

Chapter 18-Adrian

(Adrian)

I reached for my phone, my body tense with anticipation as I waited anxiously for what Penny would send me back..

Maybe things will actually go my way for once..

I felt my phone vibrate..my eyes darting to the screen as I clicked on Penny's name and read the message quickly.

"Friend..she only sees me as a friend." I breathed out and that's when relief flooded through me.

Thank God! For a moment there I thought she was going to say yes..then there wasn't s**t I could do to push this off any longer.

I quickly typed back that I understood and threw my phone onto the couch beside me.

Now there is nothing Ronan can say..I'm still safe and I don't have to do s**t.

I knew Penny didn't like me..I've always known..that's the reason why I chose her. Because there was no f*****g way it would cause me any

problems or make Ronan question why I never had a girlfriend.

There are many reasons for that..but SHE is the main reason I can't even look at another girl.

I'm fucked..and I just have to get through this next year in one piece and then I can try to move on. I know I will have to eventually..but I can't with her so close by..I can't when just the mere thought of her makes my heart leap out of my chest.

"Did she text back?" Ronan asked curiously, his hair wet from the shower as he rubbed a towel over it quickly.

"Yeah, she said she only sees me as a friend." I explained, trying to sound a little bummed about it.

"Fuck..I'm sorry dude..I thought maybe Penny would give you a chance at least." Ronan stated, and I could see he really did feel bad for me..that just made the guilt even worse.

Ronan knows I'm not normal..I mean..normal like the other guys we hang out with. Even Ronan has had a few girlfriends..he doesn't really say s**t about it, but occasionally he tries to set me up on a double date or something.

I just can't do it..I can't take that leap and put all of myself out there.

No one knows the true Adrian Dawson..the s**t I have gone through and where I have come from. Yeah, I look fine on the outside..but what's inside is unfixable..unlovable.

So even if I did move on..if I grew the balls to let her go..I know my place in this world.

"Boys! Dinners here!!" Mrs. McNeal called out, making Ronan's face light up as he slapped my back before nodding towards the door.

"Come on, let's go eat. Then maybe we can get my dad to shoot some hoops with us later."

I nodded once before standing and following Ronan out, my hands slipping into my pockets as I noticed Dylan coming down from the other side of the hallway towards us.

"How was the party Dyl?" Ro asked, making Dylan shrug, his eyes darting towards me before he quickly slipped his own hands into his pockets as well.

"It was okay..a little much if you ask me.." He grumbled, making me fight a smile as he began walking next to us.

I had a soft spot for the kid..he was unlike any nine year old I have ever met, that's for sure.

"What does a little much mean to you? You asked Mom to buy you grey balloons..so I'm pretty sure your scale of things is pretty off.." Ronan teased, causing me to stifle a laugh as Dylan gave his brother a bored look.

"They had a freaking giraffe Ro..is that normal to you?" Dylan muttered, making Ronan blink his eyes rapidly before glancing towards me as I just shrugged.

"Okay..that is a little much.." He admitted.

"Thank you! See!" Dylan exclaimed as we walked downstairs and headed for the dining room.

I felt my eyes wandering the house, looking for any signs of her as that beautiful laughter suddenly drifted towards me.

Then we turned the corner and I swear all three of us came to an abrupt stop.

"What the hell are you wearing Mil?!"

"Dylan! Language!" Mrs. McNeal scolded her son as Dylan smiled sheepishly at her.

"Sorry mom..but seriously..what is she wearing?"

He asked, pointing at his sister as I swear I couldn't keep my eyes off of her since the moment she came into view.

Millie had on a light blue sundress..her hair had been put up in a high ponytail and she was even wearing some makeup, causing those silver orbs to practically glow.

f**k me..

I tried so damn hard not to stare..but I couldn't look away..

The dress went to the spot just above her knees, revealing the start of her thighs as I swallowed hard in response.

"I think she looks beautiful." Mrs. McNeal stated firmly, her eyes narrowing at Dylan as he just let out a sigh and walked further into the kitchen.

"So..what's the occasion? You're not going on a date..are you?" Ronan asked suspiciously and I swear I almost started to choke.

A f*****g date?! No damn way..Mr. McNeal would never let her.

"There's no occasion..can't I just dress nice for once?" Millie shrugged, her silver eyes glancing towards me as I quickly looked away, trying to act

casual.

Little did she know I was fighting for my life not to pitch a tent right now..I knew staying here this summer was a bad idea.

"I guess..where's dad?" Ronan asked while grabbing two plates off of the counter and handing one to me.

"He was talking to your Uncle Carson about that camping trip in a few weeks." Mrs. McNeal explained while taking out a couple of burgers from the paper bags in front of her.

"Oh sweet..Uncle Jack is bringing the jetski right mom?" Dylan asked excitedly while I couldn't help but peek up at Millie.

I watched as her hand slid across the counter towards the burgers..the way her palms moved so slowly made my lips part as I tried not to gawk at her right now..

How the hell can she look even more beautiful than this morning? I didn't think it was possible.

Dylan, Ronan and their mom all continued to talk as I had a first row seat to Millie eating her burger like something straight out of a damn commercial..

She took a big bite..the ketchup squirting onto the side of her mouth as she licked it off slowly, making me grip my our burger harder.

I have never thought a condiment could be so sexy in my damn life.

Suddenly a pickle fell on her chest, making her eyes glance down as the most adorable pout filled her lips..

Then I saw her peek up at me, clear embarrassment filling her face as I tried not to show the effect she had on me..I lowered my arm beneath the counter, my hand balling into a tight fist as I focused all of my energy on that...that always worked, even when I was a kid.

"I..I think I will change..I don't want to ruin my dress." She rushed out to her mom and hopped from the stool before running towards the stairs and quickly disappeared.

"Do you think she is talking to a boy or something?" Ronan suddenly asked his mom, making her shrug.

"Who's talking to a boy? Millie?!" Mr. McNeal asked while walking into the kitchen.

"Asher..our eighteen-year old daughter can speak

with a boy if she wants to.." Mrs. McNeal scolded her husband.

"Oh definitely.." He began, making my eyes widen.

"After he goes through a very thorough background check and psych evaluation..she most certainly can talk to a boy." Mr. McNeal added with a big smirk, making Mrs. McNeal slap his chest before shaking her head in disbelief.

I know Mr. McNeal is partly joking..but I also know he isn't..and that's why I understand that nothing would ever come of these stupid thoughts that have consumed my mind for the past ten years..I would never be good enough for Millie.

That's why I have to view her only like a sister...then I won't do anything stupid..but why the hell is that becoming harder and harder to do?



Megan Elisabeth

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Poor poor Adrian..he will never look at a cheeseburger the same again..

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