

Chapter 22

"Omg! " Ally giggled "You so totally like Chris!"

My eyes widened in surprise, my face going hot.

I was too obvious.

"No..no..." I stuttered, gosh this was embarrassing.

"Dont deny it" Meredith cut in a hugesmile on her face "We can tell, it's just the way you look at him." She leaned in and whispered "He likes you too, trust me."

What did that mean? Like—like me? Or Like—as—a—friend like me?

"Oh Yeah, he talks about you all the time." Ally added.

"Not out loud " Don sent them an annoyed look "They like to be nosy and listen to other people's conversations."

Ally stuck her tongue, and Meredith scrunched her nose.

"Were just being friends. So we listen in because we always hear Sams name." this from Meredith

Don rolled his eyes and smirked at me.

"Not ALL the time."

"Yes, all the time" Ally nodded "Something about having trouble talking to you...?"

"Or asking you out too...?" Meredith added casually.

"Cut it out, Mer and Ally. Chris will hear and get mad." Don growled irritated.

Just then Chris came over, white bags in his hands.

He sat down and handed the cookies over, I was last.

"Thank you." I mumbled as he handed it over. His eyes never left mine as his fingers accidentally brushed mine.

An electric current ran up and down my arm.

I jerked my hand back and looked down, to hide my heated face.

Was I ever going not to blush when he looked, or touched me?

"Did I miss anything?" He asked

I stifled a laugh as Don coughed uncontrollably.

"Nope, nothing at all." Meredith said a little too eagerly.

"Uh huh" I heard doubt on his voice but he changed the subject

"So did you hear Sean's having a party?"

As they spoke of the party, I let my mind wander.

Was it possible that all this talk about me, actually meant Chris really did like me?

That he wasn't just playing with me?

I know he told me he liked me, and everyone else did to, but what could I do?

My fear haunted me, what HE did to me haunted me.

Just thinking about it had a chill going down my spine.

I mentally shook my head, I didn't want to think about it.

Surprisingly HE hadn't messed with me in a week.

I allowed myself briefly glance at Chris, he threw his head back as he laughed.

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His dimples showed and again I had the urge to poke them with my tongue.

My face got hot.

Why was I having these outrageous thoughts?

I mean I know I found Chris attractive, who in their right mind wouldn't? But the thought of being touched, even kissed had a chill of fear going down my spine.

But for some reason, the thought of Chris touching me... appealed to me, although I was still hesitant.

I knew not all guys were like HIM, but I couldn't control my response.

I liked Chris, and I wanted to be with him. I just couldn't the way he wanted....and that's what really bothered me.

"Sam, the bell rang." Chris's voice interrupted my thoughts.

"Sorry" I mumbled before throwing my food away and gathering my things.

"Can I speak to you, in private?" Chris asked looking at me then at Don.

I nodded to Don, and turned to Chris.

This conversation was going to happen sooner or later, so why not now?

We stood in the now almost empty cafeteria, me looking down at the floor.

"Can you atleast look at me, please?" He asked softly.

I looked up meeting his blue eyes.

My breath caught in my throat as I saw the misery etched on

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his handsome face.

Guilt filled me, I had caused that.

"I feel really bad about how we left things, and I want to apologize. I'm sorry about kissing you without your permission, I shouldn't have done that. Also that kiss you saw, it was Chelsea. I'm over her but she doesn't seem to understand. "

His beautiful lips turned down at the corners, and I wanted to kiss them away.

I mentally shook my head.

I really needed to control my hormones.

"Can you say something? Your silence is driving me crazy!"

I bit my lip as I gazed upon this Greek God.

What did he see in me? I wasn't anything like the girls he usually dated.

"I'm not Chelsea." I finally said.

I surprised myself by saying that.

He blinked surprised as well.

"Of course you're not, I would never compare you with her."

I shook my head and looked away.

There was no use, Chris and Me would never work out.

He dated hot Cheerleaders, not geeks like me.

"Your nothing like Chelsea, Sam..." I looked up as he took a step toward me his hand outstretched as if to touch my cheek. He grimaced and let it fall "I like you for who you are, and I like that youre different from the girls I usually date."

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Date.

The word that I wish we were doing, but yet I couldn't understand.

"Why me? Why not some other girl? Why am I so different?" I demanded, irritated by this whole situation.

Why did this have to be so damn hard?

His eyes looked tortured, and it hit me hard.

What I felt for Chris was more than a mere crush.

The thought of him being in any sort of pain, had me wanting to go comfort him.

To beat up the person causing him pain.

And in this case it was me.

"Your different, Sam. Your beautiful, and smart and funny and kind. You're everything none of the girls I've been with have been." He grimaced "Maybe I want different, I'm tired of dating girls who are just a trophy on my arm. I want a girl I can actually talk to, and laugh with. You're the only girl I can do that with..."

He let out a frustrated breath as I stared at him wide eyed.

Chris really did like me, and not because of my looks but because of ME.

I realized at that moment, not only did I want to be with him, but I craved it.

I desired it so bad, I was willing to yell it out to the world.

"I understand if you don't want to, I'm just a Jock right?" He chuckled but there was no humor in it "But if you give me the

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chance, I promise you won't regret it. I'll take it slow, I won't rush you to do anything you don't want to do. I'll be patient, but please at least give me a chance. So what do you say? Will you be my girlfriend?"

