

I Love My Brother's Best Friend

Author not credited

STORYPDF

Complete English text · US Letter reading edition

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Chapter 1

"Chase, Chase, Chase!" I screamed through Chase's tickling, begging him to stop.

"That's right baby say my name," He teased with a smirk.

I did my best to scowl at him, but the tickling made it too difficult, I probably looked like a demented freak. I trashed around in his arms trying to get him off me, but it was no use. He was twice my size and had more than twice my strength.

"Stop!" I squeaked out almost positive I was about to pee myself.

"Whoa," Adam laughed, "Chase Matthews, what are you doing to my little sister?"

"Nothing." He said in a sing song voice and looked evilly at me.

Hard to believe that was two months ago. At the end of june, my brother Adam and his evil bestfriend Chase decided to go "Learn" by touring the country a during summer. And by "Learn" I mean drink, go to parties, and hook up with girls. It's not like I could stop them. My parents were never home.

But a lot had change since two months ago.

Firstly, I lost a lot of weight. I'm talking like twenty five pounds, and I got a light tan. I let my hair grow out. It's long, wavy locks were now flowing far down my back. I'd also dyed my hair from blonde to dark brown. There was now a tattoo low on hip that read "AMOR". The basics were the same though. My eyes were still a piercing blue, my features were still soft, and I still had long legs, making me taller than I was. They were just in better places now.

I shooked my head forgetting about the past, and jumped into the pool. It was a little cool considering it was the end of August, but I love it anyway. It felt like I spent days in the pool, but it was more likely an hour.

I was just about to get out when two giant splashes occured on both sides of me. Two arms grabbed my torso and another two grabbed my legs drowning me under the water. This is it, I thought I'm going to die, goodbye cruel world.

Suddenly I was released and swam to the top as quickly as possible, grateful to still have my life, with two bodies following behind me. I backed up against the edge of the pool and let my hair hang in my face.

"What are you doing in my pool?" A voice I recognized all too well asked.

"Adam!" I yelled after pushing my hair back to show it was me, I jumped onto him in a hug. "Why didn't you tell me you were coming home today?"

"Skye?" He asked in disbelief.

"What happened to you?" Chase mused inappropriately and Adam let go of me.

"What's that supposed to mean?" I asked irritably getting easily offended by whatever words slipped out of Chase Matthew's mouth. The guy I always love to torcher me.

"He means you look really different." Adam Clarified.

"Good different?" I asked Adam not concerned with Chase's response even though his eyes were wide.

"You look really pretty Skye." Adam smiled and I grinned back.

He swam to the side of the pool, climbed up and grabbed my towel. He dried himself and announced that he was going to unpack, then he left.

"What?" I snapped when I noticed Chase's staring at me with an odd expression.

"Did you forget to feed yourself while we were gone?" He smirked.

I glared at him, what was he trying to say? I didn't work for this body? Because I worked for this body.

"No," I told him angrily and hopped into the edge of the pool, "Can you just go away?"

Chase moved into my already spread legs, his face at my height, and leaned into me, "Skye, you should know by now I won't do that."

His perfect abs were almost pressed onto me and I felt slightly embarrassed as I wondered what his blonde hair and tan skin would feel like against me. I looked away from his beautiful hazel eyes and grimaced.

"You are the most infuriating human on Earth," I growled.

"I'll give you five seconds to take that back," He threatened with his cocky smirk still in place.

I shook my head and he pulled me into the water with him. Dunking me under and then letting me back up.

I crossed my arms over my chest, too furious to even deal with him. I stormed out of the pool. It wasn't until I got on the ladder with my back facing him and uncrossed my arms that I noticed.

"Skye!" He called and I turned around slightly making sure to cross my arms again, "Catch!"

He shot my yellow bikini top at me and it fell directly onto my breast. I blushed, turning scarlet red. No matter how much I hated him I have to admit all those years of football certainly gave him great aim.

"Skye," Adam popped his head into my room later that night.

"Yeah, bro?" I asked not looking up for my computer. Wattpad will forever be more interesting than him. No offense.

"We're having a party tonight."

"For what?" I asked baffled and finally looked up from my computer.

He rolled his eyes, "A house party for Chase and I coming back."

"No one wants to celebrate Chase coming back." I mumbled.

He laughed a little, "People are going to be here in about an hour."

He left my room and I rushed into my bathroom. How was I going to get ready in one hour? Is he crazy? I thought as I stripped down and got into the shower. I only stayed in long enough to be cleaned; I didn't exactly have time to enjoy the heated water washing over me. I dried myself off with a towel and wrapped my body in it. Then I wrapped my hair in one.

I raced to my closet trying to find an appropriate outfit for the night. I didn't have too much. No matter how rich we were, my parents wouldn't let me spend tons of money on clothes without checking to see if I actually need them. I whipped out a black dress and shimmed into it. It had thick straps instead of sleeves and came down about mid-thigh. The entire back was open. It came down from a v while the front was cut straight across, but just low enough for cleavage. Perfect I thought.

I slipped on a pair of black heels and quickly did my make up. It was good timing too because the party was just starting to get loud. I threw off the towel on my head to reveal my straight hair and left my room to make my way downstairs. So far I had gone unknown until my bestfriend, Aaron, and his girlfriend Jen, saw me.

"Skye!" Jen yelled with a huge smile and Aaron pulled me into a bear hug.

Once he let me go I laughed, "Hey, guys."

Those two were really the cutest couple. Jen had huge brown eyes and black hair. She was short, though the heels she wore added some height, but Aaron still had a foot on her. He was strong, but

lean and had the sweetest smile. His brown eyes and pale skin just seemed to match perfectly with Jen's. However, his brown hair was different from her's.

"You look great." She exclaimed.

"Thanks," I beamed, "You don't look so bad yourself."

"So Chase is back?" Aaron grimaced. My bestfriend was not hidden to the pranks he'd pulled on me throughout the years. Half of them happen on our school anyway.

I nodded, "But it's not all bad. That means Adam is back."

"Aw." He pouted sarcastically. "That means no more sleep overs for you and me."

I laughed, "You and Chase might be the only guys my brother won't be worry about."

"Don't be too sure," Jen mumbled loud enough for me to hear over the loud music, "He might kill you."

I let out a light laugh, "I'm going to go find something to drink. See you guys later."

I pushed passed the crowd of kids into my kitchen. When I finally made it to my fridge, I felt a body press hard against me and flip me around. I looked up to realized it was James Freedman, a boy who without my brother wouldn't have hesitated to mock at me. I rolled my eyes as the alcohol scent hit me when he exhaled.

"Hi, beautiful." He slurred.

"What do you want James?" I sighed still thirsty and not in the mood for this.

"You," He said thinking that was clever. It wasn't because he was drunk either, he was genuinely dumb.

"Nice, think of that all by yourself genius?" I said sarcastically.

"What's your problem?" He furrowed his brow in confusion.

"Do you really not recognize me?"

"No." He stated bluntly.

"The day my brother left you made a song about how fat I was." I spat.

"Whoa, babe, let it go," He replied still grinning, "You're hot now."

Rage flared inside me and if I had the ability to move my arms and hands or whatsoever I would have slapped him.

"Get off," I barked.

"Don't ruin the fun," He pressed himself harder against me. He leaned into me making his blonde hair fall in front of his brown eyes.

"Dude, she said get off." A man sighed from my right side and I turned my head slightly to see it was Chase. I blink twice to make sure I was seeing this right. What the-

"Go away Chase." James turned towards Chase forcing himself off me a little, "You can have another girl."

He narrowed his eyes at James, "Seriously get off."

"No." James said more assertively this time like he was trying to mark his territory.

"Get the hell off Adam's little sister." He yelled.

"Skye?" He asked.

I rolled my eyes. How dumb can this kid get? "Yes," I seethed.

James got a new look in his eyes. A dangerous look that made me shiver as he leaned into me again. His hands pulled down one of the straps of my dress and trailed down towards my butt.

"That's it." Chase said and I saw his fist fly into James face causing him to stumble back and fall into my kitchen counter. I suppose he was too drunk to retaliate, but he had football with Adam and Chase within the first week of school and he would certainly get back at him then if he didn't see them sooner.

Chase quickly took James spot in front of me and looked at my wide eyes.

"You okay?" He asked.

"Why did you do that?" I blurted too surprised and grateful to stop myself.

"You told him to get off." He grimaced in confusion.

"But you never help me." I informed him of what he must have already knew.

He pushed his body against mine and whispered into the crook of my neck, "Adam would have killed me if I didn't stop him."

His warm breath hit my neck and I shivered making him chuckle, "And I'm the only one who's allowed to mess with you."

Then he pushed off me and left. He couldn't have meant that last part. I was sure of it. The way he said it wasn't as if he was mocking me, but more like I was his. He definitely didn't want that. The sickest thing was; I kind of liked it.

Adam found me still pressed against the fridge with a beer in my hand staring at James who was passed out. I was beginning to wonder if he'd ever wake up. Who knows how hard Chase packed a punch.

"What happened here?" He asked concerned about his friend. Admittedly those two and Chase were football buddies. They must have liked to hang out with each other.

"Chase punch him off of me." I said before I realized what I had just told my over protective older brother.

"He was on you!" Adam exclaimed angrily. As I spoke I knew he was going to go off the walls. I anticipated something bad was about to happen, but when his eyes land on my sleeves half way down my arm, I almost died, I'm terrified, "What do you mean on you? Did he kiss you or touch you?"

I knew either way I answered wasn't going to be good, so I told the truth, "He touched me," I squeaked out.

"What?" He exploded.

"But Chase knocked him out. Everything's fine."

"Everything's not fine! Why did you let him touched you to begin with?"

I scoffed, "I did not let him touch me."

"I'm going to kill him." Adam snarled.

"Shush." I said looking around to people who were beginning to stare at us. No one in their right mind would apparently miss the drama of someone touching Adam Barker's little sister, "Adam it's okay. Just be quiet."

He gritted his teeth but then sighed through his nose before stomping off.

Jen and Aaron found me pretty quickly after that and gawked at the story I had told them.

Jen walked over to James and kicked his stomach, "Never touch Skye."

Aaron chuckled as I grasped, "Jen, I'm fine. There's no need to kill him."

"I thought you should get a little payback," Jen shrugged.

I grimaced and I took another sip of my beer, "Payback, not assault."

"Same difference." She rolled her eyes.

"You're too violent."

"You're too forgiving," Aaron responded for her.

I sighed and grabbed a second can, "I'm going to go have some fresh air."

"Bye." Aaron waved and turn to flirt with Jen.

I burst through the back door of my house and took quick breaths. The yard was loud and filled with drunken people making out. I stood by the pool sipping on my drink alone wishing I had taken Aaron and Jen with me.

"You can't be here dressing like that." Adam came up behind me while I was looking at our lightened up pool changing colors.

"Why not?" I asked astonished and turned to face him.

"Because there are a lot of drunk guys and I don't trust them."

"Don't you trust me?" I asked innocently.

"I trust you, but not your self defense skills." He informed me.

I rolled my eyes ready with a comeback when a huge splash came behind me and soaked me to my core. I slowly faced the pool to see it was Chase coming back up from underwater.

"What's wrong with you?" I screamed forgetting all traces of the sweet Chase who just saved me.

"Who? Me?" He asked faking innocence with a smirk.

I stormed off to my room not even interested on partying anymore. I was more focused on going to bed. I slammed the door to my room shut and stripped off all my clothes. I picked out a bra and underwear, quickly changed into them and crawled into my warm comforters.

My eyelids drooped and my bed dipped down. I felt a body on top of my covers, but still on the bed with me. Too tired to fully register that another person was in there with me, I fell into an unconscious, peaceful sleep.

Chapter 2

My eyes slowly opened and I yawned. I flipped onto my other side and saw a person lying there.

"Ahh!" I screamed and kicked them off the bed.

I heard laughing from the corner of my room as a mannequin rolled onto my floor. Chase emerged from my closet with a video camera.

"Ha, that's totally going to rival," he said with his famous smirk, "I was wondering how long it would take you to wake up."

"So you were just sitting in my closet videotaping me sleep," I snapped, "Pervert."

"Not all night," he shrugged and then winked, "I had other ladies to attend to."

I looked him square in the eyes, not amused, "Get out of my room."

His smirked reappeared, "Yeah, I've got to go put this on Youtube anyway."

"Try and stop me," he teased.

"Give me the camera!" I yelled as I jumped out of my bed.

He only held the camera above his head and stared at me wide eyed.

"Give it to me!" I jumped up and down.

He only held it higher.

I got a lot closer to him, almost enough that we were against each other, and began jumping. I held onto his strong forearm to steady my jumps. Yet I still couldn't get the camera.

"Chase," I whined and jumped one more time before stepping away.

"No," He said stubbornly.

I then got a bright idea. "I'll go tell Adam."

"You sure you want to do it dressed like that?" He snickered.

Being the light weight drinker I am, two beers could do some damage on me. I had forgotten about him splashing me last night and saving me. But more importantly I forgot I was only wearing a bra and underwear.

I sucked in air and tried to cover my blushing chest. My narrowed my eyes at him, "Get out!"

He smirked again, "You still never thanked me for saving you from James."

I ran to my closet and pulled out a random shirt and shorts before I continued talking with him. The shirt happened to be a little slow cut and slightly see through, but it was better than him seeing me in bra. The shorts I was sporting were pretty short too, but I was too mad at him to care. Besides, almost anything was better than underwear.

"I think you've undone all good you'd done last night," I growled.

He grimaced for a second but regained his usual, sexy smirk. Did I just say sexy? He was not sexy. Okay made his wash board abs were attractive. Of course his hair was gorgeous and the summer tan didn't hurt. But he's not sexy!

I gritted my teeth, "Give me the camera"

"Never," he protested as he turned to leave.

Frustration flared inside me and I ran after him. I jumped onto his back. My chest pressed onto his muscular, warm back. My upper arms stretched to get the camera he held out in front of him. My legs wrapped around his waist so I was straddling his back. I smiled a little at the thought before I remember it was Chase I was straddling.

He ran through the door of my room into the hall, knocking into things as we passed because he had been trying to avoid me clutching the camera as he walked. He managed to get down the stairs with me on his back and into the kitchen.

"Give it to me!" I screamed.

He sighed dramatically, "I'm really not in the mood to have sex right now, Skye."

"Jerk," I snapped and kicked his side.

I could almost sense him rolled his eyes as he gripped on of my legs so I couldn't jump off when he put the camera down. Then he flipped me into his shoulder into an effortless fireman's carry; as if I weighed 2 pounds not... well I'm going to tell you that.

I punched his back repeatedly as he searched for breakfast, still carrying me on his shoulder once he found an apple. My punching didn't even make him flinch. Stupid, sexy, strong Chase.

"What's going on?" my brother grumped, still dressed in pajamas as he walked in, "It's nine am."

Nine am? The idiot woke me up at nine am? "Give me the camera!" I screamed again and kicked his stomach.

He chuckled.

I rolled my eyes. Could he be anymore cocky?

Adam laughed, "I'd put her down, Chase. If that kick goes half a foot lower it might actually hurt."

I felt him tense up, shudder, and then place me down immediately.

"Thank you," I said stiffly. I almost missed the heat of his body. The way his back felt against my chest... Oh my God, what is wrong with me? I thought. This was Chase I was thinking about.

Chase took a step closer to me and looked directly into my eyes. Or at least I thought he was until he fixed my messy hair. He smoothed it out until he couldn't do it anymore. He stepped closer back, shrugged, and walked to the garbage to throw out his apple core.

What is going on? I thought desperately. This wasn't Chase. He's going to prank me worse than ever, I just knew it. I remembered when I was nine and he fixed the water fountain so it would spray on the front of my pants. I had to walk around all day in school being called pee-pee pants. When I was ten he cut off a chunk of my hair before class photos. At eleven he hid all my clothes when we were at camp I had to borrow things always out of my size range and wear my same clothes over again for a week and a half. Last year he made my crush ask me out and then break me up with me in front of everyone in school. And those are just the highlights. He's done much worse. And I knew he'd be doing much more yet to come.

I never understood what I did to deserve those things. I had always been nice to Chase until he's pranks got the best of me and had taken a while. To this day I still wonder what I did. I hadn't had it in me to ever ask Adam and Chance would just mock me if I asked him.

"Adam, I'm going to the mall with Aaron today to get some clothes for school," I informed my brother.

He nodded uncaringly as he searched for a bowl for his cereal.

I sighed and went to take a shower knowing he'd be here soon. I showered quickly and changed into a tight black t-shirt and cut off jeans. I brushed out my hair and ran a blow dryer through it before doing my makeup. I kept it light. There was no need to pile it on at ten am.

Just as I finished putting in my earrings Vegas by All Time Low came blasting out of my phone. That was Aaron's ring tone. I didn't even answer it. I just shoved the phone into my bag grabbed my credit card and ran downstairs to slip on my vans.

I heard a low whistle came from behind me and turned around. Chase winked at me with a bright smirk plastered onto his face. I grimaced.

"Bye Adam." I called completely ignoring Chase's idiotic behavior and headed out the door to Aaron's car.

"Back to school shopping?" He asked with an eyebrow raised once I was buckled and he had pulled out.

I shrugged, "Everything's too big on me now. I have about four outfits."

"Well, I think it's a good idea," He turned right "After everything that happened this summer a fresh start would be good on you."

I felt tears prick into my eyes when he mentioned my ex-boyfriend- if you could call him that. It only took me one month and a half to fall for him before he took my virginity and broke my heart. I tried not to think about Jake anymore, but the wound was still fresh. But as long as Adam didn't find out things couldn't get any worst.

"Yeah," I sighed when he pulled into the mall parking lot and we got out.

"I'm sorry." He said as we walked into the main entrance, "I didn't mean to bum you out."

"No," I shook my head and put on a fake smile "It's fine. Let's get some new clothes."

Being my bestfriend, he clearly knew I was lying. But he also knew it wouldn't help any to bring up the truth and that's why I loved Aaron.

"Come on," He slung an arm over my shoulder with a smile, "I'll buy you a milk shake."

Chapter 3

"What about this?" I asked spinning to the dressing room to get Aaron's opinion to the jeans I was sporting. They were light blue, which faded to white, with rips and I'd practically fallen in love with them. They showed off my legs perfectly and I had a feeling that I'd get away with them. Even though Adam wouldn't like them.

Aaron slapped my ass from his laying down position on the dressing room bench, "Looking hot."

I laughed. "Perfect, Now I just need to find some shirts."

He rolled his eyes, "Are we going to have to get some shoes too?"

"Just one pair." I pleaded.

"Fine, but I'm not being your pack mule." He warned, however we both knew he'd carry some of my bags.

"Thank you," I exclaimed and kissed his cheek, "Such a lovely best friend."

"I'm the bestest, best friend ever." He smiled jokingly.

I giggled and left the dressing room to be greeted rudely by a store employee.

"That's the girls dressing room," She hissed and glared at Aaron, "You can't be in there."

"I wasn't in there." He responded calmly.

"Yes, you were." She said most hesitantly.

"They are not the droids you are looking for," He quoted star wars and I almost died trying not to laugh.

"Uh, Uhm, okay," The woman blinked, "I'm so sorry."

"No problem." He grinned and we walked away.

Once we were at the safe distance I burst out laughing, "I can't believe that worked!"

"What can I say," He shrugged, "I'm smooth with the ladies."

"Oh yeah, you're a real player." I grinned amused.

"You know it." He beamed.

"Oh, let's check that store out." I grinned, dragging Aaron towards it with me.

I spend an hour picking out shirts, much to Aaron's annoyance. In the end I found tons of shirts that looked awesome. We left with my bags in our hands and walked to the vans store. It wasn't too hard to pick out shoes. I got a pair of dark purple vans and we went back to my house.

I threw my bags on my bed and met Aaron downstairs in my basement.

"Hey." I beamed.

"Hey." He smiled and threw me a game controller.

We began shooting each other. I had the lead after two hours of playing Call of Duty. And then my brother's friends came down.

"Hey Aaron." One said and they all nodded in his direction.

"Hey." He addressed them without taking his eyes off the television because he was about to be creamed by a girl.

I got in the last head shot before the game was over and I officially won.

"Yes!" I jump up and did a tiny victory dance, "In your face."

"Calm down." He rolled his eyes, "It's just one game Skye."

I heard someone choke on their drink and turned around to see my brother's friend, Damien. He was cute. He had black hair and blue eyes. He had a nice body and he was really sweet, he just wasn't my type. He looked red in the face until he could manage to swallow his drink again. He waited a few seconds before he stuttered out, "Sk-Skye?"

"Hi." I greeted them brightly preparing to get back to my gloating.

"What did you do this summer?" Tom inquired interest clear in his brown eyes as he shook his blonde hair.

"Fat camp." Chase said aggressively.

"Shut up, Chase." I hissed and he continued to glare at me.

"Well, Whatever you did, it worked." Tom grinned.

"Thanks." I beamed. Chase rolled his eyes. What was his problem?

"What's up?" Adam asked coming downstairs.

"We're talking about how Skye went to a fat camp." Chase smirked.

I crossed my arms and stomped upstairs. I heard the guys whispering before I shut the door.

I ran into my room. Soon enough he had found me on my bed playing with the sleeves of my shirt.

"Go away." I snapped.

"Listen Skye." He came closer to me.

I stood up and walked away from him towards my closet. "Get out."

"Skye." He took another step closer and I stepped back.

"No."

"Just listen to me." Another step forward.

"No." I stepped back.

"Seriously," Another step.

"Go away." I stepped back and hit my closet's close door.

"Skye." He trapped me against the wall by placing his hands on both sides of my head. His body was almost against me and I felt my heart race. I prayed he couldn't feel it too.

"No."

"Just listen to me," He commanded and I shut up immediately, "I'm sorry."

We remained silent. He'd never apologize to me before. We just stared into each other's eyes and I felt him pressed himself against me a little harder. I could feel his warm breath against my neck. Goose bumps began to rise and then my breathing hitched all together when I saw him lean into me.

His lipd barely touched mine. It was more of a brush. His lips grazed mine for a second. Then he pulled back to judge my reaction. He seemed to be searching my wide eyes. Then he look down at my slightly parted lips and smash his lips down onto mine roughly.

He licked my lower lip for entrance. Before I made the conscious decision my mouth open itself and I felt his tongue play perfectly with mine. He slowly moved away from my mouth to my jaw and placed gentle kisses all along the way. I moaned and blushed slightly when I felt him smirk against my skin.

He then moved to my neck. He sucked gently on my collarbone until it had a purple mark left on it. He pulled away and then came back to kiss me. I twined his fingers into his hair pulling my chest harder on his. I put all I had it that kiss and that time I heard him moan. I laughed lightly when we broke apart.

"Skye." Adam called.

"Oh, gosh." Chase whispered.

I got off my closet door and pushed him into my closet. I walked out the door to meet my brother.

"What's up?" I asked casually.

"Have you seen Chase? He came up to apologize to you half an hour ago."

That had been half an hour? I thought shocked. I shook my head, "He apologized and then left."

"Okay." He nodded and was about to walk away when his eyes widened, "What's that?" He pointed to my collar bone.

Gosh. "It... happened last night at the party." I stuttered.

"Who did that to you?" He asked trying to remain calm.

I winced trying to think of a name. The only one that comes to my mind was James. At least no one innocent would get hurt.

"James." I blurted out.

"He's so dead." Adam growled.

"It's fine." I assured him.

"No, it's not." He snapped, but then softened up, "It's like he's marking his territory, and you are not his territory."

I had to fight back a smile at the idea of Chase marking me as his territory. If I smiled like that my brother would have thought I was smiling at James and then probably would have put his fist through the wall.

"Bye, Adam." I said warning him to calm himself.

"Whatever." He grumbled and walked away.

I shut the door to my room and turned around to see Chase with his hands on both sides of the door, locking me in. His eyes dug into mine. We were silent for too long before he sighed and stepped away.

"Later, Skye." He walked out of my door.

Wait. What just happened? I thought.

Chapter 4

"Hey, Aaron?" I asked while we were sitting on my bed.

"What's up?" he asked while texting someone, probably Jen.

I hesitated for a second as I tried to decide whether asking this was a good idea or not. I sucked it up and sighed, "Do ever kiss a girl and then... then just leave?"

"Are we talking about Jake? Because he was horrible, just forget about him," Aaron stopped to look up at me.

"No," I groaned internally; I knew I shouldn't have brought it up, "I was wondering if guys did that a lot. Kiss a girl passionately and go."

He shrugged, "If there's no chance for sex and we're not in a relationship, maybe."

"Oh," was all I could think of to say. I mentally slapped myself; I'm such a genius.

"You still didn't say why," he waited with impatience clear in his voice even though he looked totally relax playing with his phone.

I debated telling him the truth and decided it was just too dangerous. I loved Aaron with all my heart, but it was at times like this when I wished I had a girl to talk to. I accepted a long time ago that I'd never get to talk about braseven though he knew my bra size, Cor my period, that never really bothered me, but I could've really used a girl at that moment. Sure, Aaron and I were pretty much friends with everyone, but none of them were close friends. He wasn't even that close with his girlfriend.

"No reason," I mumbled, "What do you want to do tonight."

He bit his lip, "I already promised Jen I'd go out with her."

"Sorry, I forgot," I blushed at my lack of caring for my friend's relationship, "go have fun."

"You sure?"

"Yeah," I put on my best fake smile, "go. Tell Jen I said hi."

"Okay," he grinned and left my room.

I fell back onto my bed lost. What was

I going to do? People kept leaving. Aaron to visit his girlfriend. Chase, who shouldn't have been here at all. I hate his stupid, perfect, soft lips. The way he could make me moan without my permission. I so badly wanted to hate him.

But I couldn't hate him. I wanted his lips back on mine. I wanted to tangie my fingers in his hair. He shouldn't have kissed me. Doesn't he know Bro Code? You' can't just kiss your best friend's little sister. Especially if your best friend happened to be Adam Barker. Even if you're not his best friend you don't just kiss his sister.

I groaned and covered my face. I was making too big a deal about this. I decided to clear my mind by changing into my bathing suit and going out to tan. I grabbed my sunglasses and put them on. I fixed up the wrinkles in my red bikini and ran for the door. My bare feet touched the hot ground outside and I grinned to myself.

"Hey, Skye!" Damien called and Tom dunked him under the water.

I paused. I had no idea they were out here. I searched for Chase and when I didn't see him I relaxed. I gave Damien a small wave when he resurfaced and hen laid down on one of our pool chairs. I was comfortable and warm when I felt cold water sharp against my back. I shivered and flipped around on the chair. Chase was shooting water at me from a water gun.

Chase winked at me and leaned in to whisper in my ear, "I love making you shiver."

His warm breath on my now cool neck would've accomplished that if I wasn't so against letting him make me now. I froze up and he chuckled softly in my ear before walking away. I grimaced and walked up behind him. He was still dry, to my advantage, until I shoved him into the pool.

The guys all laughed with me. Chase splashed up and spit water out of

his mouth. He glared at me and then dropped the look as it was replaced with a sexy smirk. He swam to the edge of the pool were I stood.

"You think you're really funny, don't you?" he asked rhetorically.

"I'm pretty hilarious," I smirked right back at him.

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He grinned. He took his arms and hit the back of my knees gently with it knocking me off my feet. I fell forward and he caught me before I could hit the ground and get scraped up- a big improvement from when we were younger and he'd let me fall. But quicker than he caught me he span around and threw me down into the water with him.

We went over in a splash and white bubbles crowded around us. His arms constricted around me pushing me closer against his chest. My leg wrapped around his waist and I prayed the bubbles

were still covering us. He pulled us back up. Once my head broke the surface of the water and I could breathe again I seemed to snap out of it. I detangled myself from him and we broke apart.

I pulled away from him and stood up. I hadn't realized I had been breathing heavy until Ryan pointed it out.

"I think you kept her under too long, Chase," Ryan put an arm around me and laughed, "You need some CPR?"

Chase glared at us and Adam came up from behind us. He pushed Ryan over with one light shove of his hand to his face. He threw an arm around me and frowned down at where Ryan was coming back up. His brown hair dripping wet and his golden brown eyes almost hidden by it.

"Hands off," Adam warned.

Ryan laughed, "Chase's hands weren't off."

I blushed. They had noticed that? I was so sure they couldn't see us. That was so embarrassing.

Adam rolled his eyes, "Chase and Skye's touches are as sexual as hospitals."

Doctors I thought immediately and Chase mirrored my thoughts.

"Nurses," he winked and gave me a sexy smirk which was promptly ignored by Adam and glared at by the others. I felt my whole body go warm in the cool pool water. I hated the way he could make me feel. It was like all I wanted to do was kiss him, but I loathed him.

I watched the sun begin to set and decided that'd be my queue to leave. I swam to the ladder and climbed out. Once I had found my towel I dried off.

"See you guys later," I said with a smile after I wrapped the towel around me.

I walked into my house and grabbed a bottle of water from my kitchen before heading upstairs to my room. My legs felt weak for some unknown reason. All I wanted to do was sleep so once I was out of my wet bathing suit and into my pajamas I laid down onto my bed. I closed my eyes and waited for sleep to come, but it never did. It was going to be a long night.

Chapter 5

Almost a week passed by after Adam and Chase came home. Surprisingly I hadn't seen much of Chase after that day in the pool. We were starting school tomorrow and I was extremely nervous about my new body. I felt completely different. In fact I was completely different. I had stopped letting people walk all over me and the thought of how people would react to that terrified me ironically.

Aaron sat on my bed and watched me change into about a thousand different outfits for the first day of school.

He rolled his eyes after I modeled the cut off jean shorts and neon blue short sleeve shirt, "What's the point of this? You'll look fine in anything you wear."

"Fine?" I pouted.

"Awesome, sexy, hot, stunning," he grinned sarcastically, "Better?"

I grumbled a 'yeah' under my breath and stripped down to find another outfit. It's not like I really minded Aaron seeing me in my underwear. We've known each other since my first day on this earth, which was only five days after his first day. He's like my brother... only less protective and slightly more sexual.

"Might want to close the door," Chase leaned into my room.

"Ah!" I exclaimed and try to cover myself as Aaron threw a pillow at him to get him out.

Chase deflected the pillow with his arm and laughed before closing the door himself. I grimaced.

"When did you two get so close he's allowed to see you half naked?" he asked suspiciously.

"He's not," I growled honestly.

He really was not allowed to see me in my underwear. Just because we kissed, or more realistically made out, didn't mean he could just walk into my room and see me half naked... again.

He raised an eyebrow, but decided not to pry anymore and motioned for me to hurry up and change into the next outfit with one hand.

I shimmied into a white v-neck tucked into a tight, black skirt. I did a little twirl and he shook his head.

"Adam's not going to let you out like that."

"Ugh. he's not my dad," I stated with exasperation, "He can't tell me what to wear."

He rolled his eyes, "Yeah, your real dad doesn't care all that much. Just wear something that Adam won't flip out about. Otherwise he'll be hanging around you more than usual trying to scare the guys off."

I sighed and took off the t-shirt, "I have a feeling he'll be doing that anyway because of the whole weight loss situation. He's going to see how the guys react. No one at school really knows What I look like now. Excluding James and he has only given Adam more of a reason to freak out."

Aaron grinned, "So dress like a nun."

I laughed and threw the white t-shirt at him, "I still want to look good."

"Okay, so sexy school girl," he beamed even more.

I rolled my eyes, "You're lucky Adam doesn't kill you."

"I'd use Jake as a human shield," he laughed. .

I forced a laugh, despite myself, and hope he didn't notice. Of course being my best friend Aaron always noticed that sort of stuff.

"You still really like him don't you," he said softly.

"Yeah, but it's not like I'm going to see him again. I'll get over him eventually," I sighed through my nose and began to dig through my clothes again, but nothing seemed to fit with what I was looking for in a 'back to school' outfit.

"Adam would kill him. Hell I would, but I'm forbidden," he mocked.

"For a good reason," I reminded, "I don't want him to think I'm so pathetic that I'd send my best friend or big brother after him just because he broke my heart."

"That's not pathetic."

"Whatever," I narrowed my eyes at him, "It's unnecessary."

I pulled out a pair of black super skinny jeans and a royal blue crop top. I slipped into the shirt and did that little dance one does when they put on skinny jeans. I pulled them up one leg then the next, jumped into them, wiggled, and then buttoned the jeans.

"Huh?" I asked.

"Hell yes," he grinned.

"Finally," I beamed and changed into my pajamas after hanging up my outfit for tomorrow.

I sat down pretzel style next to him on my bed. "You sleeping over tonight?" I asked.

Aaron had a drawer in my room for his clothes, shampoo, a tooth brush and a razor in my bathroom. He practically lived at my house, not that I minded. On the other hand Chase being here all the time bothered me. Didn't he have a life outside of hanging out with my brother and confusing me?

He nodded, "I don't have my car though. Is it cool if we get a ride from Adam?"

"I don't know, let me ask," I was at the door when he stopped me.

"You're in booty shorts," he stated clearly referring to what he anticipated Adam's reaction to be.

"Yeah, but it's just him, Chase, and us home. I doubt he'll care," I shrugged.

Aaron gestured for me to go talk to him and I bounced out my door to Adam's room across the hall. I knocked and he told me to come in. He was sitting on his bed with Chase on the floor. The two of them looked to be engrossed with the movie they had on television. Adam paused the movie to look at me. Chase glanced up at me too and became wide eyed.

I looked back up at my brother with the sweetest smile I could muster up, "Do you mind giving Aaron and me a ride tomorrow?"

"Why can't he drive you guys?" Adam asked almost confused. I don't think driving us bothered him as much as he was curious.

"He's staying over and his cars at his house," I informed him.

"Yeah, sure," he nodded and pressed play.

I walked back into my room and Aaron was in his red pajama pants half way under the covers of my bed. He never wore a shirt to bed. He claimed he had to be either shirtless or pants less so the obvious choice was the shirt.

I crawled into bed with him and the two of us quickly fell asleep.

Chapter 6

I woke up early to shower. I always showered in the morning and Aaron always showered at night to avoid bathroom issues. We were close, but not that close. I showered quickly and brushed my teeth. Then I gave Aaron the bathroom and went into my room to change.

Once I was in the first-day-of-outfit I had picked out last night I did my makeup, giving my hair a little time to dry before I straightened it. Aaron was done before me, of course, and went to go eat breakfast with the guys in my kitchen.

I grabbed mine and Aaron's backpacks and ran downstairs.

"You guys ready to go?" I asked as I handed Aaron his backpack.

Adam rolled his eyes, "Nice stomach."

"You can see like half an inch," I protested.

"Half an inch too much," he placed his bowl in the sink.

"Someone help me," I groaned.

Aaron threw his plate into my sink and defended me, "She looks fine. The outfits last night were worse and I'm not watching her try on fifth teen more."

Chase and Adam grumbled under their breath and led the way to Adam's car.

We got to school fairly quickly. We all hopped out of the car and walked to our lockers. The four of us were greeted by Jen and the guys. Jen tackled Aaron into a hug before pulling away, one of her hands still in his, and waved at me.

"Hey, Skye," she beamed.

"Hi, Jen," I smiled.

"Skye?" my brother's friend Derek asked.

I was kind of excited to see the guys, though I'd never tell Adam because he would snap their heads off. I hadn't seen them all summer and I missed them. I was glad it was the first day of school so I could see them again.

"Yeah?" I asked friendly.

"What-," he was cut off by Adam who probably thought I sounded too friendly.

"Yeah, yeah, Skye looks different. What else is new?"

I blinked twice and the rest of the group decided to talk about the girls they'd be going out with on Friday. I opened my locker to put away my back pack and just take out a few things to carry. Aaron tapped me and when I didn't respond immediately slapped my back.

"What?" I whinnied and turned to face him but stopped when I saw a familiar figure walk through the door.

I'd know that brown hair and honey colored eyes anywhere. He still had the tan from when we went to the beach this summer. His muscular body somehow showed through his jeans and t-shirt. I felt my heart skip a beat at the sight of him.

"Who's the new kid?" Chace asked.

"His name's Jake. He tried out for the football team last week. He's really good and he made it," Ryan informed us.

Aaron and I swapped glances as I watched Jake walk through the halls. It seemed the gossip around the school was split in half between my new look and the 'hot' new kid, Jake.

Jake winked a girl and I felt something tug at my heart. Damn it I was jealous. And angry; what gave him the right to come back here? He broke my heart and then walked away. That guy didn't deserve to live in the small area code as me, let alone go to my school.

Jake walked straight up to me with a wicked smirk on his face. He stopped less than a foot away from me. I felt tension throughout the group and I knew Aaron wanted to rip his head off.

"Hello, Skye," he continued to smirk like we were best friends and he had just gotten away with pranking me.

"What are you doing here?" I spat.

He put a hand over his heart pretending to be offended by my question, "That hurt."

"Good," I growled.

He grimaced sarcastically, "You're so mean."

"I think I have the right to be," I snapped.

"So you don't want to show me around?" he asked smoothly.

"What? No," I replied a little dazed from the sudden shift in conversation. It was like a head rush.

The bell rang and the group dispersed except for Adam, Chase, Aaron, Jake and I. He leaned in slightly, "You're lying."

"Some one's full of themselves," I smirked.

"It's called a high self-esteem. Clearly you did not have it," he grinned as he referred to this summer when we had slept together.

I bite my tongue. I can't believe I still care about this guy. He was such a jerk. He played me and I only wanted him back. I was so pathetic.

"Get to class," the security guard walked passed us.

"Let's go," Jake grinned.

"Stay away from her," Aaron snatched my arms and dragged me to our first class. Jake turned the other way and out of the hallway.

We walked into our first class late due to my mini confrontation with Jake in the hall. Thankfully the teacher came later than us. The teacher began to explain English class for grade eleven. I was grateful Aaron and I didn't have to talk about this. I couldn't even begin to explain how I felt and I was already a nervous wreck for when I saw Adam next.

The bell rang too soon. I had second period off. I walked with Aaron to his class before I went to sit outside in the sun and I was right. He had something to say.

"You still won't let me kick his ass?" was what he started off with in all seriousness.

"Yes," I nodded, "Stay away from him."

"But what if he doesn't stay away from you?"

"Then... I don't know. I'll cross that bridge if I get to it," I sighed.

He groaned, "It doesn't look like he's going to leave you alone."

I looked down the hall and saw him coming, "Go into your class. I've got this."

I walked passed him outside. I saw him quickly turn around and follow me from the corner of my eye. Once I sat on the stone wall in the back of my school he found me and stood in front of me.

"What's with the attitude this morning?" he inquired.

"What's with the attitude?" I growled wondering if he was seriously asking that.

I watched him step in between my open legs. His chest was almost against mine. He smelt sweet, like caramel, and I almost wanted to taste him. I remembered Chace doing this the day he and my brother came back. This time it felt different.

"Yeah, the attitude," he smirked, "Did I do something?"

I took a deep breath to calm myself and noticed him looking at my chest as it moved up and down. I placed one finger under his chin and yanked his head up to look me in the eyes. It was a gesture that probably looked sweet from anyone on the outside, but we both knew it wasn't.

He placed his hands on either side of my legs and leaned in more. I pulled my finger off his chin and scowled.

"You really don't know Why I'm angry?" I questioned While I tried to remain clam.

"Nope," he smirked after popping the (p).

A football spiraled into the back of his head suddenly. He immediately removed his hands from the stone wall and took a step back. He rubbed the back of his head in pain. I had to light my urge to smile. It was great that he was in even the tiniest bit of pain, just a fragment of what I felt, but he also looked really adorable.

Chase came running up from behind him with this weird, angry look in his eyes.

"Sorry," he tried to sound sincere as he picked up his football.

"Already practicing?" I raised an eyebrow.

He nodded and narrowed his eyes at lake, "I heard you made the team. You should probably practice too."

lake scowled as Chase shouted, "Go long."

Despite what seemed to be his desires he ran far away from us to catch the ball. Chase pretended to throw it then turned around to face me. He dropped the football in between us and furrowed his brow.

"Why are you talking to him?" he asked almost angrily.

"Why does it matter?" I asked surprised at his concern.

"Don't talk to me like I'm him give me a straight answer," he demanded.

"He's not that bad," I suddenly propelled into defense mode.

"He's pretty much held a whole conversation insulting you today," he snarled.

I got scared for a moment. I'd never seen Chase angry. He was usually playful or sarcastic or happy, but he was never mad. A small shiver ran up my spine, but I sucked it up.

"So What? You insult me all the time," I pointed out defensively.

He looked hurt for a moment, but recovered quickly, "Why are you defending him."

I sighed, "It doesn't matter. Let's just forget about it."

He looked at me with softer eyes after I said that. Like saying that made me fragile and in need of protection.

He was about to speak when a football came flying at the back of his head. He let out a small string of curses.

"Where the hell did he find a football?" Chase growled and I giggled.

Chapter 7

By the time the end of the day came around I was exhausted from trying to hide from Jake all day. He happened to be in three of mine and Aaron's classes, one of our off periods, and in the only class I had without Aaron excluding second period off which he was also in. Chase was in my only class without Aaron too only making in worse. It was like karma was coming after me that day.

I waited for the boys at Adam's car. I wanted to get out of that school as soon as possible, but it didn't seem like that was going to happen. Jake had already been walking towards me. Aaron, Adam, and Chase had failed to show up before him.

"Hey," Jake grinned looking more kind than cocky.

"H-hi," I stuttered at the sudden change then slapped myself for it.

"Look," he cut right to the chase, "today during second period when you asked if I didn't know why you were angry, I lied."

"Oh, so you do know you pulled some serious d-bag moves?" I asked condescendingly.

I could see him fight back the urge to roll his eyes instead he nodded, "But I'm willing to put that all in the past if you are."

I opened my mouth, closed it again, and repeated it. I must've looked like a fish considering I did it at least three times before answering him. "What do you have to put in the past?"

"Us sleeping together," he said simply. I would've been offended if he hadn't elaborate that it wasn't bad, but there was another reason to putting it in the past. "I won't tell your brother about what we did this summer."

I almost agreed before I realized something. I cackled a little because he thought that would work, "I have no reason to forgive you. Adam would kick your ass, not mine."

"True," he nodded his head in agreement before he got a wicked look in his eyes, "but do you really want your brother to know his baby sister isn't a virgin anymore? Imagine how much he'd hang around you then."

I tensed up and he noticed. He came closer to me. So close he had backed me into Adam's car with his hands on either side of me. He leaned his head into the crook of my neck. I could feel his warm breath giving me goose bumps. I had the sudden impulse to have him to kiss me. I felt disgusted with myself.

"Check and mate," he breathed onto my neck.

That snapped me out of my trance and I pushed him back with two of my fingers. He moved back on his own accord I assumed considering he had way more muscle on him than I did. He may have been lean, but he certainly wasn't a whimp.

"No," I narrowed my eyes at him, "I will not just forgive you."

"How about forgetting then?" he asked with a cocky smirk.

I thought about forgetting. Forgetting him, it, the whole thing. The idea was so appealing. I wanted to forget I'd ever fallen for that jerk which meant I'd have to get the upper hand in this conversation.

"You'd forget it too?" I asked like I was entertaining the idea, "Like the whole thing never happened?"

"Of course," he grinned.

"So that means you wouldn't bother me anymore. You'd leave me alone?"

His smile faltered and I witnessed him grimace for the first time ever before he quickly composed his face again, "But if I saw you for the first time all over again I'd still be as attracted to you as the first time."

My heart raced and I prayed he wouldn't notice. Jake found me attractive, I thought and it caused my heart to beat a mile a minute. I tried to hide my blush by putting on a straight, unamused face.

"Yeah, right, I'm not going to fall for that again," I scoffed, "Just stay out of my way and I'll stay out of yours."

He nodded, "So we're forgetting?"

"Everything before this second," I clarified.

He grinned and leaned into me again, "Great, now I have to get you all over again."

I didn't have a chance to say anything because after he finished he strutted off. I stare blankly after him. He had to be messing with me.

"What did he want?" I heard Chase ask from beside me, he was leaning against the car with me, and nearly jumped out of my own skin.

"God, don't do that!" I exclaimed startled.

He continued to glare at Jake's receding figure and asked again, "What did he want?"

I shrugged, "We had stuff to talk about."

"So you know him?" he said more to himself than me.

I'd seen Chase do a lot of weird things, but the way he looked now was the weirdest. He was so concerned about my relationship with Jake it was odd. However it didn't distract me from the fact that him asking questions about Jake was dangerous territory.

"Where are Adam and Aaron?" I asked trying to divert him.

"Aaron's going home with Jen and I have no idea where Adam is. Probably hooking up with some girl," he shrugged at the end.

"Hypocrite," I mumbled and rolled my eyes.

It didn't bother me that my brother hooked up with a lot of girls. I took it as a fact. It bothered me that he was so freakish about me going out with guys. If he wants me to be treated right maybe he should try treating his girls right.

"Hypocrite?" Chase inquired.

I sighed, "Adam. He's always hooking up with some girl, but I can never hook up with a guy."

He raised an eyebrow, "Do you want to hook up with a guy?"

I blushed and began to stutter, "I... maybe-it's just... I'd like the option."

He growled, "Like Jake?"

"No!" I answered too quickly With too much enthusiasm for him.

"Whaat was that about?" he snapped.

"Nothing," I said defensively then snubbed him, "It's none of your business anyway."

He narrowed his eyes, "You're right, but I'm sure Adam would love to heard about it."

"Good," I scoffed, "Let Adam kick his ass."

He blinked at me astonished, "What did this kid do to you?"

"Chase, either go call my brother or go away," I groaned.

I saw him roll his eyes and get up off the car to find Adam. I watched him walked away and couldn't help, but admire his body. It was in the perfect place between muscular and lean. His body was just so Whoa! What the hell am I thinking? This is Chase.

He's torturing me, mocking me. He's going to prank me soon I just know it. But still, I thought, his body was nice.

Oh my god what's happening to me?

Chapter 8

It's so sad that once Aaron's gone I have no one. I thought as I plopped down on my bed. He went to go hang out with Jen of course. I wouldn't say I didn't like her, I actually really liked her, but it was like she was kidnapping my best friend.

I never had a large group of close friends. I could've called someone over just to hang out like Dylan or Matt, but I wasn't in the mood. So instead I sat on my bed forever alone.

"Skye," Adam called up the stairs, "Chase and I are going to get food. Jake's downstairs, go hang out."

I froze up. Jake was in my house again. I wanted to vomit I felt so sick. I raced to my closet to change out of my sweats. The only guys who ever saw me in those were Chase, Aaron, and Adam.

I groaned as I slipped on a white tank top and jeans. Wasn't it bad enough this jerk was in my house again, now I have to get changed for him?

I ran downstairs to make sure Jake was on his best behavior while in my house. He was leaning against my kitchen island with the black and white marble top looking out onto my living room.

"What are you doing?" I asked once I reached in between the living room and kitchen.

"Not much has changed, huh?" he stood up straight and walked closer to me.

To my surprise, and I was pretty sure it was a surprise for him too, I did not move away. I just couldn't make my body do it.

"A lot has changed," I narrowed my eyes at him and hopped he'd find the double meaning in my words.

"You're still you, I'm still me," he shrugged and repeated himself more intensely this time, "Nothing much has changed."

"What happened to forgetting?" I raised an eyebrow.

He laughed softly and looked down at me, "That's only in public."

"And in private?" I prodded.

He moved his hand to the side of my hip, "Whatever you want."

I was silent. I didn't know what I wanted. He took that as a good sign and snaked his other hand onto my lower back. He pulled me closer to him so I was pressed against his chest. I looked straight at his chest and then back up at him.

I was silently searching his eyes, but then he closed them. He closed them and crushed his lips onto mine with aggressive passion. I'd never felt something like this before. I was tingling all over and was more turned on than the time we slept together and I feared my hatred for him might've been helping that.

He was forbidden and that made him taste all the sweeter. I closed my eyes too out of habit. His licked my lower lip for entrance, but I refused. He continued kissing me a bit longer and then tried again. That time I let him.

He had a field day with my tongue. Playing with it however he wanted. He was one hundred percent in charge of this kiss. I had no choice in the matter and I almost didn't mind that. His hand that was on my tattooed hip trailed to my upper back. He pulled me even closer to him and I could feel the heat radiating between us.

I thought we'd never stop kissing, but then Chase burst through the door.

"Hey, we got some-", he stopped dead in the middle of his sentence at the sight of us.

I dropped my hands from around Jake's neck, but he didn't let go. It was like Chase and he were in some weird stare down. We heard Adam talking outside and everyone snapped out of it. Chase looked away, I let go, and I wiped my mouth to make sure that there was no hint of a kiss.

Adam came walking in and I saw Chase open his mouth.

"Chase!" I exclaimed, "Can I talk to you."

"Don't kill him," Adam warned playfully.

"I'll try," I mumbled and grabbed Chase by the forearm.

I pulled him to the back door. I stuck my head out and noticed it was already dark out and it was raining. Regardless I dragged him behind me to the side of my house. There were no windows or doors on the first floor for anyone to see or hear us. There was also a tall fence to block out any curious pervert neighbors.

I slammed into the wall and held him a foot away from me before I dropped his already soaking wet shirt.

"Don't tell Adam," I whispered with the rain almost covering my words so that I wasn't sure he could hear them. The rain already drenching my hair and clothing too.

He grimaced, "Why him?"

"What?" I asked feeling like a complete idiot.

He rolled his eyes slyly, as if he didn't want me to see and hurt my feelings, "Why'd you kiss him?"

"As opposed to who?" I asked confused.

"I don't know..." he trailed off and it looked like he was blushing. Had I made Chase Mathews blush? I felt so proud that I had to hide the smile it was giving me to avoid looking smug.

"I don't understand-," I began, but he cut me off with a kiss.

What was with him and kissing me?

I thought, but then I noticed what he tasted like. It was like cinnamon and I love it. Just as I was about to response he pulled away. Again it looked like he was judging my reaction.

I grabbed his shirt and pulled him against me. I moved my hands into his hair and tangled them there. God I loved his hair. I put all the passion I could muster up into that kiss. He took my leg and pulled it around his side then did the same thing with my other leg. He had my back pressed against the wall and my butt in his hands. I left my hands in his hair as I twisted my legs around him.

He broke the kiss first to breathe. And I gasped for the air I didn't know I needed. My face landed in the crook of his neck while the two of us panted. Once our breathing was closer to normal he went for my neck. He sucked just under my jaw and then shot up to nibble on my earlobe.

I suppressed a moan, but we could both feel it in my chest. He broke off just the tiniest bit to almost plead in my ear, "Just do it."

Then he began to suck again. I followed his advice about moaning and sighed, "Chase," as he placed kisses along my jaw line. I felt a small smile on his lips as he kissed me. He seemed to react even more to that as he pressed harder up against me and went to town. I was shoved hard in between his perfect chest and the solid wall. He moved his lips down my wet skin, barely brushing it.

His name escaped my lips again and he groaned against my skin. The rain fell harder around us and I shivered from the cold. That seemed to stop him. He ripped us apart and pressed his forehead to mine.

He breathed in and out slowly in comparison to me. I panted making my chest heave up and down against his. He smiled slightly and place one of my legs back onto the ground then the other. He made sure I was steady before stepping off me.

We stared at each other briefly before he whispered, "I won't tell."

What was I supposed to say? I thought. I really wanted to know why he kept kissing me, but was too afraid to ask. And the kisses were too good to stop. I left before he could this time.

"Later, Chade," I smirked repeating exactly what he'd told me last time.

He looked astonished at me, but I turned around and walked into my house, soaking wet, anyway.

"Hey," Adam said swallowing a bite of pizza, "Did you and Chase come to an understanding?"

"More or less," I shrugged feeling as though I hadn't lied. Technically he said he wouldn't tell.

"Whoa, cover up," Chase threw his sweat shirt at my back and I caught it.

"Huh?" I asked as I grabbed a slice of pizza.

"Oh god, your bra Skye," Adam turned away.

I looked down and saw my red bra peeping through my white tank top. I was stupid to think I could get away with a red bra and white top to begin with, even without the rain.

Jake winked at me and I heard Chase snarl. I quickly pulled the sweatshirt over me and zipped it. It smelt so good just like him and felt so warm. I tapped Adam on the shoulder letting him know it was safe to look up. Then I grabbed two slices of pizza and a plate.

I climbed up the stairs to my room and changed back into my sweats. I plopped down on my bed and realized I was in the same exact position in the same exact clothes before Adam called me down. All I had now was pizza.

Damn, that was a lot to go through for pizza.

Chapter 9

After another sleepless night I woke up to go to school. I had just finished getting ready when I heard Aaron honk outside. I hurried passed Adam and Chase I had no idea why he was here anyway. He had brought his own car with him and into the driveway.

I looked up to see a brand new black Lexus, instead of Aaron's usual silver Jeep Wrangler.

I walked to the window, expecting to hear my friend freak out about his new ride, but then I saw Jake sitting in the driver's seat. I guess it wasn't Aaron honking for me.

I would've rather seen Aaron.

He smirked when he noticed me and swung the passenger side door open for me without moving from his seat. I leaned half my body in to talk with him.

"What are you doing here?" I hissed.

He didn't look phased at all as he smiled, "I'm picking you up."

I glared at him, "Aaron picks me up for school, and I'm pretty sure you already knew that."

"What if Aaron couldn't pick you up today?" he inquired.

"Oh my god, what did you do to Aaron!" I exclaimed worriedly.

His eyes got wide when he realized what I just said and he dropped the cool act for a minute, "No! No, Aaron's fine. I didn't touch him!"

I let out a breath of relief and looked at him with softer eyes now. I briefly wondered how I thought Jake hurt him anyway. He might've been a jerk, but he wasn't abusive. I quickly dismissed the thought and replied, "He's coming to get me."

"One day won't kill either of you," he shrugged, "He's been ditching you for Jen lately anyway, as I remember."

Anger flared inside me as I realized he was right. I hit my lower lip so I wouldn't scream in fury or jealousy before I nodded. I knew he was using that just that get me to go with him, but he was right regardless.

"Just let me call Aaron first," I sat onto his passenger seat looking out through the open door and dialed his number. He may have been ditching me lately, but I wasn't about to do the same without calling first.

"I'm so sorry!" he exclaimed hurriedly, "I have to pick up Jen I'll be there in ten minutes."

"It's fine" I sighed, "I was calling to tell you I already had a ride today."

There was a long pause on the other end of the phone before he finally spoke in a quizzical voice, "Who's taking you?"

I began to debate telling Aaron the truth. I never used to lie to him, but the second Chase kissed me that seemed to change all that. Chase, I growled in my head. I didn't really have time to decide between honesty and lying as I saw Chase speak of the devil walk out of the house.

"Jake, got to go, bye," I said rapidly as I swung my legs into the car and shut the door.

Apparently I shut it too hard because Chase immediately shot his head up. He quickly developed an odd expression of determination and anger which he plastered onto his face. He stomped over toward the car. Jake revved the engine, but it was too late.

Chase swung my door open and grabbed my unbuckled waist. He yanked me out of the car and into his arms. I felt his chest hard against my back as he continued to press us harder and harder against each other. I'm ashamed to say I kind of liked it.

"Let's go Skye," he hissed passed me at Jake.

lake smirked innocently, enjoying Chase's anger a little too much, "It's no problem. I'll drive her."

"Get lost," he snarled.

Suddenly his hand snatched mine as he dropped my waist. He dragged me to his black car. He quickly opened the door for me and although he was roughly pushing me in like a cop to a prisoner I found it gentlemanly. Well gentlemanly for Chase.

After shutting the door he got in on his side. He had just gotten the key in the ignition and was about ready to drive when he looked down at my lap.

"Aren't you going to buckle?" he furrowed his eyebrows in frustration. He looked so hot when he seemed to be thinking like that. -No! I thought screamed at myself, stop thinking about him like that. He's not that attractive.

I was surprised by his sudden caring and deciding instead of answering his question I'd ask one of my own. It was the perfect time. He couldn't deny me an answer because then I'd drive away with lake, which he seemed to be very against for some reason.

"Why'd you drag me out of Jake's car?" I inquired.

"I can't drive until you buckle. I learned that in Driver's Ed," He forced a cocky smirk.

I narrowed my eyes at him, "You never took Driver's Ed."

We glared at each other for several minutes. Finally he gave in and leaned over me quickly to grab my belt. He strapped me in without my permission. He gripped the wheel so tight with his hands that they turned white as he slammed his head against the back of his seat with his eyes shut. He exhaled loudly and slowly before he finally opened his eyes and started to drive.

"Chase..." I whispered.

He took a deep breath and let it out before answering, "Yeah?" He sounded a lot calmer now.

I hesitated, unsure if I should ask this, but found the courage anyway, "Why do you keep kissing me?"

He pressed the brake at the stop sign we came up to. He then turned to me with a heartbreaking look of nonchalance in his eyes, "Does it matter?"

"I'd like to know," I hit my lip in nervousness.

The car behind us honked and he began to drive again. This seemed to give him the courage to answer me.

He shrugged, "Just messing around with you."

"Yeah, Okay," I laughed shakily, almost breathlessly, and stared down at my lap. I let my hair make a curtain between us as I played with the fringe on my jean shorts.

My heart sunk to the bottom of my chest. Did he really just say that? The way he kissed me, I just assumed... and then it occurred to me; Chase kisses a lot of girls. A lot. He's just like my brother. What the hell was I thinking even letting those lips touch mine? He couldn't be trusted and I knew that.

Chase Mathews was enemy number one.

And always will be.

Chapter 10

Chase's POV

Don't ask me why I lied. I don't know. How was I supposed to tell my best friend's little sister I had feelings for her. Bro Code... It's a stupid code.

But how could I not have feelings for her. She's was beautiful and hot. She was smart tooand I'm betting that all the other guys thinking about how sexy she was didn't realize that. They seriously needed to back off. Bringing me to Jared.

I turned my head slightly to the right. Nine minutes left. It was ninth period social studies and he sat right next to me. Under his desk I could see him texting Skye. Why the hell was she replying? What was he doing talking to my Skye? Did he actually have a death wish?

My Skye. I realized what I'd just thought. Had I really fallen so hard for her? I was just going to have to get over her. Flirt was other girls. Move on. She wasn't all that fantastic, I lied to myself.

He laughed down at his phone.

"Hey, can I see your phone?" I asked faking a friendly tone.

He shrugged, "Sure."

I took it from him and chucked it out the open window next to us.

"Go long," I growled and stood just as the bell rang.

He narrowed his eyes at me beforeing laughing. Once he calmed down he looked me straight in the eyes. "I know you like her. Throwing my phone out the window isn't going to stop us from talking."

I scowled, "I don't know what you're talking about. She's my best friend's little sister. I'm just looking out for her."

He raised an eyebrow, "So you know what we did this summer?"

I furrowed my eyebrows, "What?"

He slapped me on the back with a smug smile, "I'm gonna go find me phone."

I stalked into the hallway to find Skye and get the hell out of this school before Jake could get to her.

Unfortunately I was stopped by a group of girls excited to talk to me. I sighed. It was like Chase vs. Jake in the battle of Skye. Jake was kicking my ass in terms of Skye.

Jake's POV

I found my phone in the bushes and brushed it off before slipping it in my pocket. I don't know why he threw my phone. It's not like I was texting her. Unless he thought I was and in that case he was jealous.

Why would Chase be jealous? Skye is actually willing to talk to him. He doesn't have to constantly pursue her. It also helped that he almost lived at her house. That's not to say I wasn't getting close to Adam, because I was. And it seemed like everytime Chase looked at Skye, him and Adam became less close.

I doubt Adam really acknowledged it though. Something me and all the straight guys in our school envied.

I passed Aaron as I walked back into the school. He was leaving with a girl, she wasn't Skye, so I was guessing that was Jen. That girl was my ticket to getting Skye closer to me and I wanted to thank her. Unfortunately Aaron would probably punch me and getting on Skye's best friend's bad side didn't seem like the way to get her back.

I smiled when I noticed Skye at her locker. From the corner of my eye I could see Chase being sucked into a conversation with a group of girls, he didn't look too happy. Yes! I exclaimed in my head I was going to get the girl I loved back.

Not that I'd ever told her I loved her.

Skye's pov

It was two minutes after the ninth period bell rang and I just wanted to get the heck out of that school. I opened my locker to stuff my books inside. I saw a pair of legs and the lower half of a muscular torso on the opposite side. Even before I closed the door I knew it was Jake.

"Sorry about the ride," I apologized.

His face twisted from slightly cocky to surprised. I guess even with me agreeing to a ride he thought I was still mad at him. His composure returned and he grinned.

"No problem, I'll just have to give you a ride home," he winked.

God I hoped I wasn't drooling when he did that, it was so hot. I smirked.

"Aaron's got it," I turned to walk away and saw Chase flirting with a girl outside his classroom. He was playing with a curl in the back of her blonde hair. My heart dropped.

"Isn't he taking Jen home?" he asked quizzically.

Rage flared through me. How dare Chase use me like that! How dare Aaron ditch me, again! I was better than that. Jake even treated me better than that. Bailing on a girl the day after you take her virginity isn't exactly gentlemanly, but it was better than my best friend ditching me for his girlfriend without saying it to my face. Jake said it to my face. And it's not as bad as Chase using me for when he got horny at my house and wanted a make out buddy. Jake at least apologized... he did apologize, didn't he? I couldn't remember.

Before I could think about it I did what would piss Aaron and Chase off the most.

I grabbed Jake by his shirt and pushed him against the lockers while I attacked his mouth with mine. He quickly figured out what was happening and moved one hand to the small of my back, the other on my butt. I wrapped my arms around his neck. He pulled me closer to his chest and dominated the kiss.

I tasted his caramel like breath in my mouth and fought the urge to moan, but as he held me tighter and sucked on my tongue gently I had to moan. I sighed his name into his mouth. Unlike Chase he didn't find it funny he found it attractive and made the kiss more passionate.

There was a cough and we broke apart gasping for air. I swiveled in Jake's arms to look at the person; it was Chase.

Chapter 11

Last Chapter:

I grabbed lake by his shirt and pushed him against the lockers while I attacked his mouth with mine.

He quickly figured out what was happening and moved one hand to the small of my back, the other on my butt. I wrapped my arms around my neck. He pulled me closer to his chest and dominated the kiss.

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There was a cough and we broke apart gasping for air. I swiveled in lake's arms to look at the person; it was Chase.

"I need to get to my locker," he gesture, parting the air his hands with a violent speed, for us to break apart and move.

I couldn't stand Chase's face like that. I must've been imagining it though. He said he was just messing around'. He didn't actually care about more than his best friend asked him to. He had no

claim over me. I was free to kiss whoever I wanted. I'd like to kiss Chase against the lockers, I thought which was quickly followed by a mental slap and questioning what was wrong with me.

Despite how much I liked Chase and I honestly hated to admit that, I couldn't let him win this one. I would've felt a little worse about using Jake if he hadn't spent the entire summer playing me.

"Your locker's not over here," I growled.

"I need to get to Adam's locker," he corrected and I realized I was making out with lake on my brother's locker. Gosh, what was wrong with me? Adam could've shown up any time. Or he could've seen us in general. Or some one could've told him. When Chace said he wouldn't tell did that apply forever or just that night?

"Go away," I snapped and locked my lips with Jake again who seemed more than pleased at my reaction to Chase.

Suddenly I was jerked back into reality when I heard a voice call out from behind me, "Skye Barker!"

I broke off Jake and took a few steps away from him when I realized it was Aaron Who barked that.

"What?" I choked out knowing I was in trouble when I saw him beehne toward us from behind Chase.

Aaron firmly, but not enough to hurt me, pulled me by the wrist so I was standing next to him and further away from lake. He jabbed a linger at Jake and glared.

"I told you to stay away from her," he growled.

"Dude," Jake said with possibly the cockiest smile in the history of human kind, "she kissed me."

I wanted to punch the idiot. That wasn't going to help his or my case. Please tell me this won't get back to Adam.

"And they say chivalry is dead," I muttered under my breath sarcastically.

"Shut the hell up and leave her alone!" Chase snarled and took Aaron's place because it seemed he was too shocked to speak.

Jake pushed himself off the lockers and winked at me causing my jaw to drop at his forwardness, "See you later."

Before any of us could react he walked away. The two boys turned to glare at me. I rolled my eyes at Chase. I could understand Aaron being upset, but why would Chase be? Did he make a bet on my love life or something? Because I wouldn't put it passed him.

"What the hell, Skye?" Chase hissed.

Aaron shot him a weird look before looking at me again. His eyebrows knitted, "At the end of the summer you said-"

"I know what I said!" I interrupted because I didn't want to hear my own words.

The next few days after Jake didn't call me back I figured we were over. Crushed as I was, I was pretty sure I'd get over it. Until on the four day he called to tell me. Hearing the words 'see you around' come out of his mouth made me snap for some reason. I suppose it was the realization that I might actually have had to see him again.

Aaron became glued to my hip for a week after that until he met Jen and they started going out more. He had begun to feel guilty about leaving me so I lied and said I hated him and I would sooner kill him than touch him sexually again. He probably didn't believe me though, something in his eyes told me otherwise, but he was so desperate to go out with Jen he'd believe anything.

I never hated him; I just hated what he'd done to me.

"Why'd you kiss him?" Chase yelled with dark eyes that I'd never seen before.

"Shush," I warned, "Adam could be coming."

He rolled his eyes and scoffed rhetorically, "Why don't you just fuck him now?"

"It was just a kiss," I whispered. I suddenly regretted lashing out in spite of him and Aaron. It hadn't helped me in any way. I didn't even know I needed help.

"Sure," he scowled.

"I'm serious," I stomped my foot knowing and feeling that I appeared to be a spoiled brat; "I could kiss anyone. It doesn't always mean something. You should know that."

"What's that supposed to mean?" he growled.

"Why did you kiss him?" Aaron curiously asked from beside me.

"Just messing around," I winked at Chase.

He mouthed dropped open slightly and I almost peed myself with satisfaction though the peeing would've quickly undone that. His shocked expression quickly became dark as he pulled his jaw up only to clench it.

I was getting to Chase. I was pissing Chase Mathews off. It was pay back. All Those years he'd mocked me and now

it was my turn to get him back. Only I didn't like it. I hated hurting Chase. And I hated admitting even to myself that I like him.

I smirked anyway, trying to appear unfazed, and dragged Aaron away so we could talk. I figured it was time I told him the truth.

Chapter 12

“Ah, ha, ha, ha!” Aaron burst out laughing. He accidentally rolled onto my carpeted bedroom floor, but that still didn’t stop him. I shot him a glare that he didn’t acknowledge or just didn’t see. Either way I was mad.

“It’s not funny,” I said through gritted teeth.

He dried his eyes not metaphorically, he was really crying, “Yes, it is. You and Chase hooking up. That’s pretty damn hilarious.” He burst out laughing again and then finally once he sobered up he realized I’d left out how that led to Jake and I kissing, and he asked about it.

Aaron really didn’t care about the guys I dated or hooked up with in Chase’s case. It was only Jake that he had a problem with because he broke my heart. Aaron got to see how miserable I was. Jake was never going to get back on his good side no matter what he said or did. Though if some one took my best friend’s virginity and then left I probably wouldn’t be a huge fan either. However my best friend is a guy and that seems a little different.

I guess I figured Aaron could take care of himself. He probably wouldn’t have minded a humo-and-dump anyway. Don’t get me wrong, he’s a nice, loving guy, but he’s still a guy.

But Aaron and Adam protect me for different reasons. They both love me, but it’s just different. Adam doesn’t think I can be indepent about guys. He still thinks of me as his innocent baby sister. Aaron though just can’t stand it when I get hurt. He’s like the medicine that relieves the pain while Adam is the padding in the helmet to make sure you don’t get hurt in the first. They’re a tough gang to get through.

“Well,” I fidgeted with my long sleeves. I pulled them over my hands until they were half way up my middle finger. Then I proceeded to straighten them up. It was a habit that I’d gotten into doing whenever I was stressed or nervous. I liked to have something else to focus on.

“Spit it out,” he probed from my bedroom floor with an encouraging frown. Note the sarcasm.

“When I asked him why he kept kissing me he said he was just messing with me. So I kinda decided to mess with him.”

“Whoa, Skye, one summer without Adam and you’re a whole new person,” he grinned proudly. I laughed slightly at his unjustified pride in me.

“I don’t think it was Adam who did this to me,” I sighed, “I think it was Jake.”

He nodded in agreement, “So what are you going to do?”

"What can I do?" I exclaimed, "It's like sexual warfare!"

"Shush," he made a rapid motion to quiet down with his hand, but he was still laughing, "Do you want Adam to hear his conversation?"

"Almost," I groaned, "He'd kick their asses and they'd leave me alone."

"And him and Chase won't be friends anymore," he half sang.

For some reason that felt like a stab in the gut. It felt like someone was twisting the knife just to torture me. I'd always wanted Adam and Chase to stop being friends so Chase would just go away, but the thought of that actually happening now killed me. Especially because it would be all my fault.

"Stop trying to make me feel guilty," I snapped.

Aaron laughed yet again, "Sorry."

"I'm glad you find my love life so amusing," I shot at him and got up from my bed with a grimace. I was angry and I was taking it out on the wrong person.

I sighed and laid down next to him on the floor. "Sorry," I whispered

We stayed silent for a long time just poking the other one occasionally to see if they were still alive. Given the chances of dying were pretty slim, but you never know. We're usually never this quiet.

"What would you do?" I whispered.

"Dropped both of them and find a real man like me," he winked. When my face didn't become amused he sighed, "Okay, maybe not like me, but it was a serious suggestion."

I nodded weakly, "Easier said than done. They won't leave me alone."

Aaron's cell phone began to vibrate.

He pressed answer on this iPhone and started to talk. It was Jen. He turned his head to me and gnawed on his lip as if deciding to ditch me or not.

I nodded my head and made a little waving motion with my hand for him to leave and go see his girlfriend.

He smiled, kissed me on the nose, and ran out of my room, leaving my door open, but I was too lazy to go close it. I sighed and closed my eyes. It felt like I sat there forever before another body laid down next to me. I figured it was Adam or Aaron came back so I kept my eyes closed and slowly breathed.

"Adam," I said prepare to asked him about Chase's dating status.

"Try again," I heard Chase say almost sadly.

"Oh," I opened my eyes, "What are you doing here?"

"Adam went over to Damien's," he half shrugged keeping his shoulders against the carpet.

I nodded warily, "And you didn't go with him?"

"I wanted to talk to you," I moved my head so it would be facing him. He was blushing slightly. That was the second time I made him blush.

"About what?" I whispered and let my breath hit directly onto his neck since we were so close. Our shoulders were squashed together and our legs were bumping into each other. Admittedly, it kind of felt nice. It was like we were a cozy old couple who could just be silent together and be happy at the same time.

He let out an unsteady breath, "Us."

"Us?" I asked surprised. I wasn't aware there was an 'us'. Or at least I assumed that there wasn't when he said he was just messing with me.

"About the kissing thing," he clarified with a cough that cleared my mind and derailed my train of thought.

"Look, Chase, I'm not dumb," I scoffed and he turned his head to face me, "I knew what you meant. I'm not a little thirteen year old chasing after the hunky guy. I think I can-."

He shut me up quickly by pressing his lips hard onto mine, but he pulled back fast.

"Okay," I protested, "I'm not chasing after you. You totally-."

He cut me off again with another hard, needy kiss. It was like his soft lips were silently begging me to shut up. That time when he pulled away I stayed silent and let him talk.

"I wasn't just messing around I honestly wanted to kiss you. I want to keep kissing you. And I don't want you to kiss anyone else," the way he said the last part was somewhere in between a command and a pleaded. It made me feel tingly all over and butterflies crowded my stomach. It just made me want to kiss him even more.

"So what, you have feelings for me?" I asked unsure of what was happening.

He looked downaway from my eyes and nodded his head. He was so cute. That was the first thought that popped into my mind. The strong need to kiss him subsided and all I wanted to do know was hug him.

"Okay," I said plainly.

“Okay?” he asked looking up at me again and desperately searched my eyes for, what I was assuming, an answer.

“Okay,” I continued softly, “I have feelings for you too.”

He pulled me closer to him by the small of my back and kissed me. This time it was soft and grateful and happy. It was just as passionate yet less animal like. It made me smile against his mouth. His was too... he was too much Chase. He could drive me utterly crazy. Whether he did it sexually or mockingly was up to him and I hated that, but Chase was the one doing that. So it was okay.

He pulled away and smiled down at me, “So will you be my girlfriend?”

Chapter 13

Last Chapter:

"I wasn't just messing around I honestly wanted to kiss you. I want to keep kissing you. And I don't want you to kiss anyone else," the way he said the last part was somewhere in between a command and a pleaded. It made me want to kiss him even more.

"So what, you have feelings for me?" I asked unsure of what was happening.

He looked down away from my eyes and nodded his head.

"Okay," I said plainly.

"Okay?" he asked looking up at me again.

"Okay," I continued softly, "I have feeling for you too."

He pulled me closer to him by the small of my back and kissed me. This time it was soft and grateful and happy. It was just as passionate yet less animal like.

He pulled away and smiled down at me, "So will you be my girlfriend?"

I thought about saying yes, I thought about saying no. I thought about what Aaron and Adam would say. I thought about how our relationship would probably have to be a secret. I thought about how he used to make my life miserable and how he teased me. I thought about all that in a matter of ten seconds.

Something about saying yes to this made me think of the day Jake asked me out.

It was hot and sunny at the beach. Aaron and I had decided to go together despite my protest to stay at my house for the pool. What could I say? I liked the pool and it was ridiculous to go to the beach when there was a perfectly fine pool in my back yard. Plus who wants sand all over them? However Aaron didn't see it that way.

I was laying out on my towel waiting for Aaron to get back from the ocean he went alone because I can't stand getting salt water in my eyes, which always seems to happen in the ocean when suddenly a football hit my back.

"Ouch!" I groaned and from the corner of my eye I saw feet running towards me.

"Hey," I heard an irresistible, deep voice call to me and that person sat down next to me, "You okay?"

"Huh?" I asked and twisted my head so I could see him better. I regret to inform you that at the time I thought he'd been the most gorgeous man I'd ever seen and immediately slapped myself internally for my first words to him being 'huh'.

"Oh, yeah," I giggled nervously, "I'm fine. How about you? I mean ah... is your ball okay... Oh! I didn't mean-", I let out a deep breath and smiled, "Thanks for asking."

The guy made butterflies flutter in my stomach. I'd never really had a boyfriend because of Adam. I'd been on dates and everything, but I usually had to talk to the guys first. Adam was so intimidating. This was really new for me. And I loved it. It was like an adrenaline rush, it made my head feel like, all because of this one boy.

He had this undeniably beautiful smirk on his face, like he found me so cute and amusing, "No problem. It's not your fault my friends can't throw a ball."

I smiled slightly feeling more at ease, "Well, I can't really throw one either."

"Then I'll have to show you," he grinned.

When I hesitated he pouted sarcastically, "Come on. It's the least I can do since my friends hit you."

"Um, okay," I giggled.

He stood up first and then pulled my hand delicately to help me up too. I landed against his warm chest and he smiled down at me.

He spent the rest of the day teaching me to throw a football and flirting with me. It felt so good to be wanted by a boy.

When I think about it now I wonder if I would've been more equipped to handle this if Adam had let me have a love life. But I hated to think it was his fault so I often refused to think about it. Besides it was all my fault. For letting Lake pull me in and listening to every word thinking it was honest. I didn't have to sleep with him, but I did. And I had no one to blame, but myself even Jake.

Right before his friends dragged him away he gave me a kiss on the lips. It was quick and soft, but it was nice and made the butterflies come out again.

He pulled back from me slightly to whisper in my ear, "Would you like you go out with me."

I grinned and nodded, my head was still next to his. It's hard for me to believe it was all fake and he was just one good actor.

Of course Chase was different from Lake. Chase won't hurt me like that. He couldn't hurt me like that, I was his best friend's little sister. At the same time I thought, did I really want to be in a relationship where the only reason he's staying is because of my brother? No, probably not.

Stop, I told myself, Adam is definitely not the reason Chase is asking you to be his girlfriend. It couldn't be and if I never sensed that it was I'd quickly break it off with him to avoid hurting either of us.

I nodded my head because if I opened my mouth it might've said no. He smiled a genuine smile not one of his famous smirk and kissed me softly again.

"But," I spoke up suddenly, grabbing his attention, when I remembered Adam, "we can't tell anyone."

"Why?" he asked sounding confused and almost annoyed. Great, I thought, the second Chase and I were together I pissed him off. At least we had passion.

"Adam," I reminded him.

"Oh yeah," he said simply, but then his eyes got dark as he growled, "What about Jake?"

"What about him? The only one I'm telling is Aaron," I clarified.

Chase looked me square in the eyes, "I want him to back off."

My lips twitched up at that sentence.

I was making Chase jealous. I'd made him blush multiple times, I got a genuine smile, and I made him jealous. This is what it must be like to be one of those beautiful girls who get everything they want. That was a great moment and I was going to bask in the glory despite him.

He glared at me, "It's not funny."

"I wasn't laughing," I retorted, but was stifling a laugh at the same time. I thought he could tell.

He grumbled and pulled me even harder against him until he was almost crushing me against him. Not that I minded. He could've done anything and I wouldn't have minded. Gosh, that sounded so dirty. I didn't mean it like that. After dating Jake I knew to be careful. I had become careful.

"So you're jealous of lake?" I teased.

"I'm not jealous," he snapped.

"You sound jealous," I giggled.

He moved back a little to give me the evil eye. I laughed and pulled his head to me again so I could kiss him.

I tangled my fingers into his hair and pulled slightly. Before our kiss went any farther I broke away to his dismay, but I couldn't help teasing him. He'd teased me for so long a little pay back wouldn't kill him.

“Chase is jealous,” I sang with a playful smirk.

Chapter 14

Last Chapter.

"So you're jealous of Jake?" I teased.

"I'm not jealous," he snapped.

"You sound jealous," I giggled.

He moved back a little to give me the evil eye. I laughed and pulled his head to me again so I could kiss him.

I tangled my fingers into his hair and pulled slightly. Before our kiss went any farther I broke away to his dismay, but I couldn't help teasing him. He'd teased me for so long a little pay back wouldn't kill him.

"Chase is jealous," I sang with a playful smirk.

Skye's POV

"Hey," Jake smiled at me.

"Hey," I grinned back no longer angry at him. At least not as angry. I had Chase now. It wasn't like he would, or even could, get away with hurting me again.

I had Chase. I giggled and then remember in was in a public place. School to be specific, second period.

I was sitting on the stone wall I usually sat on. I didn't know where Chase was.

I kind of missed him, but it wasn't like we could do any PDA at school. One: Because it's gross, rude, and annoying to people who aren't in a relationship. Two: Adam could see or someone could tell Adam what they saw.

Jake sat down on the stone wall with me. Even sitting he was a head taller than me.

"What's up?" I asked and took a sip of my Mountain Dew.

"The sky," he winked at me. I rolled my eyes, but couldn't help laughing really loudly at how cheesy he was.

"Seriously," I laughed, "What's going on?"

He leaned down so he would be closer to my ear and answered in a low voice, "Just saying hi."

I blushed a deep red for no reason. Maybe it was because of how close he was to me or just the way his breath tickled my ear.

Jake played with the bottom of my hair, twirling it around his finger for a moment, before getting up to leave me. I watched him go and was still slightly blushing. The heat radiated from my cheeks just over my cheek bones. I bit my bottom lip and rolled it in my mouth.

Ugh. Jake was hot.

Chase's POV

She said yes, I kept repeating to myself.

What could I say? I was surprised as hell she said yes. I think anyone would be. I've been pranking her since we were little kids. She was annoying, but adorable. It was hard not to prank her.

Everytime she got angry her face would sort of scrunch up.

Still I was kind of mean to her. No matter what the reason was for being mean. Saying yes to going out with me was probably the stupidest thing she ever did. So I had to give her a reason to keep saying yes, I thought. I wasn't going to lose Skye.

Especially if that meant I'd lose her to Jake.

God, I couldn't stand that guy. Why was Skye always talking to him? He's a jerk. But I've seen him make her blush and smile and giggle. I hated it. I wanted to be the only person who could get that reaction out of her.

I thought I was going crazy. I sighed and ran a hand through my already messy hair. It was ridiculous that I was still day dreaming at school while thinking about her and Jake. I already had her. Well, I didn't really have her, but she said yes to me.

I looked over at Skye, who was pretty far away from me on campus. Jake was with her. I narrowed my eyes at him.

I flushed with an angry jealousy when I heard Skye start laughing out loud out of nowhere because Jake said something stupid to her. They seemed to be talking so effortlessly together and that was killing me.

I felt angry heat waves rush throughout my body, just from simply looking at them. I should've been next to Skye right now. I wanted to be close to her. I wanted her to look at me and smile and laugh like she was doing with Jake.

Damnit, she was doing that with Jake.

Was Jake flirting with her? I asked myself. I watched as his fingers playing with her hair. He leaned in to whisper something in her ear that made her blush and look at him with a shy expression.

I think I would've gone insane if he stayed there any longer.

Luckily, he didn't. However he was headed in my direction now and he was looking directly at me. He seemed so laid back, while I was wound up so tight. We were complete opposites. I used to be like him before I fell in... before Skye.

I wasn't going to say I loved her. I just really, really liked her.

He stopped in front of me with a stupid grin on his face.

"Hey," he walked by.

"Jake," I called out and witnessed him turn to see me.

"Yeah?" he came back to me with his head cocked ever so slightly to the right.

"Why were you talking to Skye?" I growled.

"Even if she doesn't date me, it doesn't mean she'll date you," he said, low and quick, breezing passed my question.

"I could get a date with her before you could," I said one hundred percent confident considering I already had a date.

"Wanna bet?" he snapped.

"How much?" I barked back.

He looked taken a back by that. I smirked, "How much do you want to bet that I can get her first?"

He looked at me like I was crazy before spitting out, "Fifty"

"Deal," he shook my out stretched hand and I stomped off.

Now all I had to do was wait until Skye and I could tell people about us and I'd get my fifty bucks. I came to a dead hualt at that thought.

Did I really just bet on my relationship with Skye?

Gosh.

Chapter 15

Jake's POV

It was stupid not to tell her. I thought. Now she was going to fall in love with Chase like she fell in love with me.

I wasn't not blind or stupid. I knew Chase was winning this war and all I could think about was how I didn't tell her.

I never lied. I loved her and I still do. It just seemed more complicated. I had to leave and I couldn't say goodbye. Goodbye would've sucked. And if I said goodbye, oh God if I said goodbye and she had cried, I would've never been able to leave.

How hard would've it been to tell her my mom had Cancer and I needed to leave and take care of her. She knew I lived with my dad and Kelly. She knew my dad and mom had gotten a divorce long before she had cancer. She would've understood that I had to go. And at the time I thought she wouldn't recover, I thought I'd be staying with her for some time.

It was stupid and I wasn't thinking straight, but how the hell was I supposed to pick between the girl I loved and my mom?

I just wasn't supposed to choose.

I didn't think I'd break Skye's heart. I sent her roses, with a tiny card trying to explain the situation. I truly thought she'd read them. But she didn't.

Now I'm going to have her being kissed and touched by other guys and I hated that. Adam go only do so much. Especially when it came to Chase, because he seemed to be blind to the idea of Chase and Skye hooking up. Which they were clearly going to do if I didn't find away to stop it.

I missed her, I seriously, one hundred percent missed

A football came flying at my head and I didn't even try to catch it or block it. It hit me and stopped my train of thought completely.

"Wastin!" Adam yelled from across the field as he jogged towards me. When he reached me he finished his thought, "What the hell was that?"

I shook my head and forced a laugh hoping it sounded more realistic than I thought it did, "Nothing, I was day dreaming."

"About what, dude?" he questioned, "You looked so intense."

"Nothing," I reassured him, but then my curiosity suddenly spiked and I couldn't help asking, "Where's Chase?"

He shrugged. "I was wondering the same thing," he mused and then a sly grin crept onto his face, "I bet he's sneaking around with some girl. You know how he is? He likes his girls kind of like little kids like their toys. He wants something when some one else wants it and once he gets to play with it for a week or two he'll dump 'em."

My heart stopped when I heard that. He was going to break Skye's heart, probably worse than I did. I at least had a good reason or at least I thought it was a good reason to leave. And at least I'd tried to explain why I did what I what.

But how was I supposed to tell Skye if she hooks up with her brother's best friend he would make her his little play thing before dumping her. How was I going to tell her without appearing jealous or like I was just messing up Chase's chance with her? Otherwise she definitely wasn't going to listen to him.

I had to go tell her.

Now.

Chanse's POV

I was actually going to take Skye out. Like on a date. I've kind of waited a while for this. Well, more than a while. Like I promised I was going to make dating me awesome for her, hopefully with the intenttion to make her forget all the bad stuff I'd done to her in the past.

And I've done a lot of bad stuff to her.

A lot.

I was just about to get out of my car, across the street from her house, when I saw a car pull up. If I hadn't known what Adam drove a black pick up truck then I would've panicked, but that was not a black pick up truck in the Barker's driveway.

I wondered who it was before remembering I'd seen that car before. I was the day I dragged Skye out of Jake's car. Jake, I cussed.

I whould've known this was going to happen. I assumed she'd probably kick him out quickly and then I could go get her for our date. She didn't kick him out. I sat there for forty five minutes before I slammed my car door Open and stomped up to Skye's house.

I was going to kill this kid.

Skye's POV

"Skye," Adam boomed into the empty hallways of our house jolting me awake.

I fell down onto my bed again and glanced at my alarmed clock. It was six forty. Crap, I was going to be late for my date with Chase, then he'd come inside and Adam would see him; meaning we'd never actually get to go on the date. We'd just me sitting with Adam for two hours talking about things, and I promise it wouldn't be romantic.

I groaned but was still unable to get up, "What?"

"Jake is here to see you," he called.

I sprang forward again and began to change without even thinking about it. I was preparing myself to look nice while I completely forgot I had been secretly dating Chase. I'm the worst girlfriend ever, I thought as I brushed a hand through my hair until it looked decent and applied just a touch of lip gloss.

Exactly as I finished Jake burst through my door.

"Hey!" I exclaimed, "What if I was changing in here?"

He shut the door while he rolled his eyes at me with a weary smile, "I've already seen you naked."

I put my finger to my mouth; the gesture was most likely way too over dramatic, "Shush!" I took it away and gave him a pointed look, "Do you want Adam to kill you?"

"I think I can handle Adam," he laughed.

"Do you want him to kill me?" I whispered.

He softened his eyes and his smile faded, "Never."

I crossed my arms and watched him walk to my bed. He plopped down in the sitting position. He was inspecting his feet, that were firm on the floor, very intensely and his arms laid limply at his side. In that moment I regretted not being able to tell Jake that Chase and I were dating. It would've made it much easier to avoid staring at lake sympathetically and wanting to just pull him into a comforting hug.

But if I told anyone besides Aaron they'd probably tell. And then Adam would kill me, or worse Chase. Wait how is that worse? It's not like I really loved Chase. I liked him and he was attractive. We were no Romeo and Juliet though. I mean one day we might fall in love. I almost wished we were in love and I snapped myself out of the thought.

I eyed him carefully. This was weird for me. Adam letting him upstairs with me, alone. That never happened.

I wondered what lie he told to get up here. It must've been pretty big because Adam didn't even care that my door was closed. I don't think anyone ever got away with that besides Aaron. Maybe Chase. Maybe. It was great he trusted me the most with the guy I'd done the worst with. Note the sarcasm.

"What do you want?" I asked before sitting on my computer chair. I swirved lightly back and forth because somehow spinning seemed inappropriate.

He put a hand over his hand jokingly, almost returning back to his old self. I smiled, "Skye, does everything have to have motives?"

I stopped rocking and crossed my arms, "Can you hurry this up? I kind of have somewhere to be."

"Really?" he arched an eyebrow, "Where?"

"None of your business," I snapped.

He sighed and let it drop, "Kelly has been begging to see you for a while now."

"Kelly?" I asked sadly.

He nodded and my heart melted. I loved Kelly so much. She was eleven years old and going through all those preteen girl problems. It was adorable, but since their mom was never home she had usually talked to me. I missed her too.

"Look, Skye," he said pointedly, "I want to talk to you about, you know," he gulped and I let shock color my face at the act, "Our relationship."

"Our relationship? Are we really doing this right now?"

He nodded, "I wasn't exactly honest with you before-"

"You think?" I interrupted.

He narrowed his eyes, "Will you let me finish?"

I nodded at his seriousness.

"What was I saying?" he mused and then remembrance slightly lit up his face, "Oh, yeah. I wasn't honest about the reason I left. My mom," he choked up, but then regained his composure, "She had Cancer and she really needed me to take care of her-"

"Had?" I whispered sadly.

He nodded, "Had. She died at the end of this summer."

I gasped and had to stop myself from crying, "Jake, I'm so sorry."

He gave me another weary smile, "It's okay Skye. You didn't know. That's why I had to leave. And I was afraid if I came to say goodbye seeing you would make me stay. Because I really did love you. Even though I never told you. I sent you a letter with-"

"The one I threw out with the flowers," I dropped her eyes to the floor.

"But," he said suddenly cause me to look up. His face said everything he was feeling; I was crying. He hated to see me crying, "Skye, don't cry."

"No, I can't believe I threw the flowers out and I've been such a jerk to you this whole time you've been back-"

"Skye, this is not what I came here to talk with you about."

"It's not?" I sniffed.

He shook yhishead, "I want to ask you if you really knew Chase's reputation with girls."

"So he's dated a lot of girls," I shrugged. Maybe Jake did know about us. I felt oddly relieved.

"Adam told me that Chase, and I quote, 'likes his girls kind of like little kids like their toys. He wants something when some one else wants it and once he gets to play with it for a week or two he'll dump them.'"

"I- I," I stammered unsure of what to say.

"You don't have to say anything," he assusred me, "I just had to tell you."

A fresh wave of tears washed over me.

I couldn't believe this. If he hadn't been so honest about his mom then I wouldn't have believe that. I knew if Chase or Aaron were here they'd be asking me why I'd even believe him. But they weren't here and I probably would've believe Jake anyway.

He stood up and walked over to me. He pulled me up and gently craddle me in a hug against his toned chest.

I sobbed. I was probably ruining his T-shirt. I'd have to buy him a new one.

I clung tight to him like he was my life support. And in the second he was. He'd been the one to tell me about Chase and he told me about his mom. I wasn't just crying for me, I was crying for him too.

"What's going on in here?" I heard Chase's hard, cold voice from the door.

I turned my head to view him. He looked great and as I took him in I realized I'd been late for our date.

"Is Adam still here," I hiccuped from all the crying. If he wasn't so angry looking I would've bet he'd had been surprise at me crying to say the least.

He shook his head 'no'.

"Oh," I whispered and Jake and I let go of each other.

"Chase," I spoke softly, "It's not what it looks like..."

"What does it look like?" he arched an eyebrow and leaned against the door like he had all the time in the world.

"Jake just told me about," I glanced up at him and his jaw was clenched. I was not going to tell Chase something so personal about Jake's mom so I choice the latter on what he'd told me a few moments ago.

"He told me What Adam had said about you and girls."

Chase stood up genuinely curious, "What did he say?"

By 'he' I wasn't sure if he'd been speaking about Adam or Jake. But I decided to answer with Adam, "He said you play around with girls for a week or two then you'll dump them."

"You told her that?" he glared at Jake instead of denying it.

Jake nodded.

"I'm going to kill you," Chase charged at lake.

I gasped as they hit the floor and began to beat each other. Both of them got in a few good punches before I screamed, "Stop it!"

They ignored me.

"Hey!" I yelled and they pulled apart slightly,

"Get off each other!"

They stood up slowly, brushing themselves off and stepping away from each other.

I scanned them over once. Chase's lips was bleeding and a bruise was beginning to form on this cheek bone. Jake's eye was blackening with a bleeding nose right under it.

"Chase, what's wrong with you? You can't just attack people!"

"Wake up, Skye," he shouted, "Can't you see he's just telling you that so I'll go away and he can sleep with you?"

That struck home a little bit after what happened this summer.

"Hey," Jake exclaimed on both his and my behalf.

"Are you that stupid?"

I winced Chase had never yelled at me before. At least not like this; Like he didn't give a crap about me because I was so far below him.

"Seriously," he continued, "What's wrong with you? Is it your mission to become a slut?"

"Get out!" I shrieked, "Get the hell out and don't come back."

When he didn't move I walked up to him, put both hands on his chest and pushed him. I was too weak though.

"Get out now," I hissed.

"Why should-" he began but was soon cut off.

"Chase, I think you should leave," Adam said calmly at my doorway.

Chase's head whipped around. The second he saw Adam he stepped away and brushed passed him to leave the room. Once he was gone Adam turned to Jake.

"I think you should go too."

Jake nodded, more willing to go than Chase. He walked passed Adam and left the two of us staring at each other.

"You okay, Skye?"

Chapter 16

Adam's POV

What had just happened in here?

Chase had done a lot of shitty things to Skye, but they were never enough to make her cry and screamed at him to leave. She was usually pretty good at keeping her cool about his pranks and sly comments. So I was left baffled about what really happened.

This kind of made me wish I hadn't gone to get food. If I hadn't gone then I probably would've known what the hell was going on right now between Chase and Skye. And maybe even Jake. Though he seemed to just be defending Skye.

The two people I had trusted her with are the two people who managed to make Skye cry. That was just perfect, I thought sarcastically.

I walked back into Skye's room. She was sprawled out next to Aaron who'd been trying to comfort her for the last half an hour while tried to figure out what happened. I failed.

Once I walked into the room Aaron's head snapped away from Skye to see me.

"Mind giving us a second?" I cocked my head to the door.

"No problem," he stood up and gave Skye a sympathetic look before leaving. He definitely knew what happened.

"Skye?"

She sat up to look at me, "Yes?"

"What, um," I stuttered thinking of a way to bring this up lightly, "What happened with you and Chase?"

"What do you think happened?" she gave me an odd look.

"Well," I stretched the back of my

head and laughed awkwardly, "You and Chase had never had the greatest relationship. A lot could've happened."

"We just got into an argument."

She narrowed her eyes at me as if demanding that I ask her no more questions. Unfortunately for her I was planning to ask a whole lot more.

"Skye, we have to talk about this."

"No, we don't."

"Yeah, we do. I need to know what happened."

She growled, "Why don't you go ask Chase, come back, tell me what he said, and then I'll tell you if it was right."

"You're being ridiculous," I groaned.

"Can you just leave and get Aaron back in here?"

I sighed but nodded before I headed off to Chase's.

Skye's POV

"Would it be wrong to have you or Adam punch Chase?" I asked Aaron.

He laughed lightly, "I don't think you'll have to ask Adam."

"I didn't tell him what Chase did," I whispered.

"Oh," he blinked, "So you're still hoping you and Chase can work this out."

"Not exactly, well yes, maybe," I sighed, "I don't know."

He nodded, "That's fine. I can't believe what Jake told you though."

"He was just trying to protect me from Chase," I defended him.

"Well yeah, but I was talking about his mom," he mused, "That's huge. I can't even hate him anymore."

"Yeah..." I trailed off lamely.

Maybe Jake wasn't so bad.

Chase's POV

I couldn't believe I just said that. I meant about the slut thing. The rest of the things I said I believed. Jake was just trying to get me out of the picture so he could win our bet.

I began to toss the basketball I had in my hands again.

Toss.

Catch.

Toss.

Catch.

Toss.

Catch

There was a knock at my door and I yelled that the door was open.

Shit, it was Adam. I prayed Skye hadn't told him the true story. I would've been so screwed if she told. I was like a dead man walking.

"Okay, Chase," he said, oddly calm, "What did you do to Skye?"

I suppressed a smile, "She didn't tell you?"

He rolled his eyes, "I know it's like your thing to try to make her feel bad, but you seriously wanted to make her cry?"

I sat up straight on my bed and growled, "I'd never try to hurt her."

"Fine," he grimaced annoyed with me or just the situation, I couldn't tell, "just tell me what you did then."

"I, um, I" I stammered and I tried to find an explanation as I stood up.

I could skip the part about Jake telling Skye and just go straight to beating him up, but then I'd have to tell him how Jake and Sky I paused in my thoughts. What were Jake and Skye? They had definitely known each other before Jake came to our school. Did they date or something?

They did probably date. He'd touch Skye in ways I never did and probably would never get the chance to again after what I had done last night. I threw the ball across the room and it hit the wall so hard it left a dent.

Adam's eyes widened as he stared at me.

I sighed, "I kind of attacked Jake last night and then implied she was going to, I don't know how exactly to say it. I kind of said some stuff"

"Like what?" he raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms over his chest.

"I kinda told her she was going to become ah, easy," I stratched the back of my head awkwardly and hoped he wouldn't kill me.

He laughed, "No, seriously what did you say?"

I looked down at the floor, "I wasn't kidding. I felt like a total tool."

His jaw clenched as he looked at me.

I braced myself to be punched or something like that, I deserved a good punch. The ones Jake got in, while strong, weren't good enough. I deserve to be bruised up and bleeding from more than just my face.

"Okay..." He trailed off uncomfortably, "I guess you've got to go apologize to her."

Shock must've been coloring my face. Adam wasn't going to kill me. I suppose it helped that I conveniently left out mine and his sister's relationship. But I just couldn't tell him. Adam wouldn't have trusted me with her to begin with considering all the girls I had been with, now he was never going to let me near his baby sister ever again.

"Yeah," I nodded, "I know."

Skye's POV

I laid in my bed thinking about how everything was going to hell. Just as I was about to fall asleep I realized something.

Tomorrow was Monday.

I'd have to see Chase.

Gosh.

I took a deep breath before walking into the class I had with Chase and lake. I usually sat right next to Chase as of lately, but I wasn't going to go there today.

Sitting next to Chase would've been too much considering what he'd done last weekend. He hadn't even tried to apologize to me yet... Not that I wanted to talk to him anyway.

I slipped into the sit on the opposite side of the room from Chase. Jake sat two seats behind me and while I much rather sit next to him than the girl currently next to me who was continually scratching her scalp, I couldn't. I didn't want to give Chase the wrong impression about Jake and me.

I stole a glance in his general direction. Just like Jake there were still bruises and slight cuts on his face. That was probably why the gossip traveled so fast around the school. To see the two of them all beat up it was pretty obvious. I mean everyone had already known they didn't like each other, they just didn't know why. Now that a fist fight had sprung up they were killing themselves over what the reason could've been.

I sighed and turned my head to the front of the class room again to listen to my boring teacher drone on. However it was still better than thinking about Chace and Jake causing this rumor to spread like wild fire.

The girl next to me the one with the scalp problem handed me a folded piece of loose leaf. I looked up to make sure the teacher wasn't looking before I opened it. I frowned as I noticed Chase's hand writing. However I decided to read the note anyway.

Meet me outside by the brick wall our next of period?

I wanted to rip that paper to shreds. Was he freaking kidding me? He wanted me to meet him outside after what he did? I sure as hell was not going to do that. I crunched up my nose as I re-read it.

I did respond though. If I had it would've just been a long string of curse words scrolled out onto a pathetic sheet of paper.

The bell rang and I couldn't have been more happy. I hated being stuck in that room with Chase. It made me want to tear my brown hair out.

I was just at the door when I felt a hand on my wrist holding me back.

I spun around to find Chase holding me. I scanned the room and he was already gone. Everyone but Chase and me were gone. Damn it, I scolded myself, why did I have to take so long to pack up? Stupid free period making me think I could take my time.

I scowled down at his hand and seethed, "Get off me."

He gave me a sad look before pushing me against the wall with his arms against me. He had pinned my arms above my head with his hands.

"Not until you listen to me," he bargained.

"You know my legs are still free, right?" I asked.

"Yeah, what does that have to do with it?" I knelt him right in his 'sensitive area' forcing him to let go and back off me so he could cup his crotch.

I smirked but was still so angry with him, "Don't ever touch me again."

"Skye," he moaned in agony, "Just hear me out."

"No, sorry," I crossed my arms, "I'm too busy slutting it up."

"I didn't mean to say that," he dropped his hands, but his face was still red with pain.

I cocked my head to the side and raised an eyebrow, "What did you mean to say then?"

"I-I don't know," he sighed, "Just not that."

"Fine," I uncrossed my arms and began to walk away then called over my shoudler, "Let me know when you figure it out."

Chapter 17

Aaron was so wrong. I thought to myself.

A party was not going to help my mood. I didn't even know where we were. The lights were flashing continuously like we were in some sort of club. If there hadn't been furniture and a fridge I would've thought we were at one. Unfortunately I was at some kid from our school's house.

I grasped onto Aaron's arm. I was so uncomfortable. It was stupid to listen to Aaron about that dress. Maybe there was a reason I had to smuggle the dress out of my house instead of walking right out the door for Adam to see.

While it was true that my body had changed and that was obvious it wasn't like I had a herd of boys coming at me and that was not all Adam's fault. I'm not about to drop some random bomb by saying I was ugly or disformed or something. No, I was fine looking. Average. I was referring to the clothes

I tended to wear. They were always so baggy, the only thing that even reminded the guys I was a female was the fact that I had boobs. But that night Aaron had stuck me in a hot red skin tight dress that was almost like a second skin and that night everyone was going to see my body.

The neck line was plunging and the dress was short in itself. Why had I let Aaron talk me into this? I screamed at myself as I watched men's eyes turned to me. Aaron had my phone because big surprise note the sarcasm you could see it anywhere I tried to put it in the dress. And it couldn't slip it into my shoes either. I had been forced to wear tall black heels. We were lucky I didn't fall and die.

I almost threw up right there on livingroom floor when he stopped us.

"Okay," Aaron turned us around to look at a room full of people grinding, "Take your pick."

My heart sped and my mouth went dry, "Pick?"

He nodded, "Just find some guy to dance with to help you get over Chace."

"Like a rebound?" when he nodded I continued, "I don't want a rebound."

"Skye just try it," he shrugged, "If you don't like it, I'll be right here."

I took in a deep breath of air and nodded, "Yeah, okay."

I beelined through the room and hit into a tall blonde man.

"Hey," He grinned down at me.

"Hi," I smiled flirtatiously.

"Wanna dance?" he asked politely, but pulled me into him before I could bother to answer. I didn't care all that much to be honest. It felt really nice.

I like it because I didn't have to worry about Adam breathing down his neck ready to kill him as his hand play with my hip and side. And I didn't have to worry about Chase getting all freaked out and punching someone again. Seriously he'd punch James and Jake it was getting to be a problem.

We dance for a while before I excused myself. Dancing was completely not my thing I like it, but an entire night of grinding was not my thing.

I went into the kitchen in hopes of finding Aaron. When I couldn't find him I went to grab some fruit punch.

I took a sip but quickly spat it out worried about What was in it. I guess some Adam's warnings did take a toll oddly enough. Good for him. He worked hard trying me to not do most of the things he does.

Did that sentence even make sense? I wondered briefly before I felt a hand grip my wrist and drag me away from the counter.

"Hey," the blonde boy smirked with a weird, almost annoyed expression.

"Hello," I giggled nervously when I looked up into his dark eyes. A tiny shiver ran up my spine and I swear he saw it because then he kissed me.

It was like a predator and it's prey. Unfortunately I happened to be the prey.

I pushed him off with a polite and sorry smile, "Look I know we were dancing and everything, but-"

He pinned my arms against the wall and kissed me again. That guy must've been really drunk. No sane person would've thought I wanted them to continue kissing me, but when he pushed his knee between my legs to spread them I quickly realized he probably wasn't all that sane. I started to sweat. What if he didn't let go?

His lips trailed down to suck on my jawline. I felt so violated.

I swallowed the lump in my throat and tried to yell over the music.

"Stop! Please don't-" He kissed me again.

I tried to wiggle free, but yelped when he hit my lips whether on purpose or on accident I didn't know and his hand traveled up my dress to where my underwear was.

I closed my eyes and tried to stop myself from crying. Only a few tears came out.

How was I going to get out of this? I screamed at myself. I should've listened to everything Adam had been saying all those years. He was right. I should never wander alone or drink from an open container or dance With a person I don't know or

I eyes snapped open when I felt his hand try to reach into my underwear.

My teeth clamped down onto his lips before I could even think about it. I tasted blood and released his bottom lip. He speedily pulled away, moving his knee away too, and glared at me. His tongue slowly licked the line of blood my teeth made so I could see.

While he was distracted I flung my right arm off the wall. He let go of that hand, but quickly held me back again. Now I'd made him mad, but that was okay because I hadn't been planning on staying there very long.

I lifted my heel and slammed it down onto his foot.

He jumped back to hold his foot while screaming, "Mother of-!"

I sprinted out of that place as fast as I could. I collapsed onto the slightly damp grass. It was too green in the night air.

The street was completely empty. The only thing out there was me. The street lights made the blackness of the night air slightly orange so I could see the dust dancing and the back beat of the loud music, but me and the too green grass were the only thing that mattered to me. Because the grass was cold and the air was cold and I was way too hot.

I tried to slid my hand into my pocket forgetting I was in a dress.

"Shit," I cursed and then stuck my hand into my bra. Nothing, I thought, my phone was with Aaron. Who wasn't here.

My arms dropped to my sides and I looked up.

Some one was walking towards me. It was a man, but I couldn't make up his face yet. I scrambled backwards on the lawn until I hit my back into an other man.

I was being herded! My mind screamed.

My head snapped up and when I saw the blonde man who'd been holding me against the wall before I let out as much of a scream as I could before his rough, bear claw of a hand clamped onto my mouth.

"Skye?" a familiar voice asked and no matter how angry I was with it I relaxed completely.

The man with the familiar voice starting running towards us and when bear claws started to dragging me away the man screamed, "Hey! Let her go."

The guy dropped his hands immediately and ran away.

Chace, who had just gotten to me, kneeled down and snarled at the man's retreating figure before turning his head back to me, "Skye, are you okay?"

I burst out crying and hugged him. He may have yelled at up, but it was hard to even care at the moment.

"Sh, Skye," he tried to calm me, but he sounded really nervous, "What happened?"

I shook my head into his chest and then pulled away. I took a few deep breaths.

"Chase, can you just take you home?" I whispered starting at the ground.

He looked at me like he was about to protest, but then nodded with a sigh.

After we started driving home he asked, "What happened?"

I winced too ashamed to tell the story. Especially since the beginning of it began with me being angry with him over nothing.

"It's-we don't need to talk about it," I hit my bottom lip. He didn't look mused with me so I spat it out, "I was dancing with blondey-bear claw-" He shot me a looked, "Do you want to hear the story or not?"

He laughed, "Sorry."

I nodded, "So I was dancing with him when I left to go find Aaron, but he trapped me in a corner and did... some stuff before I was able to-"

"Some stuff?" he growled.

I ignored him because it was almost to hard to talk about and his questioning didn't help, "before I was able to get away."

"Even though you didn't get away because he followed you out," he pointed out angrily with his knuckles clenched so tight on the wheel they were white.

"I- I," I started to cry again. I hated that he was getting to see me cry, but how was I supposed to not cry after this.

He pulled in the drive of his house, "I just need to get something I'll be right back."

He got out and I followed. He was insane if he really thought I was going to sit in the car alone after that.

I'd never been in Chase's house before. I'd seen it when Adam dropped him off but I never got to go in before. I like it in his house. It felt nice.

I followed him up to his room and the second I got in I fell down onto his bed with a 'plopped'. It felt so right. I shut my eyes.

"Skye," he whispered as he stroked my hair, "I've got to go do something. I'll be right back."

I grabbed his hand before he could run away.

"Chase, just, please, just stay with me."

I felt another body lay down next to me and relaxed into it.

I slowly kicked off my heels and curled up next to Chase.

"Thank you," I whispered, "For saving me."

Chapter 18

I awoke to Chase shaking me violently.

"Skye!"

I groaned, "What?"

"Adam's on his way here," he whispered frantically.

"What?" I sat up too quickly. My body was not even an inch away from Chase's body. I could feel him breathe as my own breathing hitched and was caught in my throat. There were serious heat waves passing through us. I nearly melted staring into his eyes before I remember what he'd just said.

"What do you mean Adam's on his way?" I shook my head confused.

"He's coming over. Get out of my bed!"

I nodded and just before I could do what I had been told Adam bursted through the door. Chase stood up and whipped around in one swift motion. I assumed he'd been praying, just like I was, that Adam didn't notice our closeness.

"What the hell happened last night?" Adam growled in my direction, "I had to get a call from Aaron at three o'clock in the morning about how he couldn't find you and you disappeared at some party. That last he saw you were dancing with some guy."

I noticed Chase's body stiff. He crossed his arms over his chest. I felt like the worst person ever for doing that to him after he'd saved me last night.

"I- I," I stuttered not knowing what to say.

"And you," he turned toward Chase, "Why didn't you call me last night when you found her?" He looked down at me causing a sudden flash of rage fly through his eyes, "What's she doing in your bed?"

"Some guy had me cornered Chase was there I couldn't find Aaron or my phone I had to spike him with my heel and his knee was between my legs he wouldn't get off Chase helped."

I realized I was being unclear, but how was I supposed to talk about last night. God knows what could've happened if Chase hadn't shown up. Blondey-Bear Claw probably would've gotten me right then and there and I wouldn't have been able to do a thing. The thought was almost too hard to deal with.

I shuttered from the memory.

Adam stared at me puzzled. So did Chase, who had turned around to look at me, and I recalled I hadn't even told him the full story.

I took a deep breath and started again. "Blondey-Bear Claw had me trapped, I kept saying no, but he kept going. I was able to get away and get outside. I was going to call you, but Aaron had my phone and I had no idea where he was, plus I was not going back into that party to look for him. Then he found me outside. He was dragging me away when Chase stopped him"

"Wait," Adam jumped in, "You're telling me you were almost raped last night at a party?"

I winced at the word, but nodded, "Chase was going to bring me back to our house, but he had to get something here first and before we got to leave I'd fallen asleep on his bed."

His eyes almost popped out of his head, "Do you know who this guy was?"

"Blondey-Bear Claw? No."

He ran to the bed, pushing Chase out of the way, and pull me into a huge bear hug. He squeezed me tight to his chest and I almost cried at how much the simple gesture made me so comfortable.

When he put me down he grimaced at my dress, "What the hell poesessed you to wear that?"

"Aaron said it would help me get over," I glanced up at Chase when I realized I couldn't say his name in front of Adam. He looked like he was about to kill someone. His nostrils flared with rage and his eyes were hard and dark. His muscles were unconsciously flexing. I gulped, "Just some stupid crush."

Adam frowned, "Who'd you have a crush on?"

"Doesn't matter," I answered too quickly. He shot me an odd look.

"Can we just get so food or something? I'm straving," I pleaded trying to avoid the conversation.

"Sure, but you need to change," Adam informed me then turned to Chacmse, "Do you have some clothes she could borrow?"

"Yeah," he nodded tightly.

"Thanks, I'm going to start making us some breakfast."

He left the door letting Chase and me staring at each other.

"What were you doing going out dressed like that?" he asked angrily.

I srunched up my nose, "You can't tell me what to wear. I can go out dressed however I want."

"Not when some guy tries to molest you and I have to get him off you," he growled.

"Well, maybe if you hadn't called me a slut-

"Because you're dressing really conservitive right now," he interrupted, but I ignored him.

"-none of this would've happened."

"Maybe if you weren't hugging onto Jake when we were supposed to be going out I won't have had to."

"That's rich," I faked laughed, "You're temper is not my problem. Jake and I are friends."

"Really because last time I checked you hated him for some unknown reason!"

I hadn't realized, but we were slowly moving closer together. Our faces now weren't even an inch apart and the sexual tense radiating between us was almost too hot to barely. My face felt flushed with anger and sexual fustration at the same time.

"You really want to know why?" I snapped.

"Yeah, I really do," he spat back.

"We used to date and he took my virginity," I blurted out before I had the chance to regret it, which, trust, me I did later.

He snarled and took my face in his hands. Pulling me towards him, he kissed me poesessively. I felt myself go weak at the knees as I wrapped my arms around his neck to support me. We fell back onto the bed with him ontop of me. His hand ran up the side of my dress almost begging to rip it offand I would've let him too, if Adam hadn't called up the stairs at that very second.

"Where are you guys?"

We jumped off each other and stood up. I brushed myself off and Chase walked to his closet before coming back to me with a stack of clothes.

"Here you go," he said in a husky voice and then turned to walk out the door, shutting it behind himself.

"What just happened?" I whispered to myself.

Chapter 19

Adam, Chase, and I sat awkwardly in Chase's basement. I didn't have much of a choice really. Adam wasn't leaving and I wasn't allowed to call Aaron for a ride because Adam didn't trust him with me after last night.

I sneaked a glance at Chase. He was looking at the television like if he missed something he'd die. I grimaced as I thought about this morning. Was

I really going to have sex with Chase?

I mean, he had called me a slut was I really going to prove his point? What if Adam hadn't called upstairs?

I readjusted my sitting position though I was more uncomfortable With the situation and not the couch.

"Adam, can I go home now?" I sighed.

He shrugged, "If you can find a way to get home besides Aaron."

"You know he didn't do anything wrong. It's not exactly his job to baby sit me,"

I retorted in defense of my best friend. He really hadn't done anything wrong.

He snorted, "Yeah, okay. It's one hundred percent his job to look out for you."

I rolled my eyes and informed him, "There's a difference between baby sitting and looking out for some one."

"You could've lost your virginity by force," he glared at me as if that proved him right. I was about to respond when I realized there was no way in hell I was about to tell Adam I'm not a virgin anymore and that's because of Jake. It was horrible enough that I told Chase.

"Fine, I'll just get another ride," I snapped and stood up to walk upstairs so they couldn't hear. I began scowling through Adam's contacts because I still didn't have my phone trying to find just one person that wouldn't mind picking me up. I stopped at the name Jake. He'd definitely give me a ride if he could.

I pressed the call button and waited for him to pick up.

"Hi," I grinned even though he could see me.

"Hey," he said into the phone seeming glad to get a call from me.

"What's up?"

I sighed, "I hate to ask you this, but I'm stranded at Chace's house and I kind of need a ride home because-"

"Because did he do something to you?" he growled.

I certainly couldn't tell Jake that Chase and I would've mostly likely had sex if Adam hadn't called up the stairs. So I lied.

"No, Adam just doesn't want to leave so-"

"Done, I'll be there in ten minutes."

"Thanks?" I hadn't expected him to answer so quickly without concern for the reason.

"No problem," he answered before hanging up.

I walked back downstairs to tell Adam I'd gotten a ride. I prayed he wouldn't ask who I was getting a ride from.

"I got a ride home," I announced to Adam.

"With Who?" he questioned.

"Jake," I mumbled.

Chase's eyes finally snapped away from the television to look at me.

Adam grinned, "Okay, see you at home."

I nodded and left to go back upstairs. I went to Chase's bed room to change back into my dress and heels.

I was just about to remove my shirt when I heard Chase speak tightly from the door way, "You can keep the clothes."

I let my hands drop to my side, "No, it's time I'll just change back into my old clothes."

"Don't go see him in that," he nodded to the dress laying on his floor by to feet.

"Why?" I inquired. I wanted to hear him say he was jealous, just for him to admit it.

"Stop doing this to me," he groaned and walked into the room so he could shut the door, "Stop driving me insane by getting rides home from Jake, and hugging him," then his voice go low as he growled, "Stop telling he you slept with him."

I blinked twice, "I don't know what to say to that."

"Don't say anything. Just stop it," he spat.

I narrowed my eyes at him, "I can get a ride home from Jake if I want to. And I can do it in my own dress."

"Stop it," he took a step closer to me.

"Stop what?" I stepped closer to him.

"Stop making me so damn jealous," Another step closer to me. I'd guess we weren't barely a foot apart.

"Chase," I said slowly, "I'm going to leave with Jake and I'm going to do it in my own clothes whether you're in the room while I'm changing or not."

"I dare you," he threatened.

I stripped off his shirt and then his pants so I was in my underwear. He glared at me as if I shouldn't have the nerve to do this. He glanced down at my body and then back at my face frustrated and with lust.

"I don't want you to be with him," he said slowly and oddly calm considering what he'd been acting before.

"Who do you want me to be with?" I breathed.

"Me."

I nodded and moved in to kissed him. All my senses were on fire while I kissed him. He tasted better, smelt better, even felt better. My half naked torso pressed hard against his strong chest was driving me insane. I wanted to be on him. That thought made me break away from him.

"Chase," I whispered and leaned down to pick up my dress, "Even if I am with you, Jake is giving me a ride home and he's doing it while I'm in my clothes." I slipped my dress on over my head.

"You are with me," he stated poessesively and I had to bite back a smile at how cute that was.

I heard rang the doorbell ring.

"Bye Chase," I ran downstairs to get the door. I let the door swing open.

"Hey," Jake grinned then looked down at my clothes, "Adam let you leave the house like that?"

"Shh, no he didn't," I pushed him out the door with me, "Let's go."

We drove home in silence for a few minutes so that before he finally spoke we were already a block from my house, "Why were you at Chase's house?"

"Long story," I sighed.

"Okay," he nodded and stopped the car outside my house.

"Bye Jake," I turned to him.

He leaned in to kiss me before pulling away, "Bye Skye."

Chapter 20

I ran into my house, shut the door, and slid down against it. Jake kissed me was all I could think. And it was amazing, passionate, sexy. I wished we could've continued kissing me. But I had a boyfriend. Chase had me and he'd made that very clear earlier that morning.

I groaned. Why did Jake have to kiss me? He made everything so complicated.

It's true that Chase's kiss was indescribable, but when you used to love someone and they kiss you with all the passion they could muster up then leave you wanting more... You just can't help feeling something more than lust.

That's not to say I didn't feel more than lust when I was with Chase. I felt something special and wonderful. He gave me thousands of butterflies fluttering in my stomach. I could believe that if I had been in love With Chase I would've known I wanted him more. The kiss would've been a thousands times greater. At least I wanted to believe it.

But I wasn't in love with Chase.

Was I?

Of course not. We have a horrible relationship. All we do is fight and he gets jealous. He doesn't listen to what I say. He just wants me to be his and when a player just wants you to be his you have to watch out for your heart.

I sighed and slid back up the door. I walked into the kitchen and grabbed a load of junk food then walked into the living room. I placed all the food on the onto the coffee table.

I plopped down on the couch and reached out for the house phone, because Aaron still had my phone and called him.

"Hello?" Aaron answered the phone still groggy from sleep.

I rolled my eyes. Only he would still be sleeping on a Saturday at... 9:30 am. Oops.

"Hey, sorry I woke you up," I frowned then remembered he couldn't see me.

"You're okay!" he exclaimed, "Geez where did you go last night?"

"Chase saved me from a guy who was, like, sexually harrasing me. Then he took me back to his house becuase he needed to get something, and I fell asleep there," I rushed my words.

"Uhh okay?" he asked, "So What's up?"

I sighed, "Do you want to come over and watch some movies with me? I kind of want to talk to you about last night."

"Sure, be right there," he hung up.

I looked down at my clothes. Chase and Adam were right, I never should've gone out dressed in this. It looked like

I really did want a hook up. And I did, just not the type of hook up that guy was looking for.

I went upstairs to go change into sweat pants and an oversized t-shirt I stole from Aaron. By the time I was finished changing, washing my face, and throwing my hair up into a ponytail Aaron was downstairs.

"Skye, I'm here!" he called up the stairs.

" 'Kay, I'll be down in a minute!" I called back to him and raced down stairs to see my best friend.

Adam was being ridiculous. It wasn't Aaron job to baby sit me. He should feel free to go out and party even when I'm there. He had a right to have fun without taking care of me every once in a while. What was he supposed to do anyway? Stand over me and glare at the guys I hook up with? That'd be such a turn off.

"So what's up?" he asked again.

I shrugged, "I need your help with Jake and Chase."

"Oh," he said slightly sarcastic, "You mean the guy who called you a slut or the guy who left you because his mom had cancer? Hmm, hard choice."

"Aaron," I warned.

"Skye," He mocked me with a whine. I sighed, "So I guess you're team Jake?"

"Baby, the only team I'm on is team Aaron," he winked at me.

I laughed, "Good one."

He chuckled, "So really, how are you going to choose?"

"I don't know," I grimaced, "Is a pro and con list out of the question?"

He gave me a pointed look, "You're not going to choose you're future boyfriend with a pro and con list."

"Then what do you think I should do?" I challenged him.

He shrugged, "You know you can pick no one, right?"

No one, I thought.

The idea of no one was keeping me up all night and since apparently I was not allowed to make a pro-con list I was stuck lying awake thinking about what I was going to do with my life.

I sighed. I honestly shouldn't be this wrapped up in my high school relationships. After all Chase was leaving for college at the end of the year. My heart froze in my chest. It wasn't beating anymore. Chase was going and while that's what I'd wanted my whole life things were different now. Jake was staying..

I can't pick a boyfriend on who's going to be here longest I told myself. That will just fill me with regret and make me one of those bitter old people.

"Chase or Jake?" I whispered to myself in the dark as if hearing their names escape my lips would help me choose.

My eyes snapped open at my next thought. I couldn't believe I was about to do this, but I stood up from my bed and crept into the hallway. I knew I should've worn pajamas, but I was pretty sure Adam was already asleep so I took the chance of a murder finding me attractive enough to kill. A bra and underwear were just fine.

The hall lights were off and it looked like the downstairs lights were off too. I felt so pathetic sneaking down stairs in the middle of the night to grab a flower so I could play my own version of 'He loves me, He loves me not.' Instead I'd be playing 'Chase, Jake, No one.'

I plucked a flower out of our vase and then I noticed the basement light was on. Adam always left the damn basement light on. I walked down the steps prepared to turn the light off when I heard some one speak.

"What's with the flower, Skye?" Jake asked with humor in his voice.

Jake! I spun around to see all my brother's friends in the basement. Minus Chase which was pretty weird considering Chase was always here.

"What are you all doing here?!" I shrieked and blushed.

Damien grinned at me, "Is that how you usually come downstairs when you think no one's here?"

Jake shot him a slight glare before turning back to me, "Adam's gonna come down here soon so..."

"Oh! Yeah, right," I said slightly off beat with how flustered I was, "No need to have Adam kill you all. Bye!" I squeaked out the last word and then ran up the basement steps.

My brother nodded to me when he found me in the kitchen.

"Go put something clothes on my friends are downstairs," he said while eating a handful of chips from the bag he was holding.

"Okay, because it would be really bad if we saw each other while I'm wearing this," I rushed passed my words and then scurried upstairs.

Turned out the reason Chase wasn't down there was because he was in my room.

He raised an eyebrow, "You wore that downstairs?"

I shut the door behind me then crossed my arms under my chest, "I thought Adam was asleep and no one was down there."

I saw him staring at my chest making me realize my arms were giving me extra cleavage so I let them fall to the side of my body.

"Chase why are you up here?" I whispered.

He frowned at my question so I added onto it, "Adam's going to kill you if he finds out."

He smirked, "Adam will be fine. He's not going to know. There's about ten guys down there. We'll be fine."

I grimaced, "I don't think so."

He shut me up with a kiss and I immediately forgot why we were fighting. He pulled back with a smile, "We'll be fine."

I nodded and kissed him again. I began unbuttoning his shirt and moving us back towards my bed. Once I got his shirt off I began fumbling with his belt. I was in such a rush to get it off that

I couldn't do it. He seized my hands and moved them up to his neck, still not breaking his kiss. He smoothly unbuckled his belt. I would've felt stupid if I hadn't wanted him so badly at the moment.

He rolled us over so I was under him. He wrapped his arms around my upper back and unclipped my bra. Man, he was good at taking off bras. He slowly pulled it off and looked down at me. His eyes were dark, it was something I'd never seen before.

Suddenly there was a knock at my door. I pushed him off my bed so he was hiding behind the end of the bed.

"Hold on I'm changing!" I called to whoever was at the door.

"Okay," Adam responded.

I pulled my bra back on and slipped on an Aaron's over sized shirt again.

"Come in," I answered while slipping into my blanket.

"Have you seen Chase?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"Thanks anyway," he closed the door as he left.

Chase stood up with his pants around his ankles. I scowled at him and he gave me a pleading look.

"Yeah, he really didn't notice," I rolled my eyes.

"Just let me stay up here," he begged.

"No chance," I rolled onto my sides and closed my eyes, "Get your butt back downstairs."

I heard him sigh but the door clicked open and shut just as fast so I'd known he left. I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding.

"Chase, Jake, or no one?" I whispered before falling asleep.

Chapter 21

Ugh, Spring cleaning, I thought.

It's not even spring what the hell is wrong with Adam? Making me clean on a Sunday. Sure my room was messy, but it wasn't going to kill anyone.

I stared down at the pile of my clothes and sighed. It would take forever to clean up all this stuff. Maybe I could just shove it under my bed and then go out with Aaron before Adam could figure it out.

I decided that it sounded like a good plan. I got down on my knees and looked under my bed. There one box sitting at the very back with a flash light. I furrowed my brow while wondering why I would've kept those two things back there.

Being the not so tall person I am, I slipped under the bed to retrieve the box. My floor was surprisingly clean, thank god. I slide on the hard wooden floor like a penguin until I was at the back. I grabbed the box and tried to back out.

Shit, I thought, I'm stuck.

My hair was caught on the bottom of the bed and pulling it would completely ruin my hair.

"Adam!" I yelled. No answer.

"Adam!" I tried again. That time the vaccum turned on. I sighed, he definitely thought I was just trying to get out of cleaning again.

"Adam!" I screeched. When I got no response I gave up. Eventually Adam, or Aaron, or Chase, maybe even Jake would walk in and find me. Hopefully.

My stomach growled. I was straving, but there was no food down thereI probably wouldn't eat it if it there was anyway, but I might've been down there for a While and desperate times call for desperate measures.

Boredom got the best of me so I tipped the box over and began to search through it. I had a bouncy ball, rubberbands, hair ties, cute socks, saved birthday cards, and finally my ninth grade diary.

I opened it up and began reading through it. What was the first sentence on the first page in my first diary? I hate Chase Mathews!

I rolled my eyes at how dramatic I was two years ago. The things he did weren't that bad. A few pranks here and there weren't going to kill me. I skimmed through the rest until I got to a page that caught my attention.

March 10, 2010

Maybe Chase is right. He does all these horrible things to me and I deserve them. Today he said I was an ugly man. I can't stop crying. Anything involving my looks and my weight is such a soft spot for me. I can't believe he'd even go there. He's constantly making me look like an idiot and I'm always crying because of him. I have never hated anyone more than I hate Chase. In fact he makes me hate myself. He makes me I don't know. It's so hard to describe.

I think the only words I can fully explain it with are: He makes me want to die.

That was my last Diary entry

I choked on my own shock. Chase was so mean to me at one point that

I actually considered killing myself? How could someone forget a thing like that? Seriously, how could I forget that! So what if Chase was a good kisser? At some point in my life I wanted to die because of him.

Out of nowhere I started sobbing uncontrollably.

Chase was going to pay.

"Skye?" I heard Chase call and foot steps coming into my room.

I swiftly wiped my tear covered eyes and hoped blotchy, red tear stains weren't covering my face, but ultimately knew they'd be there. I grimaced down at my old diary before snapping it shut and hugging it tightly to my chest. If I wasn't stuck under the damn bed I would've told him to get out immediately.

"I'm stuck under the bed," I admitted embarrassingly.

He chuckled, "How'd you do that?"

I ground my teeth, "Could you just get me out of here?"

"Yeah, hold on," he said still slightly laughing before getting down on his stomach and reaching up to undo my hair from the bed. He took my hand, against my will may I add, and slid me out with him.

Once we were back in the light he knitted his eyebrows after looking at my face, "Are you okay?"

"No," I snapped and stood up.

He followed my action with a grimace. "What's wrong?"

"What' wrong?" I asked angry and rhetorically, "Why don't you read the last page of my old diary."

He shrugged so I opened it to the last entry and handed it over to him. At first his mouth from a straight line, then a frown, and then his eyes were the size of saucers.

"I made you want to kill yourself?" he gaped.

I snatched the diary back and threw it onto my bed before confirming his question with a hard nod.

He looked like he was going to cry for just a second before pulling me to him and engulfing me into a hug. "Skye, I'm so sorry."

I pushed him off my with as much force as I had in my tiny body. It was pretty impressive that I got him off me too considering his size and strength.

"I can't believe I was that much of a jerk to you. I'm so-"

I cut him off, "Just get out Chase."

"Skye"

"Just go," I commanded.

"I can't leave until you're okay again and we figure this out," he crossed his arms stubbornly.

"There's nothing to figure out!" I growled.

"What about us?" he asked sadly.

"Us?" I barked.

"Yeah, our relationship," he clarified.

"At one point in my life I wanted to die because of you!" I yelled, "There is no 'us'. You can't recover from that, you... you," I couldn't think of an insult big enough for this guy.

"Jerk?" he offered.

"Not mean enough," I growled.

"Ass?"

"Still not good enough."

"The worst human on the entire planet and I'm so sorry?" He gave me a wishful smile. I was not going to forgive him.

"Chase," I sighed, "please just go."

"I can't just leave," he pleaded.

"You made me want to kill myself!" I screamed, "You can't stay!"

"What?" Adam, who was standing in the doorway, let his jaw drop.

I glance over to him and wondered how long he's been there. My heart beat sped up as I worried about what he had heard. Did he know Chase and I were sneaking around with an unsteady relationship or did he only here the wanting to die part?

"How much did you hear?" I asked frozen in place. It seemed like we all were.

"Enough," he grimaced.

"What does that even mean?" I questioned.

"Enough to know you two have been sneaking around," he growled.

"Chase," I Whispered, "you seriously need to go."

He nodded and walked to the door. Before he could even pass Adam his fist shot out a punch Chase right in the face.

"Ugh," he groaned and stumbled back.

Adam charged for him again but this time Chase hit him first.

"Guys!" I screamed, "Guys!"

They didn't even pretend to care about what I was saying. They just kept hitting each other. I saw Adam's fist go straight at Chase's stomach and jumped in between the two. With an impossible force Adam's fist struck me directly into the stomach and I fell down immediately.

"Oh, shit! Skye are you okay?" Adam kneeled down next to me.

I groaned and clutched my stomach. "What is wrong with the two of you?"

"We-" Chase began, but I interrupted him.

"Just go away!" I screamed, "Both of you! Now!"

"Are you sure you're going to be okay?" Adam asked worriedly.

"Now!" I yelled and watched the two boys run out of my room as fast as they could. Those two idiots, I thought. If I had any strength left I'd slap some sense into them. But I didn't have any strength left and that thought caused me to cry out in pain.

"Worst day ever!" I shrieked.

"Hey," Aaron entered my room then looked down at me, "Are you okay?!"

"Can you just please lie down with me," I pleaded in pain.

He nodded immediately and laid down with me. His hand slipped into my free hand and held it tightly.

"Want to talk about it?" he Whispered.

"No," I breathed.

I saw him nod, "It's okay Skye."

I couldn't tell Whether he meant not telling him was okay or life was going to be okay. Either way it relaxed me and made me curl into him.

"Thanks Aaron."

"Any time."

Chapter 22

Recap:

I saw Adam's fist go straight at Chase's stomach and jumped in between the two. With an impossible force Adam's fist struck me directly into the stomach and I fell down immediately.

"Oh, gosh! Skye are you okay?" Adam kneeled down next to me.

I groaned and clutched my stomach. "What is wrong with the two of you?"

"We-" chase began, but I interrupted him.

"Just go away!" I screamed, "Both of you! Now!"

Chase's POV

How did this happen? I groaned. How did I end up sitting on the couch with an ice pack on my head next to my best friend after we beat each other up over his sister? I had to admit Skye was something. Not only did she put up with all the crappy things I'd done to her apparently not as well as I thought but she took that punch like a man. She did fall, but Adam's punches were like compact cinderblocks coming at you. Particularly When he's mad. A lesson I wish I hadn't had to just learn.

"About me and Skye-," I began.

Adam interrupted me with a growl, "Shut up."

I turned my head towards Adam. I sighed, "Look dude, I'm sorry. It's just I really like your sister."

He turned his head to glare at me before accusing me, "You made her want to kill herself."

"You punched her!" I retorted defensively. He was about to reply when we heard the door swing open. I prayed it wasn't Mr. and Mrs. Barker.

It wasn't their parents. It was Jake.

I grimaced. I should've been more specific with my prayers. I almost couldn't handle the idea of Skye seeing him right after we had a light.

"Hey," he ignored our current appearance and asked, "Is Skye upstairs? I got a call from her saying to come over."

"Yeah," Adam sighed in pain and nodded his head to the stairs.

"Thanks," he grinned and walked upstairs.

My heart stung. Skye hated me and was in pain and he was going to get her. She was going to love him for saving her from me. Jealousy rushed through my veins as I thought about all the times he would get to kiss her and comfort her. And of course he'd get to sleep with her again. He'd get to see her naked and make her Oh god I thought I was going to be sick.

I scowled. Adam rolled his eyes at me, "What, now you have a problem with Jake?"

"I do not have a problem with Jake," I stated defensively.

He gave me a disbelieving look, "Yeah, okay."

"I don't!" I exclaimed.

"So that explains the 'I-want-to-rip-a-head-off-right-now' look," he said condescendingly.

"Maybe I want to rip your head off," I snapped stupidly. I was really sticking my foot in my mouth that night.

He raised an eyebrow at how ridiculous I was being. "You have a problem with Jake because of Skye?"

"I do not."

"Do too. Why though?"

"Do not."

"Do too."

"Do not!"

"Do too!"

"He slept with Skye!" I screamed. Oh god! I scolded myself. Why couldn't I control my mouth tonight? Skye was officially going to hate me forever.

I leaned my head back against the couch.

"Skye's not a... you mean he's seen her... What?" Adam whispered.

"You're not going to kill him?" I asked slightly disappointed and slightly relieved.

"No," he Whispered again, "That was Skye's choice, I guess."

My jaw dropped and I felt furious, "So I get beaten up for liking your sister, but Jake gets a pat on the freaking back?"

"Maybe if you told me how you felt like he did you wouldn't have," he shrugged.

"He told you he liked her?"

"Yeah."

"Oh."

Skye, Jake, and Aaron came walking down the stairs.

"I'm staying at Aaron's tonight," Skye announced to, I assumed, Adam.

He nodded, "I love you Skye."

"Love you too," she smiled.

So Jake got a pat on the back and Skye, Adam got an I love you, and I got a black eye.

Life stinks.

"Bye Skye," I smiled wearily. She ignored me and left with them.

"Nice try," Adam smiled.

"Shut up," I grinned. We were teasing each other again. At least we were back to normal.

"Hey, Aaron, can you give me and Jake a minute?" I asked my best friend.

"It's my house," he whinned.

"Thank you," I grinned.

"Fine," he sigh jokingly and left the room.

I couldn't believe I was actually going to have to say this to Jake. Not only that, but I couldn't believe I wanted to say it. How on Earth was I choosing Chase? He was horrible for me. He was jealous, possessive, difficult, complicated all in all he pretty much drove me insane. So why you ask was I choosing him?

I was beginning to wonder that myself. Jake was good to me. He was caring, sweet, smart, and he never once made me want to die. But wasn't teenage love supposed to make you want to die sometimes? Teenage love was supposed to be perfect, amazing, beautiful, just plain awesome. I was supposed to have tears on my pillow and pain mixed with happiness. There must've been a reason I was constantly gravitating towards Chase.

Yet somehow when I was about to tell Jake this I was having second thoughts. Not about telling Jake it wasn't going to happen. I refused to string him along when I was still feeling this way about

Chase. No, my second thoughts were about Chase. For some reason Aaron's words 'no one' rang in my ears.

I wasn't quite ready to rule out Chase, but I knew the right choice for me and Jake.

"I know," I swallowed and started my sentence over, "You told me you loved me-"

"Love, as in currently," Jake corrected.

I looked down at the floor. Then I looked to the bed he was sitting on, the ceiling, the posters on his walls, the window across the room from me showing a cluster of tree branches in the moonlight which shone onto the light blue walls. In short, I looked everywhere and anywhere, but him.

"Okay," I nodded, "You love me. So before I can tell you this I need you to know that I really love you too."

He smiled once he heard love and then seemed to remember I said that I had to tell him something else. He grimaced, "What do you have to say?"

"I can't, I mean we can't go out," I stammered, but tried to contain myself, "because I don't know how I feel about Chase and that would be so unfair to you."

He nodded slowly as if a little kid had just told him something twisted like shock and disbelief all in one. Then his nod turned into a more confirming one and he ended it with one hard, or at least not as soft as before, nod.

"So, um, I guess figure your feelings out about Chase and then we can move on from there," he suggested.

That was not the reaction I was expecting at all. I didn't want him to be upset, but I also didn't want him to think waiting it out was a good idea because I doubted the two of us would be in a relationship very soon. I needed, wanted in fact, for him to move on.

"Jake," I said sternly yet somehow sympathetically, "you need to move on. I don't see us in a relationship soon."

"I know," he smirked, "I was talking about later."

If I hadn't been on such a strong mission to get him to move on I probably would've laughed, but I didn't.

"I'm serious Jake!"

"It's fine," he assured me, "Give me one goodbye kiss and I'll move on."

"You will?" I asked skeptically.

"I'll be out of your hair... romantically at least," he cracked smiled.

I nodded, "Okay, just one goodbye kiss."

I braced myself as he leaned in and cupped my face on both sides. His lips hit mine and made mine moved in sync with his. He then slowly moved his tongue into my mouth and I did the same.

I didn't think a goodbye kiss was like this. In all the movies the goodbye kiss usually consisted of a peck. Most of the time it seemed to be on the cheek. But in my goodbye kiss there was tongue, and lots of it. It was wrong to give Jake this kind of hope, but it was the purist of things.

He pulled back and my unconscious smile turned to a frown.

He cleared his throat, "Goodbye Skye."

"Bye Jake," I did a little, pathetic wave as I watched him walk out of Aaron's door.

After starring at the door for a minute or so I plopped down on Aaron's bed. I closed my eyes and let out a sigh.

"That good, huh?" Aaron asked.

"What?" I opened my eyes and turned my head toward him.

He motioned for me to move over and climbed onto the bed with me after I scrooched over.

"What happened?" he asked.

"I told Jake he needed to move on because I had to figure out my feelings for Chase. Then he gave me a goodbye kiss and left," I stated robotically.

"Any kiss could be amazing if you put enough work into it," he told me.

"Really?" I asked hopefully.

"Yeah, come here," he cupped my face.

I slapped his hand away. "What are you doing?" I exclaimed.

"What do you think I'm doing?" he asked, "We don't have romantic feelings for each other and I'm going to kiss you to prove any kiss can be a good kiss."

I hesitated before answering, "Okay."

He nodded and cupped my face again. Pulling me in towards him and our lips touched. Quicker then the speed of light we pulled away. It was horrifying to kiss your best friend.

"Oh my god!" I exclaimed.

"I can believe we just did that!" Aaron stood up off the bed and rubbed his tongue.

"Oh my god!" I repeated and leaped up also while wiping my mouth.

"Why did you let me do that?!"

I scoffed, "You're the one who decided to do it!"

"You're the girl! You're supposed to say no!" he accused.

"What are you talking about? You said it wouldn't matter because we're not romantically linked! "

"Well I was wrong!" he yelled and continued to wipe his mouth.

"No, I was wrong!" I repeated his tongue rubbing.

Then we got into some weird tongue rubbing competition. We stared each other down and kept wiping faster and faster. What was wrong with us? It must've been the shock from the kiss, I reasoned.

There was a light knock on the door and Ms. Patton, Aaron's mom, walked in. She looked between the two of us rubbing our tongues.

She shook her head, "What are you two doing?"

We dropped our hands and said at the same time, "Nothing!"

Chapter 23

Recap:

Skye called it off with Jake and got into a weird tongue rubbing contest with Aaron.

I took a deep breath. I swore turning that key to unlock my door was the hardest thing I'd ever, and will ever, have to do because the second I opened that door I'd have to talk with Chase about how I feel and how he feels. I was one hundred percent positive I was not ready for that conversation.

I let out the breath and turned the key until I felt a click then I pulled it out and pushed the door open. I stuck one foot in slowly and quietly. When I saw no one come I stuck the rest of my body in too. I gently closed the door.

For a brief second I wondered what on Earth I was doing. This was my house why was I acting like I was an intruder? But I quickly forgot about that when I noticed Chase standing in front of me, "Hi"

"Hi," Chase whispered.

I looked down and noticed how mine and Chase's feet almost touched. They were so close, yet so untouchable. Not that I wanted to touch his feet, but the general idea is there.

I looked back up at him, "Hi."

"You already said that," he gave me a lopsided grin. My heart nearly jumped out of my chest and into his hands.

"Oh, yeah," I giggled a little out of nervousness.

He gulped as an awkward silence passed by. I opened my mouth, but shut it just as quickly. I assumed he felt the need to break the silence too when he spoke up, "Your brother's not here. He's spending the night at Damien's."

"Oh, good," I nodded my head and he gave me a questioning look, so I continued, "I wanted to talk to you."

His eyebrows shot up, "Really?"

I nodded, "Yes. I know before I said there was no us, but I was just really... upset. I think we need to talk about some stuff"

"Okay, let's go upstairs," he started to walk to the stairs, but stopped when he realized I wasn't following him.

I hesitated, "I think we might be safer on the couch instead of," I cleared my throat awkwardly, "my bed."

He hit his bottom lip to keep from smiling and headed back down the stairs. I tailed him into the living room and we sat down on the couch. All we could do was stare at each other. Not in a romantic, I-love-you-so-much kind of way. It had more to do with the fact that neither of us knew what to say.

After all what does one say in this situation? I want to explore the idea of us being together?that was too stiff and robotic. Maybe something like, I really like you and I think we could make this happenno that was too cheesey. Shit, I should've just said I like your shirt, now take it off.

"I think we should try again," I stammered.

"Try again?" he asked slowly as if to imply I made no sense and needed to continue.

"Us. Try us again," I clarified still incredibly uncomfortable.

He smiled, "Maybe take it slow this time."

I nodded, "Exactly. It's just, how do we do that?"

He reached out and took my hand. He started playing with my finger tips. Then he entwined our fingers and pulled us closer together. Slowly and gently his lips touched mine. Chace could be so sweet when he wanted to apparently. This kiss was so different from our first kiss. And last kiss. And any other kiss in between. It was subtle and caring. There was no tongue, but there was so many sparks that I thought I was going to bliss out.

I knew we were supposed to be taking it slow, but I needed more of him. I pressed up against him and deepened the kiss. He welcomed my tongue into his mouth completely as he wrapped his arms around.

I pulled back without thinking and huskily whispered, "Bed. Now."

"I thought-," I smashed my lips back onto his before he could finish his sentence and make me remember what I was doing.

He wrapped one of my legs around his waist and then did the same with my other leg. Once he stood up he kept both his hands on my butt. I'd like to believe it was to support the weight, but there was probably another reason if you know what I'm talking about.

Still kissing he began to walk to the stairs. I pulled away from his mouth, to his dismay, and moved my lips to suck directly under his jaw, to his excited. That made him start banging into the wall and the banister. It seemed like

it took forever to get up those stairs. Finally he made it into the upstairs hallway. I pulled away from his chest just a little to slip off my red blouse, revealing my black and red laced bra under it. Chase's eyes widened. I started on his neck again and it almost seem like he couldn't walk. I half expected him to fall onto the ground and take me in the hall.

I twisted my fingers into his hair impatiently. This wasn't fast enough. I wanted to be in my bedroom right then and there. I pulled a little harder which made him rush into my room.

"I like you shirt," I gave him a sexy smile,

"Now take it off."

He dropped me onto the bed. I watched him take his shirt, per my command, and his pants off before climbing on top of me. I smirked, glad I got to use my line after all.

He threw it across the room and popped open the button on my jeans. Once he got my pants off he suddenly he got this wild look in his eyes. They were dark, and lustful, and for some unknown reason looked slightly jealous. But I wasn't going to asked about it.

I slid my underwear off as he unclasped my bra. I put my arms above my head so he could get the bra off more easily. Once it was off I lowered my arms to trail my fingers across his chest and down to the top of his boxers. My fingers sneaked into them ready to pull them down, but his hands stopped mine quicker than I would've thought possible.

"Are you kidding me," I growled angrily. I was naked underneath him and he was going to stop me from taking off his boxers? I thought. I was beginning to feel self-conscious.

He shook his head, "I thought we said we were going to take it slow."

I felt my self frown sadly. I sighed, "If you're not ready..."

The jealous look came back into his eyes, and this time with determination. He snarled, "Oh, I'm ready."

"You're ready?" I raised an eyebrow to tease him.

He pulled me by the arch of my back to press my chest against his chest so he could kiss me passionately, aggressively, and, of course, possessively. I moaned his name into his mouth and my fingers finally got those damn boxers off.

Chapter 24

Chase's POV

I took a deep breath in and let it out. I kept my eyes closed. It was too peaceful to wake up. Then I felt a girl's naked chest roll part way onto mine to cuddle and the panic started to set in. I felt my heart race a little faster with all the possible situations this could've been.

1. I slept with some other girl and not Skye.

I suppressed a groan at the thought. I would've really messed things up with Skye and not to mention I didn't really want to sleep with any other girl but Skye.

Or...

2. I slept with Skye.

Holy gosh, I thought and it all came crashing back to me, I slept with Skye. God, it was good. Like really, really good. Like I want to do it again good. I almost had to moan thinking about it.

I was so dead.

*The Day Before"

"I'm sorry," I groaned letting my head fall back onto the couch.

"Whatever," Adam shrugged still icing himself, "It's not like you did anything with her... right?"

I nodded. Technically I hadn't done anything with her. At least not the anything he was referring to. "Nope."

He's body relaxed and he let out an audible breath of air, "Okay."

"Okay?" I asked hanging on to the slightest hope that he'd sign off on me and Skye as a couple.

"Okay, you can see her. Just... Promise me something?" He turned to look at me almost sadly.

I turned to him trying to hide my excitement, "Anything."

"I know Jake already has, but could you just not..." He trailed off, forcing me for the first time to think how hard the idea must actually be on him. That was his little sister and I was his best friend. He's whore of a best friend who'd always used girls like play things and had been sneaking behind his back to be with his little sister. Who was really the only close family he had because his parents were always away. Explains why he's so overprotective, huh?

"Sleep with her," I whispered to finish his sentence.

"Yeah," he whispered back holding the 'h' a little longer than necessary.

"I won't," I promised, besides I didn't have much of a choice.

As much as I liked Skye and wanted her, Adam was more important. First off, he was the older brother. Secondly, and most important, he had been my best friend since we were three years old and I intended to keep it that way.

"Thanks," he turned his head back to look at the ceiling.

"You're welcome," I said and then realized how ridiculous that sounded. 'Don't sleep with my sister, okay, thanks, you're welcome?' Geez.

"You're welcome?" he laughed.

I burst out laughing too, "What else was I supposed to say?"

"I don't know" he shrugged still chuckling, "Just not you're welcome."

"Sure," I laughed, "I swear not to sleep with your sister."

He smiled, "Thanks."

"You're not welcome," I smirked.

The Morning After

My heart started beating faster as I thought about the night before.

Skye made a tiny, content sound and I swore my heart was going to pop out of my chest. That girl had too much of an effect on me. She snuggled closer into me before whispering, "You need to calm down."

"What?" I asked alarmed. Had I gotten morning wood or something.

She laughed a little which did not help my anxiousness "Your heart's beating four times the normal speed."

I looked down at her on my chest. Her eyes were still closed and she looked so peaceful. How the hell was I supposed to leave her now?

"Skye," I started and gently removed her from my body before getting out of the bed, "I need to go."

"What?" She grimaced sadly while I was pulling on my underwear and then my pants.

I was really hating Adam right at that moment, "It's just Adam's going to be home soon-"

"So?" she asked sitting up and, unfortunately for me, the blanket didn't come with her letting me see her chest.

I coughed, "Skye, blanket."

She pulled it up on her without responding or making a sound. gosh, she was mad at me.

"Do you really want to have your brother walk in on this?" I asked exasperated, which she promptly notice. She probably thought I was just trying to get rid of her.

"Why not?" she snapped, "you already told him I slept with Jake."

I choked on my own breath. I couldn't believe she'd just brought up her a lake having sex. My heart sank to the bottom of my stomach as I was filled with jealousy.

"Jake and I are two different people," I narrowed my eyes at her.

"Not all that different," she scoffed.

"What does that mean?"

She sighed, "Nothing, just go Chace."

"No," I said firmly, "What was that supposed to mean?"

She scowled, "Well, you both left right?"

My eyes widened a little. He'd left her after they had sex? And that's why she'd hated him so much. I was about to do the same thing he did. No wonder she was so pissed off. I watched her fall back down on the bed tired of this conversation.

"I can stay, if you want," I offered feeling like the ass I was being.

"No, just go," she waved her hand slightly towards the door.

"Yeah, but-"

"Chace, it's fine," she said Without emotion making me feel worse, "really you can go."

"But I want to stay," I pleaded.

"I don't care how good you look with your shirt off," she gesture towards my bare chest, "If you've got to go, go."

"You think I look good without a shirt on?" I smirked.

She grinned and I climbed back into the bed with her.

"I swear," I whispered in her ear, "I'm not leaving you until you want me to. Probably not even then."

I felt her smile against my cheek as I kissed her neck.

"Good," she beamed.

"Good," I repeated and pulled her into me for a kiss.

Chapter 25

Recap:

"Jake and I are two different people," I narrowed my eyes at her.

"Not all that different," she scoffed.

"What does that mean?"

She sighed, "Nothing, just go Chace."

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I felt her smile against my cheek as I kissed her neck.

"Good," she beamed.

"Good," I repeated and pulled her into me for a kiss.

"Skye," Adam knocked on my door and I mumbled a tried 'Come in' with my eyes still closed.

"Want anything for break-" he stopped dead in the middle of his sentence, "Tell me you're not naked under that sheet."

"Hm?" I asked letting my eyes flutter open. I looked down and noticed Chase was still lying next to me, shirtless, and hugging onto my waist.

"Scratch that," he shook his head, "I don't want to know."

"Adam-" I began, but he shook his head again stopping me from continuing.

He scowled, "When Chase gets his lazy ass up tell him I want to talk to him."

"Before you go and beat him up, just know, it wasn't like he took my virginity or anything," I informed him for Chase's safety no matter how much I didn't want to admit that to my brother.

He jaw tightened, "I know. He told me."

"Chase?"

"Jake."

"Jake told you?"

"No, you slept with Jake."

"So who told you?"

"Chase did."

Anger flared through me. The idiot told my brother I wasn't a virgin! I should've let Adam kick his butt so hard he'd wish he didn't have one. But I could let that happen. Instead I lifted my arm and slapped my hand down so hard on Chase naked back that we could hear the smack. A large red spot was forming on his tan, muscular back.

"gosh!" he exclaimed, "What the hell Skye?"

Adam chuckled, "Chase put on a shirt and get your ass downstairs."

He groaned as Adam left the room. His eyes opened and he glared at me.

"Why'd you hit me?"

"Why'd you tell my brother I wasn't a virgin," I snapped

He hit his bottom lip and looked down, "Good point."

I nodded, "Well, you heard Adam. Get your bum downstairs."

He sighed, "Later, Skye."

"Bye, Chase," I replied and watched him grab his shirt and slip it on.

I grabbed my phone and began dialing Aaron's number.

"What are you doing?" Chace's words stopped me.

I furrowed my brow, "Calling Aaron, why?"

"You're naked," he waved his hands at waist level like an idiot.

"Yeah, so?" I asked confused.

"That's weird."

I rolled my eyes, "It's not like I'm calling him from the toilet."

"Still..." he trailed off, "Tell me this, have you ever called him from the shower?"

"Of course," I scoffed.

"Ugh, you've got to be kidding me," he exclaimed.

"Aaron's been in the bathroom while I was in the shower before! It's not like he can see me naked."

He raised an eyebrow, "Has he seen you naked?"

"What kind of ridiculous question is that?" I asked.

"So no?" he asked hopeful.

"No, of course he has," I corrected calmly.

"Within the teenage years?" he asked.

"gosh, Chase, he saw me naked last week. What's with the interrogation?" I asked annoyed.

He looked like he was going to throw up, "Who the hell am I dating?"

"Who says we're dating," I teased.

He ignored me, "Have you ever seen him naked?"

"Duh," I sighed. What was the point of this relentless questioning about nothing?

"What the hell is your friendship? That's weird!" he grimaced.

I shrugged, "You've never seen Adam naked?"

"God, no!" he exclaimed disgusted.

I rolled my eyes, "Chase, it's not like everybody doesn't know what the human body looks like. Are you seriously telling me you've never seen Adam naked?"

"Ugh," he groaned, "I have to go."

"Bye," I waved sweetly and pressed the send button on my phone.

"Hello?" Aaron asked.

"Hey," I chirped into the phone.

"Why are you calling so early?" he asked with a husky, annoyed voice.

"It's like twelve forty!"

"Exactly, Why are you calling so early?"

"Whatever, I wanted to tell you what I did last night," I grinned.

"Unless something major happened let me go back to sleep," he moaned.

"Shut up," I growled, "I wanted to tell you something, but now..."

"Dear god, just spit it out!" He yelled.

"I slept with Chase," I blurted out.

"Oh," he said speechless.

"Yeah," I trailed off not knowing what to say.

"So are you two like a thing now?" he asked bitterly.

"What's with the sour pus?" I frowned.

"I just don't think you're good for each other," he informed me.

"What- ever," I said sarcastically.

A heat of silence passed by.

"Oh, hey!" he exclaimed, "What do you want for your birthday next week?"

"Hmm," I wondered out loud mockingly, "Should I ask for a box of condoms this year?"

"Hey!" he exclaimed with offense, "Were you and Chase safe with that box of condoms?"

"Well, yes."

"Then do not mock the classic boxes of condoms. I know I get them for you every year, but I always get you something else with them!"

I giggled, "Sorry for mocking the condoms."

"Don't apologize to me. Apologize to the condoms," he demanded jokingly.

"Are you serious?" I asked in awe.

"Baby, when am I ever not serious?" I could practically hear the smirk in his voice.

Huh? I thought, maybe Chase was right. We do have a weird relationship.

Chapter 26

Recap:

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"Baby, when am I ever not serious?" I could practically hear the smirk in his voice.

Huh? I thought, maybe Chase was right. We do have a weird relationship.

"Good morning," I sang and kissed Chase on the cheek. What could I say? We had sex for the first time last night. I was in a good mood.

Chase kissed me back, "Good morning to you."

"Ew," Adam whinned jokingly. He handed me a stack of pancakes. I licked my lips. The pancakes smelled so good and I could see the steam rising off of them. I nearly passed out in lust of them. I almost might've wanted those pancakes more than I had wanted Chase the night before. That's not to say I didn't find Chase attractive or that I liked him any less; Adam just made really amazing pancakes.

Best. Brother. Ever.

"Yum," I drooled and reached for the pancakes.

He yanked them anyway at the last second, "How bad do you want the pancakes?" He raised an eyebrow at me. Damn he knew I'd do anything for those things.

"Real bad," I almost begged. My stomach growled. Evil brother.

He grinned when my stomach roared again and handed me the pancakes back, "Here take the pancakes."

"Tease," I accused and grabbed the pancakes then sitting down. I drowned them with syrup, and dug in. Oh my god, heaven in my mouth. I moaned.

"Geez," Chase wrinkled his nose at me and I flicked him.

"Have you ever eatten Adam's pancakes?" I asked.

"Nope," he shook his head, "I never plan to."

"Bu-bu-bu-but," my jaw dropped open and I was stuttering.

He shrugged, "I don't see the big deal."

"The big deal?" I snapped. I picked up a full pancake covered in syrup with my fork and jabbed it toward him in all seriousness, "Eat."

"Are you kidding me?" he sneered.

"Eat. The. Pancake," I ordered.

"Fine," he groaned, "Adam can you get me a plate?"

Adam reached into the cabinet behind him and got Chase a plate. I let the pancake drop onto it and handed Chase my fork. What was wrong with this kid that it took him so long to eat the pancake?

He carefully cut a piece of his pancake off. Sweet Jesus he didn't even know how to eat a pancake. I rolled my eyes impatiently, "That's not how you eat a pancake!"

He sighed exasperated, "How do you eat a pancake then?"

I rip off a huge, messy chunk with my fork and shoved it in my mouth. With my mouth still slightly full I yelled, "That's how you eat Adam's pancakes!"

He gave me a disgusted look, "Remind me of what I see in you again?"

"Just eat the damn pancake."

He repeated my actions and shoveled a piece into his mouth. His eyes lit up. I told you Adam made the best pancakes ever, but before I got to gloat about how I was right and how wrong he was Adam spoke, "Ha, you're so whipped."

"What?" Chase asked while swallowing.

"For eight years I've been trying to get you to eat those pancakes, but your girl friend asks you to do it and you're all in," Adam smirked with enjoyment at what he thought was Chase's freedom slipping away.

My heart fluttered when I heard Adam refer to me as Chase's girl friend. I knew just because Adam said it didn't make it official or even slightly true, but the idea was so sweet to think about.

"It's because she's annoying," he pointed his fork at me without even looking in my direction.

"Agreed," a sleeping Aaron came walking up behind me.

"When did you get here?" I asked as he hugged me from behind because he was too sleepy to stand on his own. I moved off the seat and slipped Aaron into it. Then I went to get a fork for the rest of my pancakes.

"You're call woke me up," he informed me.

"Apparently not enough," I mumbled.

Aaron seemed to shock into life at that very second, "Pancakes!"

"Hey!" I rushed back to my plate with my fork before he could eat them, "Mine!"

He pouted, "Give me a bite."

"No," I scoffed, "Adam made them."

"Adam pancakes?" he drooled, "Give me a bite. Now."

"Never," I stuck my foot out at his stomach keeping him a leg's length away from my pancakes.

"Damn it, Skye! Give me one!"

"Here," Adam laughed and shoved a plate into Aaron's hands, "I made you some too."

"My hero," Aaron swooned. Before you ask he's not gay. Him a Jen are still happily dating.

Adam gave him a weird look, "No problem."

I dropped my foot off of him and moved back next to him. Foolishly I thought my pancakes were safe. Unfortunately I was dead wrong. Aaron snuck his fork onto my plate and stole a big pancake.

"Hey!" I screamed.

"What?" he said with a mouthful of my pancake, "I'm helping you watch your figure."

"Ahh," I screeched. I violently stabbed my fork into Chase's pancake and plopped into onto my plate.

"Hey!" Chase protested.

"Deal," I said before taking a huge bite out of his pancake. It was originally mine anyway. He didn't even want it.

Chase sighed and let me have it.

Chapter 27

Aaron's POV

"I mean, I know she gave me a definite no because of Chase," Jake admitted during our off period.

We were leaning against the tree Skye and I always hung around. Well, I was leaning. He was standing about a foot from me.

I grimaced. I didn't mind Jake's complaining, he was a hell of a lot better than Chase. I'd seen how much hell he'd put Skye through. I just couldn't believe she'd just forgot about it because she was horny or felt some sort of attraction to him.

And my more selfish reason for hating him; he was taking my bestfriend. I hadn't seen Skye in two and a half days. That's the longest we'd ever gone without seeing each other. Plus where the hell is she now? With Chase. And where was I? With her ex boyfriend waiting for her to show even though I know she never would.

"Was she really that horny? if all she needed was a sex buddy I'd do her just to get her back!

Okay, I probably wouldn't. We just didn't have that kind of relationship. I didn't even want that kind of relationship. You sleep with your best friend, even just casually, it's just a slippery slope to either losing them or marriage. And I wanted none of that for me and Skye.

But that didn't mean I missed her like crazy. I just wanted my best friend back.

I groaned, "To tell you the truth, I didn't understand picking him either." He beamed with hope so I shook my head 'no', "Cool your jets, hot shot. I wouldn't understand her picking you either."

He scowled. "You probably missed her more than I, don't you?"

I nodded reluctantly.

"That's what I thought." He said. Not in a smug way, more like he was pondering it. "I guess I have to go pay up."

"Pay up?" I asked snapping out from my trance of nothingness.

"Yeah, Chase and I made a bet." He looked slightly guilty for even saying anything.

"About what?" I pressed sensing this wasn't going to be good.

"Nothing, just forget about it." He shook his head.

I got off the tree, grabbed him by the shirt and slammed him against the tree so fast he never saw it coming. "What did you and Chase bet about?" I snarled.

"We- It wasn't like I wanted to, he asked and I accept because he was-" I pulled him off the tree then pushed him against the tree trunk again and harder.

"I don't care," I spat. "Tell me what it was about."

"Okay," He yelled. "He bet me that he could date with Skye before I could. We basically bet over who win Skye."

"She's not something you win. She's a person." I yelled.

"I know that!" He exclaimed almost begging for me to understand that, "I know she's perfect, and she's your best friend. I didn't want to bet but Chase was so cocky about it."

"I don't ca- wait when did you and Chase make thebet?"

"I- I don't know." He stuttered. "It was around the time I told Skye about my mom and how sorry I was that I had to leave her."

I dropped him immediately, "They were already dating? Give me the money, I'll give it to Chase." He was about to protest, but I cut him off. "If you give him the money in front of Skye she's just gling to think you were jealous. Give it to me."

Once he noded I let him go. He stuck a hand into his pocket to fish around for his wallet. Once he found it, he brought it to his face, opened it, and quickly handed the fifty dollars over to me.

I grabbed it, "Thanks and if I hear you're betting or talking about Skye as some kind of prize again I'm going to find you, and I'm going to kick your ass, got that?"

He gulped and noded.

"See you later, Jake." I said before running off to find Skye. She's pretty predictable. It was obvious she's at the stone wall she always sat at if we weren't in the same lunch.

It might've seemed like I was rushing to tell her about this because I was jealous that I lost my best friend to Chase, but in reality it was because Chase made a bet on her. He may have had the best intentions now, but Skye still deserved to know about it. I wish I was a girl then no one would've question me on my motives.

Did I just say I wish I was a girl? The second after I tell Skye about that bet I going to have sex... with a girl. Because I'm a guy.

I stopped directly behind Chase and Skye showing a disgusting amount of romance. They were playing with each other's fingers and giggling. Was this how Skye felt when I was cuddling with Jen in front of her?

"Chase," I called even though he was a foot in front of me.

"Yeah?" he turned around.

I slapped the money into his hands with a smile, "Here. Jake wanted me to give it to you."

He looked confused for a minute, but then his eyes got wide and he shook his head 'no', "I don't want it."

I laughed, "No, you made the bet you're keeping the money."

Skye moved her head to see passed Chase to me, "What bet?"

"You don't want to know," Chase glared at me.

"Dude," I gave him a sympathetic look, "she's my best friend. I have to tell her." I walked closer, "Skye, Chase and Jake made a bet on who could get a date with you first." The look on her sad face made me want to ease the blow so I added, "But I don't think that's the reason Chase wanted to date you."

"But he made a bet anyway," she narrowed her eyes at Chase.

"Skye-" he started.

"I-I'm just going to go with Aaron. I'll see you later," she hopped off the wall and dragged me away with her.

"Skye," I stopped her once we were a good twenty feet away, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, it's just that I really missed you and when I found out about they made a bet I had to tell you-" I rambled.

"I missed you too," she hugged me and managed to cut me off. Damn that girl had a habit of doing that.

"So you're not upset that I told you?" I asked confused.

She pulled off me with a smile, "Of course not. Even if you told me for the most selfish reasons, you still told me."

I smiled, "Want to ditch ninth?"

"I thought you'd never ask," she smirked.

Chapter 28

Last Chapter:

Aaron's POV

I slapped the money into his hands with a smile, "Here. Jake wanted me to give it to you."

He looked confused for a minute, but then his eyes got wide and he shook his head 'no', "I don't want it."

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"So you're not upset that I told you?" I asked confused.

She pulled off me with a smile, "Of course not. Even if you told me for the most selfish reasons, you still told me."

I smiled, "Want to ditch ninth?"

"I thought you'd never ask," she slurred

I laughed as my body smacked hard against the pool water. I fell towards the bottom, but quickly swam back to the top.

"Very funny," I beamed at Adam and Aaron.

They looked at each other and grinned. I tried to swim away backwards once I figured out what they were going to do, but I couldn't do it fast enough. Adam and Aaron jumped in completely soaking me just in case they missed a spot when they threw me into the pool. Note the sarcasm.

"Thanks, that was lovely," I rolled my eyes and swam to the edge of the pool.

"No problem, sis," Adam grinned smugly and back stroked to the other end of the pool, opposite from me.

It was then I realized how opposite we were. My hair was tamed and brown. My features were soft and I appeared fragile. While Adam, well he was completely different. He had wild, messy, black hair and it worked for him. His features were sharper too. Basically the only thing we had in common was are light blue eyes.

Some how the thought of how opposite we were made me miss Adam. He'd barely looked me in the eye after he found out Chase and I were together. Or maybe it was because Chase told him I wasn't virgin anymore thanks to Jake. Personally I think it was because he figured if I was dating Chase, I was sleeping with Chase.

I smiled at Adam and he returned the smile. The flight I wasn't even sure you could really call it that, I had just walked away Chase and I had might've not been that bad. Not bad for mine and Adam's relationship at least.

Adam looked behind me and coughed in some attempt to warn me I had to assume, "Hey, Chase."

I spun around letting the cool water whip around me. I looked up to see Chase who seemed to be looking bashful. His hands were in his short pockets and he shuffled his feet against the concrete next to my pool.

"Uh, Skye can I, you know, talk to you?" he asked nervously. I laughed a little at how cute that seemed and that didn't seem to help his ego.

"Sure, Chase," I pulled my body up from the pool and stood up next to him.

He handed me a towel. The two of us walked over to the wall where we shared one of our first kisses. It was after the first time Chase saw Jake and I kissing. It was the perfect spot. It was hidden from everyone.

We stopped walking and he turned to me.

"Skye, I didn't mean to make a bet on you. I got so caught up on heating Jake-"

"Beating him at what?" I raised an eyebrow just to toy with him. I knew what he was talking about. He meant he was in some weird competition with lake to get me and he wanted to win. Normally that should've been very offensive to me, but I was being very fickle.

I wasn't exactly securing either of them in a relationship with me. But then again it's not like Chase had asked me out at that point. I couldn't secure him in a relationship if he didn't want to be in one.

"Ya- you don't want to know," he stuttered, "I'm really, really sorry-"

"Chase-"

"You didn't deserve that-"

"Chase-"

"Can you ever forgive-"

I touched my lips lightly on his to shut him up and slowly pulled away. I smiled at his confused face.

"Chase," I whispered while cradling his face, "it's okay. I forgive you."

"Why?" he asked then got suddenly nervous, "Never mind, don't over think it."

I laughed; he was so cute when he was nervous. "I promise not to."

I kissed him lightly again. It wasn't like our rough, passionate kisses like in the past, but this was just as good. Maybe even better. It left us wanting more.

"You guys are back together?" Adam asked from behind us.

I pulled back from Chase and turned toward Adam, "We were never really broken up."

He wrinkled his nose, "Ew."

"Adam!" I screamed and jumped into a hug With him, "Bro, let me love you!"

"Damn, okay, Skye," he grinned, "Just get off. You're going to hurt me."

"Blah, blah, blah," I smiled, "all your needs."

He chuckled, "Go hug your boyfriend."

I hopped off him and stuck my tongue out, "Love you too."

"Love you, Skye," he winked before walking away.

Chapter 29

I had a strange sense of Deja Vu back in Jen's house. I'd been there only once and got into some trouble With her older brother, Ron, earlier last summer. He'd given both Jen and me our first taste of alcohol. He didn't stay longer to do any more then give us the bottle. Aaron had to take care of us aftervJen drunk dialed him and he finally managed to get there. Girl bonding my ass. Aaron should not have left us alone with Ron. He was a bad influence, even Adam and Chase knew that.

Ron was a freshman in college and had gone to the same parties as them. If Adam or Chase knew I was there they'd have a shit fit, but I didn't have much choice. After Chase and I patched things up earlier that day I promised Aaron if he hung around with us I wouldn't complain about going out with him and Jen that night. I didn't knew we'd be going to Ron Reed's house.

I was sitting on Jen's basement floor by myself. Aaron and Jen were showing a massive amount of PDA in the corner on the couch. It was exactly like they were having sex in front of me, but they were all over each other. That's a sight no best friend should ever have to see.

I heard people walking down the steps. Ron and some other guy I didn't know came down. He looked so fimilar to me, but I just couldn't put my finger on it.

"Hey," Ron sat on the floor right in front of me and the other guy hesitantly followed him. Ron nodded toward Aaron and Jen, "What are you doing hanging out with the lip lockers over there?"

I turned my head slightly to see the couple making out. They hadn't taken notice of me for half an hour. Even with Ron and friend down here With me they didn't even noticed. Maybe if we set the damn basement on flre they'd notice.

I still seriously doubt it though.

I sighed and gave him a tight, polite smile, "I was forced to come."

Ron nodded, seemingly uncaringly. I'd always wondered why he'd asked if he was just going to ignore my answer. I knew he had heard me though because he chuckled under his breath while he reached into his coat pocket.

He pulled out paper and a bag of weed. My eyes widened. I could see him measure the amount he wanted with his eyes. Then he turned to me with an eyebrow raised and asked, "You in, beautiful?"

I blushed. "In?" I stuttered.

No matter how bad Ron was you must understand, he was hot. He had messy black hair and dark brown eyes. He was muscular, tan, and just the kind of guy teenage girls would fawn over. Adult

women would eye him like candy. He was perfect for all ages past puberty. Every girl wanted Ron Reed. Some girls were smart enough to pick safety and values over, well being horny for a really hot guy. Those were mainly the girls Ron chased after. He'd use the willing ones, but discard them quickly.

He smirked and shook the bag of weed, "In."

"I don't think I should..." I trailed off.

" 'Kay. Hang with the hot and horny couple," he fought back a smile before taking me in and adding, "I'll tell you what. I'll put enough in for you and if you want some you can have some."

"Hm," I said like I knew what I was doing messing with Ron Reed and some other druggie.

"What?" Ron looked at me surprised.

"Nothing," my lips formed a straight line as I fought back a smile.

"No, seriously," he prompted.

"How old are you?" I asked randomly, so I'd have something to say.

"18?" he stated quizzically.

"Huh," I paused and when it looked like that wasn't good enough I added, "You're my brother's age."

"Who's your brother?" he asked consumed with our conversation. Holy crap, I thought, I had Ron wrapped around my little finger and all because I had no freaking idea what I was doing!

"Adam," I answered simply.

"Adam...?"

"Don't you know my name?" I asked to mess with him. This was fun.

"No... I mean, not your last, or your first, but," he sighed in defend.

In a few seconds I wouldn't need those drugs. I was feeling high enough with the fact that I'd been able to do all of this. Make Ron flustered and everything.

"It's Skye Barker," I informed him, "my brother's Adam Barker."

"So you're the one I'm supposed to stay away from," he smirked dangerously. Oh, yeah, regular Ron was back.

"I could say the same to you," my smile faded because I realized I wasn't in control of this conversation anymore.

His smirk faltered also, but remained steady after that.

I witnessed him dumped some weed onto the paper. He tucked the bag into his pocket again and rolled the joint. He pulled out an orange lighter and lite up. He took a drag, then the other guy did and passed it back to Ron, who offered it to me.

"You sure?" he offered looking sexier than ever.

I was just about to say no when Jen's shirt fell onto my head. I turned back to see Aaron's hands roaming her half naked chest. Then I looked back at Ron. He was staring intensely at me. It was hard for me to imagine a world where a brother would fixate more on a random girl and drugs than his little sister being violated in the same room. That just didn't happen in my life.

It was new and exciting and I was pissed at Aaron for ditching me for his girlfriend, again, who he was stripping down in the corner of the room. So I grabbed the joint.

I breathed in once, slow and steady, then took a long drag. I nearly choked, but I swallowed the smoke back down. In fact I was beginning to feel sort of funny. I was feeling like I just wanted to undress and do a strip tease for these guys. Then I felt like laughing and eatting. Also my body ached for Chase, because I really wanted to do it.

"You think he's soft?" His friend asked. He kind of looked mad.

"Oops," I said innoncently, but still giggling like crazy, "I made you mad. Poor guy."

"Bitch, fuck off," he spat.

"Dude, shut up," Ron growled.

I tried to narrow my eyes and I'm fairly sure I succeeded, "And who are you?"

"Greg," he puffed out his chest like he was all tough.

With that a fresh wave of memories came crashing down onto me. I remembered the fight with Chase, the party Aaron took me too, and the guy who tried to rape me. I started sobbing hysterically. I never thought I'd have to see him again.

Where was Chase? I thought. Where was Adam? Why the hell wasn't Aaron helping me?

"Blondey-Bear Claw!" I screamed.

Ron grabbed me and pulled me into his chest. It must've been to shut me up because it would've been very unlikely that he suddenly decided to start caring about the girls he got high. It'd be more unlikely if he started to care at all, particaly about me.

I could tell I was getting his shirt wet. I didn't care. I crawled into a ball by hugging my knees to my chest and stayed in his arms. I just needed some place warm and for some unknown reason Ron felt warm and safe. He felt like the exact opposite of what everyone had been telling me about him.

Must've been the drugs.

"What did you do to her?" Ron asked Blondey-Bear Clawuh Greg, I presumed.

"I didn't do shit to her," he snapped, "It's your fault for getting her too high."

"I. Didn't. Hurt. Her," he snarled.

The next thing I did was truly embarrassing and I hated to think about that moment. I hated all of this, but I was stupid and I took that joint, so I deserve the degrading moment that followed. I whimpered. I actually whimpered like a puppy.

"You must've done something," Ron insisted.

"Why don't you ask her!" he yelled.

"Skye," I heard someone whisper, I rolled over. I wasn't on a comfortable bed, in fact I didn't think this was a bed, "Skye."

Who's chest was the next question.

"Skye," a different voice said and tried to sit me up. I sat up reluctantly and gently opened my eyes. I was staring directly at Ron. I looked behind him. We were still in his basement, but Greg was gone.

"Ron? What happened last night?" I asked feeling off balance.

"You got a little too high," he grimaced.

"I got high?" I exclaimed with wide eyes.

"Well, I got you high," he admitted sheepishly.

"Oh, why-," I began, but I was cut off by Chase's annoyed, impatient voice, "Yeah, okay, let's go, Skye."

I looked at Chase crouched next to me and smiled, "When did you get here?"

He scowled and pulled me up by the elbow with him, "It doesn't matter. Let's go."

He looked so mad. I thought the only time I'd seem him remotely this angry was when I was hugging Jake. Then it dawned on me;

Chase thought I cheated on him.

Chapter 30

Last Chapter:

"Skye," I heard someone whisper, I rolled over. I wasn't on a comfortable bed, in fact I didn't think this was a bed, "Skye."

"What?" I mumbled into a... a... a chest! Who's chest was the next question.

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He looked so mad. I thought the only time I'd seen him remotely this angry was when I was hugging Jake. Then it dawned on me;

Chase thought I cheated on him.

"Chase," I called running after him as he left the Reed's house. He'd just reached his car and I was running pretty close behind him.

He spun around faster than I would've thought possible and snapped, "What?"

I flinched back, he was too angry. He should've waited for me to explain. I took in a deep breath, "Nothing happened. You're over reacting!"

"I'm over reacting?" he asked rhetorically, "You were in Ron Reed's arms! Explain that."

"I got high," I sighed embarrassed, "then I started crying and passed out in his car."

"You got high?" he scoffed in disbelief.

"It was my fault," Ron's voice said from behind me. Chase's eyes snapped up and got hard when he saw, what I could only assume was Ron. I whipped around to see my assumption had been right. Ron was standing right behind me looking as cocky as ever. Was he trying to piss Chase off?

Chase looked very unamused. He was so far beyond furious, it was scary.

It was very seldom that I saw Chase angry, but when I did it scared the shit out of me. It's not as if I thought he would ever hit me, he wouldn't, but it was scary all the same.

Chase nodded towards his car, "Come on, Skye. Let's go." I hesitated, but in the end followed him.

He watched me buckle my seat belt and once it was strapped on tightly drove away.

"Nothing happened!" I insisted.

"Why were you in his arms then?" he growled.

"I already told you!" I exclaimed, "I was crying and then I passed out in his arms."

He hit the brake so hard I flew forward only to be snapped back by the seat belt. A car laid on the horn behind us. The car swirled around us and a loud string of curses were shouted at us. Chase snarled and pulled over to the side of the road.

He stalled the car and turned to face me, "Why were you crying."

I tried hard to think back to the night before. It was a spinning, blurry mess.

I could barely remember the crying let alone why. I remember laughing and talking to Ron. I knew Ron didn't say anything to make me cry; he was oddly nice to me. He was a big, old... softy. The thought made the night before crash back down on me.

Ron had offered me pot and I'd excepted it because Aaron and Jen were shacking up with me still in the room.

I must've been a real light weight that after one hit I'd started to accuse Ron of being soft... which lead to his friend defending him. Which lead to figuring out Greg was Blondey-Bear Claw.

I felt chills go up my spine. If Blondey-Bear Claw really was in that room while I was high he may have succeeded in 'attacking' me. I needed to know, right now, if Ron had let me go at any point in the night. I needed to know if he left me with Greg. Considering who he is I was fairly sure he did. I wanted to throw up.

"Chase, you have to take me back," I pleaded.

He looked at me like I was insane, "Are you crazy? I'm not taking you back to Ron's house."

"I just need to know one thing, then you can take me home," I promised and hoped he'd agree. No matter how much I liked Chase, I needed to know what happened between me and Greg last night.

Chase grabbed me by the shoulder so I would stop looking out to back windsheild and back to him. Looking me in the eyes he slowly asked, "Why were you crying?"

I hit my bottom lip and rolled it in my mouth before I let it go and sighed.

"Do you remember Blondey-Bear Claw?" I inquired.

He stiffened a little, "Why?"

"Because he was there last night," I explained, "and I need to know if Ron left me with him any time last night."

Chase sighed and put the car in reserve. He spun us around and then put the car into drive so fast the tires screeched against the ground like an action movie. I was assuming the change of heart was because that he rather me see Ron again than wonder if Greg had touched me the night before.

He parked outside the Reed's house and unbuckle his seat belt and go in with me. I stop his hand from opening the door before he could leave.

"Chase, I think you should stay in the car," I commanded nicely.

"what?" he asked angrily.

"You know Ron doesn't really like people," I reasoned, "He'll probably want to mess with you if us go in there. If I go in alone he'll leave me alone."

"Fine," he grunted.

I smiled, "Be right back."

I jumped out of the car and raced to the house. I was praying Ron was still home. If not I'd have to ask Jen to help me find him and it would turn into one big wild goose chase. I knocked on the door loudly and multiple times before Ron swung the door open.

He looked surprise, "Skye?"

"I need to ask you a question," I demanded in a rush of a sentence.

"Ye- yeah, sure," he stepped aside so I could come in. Did I really make him stuttered? I thought.

"Last night, when I was passed out, did you leave me?" I looked down when I realized I sounded like I needy girl so I added, "Alone with Greg?"

"No," he answered quickly, "I didn't let him, ah, touch you..."

I nodded and the two of us looked away from each other awkwardly.

"Thanks," I whispered and looked up at him through my eye lashes.

"Anytime," he smirked and looked directly at me.

We stared at each other in silence. It was almost... nice. He was quiet and looked almost innocent. It was a weird moment, but it was also a moment I wouldn't trade for the world. It was peaceful.

I coughed, "So Chase is waiting for me..."

He snapped out of it, "Oh, yeah go ahead."

I opened the door and was half way out when he called, "Hey," I turned around and he smiled, "happy birthday Skye."

"Thanks," I smiled, but was shocked. He knew when my birthday was? How would he figure that out? Ron wasn't known to care about birthdays. I walked out the door and back into Chase's car.

He started the car again and turned to look at me, "So?"

"He didn't touch me," I faked a smile. I was glad Greg didn't touch me, but I was surprisingly sad that I had to leave Ron.

Chase nodded and drove back to my house. The ride was quiet, and not like the nice quiet I'd had with Ron. This was awkward and uncomfortable. I just wanted to go home and sleep. I felt the biggest wave of relief when he stalled the car in front of my house and waved goodbye to me.

"I'll see you later, okay?" he asked.

"Later," I kissed him on the cheek and walked up to the door of my house.

I pulled it open, only to have people jump out at me.

"Happy birthday!" they screamed. Adam and Aaron were in the front beaming with excitement.

I laughed and was taken aback, "Thanks, guys."

"Where's Chase?" Adam asked while he furrowed his brow, "He didn't come in with you?"

"He went home," I shrugged uncomfortable with the subject.

Aaron pulled me into a side hug, "Ready for your condoms?"

I laughed and hugged him full on. This was going to be a weird birthday.

Skye's POV

"Aaron," I leaned into him and whispered, "have you seen Chase yet?"

We were sitting on the couch with a bunch of our friends as they handed me presents. I was thankful for them, but this birthday was sucking so far.

I couldn't stop worrying about Chase. He'd just left me. I knew he was angry, but it was my birthday and I really didn't do anything! What was his problem?

"No," he frowned down sympathetically at me.

I smile wearily and sighed, "Thanks."

He threw an arm around me and squeezed me to his side. "Happy birthday Skye!" he exclaimed and had me two boxes each individually wrapped.

I grabbed them and laughed as I shook the smaller one, "I wonder What this could be?"

I ripped open the package and laughed, again, at the printing on the box. '50 condoms ribbed for her pleasure'. Even funnier though was the note he'd written in bold, black letters 'CHASE CAN THANK ME WHENEVER.'

"Damn it Aaron!" Adam joked, "Stop giving my sister condoms!"

"I'll try my best," Aaron joked then redirected himself to me, "Open my other one." He handed me the bigger box with excited eyes.

I grabbed the box and peeled off the wrapping paper to find the dirtiest, sexiest lingere I'd ever seen. I quickly covered it again and glared at Aaron, "Why don't you give me these things in private?!"

"Because then it wouldn't be fun," he smirked, "and you're welcome."

I hugged him tightly, "Thank you, now hide this stuff."

I handed back his presents so he could keep other people from seeing them, though he'd probably show everyone anyway.

The doorbell rang and I ran to it because I thought it was Chase. Unfortunately I found out that I was wrong when I opened the door and looked down. No one was there. I looked down to see a tiny present sitting on my porch.

I bent down to get it and noticed a little note attached to it. I stood up and read the note, 'Happy Birthday Skye'. So the present was obviously for me. I opened it and gawked in shock. It was the most beautiful necklace I'd ever seen.

It was a diamond with blue sapphire around it on a golden chain. Whoever gave this to me had good taste. And tons of cashs apparently because looked very expensive.

I leaned out the door and looked around. No one was there. I smiled and walked back into the house.

Ron's POV

I popped a bow on the gift. The necklace was a perfect birthday gift for Skye. Don't ask me how I got it or why I'd taken such a liking to some random girl who happened to be in my basement one night. I just did and unfortunately there was nothing I could do about it.

Why was she even there? I thought. Maybe she wouldn't have passed out if Greg wasn't there. God, I wished I did more than punch him in the face and kick him out of my house. He try to rape my Skye.

Oh my gosh, did I just say my Skye?

Either way it was her birthday and I couldn't have her so I was pathetically leaving her a present on her stoop like some scene in a stupid, cheesy, romantic movie.

I placed the present down by the door and rang the bell. I saw someone move in the window and ran away.

Skye better like it.

Chapter 31

I sighed as I sat waiting for Kara to bring me our coffees. She was my last reserve. We didn't get along that well, but she knew what she was doing when it came to guys. After all she was the only one who managed to get Adam wrapped around their little fingers.

She walked up to table table and handed me my coffee before sitting down across from me. She eyed me suspiciously for a while and then asked, "What's this about?"

I took a deep breath, sucking up my pride as well as air, and sighed, "I need your help with a guy problem."

I took a sip of my coffee as she laughed, apparently this was hilarious to her, "Shoot."

"You have to swear not to tell anyone," I commanded.

"Deal," she promised, "what's up?"

"So Chase and I are... I actually don't know, we never decided on anything," I furrowed my eyebrow, "we're in an unspoken relationship?"

"There's no such thing," she corrected, "until you define the relationship assume it's a fling."

"But_"

"A fling," she said strictly.

"Fine, we're a fling," I mocked before continuing my story. "but I met this other guy. Everyone says he's had, but he's really nice to me and I trust him so easily. Chase is crazy jealous of him and has been avoiding me for days. I don't know what to do," I groaned.

"I'd go for the other guy," she advised with a shrug, "Chase sounds too possessive. I hate that in a guy. Plus, who the hell doesn't want to date a bad boy?"

I pondered that before finally saying, "but... he's Chase."

"Maybe he needs time to miss you and do you really want to deal with his jealousy all the time?"

"No," I admitted, "it's so annoying. I'm always worried that no matter what I do he's going to get jealous."

"Talk to him about it," she suggested, "sometimes just loving someone isn't enough. I know if you love someone you're supposed to forgive them for their faults, but if the faults makes you miserable and afraid it's not worth it."

It dawned on me that she was right. I wasn't comfortable talking with Chase because he would freak out if I hung out with any other guy. Even Aaron some times. It was the absolute worst. I couldn't handle it.

"Thanks Kara." I stood up to leave and she followed me.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm going to talk to Ron," I said simply.

"Wait, Ron Reed?" she asked in shock.

"Yeah," I replied without asking why. I knew where she was going with this; Ron's bad news. Adam was going to kill her. Blah, blah, blah. I didn't want to hear it.

"Skye, Ron's not a bad boy. He's a whole new category of bad! He's... dangerous."

I ceased walking immediately, by now we were in the parking lot half way to her car, and turned to glared at her.

"Ron would never hurt me or let anyone else hurt me," I snarled at her.

She winced, "I know you think he's just misunderstood and you can help him, but you can't. He is who he is."

"I don't need to help him, he's perfectly fine," I snapped.

"Do you even know what he does?" she retorted, "He sells and does drugs, he gets into fights, he uses girls like most girls use napkins!"

I don't know why I was so defensive of him. I shouldn't be feeling anything towards him, but as Kara so nicely pointed out Chase technically never said we were together and that made me feel much more safe admitting those feelings to Ron.

"Look," I spat, "I'm not jumping into bed with the guy, I'm not even sure I want to be With him. I just want to see what happens."

She sighed and decided to give up on me, "Okay."

"See you later, Kara," I smiled wearily and walked away.

I started to walk down the block because I didn't like the thought of spending more time with Kara. I was looking down at my feet when I saw a black truck stop next to me from the corner of my eye.

"Skye!" I heard a mumbled voice call.

I looked up to Ron driving the car waiting for me. I walked over to the window and he rolled it down for me. We stared at each other for a moment before he finally spoke.

"Want a ride?" he offered.

"Actually I wanted to talk to you," I told him softly.

"Uh, okay," he answered caught off guard, "Want to get in? I'll take you home and you can talk."

I thought about getting in the car with Ron, but such a close space didn't seem so good for this conversation. I like Ron, but that didn't mean I needed to sleep with him in the back of his truck.

"No," I answered quickly. He gave me a weird look and parked his car. He stepped out to talk to me, which surprised me to say the least.

"What's up?" he asked. He looked so perfect and I decided right then and there that the only way I could choose what to do about Ron and Chase was to kiss Ron too.

I leaned forward, wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him. It took him a minute to realize what happened. Soon enough his lips reacted with mine. His arms wrapped around my waist to keep my waist pressed against his. My whole body tingled with pleasure when he traced my lips with his tongue begging for entrance into my mouth. I let him in and rapidly discovered what a great decision that was.

I moaned and shivered against his chest. I felt the corner of his lips twitch up. I pulled back slowly and opened my eyes to stare up at him. We stared into each other's eyes, smiling like idiots.

I gasped and broke away from him. He frowned and I saw him open his mouth to say something, but I spoke first.

"Bye Ron," I whispered and gave him a little wave before walking away.

I felt my lips tingle with the taste of Ron lingering there. Then I thought of Chase's kisses. Immediately I discovered this was going to be the hardest choice I would have to make.

Chapter 32

I leaned forward, wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him. It took him a minute to realize what happened. Soon enough his lips reacted with mine. His arms wrapped around my waist to keep my waist pressed against his. My whole body tingled with pleasure when he traced my lips with his tongue begging for entrance into my mouth. I let him in and rapidly discovered what a great decision that was.

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"Bye Ron," I whispered and gave him a little wave before walking away.

I felt my lips tingle with the taste of Ron lingering there. Then I thought of Chase's kisses. Immediately I discovered this was going to be the hardest choice I would have to make.

I walked down the street to my house with my finger tips grazing my tingling, swollen lower lip. Wow, Ron was a good kisser, but so was Chase. How do you choose between two amazing guys?

Though I've yet to tell him I loved Chase. Not only was he my brother's best friend, but we were so in sync. Almost every time I was around him I wanted to kiss him and cuddle with him. I just wanted to be by him.

But Ron on the other hand was gorgeous and sweet. I didn't know why everyone thought he was such a bad boy. He'd just made some bad choices. He had a soft spot for me and I managed to find that adorable. Whenever I was near him I just wanted to jump him.

Chase was unfairly, overly possessive. It's like he replaced Adam, except Chase was worse. Then again I didn't love Ron. I just really wanted him. He was so sexy and sweet.

What would Adam and Aaron think?

I thought to myself. Chase had hardly been around the house lately. I really hoped he would've come around. If not to talk to me about it, to see Adam. I was the worst little sister ever, messing up their relationship like that. They'd been best friends for years.

*****One Week Later*****

Aaron's POV

"Do you know what happened between Skye and my brother when we were at my house the other week?" Jen asked sprawled across her bedroom floor.

I sat up straighter on her bed and asked worried and stiffly, "Ron was there that night with Skye?"

"Yeah," she confirmed, "He's been acting weird ever since. Have you noticed if Skye's been acting strange?"

I was such a horrible friend. I haven't even seen Skye since that day. I needed to find a better balance between Jen and Skye. Oh no, and I gave Skye condoms for her birthday. Ron and her could've done something with those.

My face went pale white as I whispered, "No."

"Oh," Jen semi, because she was still laying down on her carpet, shrugged, "I thought she'd said something to him or whatever. Our parents ask him stuff about his friend Greg who by the way they found beaten up in our front yard all he says is blondey bear claw isn't coming back. Whatever the hell that means. And for the past week he just keeps muttering about soft lips or hips?"

"You think Skye did something with him?" I asked terrified.

She sat up with a confused, worried look in her eyes, "Are you okay?"

"Sorry, Jen," I got off my bed, "I have to go, but you can stay here until I get back if you want." I opened the door and was half way out when she started to talk again so I froze in place.

"Aaron?" she inquired slightly annoyed, "What are you so worried about? Who cares if Skye and Ron did something."

I spun around and shut the door.

"Who cares?!" my voice went up a few octaves. I coughed to get it back down, "Who cares? Your brother can not touch Skye. Ever."

"Why she too good for her or something?" she asked offended.

I paused and stretch the back of my head awkwardly before letting my arm fall to my side. I mumbled out, "Well, yeah."

"What?" she spat. "My brother could get Skye if he wanted. He deserves better than her anyway," I heard her scoff.

"Are you kidding me?" I growled, "Ron could only pray to get a girl like Skye, but he's the anti-christ, so there's a slim chance he will."

She smirked evilly at me, "If he wanted Ron could kiss Skye, and touch her, and have-"

"Shut up!" I screamed, "Skye's not like that!"

"She's a slut!" Jen shrieked.

"He's low life, scum that would never stand a chance with a girl like Skye. She's a fucking catch," I yelled.

"Take that back," she snarled.

"Take back what you said about Skye," I retaliated.

"Why are you always defending her? Why are you always with her? She's a girl Aaron. She's not magic," she snapped.

I gawked, "She's my best friend. She doesn't have to be magic."

"Well, she's a bitch," she sneered.

I was about to come at her again when someone spoke from behind me in the door way.

"Jen, shut up. Don't talk about her that way," Ron said angrily from the door way behind me. I swear I thought I closed that door. Apparently not though.

She blinked twice and stuttered, "I'm-I'm defending y-you."

"You're making yourself look like a jealous idiot," he corrected.

I narrowed my eyes at him. I may have said some bad shit to Jen right now, but I never insulted her. What the hell was he doing anyway? She was trying to protect him.

Ron walked away and I hugged Jen to my body when I saw her start to silently cry. I would've said I told you so, but it didn't seem like the right time.

Chase's POV

I knocked loudly and repeatedly on their door praying she'd answer. It took way too long for the light upstairs to flicker on and then a minute later the downstairs lights before the door finally opened.

"Hey," I whispered happily when I finally got to see her face again.

She gave me a small smile, "Hi."

Chapter 33

Recap

Chase's POV

I knocked loudly and repeatedly on their door praying she'd answer.

It took way too long for the light upstairs to flicker on and then a minute later the downstairs lights before the door finally opened.

"Hey," I whispered happily when I finally got to see her face again.

She gave me a small smile, "Hi."

Skye's POV

"Hey, can we talk," Chase asked slightly bashful.

That took me by surprise. The last time he saw me he was so angry. Or at least jealous. I figured he'd be here for Adam, not me. Then I felt a pang of guilt that I kissed Ron. However that was ridiculous seeing as we were never actually in a relationship.

I mentally sighed. That wasn't true.

We never defined the relationship, but we had slept together and Adam knew about it. He'd kiss me and cuddle with me, he'd get jealous. One half of my mind loved that and wanted to believe we were together and exclusive. But the other half remembered that Chase was a player. He'd done that with a lot of girls.

"Yeah, of course," I said, stepping out of the way to let him in.

He walked passed me and stopped right by the stairs. He looked up them while asking, "Is Adam here?"

My eyebrows knitted together in confusion. I thought he was here to see me, not Adam. Chase was so confusing. I swear one of these days I was just going to be done with him. I sighed, at least I'd like to think I'd be done with him, but I don't think I ever really could be.

"No," I crossed my arms over my chest, "he's not here."

Chase turned around and grimaced when he saw my body language. "Relax, Skye. I'm here to see you not Adam."

I quirked an eyebrow and grinded my teeth together, "Relax? You're going to tell me to relax? It's that hypocritical of you?"

"What's that supposed to mean?" he asked sounding not only intrigue, but offended too.

I laughed and ignored how evil it actually made me sound as I sarcastically added, "Because you're always so relaxed," I spat the word at him, "about everything. You don't get jealous or drag me away from other guys."

He scowled at me looking absolutely furious while gritting his teeth, "What's your point?"

"Chase you don't own me," I yelled then lowered my voice still talking strictly, "I can talk to Ron, and Jake, and especially Aaron. You're a ridiculous jealous man."

He glared at me, "I don't think I'm ridiculously jealous. After all you did sleep with Jake and got high with a guy who tried to rape you and Ron."

Okay, I had to admit that was pretty fair. At least the Jake thing was. Greg and Ron were nothing to get jealous about. I swallowed a lump of guilt in my throat. At the time Ron was nothing to get jealous over. I'd like to believe that if Chase hadn't gone all crazy possessive on my ass I wouldn't have kissed Ron.

"I think you are ridiculously possessive," I replied coolly, "emphasis on the die," I flicked the word at him with my tongue.

He was literally red. I thought it was time to stop pissing him off and start having an actual conversation. That's how I assumed normal people did it. Then again normal people didn't have to deal with all this drama. They didn't fall in love with their brother's best friend and having feelings for the best friend's girlfriend's older brother. I sometimes think how my love life would've been if Jake never left or if he'd promised me he'd come back for me, but I was also glad he didn't because then I wouldn't have had a chance with Chase.

I sighed, "Look, Chase, if you're constantly worrying about me cheating on you we can't be in a relationship. You have to trust me."

"I trust you," he informed me, "but I don't trust them."

"That's bull," I snapped to his surprise, "If you trust a person you have to trust them with other people. No matter how bad the other people might be."

He scoffed, "Not if the other person sells and does drugs."

I arched an eyebrow at him. "What about Jake?" He looked me square in the eye like the state was so ridiculous I must've been joking. I sighed, because he was right, "Okay, I get that one, but Aaron? That would be like you and Adam."

He chocked on the air he was breathing and coughed to get it out. Once he was done he narrowed his eyes at me, "Thanks for that one," I smile forcing him to smile too before it eventually faded, "I can get over your's and Aaron's weird ass relationship, but you and Ron? I'm not getting over that."

I looked down at my feet and softly said, "Okay I can't blame you for that either."

I looked up through my eyelashes to see his eyes as wide as saucers. "Did something happen?" He asked worriedly.

"We, um, kissed," I looked directly into his eyes.

"You, you, you kissed?" he stuttered.

"We, we, we did," I mocked with a wink.

He glared at me. Now was not the time to be joking apparently.

"Chase, if we're in a relationship I wouldn't kiss anyone, but we never decided anything and then you walked away and hadn't come back for so long," I rushed to get the words out of my mouth stumbling with a few of them.

I saw him leaned in to kiss me, but I took a step back almost angrily. Chase always kissed me when I was mad and expected it to go away, but it does just 'go away'. It stays with me after the second his lips leave mine.

"Chase," I groaned in aggravation, "kissing me doesn't just make everything better. I want to talk about it, not just forget about it!"

"Well it's hard to talk about it!" he finally shouted back at me.

I froze in place. It seemed like he was going to blow. I just wanted him to say anything that meant something besides what he'd been saying.

"I can't just tell you how I feel!"

"What, Chase? What don't you want to tell me so much that you rather fight all the time with me? What could that possibly be?" I screamed.

"I think I love you!" he yelled.

It got real quiet after that. Neither of us talked. We were oddly enough breathing very heavy though we hadn't lost any air and simply staring at each other's eyes. I saw something weird in his. His eyes were angry and worried at the same time. They reminded me that he just purged a very intense feeling of his to me and I'd been saying nothing in response.

A big smile broke out onto my face, "I think I love you too."

He leaned in to kiss me slowly and this time I didn't move. His lips grazed mine, but that wasn't enough for me. I pulled him into me by tangling my fingers in his hair. He pressed his lips hard against mine and force his tongue to my mouth. I let him have control one this one. I felt dizzy.

He told me he loved me!

Chapter 34

Last Chapter

"I think I love you!" he yelled.

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He told me he loved me!

Aaron's POV

I had to do this, I kept telling myself. I couldn't let Skye and Ron be thrown together anymore than they'd already had. Plus after what Jen had said about Skye. I just had to do it.

"Jen?" I asked, "Can we talk?"

She looked up from her cell phone to look at me from across the counter. "Sure, what's up?"

I hesitated. I was never any good at break ups. I never knew what to say. 'It's not you it's me', 'we just want different things', all they excuses sound so ridiculous and no one getting dumped likes honesty about why.

"About what you said the other day," she gave me a confused look, "about Skye being a slut?"

She smiled. "We both said some stuff we shouldn't have," then she mumbled the next part, "even though it's true."

"Jen, we need to break up," I blurted out.

Skye's Pov

I sighed and looked out the window of his bedroom. We were sitting on his bed just hanging out. As boyfriend and girlfriend. Yes, it's official. Last night he asked me to be his girlfriend and then we did some dirty stuff that you don't need to know about.

"What's wrong?" Chase asked while gently rubbing the small of my back with his thumb. I leaned in closer to him.

I glanced in his direction, "I miss Aaron."

"Call him," he suggested.

"You Wouldn't mind?" I asked excited.

"No," he smiled, "I've been kind of monopolizing you."

I beamed and kissed him quickly, "Thanks!"

I jumped off his bed and raced out the door. I ran all the way down the stairs, making sure to wave goodbye to his mom on the way out, and out the front door. I stopped outside on their front lawn.

I'd decided to skip Chase's suggested and just run to Jen's house. That's where he'd probably be. I sprinted down the street. I missed Aaron so much. He was my best friend and I hadn't seen him in days. After six blocks of sprinting my butt off I finally stopped outside of the Reed's house.

I did a slow jog to the front door and began knocking on it repeatedly. Finally the door swung open and before I had time to process anything a hand reached out and smacked me across the face.

"Ow!" I cried holding a hand to my cheek. I looked up to see a very angry looking Jen. I swear I'd never seen her look so... so... vengeful. I had a feeling I was in a lot of trouble.

"You bitch! You made Aaron break up with me! And then you come to my house? How dare you!" she slapped me again.

Aaron broke up with Jen? I thought to myself. I couldn't believe he didn't tell me this. Then again I didn't tell him about Chase either.

"Shit, Jen stopped!" I yelled, but she ignored me.

"You evil mother fuc-" I saw her raise her hand again so I did the only thing I could think to do. I punched her right in the nose. She fell back into her house and cried.

"Oh my god! I'm sorry," I exclaimed.

"Shut it, slut," she commanded.

Ron walked up behind her. I froze, my heart skipped a beat. I forgot about the fact that he was Jen's brother and he lived here too. I studied him hard. He didn't seem as attractive to me anymore. he

still looked good, don't get me wrong, but I wasn't as drawn to him. I didn't want, I don't need him anymore.

"Skye?" he inquired.

"Hi, Ron," I smiled bashfully, "I'm guessing Aaron's not here?"

He shrugged, "Don't think so." He looked down at his sister, "Maybe we should help her."

"Don't touch me," she shrieked before either of us even made a move. I doubted either of us were going to anyway.

"I guess I'll come outside then," he stepped over her and out the door to meet me. We walked far enough away the Jen couldn't hear us before we started talking again.

"About the kiss..." he trailed off.

"Ron, I'm so sorry. That wasn't far of me at all. I wasn't thinking straight and-"

He cut me off, "Chase. I get it."

We stood there looking at our feet for quite sometime. We had nothing to say really. What are you supposed to say in this situation? That I just realized I was in love? Or that I finally found out Chase loved me too?

"So, I better get back," he said about to take off.

"Ron," I said to stop him for a second, "please don't- just stay safe, okay? I don't want you to get arrested or something like that."

He laughed, "I was fine before you came long, I'll be fine after."

I held up my pinky and batted my eyelashes, "Pinky promise?"

He smirked and grabbed a hold of my pinky with his, "Pinky promise."

We dropped pinkies. I gave him a weary smile, "Bye, Ron."

"Bye, Skye," he whispered and walked back into his house.

I walked down the driveway and down the street. I had to find Aaron.

Epilogue

Last Chapter

"About the kiss..." he trailed off.

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"Bye, Skye," he whispered and walked back into his house.

I walked down the driveway and down the street. I had to find Aaron.

I walked home sadly. I was going to miss Ron. I hadn't lied to him, I wanted him to stay safe. I wished we could've been friends, but it just wouldn't have worked out. We would've still had feelings for each other. Or at least I would've had feelings for him, I can't speak for him. Maybe one day we'll get to be friends.

Ron did help me a lot though. He taught me not to let Chase's jealousy control my life. I don't know if I'd be in this romantic, love life peace that I was in now if it weren't for him.

"Skye!" I heard someone call, breaking me from my train of thought.

I looked up to see Aaron which perked up my mood very quickly.

"Hey!" I called running to him.

He caught me in a hug and spun us around. I giggled and held onto him very tightly. I'd missed him so much. It'd been the longest amount of time that we hadn't seen each other. When he finished spinning us we stay hugging. Me with my feet still not fully on the ground and my arms wrapped tight around him. His arms pulled around the small of my back crushing me to him. I started to cry.

My arms released him as he gently lowered my feet back to the floor. We pulled apart to look at each other.

He grinned jokingly at me, "Cry baby."

"Oh, shut up," I smiled at him through my teary eyes.

"I missed you," he informed me.

"I missed you too," I whispered to him then remembered he'd broken up with Jen, I exclaimed, "You broke up with Jen?"

"Yeah," he nodded, "she was messing with someone I really care about."

"Who? What happened?" I begged for the story.

He threw an arm around me, "I'll tell you later, okay?"

"Okay," I agreed with a smile.

He steered us into my house and we raced to the couch. We sat down and I told him all about Chase and I. I skipped the whole Ron part, that was best left for another day. Maybe when he tells me about what Jen had done.

"Skye," Adam said walking into the living room with pizza, "What's with the tears?" He put the pizza down on the coffee table and finally noticed Aaron. "Hey, man! I haven't seen you in a while. Is that why Skye's crying? She's a real cry baby, you know?"

Aaron laughed. I glared at Adam, "Shut up."

He smiled, "but I have pizza."

"Fair enough," I agreed and grabbed a slice after throwing off the box top and grabbing a paper plate.

I had a sudden flash back to the night when Chase saw Jake and I kissing after him and Adam had brought home pizza. I smiled a little. That was one of the first nights Chase really kissed me.

"Skye," Adam said snapping his fingers in front of my face. I must've zoned out.

"What? Yeah?" I asked slightly shocked.

"I was trying to tell you Chase is coming over for dinner. He told me to ask you first because you had some thing with Aaron?" Adam told me, upset because he had to repeat himself.

"Oh, yeah, it's fine," I confirmed, "I'd love it."

"Good," he nodded, "because he's already on his way."

Aaron smirked mockingly, "My little girl is growing up. She's got a boyfriend and everything. She's even in love."

I elbowed him playfully, "We've gotta get you a girlfriend now."

He shook his head, "Nah, I'm happy being single and spending sometime with my best friend for now."

I beamed at him. I was happy that he had more time to spend with me also. No matter how unbelievably selfish that sounded. I'd like to think that one day he'd find a girlfriend that isn't a fan of slapping me and actually likes me enough for the three of us to hang out. Or maybe even a double date with me and Chase. If the right girl came along Aaron would be all in for a double date.

Chase walked into the room and wiggled his way in between Adam and me. "Hey," he leaned down to kiss me and I leaned up so we'd meet in the middle.

I pulled back with sheepish smile. "What?" he asked.

"I wanted to eat my pizza," I informed him, taking a huge bite of the pizza on the plate in front of me.

He made a face at me, "Who am I dating?"

I smiled, "Skye Barker, your best friend's little sister."

And that's how the day end; perfectly with me and all the people I loved in the room together eating pizza. It took a lot to get there, but it was worth it. Every fight, kiss, all the tears, I wouldn't trade them for anything because I got Chase, Adam, and Aaron because of it.

Now I'm not afraid to said it, I think I love my enemy.