

# No Regrets

By C. Jade Wyton

*Becky Bloom has sat away from her friends at lunch. She's feeling a little bit disgruntled, today. Shortly after returning from her time in the woods, she got in a fight with her friend's boyfriend, Guillmero, which led to his death. Becky, however, doesn't regret it. He was hurting her friends. Targeting them, to deliberately cause them great amounts of harm. And she couldn't stand for that.... But her thoughts are interrupted by one of her more sleazy classmates sitting next to her to talk.*

***Contains mentions of violence, death, and trauma.***

~~~~~

It felt like everyone was staring at her, even though she knew nobody was even looking her way.

Becky poked at her lunch with her fork, unsure if she was comfortable taking her mask off long enough to eat.

She'd sat away from all of her friends, today. At the very end of another table of students in her year. She hadn't really paid attention to *who* they were until she realised they had given her space; leaving two seats worth between themselves and her.

She saw, now, that they were mostly bards.

Mary Jo, and Terri, and Jerri. She recognised those three easily.

She'd used to bully Jerri, just a year ago. But the gap the goblin had left between herself and Becky didn't feel like it was because she was scared. It felt more like a courtesy.

Like the bards had all realised there was a reason Becky wasn't sitting with the people she knew, and they were trying to respect that.

Becky was glad about it, because she didn't feel like talking to anyone. Not since the incident at Jezzibeth's birthday party.

Guillmero was dead.

*And she was the reason for it.*

It made her anxious, knowing what she was capable of.

She still half-believed Guillmero deserved it. Which scared her even more.

She'd given him a chance to do better. To do right by the town. She'd stuck up for him, even! And tried to defend him!

And then he'd *enchanted* people, in an attempt to seduce them. Specifically so he could hurt innocent people and ruin their lives.

Becky could *not* let that slide.

That was a vile, disgusting thing to do. And if killing him was the only way to stop him using his magic on the town, then so be it.

She'd carry the weight of her actions.

She just hoped Malinka didn't blame herself for what happened; Malinka may have been the one to accidentally knock Guillmero backwards, but Becky *knew*

that the fence was under the balcony. And she *knew* that she could dismiss her Earthbind spell, and let Guillmero loose to fly to safety.

But she hadn't.

She'd held him tight and let him fall, *knowing* he would either break his neck or impale himself.

And... she didn't regret it.

At least she didn't *think* she regretted it.

It wasn't like the tabaxi who'd kidnapped Malinka. It wasn't an accident. Becky had gone into that room fully intending to end Guillmero's life. And if he hadn't fallen, she would have torn him apart with her bare hands to keep him from hurting her friends.

This was *her* town. *Not* his. And she wasn't about to sit there and let him get away with hurting her friends. Her neighbours. Her *people*!

Becky's tray hit the table with a *clang*, and she was snapped away from her thoughts.

She hadn't realised how hard she'd been gripping it. But her knuckles had turned bone white and her hands ached from the force.

She cast a glance to the rest of the table, who all politely averted their gazes, before she slowly let go of the tray and removed her mask so she could eat.

Starting with the vegetables....

A hacking sound came from Becky's shoulder, and Don coughed up the chewy treat he'd been given almost an hour before to keep him busy during class. It dropped onto the table next to Becky, barely missing her food, and then Don flopped clumsily next to it, scrabbling to roll over so he could scoop it up and swallow it whole again.

'No!' Becky quickly grabbed the treat before he could get at it. '*Chew*,' she said, firmly. 'This is a *chewy* treat. *Not* for swallowing whole. Do you understand?'

Don gave a honk of confirmation, bracing himself as Becky slowly offered him the treat again— And then he immediately gulped it down.

'*Don*,' Becky sighed as several of the bards chuckled. 'C'mon, boy.'

'That's a, uh, funny little animal you have there,' a familiar, infuriating voice spoke from Becky's side, and one of her human classmates sat beside her.

J.T Falcon.

*Ugh!*

'She's very *wet*, isn't she?' J.T commented with a sly grin. 'Just drooling everywhere. I mean, I *do* tend to have that affect on girls, but this is a little much.'

'He.'

'He?'

'Yeah. You think he's a girl just cos he's pink?' Becky grumbled. 'Do you think real life flamingos turn *blue* if they're male or something, dipshit?'

'No, no,' J.T raised his hands submissively. 'My mistake. I knew you had a female mimic, that's all.'

Becky let out a snort, and went back to eating.

She tried to ignore J.T as he slid closer, but found it difficult— And when he reached out to pet Don, she slapped his hand away. Hard.

'*Don't* pet service animals!' she snapped, leaning so close to his face that he

was forced to slide back a few inches to avoid bumping noses with her. 'I *will* bite you!'

For a moment, J.T looked like he was debating whether he thought the idea of being bitten by Becky was hot or not, and Becky slowly leant back and scrunched up her nose in disgust.

'Ugh, what do you *want*, J.T?' she grumbled.

'I just want to make sure you're alright,' J.T said, a false-sweet note in his voice as he edged closer again. 'I heard that you and Jareth broke up. And I know how much that must hurt. I just want to make sure you're alright.'

'Uh, yeah, one; Jareth and I didn't break up,' Becky growled. 'Two; real *fucking* classy of you to think you can grab me on the rebound.'

'Aw, no— That's not what I meant—'

'I'm going to say this *one more time*,' Becky hissed, slamming her hand down on the table and looming over J.T in a way that *finally* made him look scared. 'Every other fucking *month* we have this conversation, and I'm getting really fucking *sick* of telling you no. You are the most disgusting, revolting, reviled piece of shit in this entire school. I would rather eat garbage out of Roadkill Romero's shoes then even *look* at you in passing. I am not interested in sleeping with you. I would rather *die* than date you. Every time I hear kids sing the alphabet, and they get to the letter J, I'm reminded of you and I *throw up in my mouth*. If you do not leave me alone, I will claw your eyes from your skull and shove them so far up your arse they will come out of your mouth like a backwards Little Live Pet. If you even *look* at me funny, I will drag you out into the woods and maul you into such an unrecognisable puddle of meat and bone that the people who find your body will call Jackie saying there's a fucking sibriex running loose. *Do you understand?*'

For a long, long moment, J.T stared at Becky.... Then, he gave a very slow, very nervous grin, and pointed a finger-gun at her. 'So that's a *maybe?*'

'That's it!' Becky leapt up, grabbing J.T by his shirt collar. 'I'm gonna hurt you. I'm really gonna *fucking* hurt you!'

'Baby girl, it's alright,' Jareth's hand met Becky's own, gently stopping her from yanking J.T out of his seat and throwing him to the floor. 'Come on. Deep breaths.'

'Yeah, he's not worth it,' Adam mumbled, stepping up to the table and towering over J.T, his arms crossed and his glare tight. '*You're in my seat, Falcon.*' he growled.

J.T finally got the message as the two very large, very strong boys both raised themselves to their full height and got between him and Becky. He quickly grabbed his tray and went to run— Only for Adam to stick out his foot and trip him, sending both him and his food tumbling over the floor.

He cast a glance back, seemingly ready to point out Adam's actions— But when Jareth let out a snort J.T quickly gathered his things up and scurried away.

Becky let out a long, heavy sigh, and let her shoulders relax. '*Thank you,*' she mumbled, sitting back down.

'It's alright,' Adam said, taking the seat next to his friend and offering a warm smile. 'J.T's a skuzzball.'

'Yeah,' Jareth agreed, sitting on Becky's other side and inviting Don onto his

arm. 'What'd he say to upset you? You want me to stop him on his way home, and...' Jareth mocked a punching motion. 'When nobody's watching?'

Becky gave a weak chuckle, and shook her head. 'No, the moment's passed.'

A kiss pressed into the side of Becky's head, and Jareth squeezed her tight in a hug. 'You feeling alright?' he asked. 'You're sitting over here all on your own.'

'Yeah, I just...' Becky trailed off, touching her wrist as she recalled everything that had happened— Guillmero had broken her wrist. Twisted it violently back and snapped the bone.

Jezzibeth had mended it with magic shortly after the fight, but Becky swore she could still feel it tingling,

'Thinking about things?' Jareth offered.

'Mhm,' Becky sighed, all too aware that the bard students were listening in. Even if they were pretending they weren't.

'It wasn't your fault,' Adam said, gently putting his hand on Becky's shoulder.

'It *was* my fault,' Becky retorted, simply. 'But I don't regret it. He was hurting the people I loved. That's worth having my wrist broken over. I'd break every single bone in my body if it meant everyone else was safe.'

'Mm,' Jareth gave a nervous hum.

'Please don't break all of your bones,' Adam said, a small hint of humour poking through his serious tone. 'You need those.'

'Like you wouldn't do the same for me!' Becky teased, nudging Adam and grinning. 'Hey. You need a new nickname.'

'What?'

'Yeah. You can't just K.O a guy with a full force punch to the dick and *not* get a nickname about it!' Becky scoffed. 'Ooh, maybe we can make it an innuendo, too!'

'Becky, no—'

'Cos you're like, gay and stuff!'

'No—'

'How do you feel about ball breaker?'

'*Becky.*'

'Dick crusher?'

'Absolutely *not.*'

'Nut buster?' Jareth suggested.

'*Yes!*' Becky exclaimed.

'Jareth, I'm going to *kill* you.'

—END—

If you enjoyed reading, please consider supporting me and my work at  
[cjadewyton.com](http://cjadewyton.com)