

Notorious Bad Boy

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STORYPDF

Complete English text · US Letter reading edition

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About this edition

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Chapter 1

After my dad died on a car accident that change my life, I was sent to my aunt Kiesha and her son Kiefer. We aren't really related but my dad and aunt Kiesha were best friends, and so are we.

Kiefer and Kiesha used to live next door to us up until a few years ago when they moved to Austria.

So here I am now pulling up to their little suburban house in a cab. The cab driver got out and started to take my bags out of the trunk. I could see Kiefer waiting for me to come. He wasn't that nerdy little chubby boy that used to play cops and robbers with me, he was tall and muscular. He had light shaggy grey hair, tan skin, and beautiful brown eyes.

"Samantha!" He said as he hugged me tightly and lifted me off the ground.

"Okay, Kiefer I saw you 2 weeks ago at the funeral and I skyped you last night so put me down." I said with a laugh, still hard mentioning the funeral.

"I know, I know. How you holding up Sam?" He said as he put me down and give me a glass of water.

"I'm fine, I guess." I said not wanting to talk about it.

"Here let me get your bags, my mom had to work night shifts at the cafe so it's just me and you tonight. You must be exhausted and starving, we'll order pizza." He said as he took the bags from the gate and I followed him into the house.

"Okay, sounds good." I said.

After a few hours of talking with Kiefer I could tell he wants to ask me something,

"Kiefer is there something you want to ask me?" I said while taking another bite of pizza.

"Well no, it's just that you told me you were doing fine before, but your social worker told my mom about what you're doing this past summer after you know what happened." He said looking at me concerned.

"After my dad died? Well, I'm fine." I lied.

"It's just that I'm going out more it's not a big deal." I continued.

"Not a big deal? I heard you went to bar and clubs, and would get so drunk, and not go to your foster parent's house until the next two days, so they would be worried sick about you."

"Listen it's fine drop it." I said which he accepted, but I could tell that I would hear more about this later.

After my dad died, I had to stay to my temporary foster parents because I wasn't able to get out to Austria right away. So what Kiefer said was true, I went out and got drunk hooked up with random guys, but it's what I had to do to keep myself from remembering...

After an awkward silence Kiefer walked me to my room.

When I got there what first caught my attention was the big window, and the seat beside it, I knew that that would be where I would be doing my all my drawing.

"Alright, you must be tired, so I'll leave you alone now. Good night Sam." Kiefer said.

"Night Kie." I replied back as he shut the door.

I stood looking at the room, taking all of this change in. I walked over to the window, kneeled in the seat and lifted the window open. I could see the front of the next house and along the side of it that led to the yard. I realized that this room is easy to sneak out of. I could just climb down the tree that leans against my window which would come in handy.

It was getting late and I still couldn't sleep. Not that I expected I would be able to. After that accident, sleep doesn't come easy. I got out of the bed tiptoeing to the window that I left open earlier. I took out my sketchpad, pencils and sat on the window seat and started to draw whatever come to me.

In the middle of me drawing a Lily, I heard a distant roar of an engine that started to escalate as it comes closer. I look out the window; to see someone on a black and silver motorbike with a girl wrapped behind them, slowly passing the house until it made a definite stop in front of the house next door.

I could still hear the loud roar of the engine, until the helmeted person turned off the engine, swung his feet of the bike, and lifted the helmet off. He then took the hand of a blonde skinny girl wearing a tight pink dress and help her off the bike. I could see that it's a boy with shaggy dirty blonde hair, and a beautiful bluish grey eyes. I stared at him for what seems like forever.

He held his helmet in his hand and opened his front gate with the other hand, the girl followed behind. As they walk closer to their door he stopped before the steps of his porch and turned to face my window and gave me a half smirk, his beautiful bluish grey eyes staring straight at me.

Realizing that he could see me staring, I quickly slid back against the wall to remove my face from the view of the window. After that I heard this mysterious boy chuckle, walk few steps with his heels clicking with every step, and then the opening and closing of a door.

I let out a deep breath, closed the window and walk back to my bed. I laid down staring at the ceiling thinking of that mysterious boy until I fell asleep.

I got up to the sun pouring into my room from the window. Looking over to a clock beside me I could see it's 11 am, I fell asleep at 5 am, so at least I got a few hours of sleep. I started to remember about that boy next door, making a mental note I will ask Kiefer about this mysterious neighbor.

I walk to the bathroom, smelling the frying of pancake batter in the air, which reminded me of the way my dad used to make them.

I walked downstairs to find that I was right. Aunt Kiesha was in the kitchen making pancakes.

"Samantha you're finally up, I thought I would finally have an early riser in the house, 'cause God knows my son doesn't like to make an appearance before noon." She said as her back was still turned to me.

Before I could reply or take a sit, Aunt Kiesha's arms were wrapped around me pulling me into a tight hug, as the spatula was still in her hand.

Kiesha was short and skinny, she had blonde hair that was pulled back into a ponytail and wore round framed glasses. She was still wearing cafe scrubs from earlier.

I let out a deep breath preparing myself for some talk about my dad and put my arms around her patting her on the back. Everyone felt bad for me, they would always want to hug me and tell me everything would be alright. I hated that though, because I knew it wasn't going to be okay. The only person that could only tell me that and I would believe would be my dad and now he would never be able to.

When Kiesha pulled back, one hand in mine and the other is still holding the spatula, she tilted her head to the side and gave me a sad smile... Something that I've seen too often at the funeral and many times after that.

"Well Samantha, I hope you had a good trip here. How do you like your room?" She said to me as she blinked away her tears and turned back to the oven to finish making the pancakes.

"Yeah, it's really nice." I replied as I sat in the kitchen table.

"Oh, I'm glad you liked it. So you start your school with Kiefer in 2 weeks, I know you'll like it there. Any how, if you need anything just ask. I work weird hours and whenever I can get overtime. So, if I'm not here then Kiefer will be." She said as she flipped the pancakes, and place them in front of me.

"Thanks aunt Kiesha." I replied as I put syrup on the pancakes.

"No problem darling, I went grocery shopping so, if you're hungry help yourself."

Kiesha didn't get that I'm not on the talking mood. I'm not a morning person at all.

"These are good Kiesha, they taste just like my dad's." I said. Immediately regretting what I did because I could already see the tears forming in her eyes.

Thank God I could hear Kiefer coming up behind me, patting me on the head and sitting in the chair beside me. Which totally directed Kiesha's attention somewhere else as Kiefer grabbed a pancake in a dish with his hands and started to eat it with his hands.

"Kiefer Dela Vega, we are not animals we do not eat with our hands." She said as she grabbed the half eaten pancake from his hands and put it in a plate and handed it to him with a fork and knife.

As I started to laugh, Kiefer playfully kicked me under the table and I kicked back.

Next thing you know it I'm running away from him laughing hysterically through the living room.

I ran back to the kitchen where I then hide behind Kiesha's back using her as a shield against Kiefer, which look pretty funny since she was a lot shorter than me. Kiefer came trying to get me from around Kiesha.

"Stop it you two, for both 16 and 17 years old you act like you're 5 years old." She said trying to hold back a laugh.

Simultaneously Kiefer and I burst out in laughter and soon Kiesha joined in.

As I sat on the couch with Kiefer watching something that I wasn't really interested in I remember about that boy.

"Kiefer, who's that boy next door, driving motorbike?" I asked breaking the silence.

Suddenly, I could see Kiefer's face harden.

"Why? Did he bother you? 'Cause I'd kill him." He said with an angry look on his face.

"Uhm no, no, I was just wondering because I saw him from the window last night." I said, and Kiefer's expression lightened.

"Don't worry about it Sam, okay. Just know I don't want you near that kid okay?"

"But why? I don't understand." I said confused.

Kiefer let out a deep breath

"Okay, okay, I'll tell you. But you have to promise me not to go near him. Girls always thinks they can change him but they can't and they always end up getting heart broken." He said.

"I promise. Kiefer if you know me at all you know I would never do anything like that."

"I know, well just making sure. His name is Blake, he's a jerk. He live next door with his older sister and brother, they moved here last year. He's supposed to be in college already but he cuts school so much that I think he's going to be a junior again. He's like 18 years old, he's a notorious player, and he's always getting into fights. I think he even went to jail or something. Listen there's a lot of humors about him around town, and I don't know if they're true, but all I know for sure is he's dangerous and I don't want you anywhere near that guy."

"Oh wow, that's intense. But yeah I promise don't worry." I said as I got up knowing at that moment I was going to break my promise.

Chapter 2

Since Kiefer's warning earlier I just couldn't stop thinking about that boy. If anything, it just made me more interested and even though it's going against everything Kiefer said, I am going to find out.

After a few days I haven't seen the boy next door.

We all fell into a routine and it was really getting boring. I'd wake up and eat breakfast with Kiefer and Kiesha; Kiefer and I would hang out for an hour or two, Then he would go out and I would either draw or read trying to pass the time. Kiesha would leave for work and then Kiefer would come back and we would hang out and eat. Then I'd go upstairs trying to see if I could see that boy.

Until one day Kiesha had go into work and Kiefer wasn't coming home that night.

"So, are you going to be okay alone 'cause Sam you just tell me and I wont go to this concert." Kiefer said.

"I'm going to be okay. I'm a big girl now, So go and have fun."

"Are you sure?" Kiefer asked.

"Yes, now go."

"Okay, okay. I'll be home around one. I'm going to call you whenever I get the chance, So make sure you answer your phone 'cause if not I'm going to immediately assume the worst, okay? And no going out at all stay in this house the whole time." He said with a smile.

"Okay dad, Now go." I said as I tried to push him out the door.

After a while I got bored wishing that I knew of a club or somewhere to go to but instead, I took my sketchpad, pencils, and cell outside on the porch. I started to sketch the flowers Kiesha planted on the front garden. Making sure every line was perfect, every petal sketched with absolute detail. And there was the correct amount of shading where the moonlight touched the flowers. Before I knew it, I could hear the sound of his motor bike on the front street.

Refusing to let myself watch him, I kept my eyes down on my sketch, going over shading with my pencil, making myself appear to be busy.

"What are you drawing?" A voice said a few feet away.

"Flowers." I replied, as my eyes found him standing by the front gate of my house. Looking at his beautiful eyes it was like I couldn't think straight.

Usually I've never been nervous around guys, I could flirt and tease them without it being a problem but this guy, he was different...

"Do you mind if I take a look?" He said.

"Sure." I said without thinking Kiefer's warning or the alarm going off inside me that tolds me to stay away from this guy I barely knew.

He then open the front gate and stood at the end of the porch, far enough. If he tried anything I would run away and go inside without him catching me.

I turned over my pad to face him and stretched out my arm to hand it over.

"They're beautiful, You're very talented." He said as he handed my pad over to me.

"Thanks" I said, appreciating the fact that my tan skin hid the blush on my cheeks.

"No problem, I'm Blake by the way."

"Samantha." I said automatically.

"Well, Samantha it was nice to meet you. Maybe I'll see you around." He said with a half smile that basically says I know you want me. Then turned around to exit before I got the chance to answer.

"Okay Samantha, So there's this party tonight at one of my friends house. His parents are loaded, and are on vacation. So he's throwing a party, You know one last good party before school starts next week. His house is huge and they have a pool-" Kiefer said.

"What are you getting at?" I said interrupting him

"Well I want you to come. I'll introduce you to everyone and it will be fun."

"I dont know Kiefer, it's really not my thing." I like bars and clubs, not house parties.

"Fun isn't your thing? Come on, we'll go and if you're not having fun, you tell me and we'll leave I promise you." Kiefer said.

After a few more times of me trying to tell him no, I gave up and told him I'd go. I only had an hour to get ready.

So I went upstairs to have a quick shower.

If I was going to this party I was going to have fun, but my kind of fun. And really it was about time, Because I needed to get drunk.

I made sure I looked good. I wore a white wife beater that had a lace back and a pair of short jean shorts and underneath a black bikini. I let my long hair dry to its natural wavy state. I put my converse sandals on and I was ready.

I knew I was pretty. I had tan skin, hazel eyes, and hourglass figure. I wasn't conceited, I was just confident.

"Change now." Kiefer said as he saw me, His eyes traveling my body.

"Why is this not good?" I said worrying that it was too casual.

"No, It's perfect you look great."

"Oh, Okay so?"

"That's the problem. Im gonna be worried about you the whole time."

"Dont worry dad, I can take care of myself." I said as I walked out the door to Kiefer's car.

He let out a groan of defeat and then followed me out the door.

We pulled out to a huge house. There was already people outside. Some in bathing suit, some still clothed, and some half and half. As we walked up to the door, Kiefer stop every so often to say hi to some of his friends and then introduce me. I could see each boy looking up and down of my body with a look of lust in their eyes. I would give them smirk which made them think they had the chance, But really it meant they wish.

When we got inside, It was filled with so many people. The house was huge, high ceilings, a big chandelier, marble floors, and two staircases on each side of a room leading to the second floor. Some people were dancing and grinding each other in one room. Others are hooking up against the walls and on the steps, others just drinking and talking.

I followed Kiefer into the kitchen pushing past people, where there were drinks. Kiefer poured beer into a cup from a keg, expecting him to pour me one but he didn't.

"Are you serious? You're only sixteen." He said looking at me in shock.

"Im almost 17, And it's exactly not legal for you to drink either." I said

"I dont care, you're too young."

"Listen I'm not a baby. I've drank before and you know that. Now pour me a beer before I get worst from someone else." I said as serious as I could. He looked at me as he seemed to think this over, knowing that it was true.

He then let out a breath and a grunt as he turned back to the keg to pour me the beer.

"Thanks." I said with an innocent smile as I took the beer.

Then Kiefer rolled his eyes.

"Dude what's up, haven't seen you in forever bro." Some boy said as he came up to Kiefer and bumped fists.

"Yeah I know, great party Mase." Kiefer said.

"Who's this little cutie?" Mase said as his attention turned towards me.

I looked up with an annoyed expression to see a kid with dark brown shaggy hair and brown eyes looking up and down my body. He would have been cute if he didn't call me cutie.

"Oh Mase that's my cousin Samantha, Samantha this is my friend Mase, this is his house." Kiefer said clearly trying to put some distance between me and Mase, who was about 5 inches away from me.

"Hey, nice house." I said trying to move back away until I bumped into the sink behind me.

"I'll give you a tour if you want." He said with a wink, so close to my face I could smell the booze on his breath.

"No thanks, I'll pass."

"Maybe another time then." He said then turned and walked away.

"Dont count on it." I said under my breath.

"Yeah Kiefer that kids a creep." I said turning towards him.

"He's not bad once you get to know him and he's sober." He said

"Yeah, Im sure." I said, sense the sarcasm.

I followed Kiefer out to the pool which was filled with dozens of people. There were people standing around it dancing to the music. Kiefer introduce me to more people. Most of the girls gave me a dirty looks and I could see them whispering to each other, while looking at me when Kiefer wasn't paying attention, but when he was they were all over him.

I just gave them a smile, I was used to girls not liking me. I had one girl best friend at home and then the rest of them were guys, I just got along better to guys.

While Kiefer is flirting with the group of girls that looked like they were in love with him, I decided to leave and have some fun on my own.

I took my top and bottom off and threw them on a chair by Kiefer then I went to the pool and stuck my feet in and beer still in my hand, catching the attention of most the boys in the pool. After a few moments, a circle of about 5 boys was formed around my feet.

I asked their names, and told them mine. I told them I'm new here and Kiefer is my cousin. After a while I was making them laugh and I'd giggle at something they said. When I asked if one of them could get me another drink, they all volunteered. I love having their attention, flirting is fun for me always.

After 4 beer, more laughs, and flirting, I decided to go find Kiefer. I was little tipsy so it took me a while to realized I was going further out into the back yard where there were less and less people. The backyard didn't seemed that big but after the pool there was a whole lot of land and at the edge of the property a bunch of tree. I could see a figure leaning against a shed in the corner, the only thing that was clear was the orange circle which I realized was a cigarette.

"You seem lost." A familiar voice said to me, after a few moments I knew it was Blake.

"Uhm no, Im just looking for someone." I said as I stumbled over. I didn't know why I couldn't act like I did with all the other boys, he make me nervous.

"Your cousin, well he's way back over there I saw him with some girl." He replied as he took a drag of cigarette and blew the smoke on another direction.

"Oh thanks." I said thankful that I wasn't able to see his eyes because of the darkness.

"No problem, Samantha you seem so shy, but I saw you out there with all the boys, you are quite the attention grabber." He said

"Checking up on me?" I said finally getting my personality back.

"Well you're hard to miss." He said as the hand with the cigarette gesture towards my body that was still only on a bikini.

"Which isn't always a good thing." He continued.

"And why not?" I asked

"You'll find out one day." He replied

"Listen Blake, not to burst your bubble or anything but you dont know me so dont judge me. I'm not one of the girls you take home on the back of your motorcycle." I said as I crossed my arms.

He chuckled, he threw his cigarette on the grass and smashed it with his black boots.

"Sweetie girls are all the same. All I have to do is say something somewhat romantic and you'll be back in my motorcycle in love."

This time I laughed.

"Well sweetie" I said bitterly and slowly pressed lightly against his, I stood on my tiptoes to reach his ears and whispered to him

"I dont believe in love." I said which was partly true. I believe my dad love me, and I believe that Kiefer and Kiesha love me. But I was never able to fall in love with any of my boyfriends. My mother said she loved my father but then left after she gave birth to me; Kiefer's dad love him and Kiesha until he found something better and left them both. People say they love other people but they leave. I guess you could love someone but it fades.

I then could hear him swallow.

"Every girl believes in love." He said looking down into my eyes.

"I keep trying to tell you, Im not every girl." I replied mere inches away from his face.

I wanted to kiss him right there and then. Some guy I barely knew. Some guy who I was warned against with.

We looked into each others eyes for a few moments; I could see him part his lips and as much as I wanted to kiss him I knew that if I did, it would prove him right.

So what I did next was incredibly hard to do. I parted my lips and brought them so close to his. I gently brush my lips against his and as he went to press his lips onto mine for a kiss I quickly stepped away.

He looked up at me confused, I could see a hint of let down in his eyes and he quickly got himself together, leaned back against the shed with a smirk on his face.

"Who are you Samantha?" He said as he tried to figure me out.

"Your worst nightmare baby." I said with a wink, then walked away swaying my hips with each step, cause I could feel his eyes on me.

Chapter 3

Kiesha is working late again, and Kiefer was out somewhere till late. So I took out my cellphone and texted some kid I met at that party. He texted back about some big amazing club everyone's supposed to be at, So I started to get ready.

I took a shower and straightened my brown long hair. I put on my short tight black strapless dress with a pair of black high heels. After I put on my make up, I grabbed my cell and my fake I.d. I got in the cab that was waiting outside, Appreciating the fact that Blake wasn't in sight.

On the way Kiefer texted me saying he wasn't going to be home until 3 and to not wait up, and I responded with a dont worry I wasn't planning to.

The cab pulled out to the club and I could see the line of people wrapped around the block. After I paid the driver, I walked up to the bouncer and gave him some excuse about how my friend is already inside and she has all my things. After looking me down, and me giving him my innocent smile without asking to see my I.d he lifted up the red velvet rope to allow me entrance.

As I walked inside, I could hear the shouts of anger from the people waiting on line.

The club was packed, music blasting, and colorful lights flashing around.

I made my way to the sea of sweating grinding body's to get to the bar.

Once I was there ignoring all the people waiting for their drinks, I leaned over the bar and called out the bartender.

"Hey, you." I said pointing to the cute guy with dark black hair, bright blue eyes, and pale skin.

"How may I help you?" He said with a smile.

"Rum and coke please."

"Is there any point in asking you for an I.d, which I'm sure would be fake." He said with his eyebrows rose and the smile still on his face.

"Not really, but listen I think you and me should become friends." I said as I waved my finger between him and me.

"It never hurts to have a bartender as a friend." I continued as cute as possible.

He chuckled.

"Well if you're going to use me cause I'm a bartender, what do I get out of this friendship"

"Being my friend is very beneficial, it gets you places."

"Oh really, we have a deal then. I'm trent." He said and then shook my hand.

"Samantha." I replied

"Well let me go get you your drink miss." he said as the 2 other bartenders started to stare with annoyance.

As I sat on the stool by the bar waiting for my drink, I could hear someone took the seat beside me.

"Well look who came out to play." Blake said from beside me.

"Just can't get enough of me can you?" I replied turning towards him.

"You wish." He said, as Trent came back handing me my drink and gave him the \$5 for the drink.

"Pen?" I asked Trent, and then he grabbed one from behind his ear and hand it to me. I grabbed the napkin from the bar, and wrote my cellphone number to it.

"Call me, friend" I said handing over the napkin to Trent with a smile. Then got up taking my drink, moving through the crowd away from Blake.

"Hold on" I heard Blake say from behind me, then I could feel his grip on my arm.

"Yes?" I said as I turned around to face him. We were dancing to the sea of sweaty dancing people, the only two of us who weren't dancing.

"What was that about?" He said gesturing towards the bar.

"Jealous?" I asked, while then taking a sip from my drink.

"You have to care to be jealous" He responded, looking into my eyes making my heart beats faster, causing the nervousness to come up.

"Wanna dance?" He asked.

"Why so you can make me fall inlove with you and your amazing dance moves?" I said in a very sarcastic way.

"Worth a shot." He said and then grabbed my hand pulling me towards the center of the dance floor deeper into the sea of people.

One of my few talents is dancing, not professional. But I was half spanish so rhythm moved through me easily. My favorite spanish song was coming on too, yes it was like an upbeat remix of danza kuduro but there was there basic beat.

So I let out a big grin, grabbed his hands and pulled him closer to me.

"Let's go, pretty boy" I said, then giving my drink to some person in the crowd that took it gladly.

I moved my shoulders along to the beat, and then my stomach and my hips followed soon after that. Blake looked at me with lust filled his eyes as his hands held on tightly to my hips, and I turned around so my back side facing his front. I moved my body lightly against his. With his hands still holding onto my hips, his hips following every move my hips made. I then turned back to him, he push his one leg between mine hiking my dress up a bit, and we moved our bodies at the same rate in the same motion.

We were nose to nose, chest to chest, looking into each others eyes, that when I dipped back slowly, and I could feel his hand underneath my back supporting me. As I was dipped back I could see him looking down my neck to my chest. With his free hand he traced an invisible line down the side of my neck across my shoulder down to my chest where the fabric of my dress was. As he pushed me back up from my dip, nose to nose I could see him panting, both of us out of breath. After a song changed we stayed in that position, he was looking straight at me looking like he was going to kiss me, but I shouldn't let that happen cause if I did I might actually have feelings for him.

When I pulled away from Blake, I still stood closed by him. We both didn't say anything not like we could hear each othe over the loud techno music that was blasting.

When I looked around the club I could see a side profile that I knew too well, it was Kiefer.

I immediately started to panic, beacuse if he saw me I would be dead. I completely ignored what he said about staying away from Blake and now I'm at a club when I'm supposed to be at home.

My eyes opened wide and I could see the confused expression on Blake's face. Without explaining I gestured him to follow me outside.

When we outside the club I started to catch my breath, Kiefer looked at me with questioning eyes.

"Kiefer, my cousin is in there. He doesn't know that I'm here or hanging out with you. " I replied

"Ah, I see. Need a ride home?" He asked

"Are you sure you don't wanna bring some pretty blonde home tonight?" I asked with sarcasm.

"Jealous?" He asked

"You have to care to be jealous" I said responding the same way he said before.

"Well I'll take you home, but I have my bike." He said

I dropped my jaw, and my eyes went wide being that I never went on a motorbike before and especially not with some careless bad boy.

"Scared?" He asked with an amused expression after seeing my own expression.

"No, I just don't want to get you all hot and bothered with me pressed against you while driving and make you crash" I said, Blake laughed.

"Don't worry you won't, here put this on." He said as he handed me over a black helmet.

"What about you?" I asked.

"Worried?" He asked.

"No, I just don't want your blood on my hands or anything"

"Sure." He said with chuckle.

After he got on the bike, I tried to figure out how I was going to keep my dress down.

"My dress is going to come up." I said,

"That thing so tight it's not going anywhere." He said after he glanced back to look at my dress, and took another long look down on my legs.

As I put my leg over the bike, before I sat I held my dress down with my hands and then sat making sure my dress was tightly secured under me.

I put on the helmet and wrapped my arms tightly around his stomach. I could feel his beautifully sculpted abs beneath his shirt.

As he started his bike I held on tighter and rested my head on his back. When we started to go I realized that this was an amazing feeling. The wind hitting you as you drove through the streets, the vibration of the engine that moved through my body, and the heat that was against my legs.

When he stopped in front of his house, I was kind of disappointed that the ride was over.

When Blake put his two feet on the ground turned off the engine, and put the kick stand down that's when I got off taking Blake's hand for help, and then taking off the helmet and handing it back to him.

"So that was fun." I said, breaking the silence.

"Yeah babe, spend more nights with me and you'll always have fun." He said with a smirk,

"I was talking about the bike ride." I said with a smile.

He then was leaning against his fence with his arms crossed just staring at me.

I look at him with a questioning look.

"I don't understand why I can't figure you out Samantha." He said puzzled.

"I don't understand why you have to figure me out."

"It's just easier that way"

"What's easier?" I asked confused.

"Getting you into my bed and making you fall in love." He said with a serious face. I barked out in laughter.

"So let me get this straight you want to figure me out, so you can sleep with me and make me fall in love with you?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And then after you're going to make me feel like you accomplished a goal and then go on your merry way?"

"Yes."

"Wow, you are a jerk, not that I expected the less, but that would never happen in a million years, but even saying it makes me want to punch you."

"It's a challenge for me; Any girl would consider themselves lucky if they were in your position."

"Oh well, not that I'm not charmed to be classified as your challenge or anything but I don't deal with bad boy players. Oh, and I don't know what I can do to convince you I'm not any girl."

"Who said I am a bad boy?" He asked with a smirk.

"It's pretty obvious."

"Let me guess, it was your popular quarterback cousin?" He said, sounding more angry than playful. I stayed silent, and then he laughed.

"He must of said to stay away from me and that I'm dangerous, and your thinking you can change me like some sappy love movie." He said, as his voice now filled with anger.

"Now, why would I want to change you? I find the whole mysterious bad boy thing pretty hot." I said seriously looking into his eyes.

"Oh really?" He said surprised.

"Yeah totally. What I'm not into is the whole challenge bs though. I like to think that you want me cause you like me a little or you think I'm hard to get."

"I do think you're hot, which is a part of this challenge. You're so hot that I would sleep with you right now, but that doesn't mean you'll love me."

"Again any girl would have punched you in the face 5 minutes ago, but not me. Because I know that you're stupid and this is impossible, I bet I can make you fall in love with me without even sleeping with me first." I said.

For a moment I could see a bit of hurt in his eyes, and then it was soon blinked away.

I walked over to my house without saying another word. I got ready and went to sleep leaving the window and the curtains shut that night.

Chapter 4

I woke up to the sound of my door opening.

"Morning sunshine, I have a story for you." He said ignoring the fact that I was still half asleep. Pushing my feet over so he can sit.

I held my pillow over my face attempting to drown out his voice.

"No, no, missy you're going to listen." He said as he grabbed the pillow out of my hands.

"So last night, I go to a club..." Kiefer starts to say, and my eyes immediately widen.

"And I'm dancing and having fun. All of a sudden I look around to the bar, and I see the bartender who I'm actually good friends with, talking to some girl who awfully looked familiar. So I take a closer look, and you know what it's my 16 year old cousin at a 21 or older club buying a drink. Wait, hold on it gets better. Then you actually handed the bartender a napkin that I assume was your cellphone number."

I let out a deep breath in relief that he didn't see me with Blake.

"Explanation, apology, or something?"

"It was my evil twin, she's such a bitch." I said with a smile.

Which Kiefer didn't really find funny.

"Okay, so I went to a club, It isn't the end of the world. I've been to clubs before." I said

"How did you find out about it?" he asked.

"Some guy from that party told me about it so I wanted to check it out."

"You're really stupid Sam. I was worried sick after that, and I tried calling you but you didn't answer so I assumed you seen me and ran out."

"That's exactly what happened. My cell died though." I said, feeling a little guilty that I lied to him.

"Why were you giving trent your number hes like 20." he said

"He was cute. How do you know him?"

"He was a senior when I was a sophomore, we were in the football team together."

"Oh cool. He is cute though." I said with a smirk, which got me a glare from Kiefer.

"Listen Sam, you can't do that anymore. That wasn't cool at all, you're only 16." he said hid tone turning serious.

"I'm almost 17. If you would have just invited me this wouldn't happened."

Kiefer laughed.

"Seriously Kiefer, you can't tell me what to do. I go out all the time, and if you're going to tell me what to do, I'm not going to listen because you're being totally unfair. I either go out alone or I can go with you. I dont get what's the big deal is though, it's not like Im your annoying little friend. I don't even bother you." I said.

"That's not it. I just dont want anything to happen to you. You worry me. But you're right, going with me is better that going alone. And you still aren't taking the not going at all option? No? Okay." He said as I glared at him.

As we got up and started to leave my room, I asked

"So you think trent's gonna call me?" I said with a smile, an a laugh.

Kiefer stood there with a shocked expression.

"Oh that's it, now I'm gonna get you." he said to me as I ran down stairs running away from him.

"So kids your first day of school tomorrow, are you excited?" Aunt Kiesha said as we were eating breakfast.

"Not at all." I replied.

"I am." Kiefer said

"Well if I was a popular senior , and a quarterback of the football team, I'd be excuted too." I said

"Don't worry Samantha, Kiefer will show you around, you'll be fine." Aunt Kiesha said.

"And look everyone will love you because of your last name, I'm kind of well liked around there."Kiefer said with a smirk.

My Dad and Kiesha had the same last name, Dela Vega. That's how they become friends at school. So even though me and Kiefer aren't blood related at all we still have the same last name, so again it's easier to tell people were cousins.

"Oh really" I said sarcastically to Kiefer.

"Yeah really" He mimicked back.

"Stop it, you two." Aunt Kiesha said.

"We weren't fighting" Kiefer said.

"Yeah, but you two are annoying" she replied back.

And we all burst out in laughter. Throughout the day I really wanted to see Blake. I don't know why, he was honestly such a jerk. It was always hard because Kiefer was around and I didn't want him to suspect anything.

It started to get dark out and I gave up trying to see Blake. I went upstairs cause I was starting to feel tired, which usually never happened unless it was like 3 or 4 in the morning.

As soon as I was drifting into sleep, I was pulled into a horrible nightmare.

I woke up unable to breath, I was there with my dad. I see clearly what happened, we crashed into a tree trying not to hit an old lady crossing the street. My dad saved me, he covered his body so that I wont get hurt. He was looking at me with a smile on his face not until he closed his eyes. It was like my whole world collapsed when he's not breathing anymore, I fainted because I cried too much after that.

"Sam? Sam! Are you okay?" Kiefer said as he burst through my door.

I opened my eyes, not realizing I was screaming or crying.

"I...I had a nightmare. About that day he saved me." I said in between my tears.

"Don't worry Sam, it's over now. Just close your eyes everything will be okay." Kiefer said after he sat on my bed against the headboard holding me in his arms rocking me back and forth, until I drifted into a peaceful sleep.

I woke up to see Kiefer sitting up against the headboard, with his arms around me asleep. I look over the clock to find it was 6 am, time to get ready for school.

"Kiefer, Kiefer." I said pushing him to wake up.

"What? I'm up!" He said, looking around confused, which suddenly faded after he remembered what happened.

"Hey Sam, are you okay?" He said as he took his arms from me and stretched.

"Yeah, thank for last night Kiefer." I said

"No problem" He said, looking uncomfortable.

"I'm gonna go now." He said as he got up quickly and ran out of the room.

After Kiefer took his shower, I took mine. After I put on some ripped skinny jeans, my black vans, and a white v neck tee with a black lace tank underneath. I towel dried my hair, letting my natural brown waves fall down my back. I put a little make up on, grabbed my bag, and phone pff the charger to see a text saying.. "Hey friend, I think we should hang out sometime whenever you're free let me know. - Trent"

I laughed to my self and texted him back "me too will do" and put my phone away.

I followed Kiefer out the door to his red vintage convertible, which he taught of as his baby.

After a short drive we will pulled into the parking lot of the school. In the parking lot there were bunch of students hanging around their cars talking. There were even more kids sitting down on the grass, it looked like straight out of a movie.

We pulled into a spot, and I could immediately see a crowd of people heading towards us, knowing they were many friends of Kiefer. When I got out of the car Kiefer grabbed my hand and brought me to a large group of people by a black truck parked beside Kiefer's.

I remembered some people from the party, but Kiefer still went around to introduced me. But my attention was quickly turned around of an engine which was all too familiar. Blake's bike pulled into a spot on the other side of the lot.

"Earth to Samantha" Kiefer said as he wave his hand in my face.

"Wait what?" I said coming out of my daze.

"I said let's go find your locker." Kiefer said as he grabbed my hand and walked towards the building.

Kiefer find my locker for me. He opened it up, and was going on about how to open it and where his locker was but I wasn't paying attention. My attention was toward on the locker 2 down from mine where Blake stood with his ray bans on. He caught me looking, and raise his glasses and give me a wink, thanks god Kiefer's back was turned towards him.

"Thanks Kiefer, I think I can handle it" I said.

"I know, I know. I'll meet you at lunch okay? Have a good day Sam!" Kiefer said as he walks towards the crowds of little skinny blondes in a cheerleader uniform, who were sending me nasty glares.

But I rolled my eyes and shut my locker.

"Hi," said a girl standing by my locker. I looked to find a girl with long blonde hair, with blue and pink streaks. She was wearing nerdy black glasses, a spike collar, a hello kitty t-shirt, a plaid mini

skirt, fishnets and black boots with a lot of buckles. To say this girl stood out was an understatement.

"Hey" I said.

"I'm Aya. I know you're new and everything so I thought you could use a friend and I can see that the queen bees over there aren't your biggest fan, and I want to personally introduce my self to anyone who gets their bad side." She said

"I'm Samantha. Thanks I don't know why they have a problem with me." I returned.

"They are bitches and they feel threatened by you." Aya said referring to the cheerleaders who keep laughing and looking over to us.

"Yeah, I guess." I said

"Try having to deal with them since grade school. Anyway, you're related to Kiefer right?"

"Yeah, well were not really cousins but we knew each other our whole lives so it's easier to say were cousins" I said.

"Oh, I used to talked to Kiefer. When he was the new kid, when he was a freshmen. But then he joined the football team and everything has changed." She said looking over to Kiefer with hurt in her eyes.

"Oh, wow. Let me apologize for his jerkness." I said, with a laugh

"Thanks. I think we could be a good friends." I thought so too.

Aya walked me to first class which is english, even though she didn't have it with me. She was really nice, anyone who stood out was a friend of mine, and she clearly did.

When I got to the class all eyes were on me, I really hope this was not the type of school where they made you do introductions. I walked to the back of the class sitting in the first seat of the last row. After the bell rang. No one took the sit next to me, which made me happy.

When the teacher took attendance and called out the names, he asked if he missed any students name, and of course with my luck he missed mine.

I slowly raised my hand.

"And your name is?" the teacher asked.

"Samantha Dela Vega." I said and then all eyes were really on me, I could hear the whispers and feel the eyes on me.

"Oh Miss Dela Vega, yes Kiefer's cousin, what a nice boy." The teacher said, then marked me down on the attendance sheet.

All eyes were turned off me and on to the person by the door.

"Ah Mr. Frost, how nice of you to join us." the teacher said

I immediately put my head down, hoping he didn't sit next to me. Not that I minded, but I actually like to work, and he was a big distraction. But of course Blake must have saw me with my head down, cause he walked up to the second row and sit right beside me in the last seat.

The teacher began to speak and I lifted my head trying to listen to the teacher, but I could feel Blake's eyes staring at me.

I looked forward the whole time, not even glancing to his direction. As soon as the bell rang I grabbed my books and began to quickly walk out of the room. Right as I step outside the room, I could feel him grasp my arm. I turned around to find Blake behind me.

"So funny seeing you here." He said and walked beside me

I keep trying to look around to see if Kiefer is anywhere but I couldn't find him.

"Listen Blake I can't really talk to you. If Kiefer sees me even looking at you I'm dead, and so are you." I said,

"I'd like to see him try." He said,

"Wait, let me see your schedule." hhe said

"Why?" As I handed it over.

"So I know what classes to skip." He said,

"First, lunch, then last. Wow, that sucks." He continued while looking down at my schedule.

"Here's an idea skip the whole day, really I don't mind." I said as I reach the door of my next class.

"We'll meet outside by the bleachers for lunch." he said,

"Seriously? I know what happened at the bleachers I've seen the movies." I replied, and he laughed.

"Don't worry about it, just be there" He said and then walked away out of the school.

Every class till lunch went by pretty uneventful. I had a few classes with Aya which was pretty cool. But throughout the day I just couldn't wait to meet up with Blake.

Right before lunch I texted Kiefer I will sit outside with someone I met, he replied with a bunch of questions like who? where? am I okay? and then if something goes wrong, scream rape which

made me laugh to myself. But he also told me he has football practice and I have to wait for him, which I wasn't to pleased about.

When I finally arrived at the bleachers, I could see Blake up there with his ray bans on smoking already a cigarette.

"I was starting to think you stood me up." He said.

"I was about to, but I was already up way here when I realize this was a stupid idea."

"What's stupid about 2 friends eating together?" he asked taking another drag of his cigarette.

"One, were not friends. Two, if Kiefer sees us we were both dead, and three you're a jerk." I said just adding the third one as a fact.

"That hurts." He said while putting his hand over his heart mockingly.

"I bet it does."

"Why are you so worried about your cousin?"

"Cause he made it extremely clear that he wanted me to stay far away from you."

"Aw, look at you going against his orders just to see me. Very Romeo and Juliet."

"Yeah, except you don't love me just want to sleep with me. I don't love you or like you very much. Oh, and I'm pretty sure were not dying for our nonexistent love any time soon."

"True." he said,

"Do you know why he hates you so much?" I asked but I knew I could just answer my question and even Blake thought it was a stupid question with the look he gave me.

"Okay,so there's a lot of reason he to hate you."

"Again, hurts." He said once again dramatically putting his hands over his heart.

"So how do you feel about giving me a ride home after school?" I asked

"Well I'm not staying that long, but anything for you baby."

"I'm gonna regret asking you a favor aren't I?"

"Yes, because you're gonna have to pay me somehow."

After sitting with Blake I had 3 more classes, which was art, gym, and chem.

I actually enjoyed art, even though it was just an introduction class. Gym I had with Aya, and the whole time we secretly made fun of the cheerleaders. Last was chem which I had with Blake.

"What makes you think I want to be your chem partner?" I asked Blake as he sat next to me.

"Why wouldn't you? I'm a good asset."

"Doubt it." I muttered back.

The teacher began talking about the curriculum and the clubs we will be doing, and of course with our chem partners.

The whole time Blake wasn't paying attention, he just sat back in the chair with his feet up on the desk. Since again we were on the back the teacher didn't pay us attention.

"So dont meet me at my locker, I'm sure Kiefer's going to stop by. So I'll just meet you at the parking lot." I said as the bell rang.

When I got into my locker after a few moments Kiefer showed up.

"I got a ride home." I said to Kiefer as I was putting my books into my locker.

"Who?" he asked.

"Aya." I said after a moment.

I could tell Kiefer recognize her name because I could tell there was a hint of something in his eyes, but I didn't know what.

"Oh, alright. Text me when you got home." He said and then walked away.

"So I'm giving you a ride when I don't drive?" Aya said from behind me.

"Well you are the one I could think of at the moment. But no, Blake Frost giving me a ride."

Aya looked at me with a wids eyes and jaw dropped.

"You're kidding?"

"No."

"I know you're new here, but I'm assuming Kiefer would of filled you in on Blake."

"He did, and apparently I'm supposed to stay far away from him but I'm not one to follow rules." I said as I shut the door to my locker and began to walk away.

"I want details biotch" I heard Aya say.

"Will do." I answered, as I turned away with my back turns to her.

When I got off Blake's bike in front of his house, he stayed on the bike but shut off the engine.

"Thanks" I said as I began to walk away.

"Not so fast Samantha, now you owe me." He said and I immediately didn't like where this was going.

"Seriously? It's not like you gave me your kidney or anything, it was just a ride home."

"Still you owe me, and I want a date."

I was shocked, my mouth almost dropped to the floor.

"No" I said.

"Why not? It would be worth it." He said with a wink.

Making my voice sound really girly, and dramatically upset I began to tell him,

"Listen, I'm not going to sit there on a date with you knowing your ulterior motive, trying to wine and dine me into your bed, I'm honestly hurt." I said with my hand on my chest looking away from him.

"So basically you don't care?" He asked trying to hold back his laugh.

"Nah, not really. But I'm not a cheap date so make it nice. I feel bad you're going to waste your money for nothing."

"I'll get something." He said, and turned on his bike, put on his helmet and drove away.

Chapter 5

I hadn't heard Blake's bike come home that night, and it wasn't parked in front of his house this morning either.

When I got to school he wasn't in any of our classes. I don't know why, but him not being there was starting to bother me.

I sat with Kiefer at lunch. It was hard to ignore his stupid jock friends, and his posses of cheerleaders that followed him around.

After school me and Aya went to a cafe around the corner from the school. We sat outside at a little table underneath an umbrella.

"So, explain." Aya said, with her long blonde, colorful hair in 2 high ponytails.

"About what?" I asked as I took a sip of my coffee, trying to play stupid.

"You know exactly what Samantha."

"There's nothing to explain, Blake lives next door to Kiefer. Even though Kiefer made it clear to stay away from him I was more interested. Blake started talking to me, made it clear he was a jerk. He thinks all girls are the same, and that doesn't have to say much to get them fall in love and sleep with him. I told him I wasn't like that and now he's trying to prove me wrong by getting me fall in love and sleep with him." I said as if it was nothing.

Bella stared at me with her eyes wide, that looked a lot wider in her nerdy looking glasses.

"You're going to lose." She said.

"What makes you think that?"

"Blake has a rep, and he's also very hot, so girls literally fall at his feet. He's never in a relationship, even though there are those love struck girls who think they can change him and won't leave him alone. I've never see him actually talk unless he's in fight, so he doesn't have to try hard to get a girl. But he knows what he's doing so I'd be careful if I were you."

"Eh, I think I'll be fine. He won't leave me alone, he said I'm a challenge."

"Maybe you actually stand a chance"

"So what his story? Kiefer told me but I think he was just trying to scare me."

"Well if it scared you, then it was probably the truth. But no one really knows his story exactly. No one ever wanted to get close enough to find out."

**

After coffee with Aya I went home to find a note at my door.

" S, I'll meet you outside at 6. -B "

After that i ripped it off the door and stuck it in my pocket, hoping Kiesha and Kiefer didnt see it.

When I got inside Kiesha was sleep on the couch, so I made sure I was extra quite.

I went upstairs to do some of my homework, after an hour I woke up Kiesha so she could get ready for work. Soon after that Kiefer texted me he was coming home late, so I texted him I was going to Aya's house and ignored his usual questions.

I took a shower and curled my hair. I had no idea where we were going so it was hard to pick an outfit. But after a while I settled on black leggings and a dark red off the shoulder top that came right beneath my butt, with a thick black belt beneath my breast. and little black fats. I put some makeup on then grabbed my bag with my cell.

Blake already outside leaning agaisnt his bike, looking down at his cell.

I could tell that he actually took his time to get ready, his usual messy dirty blond hair was a bit less messier. And his usual t-shirt was replaced with a long sleeve gray button down shirt.

When he saw my feet by him on the ground, he took his time looking over my body, his eyes staring especially over my curves.

"Are you done?" I asked

"Pretty much, lets go." He said.

When we pulled up to fancy italian restaurant, I was actually surprised. .

"You cleaned up nice." I said, after we sat down at the table.

"Only for you." He said with a wink, and I rolled my eyes at him.

I wanted to ask him where he was today but I didn't want him to know that I was looking at him.

We sat and ate dinner, talking about random things. Laughing so often, I could see the people around us getting annoyed.

"2nd part of our date begins now." He said as he opened the door for me as we exit the restaurant.

After driving on his bike for 20 minutes as we road further away from the lights and houses of Austria, I was starting to get a little worried.

"You know if you rape me and murder me, I swear I'll comeback and hunt your ass." I said as we stopped at a red light.

Which made him laugh.

After 10 more minutes we traveled of the road on to a dirt trail, and we stopped by at some trees. When I got off the bike, I could see that we were in the mountains of Austria. I could distantly see the city from here.

"Beautiful right?" Blake asked as he noticed me admiring the beautiful mountains and trees.

"Yeah, it is."

"Come on, it gets better." He said as he took my hand and guided me through the trees.

When we stop we were at a clearing of trees, with grass and rocks all around, and the flowing of water that was coming from the small water fall beside us.

"This is amazing." I said as I look around.

"Yeah, I found this place when I moved here, I was looking for a place to relax and here it was."

He walked over and sat on the grass, and leaned against the pile of rocks beside the river, and I followed him and sat cross legged on the ground facing him.

We looked at each other for a few moments, and in those moments I could feel my heart beating faster.

"Let's play 20 questions." Blake said breaking the silence.

"Why so you can figure me out?"

"Yeah, but not for the reason I wanted to before."

"Really? What's your reason now?"

"I'm just really interested."

"Sure." I said not believing him.

"No, it's true. I can't believe I'm going to say this but I'm starting to think you're actually different than any other girl."

"That's what I keep trying to tell you. Let's play." I said with a smile.

"Why did you moved here?" he asked.

"Pass." I said immediately not wanting to get into that.

A confused expression pass over his face, but he didn't push the issue any further.

"Why did you moved here?" I asked.

"Pass" he said.

"Why don't you believe in love?" He asked.

"I don't know. I've just seen love hurt so many people that I don't want to do anything with it. My mom said he loved my dad but left after she gave birth to me, and Kiefer's dad loved his mom until he found someone better. Love fades."

He looked at me like I said something absolutely amazing.

"Do you think you're bad?" I asked looking straight at him.

"Yes." He said without hesitating.

"Do you think I'm bad?" He asked.

"Yes." I answered seriously.

"Are you dangerous?" I asked, which made him smirk at me.

"Yes." He answered again without hesitation.

"Are you scared of me now?" He asked.

"No." I answered without hesitation.

I could see he didn't expect that, with the confuse look on his face.

"Why do you want to hurt me?" I asked.

"That's what I do. I sleep with girls, they fall in love. But I don't care, I just leave them. It's who I am."

"What if they don't fall in love?" I asked completely ignoring that it was his turn.

"They always do."

"I wouldn't." I answered.

"I'm actually starting to believe that." He answered, his blue eyes staring into mine.

I could feel him getting closer to me, but I don't care. I don't want to pull away.

He puts his one hand on the back of my neck guiding me towards him, the other hand cupped my cheek. Before I knew it his lips crashed into mine. I wrapped both of my arms around his neck, I could feel him gently biting my lower lip asking for entrance. I parted my lips and his tongue explored my mouth. He gently guide me down on the grass, pushing my legs open so that his one leg was between mine. He took his lips off mine and kissed down to my neck where he started to suck. I bit my lips to hold back a moan. My hands traveled up his muscular back.

I never felt like this when I kissed someone. It was so electric. I needed his lips on mine, his hands touching my body, his chest pressing against mine. It was amazing.

I felt his lips hesitantly pulling away. With him hovering over me, his hands now laid on either side of my head on the grass. I could see him breathing heavily, and his swollen red lips above me. Leaning his forehead against mine, looking straight into my eyes I could see the lust in his eyes which he probably saw in mine as well.

We stayed like that for what seemed like forever, but eventually Blake slowly pulled himself off me and sat back against the rocks, and I sat up across from him.

"That was... Amazing." Blake said breaking the silence.

I nodded in agreement.

"If I sleep with you and you don't fall for me, I think we could work something out." He said with a smirk on his face.

"Really? Explain."

"Well that was pretty hot, and it was nothing. But imagine how amazing it would be going all the way. You have to admit that it could be pretty fun."

"And pretty stupid."

"It wouldn't be fun, if it wasn't a little stupid."

Chapter 6

That night when I got home, I couldn't

stop thinking about what Blake said about us just hooking up casually. Yeah it would definitely be fun, but that whole friends with benefits thing never works out, I've seen the movies. I know I wouldn't be the one to mess it up, and he doesn't seem he would either. Still I had a bad feeling about this. I didn't care that he's dangerous and supposedly a criminal; actually it was something that I liked. I needed danger in my life.

The next few days Blake wasn't at home. I hung out with Aya, but my mind was always wondering where Blake was.

Until Friday night...

Kiefer was at the party, he asked me to go but I wasn't feeling up to it (which was a first), and Anne was working.

It was about 9 p.m., so I went into the bathroom to take a shower and change into my pajamas. I was wearing a black tank top, and green plaid booty shorts.

When I went back into my room and opened the door.

"Ahhh." I screamed, attempting to cover my half naked legs with the wet towel that was in my hands.

After I realized it was Blake laying down on my bed his hand folded underneath his head, I grabbed the towel and started to hit him with it.

I started to yell at Blake between hits.

"What!"

Hit.

"Are!"

Hit.

"You!"

Hit.

"Doing!"

I screamed and continued to hit him,
but it wasn't hurting him it was just amusing him, making him laugh.

"Okay, Stop. Put the towel down."

Blake said slowly sitting up on bed,
his hands up surrendering, trying to hold back a laugh.

"You almost scared me too death!" I said.

"Yeah, I know. You should have seen your face."

"How did you get up here?"

"Climbed the tree. Ya know you shouldn't leave your window open like that, people can sneak in."
He said and then laughed

"Yeah, I'll remember that for next time." I said a sarcastically.

"So what are you doing here? And where the hell have u been?" I asked.

"Came to see you. Why do you miss me?" He asked with a smirk.

"No, it's just I had to eat lunch with my cousin and his jock friends. Also I had to watch there stupid football practice."

"Sorry, I've been busy" clearly not caring.

As i threw the towel down forgetting that was practically wearing underwear, I could see Blake's eyes slowly to make their way down on my body, lingering over the way my body looked in the shorts. Noticing my damp hair, that was still wet from the shower

The way he stared at me didn't make me feel insecure, it also didn't make me feel like I was just a piece of meat which his stare usually did. It made me feel beautiful.

He sat at the edge of the bed, and I slowly moved closer to him staring down to him.

"Is anybody home?" He asked in almost a whisper.

I shook my head, telling him no. beacuse I couldn't get the words to come out of my throat. I was beginning to get nervous; my heart was starting to race, Just remembering the feeling of my lips against his, how it made me feel made me want to kiss him again.

Blake put his hand on my hips, bringing me closer to him. His beautiful blue eyes staring in to mine, I slowly lowered myself onto him so that my legs were standing his waist as he still sitting on my bed.

His hands went from my waist to my face cupping cheeks, bringing my face towards his. I felt his lips crash into mine, I could feel his tongue against my lower lip. I parted my lips allowing him to enter. I gently bit his lower lip, and Blake let out a small moan in to my mouth. His lips left mine, and went down my neck where he gently started to suck, and I softly moaned.

Blake flipped us over on the bed so that he was on top of me in between both my legs. He was sucking on my neck, as I ran my hand down his back I could feel his sculpted muscle underneath his shirt.

As I began to slightly lift off Blake's shirt, he lifted himself up and took it off throwing it on the floor. Before he went back to kissing my neck he removed my shirt and unhooked my bra. I could feel his mouth on my breast, while his other hand was massaging the other. I began to miss the feeling of his lips on mine, So I pulled his lips back to mine while his hands massaged my breast.

His lips left mine, and his forehead was against mine I could feel his hot panting breath against my face.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" He asked

I nodded my head to tell him yes, because again I couldn't get myself to say it.

After that both our pants were off, I could feel him inside me while his lips were on my neck and my hands rubbed his back.

It was amazing. The only other guy I was with was nothing compared to Blake. I had to bite my lip to keep myself from screaming his name. It was like I needed him to kiss me and touch me, It made me feel warm and alive.

After we were both done, Blake rolled over me and laid on his back besides me.

We were both breathing heavily. As I looked over to him I could see the rise and fall of his chest.

"That. Was. Amazing." He said in between his breaths, while he stared up at the ceiling.

I nodded in agreement, not being able to speak.

He rolled onto his side, so he was facing me.

"Are you in love?" He asked with a smirk on his face.

"No." I said

"Good." Blake replied, then rolled on top of me and began kissing me again.

When I woke up the next morning I was naked, And I began to remember what happened.

When I looked over to the side of the bed where Blake was, I saw a note lying on the pillow.

"S, had fun. I'd like to do this again sometime. -B"

Chapter 7

After reading that note and realizing what just happened I started to have a nervous breakdown.

I couldn't believe what I did. Yes, it was amazing and being with Blake felt right, even though it was wrong in so many ways. I decided that last night was the first and only time I was going to be with Blake.

Blake disappeared for the rest of the weekend, so I never got the chance to tell him that being with him was a one time thing.

When I go to school on Monday I made it my mission to find Blake and talk to him.

I saw Aya at her locker and told her everything that had happened. I felt like I could really trust her, and I wanted to know what she thought about this.

"Oh my god! You little sex kitten, you." Aya said with a smile on her face.

"Didn't know you had it in you. Honestly you must be amazing if you got Blake Frost coming back for more." She continued.

"Shush. It doesn't matter anyway, because that was a one time thing." I said as I went in my locker to get my books.

"Why? Why? Why?! This is a good thing. Can't you see? You both don't want anything serious, you just want some fun. God knows you deserve it." Aya said.

"I don't know. I'm just not sure." I replied as I shut my locker door.

I went to the girl's bathroom before class, so I could just be by myself for a second without having to think about Blake or Kiefer or any other complications.

When the bell rang I knew I was going to be late for class. I hurried down the empty silent hall, when all of a sudden I felt a grasp in my upper arm and quickly pulled me towards a door.

I was pulled into a dark small room. I barely could make out the figure that was leaning against the wall. It was silent except for the sound of my heart beating fast against my chest and my small quick breaths. I tried to move as far away from this person as I could, which was easy or successful because the room was so small.

I could see the person coming forward, so I tightly shut my eyes and all I could think about was how I was going to die.

I could hear them moving, and then a sound of a light bulb clicking on.

"Samantha..." a familiar voice said, and my eyes flung open revealing Blake standing there with a smirk on his face.

I was so angry. So I immediately started to hit Blake on his chest repeatedly.

"You Jerk! You scared me to death! I thought I was going to die." I said in between hits, which were clearly not hurting him because he didn't even flinch and his expression didn't change.

As I continued to hit him he grabbed my both forearms in his hands, which got my attention. I looked straight into his eyes and forgot about everything I said before. Me not wanting to be with him anymore flew right out the window.

Blake slowly moved me back towards the wall, and held my arms over my head against the wall. His body was on mine towering over me, and I was pinned on the wall.

He looked down right into my eyes and all of a sudden his lips crashed down into mine rough and passionately, and soon my lips parted allowing him entrance into my mouth. His hands left mine and slowly made their way down my sides. They ran down the back of my thighs and pushed me up so that my legs were wrapped around Blake as I leaned against the wall.

I moved my hands up his strong biceps, over his shoulders and through his messy dirty blonde hair.

Blake's lips traced the side of my jaw, and I tilted my head back so that he could easily make his way to my neck. I could feel him teasing me with his warm breath over my neck that sent tingles throughout my body.

When his lips finally connected to my neck, I had to hold back moan as his tongue softly ran over the skin on my neck.

Since I was against the wall and I held my legs around him Blake's hands went free They roamed at the hem of my shirt slightly pushing it realizing that we were in a closet in school my hand went over his gently pushing them down.

I knew this had to stop before we both got

too far. As I attempted to speak nothing came out, the feeling of his lips against my neck clouded my thoughts.

"Blake..." I said in a whisper.

"Hmmm..." He said as his lips were pressed against my neck.

"We can't... Not here." I said trying to catch my breath.

Blake's lips left my neck which made me feel incomplete for a second. He leaned his forehead against mine, and we were both breathing heavily. He looked into my eyes, which sent shivers down my spine.

I let my legs unwrapped from around him and placed them on the floors. Blake was still against me, hands on either side of me keeping me pin to the wall.

He looked into my eyes, and at the moment I wanted to know what he was thinking about.

"Blake.." I said breaking him from his thoughts, and he realized that he was keeping me from leaving.

"Miss Dela Vega and Mister Frost I'm so glad you made it, with 10 minutes left of class. I hope you both have nothing to do after school because you will be joining me in detention."

Great! I thought to myself as I walked back to my seat. I could feel the eyes on me people with shocked expressions looking between me and Blake. We just walk in late together; I didn't understand what the big deal was.

I met Blake for lunch as usual.

"So, that was fun." He said with a smirk on his face.

"It was alright." I said trying to hold back a smile, because it was definitely fun.

"Don't deny it Sam, you loved it and just can't get enough of me." He said with a cocky grin.

"I'm not the one that pulled you into a closet, am I?" I said which got him to shut up.

The rest of the day went by uneventful. I got through the rest of my classes and when to the detention room after school. I texted Kiefer before and told him that I was late for class and got detention.

Detention wasn't too bad. Blake sat behind me, and I could feel him playing with the ends of my hair that fell on to his desk.

After detention I left with Blake. I began to realize that we weren't going in the right direction.

"I know that I haven't live here that long, but I'm pretty sure you went the wrong way. We had to turn left a while back to get to my house." I screamed over the sound of the engine, as we stopped at the red light.

He just turned back and smiled.

I thought he was taking me to the mountains, but we weren't going in that direction either.

When we finally came to a stop, we were nowhere I've ever seen before. We stopped in front of a small little dinner.

"You should have told me I wasn't going home." I said to him as we sat down in the booth.

"Well it was spontaneous decision." He replied

"This is nice." I said, really not meaning it because it was a small greasy diner in the middle of nowhere.

"Listen, it's not the best but they make the most amazing blueberry pie in the world." He said, which shocked me.

"I love blueberry pie." I replied

"Me too." He said, with a smile.

"My favorite color is blue. So when I was little I went through a phase of only eating things that were blue, stupid I know but I was a kid. But anyway, after a while it wasn't the healthiest choice, so my dad told me I had to eat other food so I can grow into a big girl. But after every dinner he would always let me eat one slice of his blueberry pie." I said without really thinking. Then I realized where I was and who I was with.

"Sorry. I have no idea why I told you that." I said embarrassed.

Blake just had on a genuine smile.

"No, don't apologize it was nice." He said as he went and held on my hand that was on the table. Which immediately caught my attention.

He realized that he was holding on to my hand for a few seconds too long and quickly take his hand back.

Thank god the waitress came and clear the awkwardness.

"Hey Linda, 2 blueberry pie, and 2 coffees." He answered.

"You're a regular?" I asked.

"Yeah sometimes when I can't sleep at night this diner's always open." He responded.

"Oh."

"But this isn't just what I wanted to show you, there is more." He said, and I smiled at him.

We both ate and talked about little things, it was comfortable and I was having fun.

"We should go before we're late." Blake said looking down at his watch.

I followed him out this bike and he drove for about 5 minutes another trailer through the forest.

When we stopped we were still surrounded by trees.

"Come on." He said and grabbed my hand and guided me to follow.

I had to admit his hands on mine feel really good, it felt right.

I can't believe I just thought that, oh my god.

"Here it is." Blake said breaking me from my internal conflict.

When I looked up, we were at a beach. It was small and would only be about 2 blocks long. But there was the ocean, and the sun was just about to set.

"Oh my gosh, this is beautiful." I said looking at the sun setting.

I looked down and I could see he was still holding my hand. He must have seen me looking so he quickly pulled back his hand.

I sat down on the sand, not caring if I got dirty. I just wanted to take in this beautiful scene. I looked up at Blake who was still standing behind me, and patted down on the sand beside me gesturing for him to sit.

Blake sat down beside me, and my eyes were still locked on the beautiful scene in front of me. I wish I had my drawing pad and pencils; it would be an amazing scene to draw.

I glanced at Blake to see him not staring at the sunset but staring at me.

I gave him a smile, and then I shivered as a breeze passed us. He saw that and put his arm over my shoulder and I moved closer to him.

"So is it safe to say that this bad boy player has a soft side?" I asked Blake.

But he just looked at me with a smile, put his finger to my lips and shushed.

"It's a secret." He said with a wink.

When we slowly passed my house and parked at his, I could see someone sitting on the porch. But once it realized we were stopping it immediately got up, and I could see it was Kiefer.

When Blake turned off the engine I jumped off the bike as fast as I could, so I could stop Kiefer from whatever he was about to do.

Chapter 8

"Kiefer come on I'll talk to you inside." I said looking up to him, putting my hands on his shoulders attempting to push him back towards the house which was pointless.

I could see his fist clenched at his sides, and the anger that filled his eyes and he just glared at Blake with so much hatred, and Blake glared back with a smirk, which just made Kiefer more furious.

Kiefer just easily cleared me out of the way and walked right up to Blake who was leaning against his fence.

Kiefer and Blake where chest to chest neither of them looking away.

"Stay away from my cousin Frost, or so help me god I will knock your teeth down your throat." Kiefer said in almost a growl.

"I'd like to see you try." Blake growled back.

All of a sudden Kiefer punch Blake in the jaw. Blake didn't let that slow him down because soon Blake tackled Kiefer to the ground and punched him back. They were both rolling around to the sidewalk, trying to get to the top of the other.

I couldn't believe this was happening all I could do was try and pull whoever was on top off which wasn't successful, I just ended up falling back.

"Please, please stop!" I screamed as the tears were pouring down my face, which finally got their attention.

Blake was on top of Kiefer, but when they stopped to look at me I got my chance to quickly get up and pull Blake up.

Of course he just let me hold onto his arm and he follwed me away from Kiefer who was getting himself off the ground.

"Kiefer please go inside, I'll be there in just a second." I said looking at him while I was standing my Blake. Kiefer went inside, but not before glaring at Blake with anger.

I looked at Blake's face and he had a busted lip and I could see a bruise forming around his eye. There were other scrapes Kiefer pushing his face against the concrete.

"I'm sorry." I said looking into his eyes, which suddenly wiped away most of the anger on his eyes and his expression softened.

"It's not your fault." He said.

"Then why do I feel so bad?" I said looking at the ground as my eyes filled with tears.

Blake lifted my chin with his fingers so that I was looking straight at him. He wiped away the tear that was falling against my cheeks.

"Because you're a good person." He said with a smile, and then walked back to his house.

When I went inside, I found Kiefer on the couch sitting up with his face on his hands and his elbow on his knees.

When he heard me come in he looked up. I could see blood coming from his nose and a bruise forming under his eye, along with other scrapes.

I just shook my head and went to the kitchen got a wet cloth, ice pack, and the first aid kit.

"Look up." I said softly and he did.

We sat there in silence as I cleaned his face of blood, and put medicine on the scrapes.

I sat there holding the ice pack on his cheek.

"Kiefer, I'm sorry for everything." I said looking down starting to cry again.

"So that was him?" Kiefer said with an emotionless tone.

"Him who?" I asked confused.

"The him who you sit with at lunch. The him who takes you home. The him who you hang out with." Kiefer said, as the anger rose in his voice.

And I just nodded my head.

"I told you to stay away from him and you do the exact opposite, and you lied to me." He said looking at me, the hurt in his eyes.

"I know, I'm sorry." I said looking down feeling ashamed.

"You're my bestfriend Sam, we don't lie to each other. I love you so much and the fact that you went behind my back hurts me."

"I know. It's just you told me to stay away but I kept bumping into him. He's my friend." I said, almost whispering the last part.

"People like him don't have friends, Sam."

"Well, he does now." I said again almost in a whisper, not wanting to get Kiefer angry.

"What's that suppose to mean?" He asked.

"I know you don't like him, but he's my friend Kiefer. You don't know him like I do. Whatever you think about him isn't true." I said, pretty sure I just lied about the last part.

Kiefer just stared at me with eyes filled of hurt, disappointment, and betrayal. He shook his head, got up off the couch and walked up to his room without even glancing at me.

After that all I could remember is laying down on the couch crying hysterically into the throw pillow and drifting into sleep.

When I woke up, I was in someone's arms, safe arms, Kiefer's arms. He was carrying me up the stairs into my room.

When he got to my room, he pushed the door open with his foot and softly laid me down on my bed.

"Kiefer." I whispered still half asleep.

"Yeah?" He asked still whispering.

"Do you remember when you were 7 and there was the girl that liked you?" I asked as my eyes were half open.

"Yeah" He said with a chuckle.

"And then you bit her 'cause you were jealous." He continued starting to smile.

"And she told on me and I was put in time out. So you bit her so I didn't have to be alone." I said as my eyes were closed.

"Yeah, I remember." Kiefer said with a smile.

"Thanks for that." I said with a yawn.

"Anytime, Sam." He said as he raised the blanket to cover me.

"Kiefer?" I asked.

"Yes, Sam?" He said with his hands on the knob.

"You're my bestfriend. I don't wanna lose you, I love you so much Kie." I said as I was drifting off to sleep.

"You're stuck with me for life kid." Kiefer said and then he left my room.

The next day I woke up wondering if my conversation with Kiefer was a dream.

It was silent in the car on the way to school.

"I don't know if I told you this but I'm sorry for lying and going behind your back, I was just scared. I'm going to stop being friends with him because that's not the type of person I am and you know that. But you're my best friend Kiefer, I love you so much and I don't want to lose you." I said as the tear fell down my cheeks.

As we parked in the parking lot for school, Kiefer turned to me and wiped the tear that was falling down my cheek.

"You're stuck with me for life kid." He said with a smile.

"Just please don't hang out with him, talk to him at school or at the house. I just rather you not be alone with him." He continued with a worried face.

"I'll honestly try, and if I do go out with him you'll be the first one to know." I said.

I don't think Kiefer liked that but he wasn't going to argue with me.

The next few days Blake went missing. As much as I hated it, I got used to it.

It was Wednesday night when I was sitting up drawing in my bed. I heard a tap on my window. I assumed it was the wind and paid no mind. But then I heard it again, and again.

So I slowly crept into my window and saw Blake standing below, and I opened it staring at him in shock. What did he think he was doing?

"But soft! What light through yonder window breaks? It is the east and Juliet is the sun." Blake said in a loud whisper.

I couldn't help but laugh. Blake is outside my window on one knee quoting Romeo and Juliet.

I put on my pants and threw on a hoodie, ignoring the fact I was wearing short shorts, I slowly climbed down the tree.

"Come on, Juliet." Blake said dragging me to the front of the house.

I walked over to his bike but he was walking somewhere else. I followed him down the block to a black 2011 Mustang, it was beautiful.

"Whose car?" I asked as we drove to the mountains.

"My brother"

"Ah, so what's the occasion?" I said referring to the bottle of vodka in the back seat that was already half empty.

"No occasion. Can't a friend take his friend on a midnight outing anymore?" He said and I laugh because I could tell he was a little tipsy, that's why I hesitated getting in the car but he assured me that he was fine.

When we got to the mountains, we parked the car and walked to the clearing. Blake had the vodka bottle in one hand and a plastic bag in the other.

When we got there, Blake took out a blanket and laid it on the ground. Then he took out a flashlight and turn it on and stood it up on the blanket. The moonlight made it pretty bright but I'm thankful he brought a flashlight because something about sitting in the middle of the mountains in the dark didn't sit well with me.

I grabbed the bottle of vodka and took one big slug of it. I could feel the burning sensation going down my throat. But I took another slug and ignore the burning.

"Not yet, young one." Blake said grabbing the bottle from me before I took another sip.

We both lay back on the blanket sude by side staring up at the night sky.

"Let's play 20 questions. If you pass a question, you have to drink." Blake said, still looking at the sky.

"You first." I said.

"Okay. Why did you moved here?" He must really want to know that because it's the second time he asked me. But again I wasn't ready to talk.

"Pass." I said and held my hand out for the bottle.

I took a drink from the bottle trying not to think about the painful burning sensation.

"Where do you go when you leave for all those days?" I asked.

"Pass" and took a drink from the bottle.

"What do you think of me?" I asked as I stared up at the sky, I would never asked that but the vodka was starting to kick it.

"I think you're smart, funny, beautiful, sexy, and so much more. I've never met anyone like you. I know you scared the whole out of me." He said.

"Why?" I asked as I turned to my side.

Blake turned to his side so that he was facing me, leaning his head on his arm

"I'm going to need another sip for that question." He said as he took another sip from the bottle.

"Why?" I asked again.

"Because... You make me want to be different. You make me want to care and love. But I just can't, that's who I am." He said as he was playing with a string from the blanket and not looking in my eye.

"You make me want to care toom" I said in a whisper. Which got his attention, and his eyes were locked on mine.

"Why are you afraid to care?" I asked as he took another sip from the bottle.

I grabbed the bottle and drank the last sip that was left.

"I just can't. What I do hurts the people I love. So to avoid that, I don't love."

"Are you going to hurt me?" I asked.

"I don't want too." He said.

I looked into his beautiful eyes and I could see a bunch of emotions inside.

I couldn't take it anymore so I moved closer to him and cupped his cheeks with my hand. I gently pressed my lips against his and his lips parted allowing me to enter.

The kiss was different to the other it was slow and gentle. It was filled with passion, desire, and something else that was never there befor but I couldn't figure out what it was.

Soon I was straddling Blake. I couldn't help myself. I grinded my body against his. I slowly lifted off his shirt and he lifted off mine.

His eyes searching my body. He ran his hands over the sides and onto my breast. He rolled us over so that he was on me kissinf my neck more urgently.

Somehow we both got our pants off and were naked. Blake had the condom on in seconds. I've never needed Blake more that I did now.

He kissed in between my breast, gently rubbing them.

I slightly dug my fingernails in his back which made him let out a soft moan.

The next day I woke up, in the middle od the forest in Blake's arms, with a killer headache. It was just getting light out even though the sun wasn't out yet. I looked over to my phone and it was only 5 am, I had to be home by 6.

"Blake.." I said gently pushing him awake. Before opening his eyes he just held me tighter and pulled me closer.

"5 more minutes." He said.

"Wake up, I got to go home. We fell asleep in the forest!" I said which woke him up.

When he opened his eyes, he realized that his arms were around my waist. He quickly let go, and he looked shocked, like he seen a ghost.

"Are you okay?" I asked

"Fine, let's go."

After we got dressed it was a silent ride home. He didn't say anything to me as I got out of the car.

I climbed up the tree and back into my room silently.

I still had 45 minutes to sleep. So I rested my head on the pillow and drifted into a light sleep.

Blake's POV

When I woke up and realized I was cuddling with her it's like my whole world fell apart, because I didn't want to let go.

One of my rules is to never actually sleep with a girl with the bed or in the case on the ground, and I just broke it.

I didn't even want to look at her, I'm afraid it might spark up an emotion which I couldn't have.

I started to remember bits and pieces of conversation we had last night. It was pretty hard because of my throbbing headache I had. I remembered telling her that she scared me, Oh my god. I hope to god she doesn't remember anything.

Everything I said to her was true. I'm starting to think I actually have feelings for this girl, which I thought was impossible because it's me. I don't have feelings. I can't have feelings, it's not allowed.

When I got inside the house there was beer bottle everywhere, Alex must have been having some hell of a time last night. All I know is that Alexa is going to kill him.

I lived here with my older sister and brother, Alexa is the oldest, and Alex.

We moved here a year ago.

Our parents were killed by gang members a while ago, for no reason. Me and my brother Alex wanted revenge.

When we told Alexa our plan on getting revenge on the bastards that killed our parents, she was totally against it. We knew she was going to be, she was too smart for that.

We wanted to join the rival gang of the people that killed our parents. As much as Alexa didn't approved he didn't want us to do this alone.

We learned every types of self defense, karate, taekwondo, boxing, wrestling, and special weapon training just to be on the safe side.

When we got into the gang we didn't realized how bad it was going to be, so after we got our revenge we wanted out. Little did we know that there was no way out.

So here we are now on the run, from one of the deadliest gangs there is.

We did our best to track the gangs movements. When they get close to us we move. If members find us we kill them.

I couldn't drag Samantha into that life style. I wasn't going to do that to her. If I only cared about her it would only be a weakness that the gang would use against me and that's something I can't have.

Chapter 9

Blake's POV

Today was the day I was going to end things with Samantha. Whatever there was to end, our friendships and the benefits that went along. It's not like I was in love with her, it wasn't like that at all. I cared about her, she is my friend, and I couldn't have that.

There was this one time, where I actually thought I kind of liked her, but it was just lust.. Right?

Whatever it was it doesn't matter because it's over.

It wasn't going to be easy. I really had to hurt her, so she would stay away from me.

I honestly don't know how I am going to do this. I don't want to hurt the only person that cared for me, the only person who I considered my friend. But I have to, if not the consequence could be worst than just broken heart.

I knew she didn't love me, but again we are friends and she cared so I am going to use that to take advantage.

She didn't trust, she didn't love, and she didn't care, but that change when she met me, I could tell. I know she didn't believe in love, I don't know who broke her heart so bad to do that to her.

You don't think she didn't have a heart. But I knew she have a little piece left, that I am now going to break.

Samantha's POV

I walked into the school with a smile on my face. Ever since I got home this morning I couldn't help myself from smiling. Spending the night with Blake made me happy.

Which wasn't a good thing.

What does that mean? Spending the night with some guy made me actually happy. It wasn't just to have some fun that time, it was more than that.

But that means I actually have some sort of feelings for him.

I wanted to talk to him about this, but I don't know if I could.

In our first class, he didn't even look at me.

I would glance his way trying to get his attention, but nothing.

When I went to meet him at lunch, as I was walking to the bleachers I saw him talking to some blonde girl. I immediately felt jealous pour over me, what was he doing?

I pushed back the feeling, because I don't get jealous. It's not like we're together. It doesn't matter.

"Am I interrupting something?" I asked with a smile, trying to act like I wasn't bothered.

"Yes." Blake said looking up at me and then continuing his conversation with the girl.

"Uhm, I think I should go. My friends are probably waiting." The girl said and then made her way down to the bleachers.

"Ooookay." I said as I sat down, Blake had an annoyed look on his face.

"Listen, we need to talk." Blake said.

"Yeah, I know. I was meaning to talk to you about something."

"Let me go first."

"Okay, you go."

"Samantha, I've had a lot of fun, this past weekends, with all the hanging out and hooking up. But I think we should end things out before they get messy." He said as he slid the ray bans from his head down his eyes.

Okay, so I didn't definitely expect that. But it's fine, I knew this wasn't going to last forever. I think it would be good to be just friend.

"Oh, okay. I don't have a problem with being friends." I replied.

"I don't think you get it though. We aren't friends." He said.

"Oh, were not friends?" I said puzzled and a bit annoyed.

"Babe, I don't have friends." He said.

"What does that mean?" I said now fully annoyed.

"Everything we did was just for the benefits. The hanging out, the sunset, the dinner, the rides home, didn't really mean anything. It was just something to do." He said with a smirk.

My jaw dropped. I stared at him in disbelief. What was happening?

"You told me you cared the other night." I said now angry.

"I say a lot of things, doesn't mean that I actually mean them all."

"Listen sweetheart, you told me you didn't fall in love. I took it as a challenge. I know for a second you thought you're special, but sorry to break it to you no one's special. Everything and everyone for me is just a game." He said as he leaned back against the bleachers.

I couldn't believe this was happening. I could swear that we were at least friends. I thought he kind of cared. I wanted to tell him that I did too. But here he is admitting that he only wanted to hurt me.

I couldn't speak. I couldn't even process what was going on.

"Shocked, babe? Really. I don't know why, but I thought you would see this coming. You told me you didn't fall in love, didn't care. But here you are staring at me in disbelief, but baby believe it I just broke the girl who was supposed to be unbreakable." He said with a chuckle.

The little piece that was left on my heart just slowly turned into ash at this moment.

I bit my bottom lip, and with all my might held back the tears that I wanted to fall. I just nodded my head, and turned to walk down the steps of the bleachers. With my back to him I slowly let each tear fall out of my eye and down my cheeks.

Blake's POV

I knew I took it too far. But I had to. She needed to hate me so she would stay away. It broke my heart, seeing her face filled with shock and pain.

I wanted to comfort her; I wanted to tell her I do care. That I didn't mean to hurt her. I wanted to tell her everything that happened in my life, but I couldn't.

In that moment I just realized that I didn't just care about her as a friend, I actually like her.

Stupid mistakes of the past stop me from having something that I never thought I would want.. A girlfriend.

3rd person POV

"Sir, I've got something for that I think you'd be interested in." Said the young man.

"What?!" Screamed Connor, the leader of the warrior gang.

"Information on the youngest Frost brother." Said the young man, as he handed the folder to Connor.

"Oh, how delightful. Blake's got himself a girl. Stupid boy, he should have known better." Conner said as he looked at the pictures.

There were pictures of her and Blake on his bike, them sitting together at lunch, and them together in the forest.

"She's so beautiful; it's a shame that we are going to have to involve her in this. The only question is how?" Said Connor.

Blake's POV

I knew I should have probably stayed in school, but I couldn't help myself. I didn't want to sit there in class and watch Samantha in pain. Pain that I caused.

"Blake we have a problem." Alexa said as soon as I walked in the door, Alex was sitting on the couch. They both have serious look on their face.

"What?" I said.

"Whose this?" Alexa said, holding up a picture to my face.

A picture of me and Samantha on the bleachers.

"Why?" I said my voice filled with anger, as I grabbed the picture out of her hand.

"It was sent to me, by one of the spies in the gang. They have her picture, and by now probably her life story. So do you want to explain to me who she is?" Alex said trying to make her voice calm, but I can hear the anger coming through.

I looked over to Alex who is sitting in the couch. His fist were clenched and he was breathing heavily. Looking straight ahead, not even blinking. I could tell he was furious. I had anger issues but Alex was much worse.

"Who is she?!" Alexa said again harder.

"Samantha Dela Vega. She lives next door. We hung out a few times, never out in the open though. I started to realize we were getting too close, so I told her to get lost today. But I guess it's too late now." I said, whispering the last part with my head down.

All of a sudden I could feel a grip on my shirt and was quickly thrown up against the wall. Alex had his forearm against my neck. I could barely breathe, I couldn't move because he was pinning me against the wall with all his weight.

"You risked our lives for one of your dirty whores!" Alex growled out.

I wanted to kill him right there and then. He can't talk about Samantha like that. As he continued yelling he let one of my legs free. I kneed him in the stomach with all my strength and pushed him to the ground.

"DON'T YOU DARE TALK ABOUT HER LIKE THAT!" I screamed.

"Stop! Both of you. You guys are being ridiculous." Alexa said pulling me off Alex.

Even though Alexa is the smartest, most reasonable out of all of us, she was the biggest and could kick our asses without breaking a sweat.

"Listen Blake, you brought her into this mess so now it's your responsibility to fix it. It doesn't matter if you don't see her anymore, Connor has her picture and her information. He's going to want to use her."

"So what am I going to do?" I asked, running my hand through my hair.

"I don't know man. Tell her? The less she knows in her situation the more dangerous it's going to be." Alexa said.

Great! Now I had to go to tell the first girl I liked that because she hung out with me she has one of the most dangerous gang leader looking for her, and it's my job to protect her. I have to tell her this 3 hours after I told her that I used her, and don't care about her at all.

Well doesn't seem like much can go wrong there.

Chapter 10

Samantha's POV

After I left Blake I rushed to the bathroom. I could feel the tears falling down my cheek; Thank god no one was in there.

I didn't understand why I was crying. It's not like I was madly in love with him, I just thought we were actually friends, clearly I was wrong.

He was so harsh. As I went through everything he said, more tears poured out of my eyes.

Of course the one person I decided to get a little close to, let my wall down for, does this.

I knew the bell was about to ring, I couldn't face seeing Blake in my last class. But I had no choice, at least today Kiefer don't have practice so I wouldn't have to wait for him.

I zoned out for the rest of my classes, even art which was my favorite. Before I got to my last class, I let out a deep breath. Motivating my self in my head, 'everything's okay, you don't need him. He means nothing..' I said to myself.

When I got inside, I glanced over to the back of the class, but he wasn't there. He's probably late or maybe someone out there likes me and decided to make him skip. I doubt he skipped. He made it clear that I meant nothing, so if I wasn't a big deal he could face me.

After the bell rang my eyes focused on the door, waiting for him to enter.

When the final bell rang, I was awoken from my trance to realized he skipped class.

I quickly ran to my locker, got my books and headed to the door as fast as I could. I didn't want to see Aya; she gave me questioning looks after lunch during our classes. I knew she wants to know what was going on, but I wasn't in the mood to relive what happened earlier today.

When I got to Kiefer's car, I looked at the mirror to realized I looked like hell. My eyes were red and puffy; anyone could tell I was crying.

When I saw Kiefer coming towards the car, I began to panic. He would know I was crying and as much as I want to tell him what happened I couldn't. If he knew he would kill Blake and as much as I hated him I didn't want him to know I cared enough to tell Kiefer.

When Kiefer got to the car, I quickly made my way to the passenger side.

The whole ride home I kept my head turned towards the window. Kiefer would try to make conversation but I wasn't interested.

When the car came to a stop, I looked outside to find that we weren't home.

I looked over to Kiefer with a questioning look.

"What happened?" He asked with questioning look.

"Nothing." I said as I looked down towards my lap, trying to hide my face.

"You're lying." He said with more anger. I could see his hand clenching around the steering wheel tightly.

I didn't respond.

"Is it Frost?" He said, as his fist were turning white from holding the wheel so tight.

Again I didn't respond.

"Gosh, Sam." He said as he banged his fist against the steering wheel.

After a moment of silence, I could tell Kiefer is trying to calm himself down.

"Sam, please tell me what happened." He said calmly, but I could still hear a hint of anger in his voice.

"I don't want you to overreact, it's really nothing." I said.

"I'm not going to overreact." He said.

"Seriously? I'm didn't say anything to you but you still beat up your steering wheel for no reason."

"Okay, maybe I over reacted. But I'm not going to anymore."

"Promise to not over react, get angry, or attack or harass the person I mention."

I could see Kiefer thinking this over. I knew he wanted to do all of the above even before telling him.

"I promise. But I wanted to know everything Sam." He said, seriously.

Okay he wanted to know everything so that's what he's going to get.

I could tell he got angry at certain parts by how hard his hand gripped the steering wheel. When I told him about the whole friends with benefits thing, I thought he was going to break the steering wheel.

"So I thought we were friends, but when I saw him today, he told me he only used me. He only hung out with me for the benefits." I said as I finished telling him everything.

Kiefer didn't tell me anything. I could see the anger in his movements as he got up out of the car, slamming the door behind him.

I got confused. I had no idea what he was doing. I saw pacing beside the car, letting out deep breaths, running his hands through his hair. Then all of a sudden, I heard a pound against the car door that rocked the car slightly, I just realized that Kiefer punched his car.

"Are you stupid?!" I screamed at him, as he got back into the car, and began to drive

"What is wrong with you? You just punched your baby." I continued.

"I either do that or kill Frost." He said in a growl, as his eyes were kept on the road.

"Ooookayyy. Well look at your hand, you couldn't waited till we got home and punch a pillow or something?" I said as I grabbed his swollen hand that was bloody from his knuckles.

When we finally got home, I could see Kiefer glaring at the house next door.

"You know, it's not going to blow up if you keep staring at it." I said pulling him through the gate.

"I could try." He said.

"Where's Kiesha?" I asked as we entered.

"I think she has a double shift." Kiefer said as he pulled me towards the couch to sit.

"Listen, I really didn't get to respond before when you told me all that stuff." Kiefer said with my hands in his.

"Yeah, I was kind of hoping that you would forget." I said.

"Well I didn't. I think it was incredibly stupid." He said with a shudder.

"With Frost. Stupid, stupid, stupid. Like really stupid." He continued.

"I get it." I said.

"Okay, just making sure. I honestly want to go and stab him, but I did not. He's an ass and took advantage of you."

"No. He didn't take advantage of me, I'm nota naive little girl, I was there too. I don't care that he wanted to stop the whole benefit thing I'm not in love with that guy. But I thought we were friends, and that's why I'm hurt I guess."

"What did I tell you-" Kiefer began to say.

"A guy like him doesn't have friends. I know, he said that too. I'm stupid for not listening to you."

"You're not stupid, he is. You're amazing and beautiful and really it's his lost." Kiefer said cupping my cheek,

"Thanks." I said as I put my hand over his that was on my face.

"How about me and you watch a movie and bond like old times?" Kiefer asked.

"Sounds like a plan, but first let's clean your hand." I said.

Blake's POV

After talking to Alexa I went upstairs pacing back and forth in my room.

How was I supposed to do this? What do I even say? I don't even think I'm going to be able to get her to talk to me again.

I glance at the window, I could see her cousin's car parked outside.

I laid down on my bed looking up at the ceiling, thinking about everything, when I heard a knock on my door.

"Come in." I said.

"Hey little bro." Alex said as he walked inside, shutting the door behind him.

I just looked over to him and nodded.

"Listen I'm sorry about before, I shouldn't of acted like that." He said and sat down at tge edge of my bed.

"It's alright man, I deserve it." I said, eyes still locked on the ceiling.

"No, you didn't. You're just a kid, you don't deserve to live like this. Worrying about being close with a girl."

"It was my choice to live like this, Alex." I said.

"Yeah I know, but we should have stopped you or something."

"Listen, it's not your fault." I said, finally looking at him.

"I guess. I just wanted to tell you good luck with talking to your girl."

"I don't even know what to do man. I told her off at school, saying the most horrible things I could think of so she would stay away. Now I have to go and try tell her 'by the way the leader of a gang is going to try and kidnap you to get to me, my bad." I said as I rubbed my hands over my face.

"Don't worry man, you'll get through it."

"You think so?" I asked.

"I hope so." He said.

After Alex left, I decided that it was time. It's not like I could wait any longer.

So I walk down the steps of my house just thinking all the way this could go wrong.

When I finally stood outside her door, I let out a deep breath. You could do this, you have to do this.

I rang the bell and after a few moments, it opened.

There was Kiefer.

As soon as he realized who it was, his face was clouded with anger. He stepped outside and closed the door behind him.

As I was about to put up my hands in surrender, I could feel his fist connect with my jaw.

Beacuse I was caught off guard I stumbled back a bit.

I could feel the pain surging through my jaw, where he punched me.

He expected me to fight back, with the stance that I looked up to see him in, and as much as I wanted to I knew I couldn't.

"Listen, I probably deserved that but I could explain. I really need to talk to Samantha." I said as I held my hand to my jaw.

"Yeah, you did deserve that and much more, but I left you off easy. You better stay away from Samantha, Frost or I swear I'll kill you. BuShe's been through so much and she doesn't need you to add to that. She could do so much better than some little bad boy who just wants to get in her pants." Kiefer said, getting closer to me. I could feel my anger loosing control.

"I already got in her pants." I said looking straight into his eyes. I could see that really got to him. I knew he was about to tackle me, and this time I am ready.

But the sound of the door opening turned both our attention to her.

"Kiefer who is it?" Samantha said as she opened the door.

"No one, get back inside." He said trying to push her through the door.

But before he could, she looked over to me.

"What are you doing here?" She asked, looking at me with dark empty eyes.

"I really need to talk to you." I said.

"I don't care." She said, and walked inside grabbing Kiefer along with her, but he managed to glare at me before slamming the door.

Well that could have gone better.

Chapter 11

Samantha's POV

I sat on the couch with Kiefer, leaning against him with his arm around me. We decided to watch takers before we were interrupted by Blake. As much as I would have love to watch Chris Brown, I couldn't stop thinking about Blake.

After everything he said, why would he come to my house and try to talk to me. He said it was important and it must be for him to come to my house after making it clear that he never wanted to see me again. As important as I thought it was I don't care, after everything he said to me I didn't want to ever have to talk to him again.

"Are you seriously thinking about that douche?" Kiefer asked, breaking me from my train of thoughts.

"No," I lied.

"Liar."

"Okay, I'm lying. I'm just curious about what he wanted." I said.

"Don't be." He said.

"Well since you say so," I said, sarcastically.

"Listen, he doesn't even deserved to be thought about."

"Oh my god, he's going to definitely attack me in school."

"No, he won't cause I'll be with you the whole day."

"No, you won't you're a senior, you kind of take different classes than me." I said pointing out the obvious.

"I know, but I'm the captain of the football team, I have eyes everywhere." Kiefer said.

Kiefer was right, he did have eyes everywhere because in my first class, normally where Blake sat there was a blonde haired boy with big muscle.

"You're in my seat." Blake growled when he walked in late.

Before the boy could respond, the teacher did.

"Mr. Frost you're disturbing my class, take another seat." The teacher said.

I thought it was just a coincidence but the same boy followed me to my next class, and sat by me.

Walking to my next class, I'm starting to get worried when I felt someone following behind me.

"Are you stalking me?" I said as I stopped walking and turned towards the blonde kid who was behind me.

"No, but if someone is stalking you, I don't think that would be the best way to confront them." He said with a laugh.

"So, what are you doing then?" I asked, walking with him to our next class.

"Looking out for you." He replied.

"Ah, so you're a friend of Kiefer?"

"Yup, you can call me Adam." He said.

"Samantha."

"I know. We have all our classes together." He said.

"Oh, you look a little older to be a junior." I said.

"I got left back."

"Oh well, thanks I guess." I said as we entered our next class.

"You should have told me that you were sending some huge guy to follow me around all day." I said to Kiefer, as I reached the lunch table.

"I didn't think you would mind."

"I don't. I just would like to know that he isn't some crazy stalker next time." I said trying to be annoyed, but I was actually thankful.

When I walked to my last class of the day I could see Blake sitting in his seat. Crap! He got here early.

I turned towards Ryan but he already was ahead of me whispering to some skinny boy with glasses, the kid immediately got up and Adam sat down.

"Samantha, sit in front of me." He said.

"Okay." I said as I walked to the seat. I glanced over to Blake, and he was fuming. I guess he got the point that I didn't want to talk to him.

When the last bell rang, Adam followed me to my locker.

"It's okay Adam, I think I'll be okay now." I said.

"Are you sure? 'Cause I could stay." He said.

"Yes go, I'll be fine. Thanks."

"No problem. If anyone bothers you, let me know and I'll kill them." He said.

"Don't worry, I will." I said with a smile.

Adam was a cool guy. We talked throughout the day and he wasn't as scary as he seemed, he was actually a sweetheart.

Aya looked at me with questioning eyes.

"Okay, so first you're with Blake, and then you go all crazy yesterday, and now you're being followed by some hunk. Wanna tell me what's going on?" She asked.

I sighed, I'm really not in the mood to talk about this, but I was going to have to tell her sooner or later.

"Well basically, Blake told me yesterday that I meant nothing to him that he was only my friend so he could sleep with me. Oh, and he doesn't wanna talk to me ever again." I said it nonchalantly even though it pained me to think about it.

I looked over to Aya to see that her eyebrows were raised and her mouth was opened.

"That bastard!" She said.

"Yeah, well I'm over it. But yesterday he came to my house wanting to tell me something important but I didn't listen and now Kiefer's sending all his friends to watch me and keep Blake away."

"Wow. Blake is so stupid, on so many levels."

The hall was clearing; I knew I had to wait for Kiefer while he practiced so I took my time.

"Samantha." A voice said from behind me. The voice that I was trying to go my entire day without hearing.

"Please, just leave me alone." I said closing my locker, to face Blake.

"I really need to talk to you about something Samantha, It's really important. I know I was a jerk to you yesterday and I'm sorry but I can explain everything." Blake said to me, looking at me with his beautiful eyes.

I actually thought about hearing him out for a second, but everytime I want to tell him, I kept thinking about everything he said to me the other day.

"No. You don't get to hurt me like that and then get a chance to talk to me. You messed everything up. So just leave me alone." I said then turn to walk away, but his hand grasped my arm keeping me from leaving.

"Listen please Samantha, I can explain every-" He began to say but I interrupted him.

"No Blake you listen, you think you're so amazing that every girl will fall for you and do what you say, but not me. I don't care what you have to say. You're just some bad boy player who I thought was my friend, stupid me. But I'm not going to stand here and listen to what you have to say because I'm done." I said as I used all my strength in my body to pull away from his grasp and leave.

Blake's POV

I walked into school today intending to speak with Samantha, but she made sure that I wasn't able to. Everywhere she went she had Kiefer or some tall blonde kid who was clearly taking steroids following her around.

I wanted to punch that blonde kid right in the face, but I knew that if I did that it would lessen the chances of speaking to Samantha.

When I finally caught up to her in the hallway she told me off.

"No Blake you listen, you think you're so amazing that every girl will fall for you and do what you say, but not me. I don't care what you have to say. You're just some bad boy player who I thought was my friend, stupid me. But I'm not going to stand here and listen to what you have to say because I'm done." She said, and then pulled away from me and then left.

When she said that I was shocked so my grip loosened. Even though everything she said was true, it still hurts.

As soon as she walked away, I punched the locker out of frustration, leaving a big dent.

I knew I had to try to talked to Kiefer if she wasn't going to listen to me.

Kiefer's POV

I was so mad today. Thinking about how much that asshole hurt Samantha. She meant so much to me and to see her cry like that makes me want to kill that bastard.

Samantha's amazing in so many ways, shd doesn't deserved to be treated like this. She deserves so much better.

I knew Blake was going to try and talk to Samantha in school, but Adam made sure he stayed away from her.

I let out so much anger during practice, and it felt good.

But it all returned as soon as I walked out of the locker room and saw Blake leaning against the wall with his arm crossed.

"Listen, I just want to talk." He said with his hand out in surrender.

"I don't care." I said as I began to walk away.

"Samantha's in danger." He said from behind me, which made me stop and go still.

"This is what I wanted to talk to you about." Blake said, my back still turned to him.

I took deep breaths and walked towards him.

"Speak." I said, trying to control my anger.

"Long story short, me and my brother and sister were on the run from a gang. The leader of a gang had us followed and now has pictures of me and Samantha. If he thinks Samantha's important to me he's going to want to use her to his advantage." Blake said.

I knew there was a lot of gang activity near where we lived but to actually hear it, was weird. But as soon as he said that they want Samantha something went off in me.

My heart began to beats fast against my chest. Why does this has to happen to her? She's been through so much already.

"So this is your fault?" I asked, angrily.

"I tried to end things with her so this wouldn't happen, I'm sorry." Blake said, I could see the regret and guilt in his eyes.

"You're sorry means nothing." I growled.

"Me and my sibling could protect Samantha but she needs to let us." Blake said, which immediately tripled my rage.

"YOU AND YOUR SIBLINGS STAY AWAY FROM SAMANTHA! SHE'S GONE THROUGH SO MUCH AND SHE DOESN'T NEED THIS CRAP. I'LL PROTECT HER." I screamed inches from his face, then stormed off.

I had no idea what I was going to do, but one thing I did know was that I didn't want Samantha to know any of this.

Chapter 12

Samantha's POV

I got up early to go for a run; I just need a chance to think.

This whole week was horrible. Blake didn't bother me anymore, but I would always find him lurking around me. Kiefer is acting weird too, never really leaving me alone. For some strange reason I always felt like I was being followed.

I didn't know what was going on anymore.

I needed to get away, so go for a run was the only way I knew how.

I had my iPod, and blasted the music throw my earphones drowning out everything around me.

I ran and ran; I didn't even know where I was going.

It was when I pulled into someone's strong grasp that broke me from my trance.

I looked up to see a guy in his 30's grabbing me by my arm. He had a strong muscular body, a shaved head, and all tattoos in his arm.

He grabbed the earphones out of my ear, and threw my iPod on the ground.

I tried to struggle against him, but his arms were wrapped too tightly around me. I couldn't even scream because his hand covered my mouth. I looked around to see we were by some park, but the park and streets were empty.

"You made this too easy girly." He said with a low raspy voice, as he dragged me towards a black van.

I felt the tears rolling down my cheeks; I didn't know what I was going to do.

I licked his hands with my tongue and he immediately let go in disgust, his arm was still around me but loosened for a moment and I took advantage of it.

I ran as fast as I could, away from him.

I heard him curse, but I didn't look back to see him.

I ran and ran, but I could hear his fast steps behind me, and all of a sudden I was pulled back into his grasp.

I tried to squirm away but I felt a thin sharp blade held tightly against my neck.

"You really shouldn't have done that."

He said pulling me back

I could feel the cool blade pressed against my neck. He wasn't cutting me yet, but I knew just a little pressure and my neck would be bleeding.

"Let her go." A familiar voice said behind me.

The voice scared the man that held me, and he by accidently put more pressure onto the knife. I could feel the stinging pain on my neck but I wasn't focused on that.

Because when the man turned us around to face the person, I saw Blake there with 2 other person behind him.

A feeling of relief swept over me, but immediately was replaced by fear for him.

I could tell that the other 2 persons behind him were related to him, because they looked alike.

"I knew I'd find you all, I just didn't think it would be this soon. The boss wants her and I'm going to give her to him." The man said.

"It would be in your best interest to let her go." Said the boy with Blake.

"Or what?" The guy said with a smirk.

All of a sudden I was being pushed back, against a car.

"Stay here!" Blake demanded, with the look on his eyes that tell me not to challenge him.

I could see all of them gaining up the man that cut me; two more men came out of nowhere to help the man. Blake and the other two weren't aware of the 2 men's presence.

"Blake behind you!" I said, using all the strength I had in my voice.

Blake's attention turned behind him.

This was too much to take in. I don't understand what was happening. The next thing I remember is blacking out.

When I woke up I was in bed, but not my own bed. I looked around the baby blue room not recognizing anything until I looked over the window to see my house.

I was in Blake's room, why?

Then I slowly started to remember what happened, my fingers automatically went to my neck to feel a bandage over it.

I could hear shouting coming from downstairs.

I looked down the stairs to find Blake and Kiefer screaming at each other. One of Blake's sibling was trying to calm him down, while the other just glared at Kiefer.

No one noticed me standing there on the bottom step, until I screamed.

"Stop!" I screamed, but it came out scratchy and unsteady.

All eyes were locked on me.

"I want someone to tell me what is going on, and I want the truth." I said strongly, as I walked into the living room and stood in front of the boys and a girl.

After a moment of Blake and Kiefer sending glares at each other, Blake decided to talk.

"Me and my siblings joined a gang a few years ago, so we could get revenge on my parents killer, after we got revenge we wanted out. It was a sick gang, we couldn't deal with the things they did. The only way to get out is death, but we figured out a way to run away. The gang leader has been after us ever since. We always moved around, and last year we came here. We really thought that this time he couldn't find us, but he did. I knew we were getting too close so that's why I ended it that day. Someone must have been following us around because when I got home that day we were informed that they had pictures of me and you together. I knew they were going to want to use you to get to me, that's what I wanted to tell you. I told Kiefer trying to get him to make you talk to me so I could protect you but he said he would take the matters into his own hands and now were here." Blake said with no emotion.

I stood there listening to what he was saying. I couldn't believe this, they lied to me. My bestfriend lied to me.

"You both lied to me." I said with no emotion looking between Blake and Kiefer.

They both didn't say anything.

"I thought we didn't lie to each other Kiefer?" I said looking at him.

I shooked my head, I don't even know where to go to get away from them.

"I know this must be very difficult for you to deal with and I'm sorry for that, Blake didn't mean to drag you in our problems." Said a guy that looked like Blake.

"I'm Alex by the way and this is Alexa, were Blake's siblings." He said.

I didn't know how to respond at the moment.

"Hi." I said.

"Listen, I think that's enough for you to take in for one day. We will talk more about this tomorrow." He said.

I gave him a smile, appreciating the fact that I didn't have to deal this right now.

Without even looking at Kiefer and Blake I walked out the door.

I could hear Kiefer and Blake calling me from behind. Which got me to run towards them angrily.

"I need you both to just leave me alone. If I can't get peace in my own house, I'll go out somewhere. At the moment I don't care how dangerous it is." I said strong, which stopped Blake and Kiefer in their tracks.

I walked up to my room, laid on my bed and cried myself to sleep wishing that my father was here.

Chapter 13

Samantha's POV

I woke up to see that it was 4:30 am. The day's events starting rushing back into my head. I couldn't believe that it was actually happening. That some gang leader is trying to steal me, like this is supposed to happen only in movies.

Usually in the movies, the good guys are supposed to win. The guy saves the girl and they fall in love. But this wasn't the movies, and to be honest I didn't really know who the good guys were.

You would think that the good guys were Blake and his siblings because they offer to help. But how good could they be if they're being chased by a gang leader. And as for the whole falling inlove scene, that's not happening with me. One, I don't believe in love and two, the one time I remotely got close to someone, I have to worry about getting killed by gangsters. So you could say I'm done with guys.

I stared up at my ceilings for what seemed like forever. I couldn't fall back asleep, I just kept thinking about all these questions I had.

A beep from my cell phone is what pulled me from my thoughts. I reached over to my night stand picked out my phone to see I got a text message from a number I didn't recognize.

I opened the text message to see that it was from Blake.

'Can't sleep? -Blake'

How did he know I can't sleep and how did he know my number?

I looked over to the window, to see I left the curtains open. When I looked at the window to Blake's I could see him sitting at the edge of the bed, with a smile on his face.

I was annoyed. Here I am worried about my life and he is there smiling. I was still mad at him for all the lying as well.

I sat on my bed furthest away from the window and texted him back.

"Stop being a creep and looking through my window. How did you get my number?"

A minute later he replied

"Can't help, I like what I see :) and I got it from Kiefer's phone when he wasn't paying attention.

I didn't understand why he was flirting with me. I wasn't in the mood to play this game with him; I have too many things going on. And the fact that he thinks he could playfully flirt with me over text after everything that happened between me and him got me angry.

'Whatever, Bye.' I replied back.

I immediately got another text back from him.

'No, wait we need to talk.'

When I read it, I knew it was true. We really did need to talk about everything even though I'd rather talk to a random hobo than Blake.

'When?' I texted back.

'Now, wait me outside.'

Ugh, I didn't expect that he was going to want to talk to now. I hated him too much at the moment, but I could see him already leaving his room to go downstairs.

I put on a pair of converse and grabbed a sweater, and then I climbed out my window and down the tree.

When I almost got to the bottom, the part where there were no branches, I could see Blake coming to help me. But I didn't want his help so I jumped to 5 feet and tried my best to ignore the shooting pain throbbing through my ankle.

He looked at me with questioning look, but I just rolled my eyes and walked to the front of the house.

"Isn't it dangerous to be out here late?" I asked with an annoyed tone.

"Yeah, but you're with me so I'll keep you safe." He said with a smirk.

"Whatever." I muttered under my breath and followed him to his brother's car.

We drove in silence. I just looked out the window the whole time ignoring Blake. I didn't ask where we are going because I could tell that he was taking me to a diner that he brought me to before.

When we sat down in the booth, I ordered a hot chocolate and he ordered a coffee. After the waitress placed the drinks down in front of us I could feel Blake's eyes on me, I kept my eyes on my drink, my hands playing with the paper mat in front of me.

"So, you're not going to talk to me?" He asked.

"You wanted to talk, so talk." I said looking up from my drink to his beautiful eyes, which I knew was a mistake as soon as my heart beat quickened.

We stared at each other for a moment, before he let out a deep breath.

"Listen, I'm really sorry for everything. For dragging you into this, for putting you in danger, for saying those horrible things to you, for hurting you, for everything. You don't deserve this at all, and if I could take it all back and have never talked to you just to keep you safe, I would." He said, as he ran his hands through his hair.

I could see the pain in his eyes as he looked at me. I could also see that he meant everything he said.

"When I first met you, I thought you were like every girl I've ever been with, a one time thing. But when you told me you weren't I took it as a challenge. The first night I was with you I felt accomplished, and I thought I could forget you and leave you like all the other girls but I couldn't, I wanted more from you. I never expected to get actually close to you. But when I did, it felt so good that I kept ignoring the fact that it was dangerous. You have to understand that I've never had any friends my whole life, so when I met you I never knew how amazing it felt to have someone to talk to. When I finally realized that I was getting too close to you, I knew I had to say something to you to hurt you so you wouldn't try to talk to me again." He said.

I knew it was hard for him to tell me this. I could see it in his face as he struggled to explain it all to me. When he told me I was his first friend, I had mixed emotions. Happy that I was his first friend, and sad to know he never had any, but a little disappointed because I thought we were more.

We stood there in silence for a few moments. I need to think about everything he said.

"Please say something, the silence is killing me." He said looking nervous.

"I know you're sorry and I know you didn't mean this to happen." I said looking down, trying to think how to say the next few things that I wanted to say.

"I wouldn't take it back though.." I said in almost a whisper, but I could tell that he heard what I said as his eyes darted up to look at me questioningly.

"As much as I didn't want to admit it to you, or even to myself I care for you. We got close and you made me feel... comfortable. I know you said those things for a good reason, but they still hurt. I also could understand why you didn't tell me about any of this 'cause it's just insane, but that hurt too. I don't understand a lot of things, and I know you're keeping things from me, but I want that to end. I need you to tell me everything, 'cause

this isn't just about you anymore." I said looking into his eyes.

He looked at me for a few moments as if he was debating something in his head.

"I can't..." He told me as he bit his bottom lip.

"Why not?" I said in a whisper.

Without answering he shook his head.

"I have the right to know." I said.

"All you need to know is that I'll protect you." He said looking at me.

"I'm not dealing with you stupid secret and lies anymore." I said strongly.

I bit my lip holding back the tears I felt wanting to come out of my eyes. It hurts me to know that after everything, he doesn't trust me with this.

I didn't want to be there with him anymore, I wanted to leave.

So I slid out of the booth and walked away from him out the doors. I heard him call my name but I just ignored it.

Once I got outside, I took a deep breath. I leaned against the wall of the diner, just waiting for him to come out.

I swear if it wasn't a long walk home I would leave now. But I couldn't I am stuck here with him until he decided to take me home.

I heard the door opened, the bell on top of the door ring. I didn't have to look to see it was Blake.

He stood in front of me, his face was emotionless.

"Take me home." I said trying to hide every emotion that I was feeling at the moment.

"Not yet. We're not yet done talking." He said.

"Well, I am." I said trying to push pass him to get to the car.

But he just held my forearm and pushed me against the wall. I could see the anger burning through his eyes. His tight grip on my arms were starting to hurt, but I wasn't going to show him I am weak.

"Samantha, I care about you too much to let you know everything that is going on. It isn't your entire business okay? Me and my siblings deal with everything just fine, we don't need to drag you more to it when you already are." He said loudly.

"Don't care about me! Don't protect me! Don't do anything for me. You put my life in danger, all I want is to know what is going on with you and your siblings. If you can't do that for me, then just stay away from me." I said, struggling to pull away from his grip. I tried my best to hold the tears

that were threatening to pour out of my eyes but it was no use. I could feel the tears slowly dripping down my cheeks.

"Stop!" He said while now pinning my arms beside my head on the wall of the diner.

I didn't want to look into his eyes to see his expression as I cried. I didn't want him to see me crying, but I couldn't help it. Everything was just crashing down on me and I couldn't take it anymore. I kept my eyes on the ground, while feeling his gaze on me.

He gently put his fingers under my chin, and lifted my face so that I was looking at him.

I could see so many emotions on his eyes.

He took his hand from my chin and with his thumb he wiped the tears that was falling down my cheek.

I didn't noticed how close he was to me until now. I could feel his hot breath on my lips, making my knees go weak.

"I don't want to make you cry..." He said in almost a whisper.

His hand cupped my cheek and he was slowly closing the little space between our faces as his lips gently pressed against mine. At first the kiss was soft and gentle, but then it was urgent and passionate. I felt his lips moving with mine. I felt the electricity as his lips were against mine. His tongue moved against my lower lip, and I slowly parted my lips.

His hands traveled to grip my waist, bringing me closer to him. I took my hands and wrapped them against his neck.

Kissing him was one of the best feeling in the world. When my dad died a piece of me died with him, but kissing Blake made me feel whole again. It made me forget about everything was going on, it made me forget who he was. Nothing else in the world mattered except for him.

An alarm went off inside me once I thought that last thought. It was dangerous the way this boy made me feel. Nothing could happen between me and him; I couldn't even want anything to happen.

Using all the strength I had left I pulled away from him, leaving my lips cold and empty. I took advantage of his loosened grip and moved away from his arms.

I couldn't look into his eyes, I knew they would be filled with confusion, disappointment and hurt. Mirroring the emotions in my eyes.

"Samantha.." He began to say, with my back turned to him.

"We should go, before anyone notices I am gone." I said making my way to the car.

The whole ride home I stared out the window, occasionally feeling his eyes on me.

When he parked the car, I opened the door without giving him a chance to say anything else. I walked to my house, climbed up the tree and through the window without looking back at him.

I laid in my bed thinking about him and that kiss. I knew it was wrong in so many ways. We were friends, and I wasn't going to continue the whole benefit things because I wasn't going to let myself get closer to him when I already am. Blake and his siblings will protect me till this whole thing is over and then I'll go back to living my life before Blake was in the picture. He will do shat he wants with no problems and that would be the end of me and him; whatever me and him were.

That kiss was a mistake and as much as I wanted to do it again, I knew it would never happen.

Chapter 14

Blake's POV

I was laying down in my bed thinking about Samantha when I saw that she was awake. I saw her yawn, check the clock, and run her fingers through her hair, she looked beautiful. I knew we had to talk so I texted her. I couldn't help but flirt with her even though I know she wouldn't appreciate it.

The whole drive to the diner was silent. I knew she was mad; she has a lot of reason to be mad.

I kept repeating all the things I was going to say to her in my head. I wasn't good at expressing my feelings; I never really had to before. Just thinking about what she was going to say makes me nervous. Nervousness, another feeling that I haven't felt in a while.

The last time I remembered feeling anything else but anger was when my parents died. I felt thousands of emotion then, but eventually I learned to shut them off. Except anger of course it was what motivates me.

But there I was with Samantha about to tell her that I actually cared about her and that I was sorry for everything.

After I told her everything, she just looked at me and I continued. I told her if I could take back ever meeting her so that I didn't put that in danger I would. When she told me that she wouldn't take it back I was honestly surprised, and happy that she cared that much.

Between she told me the she wanted to know more, that happiness faded away. She wanted to know more about me and my siblings. She knew that we wanted revenge for our parents killers and she knew that's we joined a gang in order to do that, and that was the main thing to know. But she knew that I was hiding something, to be honest I was hiding a lot of things.

Things that I never want to have to tell her. Things that no one as amazing as her should have to know. Things that wouldn't be safe to know.

There were reasons for everything that happened to us. It could be a simple straightforward reasons, but this reasons were far from simple and straightforward.

When Samantha walked out of the diner, I chased after her.

I was angry now. Angry for everything that happened to me, angry that I had to keep things from Samantha, angry from putting someone thing danger, and angry for not be able to be with Samantha.

When I saw the tears that falling down her cheek, all the anger faded into sadness and hurt.

Knowing that I caused those tears because I hurt her, killed me inside.

Kissing Samantha had to be the most amazing feeling in the world. Never have I ever felt this way while kissing a girl, and I've kissed a lot of girls.

Kissing her made me feel like I actually have a chance to live a normal life. That there was more to me than some dangerous bad boy. In that moment I felt so many emotions, and one that I couldn't identify. One emotion that I wasn't used to.

But when Samantha pulled her lips from mine all those feelings crashed into a million pieces, and I was back to being the bad boy on the run for the rest of his life. I forgot the emotion that I couldn't name, because I was consumed by the feeling of emptiness.

Samantha walked away from me, and wouldn't even look at me in the eye. I couldn't understand why she was acting this way. We drove home in silence, every time I would look over to her and began to say something the words couldn't come out.

I had no idea what to say, my thoughts were jumbled in my head.

When I got back to my room all I could think about was kissing Samantha.

I actually like Samantha. But 'like', wasn't the word to describe my feelings for her.

I like my motorcycle, I like pizza, and I like music.

I love Samantha.

As soon as I thought that I shot up from my bed.

Did I just think that?

That's impossible.

I pushed away the thought and did my best to think of something else. But no matter how hard I tried my thought always come back to the word 'love' and 'Samantha'.

It doesn't matter if I 'love' Samantha, because it doesn't change anything. It's too dangerous, there's too many secrets, and it could never happen.

My brain kept thinking rationally trying to convince myself that this could never happen, but my heart didn't care.

I hope that Samantha felt the same way; my heart believe that we could be together someday.

I knew I had to talk to Samantha about this, even though I had no idea what I would even say. She was coming over tomorrow to talk to my siblings so I would do it then.

I was confused and unsure about a lot of things; but one thing I was sure of was that kiss was amazing, and it wasn't to be the last one.

Samantha's POV

I woke up this morning remembering the kiss between me and Blake.

I quickly pushed those thoughts away and went down to eat breakfast.

I sat at the table with Kiesha while I ate.

Today is the day I had to go talk to Blake's siblings. Kiefer made sure that he would be home today so he could come.

As annoying as Kiefer is, I am glad that he was coming. Knowing that I was alone in this made everything better.

My plan is to talk to Alexa and Alex, avoid Blake, and leave as soon as possible.

The door opened and reveal Blake. I am thankful that Kiefer is in front of me. Kiefer and Blake glared at each other as Kiefer walked through the door.

As I was following behind Kiefer Blake put his hand across the door keeping me from entering.

This wasn't supposed to be that hard. The avoiding Blake plan was falling apart before I even stepped inside his house.

"We need to talk." He said in a low husky voice making my knees weak.

"We talked enough." I said avoiding his stare, I quickly bent under his arm and made my way inside.

I sat on the couch beside Kiefer, Alexa and Alex was on the smaller couch across from us, and Blake was leaning on the wall beside his siblings with his arms crossed in front of him. I felt his eyes on me but I did my best to ignore it.

"Samantha how are you feeling?" Alexa asked.

"A little better." I replied.

"I'm glad. I know what you went through yesterday was very traumatic."

"It could have been worst if you guys weren't there, so thanks." I said.

Before Alexa could reply, Kiefer cut in.

"Okay, enough with the small talk. I want to know how you're planning on keeping Samantha safe." Kiefer said with a tone of anger in his voice.

I was expecting Alexa to return the attitude but he didn't, his face stays calm and so did his voice.

"Right. Well now that you involved our plan to take down the gang leader will be put in place faster. We have a few inside people keeping the gang leader and his people away from us, but were not expecting that to last long. But until we are sure that the gang is no longer a threat you will be guarded by one of us all the times. You might not see us but we will be there, making sure that you are safe. While one of us is with you, the other 2 will be working on the plan." Alexa said.

"That sounds kind of creepy." I said.

"Creepy, but safe." Alexa said with a smile.

"What happens if your plan fails?" I asked seriously after a moment of silence.

"We are all doing what we can, and if it fails we always have a back up plan. But it's nothing for you to worry about." Alexa said.

"How long do you think this is going to go on for?" I asked.

"We don't know really. We're going to try do it as fast as we can, but we don't want ro rush it and not be ready." Alexa said.

"Okay." I answered.

"Any more questions?" Alexa asked.

I shook my head but Kiefer began to talk.

I zoned out not listening to the conversation between Kiefer and Alexa.

I quickly glanced over to Blake who was staring back at me intently.

When Kiefer got up and shook his hands with Alexa and Alex, I followed.

As we were making our way out the door a hand gripped my upper arm.

"Samantha wait." Blake said.

I looked back to him, thinking over if I sgould talk to him or not.

"I can't, I have to go." I said pulling away from him and continuing to my house.

As I walked up my steps, to my front door I looked over to where Blake still stood on his porch.

"I'll see you tonight, Sam." He said with a smirk, as he opened the door to his house and went inside.

I stood outside with my jaw dropped.

What did he meant by 'see you tonight'? I wasn't going out again, that's for sure. But the smirk on his face told me knew something I didn't, and I was positive it wasn't something I would like.

Chapter 15

Blake's POV

Seeing her face puzzled and shocked was priceless.

When Alexa told Samantha that we were going to be watching her in order to protect her, she really didn't go into details. So she had no idea that it included while she slept.

Being the fine gentlemen I was, I told my siblings I would take the first night of watching.

Of course my siblings meant watch her from a distance but I feel the closer I am to her, the safer she is. Even though I'm pretty sure Samantha won't be too happy about that.

I could tell earlier that her plan was to avoid me. It wasn't a good plan, because avoiding me specially now was impossible. And I think she knows that.

I waited till it got dark out, and peeked through my window to see Samantha leaving the room with her pajamas.

I climbed up the tree and through her window which she left unlocked.

When I finally steady myself, I walked to her bed and sat down.

After a few moments the bedroom door opened, and Samantha walked in with a towel on her hands.

When she first saw me, she let out a gasp.

"You scared me you jerk!" She screamed.

"You think you would lock your window, or at least be used to this by now." I said.

"What are you doing here?" She asked as she crossed her arms.

I took the moments to look over her body. She was wearing white bunny slippers which made me smile. But the smile slowly faded as the feeling of lust over as I looked up her long bare legs. She was wearing a big football jersey, which fell almost to her mid-thigh. It was a giant jersey with number 8 on it.

When Samantha cleared her throat, I broke my gaze on her legs, and looked up at her with traces of lust in my eyes. I could just see the pink in her cheeks. I made her blushed just by looking at her, and this girl thinks she could stay away from me, ha very funny.

"I'm here to protect you." I said with a smirk.

"What do you mean?" She asked puzzled.

"Well, when Alexa told you we were watching you, he meant all the time. Even when you're sleeping."

"Can't one of your siblings do ut? I'm pretty sure they wouldn't sneak into my room and watch me like a creep." She said with her hands on her hips.

"Well it's my turn tonight, and what's fun in that?" I asked with the smirk plastered on my face.

She just walked over to her bureau and stared in the mirror. She then took the towel off her head letting her long damp waves fall around her, and then she slowly bent over and quickly flipped her hair back. It was so beautiful and sexy that it was like straight out of a movie. I couldn't help but be a little turned on.

Samantha didn't realized the affect that her little hair flip had on me, because she went right back to looking at the mirror, running her hands through her hair.

As I sat on her bed I stared at her as she brushed her hair, put cream on her legs, and played with her hair.

After a few moments I saw her looking at me in the mirror with a smirk on her face. I raised my eyebrow looking at her questioningly, but she just shook her head and smiled.

When she was done, she sat on her bed against the back board, and I was laying down the opposite way with my feet by her and my head on the bottom of the bed. The room was silent for a few moments as my hand played with Samantha's bunny slippers.

"What do you want Blake?" She asked seriously breaking the silence.

"A million dollars, immortality, a ferrari, a-" I said before she cut me off.

"No blake, what do you want from me?" She asked interrupting me.

I thought about that question for a few moments. The answer I could came up with didn't make any sense. Everytime I would begin to open my mouth, nothing would came out. So I settled with the truth.

"I don't know." I answered after a while, while I looked up to her.

"I really wish you would figure it out." She said with a sigh.

"Why?" I asked.

"Why what?"

"Why do I have to have a reason, why do you want me to figure it out? Can't we just be like this?" I asked gesturing between me and her.

"What is this?"

Another question I didn't have a straight answer to. I knew what I wanted it to be, but I also knew it was impossible, so again I settled with the truth.

"I don't know." I answered.

"This isn't okay Blake. That's why we need to end whatever this is before it gets bad. Everytime I try to distance myself, you won't let me." She said with a sigh.

What she didn't know what that is was already bad. I thought distance was a great thing, it was safer, and a whole lot less complicated. But I care way too much to let her leave me. The thought of not ever kissing her, or touching her killed me.

"I can't." I said in almost a whisper.

I saw Samantha move closer to the edge of the bed, so I sat against the end board of the bed.

"Why not?" Samantha asked as she sat crossed legged in front of me.

"I care about you too much." I said.

"I care about you too, that's why I want you to tell me everything that you're keeping from me." She said.

"I can't." I said.

"If you cared as much as you say you do then you would tell me." She said as the anger began to surface in her voice.

"Samantha you don't understand." I said, as my hand went to cupped her cheek she moved away and got up off the bed and leaned against the bureau.

"No, Blake you don't understand. I'm scared. I'm scared of this gang guy, I'm scared of what I don't know, I'm scared that you and your siblings would fail, I'm scared that you guys would get hurt, I'm scared of losing you, I'm scared of this feeling, and most of all I'm scared of you." She said quickly as she paced back and forth.

I stood up, took Samantha's forearms in my hand and pushed her against the wall by her bed.

"Listen to me. You have nothing to be scared of, okay? I will never hurt you." I said looking into her eyes.

"I don't believe that."

"Why not?" I asked puzzled.

"I barely know nothing about you, and what I want to know you won't tell me. Blake you're the bad boy player, you're meant to hurt me." She said almost in a whisper.

I could feel the anger running through my vein. I thought Samantha was the only person who didn't think about me like that, guess I was wrong.

"I can't hurt you even if I wanted to!" I said strongly.

"You're lying!" She spit back.

"Man, I wish I was lying. If I was lying then I'd be able to let you go without hesitating, but I can't. If I was lying I'd go out and bang some random chick and wouldn't think twice about you, but I don't want to even think of doing that. If I was lying I wouldn't be here, but here I am. You're so stupid Samantha I wouldn't hurt someone I love!" I screamed.

I didn't think about what I just said. I was so angry and it just came out. Even as I looked down at the expression on Samantha's face, I didn't care.

What finally brought me back to reality was when Samantha spoke.

"You can't." Samantha whispered.

I started to panic. I couldn't believe I just told her that. It was something that I wasn't even sure about. There was no point in lying now.

"But, I do." I said, looking down at her.

"I-I... I have to go to the bathroom, I'll be back." She said in a mumble, and quickly pushed pass me to the door.

I laid back on Samantha's bed, trying to take deep breaths. I had no idea what I was going to do. I am so stupid.

When I went to pull the pillow closer to me I felt something hard underneath. I pulled it out from under the pillow to see it was a sketchpad.

I knew Samantha was an amazing artist, even though I only saw one of her drawings.

I was incredibly curious about the things that Samantha thought were special enough to capture on paper.

I opened the first page to see a portrait of an older man who look similar to Samantha, a man who I realized was her father.

I flipped through a few more pages that were filled with flowers and scenery until I got to one drawing that was terrifying.

It was a car crashed into a tree with a man inside full of blood. It was so life like it was scary. When I turned the page it was another drawing from that horrible nightmare. It was a drawing of an elderly woman lying down beside the car that hit the tree. They were so vivid and detailed that I was scared. Scared to think that they weren't just drawings, but experiences.

When I finally got to the page that wasn't filled with car, it was the drawing flowers that I saw Samantha drawing when I first met her.

But what really shocked me was the next page. It was a portrait of me. I was smiling, a real smile. A smile that I used only a few times and they were all with Samantha. It was amazing how a drawing captured so many things.

Samantha's POV

The whole day I was thinking about Blake. Wondering why won't he leave me alone? I just wanted to end this whole complicated thing between me and Blake but he won't let me. I knew how he cared about me, and I cared about him but it still didn't make sense. What does this bad boy player want from me?

But I got my answer.

An answer that I wasn't expecting in a million years.

Love.

"You're so stupid Samantha I wouldn't hurt someone I love!" He said.

I stared at him in awe and disbelief. I didn't even think he realized what he just said. I am hoping that he won't even remember what saying it. I didn't even thought he was going to play it off as a joke, but he didn't.

"You can't." I whispered.

"But I do." He said, confirming the unbelievable.

I had to get out of there. I didn't like this feeling that was going through my body when he said he loved me, I felt like I wasn't in control. The closeness and the feelings scared me. The feeling of actually considering loving him back was the last straw. I mumbled something to him and ran out the door into the bathroom.

What just happened?

This was my fault I had to push him for answers, and now he gave me one that could ruin everything.

He knew what I felt about love, and I was pretty sure I knew how he felt. But I guess I was wrong.

I did my best to push away the hopeful romantic thoughts. I couldn't believe part of me was actually filled with happiness over what he said. This isn't who I am. I don't love, I don't even think about love, but here this guy is starting to change me.

I turned the sink on and splashed some water over my face, trying to pull myself together.

I had no idea what I was going to do, what was I going to say.

Before I realized what I was doing I walked out of the bathroom and made my way to my room. I had to plan on what I was going to do or say I guess I was just going to wing it.

When I opened the bedroom door, I saw Blake sitting on bed looking at something in his hands.

As soon as I realized that it was my sketchpad I ripped it from his hands.

He looked up at me in confusion.

My sketchpad was filled with the most personal things, drawings of peoples and scenes that impacted my life so much. It was filled with my weaknesses, the person I used to be.

The fact that this guy was looking through it, and uncovering things that no one knew about me was scary.

"I'm going to sleep downstairs on the couch, you can sleep in my bed." I said.

"Night." I said quickly as I shut the door, before he could protest.

I went downstairs and laid on the couch think about everything that he took place.

Trying to ignore the part of that I wanted to go upstairs and talk to Blake.

Blake is a bad boy player, he probably doesn't even know what he wants. He is dangerous, and he has too many secrets. He know nothing could ever happen to between us. I came up with millions of reasons why Blake loving me is just too insane.

But a little voice in my head just kept telling me it doesn't matter and you'll realize it soon.

This little voice in my head seemed like it knew something I didn't, I'd appreciate if they enlightened me with the answer. But that's too easy, and life is never easy.

Chapter 16

Samantha's POV

I barely slept that night. I kept repeating the words over and over in my head.

"You're so stupid Samantha, I would never hurt someone I love! "

Someone I love.

Love.

I couldn't begin to wrap my mind around the concept.

Before I knew it light began to pour through the blinds of the living room Window.

As soon as I heard the lock on the front door begin to jiggle I snapped my eyes shut knowing that Kiesha would have a lot of questions for me.

When Kiesha stepped through the door

I heard her put her bag down on the table, and then footsteps towards the living room. She must have been looking me over questioningly because the steps came to a halt. It must have been a tough night at work because instead of making breakfast she continued up the steps to her a room.

I looked over to the cable box to check the time as soon as I heard Kiesha's bedroom door shut.

It was 5am; I had an hour and half till I had to get up for school. I knew I was going to have to face Blake sometime, but I was going to avoid it as much as I possibly could.

I was going to leave for school early, before Kiefer and definitely before Blake. I know he would be waiting for me to come up there because he clearly thought I had to, and I really did need too. All my clothes were upstairs, but at the moment I didn't care. I went into the laundry room, which held mostly Kiefer's clothes because he would always take his time washing his clothes, me on the other hand couldn't go to bed with dirty clothes in the laundry room.

I was wearing a giants jersey and underneath a white wife beater. I was so happy I slept with my bra on last night.

I was digging through a basket of clothes when I found a pair of grey baggy sweat pants. I held them up against me. They looked big but not big enough to fit Kiefer, they must have been old. But I didn't care I . quickly threw them on, and went to write a note to leave for Kiefer.

I put my converse on, grabbed my bag, and silently slipped out of the door.

I knew it wasn't the smartest idea walking to school when you had a gang leader after you, but to tell you the truth I was more scared of Blake's confession at the moment.

But I was thankful when I arrived at school with no disturbances.

I stopped at Starbucks on the way to waste a little time so when I got to school it was 7am and the doors were already open.

There were about 3 other kids in the hallway sitting by their locker finishing up some homework. I sat on the floor by my locker sipping my caramel latte, when after a while I felt someone come and sit by me.

I was afraid to look, thinking it might be Blake. But when I turned my head I saw Adam.

"You look like a frog." He said with a smirk. What actually made me laugh was Adam's big body trying to uncomfortably sit Indian style beside me.

"You're so sweet. Sitting down is kind of a simple thing." I said as I patted his legs so that they stuck out flat in front of him.

"Well I'm sorry I don't sit on the floor very often. If someone walks by and trips on my legs I'm going to laugh hysterically."

"Well so will I but, I'll help them up before I laugh."

"Which makes us two very different people."

"Why are you here so early anyway?"

"Had to take a test, how about you?" He asked.

"I don't know really." I said, he could obviously tell I was lying.

"Well you sure look like you know. With the way you look you probably ran out of your house."

"I get it, I don't look so hot."

"That's an understatement." Adam mumbled, which earned him a hit in the arm which probably hurt me more than him.

"Okay so I was trying not to bump into someone." I said.

"Kiefer?" He asked puzzled

"Not Kiefer. Listen your one of Kiefer's friends and I really don't feel comfortable talking to you about this." I said.

"I understand that but ever since I followed you around for a whole day I consider you my friend so you could trust me." He said with a sincere look in his eyes, which made me trust him.

"It's Blake." I said.

"Girl you need to stay away from him." Adam answered with a shake of his head.

"Yeah well that boat has sailed. He told me he loved me." I said, wanting to take it back as soon as I saw Adam's eyes wide, and his jaw dropped.

"You're kidding? When Kiefer told me to make sure Blake stayed away from you I thought he was crazy, because Blake Frost does not chase after any girls, they just come to him. But then I saw him trying to talk to you and I knew something was up with the boy I just didn't know it was love." Adam said.

"It really can't be love, its Blake. He told me like one of the first times he talked to me that he doesn't do the whole love thing, but there he was last night. I don't understand, it's so complicated. I don't believe in love. I care about him but I just don't, no- can't love him." I said.

"Honey if a boy like Blakr says the 'L' word he must mean it. I also know that you could tell yourself you don't love him as many times as you want but I can see it in your eyes you love him even though you don't realize it."

"You're crazy." I said.

"No babe your crazy who wouldn't want a hot piece of ass like Blake Frost all over them, please if he went my way I would be all over that." Adam said.

I looked at Adam questioningly.

"Oh you don't know? I'm gay sweetheart." Adam said so casually.

"Oh really? I had no idea."

"Yup, I'm straight as a circle." He said which made me laugh.

"So will you be the gay best friend I've always wanted?" I asked.

"I'd be honored." He said dramatically, with a hand over his heart.

"What am I going to do? He's going to want to talk about this; honestly he could be such a girl. I just don't know how to respond at the moment ugh!" I whined, as I leaned against Adam's shoulder.

"Well for today I'll help you out, and keep him away from you. Don't worry I won't do it obviously like last week. But it's only for today, just to give you a day to sort out your feelings, but tomorrow Blake's all yours" Adam said.

"Thank you so so so so so so so so so so so much!" I said to Ryan as I wrapped my arm around him to give him a hug.

"What's going on? Oh you look horrible" A voice asked from above. I looked up to see Aya with a smile of her face.

"A lot! And gee thanks" I said as I got up with Ryan and told her everything that happened with Blake the night before.

"You love him!" She said after I was done telling my story.

"That's what I was trying to tell her!" Adam said.

"You guys don't know anything. I don't believe in love, it's just a way to set yourself up too get easily hurt." I said as I walked in between them to my first class.

"If Blake ever hurt you I would kill him" Adam said.

I looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

"I might be gay but I pack a punch, do you see these guns?" Adam said as he flexed his bicep.

"And plus Kiefer would have the whole football team after Blake." Adam continued.

"Yeah Sam, you know Blake makes you happy. Stop making everything more complicated than it already is." Aya said as we reached the class.

As I made my way to my seat all I could think about was the many things that Adam and Aya didn't know about. The truth was that everything was already complicated.

20 minutes after the bell rang and Blake didn't show up for class, I knew he was skipping.

I was thankful that I didn't have to deal with him, but a part of me wondered what he was doing.

Throughout the day I just thought about everything. I knew I cared about Blake, but caring and loving are 2 different things.

I couldn't let myself love him, I was going to get hurt. Being with Blake made me happy, and I couldn't deal if he ever hurt me and took that feeling away.

How could he expect me to return the feelings when I didn't know everything about him?

Could I love Blake without knowing everything? Maybe I could but I just wouldn't love everything, if that even made sense?

No, no.

I didn't even believe in love, and the whole not knowing everything about him made it worse.

You can't give someone your love, just because the part you know about them you love.

If, and I said if I was going to love Blake, it would have to be because I loved everything about him even all the bad stuff. But that couldn't happen if I didn't know the bad stuff.

It was dangerous. Blake was dangerous. He wasn't reliable, or trustworthy. Being with him would be like just handing him my heart waiting for him to break it and I couldn't do that.

I wouldn't do that, and that's what I was going to tell him.

Chapter 17

Blake's POV

After Samantha left her room in a hurry my thoughts were scattered all over the place. I kept thinking about what I said, her reaction, the drawings in her book and so much more.

Those vivid sketches of a car left me with a lot of questions, it seems like Samantha had her own secrets that she was keeping.

I guess I would stay in her room alone. Laying on her bed her scent surrounding me had me calm and at ease, even though I had many reasons to be a nervous wreck.

Samantha had to come up some time and then we were going to talk. Me and this 'talking' thing needs to end, I'm starting to sound like a chick.

When I opened my eyes the sun was pouring through the window. I looked over to the clock to see it was 8 am; I was late for school, which meant I wasn't going.

When I started to look around I realized I wasn't in my room, I was in Samanthas.

The night's events started to replay in my head. I ran my hand over my face, I was very stressed. The first time I tell a girl how I feel and she avoids me, that can't be a good sign.

I climbed out the window and down the tree, and made my way to my house.

I took a shower and got changed; I was going to talk to Samantha no matter what I had to do.

Samantha's POV

When the last bell rang I walked to my locker.

Aya and Adam were already waiting for me.

"So did you finally realize that you're madly in love with Blake Frost?" Aya asked as she and Adam walked beside me to the front entrance of the school.

"For the last time no!" I said.

"Uh well Samantha, I think now you haven to." Adam said. I looked at him puzzled. All he did was point to the parking lot.

When I looked at the direction he was pointing at I saw him.

Blake was leaning against his motorcycle, arms crossed and ray ban sunglasses covering his eyes.

"Good luck!" Adam and Aya said in unison and pushed me forward in the direction of Blake.

This was not happening. This couldn't be happening. What was wrong with him? He couldn't at least give me a day to get over my shock.

I didn't even realize that my feet were moving towards him, until I came to a stop in front of him.

"Get on." He said emotionless.

"uhmm uh..." I struggled trying to think of an excuse.

"Now." Blake said strongly interrupting me.

I guess he wasn't in the mood to be argued with.

He handed me the helmet without even looking at me.

When the helmet was placed securely on my hand I let out a sigh and hopped on the back of his bike, wrapping my arms around his strong stomach.

He took off quickly, and I could feel the wind hitting against the exposed skin between my shirt, and pants.

I couldn't even think about what I was going to say. The closeness of his body was making my thoughts into mush. The feeling of his hard abs beneath my fingers made me forget everything. All I could think about was running my hands over his warm solid body.

When the bike stopped, and the sound of the engine was shut off was when my thoughts began to come back to me.

I remembered this place, in the mountains. Blake took me here before and it was beautiful.

I followed Blake through the trees on the dirt path to the opening where we once laid together.

He sat on a rock and I just stood in front of him. We stayed there in silence for a few moments before Blake decided to talk.

"We need to talk." He said lifting the glasses from his eyes placing them over his head.

"When do we not need to talk?" I said with a sigh, knowing that this was it. This was going to be the end.

"I meant what I said last night." He said.

I just stood there biting my bottom lip, waiting for him to go on.

"When I'm with you everything's different." He said as he stood up and stepped towards me.

"I feel like im not just some bad boy player, I feel... better. Like I have a chance at a normal life. Like nothing else matters." He said as he brought his hand up to gently brush my cheek.

I stood there silent, knowing he had more to say. I knew I should of stopped him and told him that it didn't matter we couldn't be together, but I couldn't. I needed to hear what he had to say. I needed to know that someone actually had feelings for me, if it was really love I'd never know, but at that moment I knew it was something. Something that made a fluttering sensation in my stomach. Something that I just had to enjoy while it lasted.

"Apart of me died a long time ago, with my parents. And as corny as it sounds, when im with you I feel whole again. I know we have something here, and I know it can't be just me. When we kiss I know you feel something too and you can't tell me you don't. Its way to strong not to be mutual."

I didn't even realize I was crying until Blake wiped a tear that was falling down my cheek.

"I don't..." I whispered.

"I can't." I continued.

How I managed to speak those words were beyond me. The word that wanted to come out of my mouth was 'yes', but I had to do my best to push it away. Love and happiness, it didn't last, it just always ended up getting taken away and leaving you hurt. I wasn't going to let myself get hurt.

I felt Blake's hand go completely still on my cheek.

I wouldn't look in his eyes, I couldn't. My eyes were focused on the blades of grass on the ground.

"You're lying." Blake said strongly as his both hands cupped my cheeks bringing my face towards him.

"No im not..." I said weakly.

"Then look at me!" Blake yelled, tightening his grasp on my cheeks.

But I wouldn't look at him.

"If you mean what you say then look at me god damnt!" He shouted.

I closed my eyes tightly releasing more tears and let out a ragged breath as my eyes met his face.

I studied his face, and saw the pain, hurt, and love in his eyes. His eyes were red around them, as if he were crying, but I didn't see a tear leak from his eyes once.

"I don't love you..." I said trying to make it come out as strong as I could.

"How could I love somebody who I barely know? Someone who won't even tell me more about him. If you can't tell someone everything about you, then you don't love them." I continued.

The hurt from his eyes filled his whole face with sadness for a second, but then it was just replaced by anger.

"You're lying! I know you are. You're just being stubborn. Why can't you just admit that it's possible for you to love! It doesn't matter what you don't know, or what im not telling you! It shouldn't change how you feel, you're just using it as an excuse!" He screamed inches from my face.

Now anger was rising through my body.

I had a lot of reasons why I couldn't do that. Love never proved to be successful in my life, and it wasn't going to be now.

I used all the strength I had to push Blake back.

As my hands crashed hard against his chest, I could tell he was surprised as he stumbled back.

"Love doesn't exist! What don't you get?! It only leaves people hurt and broken. Just because some bad boy player 'thinks' he loves me now, doesn't mean that he will next week, or next month. If I loved you and one day you decide to leave me, I don't think I'd be able to survive. You're right it doesn't matter what I know or don't know either way I don't love you!" I shouted, seeing the pain in his eyes for an instant and then he blinked it away.

"I don't think, I know! You're just scared, and I understand that, but you can't let your fears hold you back. When you love someone yeah, you take a risk. You give that person your heart, your love, you're everything and you have to trust them not to hurt you... Samantha you can trust me, I promise you." He said as he took my hands and held them tightly in his.

I just shook my head, not sure if I could take anymore.

"Please..." Blake pleaded.

"I have nothing left to give Blake." I said looking into his eyes, which were filled with hurt.

But again the hurt turned into anger, a moment later.

"Bullshit Samamtha!" He shouted, roughly letting go of my hands.

"You're just a coldhearted bitch" He shouted inches from my face.

I couldn't argue with that, because I knew it was true.

I could take his anger, the lashing out, and the hurtful words. I couldn't take the sadness, the hope, and pleading. Im glad he was angry, because I could deal with it.

I knew he was waiting for me to respond angrily, but I couldn't.

"Whatever Samantha, Fuck you! You could go to hell for all I care!" He screamed.

I flinched at the hurtful tone of his voice, and I could see a hint of guilt and regret cross his face but it was instantly hid by the sunglasses he pulled over his eyes.

Blale just stormed off angrily into the trees.

I stood there, alone, listening to the engine of his motorcycle slowly fading away as he got further and further away.

The once beautiful place that I laid with Blake one night was now cold and empty. As much as that hurt the both of us, I knew it was for the best.

I just sat there alone, until the sky started to dim.

I knew I had to call someone to come get me, but who?

I knew I couldn't call Kiefer he would be filled with questions, and then he would be angry.

I couldn't call Aya, she didn't drive. I wish I could call Adam, but I didn't have his number.

So as I skimmed the names in my cells contact list, and got to one that I wasn't expecting I hit call.

He was surprised to hear from me, and I wasn't sure that he would come. So I was thankful that he agreed happily.

After a while when I heard the sound of an engine I walked through the trees to the road, to see a black shiny pickup truck pulling to a stop.

When I walked over, opened the door and slid into the seat, I looked over to the driver's seat with a smile.

"Thanks so much for coming to get me, I didn't know who to call" I said.

"That's what friends are for." Trent replied with a smirk, as he drove down the road.

Chapter 18

Blake's POV

She was lying I just knew it. I knew she felt something for me but the fact that she kept denying it was making me furious.

I had to keep reminding myself that she was lying.

But I just couldn't take it anymore, all I wanted to do was to be with her and I couldn't understand why it's so hard.

Getting girls has always been easy for me, until now. I should have known that this wasn't going to be easy. Nothing with Kylie has been easy. She even told me when I met her that she didn't believe in love, I was just hoping that maybe I changed her mind.

I knew she cared about me, and maybe if she stopped lighting it she would realize that she might actually love me.

I never wanted something more in my life.

My heart was breaking every time she denied it.

I was just hoping that after denying it a few times she would realize how much she loves me and then just be with me.

I screamed something hurtful at Samantha, and I could see her flinch at the harshness of my words. I regretted it for a second, but then the anger consumed me once again and I stormed off, leaving Samantha there alone.

I didn't even think about how dangerous it was to leave her there.

I just got on my bike and just drove in the other direction away from home, needing to get away and to just think.

Samantha's POV

"So I'm not going to ask you any questions, but I just want you to know if you need to talk im here to listen." Trent said as he drove.

I appreciated him picking me up, and I was really thankful that he wasn't pounding me With questions.

The Whole way home I just replayed the scene with Blake over and over in my head.

I was broken from my thoughts, when the car pulled to a stop in front of my house.

"Thanks again Trent, I really owe you." I said.

"No problem and I'll think of some way for you to repay me" He said with a smirk.

As I got out of the car and walked up to the front door I waved bye to Trent, and he pulled away from the curb driving off.

I really wanted to glance over next door but I just couldn't, it would cause me too much pain.

I got inside and Kiefer was sitting on the couch watching television.

"Hey Sam, are you alright?" Kiefer asked.

I thought about lying and just going upstairs and crying myself to sleep, but I couldn't. I just didn't want to hold it in anymore, I felt as if I held it in any longer id explode.

"No..." I finally said as tears poured out of my eyes.

I walked over to Kiefer and sat with him on the couch. He just held me as I cried into his chest, and rubbed my back comfdrtingly.

He didn't ask me any questions, he was just there for me and that's what I needed.

I woke up the next morning feeling empty, cold, and alone.

Outside it was grey and cold; storm clouds were filling the sky. I could tell it was going to rain. The weather was as miserable as I felt.

I held no emotion, I was just emotionally drained.

I couldn't think about Adrian, or what happened the day before.

I threw on Kiefer's grey hoodie, a pair of skinny jeans and my converse. I had my iPod in the pocket of the hoodie.

I put the hood up over my head, my earphones in my ears, and blasted the music, intending on blocking out the world.

Kiefer sent me questioning looks the whole way to school, I just ignored him.

When I reached-my locker Aya and Adam were there waiting to hear detail by detail everything that happened yesterday. I was in no mood to tell that story, so I just shook my head, got my books out of my locker and continued to my first class. They got the point and didn't push me to talk.

I took my hood off but kept my earphones in, ignoring every word the teacher said. I wasn't even listening to the song that was playing; I just needed something loud enough to keep me from thinking.

Blake didn't come to school today I wasn't shocked, I wasn't expecting him too.

3 days passed. Each day I would put my earphones in and avoid the world, and each day Blake's seat was empty.

I could tell Kiefer, Aya, and Adam were getting worried. I could also tell that the rumors were spreading about me and Blake, but I ignored them.

On the fourth day I was planning to continue blocking out the world as I got into Kiefer's car. .

When I noticed we were going in another direction from the school, I looked at Kiefer questioningly.

"What are you doing? Schools that way." I said as I took the earphones out of my ears.

"I know that. But were not going to school, were picking up Aya and Adam and were gonna have fun." Kiefer said.

"What? No! Kiefer come on take me to school!" I shouted.

"Listen Sam, something's been up with you the past few days and I haven't bothered you about it but im sick and tired of you moping around and acting like this. I know it has something to do with Frost, and it's killing me that he is the one responsible for this. Come on, think of it as a celebration for me not killing him." Kiefer said.

I knew he was right. I haven't talked to him or anyone else about what happened, they just assumed it was about Blake, and they were right. I also knew how angry Kiefer was, and I had to give him credit for not forcing me to talk and for not killing Blake. Maybe if I did this and started to act like a normal person they would just leave me alone, even if I had to fake a few smiles. So as much as I didn't want to do this, I knew I had to.

"Okay Kiefer, I guess missing school one day won't kill me." I said with a sigh.

Kiefer's face immediately lightened up with a smile.

"Operation cheer up Samantha is in effect!" Aya screamed as she sat in the back seat with Adam.

I glanced over at Kiefer who was looking in the mirror smiling at Aya who didn't even notice.

I knew there was something there between them, and i was going to find out what.

I nudged Kiefer's arm with my elbow, to tell him I saw him staring.

He smiled at me sheepishly and went back to facing the road; I could see thee blush on his cheeks fading.

"So where are we going?" I asked.

"It's a surprise!" Kiefer, Aya, and Adam screamed in unison.

"Oh great, cause you know how much I love surprises." I replied sarcasticany

Kiefer just chuckled, because he actually knew how much I hated surprises.

The last time he tried to surprise me, he almost ended up with a black eye.

After an hour drive we pulled to a stop.

I looked out the window to see we stopped at a carnival.

"A carnival? Really?" I asked trying to hide my smile.

"Surprise one." Adam said as we all got out of the car

The truth was I actually loved carnivals, I thought they brought out the children in all of us. I haven't been to a carnival in so long, and I was glad they took me here

I stood outside the entrance to the carnival just admiring all of the lights on the rides, and the laughs of the children inside.

"We have to-" I began to say before Kiefer cut me off

"Go on the ferris wheel, and the merry go round, you can't go to a carnival and not go on them." Kiefer said imitating my voice.

"Oh shut up!" I said pouting.

"Come on let's go!" I said grabbing Kiefer's hand, Adam and Aya following behind.

We paid the guy at the entrance, and all got neon yellow wrist bands.

I dragged them 3 all over the place. We went on the ferris wheel, and merry-go-round. Then we went and ate cotton candy, funnel cake, and corndogs.

We went to all the booths with the games and tried to win prizes. Kiefer even won me a giant blue stuffed animal dog, by throwing a ball and knocking over all the bottles on the first try.

After a while I forgot all about Blake and what happened. Carnivals did that to me, it took my mind off everything.

"Come on Sam, surprise number 2" Kiefer said dragging me to the exit.

"Aww, but I don't wanna leave." I said in a baby voice, pouting at him.

"You're going to love the next surprise." He said.

"Alright." I said following him out to the car.

In the car on the way to the next surprise, Kiefer blasted the radio.

Call me maybe by Carly Rae Jepsen came on and we all started to sing, loudly and off pitch.

Hey I just met you

And this is crazy

But here's my number

So call me maybe

It's hard to look right at you baby

But here's my number so call me maybe

We all looked over to Adam who was dancing in the back seat along to the song, and all started to laugh hysterically.

All I could think about was how good it actually felt to laugh, and have fun.

"Were here." Kiefer said as we pulled up to a little shop in the middle of nowhere.

"Grandma Sues Sweet Sweets" I read on the sign in front of the shop.

As soon as I stepped inside the aroma of chocolate surrounded me. I made my way down the glass encasing staring at the many different treats in the window.

"How may I help you?" Asked a little old lady behind the counter.

"I'll take everything" I said without thinking.

The lady behind the counter and everyone behind me chuckled.

"Excuse my friend, she's chocolate crazy. We will take 3 of the sampler boxes" Kiefer said.

I ignored Kiefer and went around looking at the store.

When I went to the register I had sour gummy bears, a huge jaw breaking, and a big chocolate kiss.

Kiefer looked at me like I was insane.

"What?" I said innocently.

As I was about to get my wallet, Kiefer shook his head.

"It's on me Sam." Kiefer said as he played the lady at the counter.

"Thanks Kiefer." I said with a smile as I grabbed the bag of candy.

"Come again." The lady said.

"Don't worry I will." I said with a laugh, and followed Kiefer, Aya, and Adam outside.

"Last Surprise!" Adam shouted as we entered the car.

"There's another one" I tried to say with candy stuffed in my mouth, which made it come out like "Tereshothbubanun."

Kiefer glanced at me and laughed.

"That attractive, and yes there another one." He said.

The last surprise was a drive in movie. I knew we must have been far away from home to be at a drive in movie.

I always told Kiefer that I wanted to go to a drive in movie like you see in all the movies and shows. I was amazed at how you turned to a certain channel on the radio and you heard the movie just like that.

Adam and Aya laughed at me because I was so amused by everything.

"Hey! Don't laugh at me im from the city there is no drive in movies there." I said.

We ended up watching Ted, and ended up crying in laughter.

On the drive home I leaned my head against the window and drifted off to sleep.

When I woke up I was being carried, I slowly opened my eyes to see that Kiefer was carrying me to my room.

"Thank you." I said in a whisper. Kiefer looked down at me with a smile.

"No prob Sam."

"No, thank you for everything. Today was amazing, I had so much fun." I said.

"Im glad you had fun. I was so happy to see you finally smiling." He said as he kicked the door open to my room and laid me down.

"Night Kiefer" I said as he put the covers over me, and lightly kissed my forehead.

"Night Sam." He responded and walked out of my room.

I closed my eyes and was immediately pulled into a dream.

I was sitting beside my father at his car. It was just like I remembered it, before the accident.

My dreams were always filled with my dad covered with blood and the car crashed in a tree. But tonight I was back with him, where everything was perfect and there was no evidence of accident anywhere.

"Honey, we need to talk." Said a voice that I missed more than anything.

"Dad..." I said in a whisper as he came beside me.

He's handsome, just like I remembered. But he looked more happy and peaceful.

I could feel the tears filling my eyes, and the ache in my chest needing his arms around me, telling me everything is going to be okay. I wanted to get up and run to him, but something told me to stay in my seat.

"I miss you daddy, I'm so sorry for leaving you and not being there for you. I blame myself every day for what happened to you!" I said.

"I miss you too so much. Don't blame yourself baby, it wasn't your fault. You did all you could and I love you for that, but everything happens for a reason. I don't want you to ever blame yourself and feel bad for what happened to me." He said as he came and sat on the seat across from me.

The tears were pouring out of my eyes.

I've waited so long to hear his voice say that to me.

"I've been watching over you baby girl, and I am so proud of you. But I came here to talk to you about something else."

I just nodded my head unable to form words in my mouth.

"Don't be afraid to love. I know you're scared because you've seen love fail so many times, but don't be. Love has risks and you have to take them, but in return you get the most amazing feeling in the world. The risks are worth it. I don't want you living your life avoiding love, you deserve to give and receive love."

"But he..." I started to say before he cut me off.

"He loves you. I've seen him and he really does. Let yourself love him, open up to him, and I promise it's going to be okay. Love sometimes doesn't work out, but you'll never know until you

try it. I know you've built walls up trying to keep anyone from loving you but that's no way to live honey. I regret not taking more chances with love after your mother. Don't make the same mistake I made."

"But dad im scared, I don't know what im going to do without you." I managed to get out between the tears.

"Honey you have so many people in your life that love you, and will help you with everything you do. I know you miss me and I miss you too but you're very lucky to have so many people who care in your life. It's okay to let them in and to let me go and be happy. I'll always be watching over you and helping you, don't worry honey."

"I love you and always will. I promise you honey everything's going to be okay..." He said as he slowly faded away.

"No dad, please don't go, please dad!" I cried out.

"Samantha! Samantha are you okay?" Kiefer asked as he held my shoulders.

"Kiefer?" I asked.

"Im here Samantha, don't worry. It was just a nightmare" He said as he held me in his arms and rocked me back and forth.

"No bobby, it wasn't. I saw him... my dad." I said in almost a whisper.

"Really?" He said surprised.

"Yeah. He told me not to be afraid of love, and that everything's going to be okay." I said

"He said it wasn't my fault what happened to him, and she doesn't blame me." I continued.

"That's wonderful." He said

It really was, it was wonderful.

Throughout the whole day I thought about every word my father said to me in my dream.

Some people would think, it was only a dream. It wasn't my father, it was just my imagination. Maybe it was all the candy and sugar I ate. But I knew in my heart it was more than that.

He told me it was going to be okay, and that I shouldn't be afraid of love.

He told me that it was worth the risk.

'He loves you. I've seen him and he really does. Let yourself love him, open up to him, and I promise it's going to be okay'

'He loves you. I've seen him and he really does.'

'He loves you.'

He.

I knew who he was, and I knew now what I had to do.

Chapter 19

Samantha's POV

Blake hasn't been in school this whole week; I was starting to get worried.

I finally decided how I actually felt about him and now I can't even tell him because I don't know where the hell he is.

"Hello? Earth to Samantha?" Adam said as he waved his hands in front of my face.

"I thought you were done with the whole zoning out and ignoring the world phase?" Adam asked.

"I am." I answered as I opened the door to my locker.

"Then what was I saying?" Adam asked as he crossed his arms and looked at me impatiently.

"Uhm that im an amazing friend?" I asked with a smile.

"Yeah, no."

"If it makes you feel better I was thinking about Blake. I lied to him and I told him I didn't love him, and now I think I do and I want to tell him." I said.

"OH MY GOD! I knew it! That's great im happy for you!" Adam said.

"Yeah it would be great if I could find him and tell him" I said as I banged my head against my locker.

"Stop hitting the pretty little head of yours. You will find him soon don't worry sweetie" Adam said as he held be back from hitting my head.

"I hope so."

"Come on honey bunches of oats, let's grab Aya and have a girl's day." Adam said as grabbed my hand to go meet Bella.

"Yes perfect a girl's day, because we need to go shopping for Brandon's party on Sunday." Aya said looking at Adam.

"What?" I asked confused.

"Brandon Mitchell's party is on Sunday, he's rich and his parties are amazing and we need to look HOT! So Adam, you, and I are going shopping."

"I don't know Aya I don't think im really up to a party" I said.

"Pish posh, you have to come pweeeese!" Aya said begging.

"Ugh I guess." I said.

"Yay! Leggo!" Aya said grabbing me and Adam by the hand.

"Aya you look like a hooker." Adam said, as Aya came out with a neon yellow dress with cutouts by the stomach.

"Ugh!" She groaned, as she went back into the dressing room to try on another dress.

"Samantha get your ass in there and try on these dresses." Adam said handing me a load full of dress.

"Okay." I said with a sigh.

"How about this one" I heard Aya ask as I looked through the dresses.

"This is way too pink Adam!" I said throwing one of the dresses over the top of the door.

"Aya try on another one, that makes you look fat. Sam, pink is pretty!" Adam said.

"You're annoying!" I said back trying on one of the dresses.

I didn't even look at myself in the mirror; all I knew was the dress was black.

"How's this one?" I asked Adam as I stepped out of the dressing room rolling my eyes.

"Oh my god! Sam, that's perfect!" Adam shouted

I turned around to look in the mirror, and I surprised myself. The dress was black low cut, and had ruffles with fringes. Normally I would think it was too much but no not now, I was falling in love with this dress.

"Sam, I love it!" Aya shouted

"Me too!" I said happily.

"Aya that dress is amazing, buy that one!" I said looking at her. She was wearing a dress that was pink sequin on top, and black on the bottom.

"Okay you guys look amazing, buy them and let's go eat!" Adam said.

By the time I got home it was 8pm, I looked at the house next door to see if I saw Blakes bike, but It wasn't there. I walked inside disappointed, to find Kiesha sitting on the couch watching television.

"Hey Kiesha aren't you supposed to be working?" I asked, putting my shopping bag down on the table.

"Im going at midnight. So we can have some quality bonding time." She said with a smile. I was glad to spend some time with Kiesha.

We ended up watching the notebook, and it ended with us crying our eyes out.

"Alright honey I got to go to work, Kiefer will be home soon I think but call me if you need anything." Kiesha said as she grabbed her jacket and left.

I let out a sigh and continued to watch TV. I flipped through the channels and nothing was on, I was beyond bored.

I got out my phone texting Kiefer asking where he was.

'Be home late don't wait up xoxo- Kiefer' he replied.

Great.

I wanted and needed to talk to Blake, where was he?

I couldn't wait any longer, I didn't care how stupid I was going to look but I needed to know what is going on.

I locked the front door and walked next door knocking on the door.

"Hey Samantha. How can I help you?" He asked politely.

Every time I was around Alex he didn't seem very fond of me so seeing him now being nice I was actually shocked.

"Uhm is Blake home?" I asked.

"Nope, he hasn't been home since Sunday."

Alex said.

"Oh, okay thanks anyway." I said disappointed turning around to go back home.

"Uhm wait! Do you want to come inside? I know your home alone and that can't be fun" He said.

"How do you know?" I asked as I turned around.

"Don't worry I got my ways." He said as I followed him inside.

"Can I get you anything?" Alex asked as I sat on the couch.

"Uhm no im good." I replied.

"Why are you being so nice? I really thought you hated me." I blurted out.

"Yeah sorry about that. I really don't hate you, it's just the times you've seen me I wasn't in the best mood." He replied.

"Oh." I said

"You must be really special Samantha." Alex said.

"Why?" I asked puzzled.

"Never in my life have I seen my brother actually take the time to get to know a girl until he met you." He said.

As soon as he said that I felt like my heart was going to explode. I thought about everything I ever said to him, and I regretted it all. I couldn't wait to talk to him about everything. Finally let myself open up to some and possibly love them. I felt like it was actually okay to believe in love, to be happy because of love

"What's wrong?" he asked

"Uhm nothing." I said, not wanting to talk about it with Blake's brother.

"Well you could talk to me if you want, I'll listen" He said with a smile that made me want to tell him my deepest darkest secrets.

"Uhm okay well it's about Blake." I said, and he just nodded.

"He told me he loved me, and I lied to him and told him that I didn't love him, but I think I do. I never actually believed in love before. I used to think it was just a way to get your heart broken. I was scared of getting hurt." I said.

"I could understand why you would be scared, especially with my brother." He said.

"Yeah. But now I realized that I should take a risk, and not be afraid of love." I said.

Me and Alex talked for another 2 hours. I was really comfortable with him. He seemed like a very scary tough person when I met him, but now he was the exact opposite.

We talked about everything. There was never a dull moment between me and him. I even explained more about me and Blake's relationship, he even told me about his own relationship fails.

"Oh my god it's like 2:30am" I said.

"Really?" He asked checking his watch.

"Kiefer's probably still not home, if he was he would of called me by now." I said.

Before Alex could respond, I heard the sound of keys jiggling at the front door, and giggling.

I looked at Alex questioningly to which he responded with a shrug.

"Come in baby." I heard as the door opened revealing Blake with some blonde in a short dress.

"Shush." He said as he stumbled in with the girl behind him.

Before Blake realized Alex and I sitting on the couch, he took the girls face in his and crashed his lips into hers kissing her.

I couldn't believe what I was seeing; I was so stupid to believe that we could actually be together. All my hopes and ideas about love just crashed into a million pieces.

Alex cleared his throat which made Blake look up at us surprised.

"What's she doing here?" he mumbled.

The girl behind him was drunk and I knew he was a little tipsy.

"I....I..." I stuttered not even knowing what to say.

I couldn't even form words, let alone think of them.

"What are you here to beg for more? Sorry honey that ship has sailed. I moved on to bigger and better."

I stood there in awe, not believing that this was happening.

"Surprised? I gave you your shot you blew it. But you were right anyway we would have never worked out, I like banging chicks way too much, and I'd never give it up for some tease." He said

I didn't even know how to react. I kept hoping this was a dream, cause when I finally let myself open up to the idea of love and this happens, it just seems impossible.

"Yup, I don't know what I was thinking before. I had to bang a few chicks to knock some sense into me." He slurred.

My heart stopped for a moment. Why was this happening? Why was he doing this to me?

"The fuck was so much better then -" Blake said before he was interrupted by Alex.

"Blake, shut up!" Alex growled.

"Why? Gotta thing for the chick Alex? You could have her, but let me tell you she isn't worth it."

I couldn't take it anymore. I could feel the tears filling my eyes.

"Aw, the poor baby is crying." He said coming closer.

I refused to look at him any longer;

I didn't need to take this abuse. I let myself open up, wanting to give love a chance, and in matter of 5 minutes my heart was crushed.

I did my best to ignore the sinking feeling in my chest.

I didn't think my legs would be able to move so I was surprise when I stepped forward. I pushed past Blake and the girl that was leaning against the wall and walked through the door leaving him to do what he wanted.

That was the reason I didn't allow myself to love anyone.

I was afraid of that happening.

I knew Blake was drunk, but I didn't care. There are things that you don't say to another person that you were supposedly in love with, drunk or sober.

He knew how I felt and knew exactly what to say to crush the last emotional piece of me.

I ran inside, went up and laid in my bed. Letting the tears pour from eyes.

I couldn't believe I actually thought that I could ever love him.

The ache inside my chest grew and grew, the feeling was plain torture.

That was it, I was done taking chances, and I was done with love.

Blake's POV

I woke up with a pounding headache. My eyes fluttered opened, and I looked around realizing I was in my bed.

I did my best to ignore the pounding in my head, and tried to remember what happened last night.

I remember bringing some girl home.

Automatically I turned to see if someone was lying next to me, but the space was empty.

I remember seeing Samantha, saying some stuff, her leaving, and Alex screaming something.

What happened?

All I knew was whatever happened probably wasn't good.

I willed myself out of the bed and made my way into the kitchen, pouring myself some coffee.

"You're an asshole, you know that?" I heard Alex say from behind me, anger filled in each word.

"Yeah I know. What happened last night?" I asked.

"You don't remember? Of course you don't you were completely wasted." Alex said anger rising in his voice.

"Keep it down, hung over remember?" I said taking a sip of my coffee.

Alex just shook his head, disappointment etched clearly on his face.

"Samantha came over last night to tell you she loved you!" Alex screamed.

Once I heard that everything from last night replayed in my head.

"What are you here to beg for more? Sorry honey that ship has sailed. I moved on to bigger and better."

I saw her face fall in shock; I just took advantage of it.

"Surprised? I gave you your shot you blew it. But you were right anyway we would have never worked out, I like banging chicks way too much, and I'd never give it up for some tease." I said.

Another lie.

"Yup, I don't know what I was thinking before. I had to hang a few chicks to knock some sense into me." I slurred.

Which was a lie, I tried multiple times to have sex with other girls but my friend down there wasn't cooperating. All I kept thinking about was Samantha; all I wanted to do was be with Samantha. But that didn't mean I didn't do anything with the girls, they probably did more than me...

"Blake, shut up!" Alex growled, as I was beginning to say something that would bother Samantha.

"Why? Gotta thing for that chick Alex? You could have her, but let me tell you she isn't worth it." Again another lie, I knew Alex was just being a human being, but I didn't care.

My drunken thoughts couldn't comprehend anything other than the girl who broke my heart standing right in front of me.

"Aw, the poor baby is crying."

"Oh my god." I said as my whole world came crashing down.

I knew I ruined everything.

In that moment I was so angry, I paced back and forth in the kitchen. In my head repeating to myself how I messed this up.

I couldn't take it I felt all my anger at myself explode, causing me to punch the nearest thing, and punching the wall.

I knew the walls were strong; I've tried multiple times to punch these walls. I did more damage to myself than the wall.

I ignored the pain that was surging through my hand and placed my attention back on Alex.

"What did she tell you?" I shouted at Alex angrily.

"She said that at first she was scared to let herself love you, she didn't want to get hurt. But something happened where she realized that she shouldn't be afraid of love that she was taking a risk but it was worth it. Bro, she said she knew you loved her and she felt bad for not giving you chance." Alex said with sympathy in his eyes, but I knew the sympathy was for Samantha and I understood why.

"Shit..." I said as I leaned against the wall sliding down to sit on the floor.

What have I done?

Chapter 20

Blake's POV

I couldn't believe that I actually ruined my chance of being with the person I love.

I honestly had the worst luck.

I sat on the floor of the kitchen, leaning against the wall with my head in my hands

I ignored the fact that my brother was standing right there. Usually I wouldn't let myself break down in front of him but I just couldn't take it.

What was I supposed to do? How was I going to fix this? Would I be able to fix this?

I didn't even realize there was another person in the room until I heard Alexa speak.

"What's up with him?" Alexa asked Alex.

"You don't even want to know. How was the meeting?"

"Pretty good. I think we finally have a way to bring down Victor. More of his people are starting to join us. They said that he isn't being a good leader, he isn't making good choices and he isn't treating them right."

"Have you talked to the leader of the knights?" Alex asked.

Hearing that I was immediately brought out of my own thoughts.

"Why would you talk to the leader of the Knights? Don't they have an alliance with the Kings?" I asked. The kings were Connor's gang.

"Rumor has it that Peter and Connor have had a falling out. Peter doesn't trust Connor anymore." Peter was the leader of the Knights.

"So what's your plan?" I asked.

"Well if we have the knights and some of the members in the Kings on our side it would be a lot easier to take Connor down."

"Or if we talk to Peter he'll just go to Connor and ruin everything, and what happens if one of the members are working double sides?" I asked not thinking that this was a good idea.

"Don't worry Blake I have this under control. It's not like im totally trusting them, just worry about Samantha and I'll handle the rest." Alexa said.

Hearing Samantha's name just brought me back to reality.

I can't believe I lost her. when I barely even had her.

"What am I supposed to do?" I mumbled to myself.

"Well what you're doing now isn't helping anyone." Alex said annoyed.

I glared up at him.

"What? It's the truth. Honestly Adrian I think the girl deserves a lot better then you. But if you love her like you said you did, then you would make this right." Alex continued.

Samantha's POV

I barely slept last night.

The hurtful words that Blake said just kept repeating in my head. Why was the happening to me?

For a moment, I actually believed that I could be happy, but that all fell apart last night.

I felt like a complete fool.

I hoped more than anything that Alex didn't tell Blake that I was going to tell him I loved him. But I knew he probably did.

I didn't have the energy or will power to move from my bed.

"Samamtha?" I heard Kiefer say from outside my door.

I didn't want to tell Kiefer what happened, because I knew it would get him angry.

"Come in." I managed to say.

I must have looked horrible, and by the look on Kiefer's face he must have noticed.

I just imagined how I looked, with the red swollen eyes, and red blotches all over my face. Hysterically crying all night really doesn't do you any good.

"What happened?" Kiefer said, his voice and expression filled with concern.

"Nothing" I said, as I begin to sit up on my bed.

"Sam, please don't lie to me. It's clearly nothing. I could tell you've been crying." He said as he sat next to me on my bed.

"Kiefer please just leave it alone."

"No Samantha. Come on. We are best friends, you could tell me anything." He said as he took hold of my hands.

"You'll just get all angry and I don't need that right now." I said.

"I won't I promise." He said.

I let out a sigh, not wanting to deal with this any longer I decided to tell him.

I told Kiefer everything.

What happened that night in the mountains, how Blake told me he loved me and how I lied to him. Then I told him how that dream made me change my mind about love. I also told him what happened when I went over to his house. and what Blake said to me.

It actually felt amazing to be able to let all of this out, and not keeping this big secret. I felt as if a weight was lifted off my shoulders.

A moment after I was done talking, I looked over to Kiefer.

His face was emotionless; I honestly couldn't tell what was going on in his head.

"I'm so sorry Sam..." He said in a whisper, not looking at me.

"It's whatever." I said trying to play it off as if I didn't care, but I knew it wasn't working.

"No it's not. You don't have to pretend to be strong in front of me Sam. It's okay to let it out and tell me what's going on. It's okay for a moment not to keep everything bottled up. I know he meant a lot to you, and I also know that it must have taken a lot to go over there and actually want to admit your feelings. I know how you feel about love, and for you to admit that you wanted to be with him, and then hearing all that...it's hard. It's okay, to...not be okay with me."

Hearing those words from someone else's mouth made something go off in me.

I held on to Kiefer and cried for what seemed like forever.

I cried about everything. I cried about my father, I cried about not giving Blake a chance, I cried about getting hurt when I finally did give him a chance, I cried about love and everything else that I kept inside.

I always cried in front of Kiefer, but it was never about love. I always used to tell him how I'd never be that girl who would cry over for a boy, but here I was.

It was so cliché that I find it funny.

"I love you Kiefer. You're the only boy that never hurt me... the only one that I could trust." I said to him.

He just smiled at me and wiped the tear that was falling from my cheek.

"I love you too Sam." He said as he kissed me gently on the forehead.

After a while I followed Kiefer down stairs and ate my breakfast.

Once I heard the doorbell ring my heart stopped in my chest.

I looked over to Kiefer confusion and worryment bubbling inside me. I could see the anger clear on Kiefer's face.

I knew he wanted to open the door and I didn't think that was a bad idea, but I knew Kiefer would get violent, and I wasn't in the mood to play doctor.

I put a hand on Kiefer's chest stopping him from going outside.

Concern was written all over his face.

"It's okay." I said, knowing that I was wrong.

I took a deep breath, my hand still on the door knob.

I was going to be strong, I was not going to cry, I don't need him, and I'll be okay. I repeated to myself for encouragement.

I opened the front door to see Blake leaning against the railing with his head down. When he looked up I could see his eyes were all red and puffy, probably matching my own.

I stepped outside and shut the door behind me.

I leaned against the door and we stared at each other in silence for a few moments.

"Samantha... I am so sorry." He said with words filled with pain.

I looked in his eyes and I could tell he was sincere but that didn't matter to me. I looked away from him, waiting if this was more.

"I didn't mean anything I said, I promise you. I was just drunk and stupid and wasn't thinking. I love you, I really do you have to believe me. My whole world fell apart when Alex told me what you were going to say. I feel like a complete asshole. I don't deserve an amazing girl like you but im selfish and I want to be with you." He said as he got closer to me.

I couldn't even think about what to say. The closer he got to me, the more I lost my train of thought.

"Samantha please... say something." He said as he held on to my waist and leaned his forehead against mine.

His warm breath surrounded my lips. If it wasn't for the pain in my heart reminding me what he did, I would have kissed him.

"No Blake... I can't..." I muttered, not even knowing how I spoke.

"Samantha please, give me a chance. I was just hurt and I handled it badly." He begged.

I couldn't stand to look in his eyes, so I turned my head away and stared at a tree across the way.

"Blake you hurt me...something you said you wouldn't do... and for a moment I believed you, but that's over now." I said as my attention was focused on a tree in the distance.

"I physically and emotionally can't take this anymore." I continued.

"Samantha please. I love you so much." He pleaded.

"Im not saying you don't, it's just that I did my best to keep myself from getting hurt and the one time I let myself open up ,even a little bit, and you break my heart, or what's left of it."

"I'm sorry. Samantha I am. I wish I could take it back I really do..."

"Saying sorry doesn't make anything better. The things you said killed me. You broke me, when I thought I was in breakable."

"I know... But I can fix this just let me try please..."

"No, this... I...can't be fixed! You don't know! You don't know how I felt at all. The first time I think I can actually love someone and this happens. You can't even imagine how I feel. I trusted you!" I shouted, looking back at him, and pushing him away.

"Samantha I didn't have sex with anyone..." He said.

"I don't care..." I said.

"You don't mean that...Samantha I love you... we could work this out. I messed up I really did and I regret it so much I really do. I know I ruined everything but I need you Samantha I really do." He begged.

Blake got closer to me and grabbed me gently by the waist once more.

"I love you Samantha... more than anything... " He said as he place kisses up my neck and around my jaw line.

"I don't love you... and this time I mean it." I knew that was a lie. I knew I still cared about him a lot, and I might even love him but it didn't matter anymore.

I turned around to open the door to go inside when his voice stopped me.

"I'll never give up loving you Samantha. I'll do my best to make this up to you, to make you see how much you mean to me, I promise you that." He said. I could hear the pain in his voice. I knew if I looked back and saw him like that, that I would forget everything and fall back into his arms.

"Then you're just going to waste your time." I said with my back turned towards him, and went back inside the house leaving him standing there alone.

Blake's POV

I knew it wasn't going to be easy.

I hadn't expected it to.

I need her in my life more than anything. I am going to do whatever it takes to bring her back to me.

I meant what I said; I wasn't going to give up.

I was going to make it up to her I was going to fix this.

Chapter 21

Samantha's POV

I was set on ignoring the world and zoning out as long as I needed too, but of course that didn't happen.

As I lay on the couch watching television attempting to forget about the ache in my heart, I heard Kiefer whispering on the phone in the kitchen. I soon forgot about his mysterious phone call when he sat on the couch beside me watching television.

After a half hour or so the bell rang, I don't know why but my heart jumped out of my chest thinking it was Blake, but I was wrong.

Kiefer got up too answer the door, my attention still focused on the TV set.

"Baby girl I am not letting you fall into a deep depression this time." I heard Adam say as he stood in front of the television set.

"Please go away!" I mumbled as I lifted the blanket over my head.

I wasn't in the mood to deal with this right now. I didn't understand why no one let me do what I wanted. I was content with staying home moping around and feeling sorry for myself.

"No Samantha, we want to help you." I heard another voice say, which I recognized to be Aya's.

"I don't need help; I just need to be left alone." I said still under the covers.

"I am not playing this game Samantha." Adam said, as I felt arms wrap around my waist lifting me up.

The cover fell to the ground, and I realized that Adam was holding me over his shoulder, walking up the stairs.

"Let me down!" I said, as I begin to bang my fist against his back.

"No, you're getting changed and were taking you out I don't care what you say." Adam said.

"Kiefer I hate you!" I screamed loud enough so that he could hear.

All of a sudden I was dropped on my bed.

"Aya's staying here to make sure you don't escape, im waiting down stairs." Adam said before he left my room.

"UGH!" I said while I laid back on my bed.

"Come on Sam were just trying to help." Aya said as she went through my closet picking out my clothes.

"I know but Im j ust not in the mood to be helped." I replied.

After I got dressed, Adam and Aya took me to the mall.

"Why are we here?" I asked.

"For some shop therapy." Aya replied.

We went into some stores and I bought a few things. The shopping was at least taking my mind off of Blake, until we went to eat.

"So you don't have to tell us what happened." Bella said.

"But we want you to know were always here to listen." Adam continued.

"I know and I want to tell you guys but first I want to thank you for being here for me." I said with a smile.

"No problem baby, that's what friends are for." Adam replied.

I told them everything that happened last night between Blake and me, and then I told them what he said to me earlier. When I was finished they looked at me in disbelief.

"Im so sorry baby girl." Adam said.

"You deserve so much better." Aya continued.

"I know that, but I think I might still have feelings for him." I said as I put my head down on the table.

"That's normal to still have feelings for him, they just don't disappear overnight." Adam said.

"I just feel so stupid because I actually still want to be with him. How is that even possible?" I asked.

"Don't feel stupid Sam, he was the first boy you considered loving, and that hard to deal with." Aya said.

"Listen I don't know how you're feeling, but I do know how hard it is for you to let yourself love someone. After he hurt you like that, i know you must be feeling broken, and betrayed, but I think you should put yourself in Blake's shoes." Aya continued.

I looked up at her in disbelief.

"Aya now is not the time." Adam muttered to her.

I couldn't even let myself think about that right now, so I just brushed it off.

"Sorry Sam." Aya muttered.

"Its fine, your right anyway. But I just can't put myself in his shoes when I feel so...broken." I said.

"Enough depressing talk...Brandon's party tomorrow are you excited?" Adam said.

Oh the party, I forgot all about it. "I don't think im going to go..." I said.

Both their head shot up, looking at me in disbelief.

"What?" I asked.

"You have to go Sam, it's going to be huge!" Aya said.

"I don't really feel up to it." I said.

"Come on, I bet Blake's going to be there." Adam said.

"Another reason not to go."

"Sam you gotta make Blake suffer, and the party is a perfect opportunity." Aya said.

I just looked at her confused.

"Sam, you go to that party looking drop dead gorg and have a good time, it's going to kill Blake." Adam said.

"I don't understand..." I said.

"If you're at the party having fun, then he will know that you're not crying your eyes out over him at home. It will show him that he hurt you but didn't break you...even though he did." Adam said.

"I guess so...." I said.

"Don't guess you, know." Aya said.

After more bonding time with Adam and Aya, I actually felt a little better.

"Kiefer im home." I said as I got through the door.

I heard voices in the kitchen, so I went to go see who was here.

"Hey Sam, you know Trent." Kiefer said as he gestured to the handsome guy sitting next to him at the table.

"Yeah. Hi Trent." I said.

"Hey." He said back with a gorgeous smile.

"Are you going to Brandon's party tomorrow?" Kiefer asked.

"Yeah, are you?" I asked.

"Of course, Brandon is Trent's cousin so a lot of older kids will be there. Be careful." He said.

"Oh, and I always am." I said with a smile.

"Yeah sure. I heard Blake will be there, are you sure you will be okay?" Kiefer asked nonchalantly.

I looked at him with wide eyes, I couldn't believe he brought up Blake with Trent sitting right there.

"Uhm yeah..." I muttered.

"What's up with the Frost kid?" Trent asked.

Kiefer looked at me to confirm whether or not he should tell Trent, I just nodded my head. Might as well tell him.

"They used to have a thing, but he's a jerk and I don't want him near Sam." Kiefer said.

"Well in that case, I'll be on the lookout." Trent said with a smile directed at me.

I tried to push back my blush, but I don't think I was successful.

"Well I guess I'll just go upstairs then." I said turning to leave.

"Uhm, Samantha, why don't you hang out down here with us." Trent said sheepishly.

I looked over to Kiefer to see if he minded but his facial expression remain calm and okay.

"Sure." I said.

The rest of the night was spent watching scary movies with Kiefer and Trent.

Of course I was the little baby sitting in between the 2 big boys on the couch hiding behind a pillow, and screaming often.

We were all focused on the movie when I heard the front door knob turn. It was dark in the living room so all I could see was a dark large figure standing in the hall.

"AHHH!" I screamed jumping onto Trent's lap, holding on to him for dear life.

All of a sudden the lights turned on to reveal Kiesha standing there with an amused expression on her face.

Trent, Kiefer, and Kiesha started to hysterically laughing, and soon I joined in too.

When I realized I was sitting on Trent's lap, I could tell a bright red blush appeared on my face.

"Sorry." I said as I began to get off of him.

He held on to my arm stopping me from leaving.

"It's okay, I didn't have a problem with that. In case you should get scared more often." He said with a wink, which I'm sure made the blush appear brighter on my cheeks.

"Alright well I should probably get going. I'll see you guys tomorrow night." Trent said before he left the house.

"Samantha and Trent sitting in a tree K-i-s-s-i-n-g..." Kiefer said in a sing song.

"Shut up!" I said to Kiefer who continued singing.

"First comes love, next comes marriage, then comes a little Samantha in a baby ca-" Kiefer said before I hit him with a pillow in the face, stopping him from singing.

"Oh your regret that Samantha." He said as he began to get up and move closer to me.

"Oh really? Watcha gonna do?" I asked as I slowly backed away.

"Let me show you." Kiefer said as he began to chase me around the house.

Laughing and playing with Kiefer kept my mind off Blake, but when I was up in my room alone all my thoughts went back to him.

I guess tonight was going to be another sleepless night.

Chapter 22

Samantha's POV

"Aya I changed my mind please don't make me go!" I begged to Aya.

"Honey don't you think your being a tad overdramatic." Aya said.

I gasped, and dramatically put my head over my chest

"I am not." I said.

"Aya I feel and look like garbage; I haven't slept properly since last week." I said as I laid back on my bed.

"That's what makeup is for honey bunny. Sam your dress is beautiful and so are you, you have nothing to worry about." Aya said.

"You really suck..." I said.

"But you still love me."

"Yeah, yeah, sure, whatever. What time does this shindig start?"

"9:00pm, its 5:00pm now. I think we should get ready." Aya said.

"I'd rather slice off my own foot then go to this party.

"Save the drama fo yo' mama," Aya said as snapped her fingers, and shook her head.

"Alrite ghetto girl gangsta, Make me over!" I said unenthusiastically.

"My pleasure"

"Are you done yet?" I asked Aya impatiently as she did my hair and makeup.

"Not yet!" She said back.

After an hour and a half of sitting in that chair, Aya was finally done.

"Walah!" Aya said as she turned the chair I was sitting on to face the mirror.

"Oh my god." I said.

"You did an amazing job!"

My long brown hair was curled and pinned to the side. My face had just the right amount of makeup on, and it complimented my dress.

"Put your dress on while I get ready." Aya said.

After we were both done with our hair and makeup, we put on our dresses and went downstairs.

In the kitchen was Adam, Kiefer, and Trent.

I could tell by the jaw dropped expression that we looked good.

"You both look beautiful." Kiefer said, but his eyes were on Aya. I could see the blush appearing on Aya's cheeks.

"If I wasn't so into men, I'd bang ya." Adam said which made us all laugh.

"You look incredible Sam." Trent said as he got up and stood in front of me.

"Save me a dance?" He whispered in my ear, which caused me to blush like crazy.

"Of course." I said back with a smile.

Maybe this party wasn't going to be so bad after all

We pulled up to practically a mansion. You could already see the people wasted outside.

As we walked to the door I feel dozens of eyes staring me down, which made me squish between Trent and Kiefer.

The closer we got to the door, the more I could hear the blasting of the music.

As soon as we stepped inside I felt 2 grips on my arms, one was Kiefer, and one was Trent.

"Be careful" Kiefer whispered before he walked away through the sea of people.

"Don't forget, you owe me a dance." Trent said with a smile before following Blake.

Which only left Aya, Adam, and I standing in the middle of a crowd of people.

"Let's go get drinks." I shouted so they could hear me.

"What stinks?" Aya asked back "Drinks!" I yelled.

Then she just nodded her head and followed me along with Adam.

When we go into the kitchen I grabbed 3 beers and handed them to Aya and Adam.

At least in the kitchen it was much quieter.

I kept looking around, everywhere we went trying to find Blake, but he was nowhere in sight.

"You know what we deserve some shots!" I shouted

At least if I was drunk I wouldn't care where Blake was.

After about 5 shots I was pretty tipsy. I wasn't a lightweight, and could take my alcohol

But I was ready to drink more when I saw someone standing by me in the kitchen.

When I looked up I saw it was Blake looking down at me, disappointedly.

"I think you've had enough." Blake said strongly.

"Really? Cause I don't care what you think." I said with a smirk, as I picked up the next shot, and chugged it down.

"Samantha enough!" Blake shouted, making Adam and Aya look over to me questioningly

"You can't tell me what to do." I replied with anger.

The chugged down another shoot.

"You there, the boy in the blue shirt with the beiber hair. Whats your name?" I asked as I got closer to him, smiling seductively.

"Jesse." The boy said after taking a big gulp

"Jesse do I make you nervous?" I asked teasingly, as my hand gently made its way through his hair.

"A little bit..." He said nervously, making me laugh.

"And why is that?" I asked.

"b-b-b-because uhm you're really hot." He said, making me laugh again.

"Aw Jesse your too cute." I said as I gently rubbed my up and down his muscular arm.

I could feel Blake's gaze burning a hole in my back, but I ignored it.

I moved my face close to Jesse, but not before I turned around and smirked at a furious Adrian.

"Do you want to...kiss me Jesse?" I said as my nose touched his.

He made a slight nod, and I moved closer to him, my lips gently grazing his, until I was roughly pulled back.

I turned to see it was Blake who pulled me back, his arms holding me tightly around my waist.

"Somebody jealous?" I asked, as I hit my bottom lip.

Blake didn't say anything; he just kept hold of me by my waist, staring at my lips intently.

I moved closer and closer to Blake, my lips gently touching his, my arms wrapped around my neck, and hands playing in his hair.

"Miss me?" I whispered.

He just nodded.

"Do you want to kiss me?" I whispered again.

He just nodded.

I gently placed kisses up his jaw to his ear.

My hot breath over his ear.

"Too bad, you lost your chance." I whispered in his ear.

I pulled away from him with a smirk on my face.

"See ya around bad boy" I said with a wink, before I went and left to find Trent.

Thank God I was drunk because I wouldn't in a million years think I would be able to do that.

Being so close to him made my heart ache. It took all my strength to not go back and kiss the face off him.

I went around traveling through the sweaty bodies rubbing up against each other to find Trent. One more night by Maroon 5 was blasting.

But baby there you again, there you again making me love you.

"Looking for me?" Asked a voice from behind me.

Yeah I stopped using my head, using my head let it all go

I turned around to see Trent.

Got you stuck on my body, on my body like a tattoo

"I was actually." I said with a smile.

And now I'm feeling stupid, feeling stupid crawling back to you.

"That's good because I was looking for you." He said with a smile.

"How about that dance?" I questioned, he nodded and I dragged him by the hand pulling him through the sea of people to the dance floor.

My back was placed against Trent's chest. Our bodies moved together perfect. Trent's arm went around my stomach, holding me closer to him.

As I danced I searched the crowd to find him. He was in the farther corner of the room surrounded by 3 girls. He didn't seem interested in what they were saying because his eyes were locked on mine.

If he wants a show, a show is what he'll get.

My eyes were locked on Blake's as I bent down lower against Trent. When I got back up I turned towards Trent's looking in his eyes, while we ground our bodies together. I lifted my hand up to gently cup Trent's face.

I moved in closer to him our lips inches apart. He looked from my eyes to my lips, before I knew it Trent's lips were crashed into mine.

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Our tongues moved together in sync. I could feel his hand drop lower pulling me closer to him.

All of sudden Trent was jerked back and I was left alone. When I looked to see what happened I saw Blake and Trent fighting each other. Blake straddled Trent and punched him in the face repeatedly.

"Blake stop it! Get off of him!" I screamed trying to pull Blake off.

"Adam!" I screamed as I saw him in the other room.

"Come here!" I continued as I tried to grab Blake off of him.

All of a sudden Adam was there and he pulled Blake back by his shirt leaving Trent there on the floor with blood all over his face.

"Oh my god Trent!" I screamed running over to him.

I put his head in my lap and held his hand, rubbing circles on the back of his hand.

"Get Kiefer!" I screamed and a second later he was there.

I held on to Trent's hand as Kiefer cleaned off the blood from his face.

"Oh my god Trent!" I cried.

"Who did this?" Kiefer demanded.

"Adrian." I muttered in between cries.

"Shit..." Kiefer said under his breath.

"I think his nose is broke, me and Adam will take him to the Hospital, Aya will drive you home." Kiefer said.

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Samantha's POV

As my eyes fluttered open, the first thing I noticed was Blake standing a few feet away from me. My heart immediately was consumed in warmth and love. I forgot about everything that happened between us, because at the moment nothing else mattered to me but him.

It took my brain a while to register everything else about the situation. I could feel the pressure around my neck, and the sharp cold blade pressed right against my jugular. I could see the people that surrounded me, one of them being Blake.

When I finally realized what was going on I began to panic, everything was blurry. I could feel the light headedness settling in.

"Well that's a chance I'm willing to take." I heard Connor say.

Then everything went black.

Blake's POV

As Kevin and Connor were talking, I was preparing myself for what I was about to do...

I looked over to Alex, who shook his head. He knew exactly what I wanted to do. I wasn't going to let Kevin take this Chance with Samantha's life, even if it means that I would take a chance with my own.

"Well that's a chance I'm willing to take." I was ready for him.

But before I even got a chance to risk my own life, it was over.

Everything was over...

I heard the shot, and my heart immediately stopped. I didn't know what happened, and I wasn't sure if I wanted to know.

I felt everything come crashing down. I didn't want to have to go through the pain of losing her, I couldn't deal with that.

In that moment I came to the bitter sweet realization that I needed Samantha in my life more than anything in the world. I didn't give a crap anymore; I was going to be with her. If I had the opportunity to be with her again, I would.

"Blake!" I heard Alexa shout, and I was immediately brought back to reality.

All I saw in my field of vision was Samantha sitting on that chair, with blood dripping from her neck.

I didn't even have enough time to look at Connor's lifeless body, lying on the floor in his own puddle of blood, because I ran to Samantha.

Nothing else around me mattered. I couldn't tell you what anyone else was doing because I didn't care. Some random guy could have shot me in the back and I wouldn't even know because I was down on my knees saving the women I loved.

I took my pocket knife out of my back pocket flipped it open, and quickly began to cut the brown ropes that were wrapped around Samantha.

Once I cut all the ropes I lifted Samantha up in my arms bridal style and stared at her bruised and battered face. I can't even attempt to explain the way I felt.

"Blake!" I heard Alex call. I turned back to look at him.

"She's going to be ok." He said with hopefulness in his voice.

All I could do was pray that he was right.

Samantha's POV

Before I even opened my eyes I was consumed in a warm, delightful feeling that I hadn't felt in a very long time.

I opened my eyes, to see I was in a beautiful meadow, covered in green grass and beautiful flowers. I inhaled the fresh clean air, and felt the warm sun on my skin.

It was an amazing place that you only heard of in books or movies. I never knew anything like this could exist.

"Baby..." I heard him say.

Immediately tears filled my eyes, it was my father.

I was only lucky enough to see him in a dream once before, but now here I am again.

"Dad." I said with a smile, as I looked searching for his face.

When I found him, he was far away surrounded by bright enticing light.

"I don't have much time, so I need you to listen to me..." He said. I nodded my head in response

"Don't give up baby girl; it's not your time yet. You have to keep fighting because you have so much to live for. There's a boy down there who needs you. It's very rare for two young people to feel so strongly for each other over a small amount of time. You and that boy love each other, like a married couple of 50 years. Don't doubt your feelings honey..." He said.

I could feel the weight on my chest lighten. His words made everything make so much sense to me. I didn't have to worry anymore, or feel broken because no matter what happens I know I'm not alone.

"I love you so much baby girl, you're a fighter. I know you can make it through anything." He said, right before she faded away into the light.

I could feel the tears pouring down my cheeks. I miss him so much, and to even have this piece of advice meant so much to me.

I heard the faint sound of voice coming from somewhere, as I looked down I could see Blake by my bed holding me, talking to me, crying. It broke my heart to see him in so much pain...I had to comfort him, and tell him everything was going to be alright

Blake's POV

Samantha was in a coma. Result of all the internal bleeding, and her lack of physical health....

I sat there in a chair beside her hospital bed for 2 weeks, the whole time I never left the hospital. There was no news, and my brothers and doctors, try to explain to me that she might not make it. I didn't want to hear that at all, I couldn't hear that at all. Just seeing her lying there so helpless and defenseless broke my heart into a million pieces. She was hooked up to so many machines, every second another machine would beep.

"Samantha you need to listen to me, because. ..I'm not good at this feelings thing, it was you who introduced me to it all. I found it ironic how the two people who didn't believe in love, loved each other so much that it hurt..." I said as I held on to her hand.

"This is my fault. You're here because of me; I should have never came into your life. The right thing would have been to stay clear of you, but I didn't. You would have been safe, probably dating the football captain. Maybe you might even be a cheerleader.... Okay scratch that whole scene. Thank god you didn't hear that, I probably wouldn't hear the end of it. But still you would have had a better life. I ruined it..." I continued, as more and more tears fell from my eyes.

"But that doesn't matter anymore, because I'm here... and I'm not leaving. Now that I've been with you, and fell in love with you... I don't think I could ever leave you. I won't give up on our love, because it's the only thing that I've got left. Samantha I'm a dick and you deserve better... but I still need you. You might never forgive me for what I did, and you probably shouldn't but I need you to know I did it for us. All the mistakes I've made from the time I met you, was because I loved you. My love for you impaired my judgment and I'm sorry..."

"I need you to wake up Samantha, so I can tell you how much of a dick I am, and tell you how I still want you to be with me anyway. I need you to be okay so I can fight for us. So you can help me learn from my mistakes. So we can watch romantic movies on my couch. So I can give you corny gifts on Valentine's Day, and take you ice skating. So I can take you to prom, and actually have the

motivation to graduate....You make me a better person, and I can't lose you..." I said through my tears.

I couldn't do it anymore, I couldn't talk anymore because I at the moment I had nothing left to give.

I laid my head down on her bed and cried...until I felt her hand twitch.

As soon as I felt the movement of her hand, my head snapped up. My heart heat was racing. I examined her whole body looking for another sign that she was still there...and I got one.

Her eyes started to flutter, and I jumped out of my chair.

Good things didn't happen to me...until now.

As her eyes fluttered open, she began to cough.

I ran to the other side of the bed, and held the glass of water in my hand waiting for her to ask for it.

"Blake..." She called in a whispered cracker voice..

"I'm here Samantha... here drink this." I said as I assisted her with drinking the water.

"I have to call the nurse, a doctor, the newspapers, someone..." I said.

As I began to go, I felt her hold on to my hand.

"We need to talk..." She said...

Samantha's POV

I heard everything that he said to me, and half the time I wanted to punch him in the face.

"Sit..." I said.

"No, let me get the doctors first... please." He begged. But what I was about to say couldn't wait..

"No. Listen to me...." I began

"I don't want to ever hear you blame yourself for anything again..." I said.

"Samantha, stop-" Blake said before I interrupted him.

"Shut up! Let me just say this because I'm in a lot of pain but this really can't wait. I wouldn't of been a cheerleader or dating a football player you asshole, I'd be alone, upset, and just overall hating life. You changed that for me... you gave me a reason to smile. Actually made me believe love, something that I never thought was possible. Granted you're a lying cheating Dick, but for

some reason I believe you... I believe that everything you did was for us, as stupid as it was. You can explain it all, and I'll be mad but I'll get over it. I'm glad you're being selfish and staying with me, because I wouldn't let you even if you wanted to. I'm all for doing the wrong things, especially you.... sometimes things are bad, and difficult and just pain in the ass, but we do what we have to in order to get through everything. But it's easier, if we get through it together..." I said.

"I love you more than anything in the world..." He said

"I love you too, and I promise you I'm holding you to all those things you said we would do..." I said with a smile.

"Good..." He said.

Then Blake gently caressed my cheek and looked into my eyes. When his lips touched mine, all the pain I had in my body melted. I felt complete, I felt strong, and I felt amazing...

I was ready to be with Blake no matter what...

Chapter 23

Samantha's POV

I knew that voice, I knew it too well.

As soon as I recognized the voice, anger burst through me.

"Blake, what are you doing here?" I asked strongly.

"I wanted to talk to you." he answered in a monotone.

"Please enlighten me on what made you think I wanted to talk to you? I want absolutely nothing to do with you! I don't understand why can't you leave me alone and let me be!" I screamed, letting all the anger pour out of me.

I didn't want to do this with him anymore. Of course I still had feelings for him, but they were being replaced by anger. Yes I provoked Blake but I didn't think he was going to take it that far. I felt so bad that Trent was hurt because of him.

I knew it was the alcohol that was making me so straightforward and flirty, but it felt good. I felt that I could get any boy I wanted, and I didn't need Blake.

"Just please listen. I was wrong I know that and I know I should feel sorry, but I don't. Everytime I saw him touch you and hold you tighter, the anger rose in me, and then when he pressed his lips to yours I just lost control. I don't want anyone touching you other than me, I love you Samantha and you belong with me." Blake said strongly.

I looked at him with disbelief. Was he actually saying these things?

I like Trent I really do, but in the back of my mind I know he'll never make me feel like Blake does. He won't make me happy to the point where I'm giddy. He won't put the butterflies in my stomach like Blake did. He wasn't worth the risk of getting hurt. And all of that made me angry. I was mad because Blake made me feel things that I never imagined I could feel. But all he did was hurt me, and all I could do was hope that over time I could feel those things for Trent.

"I don't care Blake! You hurt me! If I belonged to you then I would be with you right now but I'm not! You need to get over it and let me do what I want!" I shouted.

We stared at each other in silence for a few moments, until Blake got up and stepped closer to me.

"I know you love me Sam, even after what I said to you. You still care and want to be with me. Your just trying to fight it because it seems like the right thing to do, but its not." He said standing inches away from me.

"Just give us a chance... you wont regret it." He continued as he gently cupped my cheek with his hand.

Deep down I knew he was right, but I couldn't admit it. I was afraid I would regret it. I needed to go with the safer choice and be without him, even though it will be harder, in the long run its less painful.

So I gritted my teeth and masked my face from all the emotions I held inside. He couldn't tell that the touch of his hand on my cheek was driving me insane.

"You should go, before Kiefer comes back." I said in a monotone and walked up the stairs and in the house, without looking back.

Blake's POV

I went to that party tonight cause I knew I would see Samantha there.

I didnt know that I would see her with other boys.

As soon as she walked in I spotted her from across the room. She looked beautiful, and I wasn't the only one who noticed. Boys would stare up and down her body probably thinking perverted thoughts, which were making me angry.

The girls that surrounded me would talk about mindless chatter that I ignored. My eyes were on Samantha the whole night.

The more she drank, the more I became restless. She was drinking to much and I had to stop her.

When I went over to her in the kitchen I told her to stop but I knew in the back of my mind that she was going to do the opposite.

Then Samantha went on antagonizing me. Flirting with some Bieber looking kid. As her hand pushed through his hair, I tightly clenched my fist with anger.

He was looking at her nervously with admiration and lust.

As her lips got closer to his I couldn't stand it no longer, I pulled her back roughly so that she was agaisnt my chest. I didn't mean to pin her so close to my chest but I did. Her face was inches away from mine and I could smell her deliciously fruity scent, and I was getting lost in her beautiful hazel eyes.

When she spoke to me it felt like we were the only 2 in the room. I got more excited as her lips came closer to mine.

As she placed kisses along my jaw, it felt as if my heart stopped in my chest.

Her hot breath was against my ear making me anxious.

"Too bad you lost your chance." she whispered in my ear, making my world crash around me.

"See ya around bad boy." she said, leaving me there shocked with my jaw dropped.

I made sure I followed Samantha with my eyes, but before I did I glared angrily at the Bieber looking boy.

I went in the other room and again was surrounded by girls talking about things that I wasn't interested.

I kept my eyes on Samantha and she noticed .

Each second that passed with her body against his, I lost more and more control.

I hated the fact that this guy got to hold her and feel her against him. I hated the fact that this guy was the reason for the smile on her face.

As soon as her lips pressed against his, I lost all self control.

Before I knew it I pulled him back, making him stumble and fall to the floor. I straddled him and punched him continuously, replaying the moments he spent with Samantha in my head, increasing my anger.

When I was pulled back and was able to assess the situation I knew I did damage. But as soon as I glanced at Samantha's face I knew I had to leave as soon as I could. If I didn't leave I knew I would be attacked by Kiefer and the rest of Trent's friends.

When everyone ran to Trent's aid, I made my escape.

I had to talk to Samantha even though I knew she wouldn't be happy with me. I needed to hear a voice and know she was okay.

I could tell Samantha was furious with me, but I also could tell that she didn't mean anything she said.

I told her I wasn't giving up and that was a promise.

When I made my way back to my house, alexa and Alex were sitting in the kitchen talking in hush tones.

"Im home." I said

"Great. Did you win back Samantha?" Alex asked.

I looked at him with an angry expression and held up my bloody fist in response.

"So I'm assuming thats a no? Okay then." Alex said.

"What happened?" Alexa asked gesturing to my fist.

"Punched a guy who kissed Samantha." I said nonchalantly, as I went in the fridge to grab a beer.

"What did I tell you about fighting? Only in self-defense and when its absolutely necessary." Alexa said annoyed.

"I know, I just lost control."

"Im assuming that Samantha isn't your biggest fan at the moment?" Alex said.

"Your correct." I responded.

"Maybe I'll talk to her." Alex said, making me look up at him in confusion.

"What good would that do?" I asked

"Well you wouldn't know because you were too drunk to notice, but we actually bonded the other night." Alex said.

"Probably wouldn't do any good." I responded.

"It wouldn't hurt to try." he said.

Chapter 24

Samantha's POV

After talking with Blake last night I went inside and waited up for Kiefer. As soon as he got home I pounded him for details about Trent. He told me Trent had a broken nose and a black eye, the guilt I felt inside doubled. I was going to talk to Trent right after that but I was too busy trying to keep Kiefer from going over to Blake's place.

As soon as I woke up the next morning I called Trent and apologized repeatedly. He told me that it wasn't my fault and to not worry about it. He was sweet; little did he know that it was my fault. Trent said I could make it up to him by going on a date with him tomorrow night, and of course I agreed.

I was planning on staying inside all day when an unexpected visitor turned up at my door.

"Hey sam, I was wondering if I could take you out to lunch?" Alex asked as I stood at the front door in shock.

"Uhm, listen if this is about Blake I don't want to hear it." I said.

"No don't worry; it's just a friend wanting to take out another friend." He said with a smile, that I couldn't say no too.

After I got dressed, Alex took me to a pizzeria in the town.

"So Sam how are you doing?" Alex asked as we waited for our pizza.

"Just dandy." I said sarcastically. Alex looked at me puzzled, waiting for me to go on.

"Don't act like you don't know. Your brothers making my life a living hell and if he told you to try and get something out of me then you're just wasting your time." I said.

"He doesn't even know im here with you. The last time we talked I thought we got pretty close."

"Yeah but then your brother came in and ruined it all." I said remembering the ache in my heart.

"Listen Sam you don't have to tell me anything, but I want to let you know if you decide to talk about it, it's only between you and me, Blake won't know anything."

"He's your brother Alex. You expect me to believe that you won't go back and tell him."

"Samantha my brother was a douche to you that night, and to be honest he doesn't deserve to know anything." He said.

I don't know what made me decide to believe him, but I did. I could tell he was telling me the truth, and was just trying to be a friend.

"I decided to take a risk and tell him I love him, and then he breaks my heart. I still can't help but love him, but I just don't think I could forget what he did." I said

"This is the type of situation where the 'forgive but don't forget' saying comes into play"

"I don't even know if I could forgive him." I said.

"I don't blame you Sam."

"And it's not like I could just try and get over him, because I see him everywhere I go. I don't even know what to do anymore." I said.

"Samantha things must seem really hard right now, but that will change. Eventually you'll realize what the best thing is for you, and you'll take action. It all works out in the end, and if things aren't worked out then it's not the end."

I couldn't help but smile at what he said.

"Thanks Alex."

"No problem Samantha, If you ever need to talk, here's my number." Alex said as he grabbed my phone and put his number in.

When I got home, all I could think about was what Alex said. I knew how I felt about Blake; I just didn't know how to handle this situation. Maybe by going out with Trent, things will be clear.

The next day at school I did my best to ignore Blake; I wasn't going to let him ruin my life.

"He wants to take you on a date? Does this dude have a death wish?" Adam said as we both moved down the lunch line, putting food on out trays.

"I guess so. I want to go but I don't want to put Trent in that type of position ever again." I said.

"The position where you use him to make Blake insanely jealous and get him beat up." Adam said nonchalantly.

"Hey! I didn't think he was going to go crazy like that. And I wasn't using him; I did want to kiss him...I just ya know... Killed two birds with one stone." I said with a smile as I paid for my lunch.

"Samantha what am I going to do with you?" Adam asked as we made our way to our lunch table.

I just chuckled in response.

"Seriously Sam, you know you really want to be with Blake." Adam said.

I knew it was true, but I still didn't know if that was ever possible

"Doesn't matter Adam, Trent's the better and safer choice to go with. I can't deal with Blake and all his secrets." I said.

"I don't know Sam..." Adam said.

"Well I do. I'm going on the date with Trent and that's final." I said.

It was hard to avoid Blake's stare.

I could feel his glare burning holes through me. I didn't think I was going to be able to avoid him, so when I left school without talking to Blake the whole day, I felt accomplished.

"I'm not completely comfortable with you going out on a date with Trent." Kiefer said as he pulled to a stop in front of the house.

"Oh wow that sucks because I was so worried about how you were going to feel." I said sarcastically as I made my way to the door.

"No need for the sarcasm." Kiefer said as he followed me inside.

"Ma?" Kiefer called out as soon as we stepped inside

"Yeah?" I heard Kiesha call from the kitchen.

"Guess who Sam's going on a date with tonight?" Kiefer said. I shot him angry glares to which he responded with a simple shrug

"Samantha has a date?" Kiesha said as we walked into the kitchen.

"Yup." Kiefer said, popping the p I just shook my head

"With who?" Kiesha asked, I could feel the amusement in her voice.

"Trent." Kiefer responded back.

"I knew you liked him, when I saw you all cozied up to him the other night." Kiesha said.

"Not that this chat about my love life isn't fun or anything but I think I'm going upstairs and get ready." I said as I rolled my eyes and went upstairs.

For some strange reason I didn't have a good feeling about going on this date. I knew if I went out with Trent then Blake and I, were really over.

After 2 hours of going through my closet and making a mess of my room, I finally found something to wear. I wore a grey V-neck knit sweater that came down mid-thigh, with a pair of leggings and grey knit ugg boots.

I curled my long dark brown hair, and put a little makeup on. When I heard the bell ring I quickly made my way down stairs, because I knew if Kiefer answered the door he would find some way to embarrass me.

But I was too late. I saw Kiefer standing there talking to Trent in the living room.

"You're my friend and all, but if you hurt her I'll hunt you down." I heard Kiefer say as I walked through the living room.

"Can't go a day without embarrassing me?" I asked Kiefer annoyed.

"Nope" He said with a smirk.

When I looked towards Trent, I had to bite my lip to hold back a gasp.

His left eye was purple and swollen shut. He had a bandage over his nose, and I could see he had a small cut on his lip.

"Oh my god, Trent." I said as I gently caressed his cheek with my hand.

"It looks worse than it feels." He said.

"Im so sorry, it's all my fault." I said as tears of guilt filled my eyes.

"Listen Samantha I told you before it's not your fault, and I don't blame you. Im just glad that your letting me take you out." He said with a smile.

He was amazing. Any other guy would blame me and stay away from me, but he's doing the exact opposite.

He took me to dinner at an Italian restaurant. We talked about everything, from his job to school, even about my mom. He told me he also lost his dad, and he understood how hard it was. We laughed about little things, and people would look over to our table annoyed.

Even though I was having a good time and enjoying Trent's company, I couldn't help but to think about Blake.

I knew Trent really liked me, and I didn't think it was fair that I couldn't return the feelings. I knew I liked him but I knew I had stronger feelings for another guy.

After dinner we got ice-cream, and ate it as we walked along in the park. It was nice out. The dark sky was lit with the bright full moon. There was a nice breeze in the air that wasn't too cold.

"So Samantha, I really had fun with you tonight." He said as we walked in the park.

"Me too." I said taking another lick of my ice-cream, my attention elsewhere.

"I really like you Sam, but I also know you don't feel the same way." He said which caused me to look over at him in shock.

"I like you Trent." I began.

"You might like me but you love Blake." He said.

I didn't know how to respond to that. Trent didn't even sound angry, he was truly amazing.

"Im sorry..." I said.

"It's okay Sam, can't help who you fall in love with." He said with a smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"You're an amazing guy Trent and any girl would be lucky to be with you." I said.

"Thanks." He said.

"I hope we could still be friends" I said as we reached the exit of the park.

"Of course." He said with a smile.

Trent was driving me home. We sat in silence which I expected to be awkward, but it wasn't. It was a comfortable silence.

We hit a street that was backed up with traffic, it didn't look like I was going to be home any time soon.

Ambulances sped down the street, through the traffic.

"There must have been an accident." Trent said.

"Must be a big one, with all this traffic."

Trent turned the radio channel to a news station.

"...accident on Sycamore street, downtown. A pickup truck was speeding down the road with a motorcycle following behind. Both vehicles ran a red light and crashed into a van that was coming down one of the streets. Passengers in the truck and motorcycle are in critical condition, the passenger in the van is in stable condition. This accident caused a traffic jam downtown. I am Diane Silver and this is your PWS traffic report..."

The traffic was moving slowly. After a while we came in sight of the accident. It was blocked off, officers standing by the totaled cars. The pickup truck was upside down, the front of the white van was totaled. I glanced around for the motorcycle but I couldn't find it.

Until I looked further away, and spotted the bike.

My heart stopped in my chest.

If you never saw the bike before you would barely be able to recognize it, but I did.

It was Blake's bike...

Chapter 25

Samantha's POV

I couldn't even breathe; it felt like I was dreaming.

"Samantha are you okay?" Trent asked concern filling his voice.

"You need to take me to the closest hospital." I said in almost a whisper.

Trent was puzzled, but he didn't question me.

I dug out my phone in the little purse that I brought, and dialed Alex's number.

"Hello?"

"Alex its Samantha. Where's Blake?" I asked urgently.

"I don't know he went out a while ago. He was supposed to be watching you." He said

"Oh my god..."

"What's wrong Samantha?" He asked urgently.

"I-I...I think he was in an accident." I said.

**

As soon as I reached the hospital, I ran out of the car without even saying anything to Trent.

I walked through the doors of the emergency room. I didn't understand how my legs were even moving; all I wanted to do was crawl up into a ball and cry. I didn't even know if it was Blake's bike for sure, but a bad feeling inside me told me it was.

I hated hospitals. I spent a lot of time in hospitals, and they were never good. The white walls and floor, the bright lights, and the sterile smell were all too familiar to me.

When I got up to the front desk I had no idea what to say. All the times I've spent in hospitals, I was the one that was being seen

What was I supposed to do?

I didn't think I would be able to handle negative news about Blake. I couldn't imagine what I would do if anything happened to him.

I walked up to the desk and took a deep breath.

"How may I help you miss?" Asked the nurse behind the counter.

"Uhm...er...I need to know if an Blake Frost is checked in here. I think he was in an accident." I said coming out shaky.

The lady behind the counter looked at me sympathetically.

"Uhm let me go check..." She said.

I was waiting there at the desk. I wasn't sure what I wanted to hear out of that lady's mouth. I was scared and nervous. My heart was beating fast, my palms sweating and my hands shaking.

"Samantha?" I heard a voice ask from down the hall.

I turned my head to see Blake standing there. I couldn't see anything else; my brain wasn't registering anything else. All I could accept was that Blake was okay. He was standing there breathing and that's all that mattered to me.

I walked up to him, tears filling my eyes to the point where I couldn't see. My knees were going weak and I couldn't even speak.

I lifted my hand up over my mouth to muffle the screams and cries that were coming out of my mouth.

"Blake! Oh my god."

"There was an accident and...I-I..I saw your bike...I t-t...thought something happened to you..." I saw in between cries.

"Don't worry Samantha; I'm fine everything's okay don't worry." He said as he put his arm around me bringing me closer to him. I wrapped my arms around him tightly and I heard him wince in pain. I couldn't understand why I hurt him.

I pulled away and wiped my eyes attempting to get clear vision.

When my eyes weren't so blurry I saw everything. Blake was standing in front of me with his right arm in a sling. He had a white bandage on the top of his forehead; there were other small cuts around his face. His eye was purple and swollen shut. But I didn't understand why he was in pain when I held him

I looked at him puzzled, then I slowly lifted the thin hospital shirt reveal his chest. His stomach was wrapped around in a thick white bandage; I could see yellow greenish bruises forming on his chest.

I could see he was trying masking the pain on his face.

I couldn't help but just cry for him. I was happy that he was okay and alive, but I still didn't want to see him in pain.

"Blake what are you doing? You need to go lay down or something!" I screamed.

"No Samantha, I need to go home." He said with a straight face.

I looked at him confused. How could he possibly think he was going home? He was clearly badly injured and it looks like the doctors weren't done with him yet.

"You can't!" I cried.

"I have to Samantha. You shouldn't even be here." He said strongly

I just looked at him confused.

"Alex!" I heard him call, looking over my shoulder.

"We need to leave, now!" Blake said.

I looked back at Alex waiting for his brother to protest but he didn't, they just looked at each other like they were communicating with their eyes, and I had no idea what they were saying.

Without saying anything Alex walked out of the hospital. Blake grabbed my arm and pulled me towards the exit. With each step he took he winced with pain. I knew something was going on that I didn't understand.

When we got outside I helped Blake into the back seat and sat beside him.

"Will someone please tell me what the hell is going on?" I asked.

I saw Alex look at Blake in the rearview mirror, they were exchanging glances.

"Stop with the damn secret communication and tell me what happened!" I screamed.

"Okay Samantha, relax." Blake said.

"I was watching you tonight when you went out on your...date." He said the word date with so much hatred and disgust.

"After a while I saw a car was following me. So I followed them, in order to lead them away from you. That's when I was chasing the pickup truck through the streets we got into an accident." Adrian continued.

"Who was following me?" I asked.

"Must be one of Connor's men." Alex said, keeping his eyes on the road.

"Connor?" I asked questioningly.

"The gang leader that's after us." Blake said.

"Oh,"

"Yeah. I don't think the guy in the truck got out of the wreck as lucky as I did. But I do know that the hospital was going to be filled with members of that gang, which was why I couldn't stay there." Blake said.

"But you're really hurt Blake!" I cried. I didn't care who was after me, I just didn't want Blake to be in pain.

He looked at me with a smile, and gently cupped my cheek with his good hand.

"A good thing came out of this." He said.

"What's that?" I asked sarcastically. I knew nothing good came out of this at all.

"I realized how much you really do love me." He said with a knowing smirk.

My face dropped, how could he even be talking about love when he was sitting here injured.

But I knew what he was saying was true. Experiencing this did make me realize how much I actually loved and needed Blake. Even though it was going to be hard for me to trust Blake, I wasn't going to let that get in the way of an amazing thing. I know now that we should be together, we need to be together. Still there were bigger and important things at the moment.

"How could you even be thinking about that right now!" I said which made his smirk wider and brighter.

"You didn't even deny it. Babe it's all I could think about." He said.

"We have bigger problems little bro, and you could do this lovey dovey thing when I'm not here." Alex said.

I just rolled my eyes and let out a sigh.

When we finally pulled up to the house I helped Blake out with Alex, and assisted him into the house.

I sat him on the couch in his living room, and looked over his bruised and scratched up face.

"I'm going to go upstairs and try to get a hold of Alei while you and Sam confess your love for each other." Alex said with a chuckle then went upstairs.

"What am I going to do with you Blake Frost?" I said as I shook my head.

"Love me forever Samantha Dela Vega." He said with a smile.

"You're sitting here With a broken arm, 3 badly bruised ribs, and cuts and bruises all over your body, but you're talking about love. What is wrong With you?" I said sitting next to him.

"You loving me is all that matters. I was having some doubts before; I didn't think I was going to be able to get you back. But when I saw you in the hospital crying for me I knew I was wrong." He said with a smile.

"Blake your right. I love you, and want to be with you. But I don't know if I can trust you. I don't know so many things about you and you have to understand it's hard for me..." I said.

"I understand, but I promise you over time you'll know. But what do you propose we do?" He asked.

"Let's just be friend for now, and slowly make our way up to a relationship." I said nervously.

He seemed to be thinking this over for a moment, and then he cupped my cheek with his good hand.

"Friends that don't date other people?" He asked bringing me a little bit closer to him.

"Yup." I said.

"Friends that hang out a lot, and sometimes go on dates?" He asked bringing me more closely to him.

"Yup." I said with a smirk.

"Friends that kiss and say I love you?" he asked bring me closer to him, so that my nose was touching his.

Before I even got to answer, his lips crashed into mine. As our lips touched, a warm tingly sensation went through my body. I missed this feeling so much.

He ended the kiss to quickly pulling himself away, taking all the warm wonderful feelings with him.

"If moving slowly is what it takes to be with you then that's what I'll do." He said with a smile.

I rolled my eyes, trying to hide the smile that he put on my lips.

"Come on Blake lets go upstairs and play doctor." I said with a wink reaching out to him to help him up.

He got up to eagerly resulting in another wince of pain.

I just shook my head and rolled my eyes. Little did he know that I was actually playing doctor. If he wasn't going to go to a hospital and get help, I'll do my best to take care of him.

Chapter 26

Blake's POV

I remembered being pissed that Alexa and Alex were busy and couldn't watch over Samantha tonight. I got over it though, until I saw who she was with and what she was doing. She was on a day with that guy, Trent.

Ugh, I hated him. Of course the only reason that I disliked him was because of Samantha. I was pretty sure if Samantha had nothing to do with him he would be an alright guy, but that wasn't the case.

I was on my bike across the street from the ice cream parlor. I had to clench my fists tightly around my handlebars to keep myself from running over to them and knocking him out.

Every time I would see her laugh an ache would go through my chest, knowing that he was the one making her smile. I haven't made her laugh like that in a long time, and that killed me.

I was too wrapped up in my own thoughts to notice the black pickup truck that was following Samantha.

When Samantha and Trent got in the car and drove off, I stared intently at the truck waiting to follow his path. When he started up the car and began driving off in the direction of Trent's car I followed behind him.

He stopped outside Kingways Park, I didn't see Samantha around so I thought I must have made a mistake, but then I heard the beautiful sound of her laugh.

The driver must have noticed me because he sped away from the park. I wasn't going to let him get away that easy.

I quickly started up my motorcycle and chased after him.

I loved the feeling of going over the speed limit on my bike, especially while chasing the guy. Normally people would try to avoid situations like these and would be scared, not me. I was an adrenaline junkie; it was things like this that made me love life.

I knew we were both running red lights, I didn't think much of it. Until I saw the white van crash right into the pickup truck. It was only a few seconds later that I blacked out.

When I woke up I could hear the loud beeping besides me, each time it beeped my head throbbed painfully.

I had no idea where I was or why I was here. But after a few seconds of opening my eyes pain surged through my body. My whole body hurt but the most severe pain was located at my ribs. Every time I would breath a sharp pain would go through my chest.

I couldn't move my right arm; it was wrapped in something hard and heavy.

I looked around at the white bright room realizing I was in the hospital.

I was confused after that; it took me awhile to remember what had happened. But as soon as I remembered the events that took place a few hours ago I knew I had to leave.

I wasn't sure what had happened to the driver in the pickup truck, but I wasn't going to wait around and find out.

I knew the driver had to be affiliated with Connor's gang, and if he was hurt which I'm sure he was; a lot of members were going to be in this hospital.

I let out a deep breath and I gathered up all the strength I had in me to get up out of the bed.

With each step I took pain went through my body so intensely I wasn't sure that I was going to be able to make it out of the hospital.

But once I heard her loud cries I couldn't care less about the unbearable pain.

She was down the hall standing at the front counter. She was crying hysterically, breathing in pants. For a moment I forgot everything, the pain, my past, and the crazy gang members that were probably surrounding the hospital.

In those few second of watching her cry I understood something that I didn't before, she loved me. She loved and cared for me more than anything and no matter I knew we were going to be together.

When I called out to her she looked up puzzled, I knew she wasn't expecting to be hearing my voice.

She came over to me and wrapped her arms around me tightly, I did my best to comfort her but it was hard to hold back the groan of pain.

She looked at me worriedly and I gave her my best reassuring smile, by the look on her face I knew she didn't believe it.

Soon I was brought back to reality, I knew how incredibly dangerous it was too be here, especially with Samantha.

As I was trying to tell Samantha that we needed to leave I saw my brother come up behind her, I looked at him seriously communicating with my eyes trying to tell him that we needed to leave. I knew he understood when he walked out of the hospital.

In the car I started to realize everything that happened. Before Samantha even knew if I was hurt for sure, she came to the hospital worried.

The moment I saw Samantha crying in the hospital a lot of things made sense. I knew she denied loving me because she was afraid to get hurt, and I always assumed that, but now I knew it was true. I didn't understand why she would love me, not thinking that anyone could love me, but then I knew she had her own reasons for loving me.

When I told Samantha my discovery she was wondering how I could be thinking about that at a time like this. Normally I would agree, when you just recently get in a car accident because you crashed into the car that was following you kind of not really girlfriend you shouldn't be thinking about love. I couldn't

help it though. For the first time I was absolutely positive about how Samantha felt about me and I just couldn't help but smile brightly at the thought.

When I got home and Samantha told me she wanted to take it slow, I was just a little bit disappointed. I knew I should just be thankful that I'm getting another chance, but all I could think about was how I wanted to rip her clothes off and make love to her on my couch.

I did my best to rid myself of the idea; I wasn't going to ruin this opportunity. It didn't really help though when Samantha looked at me with a smirk and said she wanted to play doctor.

I didn't care about all the pain and aches in my body, because the image of me and Samantha playing 'doctor' consumed me. I got up quickly from the couch and grabbed Samantha by the hand pulling her towards the stairs, ignoring the protesting aches and pains in my body.

She changed me and I changed her. The player who thought any girl could easily fall for him learned his lesson, and the girl that always had her guard up and was afraid to love took a risk.

It was kind of romantic and sweet, if you took out all the gang violence.

Man, this girl was changing me.

Chapter 27

Samantha's POV

It's been 2 weeks since the 'incident' occurred. Blake was getting better each day that passed, and we were getting closer...

We were getting closer as friends. I told him I wanted to take it slow, and I meant it.

But for the past 2 weeks I was sleeping over at Blake's. The night he came back from the hospital was the first night. When I was about to go home he kept hold of my hand and told me to stay. With him, I wasn't so sure that was a good idea. It defeated the purpose of taking things slow, but he assured me we were only sleeping. Still I was hesitant; I didn't want to by accidently crush him in my sleep. But of course Blake wasn't taking no for an answer.

Ever since then, when Kiesha would leave for work, and Kiefer would go out or go to sleep, I'd climb out the window and go to his house.

All we ever did was sleep, and cuddle. Yes the badass likes to cuddle. It felt amazing having Blake hold me close to him at night. Just being with him, made everything feel so perfect. Having his arms around me, holding me against him tightly made me feel safe, something that I wasn't used to.

Ugh! I can't believe I actually was feeling this way. No one would ever believe me; Samantha Dela Vega had butterflies in her stomach when she was around a boy. It's incredibly cliché. Usually that would sicken me, but not now. Call it whatever you want, but Im Finally happy. Yeah.

I was, but I just kept waiting for it too all fall apart. That usually happens in the story of my life, when I finally get happy; something happens that ends it all.

I know I should enjoy my life now and I am, but in the middle of the night, when I can't sleep and Blake's already out, my thoughts wander. Im happy now and getting here was a long and hard journey, but it could all come to an end really quick.

Kiefer and Blake still didn't get along at all. That's why I told Kiefer Blake and I are just friends. Technically I wasn't lying, just not telling him the Whole truth.

"Who was your first kiss?" I asked Blake as I lay beside him on his bed, resting my head on his chest over the fading bruises.

"hmm?" He asked, as he gently ran his unbroken hand up and down my hip, creating tingles under my skin.

"Your first kiss?" I asked again.

"Do you really want to know? Can you handle knowing who was the one who took my first kiss?" He asked teasingly, as I rolled my eyes.

"Yeah I think I'll be alright." I said sarcastically.

"My first kiss? Or my first real kiss?" He asked with a wink, which made me lightly hit his chest, making sure not to hit his ribs.

"Both."

"My first kiss was in 2nd grade to a girl name Katie, she gave me her pudding cup at lunch, and I repaid her with a kiss. I thought my first real kiss was to a girl named Michelle, when I was 15. She was Alex's' friend's sister. She was also weirdo." He said, with a fake shutter.

"You thought?" I asked puzzled.

"Yup. My first real kiss was to the girl I love, you." He said with a cheesy smile.

I couldn't help but aw.

"Corny but romantic, I like it." I said as I gave him a kiss on the cheek.

"What about you?" Blake asked.

"My first kiss and my first real kiss were both with Kiefer." I said automatically without thinking.

"What?!" He asked loudly as his whole body tensed up, Confusion written all over his face.

"Yup." I answered, not understanding what the problem was. But then I remembered he thought Kiefer was really my cousin.

"Oh, no. Blake it's not what you think" I said finding the situation kind of funny.

"So you didn't make out with your cousin?" Blake asked with disgust.

"No. Kiefer isn't really my cousin" I said, which mean him even more confused.

"Let me explain. Our parents met when they were in 3rd grade. They became best friends, and practically were inseparable, and that's how Kiefer and I became so close." I said.

"But you have the same last names?" He asked puzzled.

"Yeah, well that's how our parents became friends. Everyone thought they were related but they weren't, so in school they talked and bonded over that, and here we are." I said with a smile.

Blake still looked confused. "So he isn't your cousin?" He asked.

"Nope." I said popping the p.

"Oh." He said calmly, with understanding.

"Wait! He's not your cousin, and you live with him!" He shouted, taking me by surprise.

"Yeah?"

"And he was your first kiss?" He shouted again.

"Yeah?"

"Are you kidding me?" He said angrily.

"Im confused." I said really not understanding what was going on, it was just Kiefer like...ew.

Blake must have noticed the confusion transparent on my face and in my voice because he calmed down a bit.

"You live with that guy. He touches you all the time. He doesn't like me at all. And he was your first kiss." Blake said.

"So?" I asked.

"He's in love with you!" he shouted.

I looked at him in his beautiful eyes before I exploded with laughter. Really now he was being ridiculous. Kiefer was like my brother. The thought of him being in love with me was...was icky. And also hilarious.

"You....you....think...he...l-loves me..." I said in between laughs.

Blake clearly wasn't amused, just angry.

"Im sorry for laughing..." I said after I was able to control myself.

"Whatever." He muttered angrily. "No come on Blake stop" I said.

"No he's in love with you, you just don't see it." He said pouting.

"Blake that's totally ridiculous. Kiefer's like a brother to me."

"Really? Well not a lot of people have their first kiss with their brothers." He said annoyed.

"Good point." I said amused.

This was seriously getting Blake angry, but it was just making me laugh.

"Blake listen, yeah Kiefer was my first kiss. But it wasn't like you were thinking. The first time we were curious, and the second time was just a dare." I said which set him a little bit at ease.

"Well I still think he loves you..." He said pouting.

"Yeah as a sister, nothing more." I said kissing his pouted lip.

"How about I'll be your first real kiss, and you'll be mine." I said smiling.

"Sounds like a plan." He said.

"We have to make it official." He continued with a smirk.

"How?" I asked with a raised eyebrow. "With a kiss." He said with a wink.

We made it official...maybe a little too official.

Blake's POV

After a nice little make out session with Sam, she had to leave. It was getting late and she had to be home, but she would sneak out and come back as soon as she could.

The thought of her not being able to come back scared me. I was getting used to holding her in my arms at night. Holding her made me forget about my past and all the secrets I was hiding. Made me feel like I was normal guy.

I walked down stairs to grab a drink when I saw Alexa and Alex talking quietly in the kitchen.

As soon as I walked in their conversation stopped, and their heads shot up looking guilty.

"What's up with you guys?" I asked.

"Nothing. Nothing at all." Alex answered.

I didn't believe that one bit.

"Listen Blake we-" Alexa began to say before he was cut off by Alex.

"No Alexa! We will think of another way. Just leave it." He said glaring intensely at Alexa.

"What's going on? Stop hiding things from me." I said.

"Alex it's the only way." Alexa replied, ignoring me.

"No it isn't." Alex answered.

They went back and forth ignoring me totally.

"STOP IT!" I finally screamed getting both their attention.

"If you have something to tell me, then do it. Im part of this family and I have a right to know whatever you're keeping from me!" I said looking between Alexa and Alex.

Alexa let out a deep breath or resignation.

"We have a plan to get the knights on our side." Alexa said.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously

"Do you remember Michelle?" Alexa asked

Oh no.

I remembered Michelle. I was just talking about her to Samantha. What I didn't tell Samantha was that there was more to the story then I let on.

Michelle was Peter (who owned the gang the Knights) stepdaughter. She met me when Peter came to speak to my siblings, when they were still in the gang with Connor. Of course at the time Peter and Connor were allies and there weren't any problems. She thought I was cute, I thought she was annoying. But she asked to hang out with me, and I couldn't say no, with her gang leader dad staring right at me, and my siblings forcing me to go, I basically was left with no choice.

We hung out, against my will. Then towards the end of the night she kind of seduced me...

Yup I lost my virginity to Michelle.

After that she wouldn't leave me alone. She somehow convinced herself we were a couple, even after I told her otherwise. I finally got away from her when she was sent away to boarding school a few months later, and I haven't seen her since.

So I guess you could say I remembered Michelle.

"Yeah..." I said.

"Good. Do you remember her brother Kevin?" He asked.

Kevin was Peter's son from a previous marriage. Kevin hated his stepsister with a passion, of course he had a right too. Kevin tortured Michelle, and of course she deserved it.

That made Kevin and I good friends. You could say we bonded over the mutual dislike of his step sister.

"Yeah..." I said.

"Well I heard that Peter is handing over the gang to Kevin." Alexa said.

"That's great! Kevin will definitely help us out." I said happily.

"Yeah, but there's a problem." Alexa said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"He wants you to...to help him get back at his sister." Alexa said.

Chapter 28

Blake's POV

Immediately after having that conversation with my brothers I called Kevin.

He was happy to hear from me, I wish I could tell him the same.

We agreed to meet up tomorrow to talk about everything that was going on, he was supposed to text me details.

Don't worry Blake; you're going to be fine. He's not going to ask anything to crazy. You're finally happy with Samantha, and it's going to stay that way. I kept repeating to myself in my head.

I couldn't understand why I was being so paranoid, all I knew nothing good could come out of this meeting with Kevin.

That night when Samantha came over, I couldn't stop thinking about what Kevin was going to ask of me.

"What's wrong?" Samantha asked breaking me from my trance.

"What? Nothing." I said.

"Are you sure? You seem a little distant." She said.

"Yeah, just tired I guess." I said.

I could tell she didn't believe me, but I was thankful that she didn't push the issue.

After a while Samantha fell asleep on my chest.

I watched her as she slept; she looked so peaceful and beautiful. I didn't understand how I got so lucky. I knew I didn't deserve her, but I was so happy that I got her. Every day I woke up and went to sleep thinking about how amazing she is. She made me feel like I was worth more than this.

I couldn't imagine my life without her. just knowing that she could be taken away from me so quickly, scared me. I would do anything just to keep her with me.

I fell asleep thinking about a life with Samantha, without any secrets or gangs. A life far away from here, just me and her.

A beep from my phone was what woke me up. I looked over to Samantha who was still fast asleep.

I reached over to the table by my bed and picked up my phone, trying not to move and wake up Samantha.

It was a text from Kevin. 'Meet me tonight. Pink Den, 11.'

The Pink Den wasn't exactly the place for a guy with a girlfriend. It was a strip club that Kevin's dad owned. I used to go there all the time. But I knew it would be safe because none of Connor's men would be there.

"What's that?" I heard Samantha ask in her raspy sexy morning voice.

"Oh nothing" I said as I quickly shut the phone and placed it back down on the table.

"Oh okay." She said puzzled.

"How did you sleep?" I asked, trying to change the subject.

"Great." She said with a smile.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"9:30." I answered.

"I should probably get going before they wake up." She said.

"I wish you wouldn't have to leave." I said.

Having her sleep with me at night was amazing, but I just hated that it had to end.

"I'll see you later." She said with a smile.

Then I remembered, I had to go out tonight. I had no idea how I was going to explain this to her. I wanted to tell her, but I just couldn't. What was I supposed to say 'Samantha I got to go to a strip club tonight to meet my crazy stalker's brother?' Im pretty sure that wouldn't go to well.

"Samantha tonight I have to handle some...business." I said.

When I looked at her face, I could see the disappointment in her eyes. She knew I had a lot of secrets about my past, and I think she thinks their apart of my present. I know I still have a few secrets now, but there nothing compared to the ones about the past. When I thought she was ready to handle my secrets I would tell her, but it isn't the time.

"Oh alright, I'll see you when I see you then." She said annoyed as she got up from my bed.

She was only wearing my black t-shirt. My eyes slowly went down her long beautiful legs. She looked amazing in my shirt. All I wanted to do was to throw her on the bed and kiss her up and down her bare body.

I knew she wanted to take it slow, but sometimes it was hard. Having her here so close to me, but not having her completely kind of sucked.

"You're so gorgeous." I said as she changed into her clothes.

I knew she tried to hold back her smile but it didn't work.

"I want to take you out tomorrow night." I said.

"Really?" She asked surprised.

"Yup." I answered.

"Like on a date?" She asked.

"If that's okay." I asked looking down nervously.

"Yeah of course." She said With a smile.

"But remember were still taking it slow." She continued.

"Aye, aye captain." I said saluting to her.

"Bye." She said as she walked towards my door.

I quickly got up and pulled her back and pushed her against the wall.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" I asked as I pinned her body against the wall.

"I don't think so." She said playfully with a smirk.

I looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh was it my phone? Nope it's in my pocket." She said.

"Can't be that important if I forgot." She said with a smirk.

"You're going to regret that." I said as I tickled her sides.

"Stop...Oh...my ...Please...this... is... torture." She said in between laughs.

She squirmed around like a fish out of water, as I kept tickling her.

"Well then you better remember." I said.

I stopped tickling her and pinned her back against the wall so she couldn't get away.

She brought her lips closer to mine, and crashed them into mine. As she parted her lips my tongue entered her mouth. The kiss was filled with passion and want. When she pulled away, we both panted. I lean my forehead against hers and looked into her beautiful eyes.

"I should go." She said after a few moments.

I couldn't speak so I nodded my head. She gave me a quick peck on the lips and then exited out the door.

She was honestly amazing, and I couldn't wait until tomorrow night.

It was 10:50pm when I pulled up to the Pink Den.

I turned off my bike, and the loud engine became silent.

I could see the pink and white neon sign outside the club that said The Pink Den.

I walked up to the doors, and stepped inside. I was engulfed into a dark room with flashing lights, the loud music pounding through my ears.

I glanced over to the stage where some skank was half naked. I probably knew all these skanks, and probably did half of them.

I quickly walked past the dancing girls With my head down. I knew I had to walk to the VIP room where Kevin would be; I just had to make it there without anyone noticing me.

"Blake baby!" I heard a high shriek from behind me.

I let out a sigh, and turned around.

"I missed you so much sweetie." Said a random girl, who was wearing some sparkly blue bra and matching pantie and a blue boa around her neck.

"And you are?" I asked.

I knew I was being a douche, but I had no choice I needed to get away from the girl and to Kevin as fast as possible.

"You know exactly who I am." She said seductively.

I just rolled my eyes.

"Come on Blake baby lets have fun." She said as she ran her hand down my chest making me shiver out of disgust.

"I have a girlfriend, so stay away from me." I said as I pushed her hand off of me.

"Hah, Blake Frost with a girlfriend that's funny." She said.

"Funny but true." I said seriously.

"There's a reason why you can't keep a girlfriend, if you give me some time I bet I can make you remember." She said as she batted her long sparkly eyelashes at me.

"No thanks." I said as I pulled away and walked away from her.

I walked up the stairs; I could see the big muscular body guard waiting outside the doors.

"Blake Frost." I said as I walked up to him.

He gave me a dirty look, and without responding opened the door for me.

I walked into a room with red shag carpets, and long satin cheetah couches. There was low music playing, and a girl dancing on a pole. In the corner was a bar stacked with dozens of bottles.

"Frost!" shouted a voice from the back.

I walk over to see Kevin with 3 other guys. He was sitting back on the couch smoking a cigar.

"Hey Kevin, living the good life?" I asked.

"Definitely." He said with a smirk.

"Gentlemen you could go." He said dismissing the other men around him.

"Come sit with me Blake lets catch up." He said, handing me a cigar.

I lit it up and put it in my mouth.

"As much as I'd love to catch up with you Kev, I gotta get home to my women." I said with a smirk.

"Blake Frost settled down?" He asked in disbelief.

"Yup-" I said as I took a pull of the cigar "I don't believe it." He asked in shock.

"Yeah sometimes I don't either." I replied.

"She must be a real special girl Blake." He said which made me think about Samantha, and how special she really is.

"Yeah, she is."

"Well, then I'll get right to the point then." Kevin said.

"I want to help you and your brothers, but I need your help first." He said.

"Go on." I said.

"Well before Michelle came into the picture, my Dad was letting me take over the gang when I was old enough with no problems. But ever since Michelle came back from boarding school she was making his decision difficult. She wanted to lead the gang, and was giving all of us a hard time. My dad was even thinking about making us lead together, but I told him it was either me or her. He knew if she handled the gang she would run it into the ground. So eventually he gave it to me." He said as he put his cigar down and took a sip of his drink.

I just nodded my head in response.

"But that doesn't mean that she isn't making my life miserable. I need to get revenge on that bitch. For making my life a living hell. I want her to be so messed up that she has to leave the city and go far away from me." He continued.

I looked at him puzzled, wondering what I was here for.

"That's where you come in. See, Michelle never got over you. She still thinks you're so amazing and would do anything to be with you."

"Yeah..." I said.

"I need you to reel her in, make her think she has a chance with you...then break her heart into a million pieces."

My jaw dropped in disbelief.

"I don't get how that would help you?" I asked.

"Well the only reason she came back here was for you. She thought that you two could be together or whatever. But if you break her heart she will run right back to the little middle of nowhere town she came from."

"But why can't I just tell her to get over me and move on? Why do I need to reel her in?" I asked, but he just laughed.

"That my friend... is for my own personal entertainment." He said with a smirk.

I let out a deep breath not knowing how to respond.

"Listen I know you have a girlfriend and Im happy for you. But I need you to do this for me, if I could get someone else I would. But my crazy sister is only obsessed with you..." he said.

"You do this for me, and my gang and I will back you and your brothers up 100%" He said.

What was I supposed to do?

Risk my relationship with Samantha? Or let go of the only chance I have to live a normal life and keep Samantha safe.

Someone would think this was no hrainer...not me.

Samantha meant so much to me; I don't think she would understand what I would have to do.

This could ruin everything and take away the one person who I love with all my heart.

Or it could give you an opportunity to have a life with her, a voice in my head said.

If I do this, and get Kevin's help the dream I had of living with Samantha far away with no secrets and lies could come true. That possibility meant more to me than anything else.

After a while of thinking it over in my head I knew what I had to do...

"I'll do it." I said.

Chapter 29

Blake's POV

"So how did the meeting with Kev go?" Alex asked as soon as I stepped inside.

"Getting right to point aren't we?" I asked, trying to delay this conversation.

"Come on Blake what happened?" Alex asked me.

I ran my hand through my hair and let out a sigh.

"He wants me to break his sister's heart, so she leaves town." I said reluctantly.

Alex looked at me in disbelief.

"I knew this wasn't going to be a good idea. You know me Blake, and I'm the first person that would make you do this if it meant us being free from Connor. But, I just don't have a good feeling about this. You worked too hard to be happy with Samantha, and to be honest she doesn't deserve this." Alex said seriously.

I knew everything he said was true, but I just couldn't get the picture of having a normal life with Samantha out of my head.

"Your right, but I agreed to do this." I said.

"What are you supposed to do about Samantha? She's understanding but I don't think she would understand this." Alex said.

"Well I don't know..." I said.

"You got to tell her, she deserves to know man." Alex said.

"I know that..."

"This is some seriously messed up shit, and I feel sorry for you bro. But just don't mess it up with Samantha." Alex said as he got up from the couch and walked up the stairs.

I knew what I had to do. I was going to have to try to explain this to Samantha, no matter how hard it may be. If she loves me, and I know she does, then she will understand.

I barely went to sleep that night; I kept tossing and turning in my bed. Not having Samantha there by my side was messing with me. Also I was having terrible nightmares. I would dream of living in a small house with Samantha somewhere far away. We were sitting outside on the porch just drinking coffee and talking about little things. We were happy, until Connor, Kevin, Michelle, and a group of unfamiliar faces would come, and the image of our perfect life was quickly distorted.

I woke up several times in the middle of the night out of breath, sweat dripping down my body. I was terrified of that dream; I never ever wanted to have to think about that again.

When I woke up it was 9:30am, it was Sunday morning which meant tonight was my date with Samantha. Which also meant that I was supposed to tell her about my little arrangement with Kevin.

I had no idea how I was going to do this, I couldn't tell Samantha any of my past secrets, and how was I supposed to tell her a present one.

Tonight I was going to take Samantha out on an amazing date, one that she would always remember. Maybe we could pretend for a few hours that everything's perfect, and the many secrets that I hid from her didn't exist. And after having an amazing night with the most amazing girl, I would tell her something that might ruin it all.

Samantha's POV

It was 9:30am, when I woke up to the sun shining through my window.

I had a horrible night. Lying in my bed felt cold and alone, I was so used to having Blake's strong arms hold me tightly against him making me feel warm and safe.

I missed him so much, I haven't seen him since yesterday morning, but still it was a long time for us. We had been spending most of our time together for the past 2 weeks.

But tonight was our date, and I would have Blake all to myself. Maybe we could pick up the pace of our relationship just a little bit.

I was giddy and smiley just thinking about tonight, something I wasn't used to at all.

I wanted to go shopping today and pick out the perfect outfit for tonight.

"Hey Samantha, can we talk?" Kiefer asked from the doorway of my room, interrupting my thoughts.

"Uhm, yeah Kiefer, come in." I said, immediately feeling nervous and guilty. If he found out that I have been sneaking out to Blake's the past 2 weeks, I don't think he would be too happy. It was the only thing that came to mind when he said 'can we talk'.

"You know, I miss you Samantha." He said as he sat on the edge of my bed.

"I just saw you last night." I said puzzled.

"Yeah, I know but we haven't really hung out lately, ya know just the two of us like old times." He said looking down at his folded hands.

That was true; we haven't been hanging out lately. Sometimes I see him in the house when either one of us is passing through. Usually Im hanging out with Blake or sneaking out to go see Blake, and a few times I went to hang out with Aya and Adam...but came back early cause I missed Blake.

"Your right...we should defmitely hang out. How about today?" I asked.

"Today's good." Kiefer replied happily.

"Great...I could use your help," I said with a smirk.

"When I said hang out, I didn't mean going shopping with you and being tortured." Kiefer said annoyed.

"Come on Kiefer, be a good sport." I said with a smile.

We walked around the mall for a half an hour, going in stores; I would try clothes on, not like them, take them off, and find more.

"Why couldn't of you asked Adam or Aya to come?" Kiefer whined from outside the dressing room.

"Because Aya's at some family reunion shindig, and Adam went to help out at church camp." I said as I tried on the next skirt and shirt combo.

"Church camp?" Kiefer asked puzzled.

"Yeah, I don't know." I responded as I pulled the shirt over my head, and zipped up the skirt.

It was a black V-neck t-shirt, with a white ruffled skirt, with a black satin bow at the top. It was plain and simple but very cute. I looked in the mirror a few times before I went out and showed Kiefer.

"What do you think?" I asked as I stepped outside the dressing room.

"That one's great, especially because it has no cut outs like the other dress you tried on." Kiefer said.

"Oh shut up!" I said as I went back into the dressing room to change.

After I bought the perfect outfit, Kiefer and I sat at the food court eating taco bell.

"So it's no secret that I hate Blake." He said as he chewed his food.

"Yeah..." I said, not knowing where he was going with this.

"And I honestly would love if you stayed away from him totally..." He continued.

"Yeah..."

"But I know that won't happen. But if you're going to be with him I rather that you tell me then go behind my back." Kiefer said, catching me surprise.

"Im not going behind your back, and Im not lying." I said.

"Come on Sam, I know you're not buying this hot outfit to join Adam at church camp." Kiefer said.

"Listen we decided that we were going to take it slow and we meant it. We're starting off as friends and gradually making our way up." I said nervously.

"I think it's a terrible idea but you never listen to me, as long as your happy, im happy." Kiefer said giving me a one handed hug.

"Thanks Kiefer, that means a lot to me." I said with a smile.

Which was true, having Kiefer somewhat approve of what was going on with Blake made me feel a lot better.

I curled my long brown hair into soft waves that fell nicely down my back. After I put on some makeup I put on the outfit I bought from the mall with a pair of black ballet flats.

My heart was beating rapidly and my palms were sweating. I couldn't believe I was nervous, it was only Blake.

I checked the clock in my room for the 100th time, and it said 7:35.

As soon as I checked the clock, the bell rang and immediately the butterflies fluttered in my stomach.

I ran down the steps to see Blake and Kiefer glaring at each other in silence.

"Alrighty then..." I said as I came in between the two.

"Well we better get going...don't wait up." I said as I pushed Blake out the door.

"Hold on a moment." Blake said as soon as the front door shut.

"What?" I asked puzzled.

"I want a moment to admire my beautiful date." He said with a smirk as he carefully looked up and down my body, his eyes filling with lust.

"You look gorgeous." He said.

"You don't look to bad yourself." I said with a smirk.

"Are you ready my lady?" Blake said in a fake British accent bowing and holding out a hand for me to take.

"Yes sir." I said as I took hold of his hand and followed him to his brothers car.

"Oh Alex's car, must be a special occasion." I said as I entered the passenger seat.

"I guess you could say that." He answered with a wink.

We were driving for some time in a comfortable silence. I didn't recognize where he was taking me.

"So where are we going?" I asked. "It's a surprise." He said with a smirk.

"Alright." I said.

As we were driving down the street, I was looking out the window when I saw a Ferris wheel in the sky, with beautiful bright lights.

"Blake, look a Ferris wheel! There must be a carnival. Did I ever tell you how much I love carnivals?" I said to him as I kept looking at the bright lights.

"You don't say?" He said with a smile as he parked the car.

I looked around to see where he stopped and I noticed that we were at a carnival. It was a lot different than the one I went to with Adam, Aya, and Kiefer.

"Oh my god! How did you know?" I asked in disbelief.

"Let's say a little birdy told me."

"Who?" I asked.

"Adam." He said.

"You talked to Adam?" I asked with wide eyes and a dropped jaw.

"Yup, wasn't the most comfortable conversation." He said making me laugh.

"Im so excited!" I said as I took hold of his hand and pulled him towards the entrance.

This carnival was a lot bigger and better than any other one I've ever been too. The Ferris wheel was ginormous, and so colorful. The merry-go-round was also big and beautiful.

I looked like a little kid in a candy store, amazed at everything I saw.

"Let's go get some funnel cake!" I said to Blake after we got off the Ferris wheel.

"Funnel cake?" He said questioningly. I looked at him dumbfounded.

"You've never had funnel cake?" I asked in shock.

"Nope, I was never much of a carnival kind of kid. I only went once before." Blake said.

I forgot that his parents died when he was young, and he had to grow up fast. I looked at him with sympathy. I lost my mom too, and I'll never take the times we've had together for granted, no matter how little or simple they seemed.

"Oh." I said, regretting asking.

"But I'm glad that I got a second chance to experience the carnival with you." He said with a smile, that I returned.

"I want to win that!" I said, pointing to a big fluffy unicorn.

"Well all you have to do is pop more than 10 balloons in 30 seconds, won't be hard for a cutie like you." Said the guy behind the booth.

Before I could even respond to him I felt Blake's arm go around my waist pulling me towards him.

"Maybe if you removed your eyes from my girl's chest, you'd realize she's here with me." Blake said, making me giggle.

Sometimes his jealousy and possessiveness was incredibly sexy.

The guy just cleared his throat and handed me the darts.

"Ready. Set. Go!" said the man.

I immediately started throwing the darts at the balloons; I wasn't even aiming or anything.

"Sorry cutie maybe another time." The guy said clearly ignoring Blake's previous warning.

"My turn." Blake said in almost a growl.

The guy behind the counter chuckled, and I automatically knew this wasn't going to be good.

"That...was...hilarious...oh...my...god..." I said in between laughs as the security guards retreated back into the carnival after 'escorting' us out.

"You're not mad?" Blake asked confused.

"Of course not! Why would I be?" I asked as the laughs started to dye down.

"Well I got us kicked out?" He replied puzzled.

"So what? I got my pony and a good show." I said with a smile.

Well now the guy behind the booth learned not to tell a girl 'when she wants a real man, to call him' while her boyfriend is standing right there with a handful of darts. Blake threw a dart at the guy's foot and managed to hit him. While security was coming Blake managed to take the big stuff unicorn off the wall of the booth.

"So where to now?" I asked Adrian as he drove the car.

He looked at me as if I were asking a stupid question.

"I guess it's a surprise." I said with a smile, and he just nodded his head.

After a while of driving I realized that I was familiar with the roads, he was taking us to the opening in the mountains with the beautiful water fall.

A place where we spent a lot of time together, both good and bad. The last time we were there, Blake left me there crying, that was a very bad time. I was hoping that tonight would be a good time.

We drove for a little while until I realized where we were going, he was taking me to the clearing up in the mountains that we went to many times before.

It was a special place for us, some of the most sad and happy moments that had happened between us took place right there.

When He parked the car, I followed him through the trees on the dirt path to the clearing. I wasn't expecting what I saw.

There was a red and white checkered blanket laid over the ground. There was two candles, creating a beautiful light mixed with the light of the moon, a bottle of champagne, and 2 wine glasses, and in the other corner of the blanket was a basket.

"Did the bad boy do this all for me?" I asked with a smirk.

"Yes, yes he did." Blake said letting out a deep breath.

Blake grabbed me by the hand and guided me towards the blanket. I sat down with him just admiring everything.

"This is amazing." I said.

"I'm glad you like it." He said as he opened up the basket, and took out different sized containers out.

"You cooked?" I asked surprised.

"Yes, all by myself."

I looked at him with a raised eyebrow; I knew he wasn't the best cook so if he was telling the truth I wanted to know if the food was edible.

"With a little help from Alexa... okay, a lot of help." He said.

After we ate, we both laid back on the blanket staring up at the stars.

"Samantha, I have one more thing for you..." Blake said to me.

Blake's POV

I sat up from the blanket and pulled out the black suede box from the basket.

I looked at Samantha who was looking over a time puzzled, she was absolutely beautiful.

"Samantha..." I began to say as I let out a deep breath. I was very nervous, my hands kept shaking.

"I love you with all my heart. I know it's only been a couple of months and I don't know how, but I know that I love you. I know I haven't always made things easy for us, but I'm so grateful that your still here with me..." I said as I looked down at my hands.

I let out a deep breath and handed her the box as my eyes stayed fixed on my hands.

"It's a key...a key to all my secrets. A key to my past, present, and a key to my future. I promise one day, soon, I'll tell you everything about me and I'll hold nothing back.

She looked down at the beautiful white gold necklace with a key pendant on it. She gently ran her fingers over it, as if she were seeing if it were real. Every second that passed that she kept silent my heart skipped a beat.

"Oh my god..." She said looking up at me.

I could see the tears falling down her face; she looked at me with a bright smile.

"It's beautiful. I love you too..." She said as she tried to catch her breath,

"Your amazing." She continued as she pulled me into a tight hug.

When she pulled away I looked at her, and before I knew it her lips crashed into mine sending tingles throughout my body.

I pulled away too soon knowing that I wasn't done. She looked at me confused.

"I..I..I need to..." I began to stutter.

This was it, I would tell her the thing that I was dreading the most.

The thing that could either make or break us...

Chapter 30

Blake's POV

As I laid in my empty bed I replayed the night over in my head.

"I..I..I need to..." I began to stutter.

This was it, I would tell her the thing that I was dreading the most.

The thing that could either make or break us...

"I need to tell you something." I said to her, she looked at me with eyes that told me to continue.

The more I stuttered, the more nervousness appeared on her face.

Each time I tried to form the words in my mouth, nothing would come out. I had no idea What to say or how to say it.

This whole week I convinced myself that I was going to tell her, but I guess my mouth didn't get the memo.

When I thought I was ready to tell her I opened my mouth and something came out that I wasn't expecting at all.

"I...I probably wont see you a lot this week. I have a lot of business to take care of." I said.

She looked at me puzzled, I was positive that I looked the same way to her.

I wasn't supposed to say that! I just lied to her without even trying!

My heart immediately started to beat faster as I thought about how I lied to her.

I honestly wanted to tell her but I guess my bad boy self conscience took over and took matters into his own hands.

Samantha was annoyed with me for a little after that, because she knew "business" meant gang/violent/secret related things that I had to take care of. But really I was just meeting some girl, but as harmless as it seemed I was more afraid to face Michelle then I was too chase gang members on my bike.

Eventually Samantha got over it and she told me that she loved me and wanted to be with me.

When she told me that I felt so many mixed emotions. I was so happy that she finally wanted to pick up where we left off but I couldn't ignore the feeling of guilt.

As much as I wanted to hold Samantha and lay with her tonight I couldn't. I have to meet Michelle today at noon and I knew it would make Samantha more curious than she already is.

I let out a large sigh and looked over to the clock, it was already 10am. I had this idea in my head that the longer I stay in bed, the less real this would have to be...but this was going to happen whether I liked it or not.

I reluctantly got up from my bed and went downstairs to eat breakfast.

I talked to Kevin the other night and set this whole date up. He told Michelle I wanted to meet her at some coffee shop out of town. Which worked out well because I didn't want to risk the chance of being seen by anyone that I would know. Just the thought of someone that knew Samantha seeing me with a girl that wasn't her scared me.

"Hey bro." Alexa said as I walked into the kitchen.

"Hey." I said as I poured myself a bowl of cereal.

"Listen Blake, this must be really hard for you to do. I just want to tell you how much Alex and I appreciate it. I know how you feel about Michelle and I know how much you love Samantha, and to risk it all just to save our asses is...is amazing." Alexa said

I looked up at him surprised. I wasn't expecting that at all. Alexa was all for this plan a couple of days ago and now I could tell he feels bad.

"It's to save all our asses. It's no problem. Gotta do, what ya gotta do, right?" I said

Alexa just smiled at me sympathetically and nodded his head.

"Little bro how did it go when you told Samantha?" I heard Alex ask as he walked into the kitchen.

I was not prepared for that question and I could tell that Alex noticed that by the angry look that was forming on his face.

"You didn't tell her?!" Alex asked strongly.

"I...I-I tried, but I couldn't do it." I said disappointed in myself.

"You're an asshole Adrian." Chase said before he stormed out.

I looked over to Michael who still had the sympathetic expression plastered all over his face.

"Listen he's just hungover and cranky, he doesn't mean it." Alexa said.

"He does, and hes right...I am an asshole."

I sat at the small table outside the coffee shop jittering my hands. I was so nervous, for so many reasons. I was also being paranoid and checking over my shoulder every 10 seconds to see if anyone Samantha knew was here.

Its was 12:15 and I really wasnt expecting to be waiting here for Michelle. The girls obsessed with me and I was sure she would be waiting here for me. Maybe she doesn't like me anymore and she fell in love with some other guy and doesn't even want to come, but like clock work I heard her high pitched nasally voice call me by the awful nickname she uses for me.

"Blakey baby!" I heard her shout.

Bla-ke I wanted to shout at her angrily but I had to bite my lip to stop me. I had to make it seem that I had some what of an interest in her, even though all I wanted to do was get the hell away from her.

"Michelle." I said as enthusiastically as I could, which wasn't very enthusiastically.

I had an internal debate inside my head whether I should get up and hug her, but I forgot about it once she pulled out the seat and sat across from me.

"Blakey baby your looking very sexy." She said in seductive voice, that only made me want to gag.

"Your not looking to bad yourself." I said trying my best to flirt with her.

I wasn't lying Michelle did look good. Its not like she was ever ugly. She had long blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes.

I always used to think she was pretty, until her true personality came out which made her ugly to me.

She chuckled in a response and batted her eyelashes at me. Each time I looked her, the memories of Michelle's torture flooded my mind.

"I wasn't surprised when Kevin told me that you wanted to meet up. I knew you would be crawling back to me." She said.

I took a sip of my coffee and thought over how I really wanted to respond to that statement. They all went along the lines of

"you stupid crazy bitch stay away from me." But I couldn't do that.

"A little cocky are we?" I said to her I knew I had to act interested but still be a jerk, thats what girls like Michelle are into.

"Hmm...not cocky, confident." She said as he sipped her drink.

"I like your way of thinking." I said with a fake smirk on my face.

"You always did." She said with a wink. LIES, a voice shouted in my head.

"Your right, I did." More lies the voice said again.

"So why so far away from home Blakey baby? I know for a fact that you live in the next town over. Are you trying to hide me?" She asked playfully.

"Of course not. Why would I want to hide a beautiful girl like you? This coffee shop is one of my favorite places to go." I said.

"Well I have a favorite place to go too." She said.

"Wheres that?" I asked attempting to sound interested.

"The mall." She said with a smirk that I wasn't understanding.

"They have a great mall here." I said.

"But I like the mall by where you live." She said.

"Its ok there but I like the mall here." I responded nervously.

"Blakey baby is there a problem with going to the mall where you live?" She asked like she already knew the answer.

I had to put myself on top again, make her know whose the boss and whose in control.

"No problem just thought you wouldn't want to be bothered by all the girls over there that know me. Theres quite a few that have the cutest little crushes on me, its really adorable." I said with a smirk.

"Whatever, then maybe we could go somewhere else?" She asked as she clenched her jaw out of anger.

I forgot how jealous she used to get at even the mention of a girls name.

"What makes you think I want to go somewhere With you." I said playfully.

"Well if you dont, I can change your mind." She said seductively.

"No need, how about tomorrow night?" I said quickly.

"Its a date." She said with a wink.

If by date, she meant complete torture and putting me through utter hell...then yeah it was a date.

Chapter 31

Samantha's POV

It was already Wednesday which meant I haven't seen Blake in 3 days, and I was getting more annoyed then worried.

I knew he was taking care of business but of course I had no idea what that business entailed.

I would assume it would be gang related but I haven't heard any mention of the gang since Blake's accident. Even Alex and Alexa weren't overly obsessing and protecting me, so I guess the whole gang thing was dying down. But if that was true why was Adrian missing in action?

Ugh! I had no idea why things had to be so complicated. Why couldn't he just tell me things?!

But then I remembered I agreed to stop bothering Blake about his secrets, that he would tell me when he was ready. I just couldn't help but get frustrated.

"Sam- Sam you're not even paying attention to the awesome conversation Adam and I are having" Aya said bringing me back to reality.

"What?" I asked puzzled.

"Ugh!" Aya said.

"Well we were talking about the most amazingest party Friday night." Adam said as he stuffed his mouth with a handful of popcorn.

"Amazingest? Really Adam." I said, which he responded with sticking out his popcorn covered tongue.

"Yes amazingest. It's a college party and we were invited." Aya said with excitement.

"And by invited, you mean you got a mass text from someone who knows someone?" I said unenthusiastically.

"No dumb dumb, we were actually invited!" She said, I just stared at her with a raised eyebrow.

"Okay so, my brother's friend from college is the one who's having the party and he told me to come with a few friends." She said with a smirk.

"You have a brother?" I asked curiously.

"From everything I just told you, that's the question you ask?" She said.

"Yup."

"Yes I have a brother who's a sophomore in college. But more importantly, WE ARE GOING TO A COLLEGE PARTY!" She shrieked loudly, making Adam and I both cover our ears.

"Samantha isn't going anywhere if Kiefer hears you screaming that." Adam said.

"Sorry im excited!" Aya said.

"Ugh Aya I really don't want to go." I said, making Adam and Aya turn their full attention on me.

"What?" I asked puzzled.

"You can't not want to go! This is a college party Sam!" Aya whined.

"Yeah I heard you the first hundred times. But I just don't think it's a good idea, me and parties don't go so well." I said remembering the images of the last party when Blake hit Trent.

"But this is different it's a c-" Aya began to say before Adam's hand went over her mouth stopping her from speaking.

"Samantha you have to go, it's going to be so much fun." Adam said, with his hand still covering Aya's mouth.

"Im sure it is, but Blake isn't here and I just don't feel right..." I said.

"Oh so the real reason why you don't want to go to this party is because your boyfriends not here?" Adam said as he uncovered Bella's mouth.

"It's not like that." I said with a roll of my eyes.

"Sure sounds like that." Adam said.

"Oh shut up!" I said, as I threw a pillow at Adam.

"I'll see how I feel." I continued with a smile

"Stop it! You know you're going, so all 3 of us are going shopping tomorrow for outfits that make us look like hottie hot hotties." ayay said with a wide bright smile.

"Well speak for yourselves because I don't need an outfit too make me look like a hottie hot hottie." Adam said as he flexed his biceps.

I just couldn't help but laugh and actually be excited for this party...

Blake's POV

I had spent almost every day of this week with Michelle; I honestly was surprised I didn't kill her yet.

Michelle was throwing herself at me every chance she got, she would try to get naked and flirt me no matter where we were. Each time I refused her or made up some thing lie about wanting to wait, she would take it as a challenge to try harder.

I already knew I wasn't going to have sex with Michelle, but she didn't know and she wasn't getting the hint.

Every time I had to kiss her, I had to stop myself from gagging. Every time we would be making out I had to stop her from getting further, I really wasn't sure how long she was going to wait to tie me up, gag me, and have her way with me.

I missed Samantha more than anything. Every time Michelle would talk I couldn't help but think about Samantha, wondering what she was doing...what she was wearing...

I didn't go to school, and if I ever went home it was in the middle of the night when I was sure Samantha was fast asleep.

I had to make sure Samantha didn't see me, cause then she would know that I wasn't out of town this whole time.

But now it was Thursday afternoon and Michelle begged me to take her to the mall...not any mall, but the mall in town.

I was able to keep Michelle far away from town this whole time, to ensure that no one Samantha knew would see us together. But of course Michelle was getting suspicious, and now wanted me to take her to the mall. I knew if I said no or suggested another place she would catch on, so I had to nod my head and take her where she wanted.

I was incredibly paranoid. As soon as we drove into town I kept checking all over for a familiar face, but I didn't find one.

When I got out of the car I kept my head down and walked quickly in front of Michelle to the entrance of the mall.

"Blakey baby what's with the rush?" she asked knowingly.

So I let out a deep breath, and lifted my head.

"No rush babe." I said with a smirk, and waited for her to catch up to me.

I followed behind Michelle throughout the mall. It was as if she was walking slowly and stopping to look at the store windows on purpose, wanting to be to get caught by somebody.

All I could do was keep my head down and pray that no one would see me.

After a while Michelle dragged me to the food court, I was thankful that I was able to sit down and hide my face better.

"So Adrian I got plans for us for the weekend." Michelle said as she obnoxiously drank her soda from the straw making noises when there was no more soda to suck up.

"And they are?" I asked.

"A party!" She said happily.

Immediately I thought a party wasn't a good idea, if there was a party in a 10 mile radius from this town there was definitely going to be people from school.

"A party?" I asked.

"Yup! A few friends of mine are throwing a party on campus, Willow brook University not too far from here." She said.

If it was a college party I doubt any people who Samantha knew would be there, and even if a few seniors went they probably would be to drunk or high to realize who I was.

But again I doubt anyone from high school would be there, I heard Willow Brook is strict about who they let in. Maybe tomorrow I would even be able to break it off with Michelle.

"Sounds good." I said with a smile, thinking about officially ending it with Michelle.

"Stop Adam!" I heard a voice say, followed by laughter. I knew that voice, and I knew that laugh... Samantha was here.

I immediately began to panic; I couldn't look around to see where she was because she might spot me.

So I kept my head down and pretended to listen to what Michelle was saying, nodding every so often.

"Adam, me and Aya are starving! So when you decide not to be a child will be at the food court!" I heard Samantha scream.

Oh my God! She was coming this way, and I had no idea what to do.

I knew she had to be behind me because I didn't see her or Adam anywhere else.

I lost her voice in the sea of mindless chatter and I had to find a way to get out of here before she noticed me.

I knew whenever she was at the mall she would walk around the food court to see what she wanted, always starting at McDonalds which was furthest away from me.

I let out a breath of relief and attempted to get my thoughts together.

"Michelle, I have to get going home." I said.

"Why?" She asked. Immediately raising my temper.

"Because I just do!" I said, getting up from my chair and walking away without waiting for her response.

I could hear her following behind me, as I made my way to the exit of the mall.

I ignored everything and everyone around me; my only concern was getting to the car and driving far away from this place as soon as possible...with or without Michelle...

Chapter 32

Samantha's POV

After a long day of shopping with Adam and Aya I was thankful to be snuggled up in my bed.

As I looked up at my ceiling my mind was flooded with random thoughts.

I was tired, physically and emotionally. I miss Blake.

I haven't seen him in almost a week, and it's actually killing me.

I miss the way he looks at me with his beautiful mysterious eyes, the way he gently caresses my cheek, his soft kisses that send electric bolts through my body.

All I wanted to do was lay in bed and watch sad romance movies until Blake showed his face, but that was impossible.

Aya and Adam are forcing me to go to this stupid party with a bunch of college kids.

A few months ago I would have jumped at the opportunity to party with hot older guys, but now it just wasn't appealing to me.

A noise from my phone brought me back to reality.

I reached over to my nightstand and picked up my phone to see a new text from Blake.

'Babe, sriry I haven't been around. Been busy. Be home Monday Love you- Blake.'

My heart melted at the text.

In the back of my mind I knew I should be furious. Who leaves for almost a week with no explanation?

As much as I wanted to be mad, I just couldn't. I missed him so much, and there was just not enough room for anger.

He would be home in 3 days, and that was the only thing that was going to get me through this party.

"You look absolutely amazing!" Aya said happily.

I looked at myself in the mirror and smirked at my reflection, I did look quite hot if I do say so myself.

I was wearing a short gray/silver dress with a flowery pattern on the top.

"Well you're not so bad yourself" I responded with a laugh, as I watched Aya playfully dance around with her black and white patterned dress that was very her.

"So is Kiefer lying somewhere unconscious in a ditch? Because that's the only way you would be able to go to this party tonight." Aya said as she did her makeup in the mirror

"Well actually all I had to do was mention that you were going to be there and he had no problem with letting me go." I said with a smirk, as I looked at Aya who was blushing like crazy.

"Shut up Sam! You know he's only letting you go because he's going."

"Yeah that's the reason." I said sarcastically.

After Aya finally stepped away from the mirror, we went down stairs where Adam and Kiefer were waiting for us.

"Oh don't you 2 girlies look drop dead gorgeous!" Adam said enthusiastically as we walked into the living room.

"Thanks doll" I responded with a wink, as I slapped him on his butt.

I looked over to Kiefer to see his jaw dropped and his wide eyes focused on Aya. As soon as she realized his eyes were on her, the rosy tint was appearing on her cheeks.

I took a moment to appreciate the cuteness of this situation, but as soon as Kiefer came back to his senses he took on his famous role of 'over protective male'.

"What the hell are you wearing?!" Kiefer yelled as soon as he pulled his eyes away from Aya.

"A dress..." I said in a tone that made his anger rise.

"Looks more like a shirt! Samantha were going to a college party, and you're going looking like a a"

"A....what?" I asked annoyed.

"A...a prostitute!" He said flustered.

"Seriously? Aren't you being a little over dramatic?" I asked.

"No! Now go upstairs and put on a scarf, a sweat jacket, some sweatpants, anything!" Kiefer said as he attempted to push me up towards the stairs.

"Maybe a nun's outfit?" Adam suggested as he tried to hold back his laughter.

"Come on Kiefer, this is fine. I know for a fact that there will be girls at this party wearing a lot less." I said.

"I know...it's just look at you...you're...like a girl. I know what boys want to do with girls and it's not good." He said in defeat.

"Just figured it out? Kiefee are you saying I look pretty?" I asked with a smile.

"Too pretty." He said with a smirk.

"So talking about boys, do you think you're going to survive without you're boo tonight?" Adam asked.

"I think I'll manage." I replied sarcastically. Even though in the back of my mind I was questioning myself.

"All I know is Kiefer might be right. Even if you wear a bag over your head with the word 'taken' on it, it still won't stop all the horn dogs from hitting on you." Adam said.

"Aw stop it, you're making me blush." I said with an overly dramatic smile.

"There right though Samantha so be careful." Aya said.

"You guys worry too much, honestly what could go wrong?" I said.

Blake's POV

It was taking all my will power and strength not to strangle Michelle.

I spent almost the whole week with her and it was killing me.

I had to remind myself that I was doing this so Samantha could be safe and we could be together like a normal couple.

Honestly by my second date with Michelle, I knew she was in love with me. It was like she was never out of love with me. She was making this all too easy.

The only problem I had, besides wanting to kill her, was making sure that no one I knew saw us. Yesterday if Samantha would have seen me at the mall with her, I don't know what I would have done. The thought of Samantha seeing me with Michelle and leaving me, scared me to death.

If Samantha would have seen me I don't think she would understand why I had to do this.

Suffering a few days with Michelle was a small price to pay so that I could be with Kylie and have a

normal life. I wouldn't have to worry about whose coming after me; I wouldn't have to keep things from her.

I missed Samantha so much.

I couldn't get away from Michelle long enough to call or text Samantha, this whole week she was by my side. Whenever I attempted to text or call anyone she would give me the 3rd degree, asking who I was talking to, Why I was talking to them, What I was saying, and so much more.

So when I finally was alone, I used the opportunity to call Kevin.

"Kevin she's head over heels for me, I could tell she was in love with me by the end of our first date." I said.

"I don't doubt that at all. But that's not the key part of my plan. She needs to actually think you love and care for her, and I don't think she's convinced." He said.

"She is convinced; she thinks that Im madly in love with her!" I said with frustration.

"Listen to me Frost; you need me so I would think twice about raising my tone if I were you. Take her to that party tomorrow night; prove to me she thinks you love her. If you do then you could end it with Michelle the next day, but if not, you're going to spend a lot more time with her."

"So you're going to be there tomorrow night?" I asked.

"Don't worry about it. All you need to worry about it proving me wrong." Kevin said before hanging up.

I ran my hand through my hair out of frustration.

The anger was rising through me. All I wanted to do was punch something, and release it all, but I couldn't.

Tomorrow night at that party I was going to put on the best show of my life, and make it obvious to everyone that I love Michelle.

I grabbed her by the waist pulling her closer to me. I bent my head down so my mouth was right beside her ear.

"You look so sexy tonight..." I whispered to her, she giggled in response.

"I'm so happy that you came back into my life." I whispered, as I gently ran my hands down the sides of her body, feeling her shiver as my hands reached the bottom of the dress.

"I knew you cared about me, even though you're not the best at expressing it." She responded.

"Don't worry I will." I replied with a wink.

"Well I got a few ways for you to express it, but first we dance." She said as she turned to face me and pulled me towards the middle of the room into the sea of dancing bodies.

This was a harder than I imagined.

The music was so loud; I could feel the vibrations running through the walls. The house was packed with obnoxious drunk people. All I wanted to do was leave, but I knew I couldn't.

I had to keep in mind that I was doing this for Samantha...

Samantha's POV

"Samantha you're not leaving my side." Kiefer said as we approached the door.

I couldn't respond cause I was too busy looking at the drunken people stumbling across the front lawn, and others who were sitting on a couch that looks like it belonged inside, smoking weed. I could already tell this wasn't going to be a good time.

Ayapushed passed us and banged on the front door, when finally it opened to reveal one of the hottest guys I've ever met...and to top it all off he was shirtless. He has blonde hair and beautiful blue eyes, and of course an amazing body.

I was too focused on this beautiful Greek Gods amazing body to notice Aya hugging him, and laughing.

"You're drooling." Adam whispered to me, bringing me back to reality.

"So Dylan, these are my friends, Kiefer, Adam, and Samantha." Aya said gesturing to each of us.

When she pointed to me, Dylan gave me a wide charming smile that was making me blush.

"Well hey guys, come on it." Dylan said.

"I don't think your b.f would like you staring at another guy like he was a piece of meat." Adam said as we walked through the door.

"Oh stop." I said.

When we got inside I tried my best to follow Aya and everyone, but it was hard to make it through the crowd of drunk people.

When we finally made it into the kitchen, there was more room to move. But unfortunately the music was so loud, it was impossible to hear what anyone was saying.

I noticed Kiefer and Aya were standing close to each other whispering, and Adam was nowhere to be found. So that left me standing awkwardly in the kitchen with my red solo cup.

I felt someone come up beside me as I took another sip of my drink, I saw it was Aya's brother but now he was wearing a shirt, which made it easier to look at him without staring like a creep.

His mouth was moving but I couldn't make out what he was saying.

I pointed to my ears and shook my head, hoping the he got the message.

He came closer to me, and bent his head down towards my face. Immediately my heart started to race, What was he doing? Was he going to kiss me? He's not Blake...

But all those thoughts faded when I heard his voice by my ear.

"How long do you know my sister?" He said into my ear.

"I just met her this year, when I moved here." I answered back.

"So do you like it here?" He asked.

"Yeah, it's different." I answered.

Before he could respond a drunken girl came stumbling into the kitchen. The girl pushed into me, which made me push into Dylan.

My chest was pressed against his, and I attempted to push back the blush that was trying to light it way onto my cheek, but I could tell by the smirk on Dylan's face that he noticed.

"Sorry." I said sheepishly. "I didn't mind." He said with a laugh.

"You want to go inside? Im sure there's gotta be a room with quiet sober people." He said.

Something in my gut was telling me not to go, how could I talk this gorgeous guy when I had a boyfriend I loved.

"Uhm...uh..Before we go I should probably let you know I have a boyfriend." I said, immediately wishing that I could take it back.

"Hey listen as lucky as your boyfriend is, I was just asking if you wanted to talk, not a marriage proposal." He said with a laugh.

Again I could feel the warmth returning to my cheeks.

"Well Im not embarrassed." I said sarcastically.

"Don't be, if you didn't tell me about your boyfriend, I probably would have hit on you." He said as he ran a hand through his hair.

"Well there's no harm in talking, and I honestly would rather be talking to you than get bombarded by another drunken person" I said with a smile.

"Right this way." He said in a British accent.

I followed him through the kitchen doors into the living room Which was even more packed then it was an hour ago.

"Hey Samantha I gotta go deal with something, apparently some guys are going in the pool." Dylan said.

"So?" I asked puzzled.

"We don't have a pool..." He said, making me laugh.

"We'll have fun." I said.

"Yeah right. I'm taking a rain check on that talk!" He said to me with a smile before exiting the house.

I let out a sigh as I stood in between the crowd of people.

What was I supposed to do now?

I searched the crowd of people for a familiar face. Maybe Kiefer, Aya, or Adam were somewhere in this mess.

But what I found was something I wasn't expecting.

Something that couldn't have been real.

Something that made my heart burst into a million pieces.

Blake Frost was kissing another girl...

It hurts.

It was as if everyone in this house was paused, and the only thing that I saw was Blake and this girl.

Blake was holding her around the waist, and her arms were wrapped around his neck.

He was kissing her. A her, who was not me.

When he tinally pulled away from this girl he looked down and smiled at her, and then he gently caressed her face.

His gentle touch that I missed so much was being used on another girl.

I couldn't comprehend what was going on.

I didn't even realize that I was standing there in the center of dozens of dancing bodies. Staring at the boy that I loved, clearly loving someone else.

They exchanged a few words, and then the girl left Blake standing there alone.

He watched her walk away, and as soon as she was out of sight his eyes were roaming around the room...until they landed on me.

I wanted to scream, cry, run anything...but I couldn't. I was standing there frozen solid.

When his eyes met mine, his cool nonchalant expression quickly changed into misery, fear, shock, and so many other emotions.

As he began to push through the crowd to reach me, I finally got the energy to move.

I ran to the door as quickly as I could without looking back.

I exited the house, and continued on running down the road. I don't know where I was going, all I knew was that I needed to get far away from here.

When I heard him call my name, it just gave me another reason to keep on running.

I could feel the cold wind create goose bumps on my arm as I ran.

The farther I went, the darker it got.

The house we were in was some fraternity on campus, so I assumed I would soon be getting to a place where I could use a phone.

But I never got to that place.

Because as soon as I saw a light in the far distance I felt the hard cold object hit the back of my head, and everything went black..

Chapter 33

Blake's POV

As soon as my eyes laid on hers, everything around me stopped.

All I could focus on was her eyes. Eyes that seemed so simple, but held so much emotion. Pain, disappointment, despair, hurt, and so much more.

I couldn't even think about anything else except her.

Everything else that I was thinking about, this plan, the reasons, everything, and it just didn't matter anymore.

The girl I loved more than anything was looking at me with the most painful expression, and I couldn't do anything to stop it. I was stuck in that moment, praying that this isn't real. It couldn't be real.

This wasn't supposed to happen.

I was supposed to break up with Michelle so Samantha and I could be together without any complications.

I honestly can't imagine what was going on through her head.

What did she see? What did she think?

As soon as she started to run away I knew I had to follow her and try to redeem myself.

"Samantha..." I called. But she just ignored me and ran outside.

It took me a few seconds to push through the crowd of people to get to the door. When I finally got outside I saw her in the distance running into the dark of the night.

"Samantha!" I screamed loudly, following her.

She was too far away and there was no way that I was going to be able to reach her.

But I had to try, I needed to try.

When Samantha went along the turn in the road she was no longer in my field of vision.

I took deep breaths, and ran as fast as I possibly could so I could see her again. But when I made the turn Samantha was nowhere to be found.

All that was there in the distance was a white van speeding away. Immediately I knew something was wrong.

My thoughts were jumbled, my heart was racing. I didn't know how to approach this situation.

I stood there in the middle of the road panting.

All I wanted to do was scream, and hit something.

I reached into my pocket, and called for help.

"Alex! You gotta help me, its Samantha she was taken by somebody." I said in urgency.

"What do you mean? Blake slow down! What happened?" Alex said.

"Samantha saw me with Michelle at the party. She ran out and I went to follow her. But I lost her for a second, and when I caught up all I saw was a white van driving away." I said out of breath.

"Damnt! Blake you have to go back to the party and find out who she came with. Then meet me back at home."

"It was Connor, Alex. It had to be!" I screamed out of anger.

"Listen Blake; just do what I told you! We will get her back, I promise!" Alex said before hanging up.

All I wanted to do was to go to the Kings Club, and kill every member that I could get my hands on. But I knew that was only my anger talking. I had to think rationally, and do what Alex says. I was going to get samany back no matter what I had to do...

Samantha POV

Before I even opened my eyes, I could feel the throbbing in the back of my head.

I had no idea what was going on. Where was I? Why was I here?

When I opened my eyes I saw I was in a dimly lighted room, with only a few lights on the ceiling, which flickered on and off.

It was cold. I could hear the faint dripping from a pipe.

When I tried to move my arms and legs I couldn't. They were tied up, keeping me still.

I could feel the fabric of the gag in my mouth, but despite that I still attempted to scream, but to no avail.

I was sitting in a chair in the center of the room. My hands were tied up behind me, with rope that burnt my skin as I struggled to get free.

I couldn't understand what had happened.

I tried to remember everything that had happened before waking up, and after a few moments I wish I just would have forgotten.

I was at the college party, and I saw Blake kissing another girl. When I saw that I ran outside and tried to run as far away from him as possible, when someone hit me in the head with something. Then I woke up here...

I began to panic.

I looked around, trying to figure out where I was.

There were no windows, so I couldn't tell how much time had passed.

In the corner of the room was a gated area that held a boiler.

All of these observations made me assume I was in a basement somewhere.

I was scared, and all I wanted to do was go home and cry myself to sleep. Even in this terrible situation I couldn't ignore the pain in my heart.

"Sleeping beauty has finally awakened..." Said a voice coming from a dark corner of the room.

"Remove it" the voice commanded.

I didn't understand what he meant, until I heard footsteps coming from behind me. I began to panic, when a man came beside me. The man took the gag from my mouth and returned to his spot in the shadows.

"Who are you?! What do you want from me?!" I cried.

"I Am Connor..." the man said as he stepped out of the darkness into the light.

Connor was in his late 30s. He had a bald head and tan skin. He was very muscular, and had many tattoos. Which were all on display because he was wearing a white wifebeater, and black dress pants.

"And you, are my damsel in the distress." He said with an evil grin.

"I don't understand!" I screamed.

"I don't expect you to be beautiful." He said as he stepped closer, making me get a better view of him. Among his tattoos one that stood out was a crown, on his upper arm. But what was clearer to me, was the sharp knife in his hands.

As soon as my eyes lay on the weapon in his hands I began to cry more.

My heart was racing and all I could think about how scared I was.

"It's nothing personal; just have to settle a little score with the Frost siblings." He said as he stepped right in front of me.

"Blake's come quite fond of you, which was extremely surprising. That boy has never stayed with one girl in his entire life, but then you come along and change everything." Connor said as he crouched down in front of me, so we were eye to eye.

Connor had a large scar across the right part of his face, and eyes so evil and scary that I had to turn away.

"I would love to know what is so special about you..." He said as he grabbed my chin and pulled my face in his direction.

I closed my eyes tightly, wishing I was anywhere but here.

"My scar seemed to catch your attention. Do you like it? It was a little gift from your boyfriend."

"You can have one of your own..." He said before I felt a burning sensation across my cheek. I screamed as the pain increased.

"Please don't." I said, as I opened my eyes to see him smiling at the cut he made on my cheek.

"Blake's a little delinquent bastard. I can't seem to understand what you see in him."

I couldn't help myself, I had to respond.

"No, he isn't you don't know Blake at all!" I screamed.

I could see his face distort in anger, as he slapped me hard across the cheek without the cut.

I whimpered in pain as my cheek felt like it was on fire.

"Oh, I think I'm going to have a lot of fun with you..." Connor said with a smirk...

Chapter 34

Samantha's POV

My body ached everywhere, I had no energy left in me to fight or struggle. I honestly was ready to give up.

Every time I started to cry, he would hit me or stab me. I had bruises and shallow cuts all over my body.

"Princess I think it's time we call your knight and shining armor." He said with a grin.

"No please...it doesn't matter, he doesn't care about me..." I managed to get out.

"But that's where you wrong. See everything he does, he does it for you." He said.

He went into his pocket and pulled out my cell phone. He pushed a few buttons, and a smirk appeared on his face.

"You better put on a convincing show..." He said as he put the phone on speaker.

"No... I won't say anything!" I said

"Well, I guess I'll have to make you." He said, as he nodded his head.

The man, who took off the gag before, returned from the shadows. I immediately began to panic. My heart began to race, and tears filled my eyes.

"No, please don't..." I pleaded, as I heard the dial tone from my phone.

"Samantha!" Blake said he voice filled with concern and worryment.

That's when I saw the knife in his hand...

I did my best to keep quiet, but once I felt that knife enter my side I couldn't control myself.

I screamed so loud as I felt the searing pain in my stomach, I thought I was going to die.

"Nooooooooo! Samantha..." I heard Blake scream just before I blacked out...

Blake's POV

I paced back in forth in the living room; images of her being hurt flooded my mind.

Alex was in the kitchen mapping everything out with 3 other men. Alexa was in the living room talking to some of the gang members that were on our side.

I left Aya and Adam at the party; they didn't need to get involved with this. I had to tell Kiefer, even though I knew it wasn't going to be easy.

Immediately after I told him what had happened, he tried hitting me but I ducked because I saw it coming. It took me a while to convince him that hurting me wasn't going to help Samantha, but eventually he came back home with me.

I didn't even try to find Michelle; she was honestly the last thing on my mind.

This was my entire fault. I was the reason why all these things were happening to Samantha. She didn't deserve to be involved with this. She could have had a normal life, but I took that opportunity away from her.

"Blake you have to call Kevin. The only way we are going to get into the Kings club, and get Samantha back is with his help." Alexa said seriously.

Reluctantly I took out my phone and dialed his number.

"Kev..." I said.

"Blake, listen you put on a good performance tonight. It was very believable, but then you left. I know what happened with your girl, and I'm willing to help you guys out. You could end things with Michelle next week." He said.

"Thanks a lot man." I said

Kevin and his men were going to meet us at my house to plan everything out, and then we were going to get Samantha.

That's when I got the call, I saw her name flashing on my screen and everything stopped.

"Samantha!" I said...

I heard her scream so loud, it killed me. The scream was filled, with agony and pain. I couldn't take it anymore; I had to go find her.

After that the line went dead...

"Blake who was that?" Alex called from the kitchen...

I was in a state of shock. I couldn't move, I couldn't breathe, and I couldn't think.

All I knew was that I had to go save her; I couldn't let her die because of me.

As I walked out the door, I could feel the tight grip on my arm.

"Where the hell do you think you're going?" Alex asked

"I have to go save her. They're going to kill her!" I screamed.

"By yourself man? What do you have a death wish! As soon as you would have stepped inside the place, you'd be dead." Alex said strongly

"I have to go Alex! I can't lose her!" I screamed as the tears filled my eyes.

"And you won't man...I promise, we will get her back." He said softly.

"Alright here's the plan...Blake, and I are going in through the side door. There won't be a problem getting in, because Lance is a member of the Kings, who's on our side. We were able to knock out the security system so that will slow them down. AAlexa's group and Kevin's group will come in through two different entrances...from then on its war." Alex said.

"Alexa, Kevin, Joe, Rich, Tom, and Vin, once you guys get in... meet us down stairs, that's where they are keeping Samantha. Connor is too busy with her to pay attention to anything else, he expects his men to handle everything." Alex continued.

"He was expecting a war, so there's a lot of his men ready for us...I don't think that he knows how many we are, so that's beneficial to us..." Alexa added.

"One more thing...I'm getting Samantha, no one better get in my way." I said strongly.

The whole ride to the Kings club, my thoughts consumed me.

I had to get out of Samantha's life. No matter what I did, my past would always be there. I would always hurt her. It was stupid of me to think that I could live normally with Samantha. I was born and raised with a bad boy mentality, It wouldn't change. No matter how much I loved Samantha I couldn't be selfish. I had to let her go...

We made sure that we pulled up to the side door. We saw Lance guarding the door, he was waiting for us.

"Good luck man." He said, before letting us in.

As soon as we entered the club, we could hear the loud music making the walls vibrate.

"Blake behind you!" Alex shouted, and I immediately turned and ducked. I couldn't use my gun it would be to loud, so I took out my knife as I dodged another punch, and stabbed the guy in his stomach.

I pulled out my knife from his body, and continued down the steps leading to the basement.

"There's two men guarding the basement door, one of them is on our side. Once he gives us the signal, were going to go down..."

"What's the signal?" I asked as I heard the drop of a body.

"Oh, I guess that's it" I said.

We quickly went down the steps, and nodded to the guy at the door. We could hear the fighting beginning upstairs.

Things were going just as planned...

I quietly opened the door, and snuck into the room. Alex and I hid behind a thick pillar in the basement.

I could see Samantha there tied up sitting on the chair, she was unconscious. Connor was standing there with a smile on his face, proud of what he did to her. It took all my self-control not to come out and attack.

"I've been waiting for you..." Connor said with his back to us.

"You can come out of hiding, and face me like a man." He continued.

Alex and I stepped out from behind the pillar, as Connor turned around to face us.

"Boys you are so young and foolish. Did you honestly think I wasn't prepared for this?" He said, as a dozen men stepped up from against the back wall.

"This is what's going to happen. You both are going to surrender willingly, and watch while I kill this beautiful young girl. Then I'll kill you guys quickly... No one lives to make a fool out of me..." He said.

We heard the clapping behind us, and we turned to see Alexa and the 5 other men enter the room.

"That was very interesting Connor." Kevin said with a smile on his face.

"Maybe you should have thought twice about crossing the Knights..." Kevin said with a smile.

"You seem awfully confident... do you think your 5 little men could beat my 12?" he said.

"Your 12? Don't you mean my 12?" Kevin asked, as the 12 men against the wall stepped up.

"What are you talking about?" Connor asked with panic.

"Well think of it as a mutiny. Most of your members decided you weren't fit to lead, so I'm going to take over..." Kevin said with a smile, that made Connor nervous.

Connor slowly backed up, and quickly grabbed hold of Samantha as he put the knife against her throat.

"I swear I'll kill her!" He said.

The anger began to rise in me, as soon as I began to move Kevin looked at me and shook his head.

"See the thing is, as soon as you move that knife. My friend back there will blow your brains out..." Kevin said.

All I wanted to do was run to Samantha, and take hold of her.

Connor looked around all of us. I could see the sweat dripping from his head, and see his hand with the knife shaking against Samantha's neck.

"Well that's a chance I'm willing to take."....

Chapter 35

Samantha's POV

As my eyes fluttered open, the first thing I noticed was Blake standing a few feet away from me. My heart immediately was consumed in warmth and love. I forgot about everything that happened between us, because at the moment nothing else mattered to me but him.

It took my brain a while to register everything else about the situation. I could feel the pressure around my neck, and the sharp cold blade pressed right against my jugular. I could see the people that surrounded me, one of them being Blake.

When I finally realized what was going on I began to panic, everything was blurry. I could feel the light headedness settling in.

"Well that's a chance I'm willing to take." I heard Connor say.

Then everything went black.

Blake's POV

As Kevin and Connor were talking, I was preparing myself for what I was about to do...

I looked over to Alex, who shook his head. He knew exactly what I wanted to do. I wasn't going to let Kevin take this Chance with Samantha's life, even if it means that I would take a chance with my own.

"Well that's a chance I'm willing to take." I was ready for him.

But before I even got a chance to risk my own life, it was over.

Everything was over...

I heard the shot, and my heart immediately stopped. I didn't know what happened, and I wasn't sure if I wanted to know.

I felt everything come crashing down. I didn't want to have to go through the pain of losing her, I couldn't deal with that.

In that moment I came to the bitter sweet realization that I needed Samantha in my life more than anything in the world. I didn't give a crap anymore; I was going to be with her. If I had the opportunity to be with her again, I would.

"Blake!" I heard Alexa shout, and I was immediately brought back to reality.

All I saw in my field of vision was Samantha sitting on that chair, with blood dripping from her neck.

I didn't even have enough time to look at Connor's lifeless body, lying on the floor in his own puddle of blood, because I ran to Samantha.

Nothing else around me mattered. I couldn't tell you what anyone else was doing because I didn't care. Some random guy could have shot me in the back and I wouldn't even know because I was down on my knees saving the women I loved.

I took my pocket knife out of my back pocket, flipped it open, and quickly began to cut the brown ropes that were wrapped around Samantha.

Once I cut all the ropes I lifted Samantha up in my arms, bridal style, and stared at her bruised and battered face. I can't even attempt to explain the way I felt.

"Blake!" I heard Alex call. I turned back to look at him.

"She's going to be ok." He said with hopefulness in his voice.

All I could do was pray that he was right.

Samantha's POV

Before I even opened my eyes I was consumed in a warm, delightful feeling that I hadn't felt in a very long time.

I opened my eyes, to see I was in a beautiful meadow, covered in green grass and beautiful flowers. I inhaled the fresh clean air, and felt the warm sun on my skin.

It was an amazing place that you only heard of in books or movies. I never knew anything like this could exist.

"Baby..." I heard him say.

Immediately tears filled my eyes, it was my father.

I was only lucky enough to see him in a dream once before, but now here I am again.

"Dad." I said with a smile, as I looked searching for his face.

When I found him, he was far away surrounded by bright enticing light.

"I don't have much time, so I need you to listen to me..." He said. I nodded my head in response

"Don't give up baby girl; it's not your time yet. You have to keep fighting because you have so much to live for. There's a boy down there who needs you. It's very rare for two young people to feel so strongly for each other over a small amount of time. You and that boy love each other, like a married couple of 50 years. Don't doubt your feelings honey..." He said.

I could feel the weight on my chest lighten. His words made everything make so much sense to me. I didn't have to worry anymore, or feel broken because no matter what happens I know I'm not alone.

"I love you so much baby girl, you're a fighter. I know you can make it through anything." He said, right before she faded away into the light.

I could feel the tears pouring down my cheeks. I miss him so much, and to even have this piece of advice meant so much to me.

I heard the faint sound of voice coming from somewhere, as I looked down I could see Blake by my bed holding me, talking to me, crying. It broke my heart to see him in so much pain...I had to comfort him, and tell him everything was going to be alright

Blake's POV

Samantha was in a coma. Result of all the internal bleeding, and her lack of physical health....

I sat there in a chair beside her hospital bed for 2 weeks, the whole time I never left the hospital. There was no news, and my brothers and doctors, try to explain to me that she might not make it. I didn't want to hear that at all, I couldn't hear that at all. Just seeing her lying there so helpless and defenseless broke my heart into a million pieces. She was hooked up to so many machines, every second another machine would beep.

"Samantha you need to listen to me, because. ..I'm not good at this feelings thing, it was you who introduced me to it all. I found it ironic how the two people who didn't believe in love, loved each other so much that it hurt..." I said as I held on to her hand.

"This is my fault. You're here because of me; I should have never came into your life. The right thing would have been to stay clear of you, but I didn't. You would have been safe, probably dating the football captain. Maybe you might even be a cheerleader.... Okay scratch that whole scene.

Thank god you didn't hear that, I probably wouldn't hear the end of it. But still you would have had a better life. I ruined it..." I continued, as more and more tears fell from my eyes.

"But that doesn't matter anymore, because I'm here... and I'm not leaving. Now that I've been with you, and fell in love with you... I don't think I could ever leave you. I won't give up on our love, because it's the only thing that I've got left. Samantha I'm a dick and you deserve better... but I still need you. You might never forgive me for what I did, and you probably shouldn't but I need you to know I did it for us. All the mistakes I've made from the time I met you, was because I loved you. My love for you impaired my judgment and I'm sorry..."

"I need you to wake up Samantha, so I can tell you how much of a dick I am, and tell you how I still want you to be with me anyway. I need you to be okay so I can fight for us. So you can help me learn from my mistakes. So we can watch romantic movies on my couch. So I can give you corny gifts on Valentine's Day, and take you ice skating. So I can take you to prom, and actually have the motivation to graduate....You make me a better person, and I can't lose you..." I said through my tears.

I couldn't do it anymore, I couldn't talk anymore because I at the moment I had nothing left to give.

I laid my head down on her bed and cried...until I felt her hand twitch.

As soon as I felt the movement of her hand, my head snapped up. My heart heat was racing. I examined her whole body looking for another sign that she was still there...and I got one.

Her eyes started to flutter, and I jumped out of my chair.

Good things didn't happen to me...until now.

As her eyes fluttered open, she began to cough.

I ran to the other side of the bed, and held the glass of water in my hand waiting for her to ask for it.

"Blake..." She called in a whispered cracker voice..

"I'm here Samantha... here drink this." I said as I assisted her with drinking the water.

"I have to call the nurse, a doctor, the newspapers, someone..." I said.

As I began to go, I felt her hold on to my hand.

"We need to talk..." She said...

Samantha's POV

I heard everything that he said to me, and half the time I wanted to punch him in the face.

"Sit..." I said.

"No, let me get the doctors first... please." He begged. But what I was about to say couldn't wait..

"No. Listen to me...." I began

"I don't want to ever hear you blame yourself for anything again..." I said.

"Samantha, stop-" Blake said before I interrupted him.

"Shut up! Let me just say this because I'm in a lot of pain but this really can't wait. I wouldn't of been a cheerleader or dating a football player you asshole, I'd be alone, upset, and just overall hating life. You changed that for me... you gave me a reason to smile. Actually made me believe love, something that I never thought was possible. Granted you're a lying cheating Dick, but for some reason I believe you... I believe that everything you did was for us, as stupid as it was. You can explain it all, and I'll be mad but I'll get over it. I'm glad you're being selfish and staying with me, because I wouldn't let you even if you wanted to. I'm all for doing the wrong things, especially you.... sometimes thing are bad, and difficult and just pain in the ass, but we do what we have to in order to get through everything. But it's easier, if we get through it together..." I said.

"I love you more than anything in the world..." He said

"I love you too, and I promise you I'm holding you to all those things you said we would do..." I said with a smile.

"Good..." He said.

Then Blake gently caressed my cheek and looked into my eyes. When his lips touched mine, all the pain I had in my body melted. I felt complete, I felt strong, and I felt amazing...

I was ready to be with Blake no matter what...

Chapter 36

Samantha's POV

I woke up and I felt his tight grasp around me, immediately a smile was planted on my face.

It was December 31, New Year's Eve. A day that I've been looking forward too for the longest time. A fresh new year for a fresh new start.

It's been 3 weeks since the 'incident' and I was still sore and weak, but the warmth and butterflies in my body blocked out the pain most of the time.

Blake did his best to be with me every second of the day, but after everything that had happened Kiefer wasn't letting me out of his sight.

He was attempting to distance Blake and me. He thought everything that had happened to me was Blake's fault, and basically wanted to pretend that Blake didn't exist. But Blake and I found a few ways around that. He would always sneak in when Kiefer went to sleep, and would leave before Kiefer woke up. Plus Kiefer had a job now, and was out more often. Even then it was hard for me to spend time with Blake without stressing about Kiefer coming home.

You would think after everything that we've been through that I would doubt our relationship more, and that I wouldn't fully trust Blake... but that wasn't the case.

Somehow I think that everything has made us stronger. I feel like we've been through so much, what more can life throw at us? And even if life throws us some crazy curve balls, we'd be able to handle it.

"Morning beautiful." I heard Blake whisper into my ear, sending tingles throughout my body.

"Hey." I said.

"Kiefer left for work an hour ago." He said.

"Great, so it's just you and me?" I asked as I felt Blake remove his arms from around me, and shift his weight so the he flipped over me and was lying above me with his weight on his forearms.

"Yup" he said as he kissed down my neck, making me feel things that no one else has ever made me feel.

"Tsk, ts, tsk..." I said, as he gently sucked on my neck.

"Blake Frost are you trying to seduce me?" I said to him in a playful tone.

"Are you getting seduced?" He mumbled against my skin.

"Hmm... well I'm pretty sure you know the rules. No strenuous activity of any kind, until approved by the doctor." I said with a smirk in my voice as I heard him groan in frustration.

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" He said as he lay beside me.

"A little." I said with a smirk.

"I guess I deserve it..."

"Pretty much." I responded.

"Well I'm taking you on a date tonight. It's going to be romantic and a bit cheesy." He said as he got up from my bed and put on his pants.

Blake and I were unable to spend Christmas together due to Kiefer's incessant stalking, which got Blake upset. It took me a while to convince Blake going to "talk" to Kiefer was just going to make things worse for everybody. I guess tonight's his way of making it up.

"Sounds like fun, I can't wait." I said with a smile as I watched him get dressed.

"Dress warmly, I'll pick up at 5."

"I don't think Kiefer will approve." I said.

"Probably not but he'll be out..." He said with a smirk.

"How do you know that?"

"Let's just say it didn't take a lot to convince Aya to ask him out." He said with a smirk.

"Oh my God! You're kidding? Aya and Kiefer, it's about time." I said happily.

"Yup, well I better get going. I'll see you tonight" He said after he kissed me on the cheek and left my room.

I looked at myself in the mirror and I couldn't help but notice how happy I was. Things were going good, and I wasn't going to let my doubts and insecurities get to me this time. Blake and I were going to be together, and we were going to do it right this time. This is why I was going to talk to Blake about everything that I never really told him...like about my father. Also I was going to bring up about the secrets he was keeping from me. I really didn't want to ruin our night, but I had to get this all off my chest. I was going to do my best to keep this from being a problem tonight, I was

simply going to talk about it and bring it up, and if he was ready to tell me was his decision. But I was finally ready to tell him.

As I glanced at myself in the mirror I was satisfied with my appearance, which was about time since I took 3 hours to get ready.

I was wearing my gray ugg boots that were really warm and cozy. A pair of thick black leggings that kept me somewhat warm. A big gray knit sweater that fell mid-thigh, and a white long sleeve shirt underneath that was longer, and also a cheetah print scarf. My hair fell down my back in nice beach waves, and I put some makeup on to enhance my eyes. I was cute and moderately warm, which was all that mattered.

When my eyes finally wandered to the slowly fading scars on my face I couldn't help but feel a surge of pain in my chest.

The memory that flooded in my head sent shivers throughout my body, and tears filled my eyes. It was hard to not think of that terrible experience. I had reminders of it all over my body. Thank god they were starting to heal; I couldn't deal with seeing them the rest of my life.

In the back of mind I couldn't help but think of how bad I looked with these scars. What if Blake thought they were scary? He hasn't seen all of them yet, because I'm afraid to show him. It hurts enough that he has to stare at the ones on my cheek, forehead and neck.

But as I heard the knock on my door all those thoughts quickly vanished.

"Hey Sam, can I come in?" I heard from outside my door.

"One sec." I said as I quickly put on my robe and took off my shoes.

"Come in." I said as I settled into my bed.

"I think we should talk." He said as he sat on the edge of my bed.

"What's up?" I said starting to feel nervous.

"I'm not dumb Samantha. I know you've been seeing Blake when I'm not home, and I also know that you're seeing him tonight so cut the crap." He said.

"Listen Kiefer, I'm sor-" I began to say, before he interrupted me.

"No you listen. It was stupid to think that I could keep you two apart, and I realize that now. But you have to understand how I felt. No matter what you or anybody says I know that he put you in this situation, and that killed me. You were hurt because of him. I don't know what I would have done if I lost my best friend because of some delinquent asshole. I know with you and Blake see, it's all that Romeo and Juliet bullshit, but what about me? Another guy who wouldn't be able to live

without you. I need you in my life, just as much as he does. You my best friend, my lifeline, my pain in the ass, my sister, and I love you too. So try to understand that it's not just that I hate him, which I do, it's so much more. I can't lose you..."

With each word Kiefer said more and more tears filled my eyes. I always knew Kiefer cared, but it never occurred to me how much. I've always known he cared about me like an over-protective brother, but when he told me all of that everything made more sense.

I used to think that no one cared about me, like really cared. But I was stupid to think that, because I'll always have a family, even if there blood related.

I quickly jumped on Kiefer and he fell back on my bed. I squeezed him so tight as we both lay on my bed.

"Samantha...I...cant...br-breathe..." Kiefer said after a few moments, and I let go of him.

"Kiefer I understand now and I'm sorry for not considering your feelings before..." I began to say...

"You make me sound like some chick." He said with a smirk.

"Let me finish. You have to realize that sometimes I take you for granted, I always think of you as an annoying older over-protective brother. But I realize now, that somehow you so much more. I love you too Kiefer and I don't know what I would do without you. I'm so glad you're in my life, and there's something I need to give you..." I said as I got up from my bed, and got the envelope from my desk.

"Happy Birthday Kiefer." I said with a smile.

"Sam my birthday was last week, and you already baked me a cake and bought me new speakers for my car." He said.

"I know but this is something special." I said with a smile as he began to open the envelope.

When he took out the picture a bright smile appeared on his face.

"I remember this..." He said as he held the picture of me and him holding hands after our pretend wedding.

"Our parents thought it was the cutest thing. They really thought we would get married one day." I said with a smile.

"There's still time." Kiefer said with a smile, to which I rolled my eyes.

"Well this was something to show you that we will always be close no matter what happens." I said with a smile.

"Come here." Kiefer said as he pulled me into a hug.

"Alright I'll put up with you and Blake's relationship, on one condition." Kiefer said after he pulled away.

"And that is?" I asked

"He meets my mom." He said with a smirk.

My jaw dropped. I was not expecting that.

The thing is after everything happened, we had to tell Kiesha something so we told her somewhat of the truth. Well Kiefer told her something, which wasn't the best story. He told her that a guy who didn't like Blake found me one night and jumped me. Which was basically true but she had a lot of question which have been annoying but I dealt with them. But that didn't mean she was too fond of Blake, so it was going to be difficult.

"Alright." I said in between gritted teeth.

"Well you should be going now before your late for your date." I said with a smirk, as I saw the redness appear on his cheeks.

"Oh shut up!" He said playfully as he got up.

"Be careful; don't do anything I wouldn't do." I said just before he shut the door.

Tonight was going to be good, I just knew it.

"You look beautiful, but not very warm." Blake said as I walked outside.

"Im warm enough." I said as I kissed his cheek.

"Well lets go."

We took Blake's brothers car, because there was too much snow on the ground to ride his bike. Plus we would both freeze to death, so the car was a safer choice.

I recognized the streets he was taking; we were going to the lake in the mountains. I was confused because what were we going to do there? It was too cold to do anything outside.

On the way there I told Blake about the talk I had with Kiefer, and he didn't have much to say. Until I told him about him meeting Kiesha, which he wasn't too thrilled about.

"It's a bad idea." He said as he drove up the road.

"Why?" I asked.

"I'm horrible meeting parents, especially after everything that happened. She's not going to like me at all."

"So what? Kiesha's a little pissed, but she will get over it once she sees how amazing you are. Plus if it gets Kiefer off our back, im all for it." I said as I held on to his right hand.

"Whatever you want to do, but Im telling you it's not going to go to good." He said as he pulled off the road on to the grass.

He a school bag out of the trunk, and I looked at him puzzled.

I followed him to the large lake which was frozen solid, it looked beautiful, the trees that surrounded the lake were covered in snow, and it looked like a scene out of a movie.

"It's beautiful." I said as I stared out at the lake.

"Yeah you are." He said with a smirk.

"How cheesy of you Blake Frost, but it was sweet." I said as I looked back at him.

"Well I promised you I would take you Ice skating no matter how much it makes me look like a fool." He said with a smile.

I looked at him with wide eyes; if he thought I was going on that ice he was insane.

"Im not ice skating on that ice." I said.

"Yes you are."

"No im not. What if it breaks?" I said.

"It's not going to, Alex's and I came out here earlier and walked all over it to make sure."

"Stupid!" I said as I hit him hard in the arm. This caused him to stumble backwards because I surprised him.

"What did I do?!" He asked as he rubbed his arm, which probably didn't hurt at all.

"You could of fell and caught hypothermia and died!" I screamed.

"But I didn't! We were both really careful." He said.

"It's still dumb...but again sweet. More dumb then sweet." I said with a smirk.

After I put on the jacket and gloves on that Blake brought for me, I put the skates on.

When I put on my ice skates that Blake stole from my room, I felt good. It reminded me of the time I went ice-skating with my dad in the city when the big beautiful tree was all lit up.

When I was on the ice, I forgot everything. All I could think about was how amazing and natural I felt as I skated on the smooth ice.

I felt...free.

When I turned back to the front of the lake Blake was still sitting on the snow watching me.

I skated up to the front to help Blake.

"You look amazing how there." He said with a smile.

"Thanks, and now it's your turn." I said with a smile, as I grabbed Blake by the hands and pulled him up.

"Oh god, I don't think I should. Out of all my many talents, ice skating is not one of them." He said with a worried expression.

"Do you trust me?" I asked

"Yes." He said with no hesitation.

"Then don't worry."

When I pulled him on to the ice he stumbled a bit, but I held on to him the whole time.

When he started to go I held on to his hand, and as he fell on to the ice I fell with him, and laughed the whole time.

I lay on top of him and gave him a gentle kiss on the lips.

"I love you." I said with a smile.

"I love you too."

"Now let's try again." I said as he moaned in response.

We kept trying to skate together, and the more we did the easier it was for Blake. After a while he finally let go of my hand and started to skate himself.

We laughed and smiled the whole time. I would be skating too fast for him, and he would try to catch up to me and occasionally fell.

I was having an amazing time. I forgot all my problems, doubts, and insecurities. It was as if nothing mattered but Blake and I.

When it started to get dark Blake and I put on our shoes, and we walked back to the car.

Blake drove further up the road into the mountains; the roads were unfamiliar to me.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"It's a surprise." He said with a smirk as he looked at the road.

The further we went, the darker it got. I was actually getting scared, even though I was with Blake. I wasn't sure if he would be able to protect me from bears.

When he finally stopped the car we were in front of a small cabin made out of thick wooden logs. It was like one of the cute little cabins that a lot of scary movies take place around, and that wasn't helping.

Blake got a picnic basket out of the trunk, and he must have noticed my worried expression.

"Doesn't worry Sam, I'll protect you?"

He said as he put his arm around my shoulders and guided me towards the cabin.

When I stepped inside most of my fears faded away.

There was a fireplace that was already lit, and there was a small couch with a coffee table in front that was faced towards a flat screen TV. When I walked around I saw that there was a small kitchen with a table that was set for two. There was also a bedroom with a queen sized bed, and a small bathroom.

"So who owed you a favor?" I asked as I looked around.

"A friend of a friend." He said as he gave me a bouquet of lilies, which he knew was my favorite.

"There beautiful." I said with a smile.

"Well dinner is ready." He said

We sat down and ate a delicious meal that Blake made, with the help of Alexa.

After dinner I sat down on the couch and watched the fire that was burning.

Blake came in with 2 wine glasses, and a bottle of champagne.

"Neither one of us is legally able to drink that." I said with a smirk.

I was 16 turning 17 in March, and Adrian was 18 turning 19 in February.

"Never stopped us before." He said.

"Very true."

We cuddled up on the couch and Blake turned the TV on to channel 5 and muted it. On the screen you could see everyone preparing for the ball drop in Times Square.

"Blake we should talk." I said, and I could see the worry expression appear on his face...

"It's nothing bad, or I hope that it won't be." I said.

"Ok what's up?" He said reluctantly.

"There's something that we were never really clear on. I don't think I ever really explained to you what happened to my father." I said

"I know you saw the drawing of the car, maybe you naturally assumed what happened but now I'll tell you. There was a car crash back in NY; My dad avoided an old woman crossing the street from getting hit by our car.

I tried waking my dad up but he wouldn't wake up...and then I passed out."

"He died..." I said.

Blake's POV

I could see the pain in her eyes as she told me what had happened. I could hear the pain in her voice.

She was right I did assume what happened, but I never really thought about it.

I didn't know what to say. You would think after all the shit that I heard after my parents died, I would.

"I want to tell you I'm sorry for your loss, but after my parents died I hated whenever someone gave me some bullshit. After my parents died, all I felt was anger. I couldn't imagine feeling anything else. I can't even give you any advice because after my parents died my plan was to get revenge, which hit me in my ass. I can't tell you it gets better, because I never gave myself the chance. So I guess all I could say is that, we both can get through it together, both help each other to make things better." I said.

She looked at me with tears in her eyes, and I wiped the tear that was falling down her cheek.

"I love you." She said.

"I love you too."

I knew what she was waiting for, for me to revile my own secrets. But I wasn't sure I was ready for that. I don't think I would ever be ready.

If she hears the secrets that I've held, she won't think of me the same. I didn't want that at all.

"I don't think I'm ready to tell you, everything you've been waiting to hear." I said.

"I just can't afford it. After you hear it everything will be different, no matter what you say. I don't want you to have to know that these things exist. But that's not only what I'm worried about, I'm afraid to tell you everything. If I do, I have to think about things that I did my best to forget. Even though I have to vaguely remember all these things, I don't have to re-live them. But by telling you I will." I said to her, as I saw the disappointment clear on her face.

"I understand..." She said.

"Over time I promise, I will tell you everything. When I officially know that my past can't affect me anymore. But for right now I don't think I can..." I said feeling ashamed.

"It's ok. When you're ready, and then tell me I'll listen. I don't want to force you, but I want to know that eventually you'll trust me enough to know that it wouldn't change how I feel about you." She said, as she held onto my hand.

"I will]l...I do..." I said, and things started to make sense.

Why would things change? After everything that Samantha has been through with me, things never changed. No matter what we ended up together. After everything that has happened, in the end she still stayed by my side. I owe her something for that.

"Samantha no... no, I'm going to tell you.

It's the least I can do for you, after everything that you've been through." I said.

She looked at me puzzled.

"I don't want you to have to re-live it..." She said.

"It's worth it." I said, knowing that it was true.

"I just need you to not say anything just listens. I'm not telling you every little detail, cause I can't handle that. But like a general summary." I said, as I took a deep breath.

I held onto her hands and looked into her eyes; there was no going back now.

"Before I start you have to understand what I was going through at this time of my life. It was after my parents were killed. I was angry...no furious. That was all the emotion I contained. I couldn't care about anything but getting vengeance, and for that I had to do a few things I wasn't exactly proud of. I was in the gang and Connor asked a lot of things from me, especially to prove my loyalty..." I said.

She nodded her head, and looked into my eyes. I took a deep breath, and reluctantly continued speaking.

"I killed...a lot of innocent people, broke up a lot of innocent families. I sold drugs for Connor, but pushed drugs on to people who had a steady life. I made them addicts just because I was told too. I killed people who were my friends, because I was being tested..." I said, looking everywhere but at her.

"Over time, I actually didn't mind doing it. Alex and Alexa had to pull me out because of that... They were afraid that I wouldn't want to leave." I said.

"And why would I want to? I was making a lot of money, getting a lot of women. I was living the high life. But my brothers made me see what was really going on, what I was doing to get all of that. Then we ran away, and here we are." I finally finished.

I couldn't look into her eyes...I wouldn't. I was afraid of seeing that judgment that would kill me.

But instead, I felt her soft hands on my back as her cheek leaned on my back. I was confused. I didn't understand what was going on.

After a few moments, she grabbed my face and made me look into her eyes.

"You need to give me more credit than you do. When I learned you were once apart of gang I naturally assumed some of the things that you must of done. I grew up in NY, I know a lot more then you think. Of course it was hard to actually hear it be verified by you, and to actually know that it all happened. But it was the past. Don't let it define your future. I love you for who you are now, and that's all that matters." She said to me.

I felt like a weight was lifted from my shoulders, like everything was going to be okay. For her to tell me what live been dying to here, meant the world to me. She told me that I didn't need to be the bad boy forever.

I grabbed her cheeks and kissed her, like I've never kissed her before. I was filled with passion and need, and so much more. When my lips touched hers everything was right with the world.

We spent the rest of the night talking and making out... of course Samantha wanted to go further, but we couldn't, I wasn't going to risk hurting her.

But when then we watched the ball drop, and counted down to midnight it felt perfect.

She was my first kiss of the New Year, and it was amazing. In the back of my mind I knew she would be my last...

Chapter 37

Samantha's POV

I woke up and looked over to the clock it was 9 am, today was the day that I've been dreading all month... March, 13, my birthday.

Normally I would be excited for my birthday but thanks to Kiefer I wasn't. Kiefer hadn't brought up the whole Blake meeting Kiesha thing until I told him I wanted to spend my birthday with Blake. Of course he suggested to Kiesha that we have a birthday dinner for me, and we should invite Blake. She said it was a good idea. It took me awhile but I convinced her to let me invite Aya, Adam, Alex, and Alexa over, at least Blake wouldn't be alone.

But this wasn't the only reason why I was dreading today. Last week the Doctor told me that I was line to resume my normal activity, which made Blake very happy. I wasn't too thrilled though, because that meant that Blake would see me... naked. He hasn't really seen me naked since before everything, and there are a lot of scars on my chest and stomach that are still fading.

Connor was torturing me making sure he covered as much as he could in shallow cuts. If it wasn't for Blake saving me, im sure he would have never stopped.

The scars were fading quickly, but I could still see them there haunting me. I just didn't feel beautiful, not that I really did in the first place. But it just made everything worse.

What would Blake think when he saw them? Would he think I was ugly? Would they remind him of his past?

But the problem hadn't arisen because Blake has been very busy. He got a job as a mechanic down at the auto shop, he was good at it and he liked it a lot.

Now I was going to have to deal with it tonight, and I was extremely nervous.

Other than the few nightmares and the fading scars, there wasn't much to remind me of that horrible night a few months ago.

Things have been going well for me, and I was finally happy. I wasn't going to let anything ruin it for me.

We celebrated Blake's birthday last month, and I thought I did a pretty good job with his presents. I got him all these new parts for his bike, which he was complaining about replacing a while ago. Then I had dinner with his brothers and we spent the night just talking and it was amazing.

When I finally decided to get up from my bed, I noticed something on the seat by the window.

It was a red velvet cupcake with cheese cream icing and a candle was sticking out of it, and by it was a note.

'Samantha, Happy Birthday. This is part one of your gift, I'll see you tonight. Love B.'

I couldn't help but let out a little squeak of happiness, maybe today wasn't going to be as bad as I thought.

As I walked down the steps I could hear Kiefer talking with Kiesha in the kitchen as they set the table.

"Hey Birthday girl." I heard Kiefer say, as I walked into the kitchen.

"You look nice." Kiesha said to me with a smile.

I was wearing a knit tan sweater with a lighter tan scarf, skinny jeans, and tan uggs.

"Thanks." I said.

"I can't believe your already 17, I remember when you used to run around in your diapers." Kiesha said as she started to tear up.

"Come on ma, not again. You did this, this morning." Kiefer said.

"I know but I can't help it. My babies are growing up." She said as she put a hand over her mouth as she tried not to cry.

As I looked at Kiesha crying, I couldn't help but think about my father, and how he would act at this moment.

"Your father would have been so proud of you." She said as she gently held my cheek.

"You think so?"

"I know so." She said with happiness in her eyes.

When we heard the doorbell ring, immediately my nerves started to set in. It was only 5, I told Blake to be here at 5:30.

I nervously ran to the door, and when I opened it I saw Adam and Aya standing there.

"Oh it's just you guys." I said unenthusiastically.

"Well hello to you too." Ryan said.

Oh I forgot to mention on new Year's Aya didn't ask Kiefer out, Adam did.

So Adam, Aya, and Kiefer all hung out together, and Kiefer and Aya never got to realize their love for each other.

Aya and Adam both gave me a tight hug and wished me happy birthday.

"You guys didn't have to get me anything." I said as they handed me 2 bags.

"Oh shut up stop being humble." Adam said which made me smile.

"Hello Mama Dela Vega." Adam said as he walked into the kitchen.

"smells good." He added.

"Thanks Adam." She said as Kiesha began to put the food on the table.

Aya, Kiefer and I sat on the couch in the living room, and she must have noticed how nervous I was.

"Don't be nervous Sam, everything going to be great." Aya said.

As soon as I heard the bell ring, I knew it had to be them and my nerves were much worse. It just felt weird everyone being together.

I went to open the door and I saw Blake with his 2 brothers, standing outside.

"Happy Birthday." Alexa and Alex said as they both went to hug me.

"I bought cookies." Alexa said.

"Thanks but you didn't have to, just bring them in the kitchen." I said.

I was so nervous trying to introduce everyone and taking their jackets that I didn't even realize Blake stood there beside me waiting to talk to me.

"Samantha." I heard him say as I opened the closet and hung up the coats.

"Blake." I said with a smile and gave him the biggest hug, holding him against me.

"Happy Birthday beautiful." He said as he looked into my eyes, and then gave me a light peck on my lips.

"Thanks. Are you nervous?" I asked him.

"A little bit." He said.

"Don't be. You're amazing, and Kiesha will love you." I said.

We all sat at the table in an awkward silence, as we passed the bowl of Pasta around the table.

"So Blake, Samantha tells me that you got a job down town in the auto shop. How do you like it?" Kiesha asked.

"I actually really like it. I grew up learning about cars and motors, so it's really easy." He said.

"Well that's good. Kiefer got a job as an assistant coach on a little league baseball team. Samantha will be the next person to get a job." Kiesha said.

"Woohoo." I said unenthusiastically.

"I think there is something important that we need to discuss..." Kiesha began to say. I knew this was coming I just was hoping that she would have forgotten.

"Ever since I was little I was best friends with Samantha's dad, we were like siblings. We grew up with each other, and so did our kids. I know Samantha since the day she was born, she's like the daughter I never had. My best friend gave me the responsibility to watch and protect her baby, and that's what I intend to do. I know what she went through was your fault, even if you didn't mean for it to happen. But I also know you did your best to save her, and I'm thankful for that. My son tells me you both love each other very much. I was young once and I know how it feels to be young and in love, so I'm not going to try to keep you apart. But what I need to know is that you're going to protect Samantha and keep her safe..." Kiesha said seriously.

My heart was thumping so hard against my chest; I couldn't imagine what Blake was feeling.

"I understand that she's like a daughter to you. I also know Samantha was put in that situation because of me, I even thought about staying away from her...but I can't. I love her so much and I need her. So I promise you I will do everything I can to keep her safe." Blake replied.

Every single pair of eyes was locked on Kiesha's face, waiting to see her expression. After a few moments a smile appeared on her face, and it felt like the world was lifted off of my shoulders.

"I trust that you will..." she said.

I didn't have to hide anymore, and that was the best feeling in the world.

After the elephant in the room left, everything was a lot better. The tension was gone and so was the awkwardness. We all laughed and ate, shared embarrassing memories, and childhood stories, everything was going great.

"Present time!" Aya yelled enthusiastically.

"This one's from me." Kiefer said as he handed me over a small bag.

I opened it up and there was a long rectangular velvet navy case.

I opened up the case and there was a white gold charm bracelet, with a charm already hanging from a link that said 'best friend forever'.

"It's not like those modern Pandora charm bracelets; it's the one you like." Bobby said with a smile.

I can't believe he remembered, a long time ago when he came to visit me in NY I told him how I didn't like the Pandora charm bracelets, because they didn't feel like a real charm bracelet.

"It's beautiful, I love it!" I said with a bright smile on my face as I gave him a hug.

I opened Adam's bag and inside was a teenage mutant ninja turtle sweatshirt that I've always wanted, and he also gave me a charm to put on my bracelet. The charm was a rainbow.

Aya gave me a short pleated plaid skirt, a gift card to Victoria Secret, and a Merrygoround charm.

Then Blake handed me a bag that I opened and it was a new Sketchpad, with new charcoal pencils. When I opened up the cover, there were words on it.

'Samantha, this is part 2 of your presents. A new sketch pad for new pictures and drawings, filled with good memories, and happy things. A fresh new start for you, for both of us. Love you so much, Blake.'

I looked up at him with a smile, and hugged him so tightly.

I hugged them all and I loved each of their gifts because it was so them, if it made any sense.

"There's more..." Kiesha said as she handed me over a little navy velvet box, which I expected to be another charm but when I opened it up it was a key.

I thought I was dreaming, I never even thought about having my own car. I had my license and I knew how to drive but the fact that I was holding a key to my car was amazing.

I looked up at Kiesha in shock.

"Come on outside." She said with a smile.

When I got outside there it was a 2010 Ford Fusion, electric blue, with a big red bow on top.

I couldn't believe my eyes. It was an actual car that belonged to me.

A girly squeal released from my mouth as I ran up to my car.

"What? How? Why? Oh my god." I said in utter disbelief.

"Well I know a guy who knows a guy." Kiesha said with a smile.

"Thank you! Thank you! A million times thank you!" I said as I jumped up and down, and then gave her a big hug.

"Welcome honey." She said with a smile.

"Can I take it for a ride?" I asked

"Well I don't know..." Kiesha began to say.

"Alright just be careful." She said with a smile.

Aya, Kiefer, Adam and Blake, piled into the car. Of course Kiefer took the front seat, but by the look of Blake's face he wasn't too happy about that.

I got into the passenger's seat, adjusted my mirrors and steering wheel and put my key into the engine. It felt so good to actually be driving my own car. Before I moved out here, I always would beg my mother for a car, but then when I got here that all changed.

It wasn't as if I could beg Kiesha, she had her own financial issues. But I always had Kiefer or Blake, but now that Im driving this car I realized how much I needed one.

After we returned home, everyone started to leave. I helped Kiesha clean up with Kiefer and Blake, every so often Kiefer and blaly would glare at each other. For some reason I think that won't become best friends anytime soon, and at the moment im okay with it.

Then I left with Blake to go to the Cabin, of course he let me drive.

"So you looked like you had fun tonight." Blake said as I drove.

"I did, it was nice spending time with everyone." I said as I pulled up to the cabin.

I could already feel my palms to sweat, and my heart to race. This was the part I dreaded the most.

When I entered the cabin it looked just like I remembered it, warm and cozy.

"Time for part 3 of your present." Blake said as he guided me toward the couch.

"I wasn't sure if this was too soon, but I wanted to get you something that you've never gotten before." Blake said nervously.

He handed me a plain white envelope. I looked at him confused as I opened the envelope.

I pulled out 2 plane tickets...to California.

My jaw dropped. I was in awe.

I've always wanted to go to California and I told him that, but I never thought he would actually buy me tickets to go.

So many thoughts were killing my mind at once. Would Kiefer and Kiesha let me go? Was it too soon? How could he afford these?

"Uh.. er.. I... I.. don't even know what to say..." I said as I stared at the tickets in front of me.

"If you don't want to go it's no big deal." He said.

"No...no that's not it..." I said.

Why was I so speechless over this? This is an amazing birthday present that I've always wanted.

"I love it." I said finally with a smile.

"I don't know how Kiefer and Kiesha are going to react, and I don't know how you even could afford them...but Thank you, I'd love to go to California with you Mr. Frost." I said with a smile. Then I lightly kissed his lips.

"Well I know how you can thank me." Blake said with a smirk.

"Oh, really? How?" I said sarcastic.

Blake got up from the couch, and picked me up in his arms. There was a devious look in his eyes that kind of turned me on.

He kept looking into my eyes as he carried me into the bedroom.

He lightly laid me on the bed, and laid over me keeping his weight on his forearms.

As his lips touched mine the electricity filled through my body, and the sense of being complete was there.

But in the back of my mind my doubt, fears, and insecurities were there screaming at me. I could sense that Blake knew something was wrong because he was holding back.

"What's wrong Sam?" Blake asked concerned.

I ran my hand through my hair not knowing how to explain this to him.

Every time I opened my mouth nothing would come out, and I was just flustered. The only way I knew how to tell him, was to show him.

So I got up from the bed and stood there in front of him.

I took a deep breath, and shut my eyes tightly as I began to pull my sweater over my head.

I was in my bra now, and my scars were on full display.

I opened my eyes, too see Blake examining every inch of my torso, he lightly traced the scar above my chest.

"There just so many and I don't know...I feel ugly." I said.

After a few moments, Blake looked into my eyes, as he held his hands on my cheeks.

"I don't understand..." He said.

"Connor cut me all over, and you haven't seen these. I thought you wouldn't think I was sexy or I don't maybe you get upset..." I said

"Listen to me no matter what you are beautiful to me in every single way. Honestly I see these scars and I get angry because someone hurt you but I'll get over it, and scars heal. I love you and I don't want you to ever think that you're not beautiful because you are, and a few scars won't change that." Blake said.

I looked at him for a few moments thinking everything over in my head.

I pushed him on to the bed and lay on top of him kissing him all over...

We spent the whole night together, and it was honestly amazing.

Chapter 38

Samantha's POV

So what's your plan for prom?" I asked Kiefer.

"Why?" he asked with suspicion.

"Well ya know...you need a date..." I said.

"Are you offering?" He asked with a smirk.

"No. But I know who would love love love to go with you"

"Please stop. I thought I asked you to just leave it alone. Aya's a great girl but I just can't." He said annoyed as he got up from the kitchen table and walked inside.

"why not?" I asked frustrated as I followed behind.

"Because I don't know I'm nervous." He said.

"Well that's adorable." I said with a smirk.

"Don't patronize me." He said seriously

"How about we all go to prom together?" I said with a smile.

"You're a junior you and your boyfriend won't be able to get in without a senior escort." Kiefer said.

"We will figure something out." I said with a smirk on my face.

"So Kiefer indiscreetly said that he wants to go to the prom with you." I said as I looked through the rack of clothes.

"What does that mean?" She asked warily.

"Well it means that he's an immature baby and is too scared to ask you out so I said we were all going to go to prom with Kiefer."

"You do know that we're juniors, right?"

"Of course I know that, but it can't be that hard to get extra tickets. The name 'Dela Vega' in that school gets you places" I said with a smirk.

"Oh does it really?" She asked sarcastically.

"Yes." I said with a smile.

"It doesn't matter anyway, hes going away to college soon and Its just not going to work out." She said.

I could already feel my stomach turn upside down. The whole idea of Kiefer leaving for college scared me and I wasn't ready to deal with it all.

"Does he know where he's going yet?" She asked.

"Yeah, but he won't tell us.." I said as I suddenly felt more depressed then happy. "Football scholarship right?" She asked.

"Yup, its either Penn brook or UCLA, two colleges that can both affect me differently." I said as I let out a deep breath.

"It doesn't matter which one he picks, it's not like he's going to be on the other side of the world." She said with sympathy in her voice.

"He might as well be..." I said.

After a few hours of shopping with Aya I decided to go home. Blake would be home soon and I wanted to tell him my amazing plan to get Aya and Kiefer together.

When I got home I saw that Blake's bike wasn't parked outside the house, but I decided to go sit and talk to Alex while I waited for him.

"Don't you ever work?" I asked Alex playfully.

"Yes I do at night." He said.

"What do you do anyway?" I asked.

"Computer technical analysis for top secret companies..." He said.

"So basically you're a nerdy ninja." I said with a smile.

"Basically."

"So how is life Alex?" I asked as I went into the kitchen and watched him cook.

"Good I guess, yours?"

"Same. You really need to teach your brother how to cook." I said as I watched him cut the vegetables up as if it was an art form.

"Eh, I don't think he would ever learn. He doesn't have the amazing cooking gene." He said

"Ah okay." I said.

Then I heard Blake's bike outside of the house, and I couldn't help but get excited. Yes, we were in that honeymoon phase of our relationship. Things were good and we were happy and that's all that mattered.

"Hey Babe." He said as he entered the kitchen.

"Hey." I responded just before I gave him a light kiss on his lips.

"I missed you." He said as he leaned his forehead against mine.

"I missed you too." I said.

"Oh guys please stop your making me want to barf." Alex said.

After I ate dinner with Blake and his brothers, we retreated up to his room. It was about 6 o'clock and the sun was just about setting. We laid on his bed under the covers fully clothed just holding each other, and I loved every second of it.

"So we're going to prom, and I know were juniors but who cares?" I said with a smile.

"I think I'm a little too old for prom." Blake said with a smirk.

"Well I think you're a little too old to be a junior..." I said playfully,

"Touché."

"So we can help Kiefer out with Aya and stuff." I said.

"Alright I guess."

"I just need to get extra tickets, I just don't know how." I said thoughtfully.

"I can get them..." Blake said, I looked at him questioningly.

"Don't worry about it..." He said with a smirk.

Blake did get the extra tickets; just not in a way that I really approved of...he stole them. He went into the office into school and just took them.

It was the night of prom and Aya and I were getting ready at her house.

"Oh my god hell you look beautiful." I said to her with a smile on my face. She was wearing a long plain black dress that fit her so well.

"Thank, but Let's see yours!" She said.

I went into the closet and slipped on my long red plain simple dress, and came out to show her.

"Hottie!" She screamed making me blush. My hair was up in a nice twist, and a few curls hung on the side of my face.

"Man I left my mascara in the bathroom, let me go get it." I said.

I walked out into the hall and I heard music blasting from a room down the hall. I knew Aya's parents weren't here, they were working late. Before I got a chance to go see who it was, Aya's ridiculously hot brother came out of the room down the hall and smiled when he saw me standing there.

"You know I never did get the rain check on that chat." He said with a smirk.

I looked at him shocked; I didn't even know what to say or how to react.

"Alright then..." He said with a smile.

"Uhm sorry." I said snapping back to reality.

"It's okay; you look beautiful by the way."

"Thanks." I said as I heard the bell ring.

"Well you better get going; you don't want to keep your date waiting." He said with a smirk.

Before I was able to respond Aya was pulling me away down the stairs.

When Aya opened the door Adam stood in front of Kiefer and Blake blocking their view of Aya.

When Adam moved out of the way Kiefer stood there staring at Aya with a dropped jaw, I guess you could say he liked what he saw.

Blake and I laughed at his response, but once Blake heard my laugh his attention was turned to me. He dropped his jaw as well. His eyes followed every curve of body that was outline in this dress. The way he stared at my made me tremble.

"Alright well let's go." Adam said bring us back to reality.

When Aya and I walked outside, we saw something that we weren't expecting...a limo.

"Oh my god! You guys got a limo? It's not even our prom!" I said.

"Some guy at the shop owed me a favor, so I got you this for the night." Blake said with a smirk.

I could help but jump from excitement. I've never been in a limo before and I was so excited to go in one for the first time with my best friends and my amazing boyfriend.

Once I heard the song Count on me by Bruno Mars a smile appeared on my lips.

It was mine and Kiefer's song.

A song that described our relationship perfectly.

If you ever find yourself stuck in the middle of the sea

I'll sail the world to find you

If you ever find yourself lost in the dark and you can't see

I'll be the light to guide you.

"May I have this dance?" Kiefer asked as he stood beside me. I looked over to Blake to see if it was ok, he nodded with a smile in my face.

As we swayed together in the middle of the dance floor, I looked at him with a frown on my face thinking about him going off to college.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"I don't know just thinking about you moving away and going to college..." I said as I wiped a tear that was falling down my cheek.

"I was waiting until graduation day to tell you and my mom my plan..." He said.

I was bracing myself to hear that he was going to move away to California, and that I would probably never see him again...

"Im going to Penn brook." He said with a smirk.

I couldn't hold my excitement back I wrapped my arms around him giving him the biggest tightest hug ever.

"I...cant..breathe.." He said.

"Sorry."

"Also...im not dorming. Im going to stay home until I can find a place of my own." He said.

"I am really happy that you're staying. I was afraid that I was going to have to go through my senior year without you." I said.

"Id never let that happen."

"Do you mind if I can cut in?" I heard Blake say.

Kiefer nodded to Blake and left. Kiefer and Blake weren't on the best speaking terms but they weren't tighting and that's all I cared about.

"So why are you so happy?" Blake asked as we danced to the next random slow song that played.

"Kiefer's staying home." I said.

"Oh that's Great I'm glad you're happy." He said with a smile.

"I am. Things are going really well for me. I have my friends, Kiefer, and you, im incredibly lucky."

"We're the lucky ones Samantha." He said which brought a smile to my face.

"You look beautiful tonight, if I haven't told you already." He whispered into my ear.

"You have told me 3 times, but thank you."

"Is there any chance I'm getting you out of that dress tonight?" Blake asked making me blush.

"Possibly." I said

"I like a challenge"

The rest of the night was perfect, Kiefer asked Aya to dance, and Adam even got asked to dance by some indie senior guy

In a few days Kiefer would graduate, and summer will officially start...and for once I was excited about the future.

Chapter Epilogue

Blake's POV

For the past few weeks things have felt...different.

Lately I've been feeling watched, not always alone when I am.

It could be me just being paranoid, I'm not used to things going so well for so long.

But that's what I've been summing it up to be just paranoia.

But these feelings have been getting worse.

Certain things I would remember I don't, certain things I would feel I don't.

I haven't talked to anyone about it, not my brothers and definitely not Samantha.

Since I've had all of this on my mind I seem kind of distant especially with Samantha. I could sense that she knew something was wrong and I wanted to talk to her, but I just couldn't.

I just wasn't ready to talk about this, I wasn't even sure there was anything to talk about...

Samantha's POV

"Kiefer Dela Vega." The principle said. I could feel my eyes fill with tears.

As I sat in the crowd with Kiesha, Adam, Aya, and Blake we watched Kiefer walk up on the stage.

Aya, kieshay, and I screamed while Adam whistled earning us glares from the rest of the crowd.

Kiesha and I cried as we watched Kiefer shake hands with the vice principle and then the principle.

He took the diploma in his hand, and before he walked off the stage switched the tassel on his hat.

I could feel the tears falling down my face.

I just couldn't believe the boy I used to make mud pies with was actually graduating high school. He was growing up and that scared me.

I felt Blake gently squeeze my hand, when I looked over to him he smiled at me crookedly and wiped the tear falling down my cheek. The touch of his skin on mine made my insides warm, and I immediately forgot why I was upset.

Adam was looking forward to seeing the cliché scene of the caps being thrown into the air, even though Aya and I tried to tell him that it only happens in movies. But even with the warning he was still upset when it didn't happen.

After the ceremony Kiefer hugged all his friends, talked and laughed at all memories they shared, while Kiesha took pictures of every moment.

"Mom stop..." Kiefer said sheepishly.

"Oh honey you only graduate High school once!" She said.

"Oh god tell me you're not crying too!" He said to me.

"No...I just got something in my eye, a twig or something I'll be fine." I said as I rubbed my eyes.

"Oh Samantha there's no reason for you to be crying." He said as he took me in his arms and held me tightly.

"Yes there is. You're too immature and dumb to be a High school graduate." I said playfully.

"Oh really I'll show you immature and dumb." He said as he got me in a headlock and rubbed his knuckles on my head.

"Help me!" I said playfully.

"Stop it Kiefer, let me take a picture of you two." Kiesha said and Kiefer let me go, but not before I gently hit him on the arm.

After we stood beside each other and took the picture.

"Okay guys I'm going to head home to get the house set up for dinner." kieshay said.

When Kiesha left, Kiefer turned to us enthusiastically

"So guys Richie Smith bought out club 21 tonight for all the graduates, and you guys are invited." Kiefer said, and I heard Adam and Aya squeal in excitement.

I looked over to Blake who leaned back against a tree.

"Do you want to go?" I asked him, to which he responded with a shrug of the shoulders.

"Alright, we're in." I said with a smirk.

"Yes! You guys won't even need an ID; Richie knows the bodyguard and their selling alcohol." Kiefer said.

"Wow Kiefer your enthusiasm is killing me." I said with a smirk.

"Oh shut up. We better get going before Kiesha throws a fit." Kiefer said.

Kiefer took Adam and Aya back in his car and I left with Blake.

"You haven't said much." I said to Blake as he drove back to the house.

"Oh sorry." He said. "What's on your mind?" I asked him. "Nothing." He said.

Well if he wasn't going to talk to me about whatever was going on I wasn't going to push the issue. I was annoyed because I thought we were over this keeping secrets, clearly I was wrong.

"I cannot wear this!" I screeched to Aya's as I looked at myself in the mirror.

I was wearing Aya's short black sleeveless dress, which had see through mesh material that went from my neck and in between my cleavage.

"Why not?" She asked surprised.

"Because half of the dress is missing."

Since Kiefer told us these plans on such short notice I wasn't able to get a dress, so Aya was lending me one of hers...

"Stop being ridiculous." She said.

"I don't know if you realize this but Blake and Kiefer will kill me." I said to her.

"Stop being so dramatic, besides this is your only option." She said to me, which was true.

"I guess..." I said.

Aya wore a black halter dress with a gold lace pattern.

When we both were finally ready we walked down stairs where Kiefer, Adam, and Blake sat.

Aya was the first one they saw. I could hear the compliments they gave her.

"Alright guys before Samantha comes down you need to know that I gave her that dress because she had nothing to wear...so yeah." Aya said.

"Oh I'm definitely not going to like this..." I heard Kiefer say.

I took a deep breath and continued down the steps into the living room.

"You're kidding?" Kiefer said, Blake didn't say anything which was worse.

"What the hell are you wearing? Or should I say not wearing." Kiefer said.

"Oh come on Kiefer lighten up. I bet if Aya wore this you wouldn't have any problem." I said as I crossed my arms.

"Yeah because Aya doesn't attract trouble like you do! Aren't you going to say anything?" Kiefer said to Blake.

"Doesn't matter what I say it's not like she's going to listen to me. She will be fine; I'll be with her the whole time." He said before he walked out to the car.

"What the hell is his problem?" I asked, to which they all shrugged in response.

"Ugh let's go!" I said as grabbed my coat and angrily stomped out of the house.

"Oh well this should be fun..." I heard Adam say.

The club was filled with hundreds of dancing bodies. It was mostly dark with flashing strobe lights and in the back was a bar that lit up.

Walking into this club I had one and only one goal and that was to get Blake pissed off.

In the back of my mind I knew I was being immature and childish, but the whole aroma and scene of this club brought me back to my club days. The days when I didn't have a care in the world, I would go out all night doing what I wanted and I guess I missed that.

"Let's go Aya." I said as I grabbed her by the hand and pushed passed the people to get to the bar.

"Oh God!" I heard Aya say as we reached the bar. I looked over to see her looking down and covering her face with her hand.

"What?!" I asked.

"My brother!" She said and then quickly went back to where Kiefer and Adam stood.

When I turned around towards the bartender I knew what she meant, cause her gorgeous brother was standing behind the bar wearing a black t-shirt that accented his muscles.

"Look Who it is." He said with a smirk that made my insides melt.

"Hey." I said nervously.

"So I'm going to assume that was my sister who just ran away." He said

"uhm...uh...no." I said.

"Sure..." He said with a smirk.

All I could do was giggle like a tween with a crush. I love Blake I really do, but Dylan was so movie-star gorgeous that I couldn't help but giggle.

"But anyway what can I get you?" He asked.

"Rum and redbull please." I said.

"Coming right up." He said

He placed the drink on the bar and had a smirk on his face, but it suddenly disappeared into a more intimidating glare.

I didn't have to turn around to see who it was because I felt the heavy arm around my shoulder, and then the voice. The voice that could make me happiest and the saddest.

"Do you need something? Are you waiting for a tip? Here ya go." He said and placed 3 quarters on the bar.

"Blake stop." I said lowly.

"Na man don't really need something from you, just this beautiful girl." He said with venom tracing each word. Dylan looked extremely intimidating and if it was any other guy I think they would have already peed there pants but it was Blake and it's going to take a lot more than a pair of strong muscles and an intimidating look to scare him

"My girlfriend is beautiful isn't she..." Blake said glancing over me appreciatively.

"Wow Samantha this is your boyfriend? You could do much better."

I could see Blake clenching his fists holding back from punching Dylan right in the face.

"I tell her that all the time..." Blake said after he took a deep breath.

"Blake lets go come on." I said as I took my drink and grabbed Blake by his arm.

"Sorry Dylan, I'll see you around." I said as I walked away.

As soon as we were far from the bar Blake pulled from my grip and walked away from me annoyed.

"What the hell?" I screamed but wasn't heard over the loud music. Before I began to chase Blake throughout the club, I downed my drink and put it on the nearest table.

I quickly pushed pass the dancing people trying not to lose sight of Blake's head.

5 minutes later I see him going into the men's bathroom, and I follow him inside.

Thankfully there was no one inside except Blake. So I locked the bathroom door and saw Blake just leaning against the bathroom wall annoyance clear all over his body.

"What the hell are you doing here?" He asked me strongly.

"Trying to talk to you!" I said.

"Well I don't want to talk to you." He said.

"Oh stop being a baby!"

"You want to talk? Let's talk! What the hell were you doing flirting with Mr. Abercrombie and Fitch?" He screamed.

"I wasn't flirting, I was talking! That's Aya's brother, I met him the night when I saw you sucking that slurs face!" I screamed, but deep down I knew I was lying.

"We already talked about that! You need to let it go!" He said.

"I'll let it go when I want to!"

"Whatever. You were clearly flirting with that kid!"

"Okay so what if I was? It's not like you care! You've been acting weird and ignoring me for the past few weeks. I know you're hiding something and if we're going back to keeping secrets tell me right now, because I'm not doing that again!" I said.

"I can't tell you what's going on cause you'll think I'm nuts!" He said.

I looked at him for a moment and noticed things that I haven't before. There were dark bags under his eyes and he looked pale, like he didn't get much sleep.

I stepped towards him and gently caressed his cheek.

"You know you can always talk to me, plus I already think you're crazy and that's my favorite part about you." I said with a smirk on my face.

"For the past few weeks I've felt like I was being watched, like someone's always there with me. I first noticed it when my locker was left unlocked, at first I thought I forgot. Then I noticed your car was unlocked, another thing I brushed off as a mistake. But then more and more things started to go missing and were left open. I also can't get rid of the feeling of being watched. It's as if someone's always there. When I'm on my bike, at work, at school, at home, it's like someone's there with me." He said as he let out a deep breath.

I looked at him and he was very serious about this and I was scared but I didn't show it.

I took him in my arms and held him close to me and comforted him as much as I could.

"Don't worry babe, everything's going to be okay. We'll talk to your brothers they will know what to do. Tonight you'll stay at my house and you'll get some rest." I said.

"I promise you we will figure this out no matter what we have to do." I said as I held his face and looked into his eyes.

I kissed him deeply and it was filled with passion, but also filled with fear, fear and unknowing...

Blake's POV

It was 3 weeks after Kiefer's graduation and things were getting better.

I told my brothers about what was going on and they didn't think I was crazy. They said they were glad I told them and since then they were on guard.

But I wasn't feeling watched as often anymore, and that made me feel a lot better. But when I did get the feeling, it was so strong that I would scream and tell who Evers there to come out and fight me like a man.

But besides that Samantha and I haven't been so happy, things were amazing between us and that's all that mattered.

But now I'm sitting at the airport with Samantha waiting for our flight to California and the smile on my face couldn't be any brighter or wider. I was leaving Austria and I was leaving this feeling of being watched, unless I'm crazy and making this feeling up...I guess we will find out.

Convincing Kiesha to let me take Samantha to California was hard, but convincing Kiefer was much harder. But we did it, and here we are.

Being far away with Samantha was what I always wanted, to be with the girl I love.

I know it will be for a short time, but it's going to be amazing. Just me and her, no problems or worries to bother us.

But in the back of my mind I knew we were going to have to come back and face reality soon, a new threat was among us and for some reason I felt it wasn't going to be easy to defeat...