

Chapter 17

Don's face broke out in a grin.

"Great!"

[Don]*I mind linked Chris,

"She'll stay just as long as you stay away "

"What?!?" He yelled as expected.

I rolled my eyes and sighed mentally.

"Take it or leave it Chris?"

I could feel his uncertainty but I knew what he would pick.

"Okay I'll keep my distance. "

"You can try later to talk to her." I reassured.

"Yeah, yeah thanks. " Then he was gone.

So much for a thank you.*

We stayed inside while Chris stayed outside, I didn't want to have a run in with him.

I watched Don play some pool and smiled.

Too bad I wasn't attracted to Don.

He was nice and he seemed to always help me out.

I paid little attention to Don, my mind confused.

So this was how he acted usually?

I knew getting my hopes up was useless.

Those roses, and chocolates meant nothing. He was just a flirt

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and knew he could get anyone he wanted.

Even the shy girl in the back.

It's not like it was going to work anyways if he did end up liking me.

I could barely stand Don's friendly touch, how was I supposed to stand even a kiss from Chris?

His lips flashed in my mind.

He had full lips a dimple at the corner of one.

He had leaned in to kiss me, I knew.

What would I have done, I wondered?

I shook my head, I would never find out.

"Sam right?" I turned to find John, shirtless leaning against the wall.

I frowned at him and nodded.

"I wanted to apologize for the other day, I was in a bad mood and I took it out on you."

I stared at him uncertain.

John, was apologizing to me? Not popular Sam Wolfe?

"I'm serious " He chuckled a bit.

"Umm, apology accepted?" I mumbled and turned back to Don.

He was gone and I got off, heading to go find him.

A warm hand gripped my hand and I froze in place.

This felt so familiar.

Memories started flashing through my mind and I closed my

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eyes to ward them off.

"I was wondering if you'd like to ditch this place and go somewhere?" He asked.

A shudder of disgust went through me.

"Can you please let go?" I whispered, tears springing to my eyes.

"Why? Are you and Chris ..."

"What's going on here?" Don demanded coming over.

"Nothing, we were just talking, weren't we Sam?" John asked from behind me.

His warm breath on my neck I shook my head.

"I'll take that as a no, let go." Don's glare was icy cold.

"We were just..." John started protesting but Don cut in coldly.

"I said let go, John! "

I heard a sigh behind me then his hand was gone.

I exhaled in relief as John cursed and stomped away.

"You okay?" Don touched my shoulder lightly.

I let out a deep breath and looked him in the eyes.

"Yes."

His eyes softened, then he held out some clothing to me.

"I thought you'd be cold in your wet clothes so I asked my sister Meredith if she could give you some clothes. You seem about the same size."

I finally noticed that Don had changed too, into shorts and a white shirt.

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"Thanks."

Don showed me to a restroom where I changed into the jeans and black blouse which was a bit lowcut. I put on the black converse as well.

The rest of the time I spent inside watching a few movies with Don and his friends who were really funny and made me laugh.

I wasn't treated any different although these were some of the popular people from school.

"Bonfire time." Someone yelled throughout the house.

Everyone started outside and Don and I headed outside.

There were several logs in a big circle around a bundle of logs in the middle.

We settled on a log and I watched as Chris went to the center with a lighter and a gasoline bottle.

He sprayed the logs and held the lighter above.

He lit it and everyone cheered.

"Now time to party!" He yelled.

The fire reflected off his features. His smile was big and white, his eyes a fiery blue.

Gosh, he was handsome.

People started running to nearby coolers and grabbing bottles of beer.

Of course there would be beer, this was a teenage party.

"I'll be right back." Don said getting up.

He went to the cooler and brought back two bottles he handed

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one to me and I shook my head.

"You don't drink?" He frowned.

"No..." I said slowly.

I absolutely hated beer, I had experienced terrible things due to it.

Things anybody should never experience, but I couldn't tell him that.

Don shrugged and opened a bottle. He chugged down half of one in one gulp.

I wrinkled my nose at the awful smell.

How could anyone drink that crap?

"I'll be back, one of my friends is calling me over."

I watched as he left and then looked into the fire.

I heard Chelsea's annoying voice nearby.

"Baby, do you have anything stronger?" She practically purred.

I hated the sound of her voice instantly.

"There's some Vodka, tequila and 4 Lokos inside." replied a voice I had come accustomed to.

Chris.

"Get me some Babe?"

I heard a smack of lips and I covered my ears.

I didn't need to hear this.

I stared into the fire and sighed.

Why was I even here?

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"S'more?" someone said hanging me one.

I looked up at Chris as he sat down.

I looked at the s'more as I twirled it in my hand.

"Are you just going to ignore me?" He asked.

I didn't look at him.

"I'm not leaving till you talk to me." He added.

"Don't you have someone else to bother? Maybe get a drink for?" I snapped, looking at the floor.