

Confessions

By Sigurd Wolfvolsung

Andrew watched Sasha for a while, every time she thought she could get away with it she looked over at Kelly with what could only be described as a sense of longing. It hurt him to see it, made all the worse by what she had been unknowingly telling him for the last two years which had been getting worse over the last three months. He had to do something about it, she was getting worse; the last drawing she had commissioned from Midnight Runner had been the final straw. He had to act. He had gotten Kelly to host this Friday night study session to put an end to this once and for all. He needed to get Jessica to confess and to hell with everything else. He needed to get her to confess or lose her, possibly both of them if his guess was right.

“I think we’ve got just about everything covered for tonight, don’t you think?” Andrew asked.

Kelly nodded. “Yeah I think we’re good. What about you Sasha? Is there anything else we should go over?”

Sasha bit her lip and nodded. “Yeah, I think we’ve got it all.” Andrew ached at the depression in her voice. If he didn’t act now he’d spend another night as Midnight Runner trying to calm down his best online friend who would pour her heart out about a love she couldn’t confess. He’d spend another night trying to convince her to admit to her love to her best friend before she did the unthinkable. It was beginning to get to the point where she was now getting into serious talk about suicide. Sasha didn’t know if she could handle it if Kelly rejected her, but she was so scared to even tell her about her feelings that it was building up and would soon boil over and end in ways he didn’t want to think about.

“I would like to go over one thing before I leave though,” he said trying to muster his courage. “This isn’t about physics though, it’s a bit more complicated.”

“What’s that?” Kelly asked slightly confused.

“I think Sasha has something to confess before things get out of hand. Don’t you Cheer Fox?”

Sasha’s head snapped around and gasped in shock. “What are you talking about?” she asked terrified.

“Things are getting out of hand Sasha you need to tell her,” Andrew said in as stern of a voice as he could manage.

“Tell me what?” Kelly said now thoroughly confused. “And who’s Cheer Fox?”

“Who are you? And how do you know that name?” Sasha snarled at Andrew.

“I’m Midnight Runner, and I’m one of your best friends. I’m also the one who has to put an end to this. And if you don’t do it I will.”

“No! You can’t!” Sasha screamed. “I won’t let you! Please!”

“He can’t what? What’s going on?”

“You have to tell her Cheer-Fox,” Andrew said now pleading with her. “It’s been ripping you up and I’m getting scared for your safety.”

“You don’t have to worry about me, I’m fine,” Sasha said hugging herself as if trying to get herself to believe her own words.

“Andrew what’s going on?” Kelly had gone from confused to bewildered, if something was wrong with her best friend she needed to know. “Why are you scared?”

“What about the commission? Are you forgetting about that?” Andrew wasn’t going to let her off the hook so easily. “You promised me that you’d seek help if I was to draw it for you. Have you seen anyone?”

Sasha looked down ashamed. “No,” she finally admitted.

“Would one of you talk to me? I need to know what’s gotten into the two of you,” Kelly begged. “Andrew what’s going on? What’s this commission you did for her, and why did you tell her to get help.”

“Do you want to tell her Sasha or should I?”

“Damn it Andrew that was supposed to be a secret,” Sasha snarled. “It was supposed to be between Cheer Fox and Midnight Runner, no one else was supposed to know. Especially not Kelly. Not now. Not yet.”

“When then?” Andrew asked now insanely worried that this may have gotten too late. He put himself between Sasha and the door so if she tried to bolt she’d have to go through him first. “Was she supposed to see it at the funeral?”

“What funeral?” Kelly looked between Andrew and Sasha. Her two friends seemed to have gone completely mad.

“Hers,” Andrew said with a tone of utter finality. “She commissioned me to draw a suicide note.”

“You bastard!” Sasha tried to scream while cringing into the corner of the sofa like a whipped puppy. “How could you tell her?”

“Jesus Christ Sasha! She’s your best friend. She needs to know.” Andrew reached into his backpack and pulled out a manila envelope. “I have the finished piece right here.”

“Please don’t show it to her,” Sasha begged as she tried to hide even further into the couch.

“Show me what? One of you please speak to me.” The conversation between Kelly’s two friends was scaring her, she needed to find out what they were talking about. What was in the envelope that Sasha didn’t want her to see.

“Then tell her!” Andrew was still between Sasha and the door, a position he was not going to be moved from. “I’m not going to stand by and not do something.”

“Midnight Runner said that he would never do something like this. You said that. Why can’t you leave well enough alone?”

“The last time something like this happened and I didn’t act I had two friends die on me. I am sure as hell not going to stand by and let another person I care about die.”

“Die?! Who’s dying?” Kelly had gone from bewildered to freaked out at the word die. The earlier mention of a suicide note made it even worse.

“Haven’t you noticed how she’s been getting more depressed over the last few months?” Andrew asked Kelly his eyes still firmly locked on Sasha.

“Well yeah, but she goes through depressive bouts every once in a while. I haven’t really thought about it, she’d never tell me.” Things were starting to clear up for Kelly, this had to deal with her friends depression. “Why? Do you know something?”

“I’ve been talking to her for about two years online, and she’s been telling me everything,” Andrew told Kelly. “She won’t talk to you about it because you’re the cause of it.”

“Bastard. You said you’d never tell.” Sasha was starting to become a shell. Andrew was praying to God that he was right about Kelly.

“I begged you to come to me and I’d help you with this. Since you didn’t come to me yourself I’m stepping in and acting without your permission.”

“She’ll hate me, don’t do this. I’ll lose my best friend.”

Kelly reached over and hugged her friend as tightly as she could. “There is nothing you could say that would end our friendship. Please tell me.”

Sasha just hugged herself not saying anything.

Andrew decided that it was time for him to show Kelly the picture. Sasha wasn’t going to say what needed to be said so he was going to do it. “Here. Here’s what she commissioned me to draw for her. It’s her suicide note for you.”

“Her suicide note for me?” Kelly asked terrified yet still taking the envelope from Andrew.

Inside was a picture of a red vixen crying and holding a picture of herself and another vixen, this one pink, in cheerleading outfits. In the other paw the vixen held a razor blade that was dripping blood.

“You’re the pink fox. The rest you can figure out for yourself,” Andrew said simply.

Kelly just stared at it for a while shaking in fear for her friend. “You mean?”

Andrew shrugged and prayed that he was right about what would come next. “Yeah. You’re probably right.”

Sasha was sobbing pathetically now. “You hate me don’t you?”

“I don’t hate you. I’ll never hate you.”

“Now’s your chance Sasha. You heard her say that she’ll never hate you. You know what you need to say.”

Sasha looked down at her hands and kept staring at them. “I love you.”

Kelly lifted Sasha’s face so she could look her in the eyes. “I love you too,” she whispered before kissing her. “I love you too.”

Sasha threw her arms around her friend and buried her face in her new lover’s shoulder. Kelly looked up at Andrew. “What happens now? Who are you going to tell?”

“I’m not going to tell anyone else. What happened here tonight stays between the three of us,” Andrew said gently. He was relieved that he had been right all along, that he had read the signs so well. “As far as for what happens now? I’d suggest the two of you spend the night together, and spend it simply talking and holding each other. Whatever you do don’t get kinky, sex isn’t important right now. What is important is companionship; just being together is all you need for right now.”

Sasha was still sobbing into Kelly's shoulder. "What about you? What do we owe you? I mean you saved Sasha's life, and ended this circling we've both been going through. There must be something we can do for you."

Andrew picked up his bag and headed towards the door. He put his hand on the doorknob and looked back over his shoulder. "There is one thing you can do for me. You can love each other. That and be my friends. The only other thing you could have done for me you've already done."

Kelly's face was a question mark. "What have we already done for you?"

Andrew shrugged. "You've let me redeem myself. I lost two friends who died because I didn't step in. By stepping in now I saved Jessica's life so I feel like I redeemed myself a little."

"Now I want to leave the two of you alone. I'll see you Monday, and whatever you do spend tomorrow together and don't bother with others. If you want you can call me Sunday, but don't call me tomorrow," Andrew said with a smile. "Now, good night."