

Chapter 3

Then I heard the voices.

My hands were bloody, my knee grazed but I'd be fine. A little embarrassed but at least it was dark and no one else saw.

"Need a hand little one?"

Little one?

"Jake". Alanna warned.

Glancing up a gasp fell from my lips. Who was he and where did he come from? Wait why didn't he have a shirt on? Was I dreaming? I couldn't look away, couldn't break our stare.

"You shouldn't talk to your older brother like that Alanna". He finally looked away and I felt like an idiot.

4 guys were stood outside my house shirtless.

It was freezing.

Blinking a few times, I think I may have hit my head on the way down to. Why didn't they have shirts on?

Wiping my hands on my jeans I got to my feet. Everything that was inside the box was now scattered all over the driveway. Sighing I went around picking up all my things.

"Jake, please just go away". She begged.

He didn't. He stood staring and I was starting to feel a little uncomfortable. That soon disappeared when I noticed what he was holding.

My mom's blanket.

It was old and ragged but it was the only thing I had of hers. I didn't let anyone touch it in the fear it would fall apart. And here he was holding it like some old dishrag.

"Jake". Alanna hissed.

I was too busy staring at the blanket. I couldn't find my voice to ask for it back.

"Leah, what's going on out here?". She stood beside me her eyes instantly landing on the blanket.

"Young man I believe what you are holding doesn't belong to you. Give it". Her voice was stern, it held authority.

His eyebrows furrowed, his eyes landing on mine. "I apologise". Handing it over I grabbed it before she could touch it.

I held it to my face my eyes closing. I didn't care that they were watching.

"Come inside the rest can wait until tomorrow. Alanna you are more than welcome to join".

She didn't need to tell me twice.

"You girls sit, I'll sort some hot chocolate".

"I'll be back my phones in the car".

Opening the glove box, I retrieved my phone and made sure the car was locked. What I didn't expect was to find her brother waiting at the bottom of the drive. Tightening the blanket around my shoulder I stopped a few feet from him.

"Alanna is still inside. I'll tell her you're here".

As I went to walk away, he grabbed a hold of my wrist and pulled me flush against him. I froze. What was he doing?

"Little one". He growled.

I couldn't breathe.

"Please let me go". My voice was barely a whisper.

He didn't. Instead, his grip tightened as he buried his head in the nape of my neck and inhaled deeply.

"Fuck baby, you smell like the ocean".

I was afraid, my body rigid. I couldn't move even if I wanted to.

"You don't have to be afraid of me princess".

I wasn't aware that I had closed my eyes but by the time I opened them he was gone.

Gone like he wasn't there to begin with.

I was officially creeped out.

Heading back inside I took the cup my gran was offering and sat on the sofa. I couldn't stop thinking about what had just happened. The way he grabbed my wrist, the way he pulled me to him. He sniffed me for petes sake. Who does that?

But weirdly enough even though I was scared I wanted him to touch me again.

"Leah, honey you there?" My gran laughed knocking me out of my thoughts. "Alanna was telling me she attends the school you've enrolled into".

I had forgotten about school.

"Great, school" Rolling my eyes I sat my cup down. I only had another 6 months and then I'd be finished. But it was 6 months of trying to fit in and not be the new girl.

"Thanks for inviting me over. I have to get home. Leah here's my number just in case you need anything". Taking it from her I smiled. I knew I was a little sceptical about her before but she was the only person I knew here and I needed someone. "No need to get up I only live there".

As I heard the door close I looked at my gran.

"She seems like a nice girl honey, maybe your first friend here. That brother of hers though, He seems like a bit of an asshole".

I burst out laughing. I always found it funny to hear my gran swear. She was always so reserved, swear words weren't her thing.

"But a good looking asshole". She grinned.

I had to agree with her there. He was beautiful.

"I already think he likes you" She winked picking up my cup. "He couldn't keep his eyes off you".

"Gran" I groaned. My gran was my gran but she wasn't ancient. She had my mom when she was 16 so she was still pretty young herself. People always mistook her for being my mom.

"I'm just saying" She smiled "Try and get some sleep I know it's not the best but you'll have a bed by tomorrow".

"I will night gran love you".

"Love you too sweetheart".