

Lovemaggedon

By Kathleen Boston

“Are you sure that there’s no other way for you to go about this?” Her sister Sydney asked, her eyes full of doubt.

Amelia sighed. “I have to see him, Syd.”

“There are ways to do that without having to sneak around. If our parents catch you —”

“They won’t. Now are you going to help me or not?”

“That’s a weird way to ask someone for help.”

“I’m sorry, I’m just stressed. You know I hate lying to them. But Dad made it perfectly clear how he felt about him—”

“Typical toxic masculinity, if you ask me.”

“It for sure is. He doesn’t even dislike Jonathan because of *him*. He doesn’t know him. If he did, I think he would really like him.”

Now was not the time to be thinking about that, however. She needed to figure out a fool-proof plan for this. Or at the very least, a plan.

Amelia ran around her room, opening and shutting her dresser drawers. She needed a disguise; something that would allow her to blend in. As she perused her closet, she knew that would be a challenge. Lots of bright pink, yellow and orange dresses were hung up, staring at her. Mocking her.

“Do you have anything I could borrow?” Amelia finally asked, after going through her clothes.

Out of the corner of her eye, she spotted a hoodie that might work. It was an ordinary, plain, black hoodie. On a shelf below that, she had a pair of black leggings. She held them up for her sister to see.

“Really?” Sydney asked. “You’re going to go the most cliché route of sneaking out?”

“There’s a reason it’s cliché,” Amelia answered as she pulled the black hoodie over her head and pulled her leggings on over her shorts. She then discovered the brown wig she had worn for a Halloween costume once. Amelia held that up and looked back at her older sister. “Remember when I wore this?”

Sydney frowned. “Yeah, when you dressed up as me for Halloween. Which is the only reason you have that hoodie. Also, those are *my* leggings.”

“What can I say? Your style is super comfortable. Although, it’s kind of boring. Why don’t you add some color every once in a while?”

“It’s not boring, it’s simple and practical. Something you would never understand.”

Amelia studied her reflection in her full-length mirror. She looked unrecognizable, even to herself. She was sporting a brown pixie haircut, not her usual long golden locks. She had on a smile she only wore when she knew she was going to see him.

“How do I look?” Amelia asked, posing.

“Like a wannabe me.”

“Perfect.”

There was a knock at her door, followed by her name. Amelia’s eyes darted toward her open window and back at Sydney. Sydney looked at ease until the doorknob started jiggling, however it was locked.

“I’ll see you later,” Amelia whispered. “Thank you for covering for me.”

“Keep your phone on you.”

Amelia grabbed her phone from her desk and ran over to the window. She put one leg out the window and pulled herself out. *Thank God my room is on the first floor.*

She was going to be able to do this. She was merely minutes away from seeing him. The anticipation was killing her.

After what seemed like forever, she finally spotted him. His back was to her, hands in his pockets as he admired the mountains. His brown hair was gently blowing in the breeze. She couldn't help herself. She ran up and hugged him from behind, bursting into a fit of giggles. Jonathan jumped and turned around, automatically wrapping his arms around her tightly, burying his face in her hair.

“I'm hoping this is Amelia because otherwise this will be really awkward,” Jonathan joked.

“It must be your lucky day,” Amelia said, pulling back to see his face. His green eyes looked over her unusual appearance. “I missed you,” she added, placing her hand on his cheek.

He brought her in for another hug. “I didn't miss you at all, in case you can't tell.”

“I'm surprised you even recognized me.”

“Your laugh gave you away, honestly.”

“I only laugh like this when I'm with you.”

“That was cheesy.”

“As soon as I said it, I realized just how lame that was.”

“You're not lame, you're cute.”

“I don't think we have much time; they'll notice I'm gone,” Amelia said, frowning.

“I'll take whatever time I can get with you.”

“I just wish it didn’t have to be like this.”

“Maybe it won’t have to for long.”

“It won’t be. I plan on telling them as soon as Snowmaggedon is over.”

Jonathan tugged gently on her hand. “I wish it could be sooner.”

Before she could reply, her phone started blowing up with texts from Sydney. That didn’t last too long.

“It’ll be soon,” Amelia promised. “I unfortunately have to go.”

He pressed his lips to her forehead and wrapped his arms around her before she took a step back.

“Meet at our spot later?” Amelia asked. “At our usual time?”

He nodded. “I’ll be there. I love you, Amelia. Happy Snowmaggedon.”

“I love you, too.”

She pressed her lips to his and hurried back to where Sydney stood with her arms crossed. Her sister’s lips were pursed, and her eyes narrowed.

“Hey,” Amelia drawled, trying to ignore her sister’s look of fury.

“I’ve been trying to reach you for a while,” Sydney replied. “Our parents already left without us. Which upset them.”

“I’m sorry,” she said as they both started walking into the house. “I don’t get much time with him, as you know.”

“How is he?”

Amelia smiled slightly. “He’s great. I just feel bad I had to cut our time short.”

“What’s holding you back from just telling them now?”

Amelia sifted through her makeup bag, pulling out her foundation. “It’s Dad’s first Snowmaggedon as mayor. They both put a lot of effort into planning the event. I can’t do anything to risk upsetting him.”

“Snowmaggedon is meant to be spent with the ones you love.”

“That’s why I’m spending it with you.”

Sydney chuckled as she finished blending her foundation. “I appreciate that, but you know what I mean. I’m just saying, it’s something to think about.”

“Did you know that Jonathan taught me the true meaning of Snowmaggedon?”

Sydney reached over and wiped the excess foundation from her eyebrow. “Then that’s all the more reason to spend today with him, right?”

Amelia nodded. “Thank you.”

*The ball was going to be fun, but it would be even better if Jonathan could be there.*

*She just had to wait until midnight to be with him. She could do this. According to the clock, she had. . .*

*Seven more hours.*

*What if Jonathan decided he couldn’t wait any longer? What if he showed up to declare his love for her? It wasn’t likely; he wasn’t invited to the prestigious ball courtesy of her father, Derek.*

*Still, a girl could dream.*

“Time for dresses,” Sydney announced, breaking Amelia of her reverie.

Sydney looked like a princess in her simple white dress. Amelia herself had a bright gold dress with intricate lacing that hugged her curves.

Amelia stared at her reflection as she ran her hands over her shimmering dress, smoothing it out. It was going to look fantastic at the ball, especially on the dance floor. She walked over to her closet and grabbed the gold heels that matched the dress and pulled them on.

As Sydney turned off the car, the sisters made eye contact. "Ready to go?" Sydney asked. "Let's do this."

Sydney linked arms with her, and they made their way to the ballroom together.

There were glorious chandeliers that were sparkling and hanging from the ceiling over dozens of tables all draped with white tablecloths. The room was decorated with gold and white balloon bouquets. Amelia admired the ice sculpture of the town's founder. *My parents did well with the decorating*, she thought.

"Do you wanna get a drink?" Amelia asked Sydney.

She nodded and they both walked over to the extravagant bar that was on the other side of the room. Sydney ordered two glasses of red wine for them. Sydney made her way to a few of her friends and Amelia went with her. Amelia was enjoying the decorations as she ran into somebody. Thankfully, the wine didn't spill.

"I'm so sorry," Amelia said. "Are you alright?"

As the man looked up at her, she recognized the lopsided smile, the one curl of hair flopping down in his face. "Amelia?" he asked. That husky voice sent chills down her spine. Her heart also started racing. *Calm down, it's just Dominic*. "I'm fine. If you're that worried about making it up to me, I wouldn't say no to a dance."

Amelia looked around for Sydney who was laughing at something one of her friends had said. Completely oblivious to her current situation.

"Why not?" Amelia reluctantly answered. *I don't have the energy to argue*.

He took her hand and led her to the dance floor. He bowed and she gave a half-hearted curtsy. Dominic started twirling her around, and she noticed that people were watching them with envy. Her parents looked thrilled.

“Are you okay?” Dominic asked. “You’re quite quiet.”

*I had always been quiet around you. But then again, you didn’t notice back then either.* She plastered a smile on her face, falling into old habits. “Why wouldn’t I be? It’s Snowmaggedon.”

“Don’t tell anyone I said this, but that doesn’t change anything. Snowmaggedon doesn’t automatically fix all of life’s problems.”

“My parents put a lot of effort into making this a special occasion. Are you telling me you aren’t having fun right now?”

Dominic was speaking, but Amelia couldn’t hear him. She immediately looked at the doorway and locked eyes with Jonathan, as if they were magnetized. His mouth was pressed into a hard line, and even from back here, she knew that his eyes were full of hurt.

Security came and started to grab Jonathan. Without looking back at Dominic, she hurried toward a struggling Jonathan.

“Let go of him,” Amelia commanded. “Mom, Dad. We need to talk.”

That debacle caught her parents’ attention. Derek’s face twisted with rage at the uninvited guest; Evelyn’s was passive. She waved the security off. They both looked at Amelia.

Amelia looked back at Jonathan and nodded. He straightened up a bit as she approached him, taking his hand in hers. “I’m in love with Jonathan. I was going to wait to say something, but Snowmaggedon is meant to be spent with people you love, right? I haven’t been able to, for the sake of keeping the peace.”

Her father's mouth dropped open. However, no words came out.

"It's about time you said something," Evelyn told her. She turned towards Derek.

"Amelia and Jonathan have nothing to do with the feud you have with his dad. Jonathan doesn't even want anything to do with politics. He also makes Amelia the happiest I've seen her and tearing them apart didn't do anything but make our daughter go behind our backs."

Amelia tried to ignore the pang of hurt that his continued silence caused.

She knew Jonathan hated that she caused a scene in front of everyone, but she had to. "I love you," she said. "I'm so sorry for not speaking up sooner."

Jonathan's eyes softened. "I love you, too."

She led him out of the ballroom and away from all the prying eyes of the judgment they were surely facing.

"Where are we going?" Jonathan asked.

"Wherever you want to, as long as we're together."

As they got outside, Jonathan spun her around, and dipped her. He planted a kiss on her lips which drew a smile from her. Amelia wasn't sure what was going to happen next, but she knew she would have Jonathan by her side, no matter what.