

Chapter 18

He was quiet next to me.

I could feel the warmth of his closeness, and it was getting me uneasy.

Why was he even here talking to me? I'm sure Chelsea would be happy to take my place.

"Chelsea?" He grumbled scoffing "You think Chelsea and I are dating?"

"It's not my problem " I shrugged.

Why was he making this harder than it had to be?

I wanted things back to where they were, whetstone he didn't know me and I didn't like him.

Suddenly his hand was on my chin, gently turning it to face him.

He was breathtaking.

His skin glowed in the firelight, his blue eyes sincere as they looked at me.

"There's nothing going on between me and Chelsea. "

I looked away from him and down at the floor.

"Look at me." He whispered.

I shook my head.

Why was he doing this to me?!? Getting my hopes up.

"Sam, please. " His voice filled with hurt.

18:27 

I looked up, unable to refuse.

"Can't you tell I like you?" He whispered.

My heart leapt in my chest at his words.

I searched his eyes and saw the sincerity.

But what did that mean for me?

Nothing, the hope gone.

Even if he did, nothing would happen.

"What is it? What's wrong?" Chris looked down at me and frowned.

My eyes followed the downward turn of his lips unconsciously.

His tongue sneaked out and licked his lips.

I looked up and found his heated eyes.

A chill ran through my body as his head leaned down.

His eyes never left mine as his lips were just a few inches from mine.

What was happening?

I couldn't think on it much as his lips molded to mine.

A moan unconsciously left my lips as his tongue entwined with mine.

I felt his hand run up my back to the nape of my neck.

I think that's what got to me.

HIS hand had been there before.

I pulled back and got up quickly knocking over his beer.

"What the...?" He cursed as I fled.

18:27 

What had gotten into me, letting him kiss me!

I grabbed my helmet quickly and jumped on my bike and turned it on.

I felt leather and looked around and found his leather jacket.

I cursed as I heard him call my name.

Oh well! I put it on and pressed on the gas.

I flew through the forest and finally let out a sigh of relief as I saw road.

I made it home in record time, the tears were barely in check as I entered my room.

My lipstingled and I rubbed it but it wouldn't go away.

I crawled into bed and cried.

Here was a guy I liked but nothing could happen.

I was ruined for any guy because of HIM.

Because of my so called father!

Why did my life have to be so fucked up?!?

Why couldn't I have a normal life, with a normal boyfriend and a normal 'father' ?

Chris wouldn't understand any of this, though.

So there was no point getting my hopes up.

He was probably just trying to get in my pants anyways.

I felt the phone vibrate and I ignored it.

It was probably Chris anyways.

I found it difficult to sleep, I kept tossing and turning.

18:28 

The phone vibrated for the thirtieth time and I covered my head with a pillow to zone the noise out.

Didn't he get the clue? I didn't want to talk to him!

He had kissed me without asking and wondered Why I left!

Finally after a long night i couldnt keep my eyes open and fell asleep at midnight .

Knew It

--*-*-*-*-*Sam:*-*-*-*-*-*-*

The next day HE came, and my body ached afterwards. I could barely move, I was so badly beaten.

The phone vibrated all day and fearing HE would hear it, I hid it deep in my closet.

I spent all Monday recovering and finally on Tuesday I returned to school.

I brought Chris's jacket and his phone.

I didn't want anything to do with him.

Although it hurt, I knew I had to do this.

I could never be a part of his life.

I saw him at his locker, and I took a deep breath prepared to walk over there and just hand it to him.

Suddenly Chelsea showed up next to him and I stopped.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

I felt as if I had been slapped.

My eyes met hers briefly and I saw triumph.

18:28

I turned away, not wanting her to see the tears in my eyes.

I didn't expect to run into Don.

"Whoa, my bad I...what's wrong Sam?"

"Nothing." I looked away and practically threw the jacket at him.

"Give this to Chris."

I walked away before he could ask me anything else.

I went into a stall and cried silently.

I had been so stupid, I actually thought he liked me.

Turns out when he couldn't even get to second base with me he had moved on.

I heard the door open and a click clacking of heels.

Through the crack I could see Chelsea and a brunette applying lip stick.

"Chris really is the best kisser." She popped her lips together then fixed her blonde hair.

"You think that....girl... at the party knows Chris only kissed her because he wanted to see how far he could go with her?" The brunette asked.

I bit back a sob, and covered my mouth with my hand.

Chelsea's lip curled back in disgust.

"I doubt it, she probably thinks he likes her." she gave a cruel laugh " Poor, human. I mean for real, were talking about Chris Wayne, Mr.Popular. And who is she? Nobody."

I frowned at that. Human?

"Well I showed her today, Chris is mine so she better back off!"

18:28 

"There was never any competition " The brunette said.

They walked outside , leaving me alone.

I settled into the seat and put my head in my hands.

It was true all along.

Chris had only been playing with me.

Stupid, stupid, I thought to myself. How had I even thought, for a second that he liked me.

I mean this is Chris Wayne ! CHRIS WAYNE!

Chelsea was right, someone like him didn't like someone like me.

I had gotten my hopes up for nothing.

The bell rang for first period and I came out of the stall. I washed my face, washing away tears I had cried for him.

Useless tears.

I walked out, grabbed my things from my locker and headed to P.e.

I saw Chris walking towards me, and I looked away.

I couldn't see him right now!

I couldn't talk to him!

I didn't even want to have anything to do with him!

"Sam, we need to talk."