In love with a rebel

By : IceBreaker

(FINISHED) Young and pregnant, Rylie Hartford is still head over heels in love with her verbally abusive ex boyfriend, but soon learns to hate him after she finds herself in love with a guy who is dangerous.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/IceBreaker

Copyright © IceBreaker, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

Table of Contents

In love with a rebel Chapter 1

An uncomfortable day

Telling the dad

Dragging me to a party

The morning after nothing happened

You want the truth?

Three days post-Damon Lawson

Okay, I'm in love

Keeping his word

You,me, and us

Epilogue: I love you just as you love me.

In love with a rebel : Chapter 1

Chapter 1: Telling the Truth

My brother, Ryan spit all the cereal that was in his mouth onto the floor and started choking.

I just sat there looking down at my gray jeans. I didn't know what else to do.

I already felt embarrassed before when I found and now this is just worst.

I met eyes with Ryan and he was still coughing hard.

"I'm sorry." I said.

Ryan cleared his throat. "You're what?!" He asked wide eyed, shooting daggers at me.

"Ryan...I'm sorry." I said.

He sighed. "I thought you were being careful, Rylie."

"I was but Evan said he likes it better without a condom." I shrugged.

Ryan shut his eyes. "How stupid do you have to be to listen to that little shit? I don't even know what you see in him anyway."

"He's a good guy."

"Let's go through some of the things he's done to you in the past. He's ditched you on a date. He only comes over when he wants shit from you like sex for instance. He's always borrowing money from you. He doesn't support you and every time I see him outside, he always has another girl beside him. That doesn't scream good guy at all. That just sounds like an asshole who needs his fucking ass whooped. I'd be more than happy to take care of that for you."

I shook my head. "No."

Ryan rolled his eyes and shook his head.

Evan wasn't that bad.

He never hurt me...well...physically.

And he was popular yet talked to me anyway. His friends don't like me. I don't really like them either but I put up with them for him.

He's a good guy. On the inside I know he is.

I've known him since sixth grade. I've seen the good in him.

"So what are you gonna do?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean are you gonna keep it?"

I shrugged and ran my fingers through my dark red hair. "I don't know. I haven't really thought that far yet."

"You need to start. I mean, between you always in school and then working at that store afterwards and me going to work, I don't see who can take care of it."

Mom and dad would have....but their gone. Dead. Both died in a plane crash five years ago.

"Okay. I just need to think."

"So did you tell him yet?" Ryan asked.

I shook my head. "No." I answered.

Ryan sat his spoon down. "If that fucking jackass cusses you out, I'll be in your school to fucking kill him. Okay?"

"Calm down, Ryan. He won't cuss me out." Ryan never liked Evan. Precisely because of his reputation.

But I kinda jut ignored Evan's reputation.

"I'm serious. He walks around and he thinks he's the shit. But somebody needs to tell him otherwise."

"Let that somebody be anybody but you."

"Just let me kick his ass, please...one good time."

"No! I need to go to school." I stood up and picked my black leather bag up and flung it over my shoulder.

"Cool. Go learn something." He said. His pissed off mood vanished.

How does he change moods so quickly?

He's always been able to do that for some reason.

"Okay." I pulled my black boots on and laced them up. And then walked down the three stairs to get to the hallway and then the family room. I opened the door and shut it and walked off to my red convertible.

I threw my bag in the front and got in.

I started it up and sped off to school.

I turned the CD player on and my favorite song by my favorite musician was on. 'Personal Jesus' by Marilyn Manson.

Always got me hyper whenever I was on my way to school.

My red hair blew in the wind and I smiled. This will be the only time I can smile today because I need to get prepared for hell at school.

A car, a black car that looked like it was probably a mustang, got in front of me and it made me slow down.

"Crap." I pressed down hard on the breaks and it jerked me forward.

I sighed as my heart thumped fast. "Really?" I asked as I beep my horn.

I beeped it again and a hand comes out of the window on the driver's side from the car in front of me and somebody flips me off.

Gee, thanks, as if I'm not already expecting a crappy day.

I shook my head and sighed as I waited.

The car eventually drove off, fast, down the road and I followed the same road because it was the only way to my high school, Gainesville high.

To my surprise, the car pulled up into the school parking lot. The rude culprit went to my school. Maybe one of Evan's idiot friends.

I parked a space back from the black car.

I turned my car off and grabbed my bag. I opened my door and shut it at the same time the black car driver got out. A tall guy, black hair, dark eyes. Dressed in a leather jacket, boots, gray shirt and black jeans. He looked irritated. His dark eyes met mine for a second before he looked away with disinterest and shut his door. Then he didn't glance at me for a second as he walked right pass me.

I turned to look after him. He was someone I do not hope to get to know. Sure he looks suspicious as hell but that just goes to show that I should stay away from him.

"Who are you staring at?" My best friend Melanie Davis said. I turned to her. "Oh...uh...nobody." I said.

Melanie smiled as she put her brunette hair in a rubber band that was hanging around her wrist.

Then she sighed. "So did you tell 'King of the Pricks' about the baby?" She asked.

I shook my head. "No. Not yet."

"You're scared?" She asked.

Not scared...just not wanting to tell him yet. "No."

Melanie led me away from the cars and we got onto the sidewalk to walk towards the school.

More students started arriving in cars and bikes.

"I just don't see why you would let him fuck you without a condom, Rylie. There's no telling what STDs he has. And on top of that, you let him cum in you. You didn't even tell him to pull out. Are you out of your mind? That's like getting a batch of cookies out of the oven without wearing an oven-mitt."

"Nice analogy." I said.

She rolled her blue eyes. "Whatever. The point is, you don't let guys cum in you. That's when they gain all the power over you. And you just let him use you like you're some kind of slut."

"I am though. I'm his slut. That's what he told me." I said.

"He doesn't own you, Rylie. If he wants pussy, he needs to go look for it somewhere else because he's not worthy of yours." Melanie walked ahead of me and I stopped walking as Evan's car pulled up into the parking lot.

Melanie saw it too and stopped walking and groaned. "Great, STD boy is here." She said with disgust. Then she turned to look at me.

"Mel, come on. Lighten up."

She raised her eyebrow. "Lighten up? Why don't you lighten down, you're always making excuses for that obnoxious fuck."

"I swear you and my brother should be together. You two think exactly alike." I said.

"Hmm...not a bad idea." She shrugged and then watched as Evan got out of the car. His hair was dirty blonde. He had blue eyes and curvy lips. He had on a white t-shirt and blue jeans with black shoes.

And then a girl got out of the passenger seat and my heart deflated.

Melanie came to my side, glaring at him.

The girl that got out was blonde, she had on a little skirt, flip-flops...and his olive green hoody. I loved that hoody. I bought that for him for his birthday two months ago.

Evan gave her a small smile and kissed her and then looked around the parking lot as if checking to see no one was watching them. He grabbed her hand and led her away from the car.

"Where are they going?" Melanie asked.

"I don't know." I said.

Melanie looked to me. "Let's go follow."

"No." I said.

She grabbed my hand and forced me along anyway.

I didn't want to follow.

I think it was because I knew what him and that girl were about to go do.

Melanie had us follow them.

We followed them to a secluded area. Behind the school building which was surrounded by tall trees and bushes. They pushed their way through them. Melanie opened up the bushes and peeked.

Then her hand gestured for me to do the same.

I moved the bush branches out the way and peeked to see what they were doing.

The girl was on her knees while Evan had her head in his hands, thrusting in her mouth hard.

"I knew that girl was a slut." Melanie said. Then she looked at me. "She plays that innocent 'daddy's little girl' routine when her dad is around but I knew that she wasn't a virgin."

I didn't say anything. All I could do was look away from the scene.

I got out of the bushes and turned around.

I heard Melanie do the same and she placed a hand on my shoulder. "Look, you can do so much better. He's in high school, he's gonna think he can get away with anything. You gotta let go. He's a cheater. And once a cheater, always a cheater. Trust me."

I nodded. "I do. And you're right."

I heard the familiar groan of Evan cumming.

Melanie rolled her eyes. "That was pretty fast." She smirked.

"Yeah...he does that fast."

"So Mr. perfect isn't so fucking perfect after all. He can't even keep his load in long enough." She walked back towards the school and I stayed where I was.

Melanie turned back to look at me. "You really wanna wait until he's done with miss 'Blonde and Perky' or do you want to go to school and do something that actually matters?" She asked.

I sighed and ran my fingers through my red hair before following Melanie back towards the school.

I guess I'll have to tell Evan later.

ï¿½

Chapter 2: An uncomfortable day

Chapter 2: An uncomfortable day

I stood with Melanie at her locker as she fixed her hair in the tiny square mirror hanging on her locker door.

She glanced at me. "Can you please wipe that look of guilt and depression off your face, Rylie?"

I sighed. "No one asked you to look at me." I said and then my eyes went to the scene down the hall.

Melanie then turned and looked down the hall where my eyes fell.

Evan, and his groups of friends including 'Blonde and Perky' were walking down the hall.

I rolled my eyes. Ryan was right. Evan did think he was the shit.

As he made his way down toward us, I stepped in his way and he stopped and stared at me. "Can I talk to you?" I asked.

"Move outta the way, bitch. We have places to go." His brother, Dylan said.

Melanie was by my side with her hands on her hips. "No. Her and Evan needs to talk. So stay out of it." Melanie said.

Dylan pushed people out of his way until he was face to face with Melanie.

They had the same attitude but they hated each other yet the sexual tension was definitely there.

Dylan looked nothing like Evan. They were half brothers.

Dylan had black hair with dark green streaks that matched his green eyes perfectly. He was pale and just as tall as Evan.

"Get out of my face, Dylan." Melanie said.

"Or?" He asked.

"Or? I'm going to fuck you up."

"I'd like to see you try, Mel."

She continued glaring at him. I felt like I was invading their personal space so I looked back to Evan.

He shook his head and walked off.

How is he going to keep avoiding me?

I sighed and watched as his friends followed him and looked back to Dylan and Melanie.

Dylan was now smirking at her. "You should let me come over today." He said.

Melanie folded her arms. "Ohâ ¦so when Evan and his skanky ass friends aren't around, you're suddenly interested." She said.

Dylan smiled. "I've always been interested. So what time?"

Melanie smiled back. "Follow me home after school." She said.

He nodded and leaned over to kiss her.

She kissed him back and although they seem to have a non-romantic relationship, the kiss was filled with so much promise. You can see it as they looked in each other's eyes when Dylan pulled away.

He smirked and then turned to follow Evan down the hall.

Melanie had a proud look on her face and she turned back to go to her locker. I went over to her. "Are you dating Evan's brother?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No. I did it to him though."

My eyes widened.

"What? Are you really surprised?" She asked.

I nodded.

"He only acts like King Asshole around his friends."

"If he's an asshole to you, why do you stay with him?"

Melanie raised her eyebrow. "Don't try to make it seem like me and you are in the same situation, Rylie. He's an asshole and that's why I like him, he's just like me. He's actually quite kinky when we're alone."

"Okay, okay. We're gonna be late for class." I said not wanting to hear about her sex life.

Melanie smiles and grabs her pink and black bag and shuts her locker.

We walked to our first class, Chemistry.

Me and Melanie sat in the middle row table and there was one more seat at our table that always remained empty.

The teacher, Mr. Raymond told us to get out our books just as the tall boy who flipped me off earlier walked in with that same irritated look on his face.

He walked to the teacher who looked at him with an eyebrow raised.

The guy handed him what I'm guessing was his schedule.

Melanie smiled. "Ohh, look at Mr. Tall, Hot and Mysterious." She said.

I looked at her. Mr. Raymond clapped his hands and everyone looked at him. "Class, this standing next to me is a new student named Damon Lawson. He'll be in your class and perhaps I can find someone to lead him around for the day."

No one raised their hand to volunteer.

Mr. Raymond sighed. "Fine. I guess I'll have to pick someone." His eyes roamed around the room.

Then his eye stopped on 'Blonde and Perky' A.K.A Stacey Miller.

"Miss Stacey, can you lead Damon around for the day?"

"Do I have a choice?" She asked.

Mr. Raymond shook his head.

She rolled her eyes.

I heard Mr. Raymond tell him to have a seat.

Only three seats were unoccupied.

Damon's eyes roamed around the classroom and he met eyes with me only for a second. Then he looked to the other unoccupied seats and shrugged.

He came over to the seat next to me.

Melanie squirmed in her seat. Jeez was she hot for him.

Damon took a seat next to me and glanced at me for a second and then looked away.

"Hi." Melanie said. She smiled brightly and he turned his head to look at her.

He didn't say anything at first.

Melanie raised her eyebrow.

Damon nodded once. "Hi." Then he looked away.

Okay, he's obviously not interested in either one of us.

But Melanie wasn't going to stop.

"I'm Melanie Davis," Damon turned his head to look back at her. "And this is my best friend, Rylie Hartford." she said.

Damon looked at me.

I stared at him for a second but became scared under his penetrating gaze so I looked down.

"Rylie." He breathed. And it made me look at him. His dark eyes stayed on mine and I swallowed.

ã

"Can you two stop with the creepy attraction stare? I hate that." Melanie said.

Creepy attraction stare?

Damon smirked and looked away from me to look at the teacher.

I looked over to Melanie and she was smiling. "He's so hot." She whispered.

He was.

I licked my lips and opened my Chemistry book.

The PA came on. "Melanie Davis, report to the principal's office. Melanie Belle Davis, report to Principal Cooper's office immediately."

Melanie rolled her eyes. "He really had to put my middle name out there?" She asked me.

"Better get to the office, Belle." Stacey Miller said. A couple of students snickered.

Melanie rolled her eyes. "Don't start with me, Stacey. I saw what you were doing earlier before school. How did Evan's cum taste?" Melanie asked.

The class broke out in hysteric laughter.

Melanie walked out of the classroom and Stacey looked red as she sunk into her seat.

I couldn't help but smile.

And then I turned back, accidentally meeting eyes with Damon.

Then I looked down to my book.

"Your friend is funny." He said.

I looked to him and nodded. "Yeah, that's why I love her."

He nods. "Yeah I guess. You two seem different to be best friends."

"Well," I shrugged. "You know they say 'opposites attract'." I said.

Damon nodded, his eyes stuck on mine. "They do."

And it made me blush for some reason.

Evan walked into class, late as usual. And he smiled at Stacey.

He walked over and she stood up and glanced at me, smiling before he kissed her.

Mr. Raymond sighed. "This is not the time or place for that kind of activity. Do that after school." He said.

Evan let go of her and then turned to look at me. He smiled and my blood boiled in anger. He knew what he was doing. I turned back around.

I didn't notice that Damon was also looking at the scene.

"Is he likeâ ¦.your boyfriend or something?" He asked.

I shrugged. "Ex. Butâ ¦he knows I still have feelings for him."

Damon smirked. "And now he's rubbing any girl he can find in your face."

I nodded.

Damon snickered and it made me mad.

How in the hell is that funny?

Then he looked to me. "I don't mean to laugh butâ ¦I can't stand it when girls do that."

"Do what?" I asked.

"Make it seem like one guy is the center of their universe. You follow him like he's god or something. It's kind of pathetic."

I glared at him. He didn't know anything about me.

"I'm pathetic?" I asked.

"I didn't say that. I said what you're doing is pathetic."

"Wellâ ¦who asked you?"

He didn't answer as he stared at me. Then he looked down at his chemistry book, his smile fading. "You're right. No one did." He continued his work while I kept looking at him.

I didn't understand this guy.

How is he just going to come from nowhere and start talking about the details in my life and judging me? Did I ask him all his business? No.

Melanie walked back in right when the bell rung and everyone got up and got their stuff together.

I immediately got up and tugged on Evan's sleeve.

He looked down at me, as if just noticing that I exist.

"I really need to talk to you, Evan." I said.

"What for?"

"It's important."

"Then come on and spit it out so I can go." He said as he wrapped his arm around Stacey.

I looked down at my boots.

"Well come on. We don't have all day." Stacey said.

"I wanted to talk to Evan alone." I said.

She rolled her eyes. "Let's just go, baby." She pulled him along to go out the classroom.

I wanted to take her by her blonde hair and pull it out until her scalp bleeds.

I shook that thought away and looked to Melanie.

She shook her head and gathered her book and her bag.

I grabbed my book and bag after turning in my paper and followed her out of the classroom but not before glancing at Damon.

Chapter 3: Telling the dad

Chapter 3: Informing the dad

Melanie sat on the couch opposite from me, with a beer in her hand.

She was laid across the couch, her head on the arm of the couch and she was staring up at the ceiling.

"I can be there if you want me to when you tell him."

I shook my head.

"Are you sure because if he puts his hands on you, I'll-"

"You need to calm down. Evan has never put his hands on me to hit me."

"Are you sure?"

I nodded.

The door opened and Ryan walked in. "Hope you girls not getting high."

"Too late." Melanie smiled. Ryan chuckled. "How was school. Did you tell him?"

"He's going to come over after football practice." I said.

"Good. Let me hurry and get the hell outta here. I think I'm gonna end up breaking his damn face if I see him."

"Me too." Melanie said. She got up and put her shoes on.

Ryan grabbed his glasses from off the coffee table.

And someone knocked on the door.

Oh no.

It was him.

Melanie chugged the rest of her beer just as I got up and opened the door. Evan walked in without looking at me and stopped when he saw Melanie.

"Mel." He said.

"You have to be my friend or fucking me in order to call me Mel." She said.

"My brother calls you Mel."

She smirked. "Exactly." Then she purposely bumped him as she grabbed her keys, and walked out of the house.

Ryan sighed. "This is my cue." He walked over and stopped in front of Evan. "You're lucky my sister loves you, or else, I would kick your fucking face off." He gave a fake smile and winked at me as he left out he house.

Jeez, his calm voice during threats is scary as hell.

I looked to Evan.

"The bedroomâ ¦right?" He asked and led the way.

I followed him and he opened the door to my room. "We don't have much time. I have to go meet Stacy at the movies."

"Well I have to tell you something." I said.

"Whatever it is, I'm sure it can wait until we're done." He unbuckled his belt.

"I don't think it can."

He sighed in irritation. "Just take off your fucking pants. This shit won't take long." He said.

I stared at him. "I'm pregnant." I whispered.

He stopped just as he was about to pull down his jeans.

He slowly looked to me. "What?"

"It's yours." I said nodding. I swallowed my tears.

Evan stared at me. His anger evident. He glared at me and buttoned his pants back up. "Get rid of it."

"What?" I asked. This depressed feeling in my heart rose. Get rid of it? "No." I said.

"No?"

I nodded. Just as he was about to walk toward me, my door opened, Ryan peeked in.

Evan stopped walking and looked down at the carpet.

"I thought you were leaving." I said. My voice cracked.

Ryan narrowed his eyes and opened my door all the way. "I was, I forgot my hat. Is everything okay?"

I nodded.

Ryan nodded and shut the door.

Evan's eyes found mine again. He walked close to me and glared down at me. "Get rid of it." He said between clenched teeth.

"I don't want to." I said.

Evan sighed. "I know that you're fucking retarded in your head but thisâ¦this is taking it way too far. I'm hoping to get my shit together and go to college. I can't do it if you're going to keep it."

"I can't just get rid of it, its not that easy."

Evan sighed. "Fuck it, do as you want, dumbass." He turned and opened the door and then slammed it shut.

My heart thumped into my chest as I stared at the door that was just slammed. He wanted me to get rid of it? I couldn't do that.

I'm only a couple weeks pregnant but there was something about itâ¦.when I really think about the fact that I have a baby inside of meâ¦it feels weird and unbelievable. As if I'm not going to really believe it until I get so big I won't be able to see my feet.

I kicked my shoes off and went to my ipod that sat on my desk. I plugged it in my ears and cranked Marilyn Manson all the way up. 'Sweet dreams'. I love this song.

I shut my eyes and fell asleep.

****

"Dylan invited you to a party? Aren't you two supposed to hate each other around everyone else?" I asked.

Melanie nodded. "Yeah. But I mean we don't necessarily have to be seen being together at the party."

I shook my head.

"You should come along and get waste- Ohâ¦I forgot you were Prego, Rylie."

I sighed and ran my fingers through my red hair as we walked towards the school.

We both turned as a black mustang pulled up.

Melanie smiled. "Ah, Bad boy has arrived."

I turned and saw Damon opening his car door and shutting it.

He flicked a cigarette onto the ground and walked pass us into the school.

"What's his problem?" Melanie asked.

"What do you mean?"

"He didn't say hi or even look at us."

I nodded. "Right, because we're not his friends soâ¦"

"I wanna be friends with him. I never had a bad boy as a friend."

"Dylan."

"Dylan was never my friend. We were nothing but fuck buddies. Other than that, we pretend that we hate each other. It's really quite simple."

"Not to me." I said.

Melanie nodded as she held the door open for me and I walked in.

"Yeah, because you have that whole good girl image about you, Rylie. The kind that whores would die for."

"Good girl? Sure. Only thing is that I got pregnant by my ex."

Melanie rolled her eyes. "As opposed to getting pregnant by your ex, you even look like a virgin."

"Is that supposed to be a good thing?"

Melanie nodded.

I shrugged as she followed me to my locker. I took my scarf off while Melanie was checking something on her phone.

I turned my head and saw Damon a few lockers down from me.

His locker was plain.

It was weird to see a plain locker. Everyone else has mad decorated lockers. Even me who had 'Marilyn Manson' photos all over and in my locker.

"His locker is plain." I said.

Melanie looked over. "Yeah, we should probably go tell him how it is around here."

"He doesn't really seem to care."

Melanie rolled her eyes and walked over to him. I followed her after closing my locker.

Damon slowly looked down at us. "What?" He asked irritated.

"Your locker is bare." Melanie accused.

Damon looked at his locker and then back down at her. "Your point?" He asked.

"If you open any person's locker in this school. You'd see pictures, mirrors. Shit like that."

Damon looked at us indifferently. "What's the point?"

"To make your locker look better. Look, I'm just trying to help you out. If you know how things work around here, that's the goal to becoming one of the popular kids."

Damon shook his head as he threw his bag onto the floor of the locker. "I don't want to be popular."

Melanie looked shocked. A rare look on her face.

"You don't?" She asked.

Damon shrugged. "I don't really see the point in it."

"Do you see he point in anything?"

He closed his locker and shrugged. "Not really." Then he walked away from us and down the hall.

Melanie looked at me.

"See? The last thing he's worried about is his locker."

Melanie shrugged. "I was just trying to help him out. He seems like a loner. A very hot loner."

"A hot loner that wants to be left alone. That's the point of the title."

"Whatever." Melanie said.

Evan turned the corner and he was alone. Something very rare.

He looked tense. He walked right over to me and grabbed my hand. "We need to talk." He said.

"Uhâ ¦okay." I let him pull me along.

I looked back at Melanie who was glaring at him.

I looked back at him who was completely panicked.

"What's wrong?" I asked him as he forced me through crowds to get to the stairs.

Then to the very top floor that had nothing but a huge storage room in it.

He opened it and pulled me in and shut it.

He sighed and leaned against it.

"I'm sorry about yesterday."

I nodded. "It's okayâ ¦you were in shock."

He nodded. "Yeah." He ran his fingers through his hair and licked his lips then his blue eyes looked into mine. "I need a release, baby."

I stare at him. He used to always say this to me when we were together.

I shook my head. "We're in school, Evan."

"I know. Nobody's going to catch us. Just relax."

"I thought you're with Stacey." I said folding my arms.

Evan shook his head. "I don't care about her like I care about you. You know that."

"Then why were you acting like that before?"

He sighed. "Justâ ¦.shh." He whispered and smiled as he grabbed my hips to pull me to him.

He placed his lips on mine, and voluntarily slid his tongue in my mouth.

I couldn't resist him. I wrapped my arms around his neck and shut my eyes.

His hand went down to squeeze my ass softly and I chuckled lightly and he smiled. Then he pulled away from me. He placed his hand on top of my head and made me get on my knees in front of him.

I never liked doing this.

I looked up at him as he unbuckled his belt.

"I need to fuck your mouth, baby. Stacey doesn't do it as good as you do." He says.

I know he's lying. That's impossible because Stacey likes doing it and I'm always reluctant towards it so I make no effort to be good at it.

He pulled his jeans down and looked down at me. "Swallowâ ¦.understand? You're not gonna spit the shit out like you normally doâ ¦okay?"

I stared up at him and nodded.

When he pulled himself out, he grabbed the back of my head. I looked at his long length. I was about to slide my mouth onto it until he lifted my chin up to make me look at him. "Look at me while you're doing it okay?"

I nodded and grabbed onto him and slid my mouth onto him.

Evan shut his eyes and tilted his head back. "Oh baby. That's it." He whispered as he tangled his fingers in my hair.

He pulled really hard and I gasped.

He looked back down at me, smiling.

Then he suddenly he pushed my head deep onto his cock and I choked and gagged but he didn't let me move.

My eyes got watery as I attempted to breathe and he pulled me back.

He made me look back at him. "Look at me." He said forcefully.

I did as he said as he pushed himself hard back into my mouth, far down until I was choking. I pushed myself off and crawled away as a puddle of vomit came up.

I held my stomach with my hand and tears sprung out my eyes as a pool of throw up fell into the puddle from my mouth.

When I was done, I wiped my mouth with the back of my sleeve.

I got to my feet and took the jacket off.

Then I looked at Evan who looks disgusted. "You're fucking disgusting. Clean that shit up." He walked to the door shaking his head, opened it, and then closed it. Leaving me thereâ¦alone.

Chapter 4: Dragging me to a party

Chapter 4: Dragging me to a party

"You look hot tonight, Rylie. You're not close to showing. Evan will be drooling all over you at this party. But its too bad because he can't have you." Melanie smirked as she stepped on the gas in her green Mercedes.

Melanie was wearing a black lace tank top with a dark green skirt. Her favorite color was green.

And she wore fishnets with ballet flats.

I wore a black dress that went to my mid thighs. A short dress given to me thanks to Melanie who said I needed something hot to wear. With it, I wore my blood red leather jacket, black stockings and black and white chucks.

"I gave him head yesterday." I blurted out.

Melanie slowly looked to me, her face full of disgust. "What? After 'Stacey the Slut's' been on him? That's like drinking off a glass of milk that she drunk off of."

"Again with the analogies, Melanie."

She sighed. "My point is, I don't see how the both of you are okay with having his cum inside of you."

"Do you like that word because you say it a lot."

She nodded. "I do." She shrugged.

Then she pulled up into the long driveway of a two-story, beige brick house.

She stopped and parked the car. "Ready?" She asked.

I shook my head.

She got out of the car. "You'll be fine." She said as she closed the door after throwing her hair over her shoulder.

The door to the house opened and loud music spilled out. 'Kings of Leon' if I'm not mistaking.

Dylan came out and had a guy by the collar, dragging him out. "Don't come back, fag." He kicked him out into the grass and then looked at Melanie and me.

He walked to her and smirked. "Nice outfit. Trying to give me hard-on on purpose?"

"Yes, teasing is my specialty. Does that make you mad?"

"Fucking angry, actually." He smiled.

She smiled back.

Yeah I was getting uncomfortable. "Uhâ ¦Dylan?"

He looked at meâ ¦glaring. He never liked me for some reason.

"What?" He asked.

Melanie glared at him. "You will be nice to her." She said.

Dylan sighed. "What is it?" He asked, his voice slightly lighter.

"Is thereâ ¦non beer in there?" I asked.

He scoffed. "There's water."

"That'll do." Melanie said as she pulled me along.

And Dylan followed us.

Melanie opened the door and there had to be hundreds of people all over the house.

Great.

Melanie squealed in delight. "I need a drink. I'll be back." No she won't.

She disappeared into the crowd. Thank you, Melanie.

I wasn't even invited to the party yet she left me here alone. Just to be expected.

I just stood against the wall watching as people danced, and drank, and laughed loudly like drunken idiots.

Then I saw something I didn't want to see.

Evan surrounded by girls feeling on him and him just laughing, liking it.

My cheeks grew red from embarrassment.

He just envied all this attention.

"Look," Dylan came over to me. "I'm only allowing you here because I'm fucking around with Melanie or else I wouldn't let your depressing ass in here so at least pretend to have fun." He said rudely and then walked away before I could respond.

I was depressing?

Well how not to be? Having to deal with this asshole all the time is depressing.

I looked back to Evan and all the girls. Stacey Miller who started to make out with him. The thought was nauseating.

I pushed through the crowd holding my mouth. The closest place was the outside balcony.

I slid the door open and grabbed onto the banister. Nothing came out. False alarm.

But I'm still glad I came out. I needed the fresh air.

I heard a shift of movement and turned to my left.

I saw Damon sitting on the banister, one leg up, the other down on the floor. And he was smoking a cigarette.

"You scared me." I said.

"I scared you? You're the one running out here like you're about to vomit everywhere." He said.

I shook my head. "No, I'm good."

He smirked and looked away from me.

I ran my fingers through my hair. "I didn't think you would be here. You don't seem like a party kind of guy." I said.

Damon shrugged. "I'm not. Neither was I invited. But I was bored so I decided to crash the party. And I'm even more bored now that I'm here." He said blowing smoke out between his lips.

"Well you're out here alone. That's why."

"I thought I'd meet someone worth talking to here. I was wrong." He said.

I shrugged and leaned against the banister. "You don't seem like you're here to get to know anybody. You seem like you don't care."

"I do." He said. Then his eyes looked into mine and I blushed and looked down.

He flicked the cigarette out down onto the yard and got off the banister. "Anyway, I guess I'm gonna go take a ride down to the lake." He walked to the sliding door and then turned to glance at me. "Wanna come?" He asked.

I couldn't help but smile. "Umâ ¦sure. I need to tell Melanie."

"I'm sure her hands are tied at the moment. Like she'll care." He said. He was right.

"Okay, well lets go." I said.

Damon slid the door open and I followed him through the crowd of people.

He walked smoothly through while everyone stopped and stared at him and I felt like I was walking with a god.

Some girls were drooling while gazing at him.

Others scowled at him, angry for crashing the party.

Me and Damon made it to the door and he opened it and then I followed him out.

He led me to his black mustang and I got into the passenger's side while he got into the driver's side.

His car smelled like soft cologne and leather.

It smelled like him.

He started the car up and on came Marilyn Manson. Okay, now I'm more comfortable.

"You like him?' I asked.

"Who? Manson? Yeah." He nodded.

"I do too." I said.

He smirked. "Who knew we'd have something in common?" He asked.

He had a point though. We are more different than polka dots and plaid.

Damon drove down the road and turned the music up loud. Blasting it.

'Beautiful People' were on.

"Do you always drive this fast? Or is this just to impress me?"

Damon smirked and looked over to me. "Yeah, I always drive fast and no, I don't try to impress anybody."

I shrugged. "I don't either."

Damon chuckled. "Yeah you do."

I looked over at him. "What?"

"Your ex."

"I do not."

He nodded. "Right." He said sarcastically.

"You're a dick."

"I know." He shrugged. And he sped up.

"And you're okay with that?"

"Everybody are who they are. I'm a dick and youâ ¦you let everyone walk all over you."

"Ouch. I thought that by you inviting me to go to the lake with you meant that we were becoming friends."

"No. I was just bored. And you entertain me."

"Wow. You're a full blown dick now."

He chuckled. "I take it as a compliment, baby."

ã

When we finally got there, Damon parked the car and got out. I got out with him.

He got up to sit on the hood and I sat up there with him.

He had a beer bottle in his hand and he took a swig.

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"The south." He answered.

"You don't have a southern accent." I said.

He nodded. "I can hide it good."

"Oh. How is that possible?"

"It's easy. You justâ ¦don't talk with an accent."

"Soâ ¦let me hear you."

He gave me a look. "No."

"Why?"

"Because I don't like how I sound."

"Just let me hear you." I said.

He sighed and looked down at me. His brown eyes penetrating as he stared down at me. "What do you want me to say?" He said in a slight southern accent and boy was it sexy.

I smiled at him.

And he slightly smiled back and looked away.

"You don't sound bad at all." I said.

"Whatever." He responded.

"Is everything 'whatever' with you?"

"Sort of."

"Why?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. My dad was the same way or my momâ ¦one of them. Guess I got the trait from one of them."

"So you reâ¦like a rebel." I said.

He looked at me and had a thoughtful expression on his face. "I guess." He answered. Then he shrugged. "And I don't know what you are."

"Is that an insult?"

He shook his head. "No. Just a fact. I meanâ¦you can change the way you are unless you're okay with being this way."

"Do you have a problem with the way I am?" I asked.

He shook his head and sighed. "Noâ¦I like you." He said and then looked at me.

I wanted to show a grin because I knew I liked him too.

"I just wish that you wouldn't let your ex control you."

I shrugged. "I just get weak when he's around."

"Why? He's not shit."

"Everyone says that."

"Because it's true. This dude is nothing and you bend down to his every whim. I just don't get it."

"He was my first."

"So that means he gets to treat you like bullshit?"

I shook my head. "No but-"

"You're not weak. I can tell you're better than that. So why don't you act like it?"

"I'm scared."

"Of what? What makes him better than you?"

I thought for a second. "He's popular."

Damon gave me an irritated look. "Popularity is nothing but a title. It means nothing."

"Well not to you. You don't care." I got off the hood and folded my arms as I turned to look at him.

"You're right. I don't. What would popularity get you, Rylie?"

"Respect."

"And that's what you want. To be respected. I'm not popular yet I get respect."

"Right because the guys fear you and the girls drool all over you." I said.

Damon smirked. "Do you?" He asked.

I gave him a look. "Does it look like I do?"

"A little." He responded.

I rolled my eyes.

He smirked and offered me the beer in his hand.

I shook my head.

And he just shrugged.

"What about youâ¦you lived here your whole life?"

I nodded. "Me and my brother. My parents died in a plane crash five years ago."

Damon nodded.

I just stared at him.

"What?" He asked.

"Normal people say sorry or something of that nature."

He got off the hood and we were almost face-to-face. "I'm not normal but me saying sorry aren't going to bring them back now will it?"

Why was he like that? Seemed so damn careless about everything.

"Yeah, you're like King asshole. You stole the title from Evan."

"Does it look like I care?"

"No because you're just a careless bastard."

"I guess I am."

"I guess you are." He grabbed me and his lips went to mine. The move stunned me for a second. It came out of nowhere. But I made no move to stop him because I wanted this for some reason.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and shut my eyes.

Damon's hands stayed on my hips as his tongue traced over my lip. And then his lips enveloped mine while his tongue slipped in.

He tasted as good as he smelled. Maybe better.

I didn't know what this meantâ¦but I hope nothing but good could come out of this.

Chapter 5: The morning after nothing happened

Chapter 5: The morning after nothing happened

My eyes flashed open and the side of my head hurt. I squeezed my eyes shut as the sun shined down on me.

I opened my eyes and looked around in my surroundings.

I was in a car.

I was in the backseat.

And next to me, laying against the other window was Damon. He was sleeping peacefully, arms folded, my leg over his and he didn't move it. Then again, he wasn't woke to do it.

I sat up all the way and stared at him. He looked sexy when he slept. His dark hair falling slightly over his eyes. His lips curvy and soft-looking.

And then I'm reminded of the kiss from last night and my fingers touch my lips and I shut my eyes.

"What are you doing?"

I opened my eyes at once and looked at Damon. His eyes were opened and his eyebrow was raised.

I took my fingers away from my lips and swallowed.

He sat up all the way and unfolded his arms.

"Nothing justâ ¦nothing." I answered.

He stared at me thoughtfully. I took note in the fact that he still hasn't moved my leg. "Guess we both fell asleep." He said.

"What time is it?" I asked.

Damon dug in his pocket and took out his phone and pressed a button. "Almost a quarter to eight." He answered.

My jaw dropped. "We're going to be late for school!" I exclaimed. I'm not normally late and I hate being late.

Damon smiled at me and bust out laughing.

"What's funny?"

He shook his head. "You're worried about being late for school."

"Uh yeah, I'm never late."

"What will one missed hour do?"

"Dumb down my education so take me home." I demanded.

He shrugged. "If you say so, boss." He smirked and opened the door, got out and then shut it.

I crawled up into the front seat.

I'm so glad I didn't stay at that party. PARTY!! Melanie!!! Fuck.

I didn't even bring my phone with me.

Damon got into the driver's side and looked at me. "What?"

"I have to call Melanie to see if she's okay. I left her at the party alone."

Damon handed me his phone and I dialed her number.

When she picked up the phone, she sounded groggily. "Who is this?" She asked sleepily.

"Rylie. Where are you?"

"I'm at fucking Dylan's house. I was tryin to get the stupid bastard to take me home because I was wasted but he refused. Anyway, where are you?"

"On my way home."

"From where?" She sounded more interested now.

"The lake."

"The lake? Who were you there with?"

I looked over at Damon who was looking out onto the road without interest.

"A friend." I answered.

Melanie gasped. "DAMON?!!"

I sighed. "I'll talk to you about it later. Bye."

"Wai-" I hung up the phone and gave it back to Damon. He took it and put it in his pocket.

"So I'm your friend." He said.

"So you are." I said.

"Where do you live?"

"I live on Howard street. The last house on the right."

"A few streets down from mine." He said nodding and then smirked.

I nodded.

We were quiet for a moment.

After a few minutes of silence, Damon sighed. "I'm taking you to school." he said.

I looked over at him. Was he serious?

"Are you asking me or telling me?"

"Telling you."

"Well I refuse to let you. Why do you want to take me anyway?"

"I don't knowâ ¦alright? I just do. I want to take you to school so I'm going to drop you off at your house, you do what you need to do and I'll take you." He said, not looking at me for even a second.

A smile appeared on my face. He wanted to take me to school. Maybe because he liked spending time with me?

When he pulled up in front of my house, I looked at him. "I'll be just twenty minutes." I said.

He nodded. "Take your time."

I got out of the car and hurried up to the door and dug my keys out of my jacket and opened my door.

Ryan was laying on the couch and he sat up. "Where the hell have you been, Rylie?"

"Can I explain when I get home? I'm about to be late for school." I said.

Ryan said nothing as I hurried upstairs and into my room. I quickly showered, put on a pair of skinny jeans, my red and white chucks. A red shirt and my jean jacket and pulled my hair into a high ponytail.

I grabbed my black bag from beside my bed and hurried downstairs.

Ryan watched me as I ran out and hurried to Damon's car.

I hurried up and got in and exhaled.

"Ready?" He asked looking amused. I nodded and sat back and relaxed.

Damon rolled the window down and let the top down on the mustang.

I looked at him and he just nodded and reached over the glove compartment and grabbed a set of glasses and put them on.

He looked nice in them.

I looked down to see another pair of glasses and he looked at me.

I grabbed the glasses without taking my eyes off of him and I put them on. And let my red hair blow everywhere through the wind.

Damon smirked and turned on the CD player and turned up my favorite song. 'The Dope show' by Marilyn Manson. Now this was better than all the other songs and it matched the mood.

Damon sped down the streets, not caring, going over a hundred while the song made our ears about bleed. It was an amazing, exhilarating moment and I felt nothing right now. No fear, no guilt, justâ ¦happiness as I sang along to the song.

I bobbed my head to the guitar solo and Damon just smiled at me and shook his head.

I smiled, giggling with joy. This was fun. His driving was dangerous as hell but boy did it give me a rush.

A moment where I didn't think about my problems. I just thought about this moment. Living in this moment with Damon.

A hill was coming up and I looked at him, he looked completely impassive with his glasses on. He stared out the windshield and pressed down on the gas speeding up just as the solo got loud. The car barely jumped and plopped back down onto the street making me laugh although my heart was beating fast.

Damon chuckled and slowed down as the school was coming up.

I bit my lip and leaned back against the headrest and shut my eyes.

Damon pulled up to the school and stopped the car.

I took his extra pair of sunglasses off and placed them back into the glove compartment.

"Still hate my driving?" He asked.

I nodded. "But not so much." I answered.

He smiled. "Glad to hear it. I'll pick you up at two and take you home?" He asked.

I nodded. "Okay."

He rested back at his seat and I got out of the car. Then looked at him. Hold on. "Wait, you're skipping today?"

He nodded. "I'm not up for it much, today, but I'll see you later."

I hesitated. But then I nodded.

I shut the door and then turned to walk into the hell otherwise known as my school.

Chapter 6: You want the truth?

Chapter 6: You want the truth?

"I went to my doctor's appointment yesterday and she said I'm due June ninth." I said to Ryan.

He nodded. "Cool, spring baby. There's nothing like it."

"You got that right." Melanie came over and joined us for breakfast. It was a Saturday morning.

And Melanie spent the night over my house the night before.

"So," Ryan began as he sat back. He glanced at Melanie and then looked to me. "Tell me about your new boyfriend."

Melanie giggled and I glared at her. "I'm not with him. He's my friend and he's fun to hang out with." I said to Ryan.

"Yeah, yet they kissed." Melanie blurted out.

"Mel!"

She shrugged and took a swig of her orange juice. "What? Ryan deserves to know. He is your guardian."

"How about we invite him over." Ryan said. It wasn't a question.

"He's my friend and he doesn't like big crowds. Soâ ¦that's a bad idea."

"How is it a big crowd if it's going to be the three of us and him? It'll be fine. Just invite him over for dinner tonight."

"And if he says no?" I asked.

Ryan narrowed his eyes. "Well as long as he has nothing to hide, he shouldn't say no." He got up and went to put his dishes in the sink.

I glared at Melanie.

She shrugged innocently. "Well, might as well bring him to meet Ryan since he seems to be so interested."

I sighed. "He's going to say no."

"What because you know him so well?"

I was becoming irritated with Melanie.

I got up and went to go get my phone that was upstairs. I dialed Damon's number which I received from him a couple days ago.

I waited, feeling butterflies in my stomach.

"What?" He answered the phone.

I rolled my eyes. "You sound so rude when you answer the phone."

"So?"

"Shut up. Look, my brother wants to meet you." I said.

The other line was silent. I don't know how many seconds passed by.

"Why?" He finally asked.

"I don't know. Melanie put it in his head that me and you are dating soâ¦Ryan wants you to come over for dinner now. You don't have to agree. I'll just tell him that you're busy." I said.

"No. No. I'll be there."

My heart jumped excitedly.

"What time am I coming?' He asked.

"Umâ¦maybe eight?" It was a question.

"Cool." He hung up and I hung up too and sighed. How will Ryan feel about Damon's careless attitude? Or about Damon in general? The feeling made my stomach hurt.

I feltâ¦nauseous actually. I got up and ran to the bathroomâ¦.

****

Melanie was setting plates and silverware around the table. And I was setting cups around the table.

I'm so nervous. I glanced at the clock and it was eight thirteen.

A loud knock appeared on the door and it made me jump.

"Nervous?" Melanie asked.

I nodded.

"Want me to answer the door?"

I shook my head. "Noâ¦I got it." I walked away from the table and walked down the tiny four stairs to get to the hallway and then the living room. I went up to the window to peek out and I saw Damon standing there with his hands in his pockets looking, calm, cool, and collected. Opposite of me.

I exhaled and looked down at my outfit to make sure I looked okay. Tight jeans, a black shirt that hung off my shoulders and my hair was down.

I unlocked the door and opened it.

Damon's dark brown eyes met mine and he stepped in.

"Hi." I said.

He nodded his head and walked into the room. Then he turned to me. "Nice house."

"Thanks. My brother and Melanie are setting the table. We can stay in here until they're done." I said.

Damon nodded and shrugged as he sat on the arm of the burgundy couch.

"Thank you for coming here. I had a feeling you weren't gonna show."

"Why?"

"Didn't think you wanted to."

"I figured that I might as well meet your brother. The fact that he wants to meet me because you're hanging out with me is kinda goodâ ¦actually."

"Yeah, but Melanie still shouldn't have told him. And plus she told him that we kissed." I said.

Damon raised his eyebrow. "You told her?"

"I tell Mel everything. Why? You wanted me to keep it a secret?"

"No. I just didn't think it really mattered. It's just one of those things we can forget about. I was kind of drunk anyway." He ran his fingers through his hair.

My heart sunk at the words and I nodded. "Right." I said.

"Okay, table is set." Melanie walked into the living room and smiled at Damon. "Hey, Damon."

He smiled. "Hi, Mel." He breathed.

She blushed and gave a smile. Melanie blushing? Never see that. He's mine, Mel. I tell her with my eyes.

She gets the memo and grabbed him and pulled him through the hall and he actually let her.

I rolled my eyes and follow behind them.

Ryan turns just as the three of us enter into the kitchen.

He stands tall staring at Damon. He walks slowly over to him and holds out his hand.

Damon shakes it.

Ryan clears his throat, all business. "If you hurt my sister, I'll kill you, ya got that?" He asked.

Damon didn't look intimidated by Ryan's glare. "I won't hurt Rylie. She's my friend and I like her." He said.

Melanie looked shocked. Did he just admit to my brother that he likes me?

Ryan nodded and smiled slightly. "Like her like her?" Ryan asked.

Damon didn't leave Ryan's eyes as he said, "Yes."

My eyes widened. So why did he want to pretend that the kiss never happened?

Ryan nodded and then turned and glanced at me. "I like this guy." He said nodding as he went to get the pot of noodles and put some on everyone's plates.

We all sat as Ryan then served us the meat and spaghetti sauce.

We all took a beer except for me who had to settle for cranberry juice.

"So, Damon, what are your parents like?" Ryan asked. I'm shocked. With Evan, he didn't want to know shit. He kept quiet the whole time.

"My mom, Heather died in a car crash and I never knew my dad." He answered.

"I'm sorry." I said.

He turned to look at me and a warm look appeared on his face. One I never seen him have before. Most of the time he looks irritated.

"It's fine. My mom wasn't really much of a mother to me anyway. I'm glad she'sâ ¦â ¦" He paused but then shook his head. "Nevermind."

"Sounds fucked up. So you live alone?" Ryan asked.

Damon nodded.

"How do you get money?" Melanie asked.

I wanted to smack the back of her head.

Damon looked to her and smirked. "It doesn't matter." He answered.

Ryan smiled. "It doesn't. As long as you're cool. And you do seem like a cool person. As opposed to her ex."

I wanted to slap Ryan now. Why bring Evan up right now?

I sighed.

"That so called 'pretty boy'?" Irritation was thick in Damon's voice.

Ryan nodded. "Oh, you hate him too. Good. Now I'm really cool with you."

"Me too." Melanie smiled.

"Hate is nowhere near what I feel for him. I despise that fucking idiot." Damon said and then looked to me.

I never knew he hated Evan so much. But why does he? I don't recall Evan ever doing anything bad to him.

Then Melanie and Ryan looked to me as if expecting me to say something. Which I did of course. "He has good in him. He just doesn't show it often."

"Or at all. I've never seen a damn thing good about him." Ryan said.

"Neither have I." Damon followed.

Neither of them really knew Evan. Not like I knew him. Yeah he's a dick but he's a high school boy. He'd change eventually.

I know he will.

"That Stacey girl is always all over him." Melanie said.

"Who Stacey Miller? Isn't she like the preacher's daughter or something." Ryan asked

Melanie nodded.

"She asked me if she could blow me the other day." Damon shook his head in disgust.

I looked over at him and he glanced at me.

Ryan scoffed. "She just screams H.I.V." he said and shivered in disgust.

"And herpes. I saw the cold sore on her lip." Melanie chuckled.

"Who are we talking about?" Asked a voice. Evanâ ¦..Oh no.

I left the damn door unlocked.

What was he doing here anyway? He stood before us. Dressed casually and looking as if he belonged here.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" Ryan said glaring at him.

Evan walked over to me and leaned over my chair and over me. He tucked a piece of hair behind my ear and smiled. "I'm allowed to see the mother of my unborn childâ ¦.aren't I?"

Damon looked at me. His eyes wide with alarm.

I covered my head in my hands.

"Oh get the fuck out." Melanie said in irritation.

"I came here to see Rylie. She's gonna have my baby so I'm allowed to see her."

I sighed softly and looked over to Damon.

He lookedâ ¦.unreadable. He stood up to his feet and looked at Ryan and Melanie. "It was cool meeting you, Ryan." Then he looked to me and nodded. "I'll see you around, Rylie." He walked out of the kitchen and I felt everything in me melt and not in a good way.

Melanie sighed as she glared at Evan. "I cannot stand you. Just leave her alone. You know damn well you don't want any part of this baby and we know it too. You told her to get rid of it when she told you about it."

"What?" Ryan asked as he stood up.

"I panicked, I didn't know what else to say." Evan said.

Ryan sighed. "Evan, you have about," Ryan looked down at his watch and then back to Evan. "Three seconds to get the fuck outta this house. Orâ ¦I'm going to rearrange your damn face. Make your choice."

Evan looked at me. "You want me to go?"

I looked up at him and nodded.

He glared down at me and then leaned down so his lips were at my ear. "You're going to be sorry, Rylie. Damn sorry." He growled in my ear and then stormed out, slamming the door after him.

I looked to Ryan who sighed as he sat back down.

Melanie looked upset beyond belief. "Fucking disease-carrying bastard."

I stood to my feet, ignoring his threat that echoed in my head.

I went down to the living room and looked out the window. Damon's black mustang was still outside.

I opened the door and ran out to his car, grateful he didn't leave yet.

He was just sitting in the driver's seat lookingâ ¦irritated.

I knocked on the passenger side window and he looked at me.

After a few seconds, he leaned over and unlocked the door.

I opened the door and climbed in and then shut the door. The car was dark and I could barely see his face.

"Are you mad?" I asked.

He sighed and cleared his throat. "I'm not mad that you're pregnant, Rylie. I'm mad you didn't tell me like you thought I wouldn't give a shit or something."

"Because you don't give a shit about anything, Damon."

"I give a shit about you." He said and it kept me quiet. I looked down at my hands.

"I thought you would hate me." I said.

"I don't hate you, Rylie. Who could ever hate you?"

"What do you mean?"

He sighed again and moved a little. "Nothing."

He's so confusing sometimes.

"So what happens now?" I asked. I was sick of acting shy. I needed to let him know.

But because I'm pregnant, I'm afraid, he'd be reluctant toward our building feelings for each other.

"Nothing happens now, Rylie." He says.

I licked my lips and looked back down at my hands. "Because I'm pregnant? There can't be an us?"

Where was this coming from?

Damon paused. "Us? Yes. And there are reasons beyond the pregnancy, Rylie."

"Oh? Like what?" I asked in irritation.

"Me. Once you know what kind of guy I really am, you're going to want to stay as far away from me as you can. Okay?"

"I don't care."

"But you will, trust me. I'm saying this for you, not me." He said.

"Tell me the worst." I said.

"Where do you want me to start?" He asked.

"The beginning." I said.

He sighed. "I've been to jailâ ¦..more than once." He said.

Whoa. Evan is terrible and even he's never been to jail.

"For what?" I asked.

"Assault. Stealing, stuff of that nature."

I stared at his face in the darkness. "And you thought the secret about my pregnancy is worst than yours about what you've done in your past?"

"No. I never said that. Can I just finish?" He asked.

I nodded.

He sighed again. "I was responsible for my mom's car crash."

My jaw dropped. "What?"

"Iâ ¦." He sighed. "I put sleeping pills in her coffee. And it made her fall asleep at the wheel while she was driving."

Oh myâ ¦.god. What the hell?

And here I thoughtâ ¦.

"Why the hell would you do something like that?"

"I was youngâ ¦.I wasn't trying to kill her, I just wanted her to be in the hospital awhile so I could get away from her."

"That doesn't make it any better, Damon!"

"That bitch starved me to death since I was a baby, Rylie!"

I stopped. My fear and anger melting away as I search for his eyes in the darkness.

"You actually wonder why I don't care about anything? It's because of her. I spent half my life, being ridiculed because of her. She let me starve for fucking weeks at a time. I didn't have any clothes and she had plenty of money but she never cared. Kids made fun of me all the fucking time, Rylie. All the fucking time. I was so depressed. I even thought of just ending it all. All of it.

But then I realized that I wasn't the problem, she was. So I did something that I shouldn't have done, but I don't regret it for a second." He said.

I stared at him trying to take this all in.

All in at once and it was hard to swallow the information.

"After I did that, none of the police found evidence that I've done it. But I still had to move. Get away. So I came up to Ohio and settled down here so I don't get in anymore trouble in Mississippi."

I wanted to see his face. To see his pain. I guess because I wanted to share it with him.

"What else?" I asked.

"Wellâ ¦that's about it. The worst is the sleeping pills, and my mother."

"And you trusted me enough to tell me that?"

"I don't trust anybody, Rylie."

"So why did you tell me?"

"So you'd see why we can't be together. That I'm not good enough."

"So you lied to me and my brother when you said you liked me."

"Noâ ¦I didn't. I shouldn't have said anything to neither one of you about it but I guess I just wanted you to know."

"So you're likeâ ¦running from the law. You basically murdered your mother."

"The law doesn't know that."

"But I know it and you do too. And you're not even sorry."

"If you knew what she out me through, Riley-"

"Still!" I said.

He sighed. "I knew you'd react this way. I wanted to tell you but when I knew you were ready."

I stared at him in the darkness, unable to speak another word.

"Are you mad?" He asked.

"Do you care?" I asked.

"If I didn't I wouldn't be asking, Rylie."

I ran my fingers through my hair. "I'm not madâ ¦just confused."

"About what?" He asked.

"You." I said.

"Same that I'm confused about you." He said.

I looked away from him and out the window.

Damon didn't say anything.

We sat in silence for a second.

I had to break it though. "Soâ ¦we can't be together becauseâ ¦"

"I'm bad for you." He finished.

"So why lead me on?"

"I didn't."

"You didn't kiss me the other night?"

He sighed. "I wasn't supposed to butâ ¦"

"So whatever we had, it stops now."

"With me, you'll get in trouble soâ ¦right, it stops now. If we stayed friends, we'd get more involved and you'll get sucked into some dark, fucked up shit you don't need to know so lets just stop right now." He said.

I felt tears wanting to come out. He was breaking up our friendship.

Out of nowhere.

I nodded. "Fine." I opened the door and slammed it shut. And power walked to the house, opened and then slammed the door shut.

Our friendship or whatever it was we had was over, and the thought depressed me. Seriously.

Chapter 7: Three days post-Damon Lawson

Chapter 7: Three days post-Damon Lawson

I didn't want to think about him. Because when I did, this odd, heart breaking feeling wash over my body and I hate it.

I wasn't in love with him so why does it feel like my heart was broken?

I had to stay away from him because he was bad. Very bad.

He basically killed his mom.

Basically.

I had to think about this. About him.

I was at least kind of glad that he's been out of school so I wouldn't have to face him.

Yet, I did keep calling him.

I want him but I knew it was smart to stay away.

What the hell do I do? I never been in this situation before.

I was in Chemistry class finishing up my work.

Melanie was sitting next to me. She understood my down mood and hardly said any words towards me today.

I felt dull. Fucked up and upset.

He wouldn't answer my calls. I didn't even know where he lived.

Yetâ ¦even if I did, would I have even have went over there to see him? Would he even want to see me?

He told me about the things he's done. But it was his past. Does that really make anything better?

Evan walked in, arm draped around Stacey. He glanced at me and whispered something into Stacey's ear and she chuckled.

I scowled at them and then looked down at my unfinished work.

Melanie glared at them and then looked to me. "Just ignore them. They're just tryin to rile you up."

I nodded. "I know." I got up to my feet. I had to go give my paper to Mr. Raymond. And I had to walk pass the retarded couple.

Just as I walked pass, I didn't have time to notice Evan had his foot stuck out. I hit the floor hard. My eyes squeezed shut as pain shot through my nose.

Melanie's voice rose in anger. "FUCKING PRICK!! You tripped her." she accused.

"No I didn't." Evan said.

I felt someone pulling me up to my feet and I looked to see Melanie. She sighed. "Come onâ¦your nose is bleeding." She pulled me out of the classroom.

We hurried down to the bathroom where she wet some tissue and gave it to me. I placed it up against my nose and sighed in frustration. "That fucking b-"

"Do you still love him?"

I shook my head.

"You know you've been completely out of it since Damon disappeared."

"I need to talk to him. He won't answer his phone. He thinks he isn't good enough for me."

"But he likes you. I like the way you are around him. Happy." Melanie said.

I felt weird though. Not being near him depressed me although me and him weren't even together.

What kind of sense does that make?

"I wish I knew where he lived."

Melanie leaned against the wall.

"All he told me was that he lives a few streets down from my street." I said.

Melanie nodded. "Maybe we can get the address from the principal."

"Principal Cooper is not going to give us an address."

Melanie smirked. "I got three things. I've got Dylan who is very good at hacking into the systemâ¦andâ¦" she pushed her breast up with her hands and smiled. "I got these two." She walked out of the bathroom and I followed her.

Oh no.

We walked down the hall until we stopped at the door to the Algebra room. Melanie opened the door and I followed her in. Dylan was in the corner listening to music while the rest of the class and even the teacher were going about their business.

"Dylan." Melanie said. He looked up from his music and to her.

She motioned for him to come over.

He grabbed his music player and walked through the class room and made it to us. The three of us walked out of the room and Dylan kept his attention focused on Melanie and acted as if I didn't exist.

"What?"

"I need you to find someone's address for me while I distract the principal." Melanie said.

Dylan nodded. "Okay, who?"

"Damon Lawson." I said. He turned to me. "Was I talking to you?"

Melanie smacked the back of Dylan's head.

He sighed in irritation. "Fine. Come on." He said as he walked down the hall. Me and Melanie followed him and walked down the stairs until we made it to the principal's office.

Dylan opened the glass door to the office and crept inside without being detected. Principal Cooper was walking towards the office just when Melanie stepped in his way and gave him a beautiful grin. "Hi, sir." She twirled pieces of her hair with her fingers and bit her lip.

Principal Cooper smiled down at Melanie. "I was just hoping that we can talkâ ¦in private." She said.

He nodded. "Come into my office."

"No! Let's go somewhere else." She pulled him away from the office and I crept in and walked beside Dylan who was sitting at the principal's desk. He was clicking on various things and I was confused.

"Do you have a number?" He asked.

I nodded and told him Damon's number.

He typed in the number and clicked on various things that had my brain spinning around in a 360.

Then he smiled as numbers and the name of a street popped up in all CAPS.

"There's your address." He said and sat back in the chair.

"Thanks." I grabbed a pen from off the desk and wrote it down on my hand and then sat the pen down and looked down and Dylan. "Why do you hate me?" I asked.

Dylan looked up at me, caught by surprise. "I don't hate you. I just think you're weak." he shrugged.

I looked down at my shoes.

"Look, whatever I think, doesn't matter. Just go do what you need to do." He said.

I nodded and walked out of the principle's office. I found Melanie and motioned for her to come over.

She smiled at principal Cooper and came over to me. I showed her the address on my hand and smiled. "Got it."

Chapter 8: Okay, I'm in love

Author's Note: I'm gonna end this story soon guys, I know I named this erotica but its not really much of one. There's been no sex scenes but there will be one coming up in the next chapter post. Anyways, enjoy.

Chapter 8: Okay, I'm in love

"You sure this is it?" Melanie asked as her car drove up to the address that Dylan found for me.

I nodded. "I'm sure."

She nodded. "Okay. Just call me when you're ready to go." She said.

I nodded and looked back to the smoky gray house with a yard that had soft grass and a rocky pathway.

I got out of the car and placed my phone in my pocket and shut the door.

I walked up the dark rocky pathway and the atmosphere felt odd as I stepped onto the porch. I went up to the door and swallowed my nervousness as I knocked on the door.

I stood and waited for an answer.

Nothing.

I knocked again and then turned to look in the driveway. His black mustang was here.

The door opened and a drowsy looking Damon opened the door. He had on no shirt so I couldn't but to stare at his chest. On the side of his ribs revealed a tattoo that said 'No pain' in cursive writing. He had on a pair of black jeans that hung off his hips and black socks. His hair was messy yet fit him perfectly.

I swallowed as I stared at his appearance.

"What are you doing here?" He asked.

"Can I come in?"

"Answer my question first."

"I missed you, okay?" I said.

Damon sighed. "You shouldn't be here."

"I wish you would stop doing that. You've told me the worst of it, and I'm fine with it."

"You freaked the fuck out when I told you what happened with my mother."

"It was unexpected." I explained.

Damon looked down and shook his head. "Even being around me will get you hurt."

I shrugged. "I'm starting not to care. Guess I get that from you." I said.

Damon's lips curved up slightly. "Alright." He turned and walked into the house and I followed him inside.

The room had black leather couches, a small wooden coffee table, and dark gray carpet. It was a dark room but for some reason I felt comfortable in it. "Want a beerâ ¦.waitâ ¦.never mind." He scoffed. "Want a soda or water?" He asked.

"I'll take a soda." I said.

He nodded and disappeared into a room. I took off my red leather jacket and my black chuck taylors.

I sat down on the carpet, against the couch and waited for Damon.

He came back with a can of soda, a beer and a huge bag of chips in his hand.

I grinned at the chips and he gave me the bag.

He sat my soda down.

And then sat down on the floor beside me.

"Why haven't you been in school?" I asked opening the bag of chips.

"I don't knowâ ¦.guess I been avoiding you."

"Why?"

"You don't remember the fucked up conversation we had last Saturday? If I'd have saw you, I'd just keep thinking about that and I didn't wanna think about it."

I opened my pop and took a few sips. "I'm sorry that I didn't tell you about-"

"Stop. Don't. You don't even owe me a damn explanation. You laid down, did what you had to do and I couldn't do shit to prevent that." He said shrugging.

I looked down at my fingers.

"Yes, I was pissed at first." He said and I looked at him.

He shook his head. "The fact that of all the people to be the father of your child, he's the one. I already know how he is. He's not gonna be there for you and I just want to kick the shit out of him for it."

He took a cigarette out. Then he sighed. "But I'll be there." He said, his eyes capturing mine.

This warm feeling spreaded throughout my body. Was he serious?

"You will?"

Damon ran his fingers through his hair. "If you want."

I smiled. "I want that." I said nodding.

Damon sighed. "Damn, I promised myself I'd stay away and here you are." He said.

"You have a problem with me here?" I asked.

He scooted closer to me and shook his head. "No." He grabbed his cigarette and lit it up and laid his head back against the couch and I laid next to him, watching him as he blew out smoke.

"I like you being here. I tried to convince myself that you're not important and shit butâ ¦." He shook his head. "I'm fucking lying to myself." He said and then looked at me.

I looked back at him, his eyes were drowsy but smiling although he kept a straight face.

"Oh." I said whispering.

Damon sighed and grabbed his ipod from off the table and turned to 'sweet dreams' by Marilyn Manson.

Then he sat back and stared up at the ceiling while blowing smoke from his lips.

The music started off slowâ ¦.

'Sweet dreams are made of these
Who am I to disagree?
Traveled the world and the seven seas
Everybody's looking for something

Some of them want to use you
Some of them want to get used by you
Some of them want to abuse you
Some of them want to be abused'

My hand found his and neither of us pulled away. I slowly looked over to him.

He looked back to me. His eyes heavy- lidded.

And the moment fit in perfectly with the song.

'Sweet dreams are made of these
Who am I to disagree?
Traveled the world and the seven seas
Everybody's looking for something

Some of them want to use you
Some of them want to get used by you
Some of them want to abuse you
Some of them want to be abused'

I leaned over, not caring about how embarrassing the moment may be.

My lips went to his and I closed my eyes.

His tongue parted my lips and he pulled me into his lap.

Heat was basically radiating from my body.

Damon's fingers curled into my hair and he sighed into my mouth.

Our tongues fought and played together.

I placed my fingers through his black hair and leaned my forehead against his.

His fingers held my head in place as he leaned his forehead against mine.

"I don't wanna leave." I whispered.

"I don't want you to." He whispered back.

As he said the words, I was struck with realization.

I'm in love with Damon. A rebel, A bad-boy, a dangerous guy who has a dark side. A dark side.

A dark side that may also put me in danger but I don't think I cared.

"There's more." He said.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"About my life."

"You don't have to tell me if you don't want to. I know it upsets you."

He shook his head. "I'm already breaking all the rules for having feelings for you, I might as well tell you more."

"Breaking the rules?" I asked.

"Remember I said that I don't trust anybody. That its dangerous for us to be near each other. But I don't care anymore."

His hand went up to cup my jaw. He stared into my eyes.

"I thought your mom and the sleeping pills were the worst of it." I said.

He smirked, "I lied, Rylie." He said.

Oh. I didn't know it got worst.

"What else?" I asked.

He sat back and sighed as he crossed his arms. "I was very fond of fire when I was a kid." He said.

My eyes widened. "What'd you do?" I asked.

"I never told you that before I left Mississippi, I set my house on fire. And someone else's."

"What?"

He smirked. "I met my dad once, and I wished it would have been never. He hates me and so in return, I showed him that I felt the same way."

"You set his house on fire." I said.

He nodded. "He had it coming."

"So, you believe in revenge."

He didn't say anything.

I raised my eyebrow waiting for his answer.

"I believe in revenge on those who deserve it." He said nodding. "I can understand that." I said. My thoughts automatically drifting to Evan.

"What are you thinking about?" He asked.

"How much I can't stand Evan."

"What's he'd do?" He asked. A dark look covering his features.

"Nothing big. Just tripped me and made my nose bleed."

Damon smirked. "And you don't think that's big?"

I shrugged.

Damon shook his head. "All Evan has to do is give me a reason. One reason." He said nodding.

The darkness that lurked in his eyes astounded me.

"Don't worry about him."

Damon scoffed. "Do I looked worried about him?"

I shook my head.

"I just hope he knows that if he messes with you again, I'm gonna fuck him up."

Chapter 9: Keeping his word

Chapter 9: Keeping his word

I pulled up into the parking lot of my school. Melanie wasn't here yet and neither was Damon. Damon and I never distinguished that we were together but stillâ¦we knew that we both had feelings for one another.

I shut the door of my car and watched as Evan started coming near me.

He had a look on his face as he came near me. Anger.

He sighed as he leaned against my car. "I need to talk to you."

"Okayâ¦so talk."

He breathed out of his nose. "I just got a scholarshipâ¦okay? A football scholarship. I've been waiting for it for three years now. Once I leave, if you have this baby, it's all over for me. So I need you to get rid of itâ¦or put it up for adoption or anything but you can't keep it."

"I don't give a damn about you or your fucking scholarship." I bumped pass him and he grabbed a handful of my hair and I cried out as he pulled me back as he slammed me back into my car.

"I'm not giving you options anymore. Get rid of it." He growled against my hair and I whimpered in fear as the grip on my hair got stronger.

"No." I growled back.

Evan nodded. "Okay, baby." Then he let go of me. A threatening look in his eyes as he turned and walked away.

I glared at him. I was sick of him telling me what to do. He'll see that he doesn't intimidate me anymore. Fucking bastard.

I shook my head and continued walking to the school.

I really didn't feel up for any of it today. Not school, nothing of that nature.

I wanted to stay home curled up in my bed with a big bowl of cereal in my hand and the cable remote in my hand with the thermostat on seventy degrees directly.

But I also wanted to get as much school stuff I could get before I became unable to make it here anymore.

I entered the school and got stares from everyone and I mean absolutely everyone.

I was use to being stared at like I was weird but this was beyond justâ¦.odd.

I walked down the hall towards my locker but stopped when in big black letters, spray painted on my locker were the words, 'Pregnant Slut.'

I shut my eyes. That's why.

Now the whole damn school knows I'm pregnant. I was about to turn to see who was watching me as I saw my locker, I was pushed hard against it. I turned and it was Evan, glaring at me while his friends and girlfriend laughed.

Dylan stood there just smirking and I got up from the floor. "Stupid slut." Evan said loud for everyone to hear and they started laughing at me.

My face grew red and hot from embarrassment.

Random students walked by laughing at me.

Evan snatched my bag from my arms, opened it and emptied all of my things out, books, papers, tampons which won't come in handy this month or for the next eight months.

My lotion. Which Stacey picked up.

I got up to my feet, glaring at both him and her.

"Put my shit down." I said.

Stacy rolled her eyes and threw the lotion at me. I tried to catch it but it fell at my feet.

They all laughed as I picked it up.

"Go fuck all them other guys. I'm not the damn dad, bitch." Evan said as he walked away. Stacey followed right after him and so did his friends.

I knew the tears wanted to come but I prevented them from doing so.

I wouldn't give them the damn satisfaction.

I sighed and started picking my stuff up. I didn't know where my bag went.

This was nothing though. They could have done worst.

Much worst. As I gathered all my stuff, I noticed that my lock wasn't on my locker anymore. Someone got it off.

I opened it and found mashed up food at the bottom of my locker.

Oh my god. I slammed my locker shut, harsh reality settling in. This will not be over unless I get rid of my kid. My baby. That little ball of warmth growing inside of me.

Nothing can ever make me just get rid of it.

Dylan came up behind me and held a tampon in his hand and handed it to me.

I looked at him and nodded as I grabbed it. "Thanks."

He didn't say anything as he quietly disappeared down the hall.

****

Melanie walked into Trigonometry and when she saw my face, she hurried to me. "What's wrong?"

"He ruined my locker and threw everything out of my bag."

"Evan?"

I nodded.

Melanie sighed. Her fist balled. "Okay." She got up.

I grabbed onto her shirt and forced her back down. "Stop it."

"Why do you let him walk all over you? I'm gonna go to his class and kick his ass. I'm not kidding." She got back up but I forced her back down. "Relax."

"I can't. It's not fair to you, Rylie."

"He wants me to get rid of the baby. That's why he's doing this to me."

"Please tell me you're not thinking of getting rid of it. I mean I know its you choice and everything but it should be your choice rather or not you want to get rid of the baby, not his just because he threatens you."

"I'm not."

Melanie sighed and closed her eyes. "What I would do to that asshole. Way more than one can even imagine. I would slice every fucking scale of skin off his fucking dick." She said slamming her fist onto the table.

She acts like it was her that this just happened to.

Ryan will be madâ ¦.my anger was still there but I meanâ ¦what can I do about it? I couldn't fight Evan.

No matter if I wanted to or not.

Of course he was gonna win.

Melanie was acting jumpy in her seat because of her anger.

I just sat there and kind of just tried to stay relaxed and keep her in the same state.

****

ã

Once school was out, I told Melanie to go home and that I would tell Ryan about what happened.

And I knew it wasn't going to be pretty at all. I was scared. And on top of all that, I haven't even heard from Damon all day. He didn't come to school.

I got home and Ryan wasn't there. I just wanted to spend this time alone.

All alone.

I'll just tell Ryan when he gets home.

And he'll handle it.

I fell asleep on the couch in the living room and when I woke up, It was dark outside.

I was just laying down staring up at the ceiling when I heard a loud noise coming from outside.

I got up and peeked out the window. My carâ¦oh shitâ¦! Evan was doing something to my car!

I grabbed my phone and dialed Damon's number. I should have called Ryan but Damon was the only person on my mind. "Hello?"

"Damon, Evan's doing something to my car!" I said.

"I'm on my way." He hung up, leaving the line dead. He lived right down the street. He should be here soon. But should I just stay inside and wait?

My thoughts drifted off.

I forced the door open and ran outside. "What the hell are you doing?!" I screamed at Evan.

He glared at me and then took the keys that was in his hand and continued keying my car and then kicked my door in.

"Abort it." He said.

"All this just for me to abort the baby?"

He nodded. "Damn right." He then used his elbow to bust the window of the car in.

I ran up to him. "Stop it!"

He grabbed me and forced me against the car hard. I grunted in response. "Get rid of it." He said forcefully.

"No." I said back.

Evan suddenly held his fist back and was about to punch me but I ducked and tried to run the other way. He grabbed me back my hair to pull me back against the car.

He grabbed me by my neck and banged my head back against the car.

I gasped as it left a ringing feeling in my head.

Suddenly, there was a gunshot.

It made me and Evan freeze.

We turned to see the culprit but all that was there was the darkness.

Evan squinted his eyes in the darkness and as he concentrated on finding the person with a gun, I slipped away from him and he was about to run after me.

I screamed as he grabbed my hair again.

But just as he grabbed it, he was ripped away.

I didn't wanna turn back but I did anyway.

My jaw dropped.

Evan was on the ground while Damon was punching him with a black gun that was in his hand.

I just stayed frozen.

Watching as Evan's face became an undetermined shape.

I could see so much hate and anger in Damon's eyes.

"Damon." I tried to say but he paid me no attention.

There were sirens in the distance. Police cars.

Damon kept hitting Evan although he was already knocked unconscious. I can literally hear the bones cracking in his face and I couldn't look anymore.

The sirens got closer and I saw the flickering of blue and red lights in the distance.

The cars stopped and I had to get Damon off of Evan.

I went over and tried to pull him off but he still hasn't stopped.

"Damon, stop. Stop!" I yelled.

The police officers ran over and managed to pull him off of Evan who didn't even look like he was breathing.

They got Damon down on his stomach and handcuffed him. And he let themâ ¦.willingly.

Oh godâ ¦they were gonna take him away. "Please don't. He's not the one who should be going to jail. It's Evan." I said pointing down to his unconscious body.

The officers got Damon to his feet. I went up to him and grabbed his face in my hands. "Don't go."

"It's gonna be okay. I called them." He said.

"What?"

"So they could keep me from killing him." He said as they made him turn and started walking towards the car.

The ambulance car stopped my thinking. I swallowed.

They got out of the car and put Evan on a stretcher.

"We need to ask you some questions, ma'am." A big curly haired officer said as he came over to me.

"Sure." I said hesitantly. Trying to wrap my head around everything.

"Who was that guy to youâ ¦.the unconscious guy."

"My ex boyfriend." I answered.

"And what was he doing on your property?"

"I wasn't aware that he was on my property at first until I heard a noise."

"Where were you when you heard the noise?"

"I was sitting on my couch in the living room and-"

"Rylie!" Ryan ran over to me and I hugged him. I cried into his shoulder and he held me tightly.

"You okay?" He asked.

I nodded my head, yes.

"What happened?" He asked as he held me out at arms length.

I turned to look back at the officer. "I was in the living room and then I heard the noise." I said.

The officer nodded and scribbled some stuff on the tiny pad of paper he had in his hand. "What'd you do?"

"I looked out the window and saw that my ex was keying my car."

Ryan's eyes grew wide. "WHAT?"

The officer nodded. "Then what?"

"I ran outside and tried to get him to stop but then he bust out the window to it. And I told him to stop and then he pushed me against the car and grabbed my hair."

"Assaulted you." He said as he wrote more down onto the paper.

I nodded and Ryan looked red as his anger took over him.

Then the officer looked at me. "Any particular reason why he would do all this?"

I nodded. "He wanted me to get rid of my baby." I said.

The officer looked shocked. "Jesus." He shook his head.

Then he cleared his throat. "What happened after the assault?"

"Then we heard a gunshot and while Evan was distracted, I slipped away from him and then he grabbed me but then Damon grabbed him and started hitting him with a gun." I said.

"Damon, the guy in the car, who is he to you?" The officer asked.

"He'sâ ¦.wellâ ¦.he'sâ ¦my boyfriend." I said.

The officer nodded. "Okay. Wellâ ¦that's all of your time I need. Thank you."

"Is he gonna have to stay there for long?" I asked.

"He did assault the guy." The officer said.

"But with good reason." Ryan shot back.

The officer sighed. "He'll get his phone call in a few hours and then you can talk to him." The officer walked away and the ambulance truck, along with the police cars drove off and me and Ryan were left there on the lawn.

We both slowly walked back into the house. I shut the door and sat down on the couch.

Ryan paced the room not knowing what to say. "I should have been here. I should have been here as soon as you got home, Rylie. I'm stupid."

I shook my head. "It's okay."

"It isn't."

"It is. Evan won't come back."

Ryan shook his head in disgust. "Right. I need to go bail Damon out."

Whoaâ ¦.what?

"What?"

He turned to look at me. "He protected you. It's obvious he gives a damn about you and any guy who is willing to beat up another to protect my sister is a brother to me. I need to go talk to the police. You should probably call Melanie or something to come over." He said.

I nodded and grabbed my phone off of the table.

Evan was actually going to bail out Damon? That wasâ ¦.unexpected.

Ryan disappeared out of the living room as I told her all about what happened. And in so little time.

This all happened way too fast and it didn't feel real. But the faint throbbing in my head from when I was pushed against the car said that it was very much real.

Chapter 10: You,me, and us

Author's Note: Okay guys, here's the chapter some of you been wanting for a while now. I know I normally put sex scenes up within the first three chapters lol. But I was challenging myself to see if the story can still be good without one so close to the beginning. Plus I wanted it to be more realistic. Some people didn't like that. lol. But, here it is. ENJOY!!!!

Chapter 10: You, me, and us

I paced the outside of the police station which Melanie brought me to. I made her although she tried to convince me to stay home.

I just needed to see Damon.

To tell him that I love himâ ¦to show him that I love him.

Melanie was leaning against her green car and sighed. "Pacing won't help." She said.

I glared at her and she held her hands up in surrender.

I crossed my arms as a chill came through and I ran my fingers through my red hair.

"So how bad did Evan look?" Melanie asked, a smirk on her face.

I couldn't help but stop to look at her, a small smile appearing on my face. "Terrible." I answered.

Melanie clapped. "I don't give a damn about what happens, I officially love Damon. He kicked Evan's ass!" She started dancing. I couldn't even keep a frown on my face.

I heard the door open and Ryan walked out the building and Damon was right behind him. My heart was justâ ¦..thumping out of my chest.

Not caring that my brother and my best friend was right there, I went up to Damon grabbed him by the back of his head and pulled him to my lips. He wrapped his arms around my waist without hesitation.

It was one of those moments where it felt like only me and him were there.

Ryan sighed. "Young love." He said. And I turned to look at him. "Thanks, Ryan."

He walked up to me and hugged me. "Anything for you, Rylie." Then he kissed my forehead.

Ryan then looked to Damon. "We should get you back to your car, its at our house." He said and Damon nodded.

Damon let go of me and got into Ryan's car with him.

Ryan's POV

I got into the car and shut it after Damon got in with me. I looked over at the kid. I knew that something is off about him. "What's your story?" I asked him.

He looked over at me, his black hair covering his eyes. "My story's still being written. And," He looked forward and shrugged. "It involves Rylie." He said.

I smirked. That's the answer I wanted to hear. "You'll take care of herâ ¦right?"

He nodded. "Always."

"Because I don't want to have to do to you what you did to that dick."

"You won't have to. I'd never lay a finger on her like that. Never."

I stared at him and saw the sincerity. "Okay. Don't let this just be a hit-and-run. You know what I mean." He said.

Damon nodded. "It won't be. I was gonna ask her to spend the night with meâ ¦.if that's okay with you." He said. But it didn't sound like he cared about my permission.

"Do you even care about rather I say yes or no?"

Damon silently shook his head no.

I sighed. "It's up to her then."

Rylie's POV

"I'll see you at school on Monday." I said.

Melanie nodded and hugged me. "Okay," Then leaned into my ear and whispered. "Go and fuck him."

I pulled back, my eyes wide. "What?" I blushed.

"Look, he just beat the shit out of your ex for almost beating the shit out of you. Think he deserves it."

"He's never asked for it."

"So? The way you two were just hugged up, I can tell you both wanted it."

My face grew hot from embarrassment.

"You should go to his house with him so you two can talk."

I nodded. "I want to."

"So tell him that."
I looked at the car. Ryan and Damon were talking and looking at me every few seconds.

Great, they were talking about me.

"I'll see you."

Melanie nodded and got into her car.

I got into Ryan's car, in the backseat and we drove off and got to our house. When we got out, I got out on the side that Damon got out and he looked at me as he shut his door. "You wanna come home with me?" He asked.

I smiled, excitement filling my body, having it react in an inappropriate way that made me blush. I nodded. "I have to ask Ryan though."

"Already asked him. He said yeah."

"Really?" I asked.

Damon nodded. "Come on." He grabbed my hand and I followed him to his car.

I waved at Ryan he nodded at me and nodded at Damon. Then he turned and went into the house as I got in Damon's car with him.

The car ride was quiet and we just let Marilyn Manson turn all the way up fill our thoughts.

He parked the car in the driveway to his house and we both got out. I waited for him to come over to my side. He came over to me and put his fingers through my hair and pressed his forehead against mine. "I love you." He whispered.

I looked up a him, tears about to come down. "I love you too." I said.

He said itâ ¦..he actually told me.

He pulled me along with him, up the stairs to the porch.

He opened the door and walked in, bringing me with him.

I shut the door and as soon as I did, Damon pushed me against it parting my lips with his and my fingers drove through his soft black hair.

Everything in my lower region contracted deliciously.

He pulled back and brought me over to the couch and kissed me before making me sit down. Then he positioned me so I'm laying on my back. I looked up at him as he got on the couch with me. He took off my shoes and then my socks, then his fingers went up my leg, to my knee, to my thigh and then to my inner thigh. He pulled my tank top up so he can see the top of my jeans. He unbuttoned them and unzipped them and then I lifted my body up so he can slide them down my legs.

I blushed as his eyes laid on my red panties. Which were soaked with my arousal.

I felt sensitive right now. I knew it was because of the pregnancy.

I bit my lip and looked up at him shyly. Aside from Evan, he'd be the only guy I ever slept with.

I sat up, face-to-face with him and took off my open button down shirt and threw it onto the floor.

And then I took my tank top off and stared him in his eyes.

Damon's fingers went up my waist, to my ribs, and over the cup of my bra and he reached back and unhooked it while kissing my neck, caressing me with his lips.

I shut my eyes and ran my fingers through his hair.

When he pulled my bra, off, I laid back down and looked up at him.

He pulled his shirt off of his body and unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down after he took his shoes and socks off.

Then he took off his boxers and I blushed as I saw him. Really saw him.

I wanted itâ ¦.I wanted him.

He got back onto the couch with me and I lifted up as he pulled my panties down my legs.

Damon let them drop onto the floor.

He took my right leg and hitched it up on the back of the couch and took my left leg and put it over his shoulder as his tongue dove into me without any kind of warning.

This was something new. Evan never did this to me butâ ¦..jesus, it felt so good.

I tilted my head back and arched my back as his tongue moved back and forth and swirled around my clit. I gasped and pushed him down more and closed my eyes from the contact.

My fingers twisted and pulled at his hair as he kept stimulating my clit.

Tears sprung to my eyes as I cried out.

I wanted a release so bad and he was driving me closer and closer.

I groaned out his name and opened my legs wider for him. Something I didn't think I'd have the guts to do.

I was close. Slowly spiraling towards my orgasm.

And he just had to pull away.

"No." I cried out and he smirked and leaned down to kiss me, letting the tip of him run over my sensitive clit. I arched my back, so I can feel more.

We both moaned together. He placed his lips on mine again. And then took my hand and had me slide it back and forth on his member.

He moaned and continued kissing me. His breaths hard and fast as I jacked him off faster to get him close.

He thrusted into my hand and I could feel him throbbing.

He took my hand away positioned himself at my entrance.

I placed my hands on his forearms and squeezed his muscles as he slipped inside my wetness very slow.

Filling me slowly. I closed my eyes and moaned when he was deep inside. He felt hot. And he felt good.

From how turned on he has me, it won't take long for me to release.

I pulled him down so his lips can meet mine.

He made me wrap my legs around his waist and we both started to moan as he moved.

My hips went up to meet his.

I placed my hands onto his shoulders and dug my nails into his skin.

My body began to quiver as I got closer. ALREADY

Damon was breathing hard in my ear and my breaths matched his. His lips found mine and I moaned in his mouth.

Fuck, I'm about to cum.

I gasped as the feeling started and my body was looking forward to it.

Damon suddenly grabbed me so we were both sitting up against the back of the couch. I placed my hands on both sides of him, on the back of the couch and stared into his dark brown eyes.

He flexed his hips and thrusted up in me while holding my hips in place.

We moaned in unison, my moans uncontrollable as I squeezed the back of the couch and tipped my head back.

Oh, god, I'm so close. So close.

I cried out again as everything inside of me contracted and tightened up.

I squeezed around him and buried my head in the crook of his neck and dug my nails into his back as I erupted around him.

And it left me almost dizzy and definitely tired.

Damon grabbed my hips painfully tight and thrusted up in me until he found his release. He stilled and then groaned and then laid his head back against the couch.

His breathing still as fast as mine.

I shut my eyes and continued laying down on him, not wanting to move a muscle.

Damon's fingers trailed down my naked back and he buried his head into my hair, holding me to him the whole night.

Chapter 11: Epilogue: I love you just as you love me.

Author's Note: Okay, so prepare to show anger, this is the epilogue. I know it sucks and the fact that im having the epilogue so early may have the story seem like its lame but truthfully, I'm losing interest in the story. I kinda wanna move on to this new one I have in mind. So anyways, enjoy my booksie lovers.

Epilogue: I love you just as you love me

I couldn't see over my feet. Goddamnit this sucks ass.

And you know what made this night worst beside the fact that I looked like the planet, Jupiter? It was prom night.

I was laying on my bed and watched Melanie as she admired herself in her dark green dress in the tall mirror next to my door.

"Who are you going with, Dylan?" I asked.

She nodded. "Yes, he finally asked me to be his girlfriend. Finally."

I giggled and rubbed my stomach as I sat up. "It's about time. You two been messing around all school year."

"Yeah. He's such a prick though."

"You love him?" I asked.

She hesitated but then looked to me and nodded. Wowâ ¦.Melanie in love. That's not something you hear everyday/

"What time is he picking you up?"

"In a few more minutesâ ¦you sure you don't wanna come? I got my cousin to make you a dress."

"Do you not see my huge stomach?" I asked.

Melanie rolled her eyes. "Come on."

"Besides, I don't have a date." I said.

"Damon is your boyfriend, right? So why can't he be your date?"

"Damon's not the type of person who goes to prom." I said.

She nodded. "True. I couldn't imagine him dancing." She snickered and then ran her fingers through her hair. "I should stay."

"No. I'll be fine. Ryan said he'll order take out and we'll sit and watch movies."

Melanie sighed. "Are you sure? Because I'll stay if you want me to."

"I'll be fine. I promise."

I heard the honk of a horn and Melanie heard it too and smiled. She walked over to me and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "See you tomorrow."

"Bye. Use a condom." I said.

She chuckled. "Says the pregnant girl." Then she grabbed her green purse and was out the door.

I laid down and turned t my side since I wasn't allowed to sleep on my back.

I found out months ago that I'm having a boy. I decided to name him DJ. Damon Jr. I know that Damon isn't the dad but he promised he's be there for me and I believe him. He's been there for me so far, even through my crazy ass mood swings.

He's been there through it all and I love him for it.

I didn't even realize that I fell asleep until I opened my eyes and saw Damon leaning over me.

"Hey." I sat up and he smiled. "Come outside with me." He whispered.

"Why?" I asked.

"Just come on." He said.

I got up to my feet after it taking three trys.

I followed him down the stairs and out to the living room.

He opened the door and led me outside where there ha to be hundreds of red, black and white balloons flowing everywhere. I smiled and then looked at him. "So I hate prom but I figured we can have our own here." He shrugged and grabbed my hand. He led us to a dark green blanket that laid on the grass.

I sat down on it with him and laid down as the balloons bounced around us.

He laid down beside me.

"I know you didn't blow up all the balloons yourself." I said.

He shook his head. "Ryan, and Melanie helped me."

I nodded. "I knew it."

He chuckled and grabbed my hand and squeezed it.

"This was sweet, thank you." I said looking over at him.

He leaned over and placed his lips on mine and his fingers went up through my hair. I shut my eyes and let my fingers go up through his and I moaned.

It was almost impossible for us to do anything unless I was turned around and he'd fuck me from behind.

The thought sent chills through my body.

When he pulled away, he looked down into my eyes. "I can't wait to meet DJ." He whispered.

I smiled at him. "A few more weeks." I said.

He nodded and kissed my hair. "You wanna dance?" He asked.

I raised my eyebrow at him. "Damon Lawson? Dance?" I asked.

He chuckled. "It's prom night. We're allowed."

He got up and helped me up to my feet. "We were better off going to prom." I said.

He shook his head. "All that fucking glitter everywhereâ ¦.hell no."

I nodded. "You got a point. I like this much better." I whispered as he pulled me close. His stomach was against my huge globe I call a stomach.

He chuckled as he looked down at my stomach and then my eyes as I wrapped my arms around his neck and he wrapped his arms around my mid back. He couldn't get any closer since little DJ was in the way.

I stared up into his eyes completely loving the moment. He's in love with me as I am with him.

Who knew that a guy, this guy, with all the drama he has could love me? And why did I invite his drama in? I don't know. I might not ever know but all I know is that I was in his arms, and this is the place I always wanted to stay.

Author's note: I'm so sorry guys to end it so soon. I just really wanted to get started on this other story. Thank you guys for reading it though

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-04-02 02:54:37