The Morning After

by lizandletdie

Summary

Set before Henry's birth in the Adoption!verse, Bae and Emma struggle to come to terms with a mistake that will have drastic consequences.

Notes

No prompt for this one specifically, but in my stream last night a lot of people were interested in how Bae ended up becoming a teenage father after his dad’s FLAWLESS “talk” with him (cute boys need to know it’s important to be good in bed, because they are definitely not dangerous enough already).

I had alluded to what happened in “Henry” but never actually come out with it. I’m hoping to get Emma’s pov on this at some point as well.

So while I’d planned to do something else tonight, instead I did this.

I hate that I have to do this, but apparently I do. If you're reading this fic anywhere besides AO3, it was posted without my consent and likely profited someone else. Please consider donating or swinging by my Tumblr (standbyyourmantis) to let me know what you thought!

The music was really loud but it was okay because Bae loved the song and anyway Emma was dancing with him and he loved that. They didn’t dance much and he didn’t really remember why
right now because it was just so much fun to have her hanging off of him and giggling while his hands were on her hips. They didn’t touch like this too much, or at least not in public, and they were usually in public. Their relationship wasn’t a secret but neither one had wanted to advertise the changing situation before right now when literally all he wanted was to kiss her and who the fuck cared if there were a bunch of other people in the room? He liked her smile and her lips and he kissed her and he liked that, too.

They danced until they were both breathing heavy and she was still giggling and they collapsed onto a sofa in a tangle of limbs and then they were kissing again and he wasn’t really sure when she’d gotten into his lap because she’d never done that before but it felt so right, didn’t it? Everything with her just felt right and easy and he loved everything about that.

Somehow the kissing had led to touching and eventually she’d been climbing off him and he missed her, so he followed her into an empty bedroom and his heart was beating so fast he thought it might just explode out of his chest because this was new territory and he wasn’t sure if he was scared or excited or both or neither or maybe he was going to die but she was right because this was a lot more comfortable in the quiet and the dark and he’d never had his hands under her shirt before (even though over her shirt was familiar territory by now) and then he was on top of her and everything just kept happening faster than he meant it to.

But it all felt so right.

Bae regretted it nearly the instant he’d done it. Well, they’d done it. He and Emma had done it and he wasn’t sure what to do about that. His memories of the previous evening largely started getting blurrier and blurrier as the night had worn on. It wasn’t Bae’s first time drinking (not that his mom and dad knew about that) but it was his first time drinking that much, and he hadn’t expected it to hit him as hard as it had. It was spring break, and he’d told his parents he was going to a sleepover with a friend (although technically he had slept somewhere else and he’d had a friend there, just not the way they thought). Instead, he’d gone to a party.

Coach Tillman had gone out of town with his new wife, and Ava and Nick threw a party. Everyone in their grade had been invited, so they’d gone. Bae wasn’t even sure whose room he had woken up in, although he hoped it was just a guest room. Emma was gone, but he wasn’t really surprised. She’d actually had permission to go to the party, so her parents would know if she stayed out too late – Bae was supposed to be banned from parties unless he got his trig grade up. He’d been too drunk to take himself home, though, and he was so glad now that he hadn’t been Emma’s ride because if he was too drunk to take himself home then he was too drunk to take her home and everyone would have known what happened.

Bae wasn’t even sure he knew exactly what had happened, and he definitely hadn’t planned it. Nobody would believe that, though. He’d known Emma since he could remember, he didn’t want people to think he had taken advantage of her. They were friends. You didn’t do that kind of thing to a friend. You definitely didn’t get a friend drunk and do that. They had both been drunk, though. Way too drunk to really think through what was happening. He wished he hadn’t been that drunk.

It took him a little while to find his shirt, which had been tossed across the room, and his boxers which had somehow gotten kicked under the bed. He found a sock he was pretty sure was Emma’s and pocketed it for her without thinking. Because it wouldn’t look suspicious at all if someone found her sock in his pocket at home. Well, whatever. He didn’t want to risk anyone finding it at the Tillman’s and putting together who had spent the night in that bedroom. He didn’t want to give anyone a reason to judge Emma for losing her virginity to him at a party, after all. Nobody would care about him doing it, but things could be weird for her. You protected your
friends, and you protected your girlfriend. Those were the rules, that’s how it was supposed to work. Emma had always been his friend, and after last night he was pretty sure she counted as his girlfriend now. Assuming, of course, she didn’t totally hate him for what happened.

His phone was still in his pants, thank God, and he didn’t even have any texts. But she’d come home late and probably smelled like alcohol. He wouldn’t be surprised if she was in a lot of trouble even if nobody figured out where she’d been and who she’d been with. Drinking her parents would probably get over, having sex in an upstairs bedroom of someone else’s house in the middle of a party while drinking would probably get her homeschooled, or sent to live in Amish country or something. He didn’t even want to think about what Mr. Nolan would do if he found out who she’d been with and what had been going on, because Mr. Nolan was definitely big enough to kick Bae’s ass if he wanted to and (even worse) liked to make a big deal about how great it was that Emma had such a good friend like Bae to look out for her. Bae cringed every time it happened anyway, because he and Emma had been more than friends for a little while already (although it had mostly been making out until now) and he really hated knowing that he was betraying all their trust.

Bae was pretty sure he was about to be sick, although whether that was the nerves or the hangover he couldn’t be sure. He managed to get himself dressed before he had to rush to the bathroom, though.

He had left a new shirt in the car. Ideally, he should probably take a shower but he didn’t think they’d notice the party smell if he put on enough cologne. He wasn’t entirely sure his dad would even be able to tell the difference between the aerosol spray and the alcohol anyway (or at least he hoped so from the occasional comments he’d gotten whenever his father got too close too soon after Bae got ready in the morning). With his alibi firmly in place, all he had to do was lay low for a few hours until it seemed reasonable for him to go home. He’d planned on inviting Emma out swimming, but given the circumstances he wasn’t sure he could face her just yet, so instead he decided to go to the mall and hang out for a few hours. Maybe get some lunch once his stomach settled down some.

He’d only been wandering the mall for about half an hour when his phone beeped in his pocket. Bae pulled it out, seeing the message from Emma.

Sorry for bailing. Had to get home.

It’s cool, he sent back. I wouldn’t have stayed if I’d had a choice.

Oh man, did that sound like he would have ditched her? Because he’d have stayed as long as she was at the party. Even if his parents had known he was there, they wouldn’t have cared if he said he’d stayed to look out for Emma and he wouldn’t have left her anyway. Not that he cared that she left him. He didn’t even know what he was thinking at this point, just that he was probably thinking too much to make up for how little he’d thought the night before.

My parents freaked when they smelled me, came the next message. How much did we drink, anyway?

He couldn’t really remember, honestly. There had been a couple beers definitely, and then someone brought out something in plastic cups that had tasted fruity and after that things got a little fuzzy. He had no idea what had been in that at all, and he definitely remembered having at least two. He knew girls were supposed to watch their cups at bars and parties from PSAs that came on TV sometimes, but nobody had ever told him to do the same. Even if it was just liquor, it had been a lot more than he’d ever had before. And then the thought that chilled him to the bone – did he date rape Emma?
He was almost sick again, but managed to duck into a vestibule between two stores to focus on his phone and settle his nerves.

*I don’t really remember,* he sent back. He was in the process of trying to think how to apologize when her next message came.

*That’s scary,* she replied.

*Yeah,* well that was an understatement. *Hey, I’m sorry about what happened last night.*

*Me too,* was the next message he got. *I wish we’d been sober for it.*

Okay, that wasn’t what he’d expected at all.

*You’re not upset?*

*I wish we’d been more sober, but it was going to happen eventually wasn’t it?*

Had it been? He’d been trying really hard not to push her, because he didn’t want to be that kind of guy, and he hadn’t really been sure of what he wanted himself. He liked Emma a lot, and he definitely loved her, but he’d known her his entire life. How do you push through that?

*I guess,* he responded. *Still, wish it hadn’t happened like that.*

*I do too,* she replied. *But at least it was you and not somebody else.*

That shouldn’t have made him feel worse, but the idea of somebody else getting to her when she’d been that drunk was way worse. At least she’d apparently wanted him, but what if he hadn’t gone to the party? Where would she have ended up?

And worse, he knew he’d done a terrible job of it. He had some pride, after all. The entire thing had only lasted a few minutes – granted, he’d done some clumsy fumbling around before that but he was still cringing at the memory of how very little time elapsed. At least from what he remembered she’d seemed to enjoy herself at the time, but still. He could have done better than he did.

There was something else that was bugging him, too. Because granted, the entire evening felt like it had happened to someone else and there were parts of it that were a little fuzzy, but he definitely remembered seeing her naked the first time and everything that came after that was a lot clearer than the rest, but he wasn’t remembering condoms coming up at all.

*Did we use any protection?* He texted her, praying the answer was a resounding yes and that she’d had something in her purse the same way he’d started carrying one in his wallet after the box magically appeared on his dresser a couple weeks after his sixteenth birthday – the one that was still in his wallet where he’d left it, its little foil wrapper taunting him with how unbelievably stupid he was.

*I didn’t have anything,* she replied after a few minutes. *Did you?*

*Yeah but it’s still there.*

*Fuck.*

Yeah, that about summed it up, didn’t it?

*Isn’t there that morning after pill?* He sent back. *I’ve got some cash if you need it.*
Mr. Clark would just tell my parents, she replied. Same if you bought it.

So what do we do?

I dunno, she said. I'll figure something out.

Bae wasn't sure what she planned on, but his phone buzzed again and he looked down to see new words on his screen.

I t’s probably okay, right? I mean, in health class they said all those things that have to go right to end up pregnant.

Yeah, he agreed, although he worried he might be grasping at any straws that would get him out of this. We only did it the one time. You’re right, it’s probably fine.

It was fine. It had to be fine, because the alternative was that it wasn’t fine and that wasn’t okay. It’d be fine. It was just once, they’d only done it once. Lots of people did it over and over again, and nothing bad happened to them. He’d just be extra careful that it never happened again and they could go back to safely pretending like nothing ever happened at all.

The longer he repeated that mantra to himself, the easier it became to ignore the growing pit in his stomach until it was just like it had never been there. By the time he got home that evening, it was the easiest thing in the world to kiss his mom on the cheek and tell her he’d had a great time at his sleepover and to ignore the grimace on his dad’s face at the smell of his cologne.

He’d totally gotten away with it, and everything was going to be fine.

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