John following quickly behind him.
The morning after : Claire / John

Chapter Summary

Ok, this is a chapter i am editing the hell out of as i post it. The POV jumped all over during this one, i can't believe i didnt notice when i originally posted it. I tried to split it into 2 POV, but i think its just ending up butchered and i cut a ton out of it. will probably go back and rewrite it eventually.

CLAIRE:

Claire awoke to a strange room. It was darker, and very plain. So different from her room at home. She had a terrible pain in her arm, and her face was throbbing. It hurt to open her one eye. She smelled like beer also. As she sat up in the bed, she suddenly remembered everything. The party. She was at Allison's house.

Claire laid back down and began to cry. She couldn't believe she had been so stupid. She had willingly went into the bedroom with him. Even sat down on his bed. She should have seen it coming. She was always so trusting and naive. Her favorite pink shirt was torn. A permanent reminder of the night before.

At least it was just her shirt. "Thank god Andrew came in before he raped me" she thought. She would have hated to lose her virginity in such a horrible way.

Suddenly, the door swung open, and in rushed John Bender. She jumped in surprise. He flung himself down next to her and took her chin in his hand, looking at her face. Claire began to cry again, but he surprised her and gently wiped a tear from her cheek.

The others stared at them a moment. "He was a mess the whole way here," Brian suddenly said, "Like a bomb, getting ready to go off. I have never seen him that wired."

"Lets leave them for awhile. I think Claire needs him." Allison said leading them out of the room, softly shutting the door behind her.

"John you were right," she cried into his shoulder, "I am just a tease, everyone knows it." Claire tried to push him away.

"No princess, never, he shouldn't have hurt you, God I will fucking kill him. Who was it? Sporto wouldn't tell me. Who did this to you?" He gingerly reached out and tried to fix her torn shirt.

"It doesn't matter, it will just make things worse. He was drunk, and I was stupid . . . "Claire began.

"How bad did he hurt you sweetheart, did he. . . ." Bender couldn't bring himself to say the words.

"No, Just roughed me up, Andrew stopped him."

"Claire." He whispered her name as he pulled her close, his arms going protectively around her. He kissed her hair. She liked the way he said her name. How had things gotten so confusing. The good
guy had tried to rape her, but here she was in the arms of a criminal, feeling safer than she had ever felt in her whole life. She crawled closer to him, getting on his lap, kissing him.

JOHN:

Claire was kissing him. Her fingers began to unbutton his shirt. "Claire what are you doing?" He asked surprised.

"I don't want to end up losing myself to a drunken guy at a party." She sighed trying to take off his shirt.

"There is no way we are doing this now." John made her look into his eyes. "Someday the time will be right, and the right guy will sweep you off your feet, like a fucking fairy tale."

"What if that guy is you?" she whispered.

"Stupid girl." he laughed at her.

"John..." she said slowly. God he loved how she said his name, his first name, John, not Bender. She said it all breathy and quiet. Like she shouldn't be saying it. He didn't understand why he felt so strongly toward her. He had never liked a girl this much, especially a girl like her.

Again she looked down. Suddenly interested in a string on his shirt. "Did you think of me at all this week?"

"You were the only thing I thought of this week." He said softly, kissing her.
ALLISON:

Allison dug threw the cabinets looking for something to eat. She knew that there was Captain Crunch somewhere. "Poor Claire," She thought. Her face was swollen and puffy today. She was going to freak when she saw it in the mirror.

"I think John loves her, really loves her." Brian's voice interrupted her thoughts. "I mean did you see him. I didn't think he could be like that."

"Like what." Alison questioned.

"So caring, gentle. I think he loves her." Brian smiled softly. "Is she really alright."

"I think so." Allison started. "But it was pretty scary for her." She looked around for Andrew. He had walked outside and was looking up at the sky. She went to join him.

"What if I hadn't gotten there in time." Andrew started. "What if we had never have talked last Saturday. I may never have stopped it. What if. . . "Allison cut him off.

"Stop with the what if's. The important thing is that you did stop it. You did save her. I am so proud of you for that." She stood next to him looking at her feet.

"You are proud of me, for what doing the right thing?"

"Hey some guys may not have, you even said so yourself, what if you didn't know her. It was brave of you to help her. That thinking for yourself thing is really working out isn't it." She smiled.

"Oh man, I never went home last night, my dad is going to kill me. We were supposed to train this morning." Andrew put his hands over his face.

"Hey, I skipped out on detention, I am going to be in trouble too!" Brian's voice came out to them. Allison looked over at him smiling.

"And what a brave thing for you to do, being there for your friends." She added.

"Hey, I just hope you guys would do the same for me." He said reaching for the Captain Crunch.
CLaire:

"Oh my god, how am I going to explain this to my parents. And at school on Monday. Everyone is going to want to know what happened. How can I face them." Claire cried out as she looked in the mirror.

"Well, it can't be any harder than waving to me in front of your friends right." John said smiling.

"I look so ugly. My cheek is sooo red."

"You could never look ugly princess." John said suddenly embarrassed. "Hey, I have been sluged in the face enough to know a few tricks. We will get you fixed up. Plus I am sure you can cover some of the bruising with makeup and hopefully no one will notice."

"Why are you being so nice to me?" Claire spun around and suddenly demanded.

"Hell Claire after last week I thought we were friends."

"Is that what we are, friends?"

"Isn't that what you wanted. I thought that was what we all wanted. To stay friends." John said confused at what she was getting at.

"I don't know what I want anymore." She sighed, and turned to face the mirror again. "A few weeks ago, no, even a few days ago, everything was so clear. I was prom shopping, and picking out a guy to be my date, and now... Everything is different."

"Wait a sec, is this about the prom." John looked confused.

"No silly." Claire laughed. "Just life has suddenly changed and I am not sure what to think anymore."

"Good. Cause for a minute there, I thought you were hinting for me to ask you to prom. Believe me, I wouldn't be caught dead at the stupid school prom." John said shaking his head.

"Oh god, could you see the look on Vernon's face if you walked into prom. With me no less." She was still laughing, smiling so big it almost hurt now.

"Well, that might be worth it then. The old guy would probably drop dead from shock." John said smiling. Claire was laughing still, it felt so good to laugh. To laugh away all the pain. John continued. "Plus I bet you would be wearing some hot little number, that might be worth seeing also."

"Why John Bender are you asking me to Prom" Claire said coyly.

Before John could answer, Allison appeared at the door. "Hey guys. We were going to have talk awhile if you would want to come down. We thought it might do us all good to talk some more, like we did last week."

Claire and John nodded. Claire took his hand and lead him downstairs.
Chapter Notes

And this chapter for some reason i switched to first person lol. I cant believe i had these big glaring mistakes and no one pointed them out before lol. I guess ive gotten better that i noticed them right away when i re-read this today lol. Trying to clean it up a bit, hopefully it works lol.

BRIAN

They all gathered in Allison's living room. It was quiet there, and dark heavy curtains blocked out the sun. The room had an eerie calmness about it. Brian sat on the couch. Andrew sat on the floor and stretched his legs out in front of him. Allison sat down next to him. John flopped down in the chair, and pulled Claire down with him on his lap. She giggled and blushed.

"So, what are we going to do?" Brian started, "John and I skipped detention. We are going to be in a lot of trouble."

"I can take care of that," John laughed picking up the telephone that was on the table next to the chair. He punched in a few numbers. Then in a deep growling voice he said "There is a bomb in the school library." Then he hung up.

Brian stared at him in shock. "Bender, that was illegal!"

"Of course it was. But in all the chaos, they won't notice us missing or they won't care." John smiled.

Allison suggested that we all call home. Brian explained that the school had a bomb threat and everyone had walked down the road to the town library. He assured his mom that he could get a ride home later. Hanging up, he was shocked that she easily believed the lie. "I guess I never do anything wrong. They have no reason to think otherwise." He said. "What about you John. Do you need to call home?" John just burst out laughing, and looked at him like he was stupid.

"Right, well what about you Andrew?" Brian asked offering him the phone.

"I guess I will call my dad too". He sighed and called. He told his dad that he had slept over at Steve's and the whole team had gone to the track and ran laps for the coach after he found out that they had a party. He promised to work out with him when he got home after supper.

"Who would have thought that this would be so easy." Brian laid back on the couch. "So how was everyone's week?" he asked, sliping into easy conversation with his new friends.
ALLISON:

Slowly they had all fallen asleep. The same as last week in the library. Brian was on the couch, Claire was curled up in Bender's lap with her head on his shoulder. He had his head cocked backwards, and was snoring a bit. Andrew was still leaning up against the couch, and Allison had hesitantly laid her head on his knee. They were all sleeping.

Suddenly there was a loud noise as the front door was being shut. "Allison! Are you having some sort of party?" A voice called into the room.

"Yes" Allison answered simply, barely moving her head.

"Oh" her mother said as she hung up her coat in the closet and walked upstairs. Her father followed her without a second glance.

The others all looked at her with wide eyes. "That was the most words my parents have spoke to me in about a year." She said sitting up next to Andrew.

Andrew smiled "I have something to ask you." He started slowly.

Allison pulled away from him and looked at him warily. "What." She asked defensively

"Relax," he said holding his hands up. "I was wondering if you would like to go to prom with me?"

"I don't have anything to wear." she said quickly.

"We could go shopping!" Claire said eagerly. "I still have to get my dress."

Allisons eyes grew wide as she looked at them all staring at her waiting for a response. Brian was grinning like a Cheshire cat and Bender looked bored. She put her hands over her face and made her chirping noise she did when she was nervous.

"I am taking that as a yes," Andrew said smiling. He pulled her hands away from her face and kissed her softly.

"I was thinking about asking Janice Bowman to Prom." Brian said. "She is in the math club with me, I don't think she has a date yet."

"That sounds like a nice idea Brian." Claire said. One by one their gazes all turned to John.

"What? I am totally not going to some stupid school dance." John said plainly.

After a few moments of uncomfortable silence, Andrew said. "Well, I guess I better give Brian a ride home. It is starting to get late. . He stood and stretched.

"Same time next week." Allison joked, Sad that they were leaving.

"We should wait until after detention. I don't think that the school will believe a bomb threat 2 weeks in a row." Brian laughed.
One by one they all walked out side. Andrew stayed a moment and gave her a big smile. "Thanks so much, for everything. And don't worry about the prom. We will have fun."

"What will your friends say?" she asked quietly.

"Who cares." he kissed her again and promised to call later. Allison stood in the doorway and watched them leave.
The Car Ride: John

After dropping Brian off they arrived at Claire's house. She looked out the window at her house. She shivered a bit. Sensing her hesitation going inside, John grabbed her and kissed her passionately. When he pulled away she was breathless, and her eyes were wide.

"Are you going to be alright Princess?" he asked holding her hand for a moment.

"Yes. I'll slip passed them and go to my room. I'll say I'm not feeling good. Hopefully they will leave me alone until tomorrow." Andrew had gotten out of the car and opened the passenger side door. Claire slipped out of the back seat. She wrapped her arms around Andrew and kissed him on the cheek. "Thank you." she whispered.

John looked away and tried not to show his obvious annoyance at seeing Claire touching another guy. He wondered again why he felt so possessively about her. She wasn't his girlfriend. He wasn't sure if they were even really friends.

He climbed out of the car to move up to the front seat. "Hey Claire," he called angrily to her. "Too bad you hopped out of the back seat so fast. We could have had some real fun." He regretted the words as soon as they came out of my mouth, but was overcome by the jealousy that he felt.

She turned and gave him a nasty look. "John you are such a pig." She spat

"And you love me for it." He countered back

"You wish!" She stormed off toward the house without a backwards glance.

He laughed and turned to see Andrew looking at him with an angry look on his face. "Why do you do that John? You are always purposely egging her on."

"Shut up!" John said getting in the car and shutting the door. A moment later Andrew got in the car. They drove in silence for awhile. He knew sporto wanted to say something.

"What!" John finally asked annoyed.

"You know, Claire doesn't have a date for the Prom."

"I already told her there is no way I am going."

"Why not?" Andrew said

"It would ruin my reputation." John joked.

"I asked Allison, I am not worried what people will say." He dared.

"I don't care what people would say, I hate all school functions. It is simply a fact." John closed his eyes and wished he was home already. He could hardly believe he was wishing to be home. He started to think about Claire and all she had been thru in the last day. What if she went to Prom with someone else. What if something like that would happen again. If she was his girlfriend then he could protect her from drunken assholes.

"So sporto how about you help me out with something tonight?" He asked as they pulled up in front of his house.
CLAIRE:

As she predicted she escaped upstairs as soon as she got home. Telling the housekeeper that she wasn't feeling well, and fleeing straight to her room. She didn't hear from her parents all evening. She took a shower, and then laid down for awhile.

It was late. The clock said midnight. Unable to sleep anymore. She had taken the phone off the hook a few hours ago. Jamie had called, asking her if she was going to go to the Prom with Andrew. She said that everyone had assumed that they had become a couple at the party since Andrew stole her from Steve. Claire hung up on her. After she called back a few times she figured she wasn't going to take the hint that she didn't want to talk so she took the phone off the hook.

She tried not to cry. She had cried all her tears. She tried to think happy thoughts. She wondered what kind of dress she could help Allison get. She already knew which one she wanted. She had picked it out months ago.

Suddenly there was a tap at her window. She jumped and looked over to see John standing outside. She quickly opened it. "What are you doing here?"

"Come outside." He said taking her hand. He helped me climb out and over the bushes. She stumbled a bit but he caught her. I noticed he was wearing a nicer black shirt and jeans that weren't all ripped up.

"What is this all about." She looked over and saw Andrew's car parked on the street. He smiled and turned on the radio. A slow song began to play. She looked up at John in confusion.

"Dance with me Claire?" He said putting his arms around her. She smiled and laid her head on his chest. After a few minutes he spoke again softly.

"Claire. I won't take you to prom."

"That's ok. You don't have to. I never really expected you too." She said smiling up at him.

"I wasn't done. . . I wanted to dance with you, and tell you. . . something," he stopped and looked away.

"You can tell me anything, John. We are friends remember." she kissed him on the cheek.

"Claire, I think I could easily fall in love with you." He said kissing her again.
THE PROM : the breakfast club

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

THE BREAKFAST CLUB:

It was a few weeks later. Brian stood outside the high school in his tux. His date Janice was dressed in a pretty blue dress. Brian still couldn't believe she has said yes. He held her hand and looked anxiously around for the others to arrive.

Andrew came walking with gorgeous girl on his arm. Allison had chosen a very simple black dress. Claire had tried to convince her to get something different, but had to admit that the black dress looked perfect on Allison.

Andrew and Allison were now a couple. They had gone on several dates, and would have probably been the talk of the school if it hadn't been for John and Claire.

Claire stepped out of the BMW and smiled as she saw her friends waiting for her. She turned and waited for John to get out of the car. He pulled on his tie and gave her a scowl but she took his arm and pulled him over to the gang.

"So here we are all together again." Brian said smiling.

"John, I never thought you would actually come." Andrew said

"Hey I am just hoping I'll get laid tonight, that's the only reason I am here." He joked.

"John you are such a pig!" Claire exclaimed hitting him in the arm.

"You love me anyway"

"Your lucky I do." She smiled.

"I like your dress." Brian's date Janice said to Claire. She was wearing a silky pink dress.

"Thanks, I think I look pretty in pink." Claire smiled,

"Well I guess it is time to go inside." Allison said nervously.

Mr Vernon was getting a glass of punch. He hated chaperoning the prom. All these kids were just a mess of hormones waiting to get out of there and party. The night was early and the DJ was still announcing the couples as they arrived.

"Brian Johnson and date Janice Bowman" came over the speakers.

"Andrew Clark and date Allison Reynolds" was next

"John Bender and date Claire Standish" followed. Vernon dropped his punch and spun around.

"Hello Dick." John waved
Chapter End Notes

And its done. This was the very first thing i ever wrote and it was originally done in 2004. I hope the changes i made while posting didnt screw it up too bad. Mostly just moving the story here to have it with my newer stuff. Thanks for reading and all that jazz. Read my Game of Thrones work, Its better :)

Also i had a comment back when this was posted before about them announcing the names when they entered prom. They did that one year at my Senior prom. We all tried to give the DJ fake names to call out lol.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!