

## For Every Wrong, There Is A Right

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# For Every Wrong, There Is A Right

by [theRealJollyReader](#)

## Summary

Stef and Mouth always had a weird friendship - if that's what you could call it then, but their relationship is also pretty weird.

## Notes

Before you read, just take notice that I will most likely come back in a few days (or so) and edit this so it looks nicer, but right now, I cannot, as my laptop is kind of being a pain.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It was a known fact; most couples who did not argue would not last as long as couples who do. For Stef and Mouth, it was a relationship mostly based off the fact all they do is fight - and when they make-up, it is *always* because the tension was **too** thick it *had* to be thinner. Mouth would say the usual - a stupid comment, ironically stating how Stef was stupid, until Stef mentioned that maybe dating Mouth was the stupid decision. That is when Mouth would shut up, and Stef would smile mischievously. Because, every time this happened, Mouth would apologize profusely. Stef knew this, and would use it as her advantage.

"Shut up Mouth," Stef would start, in her usual snarky tone, before pulling Mouth towards her, and kissing him softly - yet very quickly. Mouth definitely would shut up, and enjoy the kiss - for the short period she would kiss him, until he grabbed her, kissing her with more passion than before.

"You know," Mouth would say, "I think you get prettier every day." Mouth did not like to admit it - because he didn't want people to think he was soft - but he absolutely loved pulling back from a kiss with his girlfriend, because her eyes were a pretty shade of brown, and seeing them flicker open was amazing.

"Oh, shut up," Stef would say. It was a normal compliment, but she would not ask more - because every time he says, "*I don't know*" with the cutest, yet mischievous smile. "You're pretty hot yourself."

However, Mouth would counter with, "I said prettier, not hot," then he would pause for a few seconds, before adding, "but thanks Hun."

"Don't be a smart ass, Clark." Stef would laugh, especially when Mouth looked at her for saying Clark - instead of Mouth. "What, what are you looking at?" Stef would tease - she knew exactly why he was looking at her.

"Why did you call me Clark?" Mouth responded - it shocked him because this was the first time she called him Clark since, well, forever. "You haven't called me that since that one time I accidentally bumped into you, making you spill your drink on your shirt." Mouth said, remembering that very moment.

### **Mouth was about 10, Stef had recently turned 11.**

*Stef was entering the school; it was a normal day in Astoria. The weather began warm, yet cloudy, until the clouds turned into rain clouds at near 9 o'clock. Stef was in her nicest dress, with the happiest spirit, ready for the day known as picture day.*

*Usually, it would be Stef's least favourite day, but her mom finally bought the cutest dress for her. It was pink, but not a neon pink, just a light shade, with a nice, simple, white, bow to match. Stef had her nicely done - she had finally grown it to a mid-back length, compared to her usual short hair. She always wanted it to grow longer, so her mom could curl it pretty.*

*"Hey Stef," Andy - Stef's best friend since she was 5, and Andy was 7 - said, as she walked with her best friend. "You look pretty today," Andy said, smiling, showing her new braces off.*

*"I really like the dress." Andy said, as she tugged at her own dress. Andy's dress was a nice yellow colour, but it was not as pretty as Stef's - at least in Andy's mind.*

*"Thanks Andy," Stef said, letting out a giggle. "I really like your dress too." Stef said, smiling kindly at her best friend.*

*"Hey, have you seen Troy." Andy asked - changing the subject, "I've been trying to see if he wanted to go to a movie." Troy was a 14-year-old boy, a grade above Andy, and Andy's "childhood friend-turned-crush," but Stef just thought he was kind of - well, a lot of - a jerk.*

*"Nope!" Stef said, loudly, but not exactly a shout. "I just got here, like 5 minutes ago." Stef added, trying to sound like she was not happy that she had not seen Troy.*

*"Oh, okay, I have to go. See you later Steffy." Andy said, waving, before running off.*

*Later that day, at lunch, Stef walked into the school's cafeteria. She looked around, hoping to see Andy - or maybe another one of her friends. She finally found Andy, and made her way - as quick as she could, without spilling the drink in her hands. Her photos were not until 1 o'clock, so she had to keep her dress nice and clean.*

*However, it was jinxed when she thought about not spilling her drink, because someone has bumped into her. Stef groaned as soon as she watched the drink spill on her dress - almost as if it were happening in slow motion.*

*"Ugh, you..." Stef mumbled, before looking at whom she bumped into. It was none other than Clark Devereaux - otherwise known as Mouth. "Clark!" Stef shouted, as she punched him in the arm - making both of them wince. "You...you... Little brat!" Stef shouted. Stef was not much older - maybe a year, but Mouth acted as if he was still five most of the time.*

*"Uh," Mouth muttered, still recovering from having someone shout at him, and punch him. "I, I didn't, uh," Mouth stammered, he was trying to apologize - for something he was not certain of. All he remembers was walking into the cafeteria, with his friends - Mikey, Data and Chunk - and suddenly someone was yelling at him. It was as if everything between entering, and Stef yelling at him was a total blur.*

*"Stef," Mikey went to say, before Stef ran off, nearly in tears. "Ugh," Mikey groaned, slapping his forehead lightly. "Mouth, I'm sorry, she was yelling at you for no reason." Mouth was about to question what Mikey meant, until Mikey continued, "I was the one who bumped into Stef, and made her drink spill." Mouth nodded, slowly understanding what happened.*

*"So, Stef's mad at me for something I didn't do?" Mouth questioned, curious now. Mikey only nodded, before taking a puff of his inhaler, and letting out an awkward wheeze. "Wow, girls are weird."*

*"To be honest," Stef started, before shrugging, "I don't know why I called you Clark; it was just to see if you reacted the same way." Stef said, smiling. "And you did, because you had this goofy, yet confused smile on your face." Stef said, before punching Mouth's cheeks slightly.*

"Hey, I do not smile goofy," Mouth mumbled, while pouting.

"Of course you don't." Stef said, before briefly kissing Mouth's cheek. "Anyways," Stef said, changing the subject, "What were you thinking about? You were staring at nothing for a few minutes."

"Oh, just the first time you called me Clark." Mouth replied, as he put his arm around her. "You see," Mouth started, "I remember you yelling at me, and me being confused, until Mikey explained that he accidentally bumped into you - making your drink spill on your dress." Mouth finished, hugging Stef - in a side hug. "You know, that was a pretty dress, and I'm sorry - even if I wasn't the one who actually bumped into you."

"So, what you're saying is, is that it wasn't you?" Stef questioned, both confused and guilty. "You mean...I yelled at you for something you didn't do?" Stef continued, with a pause, as she tried to think of a way to apologize to Mouth without him getting cocky.

"Hey, it's fine. Mikey re-paid latter." Mouth said, shrugging, before continuing, "I was the one who broke your glasses, when we went on the adventure to find One-Eyed-Willy's treasure. Mikey tried to make it look like he was the one, but he's not very good at lying." Mouth said, chuckling.

"You're the one who broke my glasses!" Stef yelled, punching Mouth's arm, "I knew it was you, and not Mikey!" Stef said, as she continued punching Mouth's arm - in a loving, soft way, not a harsh and mean way.

"Hey, hey," Mouth said, "I'll buy you new glasses. Or a new dress. Or something new." Mouth said, as he stopped one of Stef's petty punches.

"Oh and where do you plan on getting that money?" Stef teased. Mouth did not have a job, and he was 17 - most people his age already had two jobs. "The last I checked, you had no job." Stef said, earning an eye roll from Mouth.

"My dad owns his own plumbing business, so I get to work with him from time to time." Mouth said, with a shrug. "I also saved up any allowance money - well some, just in case I'd ever need it."

"So, you're willing to spend money on me?" Stef said, almost curious. She had a boyfriend - although she was 13 then - who only cares for himself, so she never got any gifts - none homemade, no necklaces, bracelets, etc. Therefore, it was a shock to even hear Mouth say he would do that - but ever since they started dating, Mouth as a friend and Mouth as a boyfriend were almost two different people. Mouth as a boyfriend was still teasing, but also quite kind-hearted; while Mouth as a friend was teasing and a plain ass.

"Yeah, well, as long as we're both happy, I don't mind using some money to buy you something nice." Mouth said, choosing his words carefully - since he did not want it to seem like he was just buying her love.

"Aww," Stef cooed, kissing Mouth's cheek, before kissing his lips. "You're so adorable," Stef teased - known hang Mouth would pout as soon as she said adorable. "Aww, you're even

more adorable when you pout." Stef said, punching Mouth's cheek - which was still pouting.

"Stop, I don't like being called adorable." Mouth mumbled, as Stef stopped pinching his cheeks. "Hey Stef," Mouth suddenly said, with an angst tone. "What's going to happen after you graduate?" Mouth was worried, he did not know if Stef would stay with him - since she's be going to college after school, and he's still be in high school.

"I don't know, I mean, I saw how Andy and Brand were before they went to different colleges. They were perfect, and then, *boom*; they were broken up because distance was too much of an issue." Stef said, making Mouth worry even more. Stef sighed though, as soon as she saw her boyfriend began to worry. "Mouth, just because they couldn't make it work...doesn't mean we won't." Stef said, as she rubbed Mouth's back reassuringly, "We'll make it work. We can call, visit each other - anything to keep in touch." Stef said, placing a soft kiss on Mouth's neck, before cuddling him.

"But, but what if we don't." Mouth said, a certain tone that showed great fear. The last time Mouth heard himself that feared was when they saw Chester Copperpot's skeleton. "I don't want to end up like Andy and Brand." Mouth admitted. Mouth never had girlfriends - because as soon as they noticed he was a jerk, they would stop talking to him, but he found someone who was okay with it, because she had her own jerky moments too. He did not want to lose that, but he knew he might at some point.

"Mouth," Stef said, she sighed once again, "Even if we don't stay together-," Mouth winced, literally winced at those words, "-we won't end up like Andy and Brand, we'll be...Stef and Mouth. We'll most likely return to our usual selves - like before we started dating - and bicker every chance we get, with a tension, and probably end up together in the future, again." Stef said, making Mouth smile.

Mouth brought Stef into a tight hug, as if he never wanted to let her go. "I love you, I love you, I love you..." Mouth mumbled, kissing every inch of Stef's head. "I don't care about if we break up, just as long as in the future, we have a chance." Mouth mumbled, near Stef's ear, before kissing her sweetly. "I promise."

Stef was fine with that, because she did not really want a future without Mouth - because he seemed like the only person who understood her. "I promise too." Stef said, kissing Mouth's cheek softly.

### **Three months later - it was the end of June, and Stef had recently graduated.**

Mouth was taking Stef on a date, to celebrate her being smart and stuff - as Mouth put it.

Stef was dressed in a nice dress - almost similar to the one she used for picture day. It was light pink - like said dress - but instead of a bow, it had a white belt to match. Stef's hair - still short - was in its natural soft curls, with a headband to keep long pieces from covering her face. Stef made sure to wear her usual sneakers - since she did not like wearing fancy shoes as much.

"You look...beautiful." Mouth mumbled. Mouth was sitting on Mikey's couch, waiting for his girlfriend. Stef had shown up, ready for their date.

Mikey was the one helping Mouth, since Mouth could not get ready without feeling

extremely nervous. It was their first date of their "in-between" stage - which is the in-between part of their relationship before they break-up when she moves away for college.

### **Earlier that day**

*"Mikey, I need you man, I'm so nervous," Mouth was at his house, trying to get ready. Mouth's hair was sticking up in all directions, and his shirt was half-buttoned, his socks were not even matching.*

*"Whoa, what's wrong?" Mikey asked, confused why Mouth was calling him - freaked out too. Usually Mouth was calm and confident.*

*"I was trying to get ready, you know, for mine and Stef's date," Mouth paused, taking a deep breath, "Until I noticed I can't tie a tie, and no one's home to help me. So I thought I'd call you, and hope that you knew how or at least someone who does." Mouth said, letting out a large sigh - almost of relief, but mostly release.*

*"Oh," Mikey said slowly, "I can try. I mean I think I can. Mom has tied my tie for me before, and she's supposed to be home in half an hour." Mikey said, pausing, "So, I guess, just come over and we'll try to tie your tie."*

*Ten minutes later, Mouth arrived at Mikey's, with his suit in the passenger seat of his car. His hair was still messy - but Mouth was, surprisingly, in no mood to fix it.*

*"Whoa, you look weird." Mikey said, after hearing his friend's car arriving.*

*"Hey!" Mouth shouted, feeling offended, until he looked down at his clothing - which was his half-buttoned, along with his ripped jeans. "Never mind, this is just terrible." Mouth said, as he pointed at his outfit.*

*"Anyways," Mikey said, "You coming in or what?"*

*Mouth only nodded, before walking inside, with his suit in his hands. "Hey, so, when's the last time you went on a date?" Mouth questioned - he hasn't really seen Mikey date anyone, except for that one time he went on a "non-date" with Alexandra in our science class - back in the eighth grade.*

*"I've never really been on a date." Mikey shrugged, "Plus, no girl really likes me." Mikey said.*

*Mouth laughed, "Last I checked, almost every girl in our grade liked you."*

*"Yeah, but they all like me because of that whole adventure thing. None of them like me for, well, me." Mikey said, as he started combing Mouth's hair - even though Mouth kept trying to swat his hands away.*

*"What about...Rachel?" Rachel was a girl in their grade, older than Mikey, but younger than Mouth. Rachel was pretty - both on the outside and on the inside - and has probably been the most obvious person about liking Mikey - but he never noticed it.*

*"She's nice," Mikey shrugged. "But she doesn't really talk to me." Mikey added, as he buttoned the rest of Mouth's shirt.*

*"Maybe because she's nervous around you?" Mouth said, hitting Mikey's shoulder. "Mikey, Mikey, Mikey - she has the most obvious feelings for you, and you're just so oblivious to it." Mouth said, with an eye roll.*

*"Whatever, I have no time for dating anyway. I'm almost failing all of my classes - my mom would get mad if I added a distraction." Mikey said, letting out a sigh.*

*"Whatever, you could ask her to help you. She's smart you know?" Mouth said.*

*"True, true." Mikey said, "Anyways, let's tie this tie." Mikey said, as he stuck his tongue out, trying to tie the tie.*

*"Hey, so, I was wondering..." Mouth trailed off, debating if he should ask Mikey a question. "So, Stef told me you and Andy kissed - back on our adventure. Is that true, and if it is, why didn't you tell us?" Mouth questioned.*

*Mikey stopped mid-tie, with a blush forming on his face, as he tried to find a response. Usually he would tell his friends everything - but he felt the need to keep this a secret. "I, I felt embarrassed about it. She was like three years older, and had a thing for my brother." Mikey shrugged, "I just didn't want to be teased."*

*"You wouldn't be teased. You kissed one of the prettiest, most popular girls in high school - before you were even in high school." Mouth said, patting Mikey's shoulder.*

*"Yeah, well, I told Andy to not tell anyone. But I guess I forgot that Stef saw us." Mikey mumbled.*

*"Wait, Stef saw?" Mouth questioned, "Wow, she must have laughed."*

*"I think so, because I heard laughter." Mikey said, blushing more.*

*"So, did she like it?" Mouth asked, getting more curious. The more curious he got, the less he felt nervous.*

*"I guess so, because she told me **'if you keep kissing girls the way you do, the parts of you that don't work well will catch up'** before kissing my cheek." Mikey said, his cheeks turning redder.*

*"Atta boy," Mouth teased. "See, you should date someone." Mouth said, in an encouraging tone. "You'd probably be the best boyfriend." Mouth said. That is when Mouth got nervous again. He has known Mikey his entire life; he knows Mikey's bests and worst - and all his bests equal up to a perfect boyfriend. While all Mouth's worsts made him a terrible choice for a boyfriend - making Mouth confused why Stef was even with him for as long as they were. Almost a year and a half and he is still uncertain why she even said yes to be his girlfriend.*

*"Are you okay?" Mikey asked, noticing Mouth was sweating, with a worried expression on his face. "What's wrong?" Mikey questioned. Mikey did not like seeing his friends sad - which is why he tried to be the most optimistic person.*



*"It's just...you'd be such a good boyfriend...and I'm not... I don't even know what Stef sees in me." Mouth mumbled. Mouth was not exactly crying, but that is only because he does not want to admit he is.*

*"You're maybe not the most perfect boyfriend for everyone," Mikey started, earning a glare from his friend, "but it doesn't matter, because what Stef sees in you is all that matters." Mikey finished, as he gave his friend a comforting hug.*

*"Wow, are you sure you're Mikey, because for a second there, I thought I was listening to a self-help guru." Mouth chuckled, wiping his tears away, as he stopped crying. "But thanks Mikey."*

*"No problem," Mikey paused, "Anyways, my mom should be home, to be able to fix this." Mikey said, pointing at the tie that most definitely did not look like a tie.*

*"Okay, we'll wait until then." Mouth said, sitting down.*

### **Back to the present**

"Hey Stef," Mikey said, finally greeting Stef properly. "You look very nice." Mikey complimented, but left to the kitchen soon after saying that.

"Thanks Mikey." Stef said, before walking towards Mouth. Mouth sat still, almost as if he could not move, as he stared at his girlfriend. "Hey boyfriend," Stef teased. "You look quite handsome." Stef said, as she sat next to Mouth, and kissed his cheek.

"Thanks," Mouth mumbled, "It took me forever to get ready. I was freaking out." Mouth admitted.

"Why were you freaking out?" Stef asked, curious now.

"Because, I don't want this date to be less than perfect. So I called Mikey, since I was trying to get ready, but my shirt wasn't even full buttoned and my hair was terribly messy." Mouth said, before continuing, "So I came to Mikey's - since he told me to, and he helped me get ready. And while we were getting ready, I started freaking out again. Because Mikey and I were talking about, you know, guy stuff. Then, a thought came to my mind, that he would be a perfect boyfriend, while I'm not. Then he did this whole thing about how it doesn't matter if I'm a perfect boyfriend in anyone else's eyes, as long as you see something in me - or sketching like that." Mouth was blurting everything on his mind - something that seems to happen when he gets nervous, at least now.

"Awe, you're so cute." Stef said, kissing Mouth softly. "But you're perfect *for* me." Stef embraced Mouth, reassuringly.

"Awe, look at Mouth." Mikey said, suddenly breaking the moment. "You two are so cute." Mikey said, laughing.

"Shut up Mikey." Mouth grumbled. "Just wait until you get a girlfriend, I'll bug you about that *all* the time." Mouth said, laughing.

"Sure you will." Mikey said in a sarcastic tone. Mouth stuck his tongue out - in a childish counter-response.

"Whatever, you'll get one, one day, and I'll be the first - if it's not Brand - to tease you. That's a promise."

Mikey rolled his eyes, "Anyways, are you guys going on a date, or is it here?" Mike questioned. "Because last I checked, Mouth didn't tell me it was here."

"Oh, right," Mouth said, remembering that he was still at Mikey's - and not their date. "Come on, milady." Mouth said, as he stood up and took Stef's hand. "We have a date to go to." Mouth said.

"Okay, my kind sir." Stef said, giggling as she stood up.

"Kind...sir... Sure." Mikey laughed, loudly - a sarcastic laugh. "He's anything but kind, or a sir." Mikey laughed more, before Mouth threw his comb at him. "Ow, that was totally my eye." Mikey said, as he covered his eye.

"I'm sorry, but that was mean." Mouth said, as he walked over, grabbing his comb, and giving Mikey a pat on the shoulder.

"No worries," Mikey said, sending the couple a smile. "Have fun you two." Mikey said, pushing Mouth and Stef out of the house, waving.

"Okay, yeah, see you Mikey." Mouth said, shaking his head, as he and Stef left Mikey's house. "Okay, are you ready?" Mouth asked, looking sweetly at Stef.

"Ready as I'll ever be."

### **Later that night**

Mouth and Stef were in the local hotel. It was run down, but Mouth - with the help of his friends - had fixed up the conference room to look nice, with the promise to return it to normal by tomorrow.

Mouth was smiling, as he saw Stef was having the time of her life. Mouth did not care about anything else, but that she was smiling and there - in his arms.

"Hey, why did you do this?" Stef suddenly asked. It was not a look of disappointment, but of curiosity. "Everything's perfect, but why did it have to be perfect?"

"Because...I wanted a perfect date. It's the perfect start to our summer." Mouth said, "You've graduated, I'll graduate in a year, and we'll be apart for a while, so I wanted the perfect start to summer." Mouth said, as he wrapped his arms around Stef tighter.

"You're so cute," Stef said, "I wish summer could last forever, if it meant that every day was like today." Stef mumbled. "It's perfect, and I don't think I ever want it to end."

"Me neither." Mouth admitted, "But it will, and I'll cherish every moment."

"Me too."

### **Two months later-end of summer**

Stef was sitting on her bed, it was an empty feeling now. She was leaving in an hour, heading on the real start of her adult life. Mouth was helping her move, as a last act of their - current - relationship, before they move on from each other. It was a mutual decision, but it was bothering both of them.

"Honey," Mrs. Steinbrenner was now in Stef's room, with a worried expression. "Are you ready?" Mrs. Steinbrenner asked. "If you want, I can help pack..." Mrs. Steinbrenner trailed off when she saw her daughter looking at her emotionless. "Or I can give you a hug." That moment, that is when Stef started crying - the moment her mom hugged her was when her real emotions showed.

Stef did not have anything to say - for once in her life, her adult life at least. She was just emotional, as she thought about leaving her hometown. Five years ago, she would have jumped as soon as she could, and travel as far as she could after she graduated. However, five years ago, she did not think she would have such great friends. If she has not met the Goonies - well, in a friendly way - she would have been happy right now. Nevertheless, if she had not started hanging out with the Goonies, she would have never started dating Mouth - who turned out to be greater than she originally thought. Although, at first, he was a plain asshole, he grew on her. Then it grew into love - well, like at first - and everything made sense then. *This is what girls feel, when they meet the love of their life. This is how Andy used to feel about Troy, and then how she would feel about Brand.*

Stef cried into her mom's chest, as she hugged back tightly. She did not want to let go, because letting go meant leaving the house. Leaving for the adult life. Leaving her friends behind.

"Sweetie, it will be fine," Mrs. Steinbrenner reassured, "you'll see everyone again. Maybe not as often as you'd want, but you just cherish every moment with them."

"But...I don't want to leave them behind." Stef mumbled, in between cries.

"You mean you don't want to leave Clark behind?" Mrs. Steinbrenner said, not really asking, but clarifying.

"I guess. Him mostly, but the others too." Stef admitted. "I love them all, sure, in different ways, but there's a true love there, and it makes me wish I could stay." Stef frowned.

"Honey, there's other boys. You will most likely meet new boys, and you will probably fall in love again, but he will always be there. In your heart. He's your first love, so of course he won't just disappear from your life." Mrs. Steinbrenner said, giving her daughter a tighter hug.

"But, I don't want to meet new boys. I don't want to feel like I'm leaving Mouth, and act like my new adult life is without him." Stef sighed, as she slowly stopped crying.

"I don't want you to meet new boys either," Mouth said, scaring Stef and Mrs. Steinbrenner in the process. "But I also want you to live your life, so if you meet someone new, I'm fine with it." Mouth said, walking towards Stef, embracing her. "As long as you're happy, I'm happy." Mouth said, kissing Stef's head.

"See...this is why I don't want to leave. You're so nice to me - well, usually. Sometimes you're just plain mean." Stef said - both her and Mouth laughing afterwards. "You're not perfect, but, I think we make a good match, and that's what I love about you - you're my other half." Stef said, embracing Mouth even more - if that was even possible.

"Yeah, well, I want you to go. To go do what you do. To go to school. To complete it. To do something with your life." Mouth paused, "I don't want you regretting everything because you decided to stay home for some rascal kids."

"Yeah, I guess so." Stef said, realizing that maybe she was thinking that she was over thinking why she *didn't* want to go, and not *why* she *was going*. "I'm going to miss everyone though," Stef said, as she let her head rest on Mouth's shoulder. "Especially you." Stef said, turning her head to kiss Mouth.

"I'll miss you too, a lot." Mouth said, returning the kiss, more passionately. "But I'll be here, cheering you on." Mouth said, "My beautiful, smart, girl...friend." Mouth said, smiling contentedly.

"Well, my wonderful, handsome, boy...friend, are you ready to help me move?" Stef said, standing up. "We have boxes to get into the car, and bags, and everything." Stef said, as she started packing everything else she needed. "I can't wait for this to be over. School-it suck, and I can't believe I'm going through another couple years to become something in life." Stef sighed, as she started putting some of her favourite books in a box.

"Yeah, well, I'm here if you ever need a stress reliever." Mouth said, wrapping his arms around Stef, as he kissed the back of Stef's neck. "You can call me and I'll answer, or at least call back as soon as possible, and you can rant. I'm fine with anything, as long as I hear your voice." Mouth said, resting his head on Stef's shoulder.

"Okay," Stef released a sigh, "Thanks for helping me. Relax, that is." Stef said, as she starting packing again, a lot faster than before.

"No problem, now, what do I need to do?" Mouth asked, looking around the room for something he could pack.

"Uh, I have some more clothes to pack, if you want." Stef said, pointing to the dresser.

"Oh!" Mouth yelled, "Is it your undergarments." Mouth said, making Stef shake her head. "Aww, it's just pants." Mouth snapped his fingers - in an upset kind of way.

"Shut up Mouth, and get packing." Stef rolled her eyes.

"Whatever you say." Mouth said, as he began placing pants - neatly - into the bags.

### **Three hours later**

Stef and Mouth had arrived at the college. Stef stared in awe; she was in a city - and not just as a visitor. She was in Seattle, ready for school. As much as Stef would have loved to stay in Oregon for schooling, she found Seattle University more appealing to her.

"Honey," Mrs. Steinbrenner said, holding back tears, as she hugged her daughter. "I can't believe it...you're grown up." Mr. Steinbrenner stood there, taking in everything - his little girl- no, his grown woman was off to university.

"I know." Stef said, still in awe. She would start her adult life, within a week - officially. "I can't believe it either." Stef said, as Mouth intertwined their hands - giving Stef a quick, reassuring squeeze.

"You'll do great." Mouth said, giving Stef a warm smile.

"I'll miss you... All of you." Stef said. "And tell those Goonies I'll miss them too." Stef said. Stef did not have enough time to say that in person - today at least, but lately, that is all they heard from her. She would mention it every time she saw them, called them, or when she told Mouth to tell them. She really was going to miss them - even if they annoyed her sometimes, but they were like the brothers she never had.

"Don't worry, I'll tell them." Mouth said, as he carefully kissed Stef's hand. "I'll miss you too." Mouth said, as he pulled Stef into a hug. Mouth wanted to cry, but he wanted to make sure Stef did not regret this decision.

"I'll miss you, and your mischievous ways." Stef said, as she and Mouth started laughing. "Because, now who's going to make my life interesting."

"I don't know. I guess I'll just have to make it interesting from home." Mouth said, with a mischievous smile on his face.

"Okay," Stef said, smiling, "I...I have to go. Before I decide to get you guys to take me home." Stef said. Stef's apartment was not too far from the school - about 10 minutes away, by walking.

### **At her new apartment**

"Well, this is home now." Stef said, as she stood in front of her apartment building, with a few bags in her hands. "I can't believe it...I have a place."

"Yeah, yeah, now where's your room. These boxes ain't light." Mouth grumbled, as he held two boxes.

"Oh right, it's... Room 215B. Hmm, B, that's weird. Whatever." Stef shrugged as she walked into the apartment building. "Excuse me, where's 215B?" Stef questioned, as she saw someone who looked like they knew where the room would be.

"Oh, that would be on the second floor, and to the right. B means that it's to the right." The person - ahem, woman - responded.

"Oh, thanks." Stef said, as she made her way towards the stairs - as the elevator appeared on not be working.

"You're welcome." The woman replied, kindly.

"Ugh, stairs." Mouth muttered, as he followed Stef up the stairs. "Why stairs." Mouth did not like this anymore, but for Stef, he will put up with it.

"Oh shut up Mouth." Stef said, as they reached the second floor. "Okay, to the right..." Stef mumbled as she watched out for 215. "Ah ha!" Stef said as she saw 215.

"Thank goodness," Mouth mumbled, as Stef unlocked the door. "Wow, that's kind of small." Mouth said, as he walked into a small apartment. There was little space, but it was perfect for Stef - who wanted a one-person apartment. There was a kitchen, big enough to fit a stove, fridge and two countertops. Next to the kitchen was a small dining area, perfect for two people - maybe. Then Mouth walked into a living room area, which seemed to double as a bedroom - as he saw only one door, and it had to be the bathroom. Sure enough, when he opened the door, he saw a small bathroom. The bathroom had a bathtub, a toilet and a sink. "Your place is small." Mouth said, as he walked back into the living/bedroom area, placing the boxes - that he almost forgot he even had - down on the floor.

"Yeah, well, it's for one. It doesn't need to be huge." Stef shrugged.

"What if I want to spend a night?" Mouth mumbled.

"Well, there's enough room for two on my bed." Stef teased, pushing Mouth's shoulder.

"Yeah, I guess." Mouth shrugged, "But...if we ever move in together...we're getting a bigger place right?" Mouth said, curiously.

"Right. Because we might need room for more than two at some point." Stef said, as she gave Mouth a hug.

"Yeah." Mouth said, "But I don't think *might* is the correct term. Think...**definitely**." Mouth said, hugging Stef tighter.

"Okay, okay. We'll definitely need a bigger place." Stef smiled brightly.

"Okay." Mouth mumbled, placing a quick kiss on Stef's lips. "We should go get the other stuff." Mouth mumbled.

"Right...we're still moving." Stef mumbled.

### **Three years later**

Stef was a graduate now, with a degree in Science - she was set on becoming a researcher, in marine flow - but got her Education degree, and will begin teaching middle schoolers about Science - but first, she would start off as a teacher's assistant, to a teacher who plans to retire next year.

Mouth was on his second year, he was at school to get his degree in Law - something that shocked everyone. Mouth was good at it though. He was smart - both intellectually and street smart - while being very charismatic.

"Hey Mikey," Stef said, as she answered the phone - instantly noticing the excited voice on the other side.

"I heard!" Mikey shouted, making Stef wince, and pull the phone from her ear. "You're pregnant?" Mikey shouted again, with other voices in the background.

"Oh, that," Stef said. Stef was not certain at first- that she was pregnant, but she went to the doctors, and they told her she was about 2 months pregnant. She knew Mouth would want to be the first- after all, he is the father - but she forgot he had a *big* mouth, and would tell everyone. "Yeah, I am."

"That's cool. Your kids are going to be terrible." Mikey teased. Stef knew he was teasing, because he let out a weird breath at the end of his sentence - showing he was not telling the truth. "I mean, Mouth's an ass, and you're pretty snarky, so the kid will probably be pretty rude." Mikey confined teasing.

"Hmm, I guess so." Stef said, laughing. "That just means you'll have to teach them to be kind- like you." Stef said.

"Oh, I will. I'll be the ever uncle there ever was." Mikey said.

"You do realize you have a real brother, who will have kids at some point right?" Stef said, in a teasing tone.

"Yeah, well that won't be for years." Mikey said, "He hasn't gotten over Andy, so unless she gets back with him, he'll probably never move on- for like 10 years." Mikey said - which was rather exaggerated, but it felt like that's what would happen.

"True." Stef replied. "Anyways, I have to go. I'm hungry, and Mouth will be home soon." Stef said. "Bye Mikey."

"Bye Stef. Congrats, again!" Mikey replied, before hanging up.

Stef sighed as she walked to the kitchen.

As Mouth said, they would get a bigger place. With the money he earned - during his last year of high school - he bought a small house, big enough for four people-to live in, that is, but there was more space for guests as well.

The kitchen was big, almost as big as her old place, and had enough room for her to walk in.

The bedroom, their bedroom, was the biggest, and had a huge bed with their own bathroom.

The other three rooms were similar in size, and were big enough for a double bed to fit, and still have room.

Their family/guest bathroom was big, with a bath, a toilet and a counter the size of about three counters, with two sinks - which Mouth made sure they had.

They had a living room, where the TV would go, and a relaxing room, where all the books would be, with an office for Mouth - currently used to do his work for school.

"Stef?" Mouth called out, as he entered the house. It was six o'clock, the time he would usually return from school. "Hey babe, how are you?" Mouth greeted as he walked into the kitchen.

"Oh, I'm good." Stef said, as she kissed Mouth. "Mikey called. He congratulated me." Stef said, as Mouth nodded.

"That's cool, did he say anything else?" Mouth questioned - with a worried look.

"Nope, he just mentioned how our kid will probably be rude." Stef shrugged.

"Oh," Mouth replied, letting out a sigh. "That's good."

"What, our kids being rude?" Stef questioned, tilting her head in confusion. Mouth had been acting weird lately. Like he was planning something.

"No, I thought Mikey would have said something else." Mouth mentioned, as he started to walk away.

"Oh, like what?" Stef questioned, following Mouth. "Are you hiding something?"

"Well, kind of." Mouth admitted.

"Is it good or bad?" Stef questioned, folding her arms.

"Good, well, at least I'm certain it's good." Mouth said, walking away.

"So why are you hiding it from me?" Stef questioned, following Mouth again.

"Because..." Mouth trailed off, not knowing what he could say without spoiling his surprise. "I...I wanted to ask you something. However, it needed to be perfect, so I asked Mikey for some help. But he's been telling me that he'll tell you what it is." Mouth said, walking away - again.

"Like what?" Stef questioned, following Mouth, once again.

"Uh," Mouth hesitated. Mouth wants the perfect moment, but if he says it perfectly, maybe it will be perfect in a different way. "Would you marry me?" Mouth asked, getting down on one knee. He pulled out a ring - a Devereaux family ring, and looked hopefully at Stef.

"Wow," Stef said, looking down, she was surprised. She knew they were serious- heck, they had a child on the way, but she had not expected that. Sure Mouth always talked about their future, but she thought Mouth would wait until he finished school.



"Yes. Yes, I'll marry you, Clark."

## End Notes

First of all, the title is kind of weird, but whatever. Second of all, I really ship these two - for some unknown reason - so of course, I just HAD to write a one shot. Thirdly, this is kind of crappy compared to some fan fictions I have read, so I apologize for that.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!