

Chapter 2

I make it through the rest of the week without any run-ins with the Kings. Xander's warning still rings through my head, but I haven't the slightest idea as to what he meant by 'I need to act accordingly'. I haven't had many chances to ask Paxtyn either, so I'm still in the dark as to what to do. I'm just glad that it's the weekend and I have absolutely no plans to do anything, so I make my way to the kitchen to grab a coffee and a pop tart, and figure I'd go see if there are any good movies that I can watch in the home theater.

I'm about halfway through a tearjerker when the door to the theater room opens and laughter reaches me, "Oh shit!" a male'

s voice is heard over the speaker.

I curse under my breath when I see Trip and Garrett walk in. The Kings are the last people that I want to deal with during my lazy weekend, so I turn the movie off, gather my things and start to leave.

“Whoa, where are you going in such a hurry?” Trip blocks my way as he grins down at me, “Didn’t you know that we always watch the game in here on Saturdays, Red?”

Ugh, I really hate when people call me by that nickname due to my red wavy hair. It’s not that I don’t like my hair, but the name is so cliché, “I’m sorry, I didn’t, but it’s now duly noted.” I try to walk around them once again, but this time Trip grabs me by my arm, making me drop my coffee mug. Luckily it was already gone, but it falls on

my barefoot, and hurts like a son of a bitch, "Please, let me go." I say softly.

"What was that?" He asks.

"I said, please let me go."

"Oh, what? Are we not good enough to talk to? Is that why you avoid us like the plague at school?" It's Garrett who asks this time.

"What? No, I just don't want to bother you like the last time is all. I feel bad for interfering in your business that day." I try to sound sincere, but them blocking me from leaving is worrying me.

"Well, now, I know how you can make it up to us." Trip says as he pulls me in close. Garrett then steps in behind me, placing his hand on my hip.

"Please..."

"Please what?" Trip asks, "More?"

"No, please, just let me go, so you can watch the game."

"Oh, but I think you would be more entertaining than the game," Garrett states from behind me, "What do you think, Trip?"

"Oh, I'd take red over the game any day," Trip replies to his friend and then rubs himself against me.

"Okay, that's enough," a new voice joins in, "Let her go, it's not like she's experienced any way." Xander states with a smirk.

"Oh yeah? How do you know that?"

Someone with a body like this can't be a virgin." Trip licks his lips as his eyes rake over me.

My stepbrother shrugs, "Read it in her diary, where else?"

I whip my head around, "You read my diary?"

"What else was I supposed to do when I was waiting for you the other day?"

"You had no right, that is private!" I cry out.

A moment later, Xander is in my face, "Yeah, well, you and your mom invaded my home, so whatever you brought with you now belongs to me."

"Why? Why are you doing this to me? I

didn't ask for my mother and your father to get married. I was content living my own life!"

"You're an adult now Bree, you didn't have to come." The way Xander always shortens my name bothers me, but I love the way it sounds as it comes out of his mouth.

"Yeah, I'm an adult, and had I not come to Whitehaven University, I would have lost my father's inheritance!"

"Are you raising your voice to me, Bree?" Xander growls.

"I'm sorry, I just want to go, please!" I stare my stepbrother in the eye and beg for him to have his friends let me go.

After a little stare down, Xander steps in

close, just like he did the other day when I found him in my room, "This will be your only get out of jail free card, Bree." He nods at Trip, "Let her go, the game is about to start."

He flings me away, making me slam my hip into the corner of a theater chair, and then laughs at me when I grunt in pain. Picking up the coffee mug, I quickly leave the theater room and head to the kitchen to put my mug in the sink.

Surprisingly, my mother is sitting at the kitchen nook, looking through a magazine, "Hey mom." I say a bit grumpy, but she doesn't seem notice.

"Oh, hey honey. Did you see your brother and his friends?"

"He's not my brother, and yes, they

cornered me in the theater room and harassed me. Why are they even here anyway? Don't they have their own place?"

"Oh, they are only playing around with you dear, and as for them being here, I guess it's like a tradition to watch the game in the home theater, and they don't have one at their house."

"Ugh, whatever. I'll be in my room then."

"Okay honey. Oh, before I forget, Jonas is taking me to Paris for two weeks. Will you be okay being here by yourself? If you need anything, I'm sure Xander will help you out."

"Mom, I'm not twelve you know, I do know how to take care of myself!" I roll my eyes at her behind her back, "So, when are

you leaving?"

"We are leaving this evening."

I stare at her in disbelief, "Are you fucking serious right now? I've barely seen you in the last week and now you're leaving for two weeks?"

"Stop whining, Kambree, it's unbecoming. Oh, there is a letter addressed to you, there on the counter."

I don't know who would be sending me anything in the mail, but I go and open it anyway. As I read through it, my blood turns to ice. Is this a joke? Did Xander leave this for me?

"Mom, where did you get this letter from?"

"The mailbox, why?"

"There is no stamp on it, that's why."

"Your point is?"

"Mother, will you please look at me for one second!"

Sighing, she puts the magazine down and turns towards me, "I don't know who put this in the mailbox, but it's a letter that is threatening me to leave Whitehaven! Who would send this to me?"

She finally takes notice of how worried I am, and gets up, taking the letter from my hand and reading it herself. She gasps, "What in the world? Who would send something like this to you?"

"Send what, dear?" My stepfather walks in and kisses my mother on her head.

"This! Why would someone send this to my daughter, Jonas?"

"Hm, I don't know honey."

"Well, I can't go to Paris now! We can't leave her alone."

"Stella, calm down. I have a perfect solution. Kambree will move in with Xander and the boys until we get back."

"What!? I will not move in with them!"

"No, that's the perfect solution!" My mother states.

"I will take this to the police station and let them look into it." Jonas says as he waves the letter in his hand.

"Mom, let me just move in with

grandfather.”

“I said no! I will not let him influence you any more than he already has. As long as you want an education, you will stay here, and you will move in with your brother and his friends while we are gone.”

“Wait, what?” Xander speaks from the doorway.

“Ah, son! Kambree has received a threatening letter, and Stella and I leave for Paris this evening. We cannot leave her here on her own, so she will move in with the three of you.

Xander gawks at me and then his father,
“Like fucking hell she will!”