Its not love

By : IceBreaker

(FINISHED)Jenna Robinson is a young waitress finishing school. But one day she meets a guy named Tristan and her whole life changes.

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Epilogue

Its not love : Chapter 1

Author's Note: Hello lovers, This is a new story I came up with. Won't be as long as a rockstars heart probably but hopefully it'll be just as good. A rockstar's heart has two chapters left. Taking so long becuase I'm trying to figure out what should be in the epilogue. Hopefully you all think this is a good story.ï¿½ So enjoy and comment.

ï¿½

Chapter 1: Stops my heart

ï¿½

I raised the plate of bacon and eggs and placed them on the table of a booth in the corner of the restaurant.

"Coffee too miss." Said the man. I nodded and walked back to the kitchen. I went to the coffee maker and grabbed a coffee cup and filled it up. I grabbed some packets of sugar and a small paper packet of cream and a coffee stirrer and brought it back up.

I placed it down on the table next to the man's plate. "Thank you." I nodded once and took a couple more orders. At Dean's diner, I had to stay focused. We were always busy. I guess people loved the food.

"Ugh, I can't wait to get out of here." My best friend, Lindsey said. She took the black rubber band out of her hair and let her blonde hair down.

Dean, our boss slapped her ass and winked at her. She blushed. Dean and Lindsey have been together for a couple months now and she's the reason I have this job.

"When is your shift over?" I asked.

"That asshole's making me stay a little longer. So he can fuck me here. He knows I have kids to take care of at home. So we are never alone."

"Your kids are everywhere. They're fucking monsters" Dean said

ï¿½"Anyway, I need the extra hours for that boob job."

I grabbed the plate from the table. "For the last time, Lindsey, your boobs are fine. If Dean ain't complaining, you've got nothing to worry about." I said. She scoffed. "Dean only cares about pussy." She said.

"Hey, none of that language around my customers. If either one of ya'll make me lose my business. Both of your asses are mine." Dean said handing a lady her change.

Lindsey rolled her eyes.

After some time passed, there were only two people left in the place. "Long day...can't wait for this torture to be over." Lindsey said sipping her tea.

"Its not that bad." I said shrugging.

"That's only because you've been here for a year, honey. This is my fifth year. Soon they'll have to send me to the fucking crazy house." I giggled and turned to see a tall man entering the restaurant. I don't know how to explain how I felt the moment I saw him. My heart beat quickened, I got this nervous feeling in my stomach and heat spreaded between my legs. I turned back around. Lindsey narrowed her eyes. ï¿½"What?" She asked.

"That guy..." I glanced over my shoulder and looked back at Lindsey. She tilted her head to look. "Oh shit. He is sex on a stick." She whispered. I looked back at him. His hazel colored hair and his blue eyes were beautiful.ï¿½ I bit my lip and looked back to Lindsey.

"You should go over and talk to him." She said. I shook my head.

"Come on, when was the last time you been laid?" She asked.

"Never, I'm a virgin." I said. Lindsey clucked her tongue. "Go take his order and make small talk."

"Somebody better take his fucking order before I do." Dean said placing boxes in the corner. I sighed and grabbed my pad of paper and slowly walked over. He slowly looked up from his phone and looked up at me. He *was* sex on a stick. I took a deep breath . "What can I get you?" I asked. The man smiled lightly. "Coffee please." He said softly. His voice made me melt inside.

"Okay. Is that all?" I asked.

"Well," He sat back and stared at me as if he was fascinated with me. "What would you recommend?" He asked.

I shrugged. "I don't normally eat this food so I wouldn't know what to recommend." I admitted. He smiled and narrowed his eyes.

"Well then I'll just have the coffee. Thank you." He said. I nodded and walked away. Lindsey came over to me. "Well?"

"Coffee. He wants coffee. That's all. He's not interested and honestly I don't blame him."

"Don't be one of those low self-esteem chicks."

"I don't have low self-esteem, Lindsey. I just know that a guy like that won't ever go for a girl like me. That's all." I poured some coffee into a cup and poured some cream and a little sugar in. "Come on. Go make more small talk."

"No." I grabbed his coffee and brought it over to him with a smile on my face. "Thank you." He said taking a sip. "Anything else?" I asked. He didn't answer, just kept looking at me. I nodded. "Okay." ï¿½And then turned.

"What about your name?" He asked. I stopped and looked at him. "My name?" I asked. He nodded with a smirk on his face.

"Jenna." I answered.

"Jenna." He whispered and then smiled. "I like it."

My whole body was melting. "What's yours?" I asked.

ï¿½"Tristan Niles." He answered. I smiled and held my hand out. He shook my hand and smiled up at me.

"Well, I have to get back to work." I said. He nodded. "What time do you get off work?" He asked taking another sip of his coffee.

"Night time. Some people like breakfast for dinner so...." I shrugged. He smiled. "Well I'll see you around then."

I nodded and turned back around and went back to the kitchen. I couldn't deny how I felt. I wanted Tristan Niles and I only knew him for five minutes.

"Hey, whole day." Dean said. Fuck.

Lindsey nodded. "Definitely. He wants your pussy." She said nodding. I stared at her. "Shut up."

"He was staring at your ass when you walked away, Jenna."

"He does not want me. I'm sure he has a girlfriend anyway. And plus I have school to worry about. The last thing I need is a man."

"You're nineteen and still a virgin." She shrugged. I gave her a look. "I'm not completely inexperienced. I've had and gave oral and hand jobs."

"Yeah from your high school boyfriend. But that guy over there is a real man. I bet his dick is huge."

"Come on, stop it."

"I'd fuck him if I could." She said staring at him. I shook my head. "Dean! When is my break?" I asked. Dean looked at his watch. "Right now Jenna." He answered.

I sat down in a chair and looked up at Lindsey. She looked at me. "Sweetie, I love you and that's why I want you to have someone."

"I know that. I know. I'm not lonely. If I was, you'll see me on one of those dating websites. I'm not lonely and I don't need a man. Okay?" I said. Lindsey sighed. After a while, she nodded.

ï¿½

The day was long but I was happy when I finally got out of there. Lindsey and Dean were already gone. I told them they didn't have to wait for me. I locked up the diner and looked up at the full moon. I looked at my dark green car and started walking towards it.

"Hey," Said a voice. I turned around. A man dressed in all black was staring at me. He was five feet from me.

"Yes?" I asked. He looked me up and down and smiled. "Still open?" He asked. I rolled my eyes. It was so obvious we weren't. "Well the lights are off and the doors are locked so....obviously not." I answered. I turned and started walking towards my car again.

I could hear his footsteps behind me. I sighed. Really? I have to go through this. Today? When I'm tired? ï¿½I turned back around and he was not two feet in front of me. "Can I help you with something?" I asked.

He smirked and grabbed a strand of my dark red hair. I slapped his hand away. His eyebrows pulled together. He grabbed me by my jacket and pushed me hard against my car. It made me lose my breath for a second. I tried to push him away from me. He tried ripping my jacket off. I knew I would get no help because the parking lot was in the back and no one would come out here this late. "Get off me." I said. He laughed and slapped me. It hurt and stung my skin but I turned and slapped him back.

"Fucking bitch." He grabbed my hair and bent me over the trunk of my car. I could feel his hard on poking me in my back. I used my butt to push him back as hard as possible. I was thankful that it worked. I turned to face him and lifted my leg up and kicked him in his crotch.

He fell hard on the ground screaming like a little bitch. I stared down at him. I circled him for a second like he was my prey. "My dad taught me how to fight when I was a little girl, you little shit." I brought my foot back and thrusted it forward and my foot connected with his face. Blood splattered out of his mouth onto the ground.

I heard another car coming to the back. I looked up and the black car stopped. The car was turned off and the door opened. I recognized the man as soon as he got out. "Are you okay?" He asked me. I nodded. He looked down at the man with the dislocated balls.

"What the hell happened?" Tristan asked.

"This guy tried to rape me....I think." I said. Tristan's eyebrow rose. "You think?"

I shrugged.ï¿½ Tristan sighed and looked back down at the man. "Jesus, his face is all fucked up now. You can go to jail for that you know."

"I don't care. He shouldn't have touched me."

"Let's just get out of here." Tristan said walking back to his car. I looked back down at the man. One hand was holding his crotch. The other across his mouth

I got back in my car and circled out of the parking lot. In the rear view mirror, I could see Tristan following me. Why was he following? I was fine. He didn't need to protect me if that's what he was trying to do. After about ten minutes of following me, I finally pulled over. His car stopped behind mine.

I sighed and closed my eyes for a second and then got out of my car. Tristan got out of his and came over to me. "Stop following me please. I appreciate it but you don't need to protect me."

"A guy just tried to rape you. You think I'd seriously let you out of my sight?"

"Why do you care?"

"I don't know. I just do alright? Something bad could have happened to you tonight."

"Well I took care of it so back the fuck off." I said. He got closer to me and glared down at me. I shrunk back only slightly.

"I'm sorry for coming to your rescue then." He said a little more calmly.

"You didn't have to. I took care of it. My dad taught me how to defend myself. I don't need a man to help me."

"Well I'll try to remember that next time you're about to get raped."

"You're a prick. Fuck you." I stepped away from him.

"Why are you being so difficult?"

"I didn't need your help, Tristan."

"Okay."

"So don't follow me anymore. I can defend myself." I said.

"You know this tough act you're pulling isn't fooling me." He said staring into my eyes.

"It doesn't have to." I said. He stared at me without speaking. I couldn't believe how badly I wanted him at this moment. Why was I arguing with him? Just to keep him talking to me longer? Maybe. That's not what the normal me would do.

"You know what? Let's forget this. Let's just forget that we ever met." I said as I walked back to my car. I got in and looked at my side mirror. Tristan was looking at my car and I started it and drove off leaving that *stranger* behind.

I drove home really fast. Probably out of anger. It wasn't a big deal. He wanted to protect me and I liked that but for some reason it also pissed me off. It pisses me off when people become over protective over me. Like my mom, Haley, and my dad, Shane. They use to make me stay in the house all the time. They were always afraid I was going to get kidnapped and raped. That's why my dad taught me how to fight. But together my parents were just perfect or at least that's what they make it seem like. They're not perfect. My dad always uses this name for her. He calls her Ginger and it pisses her off. All the time and that's when the fighting began. My mom had me when she was seventeen years old. She didn't want for me to get pregnant at that age. I loved my mom to death. Speaking of which, I should go see her soon.

I pulled up to my driveway and parked my car and got out. My house was a little thing at the end of the street. Bought by my dad, Shane who is rich but I told him I didn't want a big house.

I walked in and kept the lights off. Went straight upstairs and turned on the bath water. That's the first thing I did every time I came home from work. But this time, I touched myself. Because all I can think about was Tristan and his eyes and his lips. I rubbed my clit and I moaned and sunk deeper into the water. Tristan Niles turned me on to the maximum and he didn't even know it.....yet.

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Chapter 2: I want him

Author's Note: I have serious writers block for a rockstar's heart. I'm trying to figure out about this last chapter. I already know what's going to be in the epilogue. Anyway, I am trying to make this story nothing like sex toy. Same issue but not really like that story. I'll admit that I made Leah a little too weak. But Jenna isn't going to be that way. As you all may know, Jenna is the daughter of Shane and Haley from Stolen and used. So this is somewhat like a sequel of that story. And sorry that these first few chapters may be boring. Enjoy this.

Chapter 2: I want him

When I woke up, I went downstairs, grabbed a bottle of water and then an apple. Okay. I don't eat so healthy but I wanted a light breakfast this morning. After that, I got into the shower, put on my normal uniform. White shirt. Beige shorts. Black shoes. I know it doesn't match but the uniform was even worst before. Lindsey was the one who got Dean to change it. I put my hair into a high ponytail and put lip gloss around my lips and a little mascara. I stared at myself in the mirror. My phone rang and it made me jump. I answered it.

"Hello?" I asked.

"I'm outside, honey." Lindsey said. Sometimes Lindsey picked me up whenever she wanted to. Whenever she felt like coming to work on time. "Okay, here I come."

"Cool." She hung up and I hung up my phone and put it in my pocket with my keys and change purse. I turned off all the lights and left out of the house.

I got into Lindsey's red car and closed the door. She pulled out of the driveway and got onto the road. "Soâ ¦.what did you do last night?" She asked.

"I dislocated this guy's balls." I answered. Lindsey looked at me. Her eyes were wide with shock. "You did what?"

"This guy tried to attack me and I kicked him in the balls and his face."

Lindsey smiled. "See? That's what I like about you, Jenna. You have this innocent virgin look but then any second you can easily turn around and fuck someone up." Lindsey said smiling.

"Guess who was there about to help me."

"Who?" She asked.

"Tristan Niles. The guy from the diner yesterday. The sex on a stick guy."

Lindsey looked at me. "Did you fuck him?"

"No. Come on, I'm not some girl who would fuck any random guy."

"So you're one of those girls who wants your first time to be special." Lindsey said mocking my voice. I shook my head.

"No. It doesn't have to be special; I just don't want it to be in the back seat of a car that's all."

"Guess you got a point." She turned into the parking lot and parked. Dean parked right next to us. "Finally, you're early, Lindsey."

Lindsey flipped him off.

"You knowâ ¦.your daughter Alicia did that to me. The little girl is only ten. And her little friend Bethany, always hyped up on sugar. They're both devils." Dean said shaking his head as he got out of his car.

"Hey, stop talking about my kid and her friend. I bet you fifty bucks they'll both kick your ass."

"Can't argue with that. Alicia plays with lighters."

I smiled. I only met Lindsey kids once. Alicia Tater and Jonathan Tater, and they were little monsters. But they were adorable. I never met Alicia's little friend Bethany though.

I got out of the car and walked in the diner. I turned on the OPEN sign and greeted Eddie, the cook. People started pouring in and I started taking orders. Busy as usual.

"They are giving me shitty tips." Lindsey said walking to the kitchen.

"How much?" I asked.

"Five shitty dollars. Can get more than that being a stripper."

"Why don't you be one? Get the hell out of here." Dean said. Lindsey shrugged. "Love this place too much." She answered. I nodded and smiled.

"Ahh, lover boy is back." She said. I turned to see Tristan walking into the diner. My heart accelerated and I felt that same heat pour out of me. "I'll be back." I said grabbing my pad of paper and a pen.

I walked over and Tristan watched my every step. "What can I get you?" I asked. Tristan stared at me. "Really? We're going to pretend that we don't know each other?"

"We don't know each other. What can I get you?" I asked again.

"What time do you get off today?" He asked. His eyes sparkled and I tried my hardest to resist. But it was so damn hard.

"Five p.m." I answered.

He smiled revealing perfect white teeth. "Let me take you home."

"Why?" I asked.

"I really want to talk to you." He said. His voice made me wet. I sighed.

"We're talking now." I said folding my arms. Tristan licked his lips and shook his head. "So stubborn. But I like it. Like I said, I want to take you home. And so I will."

Fuck. I wanted him to. "Okay." I said finally giving in. And if he plans on having his way with me, hey, I ain't going to stop him.

He nodded. "I'll just have some coffee and a glass of water." I wrote it down on the pad of paper and turned. I wondered if he was looking at my ass.

I got back to the kitchen. Lindsey was smiling at me. "Well he wants water and coffee and to take me home later." I said placing eye cubes in a glass.

"Oh, take you home home or take you home?" She asked.

I stared at her. "I don't hear a difference." I said. She rolled her eyes. "Is he going to take you home or fuck the shit out of you?"

"You know me better than that, Lindsey." I said. She shrugged.

I poured his coffee and grabbed his water and brought it over to him. "Thank you." I nodded once and walked away. Lindsey smiled. "He was staring at your ass again. He wants it."

"If he wants it then oh well. He is cocky."

"You don't even know that yet."

"Look at him. With his hazel hair and those sexy blue eyes and his tan andâ ¦..fuck I want him." I admitted. Lindsey nodded. "Its nothing to be ashamed about. I want him too."

"Hey, if you say that again, you're fired." Dean said grabbing a plate from the cook. Lindsey turned to dean. "Come on, you told me I was fired the day you hired me and I've been working here for five years."

I smiled and went to take other people's orders. By the time work ended, Tristan was still in the place. "Go have fun." Lindsey whispered. I sighed and nodded. I grabbed all my belongings and went up to him.

"Ready?" He asked. I nodded. He got up and placed a fifty dollar tip on the table. What the hell? The most tips we get would be about ten or fifthteen bucks.

I followed Tristan out of the diner and then to his car. I got in and the seats were leather. The car smelled good just like him. He started up the car and got out of the parking lot.

"So how long have you been working there?" He asked.

"About a year and few months." I answered.

"You still in school?"

"Taking journalism college courses."

"So you want to be a writer. Interesting."

I looked over at him. "Is it really interesting?" I asked. He nodded.

"Do you want to be one for the fame or the money?"

"I already have money. Me and my family have more than plenty."

"So if that's the case, why do you work at a diner?"

"To distract me from how boring my life is." I responded. Tristan smirked.

"It couldn't be that bad."

I nodded. "Yeah, actually it is. My parents are justâ ¦blah. I live alone. I have one friend and I'm failing out of school already."

"You don't have a boyfriend?" He asked taking his eyes off the road to look at me.

I shook my head no.

Tristan smiled and nodded.

"Do you have a girlfriend?" I asked. He glanced at me for a second. "Why?" He asked.

"I answered you when you asked. Now you have to answer me."

"The whole girlfriend boyfriend thing is overrated. I mean what's the point if both of you are going to cheat on each other at the end?"

"It doesn't always go that way. Some couples are faithful. Hey, do you even know where I live?"

"If couples aren't cheating then they're thinking about cheating. No one can stay happy and in love with one person forever. And yes, Jenna, I know exactly where I'm taking you."

"Were you stalking me?" I asked.

"Maybe. Maybe I was just making sure you got home unharmed."

I shook my head. "You didn't need to do that. I was perfectly fine. That guy is probably in the hospital right now. He's not coming back for me anytime soon."

Tristan shrugged. "Its not like you can take care of everything by yourself forever. You should trust me."

"I don't even know you."

"But you want me." He muttered. There was no truth like that. I did want him.

"Don't get so cocky. I don't like cocky guys."

"But you like me." He said smiling.

"Do you like me?" I asked.

Tristan licked his lips. "Actually I do." He replied. I think my heart beat just got faster. It felt like it was about to rip out of my chest. I got this weird nervous feeling in my stomach and that heat between my legs again. I couldn't believe what he was doing to me and he wasn't literally even doing anything.

"I think you're strong and can handle anything I'll throw at you."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked. He shook his head and stayed quiet.

He slowly pulled in front of my house and turned the car off.

"So what are we going to do?" I asked.

"About what exactly?" His blue eyes looked into mine.

"Us. This *like* we have for each other." I said. Tristan smirked. "Well I'm not a relationship kind of guy."

"Well I don't believe in the whole fuck buddy thing."

"Aren't you a virgin?" He asked. I have no idea why but I got really offended. "Yes and?" I asked.

Tristan smiled. "Believe it or not but that makes you even sexier." He looked away from me. He thinks I'm sexy?

"Are you a virgin?" I asked smiling at him.

He chuckled. "Do I look like a virgin?" He asked turning back to me. I shook my head and smiled.

He smiled back. I looked over to my house and then back to Tristan. "Planning on leaving my car anytime soon?" He asked.

"Want me to?"

"Honestly, no." He answered. His hand slid over to mine and he grabbed it and smiled. I'm melting inside. My hand was in his warm hand.

I stared at him as he stared back at me. "So, what is this?" I asked. Tristan shrugged. "We'll see." He said nodding. I kept my eyes on his.

"Well, I should go. I have homework to do and shit like that." I said. Tristan chuckled and nodded.

"Can I have your number before you go?" He asked.

"I don't have paper or a pen."

He reached over and opened the glove compartment. He pulled out an envelope and a black pen. His hand brushed against my leg as he gave it to me. I wrote my number down and gave it to him. He looked at the number and then at me. "If this is fake, I'll be very disappointed."

"Well maybe you should check to see if its fake." I said. Tristan smirked and took out his phone. Android. Typical.

He typed my number into the phone and then pressed the green button. Soon, my phone vibrated and Tristan smirked. "Now you know." I said as I opened the door and closed it. He winked at me while he started his car and then drove off.

I smiled. Some part of me was ashamed of myself for getting so wrapped up in one guy. I don't want to be like that Bella girl in *Twilight.* I didn't want my whole life to be about one guy but that seems to be the road I'm

going down.

Chapter 3: In my bed with me

Chapter 3: In my bed with me

I was in my bed writing a short story in my laptop. Writing is my life. I can't live without it. It was at least nine p.m.

My phone rang and I answered it.

"Hello?" I asked.

"Hey stranger. What are you doing?"

"Writing. Who is this?" I asked.

"You know exactly who this is. Open the door." He said. I stopped typing and sighed. "You're at my door?"

"I was in the neighborhood and wanted to stop by."

"In the neighborhood? In the neighborhood doing what exactly?"

"Just open the damn door." He said. I rolled my eyes and hung up the phone. I got out of bed and went to my living room. I opened the door and there he was. As sexy as ever. "Hello, Jenna." He said softly. I wish he'd take that sexy smirk off his face.

"What are you doing here? I gave you my number hoping you wouldn't take advantage of it."

"I'm not taking advantage. Just wanted to see you."

"I was in the middle of a story actually." I said. He smirked and bumped his way in. "Oh, sex story?" He asked. I closed the door and stared at him. "Why would you automatically assume that?"

Tristan shrugged and his eyes roamed around my house. "A lot of virgins have an inner freak side. And personally," He looked at me with a sexy smile. "I'd like to see yours."

I was melting again. "So you think you can just come in here, spread your charm and I'll open my legs for you?" I asked. He smirked.

"That's a sexy thought butâ ¦.you aren't that kind of girl. Obviously. And besides, I don't have protection with me." He said shrugging.

"So that saying, 'better safe than sorry' doesn't matter to you?"

Tristan leaned against the couch and shrugged. "Not really. I mean its not like I go around and stick my cock in ever girl I see. I have to study them first."

"Study?" I asked. He nodded and sat down on the couch. "Make sure they're in my league. And if they are, then I want them."

"Am I in your league?" I asked. He smiled. "You are definitely in my league, Jenna." He said nodding. I sighed and slowly walked over to him. "Can't say the same for your blonde friend though. She's a little off."

"Don't talk about her like that. She's a good friend and she is smart and funny."

"She has to make up for how unbalanced she is."

"Unbalanced? Unbalanced my ass. You can leave now." I said. I went to the door and opened it. Tristan got up and pressed me against the door and kissed me. I pushed him away and slapped him. He stared at me with this unbelievably sexy grin. I wanted to jump on him at that moment but I chose not to.

"Don't you ever kiss me against my will again." I said. Tristan leaned against the door and watched me. "Or?" He asked.

"Or I will kick your ass. Don't think I can't." I said. I was ready.

Tristan tilted his head to the side. He slowly stepped towards me. "I think that you are putting on this little act like you don't want me."

"I don't." I said. The lie slipped right in. Tristan placed his hand on my cheek and smiled while looking into my eyes.

"Liar." He whispered. I shook my head.

"Just show me the work you're working on. The story." He said. How did he change the subject so fast? I rolled my eyes and made him follow me into my bedroom.

"Well I'm only on chapter one butâ ¦.." Tristan pushed me onto the bed and made me turn around onto my back. I started feeling fear in my body. He got on top of me and slowly leaned down and his tongue traced over my bottom lip. I placed my hands on his chest and tried to push him off but he stayed where he was and he began kissing me softly, pulling away every few seconds to look into my eyes.

I closed my eyes and invited his tongue in my mouth. Fuck. What was I doing? Tristan pulled away and got up. His hands slowly slid down my inner thighs to my knees and then he looked at me. He bit his lip and grabbed onto the waist line of my shorts and pulled them down and threw them on the floor. My heart was beating hard. Slamming against my chest.

Tristan smirked at the black lace panties I had on. He outlined the rim line with his finger and then looked at me. I stayed frozen where I was. I wanted to tell him to stop but I also wanted him to keep going.

He leaned back over me so we were face to face. "Tell me what you want, Jenna." He said.

I slowly lifted my hand and placed it in his hair and looked into his blue eyes. "I want you." I whispered. Tristan nodded. "I want you too. Every single part of you. I want to fuck you, Jenna."

A moment of weakness took over. I couldn't hide it anymore. I wanted him in the worst way. I nodded and he leaned down and kissed me again.

This was that big moment. The moment you realize what's about to happen. Tristan got my tank top off of me and then took his shirt off of himself. He had the best damn tan I've ever seen in my life. He unbuttoned his jeans and pulled them down. I could see his cock standing straight up. I couldn't wait for it to be in me. I just

wanted his hands on me. On any part of my body. He pulled down his boxers and his thick cock sprung out. He looked down at his cock and then smiled at me. "See what you do to me?" He asked. I blushed a little.

"Just for you to know, I'm on birth control." I whispered. He smiled. He then grabbed my panties and slid them down and threw them on the floor. He took in my body and looked into my eyes and gave me a half smile. "Why haven't you been touched yet?" He asked shaking his head.

I didn't answer. I just kept my eyes on his. He bit his lip and he spread my thighs apart. He looked at me as his tongue came in contact with my clit. A moan immediately escaped my mouth. I grabbed a handful of his hair pressing him down more. His tongue flicked back and forth and slid all over my womanhood and a little further down to my ass. I arched my back as another moan escaped my lips. I squirmed beneath his tongue. I wanted to cum. He gently sucked on my clit while still looking at me. I was so wet and horny. Horny for him. I bunched the covers up in my hands and cried out when I came. That was fast. I never came that fast before. Tristan came up and kissed me softly. "Get up and get on all fours." He whispered. I did as he said. Doggy style? He was going to do it to me in this position for my first time?

I read in stories how much it hurts in the beginning. I was ready for the pain though. "Are you ready?" Tristan asked. I nodded once. I felt his cock against my entrance. He paused for a second and then I felt his lips on my back and then my shoulder. "I got to hurt you, I'm sorry." He whispered. I nodded. "I know." I said. He grabbed my hips.

His lips disappeared and he pressed hard against me and I whimpered a little. Then he just forced himself in and I groaned in pain. Damn that shit hurts so bad. I hid tears that wanted to come to my eyes. I stayed in that position begging for the pain to go away. It didn't at first. "Can I move, Jenna?" He asked. His voice persuaded me. I nodded. "Yes." I whispered. He slid out of me and then slammed back in. I moaned although it hurted a little.

He was slowly slamming in and out of me and soon I was enjoying it. I moaned louder and his grip on my hips got tighter and he moved faster. "Oh! Please, Tristan." I begged.

Tristan's cock goes in deeper every time and every time he entered back in me, I could hear his sexy groans and it drove me over the edge.

It felt good feeling his cock in my tight walls. "You're so fucking sexy." He growled while slamming into me harder. I felt a weird feeling in the pit of my stomach. But I felt this before. A couple of minutes ago. But this felt way better. "Oh! Tristan!" I squeezed around him and he moaned and I felt him cum. I orgasmed around his thick length and I screamed and cried. Why does it feel so damn good? Why did I wait so long for this? Tristan slowly slid out of me and my arms grew weak and I fell onto the bed and sighed quietly.

Tristan was quiet and so was I. He came into my vision of sight and stared at me. "Theres a little blood on your sheets. You should be fine though." He said. I nodded and closed my eyes for a second.

"Again." I whispered.

"What?" He asked.

"I want to do that again, Tristan." I said. He smiled and nodded. "I want it again too." He whispered. He then turned me on my back and positioned himself in between my legs. I could feel him hard again. Whoa. That fast? Tristan kissed my neck and then my breasts. Then my lips again. He grabbed my leg and lifted it up to his waist and embedded himself in me again. A gasp escaped my lips when I felt him fill me up again.

He had this look in his eyes that I've never seen before. On anyone. I couldn't tell what it was but I pulled him down to kiss me while he slid in and out of me. He got my other leg up so they were now wrapped around him.

We were moaning together and both breathing hard. My hips met with each thrust he gave. "Tristan fuck me harder." I panted.

He held my wrist down forcing himself in deeper. I closed my eyes and moaned. I was about to cum again. Harder this time. "You feel so good." He breathed against my lips. He bit my lip softly and I gasped as I felt my walls tighten. "Oh! Fuck!" I cried. I came around him and he kept going anyway. I was out of breath. Tristan breathed my name as he then came also. He was breathing hard and so was I as we stared at each other.

I slowly unwrapped my legs from around him and he still stayed inside of me.

I was still trying to catch my breath. He slowly slid out of me and laid down beside me. We were both quiet for a little.

I let out a breath. "You didn't have to do that." I whispered.

He turned his head to look at me. "Do what?"

"Almost rape me."

"I didn't almost rape you." He said innocently. And it just made me want him inside me again.

"You pushed me on my bed and got on top of me." I said looking at him.

"Were you scared?" He asked. I shrugged. "Maybe a little." I answered. He smirked. "I'm sorry, Jenna. I just wanted you in the heat of the moment."

"What about now?" I asked.

He nodded. "I still want your pussy now."

"Just that?"

"I told you I'm not the relationship type of guy."

"And I told you I'm not so big on the whole fuck buddy thing." I said.

He bit his lip. "Well then what are we going to do?" He asked. I covered myself with the sheets.

"I don't know." I responded and stared up at the ceiling. Tristan stared at me. "I should take a shower." I said sitting up. I got up and went to the bathroom and turned on the light. I turned on the water and it rained down warmly. I pulled the shower curtain back and got in letting the water wet my hair and my body. The shower curtain was pulled back. Tristan had a smirk on his face. "Can I join you?" He asked. I didn't answer and he stepped inside and closed the shower curtain back.

"This wasn't supposed to happen." I said shaking my head.

"What?"

"You taking my virginity wasn't supposed to happen."

"But it did so now what?" He asked. I shrugged and shook my head.

"I can't resist you anymore so I'm not going to stop." He assured me.

"I didn't say I wanted you to stop." I said. Tristan smiled and nodded pressing me against the tile shower wall. "I know because you, like so many other women, can't resist me."

"Don't get cocky or I'll have to kick you out of my house. Don't ruin a good moment." I said. Tristan placed his lips on mine. "I want to eat your pussy." He whispered. Fuck. I was so fucking wet. I wasn't going to stop him from doing what he wanted. Tristan got down on his knees and looked up at me as his tongue sprung out and licked my clit. I threw my head back and cried out his name. How does this feel so fucking good? Warm heat poured out of me. I pulled at Tristan's hazel hair. "Oh! Please Tristan! I'm about to fucking cum!" I moaned. Tristan placed two fingers in my pussy and pumped in and out of me fast while his tongue flicked back and forth on my clit. I grabbed onto the rack above my head that held shampoo and soap and I hung onto it as I rode Tristan's fingers. I soon came and whimpered his name and grew weak. Tristan got up and held me up and washed me up and then helped me rinsed off and then washed himself up.

After we were done, we both got out of the shower and he laid me in my bed and looked down at me. "You want me to stay or leave?" He asked.

"I have class tomorrow." I whispered. He nodded. He turned and grabbed his clothes and then put them on. It was entertaining watching him.

"Are you going to be one of those guys that won't call?" I asked. Tristan snickered. "You know I'll call you." He said. He leaned over and kissed me softly. "I want you again tomorrow night." He whispered.

"What makes you think you'll have me again?" I asked. Tristan smirked.

"I can pretty damn well guarantee that I will." He kissed my forehead and then walked out of my bedroom. Some part of me was still shocked about everything that just happened. But more than shocked, I was happy.

Chapter 4: The truth is a painful thing to hear sometimes

Author's note: Idk why but this story seem to be the only story that I can update everyday. I love Tristan and Jenna's relationship, I kinda wish it'll stay the way it is but....drama has to start soon. I wanted to tell you all who read sex kitten that I'm not so sure if I want to finish it, I know it was probably just getting good but.....I'm really not into it like I was before. Sorry guys.

Chapter 4: The truth is a painful thing to hear sometimes

Once I got out of class, I went straight to work. I walked in feeling good. A little sore from last night but good none the less. I felt good. We were busy. I was in a pretty good mood. I walked to the back and put on my uniform and then started washing off the counters in the back. I didn't realize that Lindsey was watching me.

"Mmmmâ ¦..I smell a nonvirgin." She muttered. I looked at her. "What are you talking about?" I asked.

She smiled. "Since when do you walk into this fucked up place with a fucking smile on your face?"

"I'm not smiling, I'm smirking." I said shrugging.

"Soâ ¦.Tristan hit it pretty good huh?"

"I'm not talking about this with you." I said. Lindsey narrowed her eyes at me.

Dean came over to us. "Right. You two should be working. Not talking about Jenna getting laid last night."

"I did not get laid." I said.

"Its written all over your face, Jenna. Come on. Oh, and your dad came in here earlier. He's so hot."

"He did? What for?" I asked. Lindsey shrugged.

I sighed and took out my phone.

"Not early in the morning doll." Dean said. "Please just a couple minutes? I haven't talked to my dad in months."

"Make it quick." Dean said and then kissed Lindsey. I nodded and dialed my dad's number on my phone.

"Hello?" Asked a deep voice. I actually was happy to hear it.

"Dad." I said. He paused. "Hey, baby girl. I missed you." He said. I smiled. "Same here. Why did you come in the diner this morning?"

"I wanted to see you. Your mom misses you also."

"How is she?" I asked. He was quiet for a second. "Well Haley isâ ¦â ¦Haley."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"A little depressed. She had two miscarriages, honey. I'm concerned. But she's getting support from Honey."

"From who?"

"Fuck. I meant Andrea. Her friend since she was sixteen." He said. I nodded.

"Tell mom I'll be over later, dad."

"Alright baby. Bye."

"Bye." I whispered and then hung up.

I sighed and then put my phone in my pocket. "Everything okay?" Lindsey asked. I nodded and turned to her. "Yeah, my mom is just having a couple personal issues is all. I'm going to go see her later."

"I want to go." Lindsey said.

"You just want to go just to flirt with my dad." I said. Lindsey shrugged. "So?"

"My dad loves my mom, Lindsey. He's not planning on cheating on her anytime soon." I said.

"Damn." Lindsey whispered. I smiled and then turned and started taking orders and giving people their food. I only had to work for like three more hours. As the day went on and on, it became slower and slower.

"Damn, that shit must have been good last night. Look who just stepped in." Lindsey said. I already knew it was him. I turned and our eyes met at once. I sighed and looked to Lindsey.

"Your man." She said. No he wasn't. I walked over to him as usual and he kept his eyes on me. "Hey." I said.

He smiled. "When's your break?" He asked.

"I can probably take one now." I said. He nodded. "Do it then."

"Why?" I asked.

He glanced around the diner and then looked at me. "You know exactly why." He answered.

"I can't do that. I have to go see my parents after work."

"You can't go home and take a shower before?"

"Yes I can but that wasn't the original plan I had in my mind."

"Take. Your. Break." He said slowly. I leaned over his table so we were face to face. "You think that just because you fucked me last night, you have control over me?"

"I just want you again." He said shrugging.

"Why aren't you ever at work?"

"I take time off. I have a month vacation off so I might as well make the best of it. Starting with you." He said nodding. I sighed and turned to see Lindsey looking at me. I turned back to Tristan who was staring at my breasts and then his eyes went to mine.

"So you think you can just come in here and tell me to take my break so you can have your way with me inâ ¦I'm guessing the backseat of your car?"

"Why are you getting smart with me? You are the same girl that was underneath me crying my name last night right?" He asked.

I glared at him. "I don't understand what you want. You say that you like me yet you have act like a total jackass."

"Well ditto." He said shrugging.

"I'm not going to do this with you, Tristan. Do you want me to be yours or not?" I asked.

"I don't fucking know."

"Okay, I'll take that as a no. Get the fuck out of the diner." I said and then turned and walked away. As soon as I walked towards Lindsey, I can feel the tears pouring down my cheeks. Lindsey followed me into the employee's bathroom and closed the door.

I wiped my tears with some tissue. Lindsey took something out of her pocket and I looked to see what. "Really? Weed? Are you kidding me?"

"Come on. Everyone's tried it little girl and you look like you could need it."

"The last thing I need is to get high right now. I have to go see my parents soon."

"Come on, I'm sure your mom and your fine ass dad has been high before. They'll understand." She lit it up with a red lighter and took a puff and then blew out the smoke. "Fuck. That's good. Here." She held it out towards me.

"Lindsey, I don't do that."

" You're a smoking virgin and you need to get rid of that. It'll take the edge off from whatever the hell he did to you." She said. I looked at it and felt disgusted. I shrugged. Why the hell not?

I took it from her. "You are a bad influence on me." I said. Lindsey smiled and leaned against the wall. She took out a cigarette. My mouth dropped. "Do you want to die? What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Hey, I got two little kids, a boss whose literally always up my ass, dealing with two baby daddies and am stuck with rent and bills day after day. I deserve this." She said lighting up the cigarette.

I sighed and put the blunt to my lips and inhaled. I started coughing and took it away. "Fuck. What the hell is this?" I asked still coughing.

"First timer. You'll be fine." She said taking it from me.

"You're fucking crazy." I said covering my mouth as I coughed. Lindsey chuckled. Soon, I walked out of the bathroom. I didn't see Tristan in the place anymore and some part of me grew upset. I walked back to the kitchen. "I'm going to have to fire the both of you if ya'll don't start doing your job." Dean said.

"Shut up." Lindsey said slapping his arm. "When are you going to start doing some shit that matters?"

"When are you gonna give me a raise?" She asked.

I ran my fingers through my hair and sighed. "What's wrong?" Dean asked.

"I just really want to go see my mom." I said. Dean sniffed the air. "Ya'll been smoking? Come on, this is a diner."

"Right. This is a diner and people like to get fucking stoned in the morning and there's nothing wrong with that." Lindsey said.

"I'm going to fire you and hire a waitress who's actually good at her job." Dean said to Lindsey. While they were talking, I snuck away.

I got into my car and drove over to my parents' house. Yes, Dean may fire my ass when I get back but it doesn't matter. I want to see mom and dad. So bad it hurts. I can't believe it's been months since we've seen each other. I pulled up to their house which was three times bigger than mine.

I got out of my car and went to the door. Before I even had a chance to knock on the door, my dad answered it. I smiled. "Daddy." I said. He pulled me into a hug and then let go of me. My dad didn't look old at all. I truthfully had no idea how old he was. But I knew my mom was thirty five now and didn't look a day over twenty.

"Lindsey wanted to come." I said. He scoffed. "The blonde girl who winked at me?"

"She winked at you?" I said shaking my head.

He nodded. "She's way too young for me." He said smiling.

"And mom isn't?" I asked. He frowned a little. "So, how's school going?" He asked. Subject change but I wasn't going to bring that up. "Failing."

"Failing? Jenna I don't pay that much fucking money just to have you failing."

"Dad, calm down. They tell me things I already know. There's no point."

"So what exactly am I paying for then?" He asked leading me up the swirl set of stairs.

"You, dad said, and I quote "You need to go to college and take at least one course. And I don't give a damn if it's for stripping. You take at least one fucking course." End quote." I said. Dad narrowed his eyes at me.

"One course and you actually pass in it, baby. I didn't say go to one course so you can fail it, Jenna. Be smarter about these things."

"Okay, okay, dad. I'm having boy problems and school is the last thing on earth I want to talk about right now. I'll get my grades up. I promise." I said.

He nodded and sighed. "I know you will. I trust you."

I smiled. "Where's mom?" I asked. He pointed down the hall when we got to the top of the stairs. I walked down the hall and walked to the last door. I slowly opened it to see my mom sitting on her bed talking to a pregnant woman. My mom's face brightened. "Jenna." She whispered. I smiled and walked over to her. She smiled. "Jenna, this is my best friend, Andrea." She said. I shook hand with the pretty brunette woman who had hair the color of honey.

"I'll give you two sometime alone, plus I think DJ wants something to eat." She said rubbing her pregnant stomach. Mom smiled and nodded. Andrea got up and walked out of the room closing the door behind her. I sat down on the bed next to my mom.

"Hi mom." I said. She smiled.

"How are you?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Eh." Was all I said.

"School?"

"You don't want to know." I responded.

"Work?" She asked. "You don't want to know." I said again.

"Boyfriend?" I shook my head. "You really don't want to know."

She shook her head. "Come on, tell me. Who's the guy?" She asked. I sighed. "His name is Tristan. Tristan Niles. And momâ ¦â ¦this guy isâ ¦.he is seriously a fucking diamond."

"That hot huh?"

I nodded. "You have no idea. Anyway, weâ ¦.we did it and I want to start a relationship with him but he seems to want us to be sex partners andâ ¦.I just don't know what to do. Did you ever have to go through that with dad?" I asked.

She bit her lip and shook her head. "Well no. Not really. Not at all."

"How did you and dad finally get together?" I asked. Now that I think about it, I never asked that. A lot of kids didn't but I really wanted to know now. I wonder if dad was a total asshole when they first met.

"So, why are you failing school?"

"Mom, how did you and dad meet?" I asked. She didn't look at me she looked out the window that had the view of the ocean.

"Mom?" I asked. I could see tears coming to her eyes.

"What is it? Tell me please." I begged.

She slowly looked to me. "I was running away from home when I was sixteen years old. And a man kidnapped me from the streets. And the man was your dad." She whispered. I slowly took in what she said.

"What?" I asked.

She brought her knees up to her chin and sighed. "He made me live in a house with him and other girls."

"What did he do to you?" I asked. She looked at me and sniffed. "Jennaâ ¦."

"What did he do to you mom?" I asked. My voice more firm.

"Heâ ¦.beat me andâ ¦â ¦raped me." She said weakly. I never felt so much anger towards one person before. I wanted to fucking stab my dad.

"So was I created by rape?" I asked.

She shook her head. "No, honey, I fell in love with your dad and we wanted to make you."

I stood up and glared at her. "You fell in love with him after he fucking kidnapped you? Are you out of your mind? He kidnaps you and rapes you and you fall in love with him? What the hell is your problem?" I asked. I couldn't control my anger. This was seriously fucked up. I stormed towards the door and out of the room and downstairs to find my dad. He was drinking out of a cup and sat it down on the desk as he looked at me.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"You. You're a fucking idiot."

"Excuse me? What the fuck did you just say?" He asked. Some part of me has always been afraid of my dad.

"How could you?"

"How could I what? What are you talking about?"

"You kidnapped mom when she was sixteen years old! How could you do that?!"

He stayed quiet while looking down at the floor. "I wanted Haley the second I saw her, Jenna." He said.

"So you had to take her and rape her to show her how much you wanted her? That is so fucked up. I can't believe you would do that."

"It was seventeen years ago, Jenna. It's over."

"No! How would you like it if some guy came and kidnapped me?" I asked.

"I wouldn't like it at all! I'd kill the fucking bastard." He said glaring down at me.

"Exactly. So what makes you think that what you did was okay?"

"It wasn't okay! I know I'm a lunatic for kidnapping a sixteen year old girl and putting her through everything I put her through. I will never fucking forgive myself. But It was a long time ago. I will never do that again."

"Do you look at me that way?" I asked. My dad turned red with anger. "Tell me you're fucking kidding me." He said.

"I don't know if I am. You like looking at sixteen year olds why not check out a nineteen year old?"

"You need to stop it, Jenna. Right fucking now."

"You are a fucking dick, Shane." I said and then stormed out of the house. I couldn't believe it. I got into my car and drove off. I would have been better off at work. Instead I just found out that my dad kidnapped my mom and when she was only sixteen years old. I will never give him any kind of respect ever again. Better yet, I'm never going to talk to him again.

Chapter 5: Mr. Tristan Niles has my heart

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When I got back to work, I parked in the driveway. I laid my head back in the seat and tried my hardest not to cry. I know it happened a while ago. A decade and seven years ago but it still hurted me. Mom must have been so scared. I couldn't even imagine that happening to me. I might as well just go home; my shift is almost over anyway. I reversed out of the driveway and drove home. I didn't know why it bothered me so much. It just stayed stuck in my head. I got in the tub when I got in my house. Still thinking about it. Maybe I was too harsh. He was in love with my mom. That's why he took her. I closed my eyes and took in the silence of my house. I need to think of something else. Anything else.

Tristan.

My finger softly rubbed over my stomach and down to my already wet pussy. Wet just from thinking of him. I closed my eyes and relaxed. Pumping my fingers in and out slowly while moaning his name over and over. I was about to cum already just from a few seconds. I pumped faster spreading my legs wider. "Oh. Oh Tristan. Please." I moaned.

"What?" Asked a voice. I opened my eyes and sat up quickly. I got my fingers out and looked up wide eyed at Tristan standing beside the tub.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I asked.

He smirked. "I was about to come over and apologize for pissing you off. I might already be forgiven though."

I rolled my eyes. "How did you get in here?"

"You left the door unlocked." I sighed. "I did? Shit."

Tristan stared at me. "So, can I join you?" He asked. I unplugged the water. "I'm about to get out, actually." I grabbed the towel from the towel rack and stood up and wrapped it around my body. I got out of the tub and walked into my bedroom and Tristan quietly followed me. I was actually hoping he would push me on the bed and start fucking me like he did last night. I wanted him bad. I needed him bad.

"Come here." Tristan said as he sat on the bed. I slowly walked over to him. He grabbed the towel and pulled it off of me. He ran his hands down my hips and down my legs and then he smiled at me. I smiled back down at him. "Are you going to give me what I want?" He asked.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"You know I only want you." He whispered while he kissed my stomach. He then got up and pulled his shirt over his head. I was anxious for this. I got on my knees and unbuckled his belt. He placed his hand in my hair while looking down at me. I got his belt unbuckled and unbuttoned his pants. I then pulled them down and then his boxers. His cock stood straight up in front of me. I was feeling horny so I gently took it in my hands. My thumb rubbed over the head of it. Tristan's breathing was getting heavy. I put my mouth over the tip and Tristan pushed it in my mouth and moaned while running his fingers through my hair. He fucked my mouth slowly moaning with each thrust. I wanted to feel him cum in my mouth. I could feel him throbbing. "Shit." He breathed while looking down at me. I couldn't fit all of him in my mouth but I got in a little more than half. I pumped my mouth back and forth over his thick length. "Oh shit I'm about to cum." Tristan said pumping

faster in my mouth. I soon felt a rush of sweet and salty liquid in my mouth. And I swallowed it immediately. I slowly removed my mouth from around him and looked up at him. He smiled down at me. "You're good at that." He whispered breathless.

He made me stand up and then lifted me off the floor. I wrapped my legs around him as he carried me out of the room. "Where are we going?" I asked. Before he answered, He threw me down on the couch. "I plan to fuck you on every inch of furniture in this house." He said. I nodded and he positioned himself in between my legs.

"What makes you think this won't be your last time fucking me?" I asked looking up into his eyes. Tristan smiled. "You asked me that last time and yet I have you on this couch underneath me." He whispered.

"This could easily be the last time." I said.

"Jenna, me and you both know, this won't be the last time I'm inside you." He said. Tristan leaned down and kissed me while he grabbed my leg and lifted it up. I moaned when he entered me. He thrusted his whole length inside me to the point where I could feel him in my stomach.

"Ahh fuck." I breathed out. Tristan leaned back and pulled me up so I was now riding him. I threw my head back and moaned. His lips brushed my neck gently. "Jenna." He whispered as I rode him faster. Christian grabbed my hips forcing me down more on his dick. "Tristan! I have to cum!" I cried.

"Damn, already?" He asked. I smiled at him. "I was extremely horny when I was in the tub." I explained. He smiled. "Horny because you were thinking of me."

"Mmmh, Tristan, don't get cocky. You don't want to be kicked out of my house with a hard on do you?" I asked.

"Trust me I don't. But all this talking is making me go soft, Jenna."

"Oh, I'm so sorry." I whispered. Tristan smiled and pushed me back down onto the couch. "Be a good girl and cum for me." He whispered. I was already half way there so I knew I'll be cumming fast.

Tristan slid out of me and pushed in deeper rubbing his cock against my moist walls. I closed my eyes and grabbed the back of the couch and closed my eyes.

"Fuck Jenna, you're so damn tight." He grunted while thrusting harder to the point where it almost hurt. But it was a pleasurable pain. He held my leg in the air while kissing me.

"Are you going to cum for daddy?" He asked. "Fuck yes!" I screamed and I released hard around his cock. I was breathing hard and Tristan leaned down to kiss me and I soon felt his warm cum fill me up. We were both breathing equally hard. Tristan kissed me again and then slid out of me. I immediately missed him in me again. What the fuck was I turning into?

Tristan sat on the other end of the couch facing me with my feet in his lap. We were quietly staring at each other. "What was that?" I asked.

"What was what?" He asked.

"What you said. "Are you going to cum for daddy?" What was that?" I asked. Tristan smirked. "Did it not turn you on?" He asked.

"It actually did. But, it just came out of no where." I said. He smiled and nodded. "A lot of girls like that. To call guys daddy and a lot of girls like to be called slut and whore. And girls like to be dominated. Do you?" He asked.

I shook my head. "This is not going to be like that '*Fifty shades of grey'* book is it?"

"You read that?" He asked amused.

"Yeah I did. I don't think I can handle you acting like Christian Grey."

"Did the book make you wet?" He asked. I smiled. "Maybe a little." I admitted. He smiled. "I could dominate you if I wanted to. If I knew you could handle it."

"I can't and I already know that so don't get any ideas."

Tristan chuckled and caressed my leg. "I know that." He said nodding.

"Tell me something about you."

"Like what?"

"Anything." I whispered.

Tristan looked up to the ceiling for a second. "I have a brother and a sister. Wellâ ¦..sister in law. Ronnie is my brother and Leah is my sister in law. Now tell me something about you." He said.

I breathed out. "My dad kidnapped my mom." I admitted.

"What the fuckâ ¦?" He asked. I sighed and closed my eyes. "Well when my mom was sixteen, my dad kidnapped her and beat her and raped her."

"Are they still together?" He asked. I nodded. "She fell in love with him. I just found out today and it really made me angry."

Tristan shook his head. "If I ever raped you, what would you do?" He asked. I shrugged. "Kick your ass." I answered. He smiled and nodded. "Good." He whispered.

"Do you want to?" I asked. I know it was a stupid question.

"I'm all for the rape play and rough sex but there is nothing sexy about painfully hard fucking a girl to the point where she cries. It's not sexy and its not a turn on."

"I get turned on by rape scenes in some movies." I admitted.

He smiled. "I do too sometimes." He said. We stared at each other. This is not your every day conversation.

"Fuck." I whispered.

"What?"

"I have class tomorrow."

"I want to stay with you." He said. The way he said it, it seemed like he's never said that to anyone before. I just stared at him and I was actually happy.

"You can stay with me."

Chapter 6: I'm his girl now

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When I woke up, I was in bed alone. I smiled and got out of bed. I opened my white curtains and the sun was shining brightly on me. This morning was warm. All I had on was a white lace tank top and white lace panties. I hardly ever wore anything around the house. I walked out into the living room and stared at Tristan. He was laying on my couch looking back at me.

"When I said I wanted to spend the night, I meant in the bed with you."

"Wellâ¦we're not together soâ¦." I shrugged and walked into the kitchen. I went to the refrigerator and took out the milk. "What if we were?" He asked leaning against the counter. I looked up at him.

"Excuse me?" I asked.

"What if I told you to be my girlfriend?" He said smirking. I shrugged although I wanted to jump up and down excitedly. "What would you say?" He asked.

"I'd probably say yes." I said. Tristan nodded.

"So are you saying yes?" He asked.

"Are youâ¦..asking me?"

Tristan bit his lip and sighed. "I don't want you to fuck anyone else. And I want you to be mine soâ¦.yes, I'm asking you to be mine."

I hid my wide smile. "Alright, I'm yours then." I said. Tristan smiled. "We're not going to be one of those cutesy couples that tell each other we love each other every five seconds." He said.

"What kind of couple will we be then?" I asked.

"The kind that will do something new in bed every night. We don't cheat on each other and we drink and smoke together. And we don't have to let everyone know we're together."

"I'll tell my mom and my best friend eventually." I said as I grabbed a bowl. I grabbed the box of captain crunch and poured it into the bowl. Then I poured the milk in and grabbed a spoon.

"So do we get to meet each other's parents?" I asked. Tristan shrugged. "Yeah, my mom and dad are completely insanely in love. Butâ¦.they're good people. My real mom put me up for adoption and I moved in with this couple. April and Daeton Jorners."

"Well shouldn't your last name be Jorners?"

"I changed my last name when I became eighteen."

"And how old are you now?" I asked.

"24." He answered. He came over to me, lifted my spoon from my bowl and took a bite from my cereal. When he put the spoon down, he kissed me.

"I got to go to class soon." I said. Tristan shook his head. "Skip it."

"My dad will be pissed." I said.

"Aren't you mad at him?" He asked. He had a point. I didn't feel like going anyway. "Good point."

"My month vacation is over. I have to go back to work today."

"What do you do?" I asked.

"Irrelevant, Jenna." He said. I sighed. "I want to know."

"I'm an accountant." He said. I nodded. "For how long?"

"Do you really care about that?"

"Not really. Just making conversation." I said. He smirked. He took my face in his hands and kissed me. His tongue teased mine and his hands went to my hips and he lifted me onto the counter. As soon as he began taking my tank top off, someone knocked on my door. "Fuck." Tristan whispered. I pushed him away and hopped off the counter. I grabbed my robe from the coat rack. I know, a lame place to put it. I slipped it on and opened the door.

It was my dad.

I sighed and turned slightly. Tristan was standing right behind me. "I'm sorry, I didn't realize you had company." dad said.

"Tristan this is my dad, the guy that kidnapped my mom when she was sixteen. That guy."

"Come on, Jenna." Dad said.

"I'll beâ ¦..upstairs." Tristan said. He turned and walked away from us. Dad stood there staring at me. "You're not going to invite me in?"

"No."

"Okay, I know I pissed you off extremely but just let me explain." He said. I slowly stepped aside to let him in the house.

He walked in and I closed the door. He sat down on the couch and ran his fingers through his hair. I sat on the other couch and stared at him. "You can explain now."

He looked at me and nodded. "My dad, well, your grandfather, is the one who started it."

"Started what?" I asked.

"The business. Kidnapping girls and selling them."

My eyes grew wide. "Selling them?"

He nodded. "Selling them for money. I owned a house filled with girls. Teenage girls mostly. And they all had bosses. There were at least six other men and all of us and the girls lived together. Andâ ¦the men, including me would rape the girls and punish them andâ ¦.a few have been killed."

"Killed? Why?"

"Because some don't obey. Your mom wasn't really punished like the others. I think I cared too much about her. The only things I did to punish her was rape her, make her watch one of my friends kill this girl, and watch me rape her best friend. Andrea. The woman she was with yesterday." He said.

"And Andrea was okay with being in the house yesterday?"

"No. She was kind of scared but wanted to see Haley."

"So you were nicer to mom than all the other girls?" I asked. He nodded.

"There was something about her. I hurt her and I will always hate myself for that. I love Haley so fucking much it hurts, Jenna." He said.

"So its over? You two you don't bring it up anymore?"

"I call her Ginger occasionally. I gave all the girls names and Andrea, her name was honey because of her hair color of course."

"When do you call her that? Just around the house?"

Dad looked slightly uncomfortable. "Also when we're fu-"

"Okay dad! That's enough. I got it. I got it." I said. I didn't want him going any further. Dad doesn't really care about my age or who I am to him, he says whatever he wants and whatever he feels.

"So, Haley was just at the wrong place at the wrong time. Butâ ¦she loves me. And I love her. And we put it behind us. I was hoping you can do the same Jenna."

I leaned forward. "I can do that. I can't forget it but I can put it to the back of my mind."

He nodded and smiled. "That's all I ask."

I nodded. "Okay, but, can I ask one question?"

He nodded once.

"Were you ever going to tell me?" I asked. He looked me in my eyes and shook his head. "Truthfully, Jenna, no I wasn't. And neither was Haley."

"Why?"

"It would have just been better off if you wouldn't have known. But now you do so its too late." He said shrugging.

"So, let's just pretend this conversation never happened." I said. Dad smiled. "Right and I'm pretty sure, you want me to leave so that you can get back to yourâ ¦..uh... your guy up there." He got up and began walking to the door.

"Thanks dad." He opened the door and turned to me. He dug into his pocket and brought out a roll of money. "$25,000. Spend it wisely, baby." He put the money in my hand and kissed my forehead. "Oh andâ ¦.if that asshole puts one hand on you that you don't like, you tell me and I'll fuck him up."

"Dad, dad, I got it. He knows not to do that to me. He's sweet." I said. He nodded. "Take care, honey."

"Alright, bye dad." I said closing the door. Tristan came downstairs smiling. "Well he's gone."

"Yep." I answered.

Tristan began kissing me but I softly pushed him away. "Hey, I think I'm going to go to class."

"Why?"

"My dad. I can't just waste his money like that." I said.

"Oh so now you care." He said. I shrugged. "He gave me money. He does a lot for me. So yeah, I care." I said running upstairs.

Tristan followed me. I went to my closet to pick out some clothes. Tristan came up from behind me and picked me up and threw me on the bed. I stared up at him as he got on top of me. "Come on, I have to go." I said.

"And?" He asked while leaning down to kiss me.

"And," He kept kissing me in between words. "And I have to go."

"I don't want you to." He whispered while keeping my wrists pinned to the bed.

"Don't be a dick." I said. Tristan chuckled and grinded his cock against me.

"Tristan." I moaned.

"What?" He asked panting. Pleasure was on his face and I could feel him getting hard.

"Stop. I have to go get ready." I tried pushing him off but he got stronger. "Come on, I'm serious." I said forcefully pushing him off of me.

"What the hell is your problem?" He asked.

I got up from the bed. "I just have to go, okay?"

Tristan stared at me as I slipped my robe off. "Don't you have to go to work?" I asked.

"Not until twelve." He got and came over to me. "And I want you before you have to leave." I turned and looked at him. "And I can't miss any more classes. What time do you get off work?" I asked.

"Nine thirty. I might as well come over here after work."

"I'm probably going to have to go to Lindsey's house after work."

"You can give me your key." He said kissing my neck.

"Yes, or I cannot." I said smiling.

"Well then let me pick you up and we'll go to my house afterwards." I did always want to see his house.

"Okay, well I'll be leaving her house around ten so, I can just give the address and you can come pick me up." I said.

"Alright. Call me and tell me what it is."

"Alright. I got to get in the shower." I kissed him and then went into the bathroom.

"You don't mind if I tell him where you live do you?" I asked Lindsey as I was washing dishes at work.

"Of course not. I actually want to meet him."

"No flirting with my boyfriend." I playfully warned her. Her eyes grew wide. "Oooh, you put a label on you two."

"Well he told me that's what he wanted so that's what he is."

"So how is he in bed?" She asked.

I didn't answer.

"Oh come on, I'm your best friend."

I looked at her. "I love sex. Case closed." I said. Lindsey busted out laughing as she nodded. "Yes. You are not innocent anymore. I was waiting for that."

"I don't know what to say about it. It's fantastic. Brilliant. Amazing."

"I bet your dad is too." She muttered. I looked at her. "Lindsey, my dad is never going to want you. He's married to my mom. And he loves the shit out of her. Give it up."

"If your dad slept with me once, he'll leave her."

"Yeah, right."

Dean walked over to us. "Coming home with me?" Lindsey asked.

Dean nodded. "Yeah, later but I have to see my son first. He's been acting as bad as your kids." He said. Lindsey rolled her eyes. "Andy is worse than Alicia is. I caught your son jacking off."

"Yeah, once, in his room. He wasn't just out in the open."

"Can we stop talking about a little boy jacking off and go home please?" I asked. Dean kissed Lindsey and gave her the amount of money she earned for the day and then gave me mine. I placed it in my pocket as me and Lindsey walked out of the diner. Dean locked up and I got into Lindsey's car with her.

"Did you tell him the address?" She asked. I nodded. She drove over to her house and I stayed and watched her kids for a little while she went to her parents house. They called her and told them they wanted to talk to her about something.

I was braiding one of Alicia's pigtails. "How late does your mom let you stay up?" I asked.

"Nine." Alicia responded while writing in her journal.

"How about ten tonight?" I asked. Alicia turned and smiled. "Yeah! Ten!" She turned and continued writing in her journal.

Me and Alicia stayed up watching Paranormal Activity on Netflix. Jonathan went to his friend's house.

Soon, I heard Lindsey's car pull up into the driveway and the car turned off. And soon the door was forced open. Lindsey walked in and slammed it shut. Her eyes were red with tears and mascara was running down her cheeks. "Go to your fucking room!" She yelled at Alicia.

Alicia quickly got up and ran up the stairs. "Lindsey what's wrong?" I asked. She kicked over a small glass side table and a dark blue vase fell and broke into three pieces.

"Lindsey. Stop it, tell me what's wrong." I said grabbing her shoulders. She shrugged away from me. More tears fell out of her eyes. "My mother has cancer." She whispered.

"Oh honey I'm so sorry." I said trying to hug her. She shook her head. "No I don't want you to be fucking sorry for me. I'm not the one with the goddamn cancer." She said. She walked upstairs. I slowly followed behind her. She slammed her bedroom door closed. I opened it and closed it.

Lindsey was laying in her bed crying hysterically into her pillow. I sat down beside her and soothingly rubbed her back.

"Lindsey, I don't even know what to say." I said. She lifted her head up and looked at me. "I walked into that house and they sat me down and then came out with it. Didn't give me a warning or anything. Just boom. "I have cancer." And then nothing. I mean what the fuck?" She said.

"Well maybe she didn't want to beat around the bush. She wanted you to know. What kind of cancer?"

"Lung cancer. She doesn't know how long she has. She had it before but never told me about it and it went away for a while and then came back. She didn't....." She began crying again. "She didn't tell me. How could she not tell me before?" She buried her head back in the pillow.

"Maybe she wanted to but knew you were going to get upset so she kept it from you."

"Ugh, that's bullshit, Jenna. She should have told me. I'm nothing without her." She whispered.

"It's okay." I said. I couldn't imagine my mother having cancer. I'd probably die inside.

Chapter 7: He has me addicted

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Tristan picked me up and drove me home. I was quiet the whole car ride. "What's wrong?" He asked.

"My best friend's grandmother has cancer." I said.

"What kind?"

"Lung."

"That's fucked up." He said shaking his head.

"Really fucked up. Lindsey is about to go fucking crazy because of it. I never seen her so angry and upset. And I never seen her cry so hard."

Tristan wiped my tears away. "Hey, don't be upset. It's alright." He leaned over and kissed me.

Tristan pulled up to a tall two story glass house. I looked at him, all my sadness completely thrown away.

He smirked at me.

We both got out of the car and he led me up the glass stairs to the front door which was also glass. "Ever afraid of anyone looking into your house?" I asked. He shook his head.

"I don't give a fuck." He replied. He unlocked the door and walked in and I followed in behind him. He shut the door and I looked around his house. It was so elegant. Theme was black, white and well.....glass.

"Like it?" He asked. I nodded and smiled at him.

"Want to see the bedroom?" He asked giving me a lustful look. "I just told you about my friend and all you want is sex."

"It'll make you feel better." He said. And he had a hell of a point. He grabbed my hand and led me upstairs to the bedroom which was about the size of my kitchen and living room. He had a bed that could fit about ten people in it and everyone would be comfortable. "Ever had a threesome?" I asked.

Tristan chuckled. "More like fivesome."

"What?"

Tristan nodded. "I can pick up a lot of different girls, Jenna."

"Thanks for letting me know that." I said slipping my shoes off. Tristan took his jacket off and threw it onto the bed.

"Where does that door lead to?" I asked pointing to a glass door beside his black dresser.

"The balcony. Want to see?" He asked. I nodded. He grabbed my hand and led me out the door. The balcony wasn't huge but it was pretty big.

"You can see everything from up here." I said. I felt my shirt being lifted up. I turned to Tristan. "Up here? Really?" I asked.

"Why not?" He asked pulling the shirt over my head.

He turned me back around and began kissing the back of my neck while sliding his hands over my breasts. I could feel his hard on poking me in my back. Then his hands went down in between my legs. His hand slid underneath my shorts and panties. I moaned when he started playing with my clit with his finger.

My breathing was getting heavy and I could feel myself getting wet. I closed my eyes and whispered his name.

I was now leaning over the balcony as he pushed my shorts down to my thighs and then down to the floor. My black panties were down now to the floor along with my shorts. "Grab the ledge." Tristan whispered. I grabbed onto the ledge of the balcony as Tristan undid his pants. After two seconds, he grabbed my hips and thrusted his thick cock inside me. I lifted my chin up and laid my head back on his shoulder and moaned.

Tristan moaned with me thrusting harder while cupping my wet pussy. "Fuck." He breathed in my ear. I kept my hands on the ledge. I leaned over the balcony pushing my hips back to meet Tristan's cock. "Oh fuck. Tristan." I moaned. Tristan put his hand in my hair and forced my head back causing me to cry out while he fucked me harder.

His grip in my hair tightened and the thrusts were faster and deeper. I could feel my wetness dripping to the inside of my thigh. I could feel my stomach tightening. I moaned louder and breathed deeper while he continued to pull my hair to the point that it hurt. I was about to tell him that it hurts but before I could he let go of me and i released around his length while moaning in ecstasy. I was still bent over the balcony trying to catch my breath. I could feel a warm liquid squirting onto my ass. I turned to look at Tristan. "I wasn't wearing a condom. I couldn't cum in you." He explained. I nodded understanding. He grabbed all of my clothing that was discarded onto the floor and picked it up and went back inside. I followed him and took my bra off. Why not? All the rest of my clothes were off. Tristan placed my clothes in a hamper and led me to the bathroom where we then took a shower. As the water fell down on us, he kissed me deeply pressing me against the wall. It didn't stop no matter what was happening; our lust grew stronger and stronger for each other.

When we were done, we laid in bed naked. "So why were you still a virgin?"

"Where the hell did that come from?" I asked. He smiled and shrugged.

I sighed and shrugged. "I don't know. Just was saving it for as long as I could until-"

"I came along and fucked you?"

"Well, yeah, basically." I answered.

"You couldn't resist me." He assured me. I looked at him. "Don't get fucking cocky. You know I don't like that." I said.

He glared at me for a second before looking away. "I'm not changing for you, Jenna. Just because you're mine now doesn't mean I'm going to change my goddamn personality."

"I didn't ask you to. And I'm not changing for you either so don't expect me too."

"You have your bitch moments and a shitty attitude at times but I guess that's okay. I know how to clean that up."

"How?" I asked. Tristan looked at me for half a second before looking up at the ceiling. "Ask me a question." He said.

"A question?" I said. He cracked a smile and rolled his eyes. "Seriously." He said.

"Can I meet your brother and your sister in law?" I asked. Tristan sighed. "M e and Ronnie don't like each other. He's dead to me as I am to him. I doubt if he's ever even mentioned me to Leah."

"Why do you two hate each other?" I asked.

"Ronnie is a pussy. That's all I have to say."

"Yeah and you're a dick." I said.

Tristan's eyes went to mine. "Are you trying to be funny?"

"Yes." I said.

He rolled his eyes. I stared at him. His blue eyes. His 'just fucked' hair. His lips. How did he look so perfect? So...I don't know. And this perfect looking guy was just inside of me.

"What is it?" He asked.

"Ever thought of getting married?" I asked. He nodded. "But this girl wiped that idea right from my mind when she left me."

"Why'd she leave you?" I asked. He sighed. "She said I.....had issues. She was a whore anyway. I'm fucking glad she left."

"What was her name?" I asked.

"Clementine."

"Clementine?" I asked. He nodded and wrinkled his nose.

"I always hated her fucking name. What the hell is a clementine?" He said. I giggled and buried my head in a white fluffy pillow and sighed.

"Promise me you won't cheat on me, Jenna." He said. I looked at him and nodded. He shook his head. "Fucking say it."

"I promise I won't cheat on you, jeez." I said sitting up and hugging my legs. Tristan trailed a finger down my back.

"Sorry, I'm just serious about that kind of thing. Cheating is the worst kind of thing someone could do to someone they care about."

"I'm more concerned about you than you are of me."

"Why?" He asked.

"Look at you Tristan. A girl can get wet just by looking at you." I said. He smirked. "Did you?" He asked looking into my eyes with that lustful look I can't resist.

"Maybe." I answered. He sent me a cocky smile and I just rolled my eyes.

"And what about you, Jenna?" He asked.

"What about me?"

"You have to be one of the sexiest girls I ever known or even seen in my life."

"One of?" I asked. He bit his lip and smiled. "Clementine is number 1. You come in second place."

"Thanks a lot." I said sarcastically.

"I'm kidding. Relax. You are beyond beautiful. You have no idea what an understatement of that word "Beautiful" is for you." He kissed my shoulder and then my neck and then my lips.

"Any way, back to my point," I forgot all about his point. "You are sexy and have this look about you that drew me to you. And can probably draw in any other guys."

"So if how I look can draw in guys, why was I still a virgin at age 19?" I asked.

"Because you were too damn stubborn to let anyone in your pants. I was surprised you let me in."

"That's only because-"

"I'm so damn hot?"

"Cockiness makes me dislike you. You don't want to act that way, Tristan."

"Hmm." He sighed.

"Hmm what?" I asked. He smiled slightly.

"I love hearing you say my name better when you're moaning it." He said running his fingers through his hazel colored hair. I loved how his hair was always so messy but always looked good. I don't understand how it worked that way.

"Such a perv." I said shaking my head. I laid back down and Tristan laid beside me and pulled me to him.

He kissed me softly and I closed my eyes and drifted to sleep.

Author's note: I actually had sex on a balcony. It was fun!! lol sorry too much information

Chapter 8: Fuck him

Chapter 8: Fuck him

Two months later.....

I ran into the bathroom and shut the door quickly. I felt like my stomach dropped a hundred feet. And I was filled with disbelief in my head. No that didn't just happen. No, Tristan did not just do what he did to me. But the pain in my eye said differently. I slowly turned to look in the mirror at my eye where the skin was kind of dark and becoming swollen. Tears wanted to come down but I held them back.

A month ago things had been great. All until this moment. Rage filled my body. My heart. My fucking soul. I was taught not to let anyone touch me like that. My dad taught me how to fight and defend myself from guys. I shouldn't let this happen.

And the reason it did was because I talked back to him but I was an adult. I was allowed to.

I touched my throbbing eye and as soon as I did, a fist banged on the other side of the door. I leaned against the door and locked it and slid down to the floor.

"Open the door, Jenna." Tristan said softly. I shook my head. Now the tears were swelling up into my eyes. I closed my eyes slowly as I felt them slide out.

"Jenna, Jenna, open. the. fucking. door." He said slower which made him sound angrier.

"Fuck you." I said back. Tristan banged on the door harder.

"Listen, Jenna, I'm sorry okay? You were just irritating me. I had a bad day at work. My parents are irritating me. You were nagging me and I just couldn't take it so I hit you but it won't happen again. Okay? Come out of there." He said in his melty voice that he knew I couldn't resist.

"Do you think I'm stupid, Tristan?" I asked. He stayed quiet and I banged the door. "Huh? Do you think I'm stupid? Get the fuck out of my house."

"Unlock the door and let me in." He said. His soft tone became threatening.

"Or what?" I asked touching my eye that was becoming black.

"You'll see what happens if you don't."

"Fuck you, Tristan Niles." I whispered. He stayed quiet. I heard his footsteps walk away for a little. I wiped my tears away and looked to the clock hung up above my window. 3 A.M.

Tristan's footsteps came back to the door and I heard him as he sat down. He leaned against the door on the other side.

"Jenna?" He asked.

I kept quiet and closed my eyes while I hugged my knees.

"Jenna? I will never hit you again. Never again. You hear me? Just open the door and let's talk."

"No. You can leave."

"I love you, Jenna. Come on. Please just open the door."

"Tristan, leave my house right now."

"No. Open the door."

"Tristan I'm serious. Leave my fucking house. Now." I got up and turned to the door and unlocked it and opened it. Tristan was staring at me.

"I want you out."

"Fuck. I said I was sorry! What the fuck else do you want?"

"You to leave. Now." I said. Tristan stared at me glaring. He soon stepped back and left out of the room and I heard the door shut closed. I went and locked it and turned off every light in the house after i put a rag filled with ice on my eye. I turned on the TV and sat the ice down on my night stand and laid down. I couldn't get that whole scene out of my head although it was all i wanted to do. My eye was still throbbing. But I soon did fall asleep.

The next morning, I woke up to the sound of my phone ringing. My eyes were still closed as I reached for it and put it to my ear. "Not waking up." I said sleepily.

"Oh yes the hell you are if you want to keep your job." Dean said. I turned my head on my pillow and sighed. "Dean, I never asked for a day off before. Come on."

"We're really busy this morning, Jenna. If you're not in in the next ten minutes. You can kiss your job goodbye."

"Come on, I'm the best friend of your girlfriend, let me keep the job, Dean."

"You don't even need it, Jenna. Your dad is like rich. Isn't he a mob boss or something?"

"Ha ha very funny. No my dad works in....well I don't know but I'm on my way." I said.

"Good." Dean hung up the phone and I threw my phone on the other side of the bed and stood up and stretched. I walked into the bathroom and my eyes grew wide as harsh reality settled. My eye was very dark. Fuck. I can't go to work like this. I did have makeup I could use to cover it up.

I quickly showered and placed makeup on my eye. Dark eyeshadow to match my black eye. I decided it was best. I rushed out of the house and hurried to the diner. I walked in and straight to the back. Dean was staring at me. "I know. Sorry. Sorry. Sorry."

I grabbed my uniform and quickly changed in the bathroom and then walked back out. Lindsey stared at me as I grabbed a pad of paper and a pen and took orders. The customers all narrowed their eyes at me and gave me weird looks. I think the amount of eye shadow was too much. But imagine how worst it would be if i just walked in with a black eye.

I got back to the kitchen and placed down a sheet of paper. "Tuna fish sandwich on toasted wheat and an ice tea." I said giving the order to the cook. Lindsey looked at me.

"Honey, what the hell happened to your face?" She asked.

"What?"

"You look like an emo chick with seventeen pounds of makeup on."

"I wanted to try something new okay?" I asked.

Lindsey narrowed her eyes at me and then turned her head. "Your boyfriend is here." She said. I turned to look where she was looking. I sighed and ran my fingers through my hair.

"Fuck him." I whispered.

Lindsey's eyebrow rose. "What?" She asked.

I shook my head. Dean walked pass us. "I'll go take his order." He said. I grabbed the plate the cook gave to me and gave it to a woman and gave her her iced tea. Dean walked over to me. "He's requesting you and he's acting like a smartass. You should go handle that."

"I don't give a fuck about what he wants. Fuck him."

"Well you go tell him that, Jenna. I'm not going to get in the middle of it." Dean walked back to the kitchen and I looked at Tristan sitting in his usual spot. I slowly walked over and stood in front of him.

"There are about 20 more diners that are closer to your house than this one." I said. Tristan licked his lips and then ran his fingers through his hair. "I've been up all night thinking about what I did."

"What do you want, Tristan? I'm working. I don't have any time for your piece of shit guilt speech."

"Even if you don't forgive me, you still deserve an apology."

"Damn right I do. But I don't want to hear it. You can leave now." I said.

"I just got mad for a second. But I swear to you I'll never do it again, Jenna."

"I don't believe you. Guys will tell a girl anything."

"That's true but I'm serious."

"Fuck you." I turned and walked back to the kitchen. Lindsey stared at me. "Okay, what's going on?"

"What do you mean?"

"You come to work with a shit load of eye shadow on and then you cuss out your boyfriend."

"You heard that?"

"Everyone did."

I sighed. "I'm sorry I justâ ¦â ¦"

Lindsey stared at my eyes and then her eyes widened and understanding appeared on her face. "Oh my fucking goodness." She turned to look at Tristan and then looked back to me. "He hit you didn't he?" She asked. I didn't answer. Lindsey turned and started walking towards Tristan's table. I tried to call her back but she didn't listen and she shrugged me off.

I watched as she was having a low conversation with Tristan. I just stood back and waited. I then saw Lindsey bang the table hard and then walk back towards me. "He's an asshole. Why did you let him hit you?"

"It came out of nowhere, Lindsey. I was too shocked to fight back."

Lindsey sighed. "You're staying over my house tonight, Jenna. Okay?"

I nodded.

Lindsey stared at me and then pulled me into her arms. "You're my best friend. I never want to see you hurt." She whispered. I nodded while holding back tears. I'm so fucking mad at Tristan. I could fucking kill him right now. And I knew Lindsey wanted to kill him as much as I did.

"You know what? Lindsey, I'll stay at my own house tonight." I said.

"You sure?"

"Positive. I'll be fine." I said. Lindsey nodded.

"Okay but I'm gonna call you to make sure you're okay."

"Thanks." I said.

Lindsey suddenly smiled widely as she looked behind me. What?" I asked.

"Your dad." She whispered. I turned and my dad walked in. I smiled and walked over to him. "Hey dad."

"Hey. Ummâ ¦.what's with all that shit on your face?"

"Justâ ¦..trying something new. Don't worry it'll never happen again."

"Okay. I just wanted to stop bye and say hi. I was in the neighborhood."

"Why?"

"Handling some business." He said nodding.

"What kind of business?" I asked.

He narrowed his eyes. "Why do you want to know?"

"Don't you think we should be a little more honest with each other?"

"Yeah. We should be. So what really happened? Why do you have all the makeup on?" He asked leaning against the counter.

"Iâ ¦â ¦"

"Did that bitch hit you?" He asked.

I shook my head. "Why is that your first assumption? No dad he didn't hit me. Everything's fine. I'll take care of it."

"Jenna, first time he hits you, tell me. Okay?"

"Yes, yes dad. I get it."

"Is the make up a cover of a black eye?" He asked staring me in my eyes.

I shook my head. I wanted to handle this on my own. I couldn't get help for the rest of my life.

"Fine. Me and Haley will come by later. Okay?"

I nodded. He turned and looked over at Tristan who was still sitting in the booth. Then my dad looked at me. "I'll be back." He whispered and went and sat in the booth with Tristan. Oh shit. My dad is about to start some shit. He doesn't let anybody fuck with the people he loves.

After a couple minutes, Tristan got up and walked out of the diner. I looked at my dad and he nodded once and then walked out of the place.

Chapter 9: Thought I could be without you

Chapter 9: Thought I could be without you

When my shift was over, Lindsey stayed outside her car watching me until I got into my car. I drove home and saw my dad's car in the driveway. I walked into my house and saw my mom sitting on the couch watching TV. My dad was on the phone cussing out someone. Average family.

"Hey guysâ¦make yourself at home." I said. My mom smiled at me and got up and hugged me. "I missed you."

"I missed you too, mom"

"So Shane told me about your boyfriend. What's his name again?"

"He's not my boyfriend anymore and it was Tristan."

My dad hung up his phone and placed it on the table. "And she's denying the fact that he hit her."

"Dadâ¦he did not."

"Okay. Okay. Fine. Anyway, me, your mom, her friend Andrea and one of my friends are going up to the lake house on Monday. We were hoping you'd want to come."

"Of course. I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Good," My mom said smiling. "We were hoping you'd bring someone along but you've made it clear that you don't have a boyfriend anymore."

"I can bring Lindsey."

My dad shook his head. "No. She scares the shit out of me."

"Dad she's just in love with you." I said.

He smiled. "I'm not interested." He said shrugging and then looked over and winked at my mom. She blushed.

"I'll be there guys alone or with Lindsey." I said.

"Alright. I need to go. Have some business to take care of."

"The house?" My mom asked.

My dad nodded.

"You mean the house of girls? You're still in the business?" I asked.

"Well I'm not fucking the girlsâ¦justâ¦..selling them."

"And you're okay with this?" I asked my mom. She nodded.

"I mean yes I'd wish it'd stop but Shane doesn't seem to care what I think." She said looking up at him.

"Yes I do. This business is just what some people in my family want. I have to keep doing it rather I like it or not. I don't have a fucking choice." He said shrugging.

My mom sighed. "Okay well good luck dad." He smiled and grabbed his phone while my mom hugged me. "I'll see you Monday. You remember the directions, right?"

I nodded. "Always do."

She smiled and walked out of the door. My dad hugged me and then looked at me. "I'm always here for you, Jenna."

"I know dad."

He kissed my forehead and then left out. I closed and the locked the door behind him. I need a drink or five.

I went to my cabinet and brought out a bottle of vodka. I went into my room with the bottle and closed and locked my door. I put the bottle down on my night stand and pulled my shorts off and took off my shirt so that I was only in my tank top and panties and I went to my mp3 player and hooked it up to some speakers and turned up the song "So what" By Pink. I opened the bottle of Vodka and chugged the bottle. I sat the bottle down and started singing along as I jumped on my bed.

Na-na-na-na, na-na, na Na-na-na-na na-na Na-na-na-na, na-na, na Na-na-na-na na-na

I guess I just lost my husband I don't know where he went So I'm gonna drink my money I'm not gonna pay his rent

I got a brand new attitude And I'm gonna wear it tonight I'm gonna get in trouble I wanna start a fight

Na-na-na-na, na-na, na I wanna start a fight Na-na-na-na, na-na, na I wanna start a fight!

I jumped off my bed.

"So, so what? I'm still a rock star I got my rock moves And I don't need you

And guess what I'm having more fun And now that we're done I'm gonna show you tonight

I'm alright I'm just fine And you're a tool!"

I grabbed the bottle and drunk some more.

"So, so what? I am a rock star I got my rock moves And I don't want you tonight

Uh, check my flow, uh

The waiter just took my table And gave it to Jessica Simp, shit! I guess I'll go sit with drum boy At least he'll know how to hit

What if this song's on the radio Then somebody's gonna die I'm gonna get in trouble My ex will start a fight!

I jumped onto my bed and sung loudly.

"Na-na-na-na, na-na, na He's gonna start a fight Na-na-na-na, na-na, na We're all gonna get in a fight!

So, so what? I'm still a rock star I got my rock moves And I don't need you

And guess what I'm having more fun And now that we're done I'm gonna show you tonight

I'm alright I'm just fine And you're a tool

So, so what? I am a rock star I got my rock moves And I don't want you tonight!"

I continued jumping on my bed while chugging the vodka. I didn't care about anything tonight. I'm just glad I got out of that relationship with Tristan before it could get any worst.

"You weren't there You never were You want it all But that's not fair

I gave you life I gave my all You weren't there You let me fall!"

I put the bottle down and jumped off my bed and jumped to my chair while singing, "So, so what? I'm still a rock star I got my rock moves And I don't need you

And guess what I'm having more fun And now that we're done I'm gonna show you tonight

I'm alright I'm just fine And you're a tool!"

"So, so what? I am a rock star I got my rock moves And I don't want you tonight

No no, no no I don't want you tonight You weren't there I'm gonna show you tonight

I'm alright I'm just fine And you're a tool

So, so what? I am a rock star I got my rock moves And I don't want you tonight

Ba-da-da-da, da-da!"

I was tired and out of breath but wanted to sing and drink some more. I liked spending this time alone.

I then turned on "I love rock and roll" By Joan Jett. And it got me really hyper and I continued jumping around some more while singing along.

The next morning when I woke up I had a huge headache. Right. This is why I don't drink anymore. My phone rang and I looked at my clock. Eleven twenty. Damn. What time did I go to sleep? I sat up and ran my fingers through my hair and looked around my room. Three bottles of Vodka were lying on my bed. My dresser was lying flat on the floor. My makeup and shit was thrown all over the room. Damn.

It was Saturday. Thank god I didn't have class or work today.

Someone knocked on my door. I was still only in my tank top and panties. Oh who the hell cares?

I went downstairs and answered the door. It was Lindsey. She walked in.

"I called you three times last night and I knocked on your door. You didn't answer anything."

"I'm sorry. I wasâ ¦.celebrating."

"Celebrating?"

"I had myself a little party tonight."

"With who?" She asked.

"A guy name vodka and he made me very happy. Except for this fucking headache."

"You're hung-over?"

"So much." I laid down on the couch.

"You're not doing this because of Jackass are you?" She asked. I shook my head.

"Just wanted to release a little that's all." I said shrugging.

Lindsey sat across from me on my coffee table.

"Hey in about two days, I'm going to my family's lake house. Want to tag along?"

"Sure. Is your dad going to be there?" She asked. A wide smile creeped onto her face.

I rolled my eyes and nodded.

"Oh hell yeah. I'm there." Lindsey said smiling.

"Okay. Meet me here at like two."

"Alright. Wellâ ¦I just came over to make sure you were okay."

I nodded. "Yeah I'm fine. I justâ ¦.needed sometime alone and I got it so I'm fantastic now." I said.

"Alright. I'll see you on Monday."

"Okay."

Lindsey got up and left.

I spent the whole day cleaning up my house. I couldn't stand it being so fucked up.

At about nine at night, someone knocked on my door. Lindsey needs to stop worrying about me. I was fine. I went up to the door and opened it.

Tristan stared at me.

I stared back at him. "What are youâ ¦?"

"Can I come in?" He asked.

I shook my head. "No. No you can't come in."

"Jenna, you can't push me away forever."

"Yes the fuck I can."

Tristan put his hand on the door making it open more and causing me to back into the house as he came in staring down at me. He shut the door and kept his eyes on me.

"Get the fuck out you cocky prick."

Tristan walked over to me and I backed up until I was pressed against the wall. "Tristan please." I whispered.

"Please what?"

"Get out."

"No, Jenna."

I pushed him as hard as I could. "I said get the fuck out you fucking idiot!"

Tristan pushed me against the wall and started kissing me. I tried to push him away.

"Stop." I whispered.

Tristan grabbed my face with both his hands and made me look up at him. "I'm sorry, Jenna. I won't ever hurt you again. Okay? I love you." He whispered.

"No. Fuck you." He kissed me again while pulling down my pants. His lips didn't leave mine for a second. Tears came to my eyes as he basically ripped my shirt from my body. I was now only in my panties. "Tristan, I'm serious. Get out."

"Make me." He breathed and then kissed me again. He picked me up and made me wrap my legs around him as he put me on my desk. "Please Tristan, don't."

He kissed me while a gripping a handful of my hair. "Don't." I kept saying while he kept kissing me. He got his pants down and pulled me closer to him and slowly entered me. I stopped fighting and let him kiss me. I invited his tongue in my mouth. I didn't want to fight any longer. I just wanted to feel him cum inside me.

Chapter 10: Best friend lecture

Sorry this chapter is so short

Chapter 10:Best friend lecture

Me and Tristan laid on the floor out of breath and tired from fucking on every inch of the house like he said we'd do. I have never came so many times before. It was amazing.

I wasn't supposed to let Tristan back in my life but I don't know what came over me. I just let him back in.

I looked over at him and he was staring back at me. Satisfaction was on his face. "What did my dad say to you yesterday at the diner?" I asked.

"He told me that if I ever hurt you, he'd beat the shit out of me." He said.

"You have to meet my parents this Monday at the lake house I have to go to."

"I have to work."

"Well take time off. This is important."

"Fine. I'll do it."

"Thank you." I kissed him and then got up. Tristan got up with me and followed me upstairs.

"Hey, what did Lindsey say to you?" I asked.

"She told me she's going to fuck me up if I hit you again." He said.

"Well I think you deserved those lectures from my dad and Lindsey."

"I know. I told youâ ¦.never again." He said staring in my eyes. I nodded because like a dumbass, I believe him although I know now that he'll snap at any time and I just have to be ready.

It was about seven in the morning by the time me and Tristan went to sleep.

When I woke up, Tristan was out of bed before me. I looked out the window and his car was still here parked in my driveway. I walked downstairs and went to the kitchen.

Tristan had sat a plate of food

down on the table and looked at me.

A small smile appeared on his face. "So, I don't normally do shit like this." He said.

A smile appeared on my face. "No one ever cooked for me except my mother. And my dadâ ¦.sometimes."

Tristan looked down at the food and then back at me. "I just want you to be happy."

"I am happy." I said staring at him. He smirked.

I walked over to the table and sat down. A cheese omelet, bacon, sausage and toast with jelly on it. "Wow. You really made this?"

"Yes. I just wanted to prove to you how sorry I am."

"I know you're sorry, Tristan. You can stop proving it now. Just know that if you ever hit me again, I'll kick your ass."

"Yeah, yeah. I know." He said sitting down beside me.

Tristan looked at me as I started to eat. "I want you to meet my friends. Andâ ¦Ronnie and his wifeâ ¦eventually."

"Really?"

"Yeah. Andâ ¦I want to ask you something."

"Okay."

"Not now. Maybe once we get to the lake house."

Oh shit. That reminds me. Lindsey isn't going to be so happy about the fact that I was back together with Tristan and he was coming to the Lake house with us.

"Okay." I said. After I was done eating, I took a shower with Tristan and got dressed and went over Lindsey's house.

She opened the door and smiled at me. "Hey come on in."

I walked in and saw Dean sitting on a chair in the kitchen. "Damn. I have to see you on my days off too?" I asked joking.

Dean rolled his eyes. "What happened to your eye?" He asked. I forgot that it may still be kind of purple by now.

"I was playing around with Tristan and he made a mistake and punched me in my eye. It doesn't hurt though." I said.

Dean narrowed his eyes at me.

Lindsey followed me into the living room and I sat down on the couch.

"So what's up?" She asked.

I took a deep breath. "I'm back together with Tristan." I said.

Lindsey looked at me like I just told her I have cancer. I guess to her, Tristan was like Cancer.

"Are you out of your fucking mind?" She asked.

"He apologized to me, Lindsey."

"So the fuck what? You think he's just going to hit you that once and then never again? That's bullshit. That's what Johnnie told me. I should have gotten out of that marriage sooner but I didn't. I went back to him and he beat my ass some more. And that's exactly what's going to happen to you. Don't be stupid."

"It's not up to you who I'm with. I love him, Lindsey."

"You are making a mistake. My ex did horrible shit to me. Any guy who hits you doesn't give a fuck about you."

"It's okay. I can defend myself."

"You shouldn't have to! You shouldn't have to defend yourself from the motherfucker who claims he loves you." She said.

"I didn't come here for a fucking lecture. I just came here to say he's going to the lake house to meet mom and dad."

"Well thenâ ¦I'm not going." She said. I shook my head and sighed.

"I am letting him back into my life, Lindsey. Rather you like it or not. And he's going to stay with me."

"Okay. Just know that I won't be there to protect you when he gives you another black eye. I will be sitting on my couch with Dean and my children while you're at home crying in the bathroom because he hit you. And I won't be there."

"It's not your fight. So stay the fuck out of it."

"You need to stay away from him, Jenna. I'm saying this because I love you."

"You think every guy is going to be just like your ex."

"Johnnie raped meâ ¦.repeatedly. And that's how I got Jonathan and Alicia. Against my will. That can happen to you."

"It won't."

"You don't know that."

"Yes I do. Tristan apologized."

"Johnnie apologized. That's all he did when he wasn't abusing me."

"Tristan is not Johnnie. If you're not coming to the Lake house, then fine."

"Fine." She said.

I got up and left out of her house. Regardless of what Lindsey thinksâ ¦..I'm going to stay with Tristan.

Chapter 11: Lakehouse

Chapter 11:Lakehouse

It was Monday morning and I was checking my phone for messages. Lindsey wasn't texting me nor did she call once. Me and her talk every day. I put my sun glasses on and grabbed my suit case and placed it in the trunk of Tristan's car. Tristan put in his suit cases. "How many days are we staying?"

"Three." I answered putting my phone in my pocket.

"Alright. Your parents know I'm coming right?"

"Yeah I called them and told them last night."

"Alright." He said shutting the trunk. A familiar car pulled up to the driveway and I smiled. It was Lindsey's car. Tristan came and stood by me.

Lindsey got out of the car and slowly walked up to us. "I'm going." She said quietly.

I smiled. "I'm glad. We're taking Tristan's car." I said. Lindsey went to her car and got out her purse and suit case and got in the backseat of the car.

I got into the driver side while Tristan got into the passenger side. I liked Tristan's car so he let me drive it.

The lake house wasn't extremely far but it was quite a trip and the car ride was completely quiet.

And it was awkward to have my boyfriend and my best friend in the car. And my best friend is still mad at me and she hates my boyfriend.

"So Lindsey, you're pretty excited to see my dad huh?" I asked trying to start a conversation.

"Yeah. I admire your dad. Not just because he's fucking hot but also because he doesn't treat your mom like shit."

I looked over at Tristan and he had his fist bawled up. I sighed.

"Okay wellâ¦he did once."

"When?"

"Before I was bornâ¦he kidnapped her when she was sixteen and just kept her and did whatever he liked to her."

"Wish it was me he kidnapped." Lindsey muttered.

Wow did she not just hear what I said? My dad kidnapped my mom.

"Does your dad have a hit out on me?" Tristan asked.

My eyebrows pulled together. "What? My dad is not in the Mafia."

"He acts like he is."

"My dad justâ ¦.I don't know he just know how to handle shit I guess."

"Yeahâ ¦.I can tell." He muttered.

"So your mom's there right?" Lindsey asked.

"Yes so you can't try to fuck my dad." I said.

"Watch me." Lindsey said. I giggled and turned onto the freeway.

"How many bedrooms are in this lake house?" Tristan asked.

"Seven." I answered.

"What does your father do?" Tristan asked.

I kept quiet. I can't just tell him about the girls in that house that he's selling. "He's a doctor." I said.

I looked at Lindsey in the rear view mirror and she was looking back at me confused.

It was seven thirty by the time we pulled up to the lake house.

"Holy shit! This is fucking awesome!" Lindsey said staring outside the window. There was a lake in the front and the house surrounded it. It was also a glass house similar to Tristan's. But this was bigger.

"Damn." Tristan said staring at the house. It had a large pool and a hot tub. A bar and anything and everything else. My dad's car was parked in the stone driveway. I parked behind him. My mother came out of the door in a red and blue summer dress. My eyes widened at her hair. It was kind of fucked up and I know it was because her and my dad just fucked.

She smiled at us. I got out of the car. Lindsey went up to hug my mom. "Hi Mrs. Robinson." She whispered.

"Hi, Lindsey. I was hoping to see you again soon."

"Same here. May I steal your husband?" She asked.

My mom giggled. "You can try." She said. Lindsey ran up the pathway and to the house.

Me and Tristan went to my mom and I hugged her. "Hey mom."

"It's good to see you again, Jenna." I pulled back from her. She narrowed her eyes at me. "You have quite a glow on you, honey." She said.

I nodded. "Probably because of Tristan." I said. My mom held out her hand and Tristan shook her hand and smiled. "Nice to meet you, Mrs. Robinson."

"You can call me Haley, Tristan. I'm not that old yet." She said.

"Did you and dad have a nice time alone?" I asked. She looked at me and raised her eyebrow.

"Your hair says it all." I said.

My mom blushed and fixed her hair.

"It's okay, Haley. That's sexy." Tristan said as he walked pass us into the house. I looked after him wishing me and him were alone so he could rip my clothes off.

My mom looked at me. "Where the hell did you find him at? He'sâ¦"

"Perfect. I know. Except for his cockiness."

"Oh honey," My mom looked closer at my face. "Is your eye okay?"

"Yeah. Me and Tristan were playing around and He caught me in the eye but its fine. It was an accident." I said.

My mom grabbed my hand and we started walking up towards the house.

"God I haven't been here in two years. I always forget how beautiful it is."

"I know. I was in amazement when I first got here too."

I looked around and looked at the lake. The water was clean and moving in ripples.

"You think he's the one?" She asked.

"I don't know. It feels like he is. He makes me happy andâ¦fuck. He's great. He's so much and not enough at the same time. You know?"

"Yeah. Shane could be like that too."

"He told me he wanted to ask me something once we get here."

"Think he's going to ask you to marry him?"

"I doubt it. Seriously. But I do wonder."

"We'll see." We walked into the house and Tristan, Lindsey and my dad were all in the family room talking.

I sat on Tristan's lap in the loveseat. Mom sat beside dad while Lindsey sat on the other side. "Mom I thought your friend Andrea was coming over." I said.

"No. She went into labor. I offered to go the hospital with her but she told me to stay with my family."

My dad sat his beer bottle on the coffee table and smiled at my mom. "Speaking of which, Haley is pregnant." He said. I smiled.

"That's great mom. I'm happy for you."

She smiled and rubbed her flat stomach. "I hope it's a boy this time." She said.

"Me too." Dad said placing his hand on her thigh and staring into her eyes. I smiled at my parent's romance. They were completely in love and you can see it. It wasn't a cutesy love but justâ ¦.a normal romance.

"What about you two? Having kids soon?" My mom asked.

"I don't know if the whole kid thing is for me mom. Truthfully."

"Yeah you say that but once that pregnancy test says "Positive" You'll think differently."

"I would like to have a kid with you." Tristan whispered. I sunk into his arms. Even though I couldn't imagine myself being a mother, I was quite happy that Tristan wanted a baby with me.

"Shane, was it hard to raise a child and maintain your career?" Tristan asked.

"No. Jenna wasn't much trouble at all. She actually kept me on track with myâ ¦.job."

"Want a kid, Tristan?" My mom asked.

"Oh definitely. I think that Jenna would be a great mom no matter what she says." He said kissing the back of my neck.

My mom smiled.

"Take care of my baby. Okay Tristan?" My dad asked.

He nodded. "Yes sir. I love her." He said. I blushed for the first time inâ ¦.forever.

"That's cute. My baby's in love." My mom said squealing. I rolled my eyes.

"It's not that cute." Lindsey muttered. I might have been the only person who heard it. I glared at her she stared back at me.

My mom cooked some chicken, fish, macaroni, potatoes, string beans, corn and cornbread. I miss eating like this with my family.

Tristan was sitting next to me. Across the table, Mom was sitting next to dad and Lindsey was sitting at the end of the table with my mom. They had at least four bottles of wine on the table.

"Remember when I was little and I kept sneaking wine in my cup when you and mom were upstairs in your room?" I asked.

Shane nodded. "Yeah I remember that shit and I had to beat your ass for it too. You eventually leaned your lesson."

"No I didn't. I still went back for more." I said. Lindsey and my mom giggled.

Shane looked at Tristan. "I take it back, Tristan. This girl was a goddamn handful." He said. Tristan chuckled.

Haley playfully hit Shane. "That is bullshit. She wasn't a handful at all. She was one of the quietest little girls ever. Barely cried at all. She's smart and Shane made her into a fighter so she can defend herself so that's a plus."

Lindsey glanced at me and then Tristan.

"Using those skills I taught you?" He asked.

I nodded. "Definitely. Thank you daddy."

My mom rolled her eyes. "Such a daddy's girl."

"Because I spoiled her to death. She knows that's the only reason. I'm the fun parent you were always the one saying "Eat your vegetables". Don't anybody want to eat no fucking cabbage." My dad said. Tristan laughed with me and Lindsey. He had a point.

"You were close to kicking Jenna in the face."

Shane sighed. "That was once and she had to know what to do if she's ever in that situation."

"Okay. Okay. She grew up. She's smart and pretty. Case closed." My mom said putting more sting beans on her plate.

"So Haley, What do you plan on naming your baby?" Lindsey asked. My mom and dad started talking about possibilities. I felt Tristan's hand on my thigh. I looked at him and he was smirking at me. He leaned over to whisper in my ear. "Spread your legs." He whispered. I was wearing a skirt so he had easy access to what I knew he wanted. I spread my legs and he pulled my panties aside and felt my wetness. Yes only from him telling me to spread my legs.

He started rubbing my clit slow. God. It felt so good. A low moan slipped out of my mouth. Tristan rubbed faster. It felt so good I was almost in tears. Why was it so intense right now?

Stop please stop before I yell while release. I wanted to yell loudly but I tried my hardest to keep myself composed like everything was normal. Thank god Lindsey was distracting my parents.

Tristan then let two fingers slip inside of me and I gasped. He pumped them in and out really fast while looking at me. I couldn't take it anymore. I'm about to cum. I grabbed the edge of the table and held onto it as I released around his fingers and whimpered quietly.

I looked at Tristan and he looked satisfied as if *he* just came.

Tristan Niles drives me crazy.

Me and Tristan went to the bedroom I always slept in whenever I came to this house. It had a king size bad with gold silk sheets. The floor had black carpet. A chandelier hung up above in the ceiling. And the room had a balcony which instantly brought a smile to my face when I saw it.

Tristan closed the door and dimmed the chandelier a little bit.

"Your dad is funny." He said putting his hands in his pockets.

I smiled and nodded as I sat on the bed. "Yeah. I know he is."

"Your mom's pretty and sweet."

"Yep. That's why I love her."

"And Lindsey is a bitch. I don't even see why she's here."

"Stop it. She's here because I fucking want her to be. Okay?"

Tristan stared at me and then walked over to the bed and then sat down.

"I was hard at that dinner table seeing you in so much pleasure. You drive me fucking crazy, Jenna." He said looking into my eyes.

I straddled him and looked into his eyes. "Same here. Wellâ ¦I wasn't hard but you know what I mean." I said.

Tristan gave me a sexy crooked smile and nodded and then kissed me.

When he pulled back, he looked at me. It was the way he looked at me. And I knew he was in love.

"Move in with me." He said.

"What?"

"Move in with me." He said again. Was he serious?

"Don't take this the wrong wayâ ¦but why?" I asked.

Tristan smiled. "You know why." He said.

"Mmm. Not good enough. Tell me why."

"Aren't my feelings obvious for you?"

I giggled. "Yeah."

"Just stay with me. Okay? With youâ ¦..I feel more human."

"What do you mean?"

"Jenna, on the outside, I'm your average male model look alike. But on the inside, I'm so fucked up."

I shook my head. "No you're not. You're perfect." I ran my fingers through his hair.

"I hit you though."

I sighed. "We put it in the past. We'll leave it there. If you ever do it again though, I'll kick your fucking ass."

"Yeah, I believe that." He said nodding. I detected sarcasm.

"Okay. We'll see."

"No we won't because I'll never hit you again." He said kissing my temple.

"Soâ ¦what's your answer?" He asked.

I nodded. "I'll move in with you." Tristan kissed me hard and sighed.

"Don't leave me." He whispered. I shook my head and pressed my forehead against his. "I won't." I whispered back.

Tristan wasn't like other guys to me. Sometimes it felt like he was real and other times it felt like he wasn't. I never felt so deeply for someone before or let anyone affect me so much.

"So what's this about kids? You said you didn't want any." He said.

"I don't. I just can't see me asâ ¦a mother."

"You wouldn't want to be the mother of my child?" He asked. Of course I would. "It's just not for me." I said shrugging.

"And nothing's going to change your mind?"

"Nope." I said. Tristan nodded.

"Okay."

Chapter 12: Moving in so soon?

Chapter 12:Moving in so soon?

Tristan put his suit case in the trunk and mine. My mom was watching him. I walked over to her. "Hey, you got your own." I said.

She giggled. "He's a good looking kid, honey."

I smiled. "I know. I'm going to miss you."

"I'm one phone call away. Always." She hugged me and I hugged back tight. When I let go, I saw Lindsey hugging my dad for a while.

"Okay, Lindsey. He gets it." I said. She turned and winked at me. I laughed and closed the trunk after Tristan was done.

My dad motion with his hand for me to come over to him. I did and looked up at him as Lindsey got into the car.

My dad led me to the back yard and then turned to face me. He grabbed something out of his back pocket and showed me. It was a gun.

My eyebrows pulled together as I looked at him. "Dadâ¦"

"Take it, Jenna."

I shook my head. "I don't want to."

"I taught you how to shoot when you were thirteen. I don't trust that fucking bitch. Take this goddamn gun before I shoot him myself." He said.

I slowly grabbed it and looked down at it.

"Make sure you still know how to aim."

"How?"

He looked around and then his eyes stopped on a wooden sign. "Shoot a hole into the "O" in that sign." He said.

I hesitated for a second. I held the gun up and stared at the "O". I pulled the trigger and a bullet hole went straight through the "O".

My dad nodded. "Good." He said smiling.

I looked back down at the gun and then looked at my dad. "Dad?"

"Yeah?"

"Besides selling those girlsâ ¦.are youâ ¦â ¦never mind." I turned and started walking away.

"In the mob?" He asked. I turned and nodded.

He sighed. "What I doâ ¦is very difficult I can't even begin to explain it. I'm not like a hit man or anything.

"Are you the boss?"

"Something like that. I can't talk about it honey. I already told you too much."

"Mom knows?"

"The house of girls is enough pressure on her."

"Just tell her dad. Be a little more honest with her."

"Be a little more honest with me, Jenna."

"He did not hit me, dad." I said. He looked close in my eyes and then nodded. "Okay. Okay." He said.

I hugged my dad tight. I see why Lindsey hugged him for so long. He had on good cologne. I looked up at him. "Are you wearing the cologne I bought you for Christmas last year?"

He smiled and nodded.

I smiled back. Bye dad. I love you."

"I love you more, Jenna." He said.

I soon got into the car and we were on our way back to my house.

When we got there, Lindsey told me goodbye and then got into her car and left. I had to make some calls to sell my house and as I did that, Tristan went out and got some boxes.

I had to come back tomorrow to talk to a lady about selling the house but tonight I'm going to spend the night with Tristan.

I packed up the makeup while Tristan packed up my clothes. I think I'll give my bed to Lindsey. She told me the other day her bed makes her back hurt. I'll let her have my dresser too.

Four boxes were in the backseat of his car and a couple of bags were in the trunk. We got my stuff in the house and started setting my stuff up. I neatly placed my makeup and brush and combs onto one side of the sink and Tristan's stuff was on the other side.

His bathroom was neat and elegant just like the rest of his mansion. The rug was soft under my feet. I stared in the clear mirror staring at my eye were the black was turning yellow. You can only see if you look closely. I didn't defend myself because the hit came out of nowhere and it shocked me that Tristan would do that. So I ran like a little bitch. But if there is a next time, I'm not running. I had the gun my dad gave me in my back pocket still. My shirt was big enough so Tristan didn't notice it.

I placed it in the drawer he gave me. His dresser had twelve drawers. We both had six each. He gave me an area to put my shoes and my jewelry. I only had a few more things to get from the house but other than that, I was almost fully moved in. Just got to give Lindsey leftover stuff and sell the house and I'm done.

I brushed my teeth and brushed my red hair I into a pony tail. Tristan was leaning against the door watching me.

"What made you dye your hair red?" He asked.

"You don't like it?" I asked.

He came behind me and placed his hands on my hips. "You know I do." He whispered.

"Well at first I had brunette hair like my mom and I thought it just looked a little too plain. It was long but the color was dull. So I dyed it red and felt like it looked better."

Tristan started kissing my neck and slipped up my silk night gown and placed his hand in my panties. This is exactly what I wanted. "Tristan." I whispered as I closed my eyes.

I could feel him breathing on my neck. "You're wet, Jenna." He whispered. I nodded. "What do you want me to do about that?" He asked.

"I want you to fuck me." I whispered back. I could tell he was smirking. He turned me around and kissed me while pulling my panties down. I could feel my wetness dripping down my inner thigh.

Tristan sat down on the top of the toilet and I lowered myself on his cock. Tristan held my hips while I bounced up and down on his hard cock. I screamed his name repeatedly until I nearly lost my voice and we released hard together.

He kissed me softly but with meaning. As if he was claiming me permanently. He pulled back while combing my hair with his fingers.

I don't understand how someone so perfect can just come into my life at random. I blame god.

Chapter 13: Tristan's friends

Chapter 13: Tristan's friends

I was kind of nervous as we pulled up to one of Tristan's favorite restaurants. Coral. I was about to meet his three best friends. I hope they weren't cocky like Tristan. That's annoying and a turn off.

Tristan looked at me as the valet parked his car. He smirked. "No reason to be nervous. They'll like you. I promise you." He said nodding. I nodded back as he took my hand in his and led me in.

I had on a short black mini dress with gold pumps and gold accessories. My hair was down and curly with a gold and black butterfly clip in it. I don't normally dress like this but Tristan had someone buy me this dress and shoes.

Tristan led me to a table full of attractive guys with suits on. They all smiled at me. "Holy shit." Said one with glasses. "You weren't lying. She *is* fucking beautiful" He said to Tristan. Tristan smirked. "I know."

Tristan looked at me. "Jenna, this is Carl Jaklin." He said motioning towards the guy with glasses. He took them off and smiled at me. I smiled back.

"This guy right here is Sean Kipser." He said pointing to a blonde guy who held out his hand. I shook it. "I'm the smartass of the group." He said. I smiled at him. "I admire that." I said.

Sean chuckled.

"And this is Nate Hamilton." He said looking at a brunette guy with brown eyes. "Nice to meet you, Jenna."

"You too." I said.

Sean leaned forward with a smile on his face. "So you finally have Tristan whipped. Huh?" He asked.

"Oh I hope so." I said. Tristan squeezed my hand slightly.

"Have to be whipped. He wasn't really looking forward to bring Clementine to meet us when he was with her." Carl said fixing his tie. Tristan shrugged. "Clementine was dull and didn't know how to have fun. She was pathetic." He said looking down at the floor.

"What do you do, Jenna?" Nate asked.

"I work at a diner." I answered.

"Call me crazy but that dress says differently." Sean said as he sat his shot glass down.

I blushed. "Tristan, knowing I'm not into wearing shit like this, bought me this dress." I said looking at him.

He gave me a look. "Whatever. You and I know damn well that you love that dress." He said. He was right.

"Your boyfriend here is the cheapest motherfucker in the world. He has to be whipped."

"Just because I bought Jenna a dress does not mean I'm whipped."

I looked at him. "Oh I can make you whipped." I said seductively.

Sean, Carl and Nate chuckled. "There you go. Girls know exactly how to get to a guy. One word."Pussy." Carl said.

"That's one way." I said.

Nate leaned forward. "Name another Miss Jenna." He said smiling.

"Not all guys are just with girls for pussy. Some guys are just lonely and want the company."

Sean scoffed. "I suppose so if the fucker is a virgin."

I shook my head. "That's why you'll never get married." I said.

Sean clapped. "Thank you Jenna. That's the last thing I want."

"Why?"

"Marriageâ ¦..is a little overrated. Don't you think?" He asked.

Carl shook his head. "Don't listen to this prick, he got married last year."

"It was a high Vegas thing so it doesn't count."

"What did you have?" I asked.

Sean's eyes flipped to the ceiling as he thought. "A lot of Ecstasy." He said nodding.

"Never had it."

Sean shook his head. "That's a problem. You have to try it at least once, Jenna."

Nate shook his head. "Don't listen to this prick. You don't have to try shit."

"Don't worry, I won't."

"Told you I was an asshole." Sean said. I nodded along with him and giggled.

"Trust me Jenna, you don't want Ecstasy. Last time I took it, I woke up in a porta potty with a fucking fat guy." Carl said.

Everyone around the table laughed with me.

Nate nodded throwing back a shot. "I remember that shit."

We ordered and our food came soon along with our drinks. I liked his friends so far. I didn't feel out of place or anything. I felt comfortable. No one pissed me off. No one annoyed me. Everything was normal.

"You actually paid a homeless person to sleep with you?" I asked Carl.

He nodded ashamed of himself. "It was a bet. And a shitty one too."

"Who told you to do it?" I asked.

"Blame your cocky fucking boyfriend." He said.

I looked to Tristan who had a smirk on his face. "You lost in spades I gave you a bet. You did it now it's over."

"I'll never fucking forget it. I have to find some way to get you back."

"I'll help you." I said.

"Good. Hah! I got your chick on my side." Carl said smiling. I heard one of my favorite songs come on and an instant smile appeared on my face. I looked to Tristan. "Come on let's dance."

Sean scoffed. "Good luck getting that to happen. If you can get Tristan Niles on that dance floor, I admire the hell out of you." He said.

I looked back to Tristan. "Please?" I asked.

Tristan looked into my eyes and shook his head. "I don't dance, sweetheart."

"Yes. Come on before I kick you in the nuts." I said. Tristan smirked at me.

"No stay there, Tristan. I would like to see you get kicked in the nuts." Carl said laughing.

"Please?" I asked trying the puppy dog look.

"I'm not buying that look, sweetheart. He said shaking his head.

"I'll go." Sean said getting up.

Nate's eyes widened. "Holy shit. You're getting Sean to dance. Now I really fucking admire you." He said nodding.

Carl nodded. "Me too."

I smiled at them before getting up and moving over Tristan to go with Sean to the dance floor. "You like this song?" Sean asked while swaying side to side.

"Yes. Weezer is fucking awesome. Island in the sun is one of the best songs in the world."

"In your dreams sweetheart. Ever heard of Nirvana?"

"They're okay." I said shrugging.

Sean's eyebrow rose. "Just okay? Are you kidding me?"

"I'm not kidding at all."

Sean shook his head. "You're a one of a kind chick. You know that?"

"What makes you say that?"

"Tristan loves you. Actually loves you. With Clementine, you could clearly see that love was fake. You're nothing like her thank the fucking lord. She had issues."

"Tristan told me she said he had issues."

"Well so does everyone else. What else is new?" Sean spun me around.

"Seriously Robinson, what do you see in this song?" He asked as he wrinkled his nose.

"Just let the song flow through you. You'll learn to like it."

"I hate this fucking song." He said spinning me around again.

"Can I cut in?" Asked Tristan. He was staring at me.

"Take her. Can you believe she doesn't like Nirvana? That's her only flaw."

"Give me their CD."

"Oh I will. We got to get you into that, Robinson." He nodded once before turning around and going back to the table.

"I thought you don't dance." I said.

Tristan shrugged. "I was getting jealous." He admitted.

"You? Jealous?" I asked.

"I can't stand to see you with anyone else." He said rubbing his thumb against the side of my face. "It makes me angry to see anyone even dancing with you."

"I thought you don't get jealous."

"I don't. Butâ ¦.I just did. Oh and by the way, they love you. Just like I said they would. They like you better than Clementine."

"What is it with her?"

"They knew that me and her love was fake. I didn't know it at the time. But as time progressed, I could feel the fakeness in our relationship. Clementine was the biggest mistake I ever made in my life. But with you, I can't explain how I feel about you. You're justâ ¦.everything I ever wanted."

I smiled and wrapped my arms around his neck as a slow song came on and he wrapped his arms around my waist and pulled me close.

We didn't talk anymore and just listen to the song.

Sean handed me a Nirvana CD as we stood outside the restaurant. "Listen to that and I guarantee you won't think Nirvana is just "Okay." Sean said smiling.

"Okay I will. Thanks."

"And I want that back."

"Of course." I said. Sean kissed me on my cheek.

"She's a good one, Tristan you better keep her." He said before turning and walking to his car. Carl came up to us. "Nirvana isn't that awesome; I mean they're okay but the Pixies are number one on my list."

"Bullshit. Fuck the pixies." Nate said flicking a cigarette in the street.

I shook my head. "You don't like the pixies? That won't work, Nate."

"Blink 182 is for me. Fuck everything else."

Tristan shook his head smirking.

Carl smiled at me. "It was nice meeting you, Jenna. Hope to see you again soon. But this prick might try to keep you from us." He said playfully glaring at Tristan.

"Damn right I would." Tristan said nodding.

Carl rolled his eyes and kissed my cheek and then walked to his car.

"I got to get you on Blink 182 and off that Pixies shit." Nate said.

"Not going to work. I tried listening to Blink 182. Sounds like bullshit to me."

Nate smiled. "Alright. You're still my favorite girl he's ever dated." He said lifting my hand up and kissing it. I smiled. "Thanks Nate. You're not an asshole."

Nate chuckled. "I'm glad to hear you feel that way. Tristan may think differently."

"To hell with what Tristan thinks."

Nate clapped. "Yeah, thank you. Definitely. You're my new best friend. Next time we all get together, you better be there or else I'll have to kick your ass."

I rolled my eyes. "I'll like to see you try." I said.

"I'll see you soon, Miss Jenna." He said and winked at me. He looked at Tristan and nodded as he walked out to his car.

Me and Tristan walked to his car and we got in.

Tonight was a great night and went better than I expected.

Chapter 14: This was a mistake

Chapter 14: This was a mistake

While Tristan was at work, I went to work also which I missed. I felt like I haven't been there in days. It's been three months since I moved in with Tristan and I've been nothing but happy about it. I gave my bed and dresser and any optional shit that I didn't need to Lindsey and I sold my house. Definitely kept the car though.

"So you moved in with him?" Lindsey asked smoking a cigarette.

We were on our break behind the diner.

"Yeah. I waited a while to tell you because I knew you wouldn't approve of it."

"Jenna, it doesn't matter what I approve of anymore. Okay? You love him. That's obvious. There's nothing I can say about it. You'll be with who you want to be with." She said as she blew out smoke.

"I want you to like him, Lindsey."

"Why? I'm not the one fucking him." She said.

"Yes but I love you and I love him and I really want the two of you to get along. So I'm inviting you to dinner over our house."

"What dinner over whose house?" She asked.

"You're fucking high."

"I don't get high off of cigarettes. Not regular cigarettes but they help me relax."

"Okay then. Please come over around nine."

"Can't who's is going to watch Alicia and Jonathan?" She asked.

"Dean. He watched them when you came to the lake house."

Lindsey sighed and blew out smoke from her lips. "Fine. I'll come over." She said finally giving in. I smiled widely.

"Thanks. I love you for this."

Lindsey rolled her eyes. "So has he hit you lately?"

"Really? We're going to go through this again?"

"Answer the question, Jenna."

I sighed. "No. He hasn't put a finger on me unless we're having sex." I said.

Lindsey nodded. "Okay." She didn't sound convinced but it was the truth. Tristan didn't hit me once at all. And that made me happy.

I put the chicken stir fry I made on three plates. I got the recipe from my mother. Tristan was upstairs doing whatever it is he does with his time.

I sat the plates on his glass dining table in the corner of the kitchen and put a bottle of champagne in the middle.

Tristan came into the kitchen. He grabbed the champagne and put it back in the cabinet. "Not that kind sweetheart."

"Why?" I asked.

"I want it for a special occasion and this is nowhere near a special occasion." He said leaning against the wall.

"I want the both of you to get along, Tristan. I love the both of you and you are both important in my life. I want this more than anything. Try not to be a dick for me. Please?" I asked. Tristan sighed and leaned his head back against the wall.

"I don't like her and obviously the bitch doesn't like me either so what's the point?"

"The point is that it'll mean the world to me if you two could get along tonight." I said. Tristan's eyes roamed over my dress.

"What are you going to give me in return for sitting at the table with her?"

"What I always give you." I said. Tristan chuckled. "Alright." He sat down at the table and the doorbell rang.

I walked to the door and unlocked it before opening it. Lindsey stood there in casual clothes. "It took me for damn ever to get here. I got lost." She said stepping in.

"Yeah it's far from your house. Sorry. Let's go in the kitchen." I closed the door and locked it back and gestured for her to follow me into the kitchen.

She glared at Tristan who glared at her back. Fuck. She sat across from Tristan and I sat between them both.

Lindsey grabbed her fork and took a bite of the stir fry and smiled a little. "Wow, Jenna. This is great." She said. I smiled

"Thanks. I was trying my hardest to make it like my mom. Guess I succeeded." I said shrugging.

The table grew quiet and the only thing that could be heard was the sound of forks against plates. It was annoying me that my boyfriend and my best friend couldn't get along. It killed me.

"Bring out some wine." Lindsey said sitting back from her empty plate.

I looked to Tristan who was looking back at me. "No. I told youâ ¦.that wine is only used for a special occasion." He said to me.

"Well I'm sure you can buy some more. Go get it, Jenna."

"I fucking said no. What? I'm going to go out and buy some more because your fat ass want to drink up my wine."

"I'll pay you back, Jesus. It's just a fucking bottle of wine. You act like I'm asking for money."

"Might as well be. That's my shit and no, you're not drinking it."

"I should just fucking leave. Coming here was a goddamn mistake."

"Well isn't that fucking obvious?" Tristan asked. Lindsey stood up and I stood up staring at her.

"Sit the fuck down!" I yelled.

She gave me a dirty look as she slowly obeyed. I sat down also and took a deep breath. "Fuck this shit. I am not going to let you two hate each other."

"That fucker hit you and you're still with him."

"My god, Lindsey that was months ago. Besides, the first time Johnnie hit you, you continued to stay with him did you not?"

"It isn't about me and Johnnie. It's about you and.."

"You just can't stand to see me happy can you?" I asked.

"Don't be so dramatic, Jenna. What? Because you have a fucking hot boyfriend and you and him are rich and you're having sex every few seconds? You think you're better because you're not living in a small house with two kids and don't have to worry about rather or not you paid the bills or the rent? You're not better, Jenna."

"I'm not trying to be. I never have been in competition with you, Lindsey. You make it seem that way. We both followed different paths."

"Noâ ¦ever decision I ever made, I was forced into it and you know that. My bullshit parents put me in everything against my will."

"Everything is against your will, Lindsey. You have made at least one decision in your life by yourself."

"Noâ ¦I haven't but it doesn't matter because you don't give a shit. You want me and Tristan to get along but I'm telling you right now, that shit is not going to happen. He's rich, I'm poor. He has a life, I have jack shit. He has the huge house while I'm stuck in a fucking shack."

"Stop talking like I'm not right here hearing every fucking word you're saying." He said glaring at her.

"So you can't handle our lives in comparison to yours."I said.

"Yes! I am sick about hearing about all his money or his sexiness or his cockiness."

"I have never bragged to you about anything like that." I said.

Lindsey sighed. "I just want nothing to do with him. That's all." She said.

I shrugged. "If you want nothing to do with him, you want nothing to do with me."

"You're going to choose him over me? I've always protected you through everything, Jenna."

"You won't even attempt to be friends with him or at least fucking pretend! For me!"

"Why put myself through that?"

"I'd do it for you, Lindsey and you know I would."

"Not if Tristan says otherwise. You'd do whatever he says."

"That is not true. That's not how our relationship works."

"I bet," She said nodding as she stood up again. "But you've made it clear Jenna Robinson that you'd choose a prick over me so you don't have to worry about me anymore. I'll be just fine without you." She grabbed her purse and stomped out the kitchen. I could hear the sound of the door open and slam close.

Tristan was glaring at me. I saw it from the corner of my eye. I slowly looked to him. He leaned forward until our faces were inches apart. "I do not want that fucking cunt in this house again, okay Jenna?"

I just stared at him.

He grabbed my face with his hands. "Do I fucking make myself clear?" He asked, his blue eyes piercing into mine. I nodded. I didn't want her back in here either. Of course I was going to apologize and she'll forgive but I could never bring her back around Tristan. That was a given.

Chapter 15: The guys around me

Chapter 15: The guys around me

"So what do you think about that Nirvana cd?" Sean asked me. We were sitting in the same restaurant at a different table. Around me were Sean, Carl, Nate and Tristan who kept his hand on my thigh.

"Wellâ ¦I listened to it." I said nodding.

"Annnnd? What's the verdict?" He asked.

"It'sâ ¦.cute." I said nodding.

Sean shook his head and snorted. "It's cute." Clearly you have bad taste in music, Robinson."

"Just not my thing."

"Yet, you like Weezer. What a fucking shame." Sean said shaking his head.

"What about Blink 182? Did you take a chance on that?"

"Still bullshit to my ears, Nate." I said.

Nate shook his head. You just have to feel the lyrics." He said.

Sean snorted. "Listen to this fucking fag here. "Feel the lyrics." He said.

I looked to Tristan who was being quiet but I could feel him looking at me the whole time.

"Who's your favorite band?" I asked.

"He doesn't have one. Niles is plain like that." Sean said sitting his beer on the table.

"I don't listen to a lot of rock. All sounds like shit to me."

"You're shit." Sean said chuckling.

Tristan flipped him off and looked to me. "Just not my thing, sweetheart."

"No Aerosmith?" I asked.

Sean busted out laughing. "No Nirvana but Aerosmith? That's like having a fucking cup with nothing in it."

"What," I asked giggling "That doesn't even make sense."

"Exactly. Come on, you have to listen to the CD at least once more."

"Once more but that's it." I said. Sean clapped his hand once.

Carl adjusted his glasses and sighed. "Where the fuck is my drink? You got to put a fucking stick up the waiter's ass just to get some damn attention." He turned and shouted for the waiter.

"So did working at that diner get you the dress this time or did Tristan's whipped ass give it to you?" Sean asked.

"Tristan." I answered.

He smiled. "Are you mad because you have no one to buy shit for?" Tristan asked.

Sean scoffed. "Shit, that's a blessing."

"And you say I'm cheap."

Nate shook his head. "Everyone at this table has serious issues."

"What about you Nate?" I asked.

"What? Girl-wise?" He asked. I nodded.

He inhaled.

"Nate likes the kind of chicks that cheat on him." Sean said nodding.

Nate grimaced.

"What about Suzanne?" Sean asked.

Nate shrugged. "She was drunk."

"Ashley?"

"It was a misunderstanding. The guy spilled his drink on his pants so she was just helping him clean it up."

I shook my head. "Sorry, Nate but even I have to say that she was doing more than that."

Sean nodded. "Thank you, Robinson. This fucking prick doesn't believe it."

Carl leaned forward. "I like the kind of girl who just can be herself with me. You know? Not try to act different when I'm around her. Not try to act snotty or slutty for me."

I nodded. "That's pretty good, Carl."

"Yeah he wants that butâ ¦. his luck hasn't been the same."

"Jenna, every girl I ever had sex with has either been a stripper, hooker or lesbian."

"Lesbian?"

He nodded. "Yeah I couldn't fucking believe it either. She tells me this in the middle of us fucking."

I broke out in laughter and so did Sean, Tristan and Nate.

"Why in the middle though?" I asked trying to contain my laughter.

He nodded and held out his hand. "E-fucking-xactly. I asked her the same thing. I didn't get to cum which made me sexually frustrated and I just had to masturbate on my couch which fucking sucks."

"I can imagine." I said nodding. I hate feeling sexually frustrated but very rarely do I feel it anymore.

"Now, Jenna-And Tristan I know you will get pissed off by this question but I'm going to ask it anyway- So Jenna, if everybody died on this earth, right, andâ ¦"

"Oh here we go." Carl said sighing.

"Shut up. Let me ask her. Anyway, everyone died including Tristan and it was just me, Carl and Nate left, who would you pick to repopulate the earth with first?" Sean asked.

I thought for a second. Tristan squeezed my hand harder than usual. I looked at him and clearly he wasn't happy with this question. But it was harmless. "Nate." I answered.

Nate smiled smugly.

Sean chuckled. "Why him?"

"Because he's the sweetest out of three of you."

Carl looked at me. "Oh what? I'm not sweet?" He asked.

I smiled. "Nope."

"Well," Carl nodded. "At least she's honest."

Tristan stayed quiet the car ride home. He grabbed my arm and pulled me into the house and stared at me as he closed the door.

"What is your problem?" I asked.

"You'd sleep with Nate?" He asked.

I sighed. "Tristan, it was just a question. Calm down. You're mad and for what? A question about something that will never happen and you know that."

I said.

He walked upstairs without talking to me and I followed him.

"You're acting like a fucking baby. What? You want me to say I'm sorry for answering Sean's question? He asked it to be an asshole which he admitted that he was."

"Why did you answer it?"

"It was fucking harmless that's why." I said.

Tristan took off his jacket and put it in the closet.

He put his shoes in the closet and then started taking off his clothes as he went to the bathroom and slammed the door.

I rolled my eyes. He was seriously mad over a damn question?

I opened the door to the bathroom and shut it.

Tristan had the water turned on and was under it letting the water fall on him. I pulled down the strapless gold dress and let it fall to the floor. And then I took my black panties off and pulled the glass shower door back. Tristan stared at me as I joined him.

"You're not going to shut me out." I said shaking my head.
You know I love you and I don't want anyone else." I said.

Tristan nodded slowly and walks a few steps to me and placed his lips on mine and picked me up against the wall. I wrapped my legs around him and let his cock entered my pussy. Every time, it feels so good when he enters. We kept our lips together the whole time. The sex was angry because he was still angry as he roughly thrusted in and out of me but I liked the roughness of it. I threw my head back against the wall and he licked and kissed my neck.

He pushed me up against the other wall and I gripped his hair hard while he continued fucking me.

He kissed me hard and groaned as he released inside of me. But he didn't stop thrusting. "Cum for daddy, Jenna." He whispered and as soon as he said that, my wall tightened and I cried out as I came hard.

Chapter 16: Not something Tristan Niles would do

Chapter 16: Not something Tristan Niles would do

It was weird to walk into a restaurant named after a designer. Versace. And that was also what I was wearing. I don't buy myself fancy shit. That was all Tristan who did that. He bought me dresses, jewelry, shoes. I didn't like being pampered so much but I loved everything he bought me. When he's at work, he would give me his credit card and let me go anywhere and buy anything but I would never do it. I tell him all the time that I don't need anything but he gives it to me anyway.

Tristan made us reservations for us at nine at Versace. We both sat down and ordered our drinks.

He was smirking at me as I twirled a lock of my hair around while looking at the menu.

I looked up and he kept smirking.

"What?" I asked.

"I just really want to rip you out of that dress." He said in his warm melty voice.

I smiled. "You'll be able to soon. After we eat." I said nodding.

Tristan bit his lip. "Where do you see yourselfâ¦â¦years from now?" He asked.

I thought for a second and leaned back in my chair. "Well, I see myself as a bestselling author. In a house with you beside me and Lindsey and my parents are also in the picture."

Tristan nodded and smiled. "Okay. That's pretty good."

"And you?" I asked as the waiter brought me a glass of wine. Tristan sighed. "Can you just bring the whole bottle?" He asked the waiter. He nodded once and walked away.

"I see myself with you, Jenna," He said nodding. "Just with you and our kids."

I stopped and cleared my throat. "Tristan,"

"I want kids with you, Jenna."

"I love kids but I want to get my career going and then kids can come along. But we have to get married first and you don't seem like the marriage type."

"Yeah, I'm not. But that doesn't mean I won't get married one day. I have to make sure that I'm one hundred percent committed to this girl and that she makes me happy."

"Do I make you happy?" I asked. The waiter sat the bottle of wine down and asked what we wanted to order. I chose the lobster and Tristan chose the steak.

"You make me very happy although sometimes you piss me off to the maximum."

"And you piss me off too." I said.

Tristan gave me a crooked smile. "And that's why our relationship works so well. We don't try to be perfect."

"What would be the point? There's no such thing as perfect. Aside from you."

Tristan shook his head. "How many times do I have to tell you I'm the opposite of perfect?"

"Doesn't matter what you say, I won't believe it."

"You have a lot to learn, sweetheart." Tristan said.

I stared at him and smiled.

"Oh yeah? Like what?"

"Like what I'm capable of."

"What is Tristan Niles capable of?" I asked. Our food was brought to the table and Tristan asked for another bottle of wine.

"I'm capable of fucking you good." He said smirking.

I smiled and shook my head. "Well I can't deny that. But what else?"

"I'm capable of supporting you and making you happy and making you love me. And putting things back in order."

"Ditto." I said lifting up my glass and drinking the wine. I'm not normally a wine drinker but Tristan said I should taste some.

"Perfect pair my ass." Tristan said. I chuckled and shook my head.

"The guys have been wanting me to get you back together with them. They miss you. They call you the "life of the party." He said. I was glad his friends accepted me.

"They're fun to hang out with. It's just too bad that you can't get along with Lindsey."

"I tried."

"No you didn't. Neither of you tried for me and now she doesn't want to talk to me."

"What do you want me to do? Go to her house and talk to her?"

"If you weren't such a dick then I'd say yes."

"It's not going to happen, Jenna."

"Well that's fucking obvious. Do you love me?"

"What do you think?" he asked.

"So can you do this for me?" I asked.

Tristan sighed and leaned forward.

"I don't fucking like her."

"You don't have to." I said shrugging.

Tristan bit his lip and nodded. "Fine. I'll do it for you. But if she gets out of hand, fuck it."

I smiled. "Thank you." I whispered.

We finished our food and we went home. I took off my dress and put on one of Tristan's shirts. I love wearing his shirts and he said I always look sexy in them.

Tristan came into the bedroom. He stayed in the doorway smirking. I loved and hated when he did that.

"What?" I asked. Tristan slowly came over to me as I sat on the bed. "Can't believe I'm going to say this."

"Say what?" I asked. Is he about to break up with me? Oh shit.

"Marry me, Jenna." He said staring in my eyes. My eyes grew wide. Tristan stared down at me waiting for me to say something.

A smile slowly spread on my face. "Jenna?" He asked.

I opened my mouth and shut it. "Answer me Jenna this is already embarrassing." He said. He was getting annoyed. I didn't know what to say.

Tristan grabbed my face in his hands. "Answer me, Jenna." He whispered.

I nodded. I wanted this. I wanted to be married. I wanted him more than anything. He was perfect and he loved me. "Yes." I whispered. Tristan smirked and then leaned down and kissed me.

He pushed me down on the bed, spread my legs and laid in between them. I could feel him getting excited. "You're mine, Jenna." He whispered against his lips. I nodded while he caressed my leg. He hitched it up over his waist and grinded into me. I moaned and kissed Tristan hard.

"Please." I said breathless. Tristan had me going insane with love always but right now, he had me going insane with lust.

Tristan rolled me over and caressed my thigh. His blue eyes looked into mine. He reached up and unbuttoned the buttons on his shirt that I had on and slid the sleeves down. Tristan sat up with me still straddling his lap and he kissed my neck and then unhooked my bra, threw it down and flicked and swirled his tongue on my nipple. I was panting hard. I was so wet and I really needed him right now. I grinded my wetness into his erection in his pants. Tristan groaned and weaved his fingers through my hair while kissing me.

I kissed his neck and then lifted his shirt and took it off of him and laid him back while I kissed his chest. Tristan's breathing hitched when I got to kissing his hips. I unbuckled his belt and before I could pull his pants down, he rolled me back over on my back and he slipped my panties off and took my left leg and put it onto his shoulder and dove his tongue into my wet cunt.

I gasped and then pulled his hair. "Tristan." I breathed. He sucked my clit while putting three fingers inside me.

"Oh fuck." I whispered. Tristan kissed the lips of my pussy and took his fingers out and licked my slit and then dipped his tongue inside of me.

I was fucking speechless.

I was so close to cumming.

But Tristan stopped and pulled off his pants and boxers and made sit on his length. I could feel him deep inside me and it felt so good. I lifted myself up and dropped back down on his length.

"Go faster, sweetheart." He whispered. I did exactly what he said. I rode him faster and faster while we kissed and our tongues glided in each other's mouths.

I threw my head back and screamed Tristan's name. He kissed my neck and grunted loudly as I felt him cum in me. I soon came too. Tristan rested his forehead against mine and closed his eyes.

Our breathing was the same. We both opened our eyes at the same time.

And stared in each other's eyes.

This was definitely love.

Chapter 17: Fuck the disapproval

Chapter 17: Fuck the disapproval

I drove out to my mom and dad's house and parked the car in the driveway. My dad was not going to be happy about this.

It was about eleven in the morning and later I was going to meet Tristan's adoptive parents. I was only a little nervous.

I got out of my car and went up to the double doors. I knocked twice and my dad answered the door. "Hi dad." I said smiling. He hugged me. "Hey, Jenna." When he pulled away from me, he looked into my eyes. "Did you have to use the gun on him?" He whispered. I shook my head. "I have something to tell you and mom." I walked in the house and my dad shut the door. "Mom!" I yelled.

A couple of seconds my mom came down the stairs looking as beautiful as she always does. "Jenna, hey baby." She hugged me and kissed my forehead. "What do you want to tell us?" My dad asked looking suspicious.

"Umâ ¦wellâ ¦Tristan asked me to marry him."

My dad had a look on his face like I just said I wanted to commit suicide.

My mom smiled. "Wow. Really? That's great honey. You don't think you're too young?" She asked.

I shook my head. "No. I don't I want to be married to him so bad. I love him so much. More than I ever thought I would."

My dad shook his head. "Fuck that. No. You're not marrying that son of a bitch. I'll be damned." My mom stared at him looking worried.

I went up to Shane and stared at him. "I'm a grown ass woman last time I checked."

"Don't fucking talk to me like that, Jenna. You may be grown but I'm warning you, you better watch yourself."

"You can't tell me who I can and can't marry. To hell with what you think."

"Jenna, I can make something really bad happen to Trent or whatever the hell his name is."

"And he can make something happen to you too. Don't tempt me to make him make something bad happen to you."

"You're putting him in front of everyone you love?" Shane asked.

I shook my head. "No one can see the good in him and that's not my fault."

"You're right it's his fault because whatever good you claim he has in him has been blocked off by the fact that he gave you a black eye."

"Dad. It was months ago and the black eye is gone. You can't even see it anymore.

Shane nodded. "You just admitted that he hit you."

"No I didn't."

"Yes the fuck you did, Jenna. I'm going right to his house and I'm going to kick his fucking ass."

"Not if you don't know where he lives."

"I know people who know people. I can get his fucking address."

"If you hurt him, I will never talk to you again and you won't be coming to the wedding."

"I'm fine with that. Anything it takes to protect you. That's real love. Real love is not some bullshit romance where the two of you are all fine in public and then in private he breaks your fucking jaw. I'm not going to have that. You hear me, Jenna?"

I nodded. "Dad, listen to me. That night he hit me, I was making him angry and it was for a stupid ass reason so it's okay. He promised he wouldn't do it again."

"He did it once so what makes you think he won't do it again? And your mom is right. You are way too fucking young."

"I'm nineteen and grown and I can do what I want."

"Not if I tell you no."

"Fuck what you tell me."

Shane glared at me. My mom went to his side and grabbed his arm. "Shane. Stop it. She's grown. Let her decide." Shane looked down at my mom.

"Haley, I'm not going to just let him have my daughter and end up fucking her up."

"I hate you." I whispered glaring at him.

"That's fine. You can hate me as long as you know and understand the fact that you're not going to marry him."

"Yes. I. Am." I said nodding.

My mom put her hand on my shoulder. "I approve." She said weakly. Shane glared at her and she looked back to him. "He's a good kid, Shane."

"No he is not. They are all kinds of people that seem good in the m-" He stopped.

"In the what?" My mom asked.

"Yeah dad. What were you going to say?" I asked. He shook his head. "Nothing. You're not marrying him. I'm not saying another thing. Cancel the wedding. The engagement and cancel the relationship you have with him

because it's over."

"It is not over. Stop saying that."

"Jenna, this fucker has brainwashed you into falling in love with him."

"He did not brainwash me, Shane."

"I'm your goddamn dad. That's what you call me."

"I'm not doing what you want me to do. I'm the one who's going to be with him for the rest of my life not you. You're not going to be around him at all, dad. I am. I love him and I need him."

"See? Brainwashed you. He makes it seems like you need him."

"I do! Okay? Just like you need mom and mom needs you." I said.

"You're too damn young."

"And mom wasn't too young when you kidnapped her?" I asked.

Shane slowly took his eyes off me and looked at my mom who kept her eyes on the floor.

"You will never bring that up in this house again. Do you fucking hear me?"

"You can't hide the truth dad. Just because you two may never bring it up or talk about it does not mean it never happened."

"Jenna," He walked closer to me. "I hurt your mom and I will always hate myself for that. I don't want you to date someone or marry someone who's going to hurt you like I hurt Haley."

"He promised me. I believe him. I trust him. I'm not stupid."

"I am if I let you marry that bitch."

"You are if you don't let me marry him."

"If I let you do this, are you going to be able to live with whatever consequences you come across?"

"Yes." I answered.

Shane slowly nodded. "Okay. Go off to him then."

"I want you there, dad. I want you there. I want you at my wedding."

Shane chuckled and shook his head. "Now if I go there, I just might kill him. And obviously, you don't want that." He said. I looked to my mom.

"Will you come to the wedding?" I asked.

She smiled weakly and nodded. "When is it?"

"Saturday. On August 3rd."

My mom nodded. "I'll be there." She whispered and then glanced at Shane.

I walked out of the house and slammed the door shut. I closed my eyes. That went worse than I hoped. But my dad has to accept the fact that no matter what he says, I'm going to marry Tristan.

Chapter 18: His family

Chapter 18: His family

Tristan was driving him and me to his adoptive parent's home. I was staring out the window at the sun and the trees. "So it was easy impressing your friends. But I'm guessing your parents will be harder to impress." I said as I grabbed Tristan's glasses.

He shook his head. "No. My friends are harder to impress. And they liked you the moment they saw youâ ¦..maybe a little too much."

I put his sunglasses on and looked at him. He glanced at me and smirked. "It's hard not to like you, Jenna."

"Come on, I'm not that great of a person. I have a smart mouth. I can be rude sometimes and I'm justâ ¦.I'm really a dork. I listen to Weezer for crying out loud."

Tristan smiled half way. "Maybe that's what I like about you. All of that stuff is nothing but a turn on for me."

I blushed and bit my lip as I continue to watch him. How could I not? Tristan Niles was a masterpiece rather he realized that or not.

"What *do* you listen to?" I asked.

"Why?"

"I just want to know. Come on. Tell me."

Tristan shrugged. "Uhâ ¦I listen to a little AC/DC every now and then. That's pretty much it."

"I'm going to put on an Aerosmith song and I want to see if you'll like it." I said going through his CDs.

"And if I don't?" He asked.

"You will." I popped the CD in and turned to track 8. Sweet Emotion came on. One of my favorite Aerosmith songs. But it doesn't compare to Dream on at all. That's my all-time favorite.

"I'm not enjoying this at all." He said.

"So what? I like it!" I said. Tristan smirked and looked at me.

"You don't find this song at least a little appealing?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"What about movie? What is your favorite movie?" I asked.

Tristan thought for a second. "I believe the Prestige. It's just reallyâ ¦I don't know it just fascinates me. What's your favorite movie and do not say Twilight."

"No. American Psycho."

Tristan smiled. "Funny you should say that. Both of our movies contain Christian Bale. Do you like him?"

"I use to be in love with him. He's one of the sexiest actors there are. Who do you find attractive. Celebrity wise?"

Tristan was quiet for a second. "If I had to choose someone, I'd say Deborah Ann Woll. I don't know something about her red hair and her eyesâ¦they just remind me of you."

"You want me because I look like her?"

"I want her because she looks like you." He said and then looked at me for a half a second before turning back to the road.

I kept staring at him. He always had "Just fucked" hair. And he had it now because that's what we did before we left.

"Where is our Honeymoon going to be?" I asked.

Tristan smirked. "My beach house." He answered.

"Your what?"

"My beach house. I didn't really care for a hotel or anything. Just wanted some place that was private so we can be alone and do whatever the hell we want."

"I always wanted to go to a beach house. I'm excited."

"It's our beach house now, sweetheart." Tristan said nodding. I smiled.

"Accountants really make so much money?"

"Smartass." He muttered.

I giggled and then continue looking out the window at the sun.

Tristan pulled us into the driveway of a white two story house. "Everyone that has any sort of relation to you lives in royalty don't they?"

"Something like that. The only reason April and Daeton has this house is because I bought it for them. They just pay the bills."

He turned the car off and then sighed. "Fuck." He whispered.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

He pointed to a silver car parked in the opened garage. "My brother Ronnie and his wife, Leah is here."

"Why don't you like him?"

"It's complicated, Jenna."

"Tell me what's so complicated?"

Tristan sighed and looked at me. "Let's just go and get this shit over with." He got out of the car and I followed his lead.

I walked up to the porch and was about to knock on the door until Tristan pressed me against the house and pressed his mouth against mine. I weaved my fingers through his hair as his tongue rubbed against mine slowly. He was breathing hard when he pulled back. "Just because I know we won't get to do that for a couple hours." He said looking me in my eyes. I nodded as he moved the welcome mat to the side and grabbed the silver key and then he put it in the lock and turned the key.

He opened the door and slowly walked in and I walked in after him. I shut the door behind me and followed Tristan through the house. Voices could be heard in the kitchen.

Tristan sighed as if he was irritated and then followed the voices. When we walked in, a woman with brunette hair smiled at Tristan and ran to him. "Oh my god. I can't believe you're here. Why don't you ever visit?" The woman asked. Tristan didn't answer.

He looked over to a tall man who was smiling widely. "Tristan, you need to come see April more often. She gets so damn emotional when you're not here." He said. Tristan looked to the woman and smiled and then looked at me and smirked. "Guys this is my fiancÃ©e, Jenna Robinson."

April smiled and squealed and then hugged me. "Oh my god. I can't believe this. When is the wedding?"

"In August." Tristan said.

"Why are you just now bringing her to meet us?" His dad asked. Tristan shrugged. "You guys didn't matter at the moment but I and I'm sure Jenna wants you two to be there."

The man grabbed my hand and shook it. "I'm Daeton."

"Nice to meet you." I said. Tristan smirked at me. "Jenna was very nervous meeting you guys."

"Why?" April asked.

I shrugged. "I was just always concerned about meeting my boyfriends, or in this case- my fiancÃ©e's parents."

April smiled. "You have nothing to worry about, just the fact that you love Tristan makes us love you."

"Damn right. Tristan is a handful. How in the hell do you put up with him?" Daeton asked.

"It's not easy at all." I said smiling at him. He was looking down at the floor. He looked angry.

"Where are Ronnie and Leah?" He asked.

April and Daeton frowned.

"Yeah, I saw their car in the garage. Nice job on trying to hide it." He said sarcastically.

"Ronnie is in your old room."

Tristan sighed. "Of course he is." He grabbed my hand and led me upstairs and down the hallway and into a room. A pretty girl was lying on her back on the bed with her hand on her pregnant belly while a man who looked extremely similar to Tristan was sitting in a chair behind the computer looking at me and Tristan. The girl looked at me and then to Tristan.

"Finally," The guy I'm guessing is Ronnie said. "You finally settle into the depths of monogamy. Congrats, brother."

Tristan rolled his eyes and looked to the girl I'm also guessing was Leah. She got up and smiled. "Tristan, I can't believe it's been years. You're much taller and handsome than I remembered."

"Yeah flirt with my brother while I'm right here. Good job, baby." Ronnie said smiling.

She looked back and stuck her tongue out at him. Then she looked back to Tristan. "Leah you're way moreâ ¦.pregnant than I remembered."

She rolled her eyes. "You know I already had Katie and now this is my second." She said putting her hand on her stomach. Then her eyes darted to me.

"Hello. I'm Leah, Ronald's wife."

"Come on, my brother's chick didn't need to know my real name." Ronnie said sighing. I chuckled as he got up. "I'm *Ronnie*. Not Ronald and it's nice to meet youâ ¦."

"Jenna. Her name is Jenna." Tristan said.

Ronnie smiled at me and then looked down at my hand. "Oh shit." He grabbed my hand and observed the ring closely. Then Ronnie looked to Tristan. "You rich bastard." He whispered.

Tristan was clearly irritated with Ronnie's existence which didn't make sense to me. Tristan grabbed Ronnie's hand and yanked it off of mine.

"Um. Jenna, why don't you come with me and let Ronnie and Tristan talk?" Leah said. She grabbed my hand and led me down the hall.

"What the hell is it with those two?" I asked. Leah sighed. "When Tristan was little, his mom gave him up for adoption and when Ronnie was born, his parents kept him and ever since then, Tristan's been jealous about his and Ronnie's parents keeping Ronnie but not him."

"Oh my god."

Leah nodded. "They're real mother is dead butâ ¦Tristan was always upset because he felt like his parents always rejected him. Since then, he's hated Ronnie."

"I really want the both of you to be at the wedding." I said. Leah smiled. "Let me see that ring again." She said. I held up my hand and she smiled. "It's so beautiful. I love it. We'll be there. Definitely."

"And so will we." April said coming down the hall. I smiled at her. "I cannot believe you have finally gotten Tristan. My Tristan Niles to settle down. That's like getting a shark to stay still." I giggled.

Later, we ordered Chinese food and sat in the living room talking. I sat on the floor in Tristan's lap while Leah was lying in Ronnie's lap on the couch and April and Daeton were sitting on the other couch across from Leah and Ronnie.

"Where did you two meet?" April asked.

"At the diner I work at."

"Tristan? At a diner? You don't see or hear about that every day." Ronnie said.

"What the hell does that mean?" Tristan asked.

"Don't you get everything handed to you on a silver platter?"

"Shut the fuck up, Ronnie." Tristan said shaking his head.

"Please don't start you two." April said looking straight at Tristan. Tristan sighed and dropped his head down to my shoulder. "I'm sorry." He whispered.

I turned to him slightly. "For what?"

He shook his head. "My family. This has got to be irritating you as much as it is irritating me."

"I like your family. So different from mine. I like that."

Leah began talking about baby names and I offered the name Paris. Leah smiled and then nodded. "I think we have a winner." Ronnie leaned down and kissed her softly but you can see so much love in that kiss. I admired the two of them.

"So when's the date to the wedding?" Daeton asked.

"August 3rd on Saturday." I answered.

April smiled and leaned against Daeton and looked up at him. "Me and Daeton were in college when we got married."

"You didn't think you two were too young?" They both shook their heads. "I loved him and he loved me. That's all that mattered." Daeton kissed April and smiled at her.

"My parents think I'm too young. Wellâ ¦.my dad does. So he won't be coming to the wedding."

"Oh honey, I'm so sorry." Leah said. I shrugged. "It's fine."

I stood halfway out the door and hallway while I hugged Leah and then April. And then Daeton. And then Ronnie. "It was so nice meeting you, Jenna." Ronnie said. I smiled. "I loved meeting you all. I'll see you soon." Tristan said his goodbyes to everyone accept for Ronnie and we got back into his car.

"Your family is very nice. I don't know why they irritate you so much."

"Why isn't your dad coming to the wedding?" He asked cutting me off.

He kept his eyes straight on the dark road. I sighed. "He doesn't want me to marry you. I told him that no matter what he says that I will marry you. And he said he's not coming to the wedding."

"I need your father to be there, Jenna."

"He said no."

"You want to be happy don't you?" He asked.

I nodded. "Then you have to get your father there and tomorrow, I will go and talk to Lindsey. Okay?"

I nodded. I was happy that Tristan was keeping his word and going to talk to Lindsey for me because she's one of the most important people in my life. I just got to figure out to get Shane to the wedding.

Chapter 19: In Lindsey's view

Chapter 19: In Lindsey's view

Lindsey's POV

I braided Alicia's pigtail and she quickly ran outside with her best friend, Beth. Jonathan ran outside with them and closed the door. I had a lot to do. I had to help Alicia and Jonathan with two projects. Clean the living room and the kitchen. Go grocery shopping.

Alicia came through the door and ran to me. "Mommy, there's a man in the driveway." She said. I narrowed my eyes and got up. I stepped outside to see Tristan leaning against his car. Okay he looked good even just standing there casually but he's a fucking asshole. I had to keep that in mind.

"What the fuck are you doing here?" I asked.

Tristan stepped towards me. "I came here because of Jenna. Trust me this is the last thing on earth I wanted to do."

"Fuck her and fuck you." I said about to shut the door.

Tristan put his foot in the door to prevent it from closing. "Jenna loves you. And I'm doing this because I care about her."

"Yeah right. You care about Jenna. I guess so."

"If I didn't, why the hell would I tell her to move in with me?" He asked.

It was obvious why. "So you can fuck her anytime you want to."

Tristan pinched the bridge of his nose. "You are just like Jenna or she's just like you. I always liked her somewhat pissy attitude but when she starts acting like you, it's not really sexy anymore."

"I do not give a fuck about what's sexy to you and what's not. Just tell me why you're here so you can leave."

Tristan sighed and put his hands in his pockets. "She wants you to help her find a dress and find you one too." He said.

What the hell for? What? Were we going to a fucking ball? "For what?" I asked.

"Our wedding." He said nodding.

What? Wedding? They were getting married? "You asked her to marry you?"

Tristan nodded. "Yes I did. See? I care about her."

"Just so you can get her in your little trap and dominate her. Right? That's what you want to do."

"Think you're so right. I don't understand why she wants to be friends with a fat ass ugly cunt like you."

"Tristan, I've been verbally and physically abused my whole life. Your words don't hurt me."

"Ahh. Let me guess, school was shit for you. Your ex made you hate yourself. That says something."

"What?"

"That you're a worthless cunt. Like I said. Don't come to the fucking wedding because I don't want you there." He turned away from me and got into his car and reversed out of the driveway.

I truly didn't understand what Jenna saw in him. I mean after his looks are just a huge pile of asshole. But maybe she liked that. I just felt like it was bullshit. This isn't going to be good. Her marriage with him is not going to be good.

I called Dean over my house to watch Alicia and Jonathan. His car pulled up to the driveway and I smiled. "Thank you."

He shrugged. "I love watching them. I'm always one call away, honey."

"Don't call me honey. I feel like a bored housewife." I said. Dean smiled and kissed me as I got into my car. He was my baby sitter, my boss and my lover.

I drove to the prison that Johnnie was being held in. I know that he's the only thing I've been talking about because of how bad he hurt me but I needed to see him. I needed to see him miserable and in agony just like all the shit he put me through.

I walked through the halls with the guards and they led me to a chair. In front of glass and there was another chair on the other side. I sat down and watched as Johnnie came out of a room and stared at me as he sat down. He had a beard much scruffier and his hair was thicker. He picked up the phone from one end and I picked up the phone from the other and held it to my ear.

"Hi pumpkin." He whispered. I always hated when he called me that.

"Don't call me that." I whispered.

Johnnie smiled. "Came here to see me suffer?" He asked.

"Yes and I'm enjoying it." I said smiling slightly. Johnnie smiled back.

"How many more years, baby?" I asked.

"Thirteen. They added the abuse and the drug charges on soâ ¦you know." He said shrugging.

"You look good in orange, Johnnie." I said.

He gave me a half smile. "How's my baby girl?" He asked.

"Alicia's growing up really well. Doing good in school. Jonathan, the exact opposite."

"If I was there I could make him into a man."

"You'd make him into a rapist, womanizer, drug addict and dealer. You're the last thing that Jonathan needs."

"Womanizer?" He asked in his rough voice that used to turn me on. I nodded.

"I might have done a lot of shit to you, pumpkin, but I never cheated on you."

"Yeah I was your special little fucking toy."

"Yes you were and you were very very fun to play with." He gave me a wicked smile and I wanted to die right then and there. I remember that smile.

The smile that went along with all the pain Johnnie has ever caused me.

"It feels good to know that now you'd be the one getting raped." I said nodding.

Johnnie's smile disappeared. "Dumb little bitch you are, pumpkin. Dumb little bitch. Just like I remembered you. That will always be your label. What did those fucking jocks see in you in high school? You'd spread your fucking legs for anyone. And I just had to come your way and get stuck in the dumbest fucking marriage ever."

"You decided to kidnap me and take me to Vegas and marry me."

"Back then when I cared, I knew I wouldn't take no for an answer."

"You were never a good man, Johnnie Gibson." I whispered.

"And you were never a good woman but I put up with your shit for thirteen years didn't I?"

I leaned forward. "I hope you rot in jail, baby. By the time you get out, me, Alicia, and Jonathan will be long gone you fucking psycho."

He flicked his tongue at me and smiled. "I'm the only guy whose ever gave you good head. Nobody else ever had a tongue like mine, pumpkin. I bet you miss my cock in your pussy too. I remember how warm it use to feel."

"It's just too bad you won't ever feel that again." I said shrugging.

Johnnie frowned. "Oh I will, Lindsey. Even if I had to take it from you like I did last time."

"Watch out, Johnnie. I heard that some guys turn gay in prison." I hung up the phone and stood up. I walked through the cold hallway and signed myself out and walked out of that place/ I needed to see him suffer and thank god that I did. It made me happy knowing he won't be getting out in another decade and three years.

As I got in my carâ ¦.I called Jenna.

"Lindsey?" She asked.

"Yeah, I'm on my way over."

Chapter 20: Dress shopping

Chapter 20: Dress shopping

Tristan's POV

I sat with the normal three at a new club that opened up recently called Oraz.

Carl leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

Sean smiled. "Look at this fucker here. Long night?" He asked.

Carl waved him off.

Sean looked to me. "Hey uhâ ¦..Niles, where's your red head girlfriend?" He asked.

"Probably about to go dress shopping for the wedding.

All three of them paused. Sean shook his head. "Hold the motherfucking phone. You asked her to marry you?" He asked.

I nodded once. I wasn't going to let Jenna go now that she accepted the fact that she was mine. She didn't want kids right now but I will convince her otherwise. Since I saw her, I saw no other girl. No other girl turned me on. No other girl caught my attention. Only Jenna which wasn't normal for me. I always thought of monogamy as fucking stupid untilâ ¦.Jenna.

"Good call." Carl said nodding.

Sean narrowed his eyes at me. "So she had to have done something major to get you to ask the question or even have the question in your head. The girl is sexy. She's funny and fun to be around. I'm guessing the pussy is good."

"So are we attending the wedding?" Nate asked.

"Do you think you are?" I asked.

"Shit, I am." Sean said nodding as he put the beer bottle to his forehead. "Hot as shit in here."

"Then you are all invited."

"Good. I bet Robinson will look sexy in her dress. Make her get a lace dress that's sexy." Sean said.

"Last time I checked, I'm the one marrying her. Not you." I said.

"Jeez, calm the hell down. I was kidding." Sean said holding his hands up surrendering.

I exhaled.

"She's a fantastic girl, Tristan. Don't lose her." Carl said fixing his glasses.

I shook my head. "I won't. She's mine. She'll always be mine." I said nodding.

"Kids next? Tristan, what has this girl done to have you so whipped? I bet a lot of your past exes would love to know how she does it. We've watch you jump relationship to relationship. And then you meet this sexy red head chick and you're completely blinded by her."

"I don't know," I shrugged. "Jenna is just different."

"But do you truly love her?" Nate asked.

"I asked her to marry me didn't i?" I asked.

Nate nodded and half smiled.

"So who's your best man?" Carl asked.

"Nate." I said.

Sean nodded. "Great choice. I'm glad you didn't pick me. I would have fucked it all up."

"I don't think being a best man is a job, Sean. More like an honor. It's not that hard." Carl said.

"If the best man tries to bang the bride at the reception than that's called fucking it up."

I shook my head. "No. Because if any of you put one finger on Jenna, I'll fucking cut them off." I said. Everyone stared at me but I didn't care. I was protective over Jenna. I couldn't fucking help it.

Jenna's POV

I smiled when Lindsey's car pulled up into the driveway.

She got out of her car with a small smile on her face. "Hey."

"Lindsey," I whispered. I could feel myself about to cry. I missed her although it's only been a couple of days since we last talked.

She wrapped her hands around me and hugged me. I just started crying on her shoulder. "I'm so sorry." I whispered.

Lindsey shook her head and pulled back a little. "No. I'm sorry. I was acting like a bitch."

I shook my head and wiped my tears.

Lindsey smiled weakly. "Let me see the ring." She said. I smiled and held up my hand. Lindsey's eyes grew wide. "Goddamn! How many carats is that?"

"14." I answered.

"Wow. He really likes going all out for you huh?" She asked. I nodded.

"I tell him all the time don't get me anything extra but he doesn't seem to give a fuck about it. He left me his credit card so I can go out and get my wedding dress."

"Ooh, I want to go."

"Of course." I said. I walked in the house, grabbed my keys and Tristan's leather wallet and walked out of the house. We took my car and drove to a bridal shop.

"You know, for me and Johnnie's wedding, I wore jeans and one of his shirts." She said laughing.

"Why?" I asked.

She shrugged. "Couldn't afford a real wedding. We got married in Vegas. Speaking of which, I visited Johnnie today."

My eyes grew wide. "You did?"

She nodded. "I loved seeing him in orange. He has to serve 13 more years. I don't know why, Jenna but I just took joy in seeing him suffer. Seeing him stuck unable to go anywhere and he looked miserable."

"I don't know if I should say "Good" or "I'm glad." I said.

"Just say good."

"Okay. Good." I said. Lindsey smiled. We got out of the car and walked into the bridal shop. As soon as we walked in it was like fucking heaven. The whole place was white and a cream color. The floor has white carpet. The walls were with cream colored lights. The couches were cream colored and there were thousands of wedding dresses. "Holy shit." I whispered.

"Oh my god, Jenna. This is unbelievable."

"Tristan told me that his sister in law got her dress from here and it's the best place."

A blonde woman with a cream colored dress and a white blazer on came up some little stairs and smiled at us. "Hello ladies." She said friendly.

"Hi."

"Anything in particular you ladies looking for?" She asked.

"I want a white wedding dress that has lace." I said. I was so excited I could hardly stay in one place.

"Wow. May I see the ring?" She asked smiling. I showed her. "Oh my god. That is gorgeous. I had an ex-boyfriend and I showed him a ring somewhat like that that I wanted when he proposes to me. He said he didn't think I was good enough for a ring like that."

"Oh I'm sorry." That was fucked up.

"He was always mean like that. That's why I left him. Anyway, our lace dresses are over here." She said leading me to a wall filled with white wedding gowns. "Holy shit. This is amazing."

Lindsey smiled and looked at me.

"Oh, Lins, go find a dress. You're the maid of honor."

"I can't afford any of these dresses."

"Tristan lets me have his credit card and lets me buy whatever I want no matter how expensive it is."

"He does not want me spending his money, Jenna."

"I'll just tell him that the dress cost a lot." I said shrugging.

Lindsey smiled and then to start looking around the place for a dress.

"What are the colors for the wedding?" She asked.

"White and red." I answered.

The woman looked at me.
"When's the wedding?" She asked.

"Two weeks. Tristan wants to get married very soon."

"Hmm. I used to date a guy name Tristan."

"Really? What was his last name?" I asked.

"Niles. Tristan Niles. But he was a very bad guy. I still have feelings for him till this day butâ ¦..he has better things to do with his day then think about an old ex." She said shrugging. My eyes grew wide.

"Are you Clementine?" I asked.

Her eyes widened as she nodded. "Wait, you? You're marrying Tristan Niles?"

I slowly nodded.

"Wow. Iâ ¦.I wanted to marry him too but he never asked."

"Well he told me he wanted to marry you too but then you left him."

"I know. How in the hell did you get him to ask you? Did you pressure him into it?"

"No. He just asked and I said yes."

Clementine still seemed quite upset and shocked that Tristan asked me to marry him.

"Umâ ¦.so do you find any of these dresses pretty?" She asked changing the subject. The dresses were very beautiful but none of them really seemed like a "me" dress. I shook my head and looked to see Lindsey bringing over a long red dress. "This is it, Jenna." She smiled widely.

"I wish it was that easy for me to find a dress."

Lindsey looked around and her eyes stopped on a dress. She looked back at me and smiled. "How about that dress with the beads over there?" She asked. I turned to see what she was talking about and I was in awe as I saw the dress.

"Oh my godâ ¦..oh my god." I walked over to it with a huge smile on my face. It was white and strapless. There were beads on the torso of the dress and about eight groups of white beads in different areas at the bottom. The top of the dress felt like silk. "I'm going to try this on." I whispered. I couldn't take my eyes off of it.

I went into the dressing room and I tried on a dress while Lindsey tried on her red dress and we both came out and looked in the mirror. "You look absolutely fucking amazing, Jenna." She said smiling. I smiled in the mirror then looked at her. "You too, Lindsey. It looks so beautiful on you."

She checked herself out in the mirror.

Clementine nodded slowly. "Yeahâ ¦..Jenna. You lookâ ¦..great."

I turned to her secretly liking her jealousy. That's what she gets for dumping Tristan.

"How much is this dress?" I asked.

"$4,079." She said.

I nodded. "I'll take it and Lindsey's dress. Her dress price doesn't matter." I said.

"We have to pick out some shoes." Lindsey said.

"Pick me out some. You always have the best taste in shoes." I said.

Lindsey nodded once and went shoe hunting.

I went back in the dressing room and took the dress off and put back on my regular clothes. I cradled the dress like it was a baby and brought it to the counter.

"So how long have you and Tristan been together?" Clementine asked.

"Almost a year." I answered taking out his credit card.

"He lets you use his card?"

"Yeah how did you know?"

"I remember that card. He told me I couldn't use it for anything. In fact, he took it everywhere he went."

"He told me he loved you or at least he thought he did. But it sounds like he treated you like shit."

"He did. But he says that's how he loves." She said shrugging.

Lindsey came back over and put a pair of red pumps and white pumps with lace straps to the counter. Then she zipped down her red strapless dress that had beads around the bottom and put it on the counter. "There, ring that up." Then she went back to the dressing room. I smiled and then looked back to Clementine.

"Best friend?" She asked.

I nodded. "The very best." I said handing her Tristan's credit card.

She stared at it before sliding it in the price slot. She looked at me. "Total is $7,243. Are you sure he'll be okay with how much money you spent?" She asked.

"Tristan gets mad when I don't spend money."

Clementine sighed and bagged up the dresses and the shoes and then handed me back Tristan's credit card. Lindsey came out of the dressing room. "We need to go to a jewelry store too." She said. I nodded.

Clementine handed me the bag while she handed Lindsey the other scowling the whole time.

"Bye, Clementine. I'll tell Tristan I saw you." I said as I walked out of the store with Lindsey.

Chapter 21: I love her but she doesn't know what she's in for

Author's Note: This chapter is very short. Sorry. Just need you guys to see what's going on inside Tristan's head right now.

Chapter 21: I love her but she doesn't know what she's in for.

Tristan's POV

Jenna was sitting on the kitchen counter eating ice cream looking at me. "You sawâ ¦Clementine?" I asked. She nodded.

"She looked shocked that you asked me to marry you. But you can tell that she was jealous. I actually felt kind of bad for her."

"You told her that we're getting married?"

"Yeah. Somehow the conversation started being about you. She said that you told her she wasn't good enough for a diamond ring."

I shook my head. "She wasn't."

"Tristan, why are you such a dick?"

"Because I have a dick. That's my nature."

She rolled her eyes.

"Do you have all you shit packed?" I asked.

She nodded. "I'm going to put them in your car before the day."

"Fuck. I need to go make sure I got all my stuff packed." Jenna got off of the counter and walked over to me. I stared at her big eyes and licked my lips. She bit her lip and leaned up to kiss me. I kissed her back. I could feel shivers running to my cock. Just the touch of her lips was making me hard. Her breathing became ragged. "Tristan," She whispered. My fucking goodness. I just keep thinking to myself how she'll soon be all mine. And no one else can have her.

I pulled away and she pouted like a little kid. "I have to go finish packing, sweetheart." I placed my hand on the side of her face and kissed her forehead, her nose and then her lips.

It took everything in me not to say "Fuck it" and to fuck her hard against the counter.

But I managed to step away and walked up the stairs. So marriage was a fucking step that Ivowed not to take. I meanâ ¦.what would be the point? We all die in the end.

But I don't want anyone else to have Jenna. Because she. Is. Mine. I walked into the bedroom and saw Jenna's Burberry Louis Vuitton suit cases sitting on the bed. I went over to them and opened them. Right on the top of

the bigger suit case were her pink container of birth control pills. I sighed deeply. She knew I wanted a baby. I wanted her to have my baby. She fucking knows that.

I grabbed the birth control pills and threw them into my drawer. She knows better than to look through my shit.

I closed her suit case right back up and got out my suit cases and start to pack more shit.

Jenna appeared in the doorway. "Shouldn't you be at a bachelor party?" She asked.

I scoffed. "Bachelor parties are a goodbye to the single life. I'm not single and I've seen and slept with a lot of strippers to last me a lifetime. I don't need a bachelor party."

"Ah, I see." She said as she walked over and climbed into the bed.

I looked at her. "And you?

"I was never actually interested in bachelorette parties. They make no sense to me. Plus they're lame and I want to spend this time with you tonight." She said in an innocent voice that drove me crazy. Even though I knew for a fact she wasn't "innocent", I loved it when she acted like she was. If her voice would go soft. That sound when she laughs. When she wears two pigtails like she's a little kid.

I hate that I found someone who makes my heartbeat fast because I always thoughtâ ¦.What the hell is love? Oh yeah. It's bullshit. But I never felt this way about anybody. And because I never felt this way before, I knew I loved Jenna.

But I know that I'll get out of control eventually and I might hurt her rather I want to or not.

I slowly looked over to her and she was playing a game on my phone. At least I think that's what she was doing. She can go through my messages. I've got nothing to hide.

"You've got a car as your phone wall paper." She said giggling. I smiled at that sound. "And?"

"You've got nothing better? My wallpaper is you."

"My car is very envious." I said shrugging. She nodded. "That's true."

"Nervous?" I asked.

She looked to me. A warm smile in her eyes. "No. Not really. You?"

"I don't get nervous."

"Why not?"

"Don't know. Another thing I lack besides my heart."

She shook her head as she got off of the bed and came over to me. "You have a heart."

Jenna was a smart kid but she didn't know everything about me. ' I only have a heart because of you.' That's what I wanted to say butâ ¦I didn't say it.

"You don't know me so well."

"Tristan, you've got me. You've got a heart. If you didn't, you would have never asked me to marry you. Right?"

"I just want to keep you around."

"Because I make you feel human?" She asked going over my words from months ago.

"Exactly. Understand that now?"

She nodded. "You think you're a monster?"

I didn't answer. I just stared at her.

"I know you're not."

"You haven't seen anything yet." I muttered.

Chapter 22: Wedding day

Chapter 22: Wedding day

When I woke up, I automatically knew exactly what day it was and a smile appeared on my face. I knew Tristan would be up and gone before me so I wasn't shocked to find myself in bed alone.

I wiped my eyes and pulled the covers off of me. I sent all the invitations out a week ago. That was set. My dress was going to arrive here soon. I let Lindsey keep it until this day so Tristan wouldn't see it.

I looked at the time. three o six. I went into the bathroom and took a shower and washed my hair and then blow dried it.

The doorbell rang and I went to answer the door. I looked out the window first and saw that it was Lindsey holding my dress and she was dressed in her red dress and Leah and Ronnie were right behind her.

I smiled and opened the door. "Lindsey! You look amazing. Oh my god." I hugged her and she giggled and then looked at Leah. "Like her dress? I used that number you gave me and called her and got her the same dress. Just a little bigger because of her stomach." Leah playfully hit Lindsey.

"Is Dean coming?"

"Yes. He said he'll meet us there later with Alicia and Jonathan."

"The flower girl and the ring barrier." I said clapping. Ronnie smiled and hugged me and then looked around the house. "Damn. Accountants really make that much?"

I nodded. "Right. That's exactly what I said."

"Okay. Okay. Enough talk. We have three hours until this wedding, let's get you dressed." Lindsey said. Leah squealed.

"Right! I'll justâ ¦stay here I guess!" Ronnie yelled. Leah giggled as I led them to me and Tristan's room."

They both looked around in complete awe. Leah sat on me and Tristan's bed. "And this is where the magic happens."

I blushed and then rolled my eyes.

I took off my robe and then put on my black strapless bra and my black panties from Victoria's secret and then I put the dress on and looked in the mirror. I wanted to cry. It was so beautiful. Lindsey smiled as she looked in the mirror next to me. "You really look amazing, Jenna." She said. I nodded too. I put on the diamond necklace that Tristan bought for me two months ago and diamond earrings I bought two weeks ago.

Lindsey did my hair while Leah did my makeup. Red lipstick. Black eyeliner. That's all I needed. My hair was curly and hanging down my back. A couple of pieces in the front were pinned to the back. Leah smiled and looked to Lindsey who also smiled.

I slipped on the heels and finally felt like this is it. Within hours, I'm going to be married. Me and Tristan were getting married in a hotel and the reception will be outside at a park.

We arrived at the hotel and only a couple of guests were there already. Me, Leah, April, Daeton, Lindsey and Ronnie were all in hotel room waiting. Lindsey stuck two small flowers into my hair and put my veil on.

"You look great, sis." Ronnie said smiling. I smiled. "Thank you. I thought I would be nervous but I'm not." I said.

"That's good." April said adjusting her red dress. Yes. She's also my bridesmaid. I took a deep breath and looked back in the mirror. There were red and white flower in my hair. I adjusted them to make sure they wouldn't fall out. Dean soon arrived with Alicia who was wearing a cute white dress with a red lace bow going around the middle. She had red flowers in her bun. Jonathan was dressed in a little black suit with a white button down shirt underneath with a red tie.

"You guys ready?" Lindsey asked. I nodded. We all walked out and everyone except me, April, Lindsey and Leah, Alicia and Jonathan went in to sit down while we went through another entrance. Alicia went through first. She had roses in a basket and threw them down the aisle.

Then Jonathan carried the ring on a black silk pillow down the aisle. Lindsey smiled with tears in her eyes. "Okay. This is us." She whispered. I nodded. I wasn't nervous but tears came to my eyes anyway. But I welcomed them.

April walked out first slowly... Her walks matching the sound of the music being played by a professional pianist.

I just became nervous. Fuck me. Leah smiled at me before turning and walking out next. A few seconds laterâ ¦..Lindsey walked out and I knew it was my time. I wish I had my dad with me but I knew he would tear Tristan apart if he was here. I closed my eyes and inhaled and then opened them as I slowly walked out. All eyes were on me. Fuck. I hated being the center of attention but I should have expected this.

I smiled at my mom as I passed her and she smiled back. Tears were in her eyes as she stared at me. I looked forward to Tristan who as always was sexy and at this moment, I just wanted our damn honeymoon to start already.

Don't cry, Jenna Robinson. Don't cry. You don't want to fuck up your make up.

As I got closer, Tristan's eyes were staring into mine and he had a sexy crooked smile on his face. Oh fuck. I just came undone.

Really? I'm actually wet during my wedding? Thanks a lot for smiling, Tristan.

I stepped up on the stairs with him and stared into his eyes. He smirked and looked at the pastor who said the usual words of *Matrimony.*

"Do you, Tristan Niles take Jenna to have and to hold through sickness and through health for as long as you both shall live?" He asked.

Tristan nodded. "Fuck yes. I do." That caused a couple of people to giggle in the audience.

The Pastor smiled and then looked to me. "And do you Jenna promise to always be faithful and to love Tristan as long as you both shall live?" I smiled. "I do." I said weakly.

"I now pronounce you husband and wife, you may..."

My lips were on Tristan's before the pastor could even finish. Tristan took me in his arms and kissed me back with just as much force.

"Wellâ ¦alright." The pastor said as he clapped. Everyone then stood up and cheered and clapped loudly.

We were hugged and kissed before we got out of the hotel to go to the reception. It was dark by the time we got there. The music was blaring loudly. Much to Tristan's distaste but I helped him get over it. Sean, Carl and Nate were sitting at a table away from everyone else. Me and Tristan walked over. My hand was in his. "Hey guys." I said.

"Well, well. Mr. and Mrs. Tristan Niles. How's the married life?" Sean asked.

"Doesn't feel any different." I said shrugging.

"Tristan?" Sean asked.

Tristan shrugged. "Feels the same to me butâ ¦more official." He said.

Sean leaned forward and looked up to me as "Heat of the moment" came on. "Really? No Nirvana? Come on, Niles." He said looking at me. I shrugged.

"You can have it at your wedding." I said.

Sean scoffed. "What wedding?"

My mom came over and hugged me and then Tristan. "Finally, you're married!" She had a gleam in her eyes.

"Dad isn't here?" I asked already knowing the answer.

My mom's face fell. "He didn't want to come but it's alright. I'm here." She said. I nodded and put on a fake smile for her.

I looked over and Lindsey was dancing with Dean and he was twirling her around and talking to her. I'm glad to see everyone having such a good time. "Oh, wine. I need that. I'll be back." My mom said heading toward the wine table. I rolled my eyes and felt my hand being tugged.

"Want to go somewhere for a second?" Tristan asked in my ear. I nodded and tagged along as he led me away from the party and somewhere more quiet. An old building wasn't too far away. Tristan pressed me up against it and looked at me with fire in his eyes. Not in a bad way. I could feel intense heat between us as I looked up at him. "You're mine." He whispered.

I nodded as he leaned his head down and his lips made contact with mine and he used his lips to part mine and tugged on my bottom lip softly. I moaned and he pressed himself harder against me so I could feel his erection. "Jenna," He whispered softly.

I looked up at him. "I need you." He said nodding.

"I need you too." I whispered back. Tristan lifted my dress and lifted my leg up to his waist and he softly grinded his erection against my wet panties.

"Ohâ ¦..Please, Tristan. Please." I whispered and he grinded harder secretly enjoying my anguish. I needed him so bad right now. He just didn't understand.

"Please what?" He asked in that irresistible warm melty voice.

"Please. I need you."

"Need me to what?" He asked smirking with amusement. I hated when he teased me. "Do something to me. Anything. I just need a release so bad." I whispered. My real voice was trembling and was in desperate need right now.

Tristan smiled crookedly. "Jenna, Jenna, Jenna, how could you be so wet right now with all of our family and friends hardly 3 yards from us?"

I shook my head. "I don't know. You smiled and thenâ ¦I just broke down as always."

He smiled and grinded harder. He let out a soft groan while still staring in my eyes. I closed my eyes enjoying the friction between us. I could cum right now but I was desperately holding it in. I really wanted him to actually fuck me.

"What's wrong? Is this not good enough?" He asked with that smart ass smirk still painted on his face.

I nodded my head. "Tristan it's so damn good but I need more. Please." I said breathless.

"You don't want to wait until we get to our beach house?"

I shook my head. Tristan smiled and leaned down to kiss me and his tongue traced my bottom lip before he pulled back. "Well unfortunately for you, sweetheart, I do." He let go of my leg and backed away from me still smirking. I stomped up to him and hit his arm. "I hate you!" I said.

"Oh come on! You just married me. You can't hate me already."

"Well I do." I said stomping away from him. I felt his arms grab me from behind and he nipped at my ear and it had me giggling. "You hate me?" He asked in my ear.

"Mmh. I don't think so." I answered.

He smiled. "Thought so. Let's get back to the fucking party."

He dragged me back to the reception. The song "Dream on came on and I pulled Tristan to the dance floor.

He shook his head. "I don't dance, sweetheart."

"This is our day. Dance with me." I said pouting like a two year old.

Tristan shook his head.

"It's a shame I can get you to marry me but not dance with me." I said.

Tristan nodded.

"You have a hell of a point, Mrs. Niles." He said. I smiled at my new name. Dream on isn't really a song to dance slowly to but Tristan pulled me to him holding me like there was no one else in the room. It was a seductive look he kept giving me as he slowly danced with me.

A seductive dark look as if he had plans for me later. And he smiled in amusement as if he just read my thoughts. It didn't scare me; it just made me yearn for him more.

He leaned in to whisper in my ear, "Don't leave me, Jenna. Okay? Don't you ever fucking leave me."

I nodded. "I won't I promise I won't." I replied. I know Tristan had commitment issues and the last thing he needed was for him to finally commit to me and then I break his heart.

Tristan looked back down at me with a dark seductive look in his eyes.

Like he wanted to eat me.

Not a bad idea. I wanted to be eaten by him.

Stop it, Jenna. You got to be the good lady-like girl in front of the guests. You can be the sexual girl he turned you into later. There was plenty of time for that.

"Why do you keep looking at me like you want to eat me?" I asked.

Tristan smirked. "Because I do." He answered simply. A small smile appeared on my face and Tristan traced his thumb against my bottom lip as he looked at me. "You are fifty shades of beautiful." He whispered.

I snickered. "You're not funny. This isn't that situation so stop trying to make it that way."

"Thought I'd give it a try. Make you laugh."

I stared up at him. This question about to explode out of my mouth. "Have you ever thought of being a Dominant?" I asked.

Tristan nodded without hesitation. "Oh I've thought about it many many times. In fact, that was the first thing I thought about when I saw you."

"Really?

He nodded. "Butâ ¦I could tell that you wouldn't be into that sort of thing. Although I still fantasize about it day after day."

"No. I would be terrible at that. I wouldn't be so keen on the rules and I'd try to change them. I'd just end up messing it all up."

Tristan smiled. "Which is why I'm happy with the position you have now. As officially mine."

Chapter 23: Honeymoon

Author's note: (This note will be long. Sorry) I've noticed once I've read this over that This story is slowly somewhat becoming Fifty shadesof Grey with a mixture of the twilight saga breaking dawn. So not the direction I wanted it to go in. So I'm trying to bring it out of that direction. And that story Fifty shades of Grey, is the reason I won't continue to write "Sex Kitten" Because I feel like I'd be plagiarizing from E.L. James. And I hate it when people plagiarize. But maybe i can turn it into a fifty shades of grey fan fiction. So i might continue it afterall. The story i'm not sure im gonna continue is i thought i left it in the past. More personal than i thought it was before. So thats definitely discontinued. Thanks for reading. Oh...and when i said that this story won't be as long as a rockstar's heart, i was lying. Bye Lovers! Enjoy this chapter that mainly contains sex lol

Chapter 23: Honeymoon

We had to get across on a boat to get to Tristan's beach house. Well. Our beach house. But when I seen it, my lord. It looked better than my and Tristan's house. Tristan smirked when he saw my reaction. It was lit up by little candles going up the stairs. Tristan helped me out of the boat and smiled. "Like it?" He asked.

"I love it. It's just soâ¦.oh my god."

He opened the double door and let me go in and he slowly followed. I looked around peeking in room and every room is more beautiful than the last.

Tristan was watching me the whole time and I just became aware of it as he kept his eyes on me.

"Wantâ¦to see the bedroom?" He asked. I could hear the need in his voice. He held his hand out and I slowly accepted it. We walked up the stairs slowly and Tristan led me to a bedroom with red silk sheets and a king sized bed like his but this one was slightly smaller. The lights were dimmed and there was a huge floor to ceiling window showing the view of the ocean. I slipped my shoes off and went to the window looking out.

I was unable to explain how I felt right now. My heart was beating fast as I could feel his warm breath on my neck. I closed my eyes as he moved my hair to one side and kissed my shoulder and then my arm and then back to my shoulder. He doesn't normally do this. It was a tiny romantic thing but it wasn't something he normally did.

I turned to him and he was undoing his tie and then his shirt. We were staring in each other's eyes the whole time as he began taking his clothes off. He slid the shirt off of his shoulders and then leaned his forehead against mine still looking at me. "We're not going to fuck tonight." He whispered backing away from me. My mouth dropped open. Was he serious?

He took off his shoes and then his socks and walked back to me and turned me around. As he unzipped my dress slowly, he left little kisses on my back. "We're going to make love." He whispered against my skin. I let Tristan do all the work. I was too caught up in this moment to undress myself.

Tristan let my dress fall to the floor and then he unsnapped my black strapless bra and placed his lips against my back. His lips softly brushed against it and went back to my shoulder. He took my hand in his and sat me on the bed and I laid down staring up at him. He stared at me with this deep look of lust in him.

Lust was running through my veins right now. I wanted him so bad. He pulled his pants down and left them on the floor and then he pulled his navy blue boxers down and his cock sprung out. I almost went right up to it

and sucked it but like Tristan said, he wanted to make love to me which we don't normally do.

Tristan got onto the bed and grabbed the waistline of my panties while looking up into my eyes, and slowly pulled them down.

I watched his fingers as they rubbed against my skin while he pulled my panties down. I was completely naked and longing for him. He spreaded my legs and began kissing from my knee to my inner thigh and he started tongue kissing my already wet pussy which sent me up into the clouds.

I closed my eyes while silently crying his name over and over.

I put my hands though his soft hair and gasped when his tongue went inside me. "Oh, please." I whispered unable to say anything else.

I cry louder when his tongue flicks against my clit sending me on edge. "Oh! Tristan please. Tristan!" I released while breathing hard and looking down at him. He picked his head up and placed both a hand on either side of me then looked down at me. He leaned down and kissed me and then pulled back a little. "Open your mouth, Jenna." He whispered and I did what he said and I felt his tongue stroking mine and he kissed me hard trying to get a response out of me but I was still coming down from the heated orgasm to respond.

"Don't you taste good, Jenna?" He whispered I nodded and he kissed me again as he slowly entered me. I let out a small cry as he filled me completely. He stared at my eyes the whole time. He wanted to see my face while he entered. His face was filled with pleasure and I'm sure mine was too. He pulled back and thrusted in deeper. I placed my hands on either side of his face and he kissed me while he thrusted agonizing slow. But I could feel so much power in his hips and it felt so right. So good. So unbelievable. I never felt so much power in his thrusts before now. He was in so deep. I couldn't take it anymore. I felt the muscles in my stomach tighten. I kept my eyes on Tristan's and I can tell from his faster movements that he was about to cum. His mouth latched onto mine as he put more power into the hips and thrusted deeper. "Please, Tristan. I want to cum. I want to cum." I begged.

Tristan nodded while still staring into my eyes. "Cum, baby. Cum for me." As soon as he said that, I exploded around his length and moaned his name. I could feel Tristan releasing inside of me and crying my name as he thrusted hard one last time. I couldn't take my eyes off his. He laid down on his elbows and moved pieces of my red hair from my face and softly breathed out. "I love you." He whispered.

I could feel my eyes watering. I loved Tristan so much it was truly insane. It was insane how much he had me in his trap. I was the mouse and he was the peanut butter. I was the little kid and he was the candy.

"I loved that." I whispered.

Tristan smiled. "I actually did too."

"How come you never made love to me before now?" I asked.

Tristan slowly pulled out of me and laid beside me. "Because I'm not the type of guy who makes love. You know that. It just felt right to do it tonight."

I kept my eyes on him as he ran his fingers though his "just fucked" hair. I always loved that.

"Come here." He said holding out his arms. I scooted over to him and he held me in his arms. He kissed my hair and sighed softly. "Tristan?" I asked.

"Jenna?" I smiled and looked up at him. "Why me?"

"Because out of anyone I ever met, you annoy me the least."

"Oh that's a good reason." I said sarcastically.

Tristan gave me a half smile. "The second I saw you, you had me smitten. Is that good enough for you?" He asked.

Yep. That was definitely more than good enough. Because he had me smitten the first time I saw him also. "Yes that's good enough." I whispered. Some time as I was talking, I drifted off to sleep.

When I woke up, I was no longer in the warm embrace of Tristan. My new husband. He always gets up before me. A familiar song was playing and I lit up as I realized that an Aerosmith song was playing downstairs. I was still naked so I grabbed a robe that was hanging up in the closet and slid it on and tied it up and walked downstairs silently. "Dream on" was on and I smiled widely. I got into the living room and I saw an iPod sitting on the coffee table and Tristan was sitting on a couch staring at it in amusement. His head was slowly moving side to side. He only had on his boxers and it made me want to jump on him.

When the song was over, he turned the iPod off and sat it back down. "So, what do you think?" I asked. He turned and smirked. "I see its appeal now." He said nodding. He slowly walked over to me and kissed my forehead.

"Are you hungry? The housekeeper just filled up the refrigerator."

I nodded. "Yeah. I'll cook." I said. I went to the white kitchen and Tristan followed me as I did. I went to the refrigerator and pulled out some eggs and milk and strawberries.

Tristan leaned against the counter watching my every move. I grabbed the bread and put it next to me and grabbed a big bowl from the cabinet and sat it down. I looked for the cabinet that would contain seasonings, found it, and then grabbed the cinnamon.

I broke the eggs and mixed them in the bowl along with a little milk and some cinnamon. After I was done mixing it, I grabbed a skillet and turned on the stove and put some butter in the skillet. I put a slice of bread in the pale yellow mix and placed it on top of the melted butter. After that, I got another skillet and made bacon. When I was done, I gave Tristan a plate of food and sat my plate on the table. Tristan sat next to me. I picked up a piece of bacon and bit into it. "I want to talk about last night." I said.

"What about it?" He asked.

"I liked it."

He smirked. "But we've had sex before. A lot, Jenna."

"That wasn't sex, Tristan. We made love like you said we would and I want to do it again."

"Why?" He asked cutting a piece of French toast, dipping it in light syrup before putting it into his mouth.

Oh shit I wanted him.

Oh yeah, I got him.

"You wereâ ¦.sweet last night." I said.

"Am I not normally?"

I shook my head. "You're an ass mostly but I liked seeing that other side of you last night. I want to see it more often."

"Why don't you like being on top?"

What? I did like being on top. "I do like it. But I like it better when you're on top. It's sexier to me." I admitted. Tristan smirked.

I dipped my finger and swirled it lightly in the syrup. Tristan grabbed my finger and put it in his mouth. Slowly sucking the syrup off.

The look he gave me was so dark and seductive. I wanted to throw the plates off of the table and have him fuck me on it right now.

He released my finger and gave me a sexy crooked smile.

Tristan was done with his food before I was and he watched me as I ate. When I was done, I washed the dishes.

The one thing I hated was that I'm going to be getting my period soon. Should have scheduled the honeymoon later or earlier.

Tristan came up behind me and kissed my hair. "Want a bath?" He asked. I nodded and followed him upstairs to the huge bathroom. There was a walk in shower in the corner. A huge counter with a floor to ceiling mirror going all across from one wall to the other and in the middle of the room was a bathtub. Tristan turned the water on and looked at me and slowly walked up to me and untied the robe and slid it off my shoulders staring into my eyes. "Get in." He demanded while turning the water off, the tub was half full. I got in enjoying the warmth of the water on my body as I sat down.

Tristan slid his boxers off, his cock fully erected as he sat in the tub behind me. I leaned back against him and relaxed and closed my eyes.

"What was your first thought when you first saw me?" He asked. Where did that come from? I opened my eyes.

"I became wet when I first saw you." I admitted flushed.

Tristan's hand went down and his finger pinched my clit. I moved my hips forward to feel his hand on the most intimate part of me.

"Honestly?" He asked.

I nodded. "I wanted you the second I saw you." I said. His finger rubbed my clit softly. "Oh Tristan. Iâ ¦"

"You what?" He asked taking his finger away.

"I hate you for teasing me." I said.

He chuckled against my hair. "Get used to it. You're mine now and I get to tease you if that's what I want to do."

"It's not fair. I've never teased you. Ever." I said.

He snickered. "My sweetheart, you are a goddamn lie. "

I turned my head to him a little. "I let you into my bed when we hardly knew each other. When have I ever teased you?"

"The first day we met. Your voice. Your hair, your eyes. Even your ass made me want you. And you knew that I wanted you. You started arguing with me that day when what you really wanted to do was fuck me but you didn't. You knew I wanted you."

"I did not."

"Yes you did. Did you not see the way I was looking at you? I wanted to be inside of you that first moment I saw you. Just as badly as I want to now. Get the picture?"

"I get it, smartass."

"Good then." He kissed my hair again.

When we got out of the tub, we wrapped a towel around ourselves and then went into the bedroom.

Tristan pulled the towel off of me and looked at my body like it was a drink of water on a hot ass day.

He took his towel off and sat on the edge of the bed and he pulled me towards him so I was right in front of him. He left soft kisses on my stomach and against my belly button and his lips trailed down lower to the lips of my pussy. I sucked in a breath and put my hand in his hair. His kisses got deeper as he kissed my inner thighs and then back to the lips of my pussy.

He looked up to me and smiled. "You've always tasted good, sweetheart." He whispered. I closed my eyes and moaned as his nose inhaled me.

"You smell good too, Jenna. I fucking love that." He said. Never thought I'd be praised for how I smell.

Tristan laid back on the bed looking at me and I knew what he wanted. I crawled onto the bed with him and grabbed his member in my hands and looked at him as I put my mouth over the tip. Tristan immediately placed his hand in my hair. His breathing got heavier.

I let him thrust it deeper into my mouth until it hit the back of my throat. "Oh god, Jenna." He whispered. I let my tongue caress his length slowly and sensually while I kept my eyes on him. From the look on his face, I was doing a good job.

I loved the taste of him. Salty and sweet. Just like his personalityâ¦kind of. "Fuck, Jenna, I'm about to cum." He said grunting. I wanted him to cum in my mouth. I wanted to feel it. He made me this way. Kinky and full of lust. He thrusted his member in my mouth hard and I could feel his cum spill into my mouth. He groaned and whispered my name softly.

I swallowed while he weaved his fingers through my hair and looked down at me.

"Come here." He whispered. I crawled up to him and he laid me on my back while he got on top of. He was hard againâ ¦.already. Did I really have that effect on him?

"I thought you said we were going to be the kind of couple that will do something different in bed every night."

"You don't like it this way?"

I nodded my head. Yes the fuck I did. More than anything.

"I love it, but I just remember you saying that."

"I like it this way whenever we make love. We can use those other positions for a causal fuck day."

"Casual fuck day?" I asked.

He nodded smirking and then leaned down to kiss me while he slowly entered me. I moaned in his mouth while his length entered deep inside of me. Tristan rested on his elbows and looked at me. Our lips were inches apart. He stared in my eyes as he continues to thrust his length in and out of my oversensitive pussy. He kissed me to muffle my cries. My fingers scratched his back almost drawing blood. I gasped every time he went in hitting my g spot. Tristan was panting hard as his hips stroked hard against mine and his cock rubbed against the walls of my pussy creating a friction that I could hardly take.

Tristan used his teeth to tug on my bottom lip and sucked on it while holding my hands down. I moaned and bit his bottom lip back. The kissing became violent yet deep. Kinky yet dangerous. Just like him.

I could feel my walls squeeze him and he let out a sexy groan that sent me off. I cried out as I released over his cock. And my release triggered his. He panted harder and I could feel his warm cum shoot inside me. He stays where he is still looking down at me. He leaned down so our foreheads are touching. His breathing slows down.

Mine does also as he sighs.

"You have no idea what you do to me, Jenna."

Chapter 24: Two sides to Tristan

Author's note: Not alot happening in these two chapters but enjoy lovers! (I stole it from u nikki) lol Well u got lovelies and i got lovers. Enjoy guys! oh and for all of u who use to read sex kitten, i will post a chapter up either today or tomorrow morning.

Chapter 24: Two sides to Tristan

Tuesday morning when I woke up, I sat up in the bed and looked over to see Tristan still sleeping. The cover was covering his naked body partially and fully covering mine. He had "just fucked" hair so I'm pretty sure I also had it. Fuck. I need my birth control pills. I got out of bed. Now that I think about itâ¦.did I? Did I take them yesterday? Or the day before? Fuck. How the fuck can I forget? Andâ¦me and Tristan has been making love nonstop since we've got here.

I grabbed my suit case from under the bed and unzipped my it. I looked around throwing all of my clothes everywhere yet; the little pink container was not in there. Please don't tell me I forgot them. No I didn't. I know I put them in the bigger suit case. Or maybe it was the little one. I pray that it's in the little one. I drag the little one from under the bed and unzip it. I look through and there's only clothes inside. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. I didn't pack them! What the fuck? I could have sworn Iâ¦â¦

I slowly look to Tristan. He told me he wanted a baby. No this fucking bastard did not. No he didn't.

I slap his chest really hard and he immediately wakes up looking at me with a gaze that was both sexy and confused. Don't think about how fucking gorgeous he is. You're pissed. "You stole my birth control pills."

He blinked and nodded. "Yes and?" he asked. I saw nothing but red. I lifted up my hand and slapped him as hard as I could. Fucking bastard. My hand stung badly. I almost wanted to cry from the pain but I held myself together and then looked at his face. He glared at me and softly lifted the covers from his body and stood up. I backed away from him. Feeling little fear and a lot of fear at the same time. Like both amounts of fear were taking turns affecting my mind.

He kept walking closer to me with this dark glare in his eyes until I was pressed against the wall. "I hate you." I whispered.

Tristan shook his head and leaned his forehead against mine. "I'm sorry, Jenna."

"No. No. Get the fuck away from me." I pushed him away and went to grab a tank and my panties before going downstairs.

I could immediately hear him shifting upstairs and then him walking down the stairs. I sighed and went to the kitchen. He followed me and stared at me intently. "You manipulated me. How could you do that? Are you fucking insane? Did you think I'd be happy that you forced me to get pregnant?"

"I did not force you."

"You took my pills out of my suit case for a reason."

"Just take the pregnancy test, Jenna." Please don't tell me he had one here. Because I will be seriously pissed.

"I bought one a while ago."

"You planned all this shit didn't you? And just when I thought you couldn't have been a bigger prick."

Tristan bawled his fist up and I knew I was pushing his temper. I sighed. "Where is the pregnancy test?" I asked.

"Bathroom under the sink. There are two." Of course there is.

I walked to the bathroom and slammed the door shut. Isn't this always the fucking case? A girl goes into the bathroom with a pregnancy afraid she's pregnant. But the case is never that the husband throws the birth control pills out to purposely get the girl pregnant.

I opened the cabinet beneath the sink and there are two rectangular boxes sitting there. I grabbed the box and opened it. Tristan came in and shut the door. A little fucking privacy please?

He watched me as I took the test out and read the directions.

"Are you going to watch me pee and take this test?"

"I've watched you cum plenty of times. I think I can watch you pee."

I sat on the toilet and took the test.

Tristan was looking at the floor with a stern look on his face. When I was done, I sat it on the counter, wiped and then flushed the toilet.

I pulled my panties back up and just leaned against the other side of the bathroom.

"I'm sorry, Jenna." He said softly.

I shook my head. "Don't talk."

"You're going to give me the silent treatment?"

"Rather I slap you again?" I asked. He glared at me. After a few minutes of silence, he said, "Check the test, Jenna." His voice showed irritation. I wanted to slap him again.

I walked back to the counter and looked at the test. It said "Not pregnant." Some small part of me was upset but another part of me was relieved.

I looked to Tristan and then gave him the test. "Your little plan didn't work." And with that, I walked out of the bathroom.

I sighed as I walked back upstairs.

"Jenna," Tristan was right behind me. "I'm sorry."

"No. No you're not sorry. You wanted this to happen. Pack your shit, Tristan. I want to go home."

"Jenna, we're not going home."

"Oh yes we are. You have really pissed me off. Seriously. I hate you for what you did but of course I still love you. I just want to go home and go to sleep."

"You can sleep here, Jenna. We drove my car here. I got the fucking keys. We're staying."

"You can't make me."

"Jenna, stop being so damn childish and listen to me." He came over to me and made me sit on the bed. I stared at him as he sighed.

"I am sorry for the pain I've caused you. Emotionally. I justâ ¦..I want a kid with you, Jenna. I want to have one so bad with you. I need to. I want you to be the mother of my child. I want us to have a family. "

"And you had to manipulate me to do it?"

"I'm so sorry. I won't do it again. I'll wait until you have published your writing." He said nodding. I can see an apologetic look lurking in his eyes and it made me slightly less mad. How does he make me feel this way?

Fuck, I love him. That's why.

"Thank you." I said. He smiled and lifted my hand and kissed it and then kissed my forehead.

"I know some people who will help out with that, sweetheart. I can get it published for you."

"You've been distracting me."

"I'm sorry. Do you want to be alone?" He asked. He was acting oddlyâ ¦..sweet? Do I make him this way? Or does he act this way so I won't be mad at him.

"Yes and no." I answered.

He smiles briefly. "You have to finish your writing anyway. Can't believe you brought your laptop to our honeymoon."

"Well I did." I said shrugging. He smiled and kissed me on my forehead before leaving alone in the bedroom.

Fuck. Imagine if his whole plan would have actually worked.

I could easily have been pregnant right now. How could he do that? He actually had this all planned out and some part of me will always be angry about this but some other part of me is happy he wants kids with me.

Okay. So maybe bringing the laptop to the honeymoon wasn't such a good idea but I can't go a day without writingâ ¦.when I'm not distracted by a fucking sexy billionaire.

I opened my laptop and resumed my document of the story Sex Kitten.

I had serious case of writer's block.

But after a few moments, I knew exactly what to write. It was an erotica story. A fan fiction of the story *Fifty Shades of Grey.* But I don't think its okay to write a fan fiction of a fan fiction. But who the hell cares? I was already on chapter 12 and it made me happy and relieved. Of course I had to do my research about BDSM and

submission.

I would like to be Tristan's submissive for a night. I'd love that. Maybe I can talk to him about itâ ¦..eventually once I'm not slightly pissed anymore.

I still can't believe he tried to pull that shit though. Really Tristan? You want a baby so bad, that you'd try to manipulate me into it?

It failed, baby.

I closed my laptop and laid back on the bed. Fucking finished. I must have had some kind of adrenaline in my body or my head was filled with ideas, because never ever in my life have I written twenty five chapters in one damn day.

By the time the sun went down, Tristan came back upstairs. He still looked ashamed. "Get a lot done?" He asked. I nodded and smiled at him.

"Jenna,"

"Hmm?"

"I love you. So much. I'm so sorry."

"Well I got a lot done so you just might be getting your baby soon." He smiled and came over to me and sat beside me and kissed my shoulder.

I just thought of something. "Let's play truth or dare." I said.

Tristan's eyebrows pulled together as he looked at me. "We're not twelve fucking years old last time I checked."

I shrugged. "I'll go first," I said. "Truth or dare?"

Tristan couldn't hide his smile. "Truth."

"Why do you hate Clementine?" I asked. His face slowly fell. Shit. I shouldn't have asked that.

Tristan ran his fingers through his hair. I was doing this because I wanted answers I knew he didn't want to give me.

"I don't hate her, Jenna. She just annoys me."

"Everyone annoys you."

"Clementine was just a complicated girl. I was confused of my feelings for her and then she left out of nowhere."

"Did youâ ¦..ever hit her?" I asked. Tristan's blue eyes stared into mine.

"Yes. I did." He admitted. He looked away for a second as if he didn't want to see my reaction.

Should that make me feel some type of way?

"Truth or dare." He said still not meeting my eyes.

"Truth." I whispered.

"Are you afraid of me, Jenna?" His eyes locked on mine again.

"I'm only afraid because I never know what you're going to do next. And I have that same fear with my dad." I said.

Tristan had a thoughtful expression on his face. "You don't know what I'm going to do next?"

"When you hit me, I didn't expect it." I said.

"I know. I didn't want to do that."

He placed his hand on my leg and brought it up to my thigh while staring in my eyes. I wanted him as always.

"Truth or dare?"

"Truth." He answered.

"Who annoys you the least? Lindsey or Clementine?" I asked. I really wanted to know what his answer would be.

"If Lindsey wasn't such a bitch sometimes or had such a crazy fucking attitude, I'd be okay with her."

"Lindsey has had a bad childhood and adulthood. She's been raped by her mother's boyfriend repeatedly when she was sixteen and then her ex who is in prison abused and raped her. She's been through a lot of shit. Just please apologize to her." I begged.

Tristan sighed. "Fine." I smiled and kissed him hard. "Thank you."

Chapter 25: Im annoyed with your bullshit

Chapter 25: I'm annoyed with your bullshit

The night after we finally came home, we went out to the Oraz club with the usual three. Sean, Carl and Nate.

"We missed you, Niles." Sean said smiling at me.

"Yeah, hopefully Tristan didn't tire you out too much." Carl said adjusting his glasses. I blushed as Tristan smirked.

"Back to our other conversation," Sean said. "I love that you two are back but I don't want to hear about you two fucking." He said. I giggled. Yeah that's embarrassing to talk about.

"What's the best feeling in the world?" Carl asked.

"Sex." Sean immediately answered. Typical.

"Love." I answered.

"Love and sex with Jenna." Tristan said. I laughed along with Nate.

Carl clicked his tongue. "Something that we all can feel, Tristan."

Tristan thought for a second. "In that case, I don't know."

"Winning the lotto. That's a good feeling." Nate said nodding.

Sean smiled and shook his head. "You're the only one at this table that knows what it feels like."

"You won the lotto?" I asked.

Nate smiled smugly. "30 million, Miss Jenna." He said nodding.

"And this lucky bastard was already rich. Can you believe that shit, Niles?" Sean asked. I shook my head with a smile on my face. That is lucky.

Nate shrugged. "God loves me. That's why I won."

Sean sighed.

"Don't start with that shit, Nate. God loves everyone. Probably except me. It's been a month since I got laid."

"Is that all you talk about, Sean?" I asked. Sean smirked.

"Niles, getting laid is a priority for a man. For a woman, it's just something that happens. But for a man, it's a necessity."

"So what would happen if, hypothetically, your cock gets shot off?" I asked. Sean shook his head.

"I'm not answering that. I don't want to jinx it." He said looking around.

"You're actually looking to see if someone has a gun. You're a fucking idiot." Nate said. Sean flipped him off.

"Soâ ¦when are the kids coming?" Carl asked.

Me and Tristan both tensed up. The sudden memory of what he did filled my brain. I sighed softly.

"I got some people that's reading Jenna's book. They'll call about the information about the publishing. After it's published, we're going to have kids."

"What will it be, Niles? Girl or boy?" Sean asked. I shrugged. Maybe a girl.

"A boy." Tristan answered.

Or a boy.

"So you're the family man now. Very nice, Niles." Sean said nodding. He held his drink into the air. "This is for Mr. and Mrs. Niles. My favorite two bitches." Sean threw back his shot. I couldn't help but smile at the bastard. He is truly something else.

"Godfather. Who's getting the job, Miss Jenna?" Nate asked. Him of course. He was sweet and trustworthy. They all are.

"You Nate." I answered. Tristan looked at me and removed his hand from my knee. I stared at him and he was clearly pissed.

"Thank you, Jenna. Babies make me feelâ ¦..awkward." Carl said as his phone rang.

"Yeah, same here. I can't take it." Sean said.

"Thank you, Miss Jenna. I am more than honored. Unlike these two over here, I'm awesome." He said smiling at me. I smiled back.

Tristan shifted uncomfortably and twirled his wedding ring on his finger.

Maybe I should be quiet. Seems like I'm making it worse.

"I can't get kids. They'reâ ¦.too much responsibility." Sean said.

"You are heartless."

"I know. Jenna, that's my subtitle. Every girl I ever slept with called me heartless.

I'm used to it. Even my cousin called me heartless."

My eyes grew wide. "You fucked you cousin? You are shitting me."

Sean shook his head. "I shit you not." He said. I tried to stifle my laugh. That is disgusting.

"She was my second cousin. She didn't give a shit." He said shrugging as he grinned at me. Wow. I am surrounded by Tristan's perverted and crazy and weird friends.

"Tristan?" Asked a high voice. I turned to see Clementine standing next to our table. The table grew quiet instantly. I glared up at her yet she was paying me no attention.

Tristan just looked up at her with a smirk on his face. She blushed at his gaze.

"Can we talk, Tristan?" She asked hopefully. Was she serious?

Tristan smiled. "No." He said simply.

Sean and Carl tried not to laugh in her face but miserably failed.

Clementine sighed. "Please?"

"Like I said, Clementine, no." He raised up his hand, the back facing her. "I'm married now."

Her gaze turned to me.

"I hope you and the blonde enjoyed your dresses." She said.

I froze.

Tristan slowly turned to me. "Jenna, I hope she's not talking about the blonde I think she's talking about." He said. I gulped and kept staring at him.

He sighed and grabbed my arm and forced me up. "We'll be back." He said softly. He pulled me to the back door and out and pushed me hard against the brick wall.

"You bought that bitch a dress? With my money?!" He asked.

I stayed silent. Even though he promised he'd apologize to her, I knew that he hates her.

"Iâ ¦I'm sorry." I whispered.

"That bitch is going to pay me. How much is her dress?"

"Tristan, I'll pay you for her dress. I'm sorry."

"Stop saying that. You always said that she matters to you and you lie to me about the fact that you bought her dress. Are you fucking kidding me? You know how I feel about her.

You know that she'd be acting the same way if it was me you bought something for with her money."

"Yes. I know but.."

"But what, Jenna?"

"You'll get your money back." I said. He stared at me and let out a low sigh and leaned against the other brick wall and stared at me.

"And you were flirting with Nate. What the fuck was that?"

"What because I asked him to be the godfather? That's flirting? You're so fucking paranoid."

"Are you fucking him?"

"No! Why the hell would you even ask me that? Fuck you."

"I swear to god sometimesâ ¦you make me want toâ ¦." He shook his head and looked down at the ground.

We were quiet for about two minutes. The only sounds that were heard were our breathing and passing cars.

My back was hurting from how hard he pushed me against the wall. I was so pissed at him right now. But yes, I did deserve it.

"You okay?" He asked.

"No. I'm not. You promised you wouldn't hurt me again." I said.

Tristan walked over to me and wrapped his arms around me. I shook my head. "I'm not going to do this."

"Do what?"

"You know what."

"Jenna, I'm sorry." He breathed softly.

"If this is what's going to happen every time you get pissed, I'm not going to do this. I cannot get hurt every fucking time you get angry."

"I'm sorry."

"You sure as hell have a lot to be sorry for lately. Let's just go home. I don't want to fucking talk anymore." I got out of his arms and stomped back into the building leaving Tristan behind. Damnit. I should have slapped him like I wanted but that would have made things worse. My dad taught me how to fight yet I can't bring it to myself to actually *fight* Tristan. I can't believe it. The fucker has me blinded by love and lust. He has a goddamn spell on me that I can't break. Fuck!

I grabbed my jacket and purse when I got back from the table.

"Niles? What's wrong?" Sean asked. I didn't answer at first as I slid my arms through the jacket.

"Miss Jenna?" Nate asked. Tears sprung from my eyes. "It's okay. It's just the fact that your friend is a prick. The usual." I said. Sean smirked and so did Nate. Their eyes were focused on something behind me. I sighed.

"Where's Clementine?" Tristan asked.

Sean scoffed. "The little cunt left as soon as you two went out."

"I smelt jealousy." Carl said smiling.

"We're going to go." I said.

Sean shook his head. "No! No! Come on. Stay."

I put on a fake smile. "I'll see you guys soon." I said and then turned and walked away. I could hear Tristan right behind me. I ignored him. I couldn't take this. If Tristan, as much as I love him, continues this, I'm going to have to see my dad.

Chapter 26: Everybody loves Jenna

Author's Note: Once again not alot happening in this chapter. Sorry. But I won't be updating for a while. Next time I update, I'll be putting up five chapters at once. I'll talk to you all soon.

Chapter 26: Everybody loves Jenna

When we get home, I'm still giving Tristan the silent treatment. He asks me out of the blue did I cheat on him. Now why the fuck would I do that when we got married three weeks ago?

He closes the front door and looks at me.

"Talk." He demands.

I shake my head and head upstairs to change out of my dress.

I slip my purple pumps off and take the butterfly clip out of my hair and place it on the dresser with the rest of my jewelry.

Tristan comes in staring at me like a lunatic.

"Can you unzip me?" I ask.

"I'm sorry."

"Please don't say that anymore. I'm sick of "I'm sorry". Please come and unzip my dress."

"Do you forgive me?" He asked.

I shake my head.

"Then no."

"Maybe Clementine was right for leaving you." I muttered. It just came out by itself.

"What the hell did you just say?" He walked over to me and I turned around to him. "I said, Maybe Clementine was right to leave you." I was feeling bold finally.

Tristan narrows his eyes at me. "You need to watch what you say, Jenna."

"Or?" I asked. Tristan's glare turns into full on ice. I placed my hands on his chest and pushed him. "You don't threaten me. You can't control me. You have no fucking authority over me."

"Jenna, you need to calm the fuck down for a second." He said. I try to compose myself but anger was inside me. Since before. He hit me. Tries to get me pregnant without me knowing and accuses me of cheating. Yes. I have a right to be mad.

"No. I'm sick of you already. I shouldn't have married you!" I knew the words weren't true and I knew he knew it but already, he was making me resent it all.

He walked closer. "Re ally? That's how you feel?"

I nod and he presses me hard against the wall and kisses me hard with want. With need. I slap him and push him away but he comes back at me inviting his tongue in my mouth. I guess the slap thing just doesn't do it anymore.

He pisses me off so much, I sometimes want nothing to do with him but he always has me coming back. No matter how much I want to kill him.

I bite his lip hard. "Fuck you." I said looking him in his eyes.

He grabs my ass, lifts me up and wraps my legs around him and then resumes kissing me. Once again, as always, I can't resist him. I run my fingers through his hazel colored hair and close my eyes to savor the taste of him.

Tristan turns and carries me to the bed and then sits me down. Our deep kissing didn't break once.

Instead of unzipping it like I asked. He rips the dress and throws it to the floor. "Tristan," I whispered.

"Still mad at me?" He asked. I nod and he smirks against my lips. "I don't give a fuck." He whispers and kisses me again while unbuttoning his shirt. Help him unbutton his shirt. I'm burning for him inside. I'm burning with desire and I want him to give me what I want. I want to be underneath or on top of him with one of my favorite parts of him inside of me.

I slide my panties down and then I get his tie from around his neck and throw it down with his shirt. I'm desperate as I reach for his pants. I pull them down quickly with lust burning too bright. I want him now.

The second his boxers are off, he's on top of me biting at my neck hurting me.

I think, purposely.

"You're going to hurt me?" I asked looking up at him.

He nodded. "You pissed me off, Mrs. Niles."

"If you keep hurting me, I'll be done with you." I said. His blue eyes widened.

"Are you seriously threatening to leave? Do you understand the fact that I won't let you?" He leans down to bite my neck and I cry out and push him up.

"Stop it."

Tristan smirks. "Little whore."

"I'm not a whore."

"You're my little whore." He breathes against my lips. I shake my head as he pins my hands to the bed and intertwines his fingers into mine. "Want me to stop?"

"Uh yeah, if you hadn't noticed."

"Stop biting or stop trying to seduce you?"

"The biting." I answered. He leaned down to kiss me and then used his leg to spread mine apart.

I can't resist him. What would be the point? He's gotten under my skin. Literally.

He slowly buries himself in me and his breathing hitches. As does mine.

I place my hands on his chest and look up into his eyes. I'm caught between anger and lust and I don't understand it. I don't understand Tristan. I don't understand our relationship but I love it. I love him. I love us. He leans down and kisses my nose and then my lips as he keeps his fingers intertwined in mine pinned to bed.

Tristan is the only person who has ever made me feel this way. Angry yet filled with lust. I wanted to slap him and fuck him. He makes me full of mixed emotions.

How the hell does he do that?

I moan as I soon climax hard around him at the same time he climaxes inside of me moaning with me.

He puts his weight on me and kisses me again. "You annoy me so damn much." I said.

Tristan smiles. "You annoy me also. That's marriage." He whispered.

He kisses me again before getting up slightly and slowly sliding out of me and then sliding back with a big smile on his face. I smile back at him. "I'm already hard again, sweetheart. I think you have something to do with that."

I nod as he kisses my forehead and then my nose. "I'm sorry." He whispered. His blue eyes are sincere.

"I know." I place both my hands on both sides of his face and look into his blue eyes. "You can't hurt me anymore."

He shook his head. "I won't. I swear to you that I won't. If I do again, I'm giving you official permission to punch me in my face."

I laugh softly and nodded. "Better fucking believe it."

He presses his forehead against mine breathing softly. "When am I getting a kid?" He asked out of the blue. I stare up at him. He's staring back down at me.

"After my book is published and whenever I feel like I'm ready for one." I answered.

The next morning when I woke up, I got in the shower and got dressed in my uniform and was off to work. Been so long. Dean gave me a long break off of work. I walked in and Lindsey smiled widely when she saw me. "It's about damn time. I missed you." She hugged me and then Dean did.

"I missed you guys too."

"How was the honeymoon?" Lindsey asked. She sounded like she couldn't care less.

"The Honey moon was goodâ ¦..fuck-wise." I said. She narrowed her eyes.

"Any other wise?"

I shrugged. "Oh you know."

"He hit you?"

I sighed. That's always the question from her. "Noâ ¦.as always no."

"Was he annoying?"

"Just being his normal prick self." I said. She nodded.

"Your dad came in a couple times. I guess he was hoping to see you."

Fuck. I forgot all about him. And my mom.

"Dean can Iâ ¦.?

Dean nodded before I could finish my sentence. I dug into my pocket but my phone wasn't in there.

Damnit. I left it at home.

Lindsey immediately hands me hers.

I take it and dial my mother's number.

Takes a few rings before she picks up.

"Hello?"

"Mom. Hi." I breathe. I really missed her voice and I'm only just now realizing it.

"I haven't heard from you since the wedding."

"Yeah. I know. I should have called. I'm so sorry I forgot."

"Was the honeymoon okay?"

I nod. "Yeahâ ¦it was great. Had some problems with Tristan butâ ¦..you know."

"Everything okay?"

I nod

"Yeah, everything will be fine. Didâ ¦.dad come by?" I asked.

She was quiet for a moment. "Yes. About three times. You weren't there and he becameâ ¦..mad."

"Is he there now?"

"Yes. One second." You can hear shifting through the other line and I leaned against the wall as I saw Sean and Nate enter the restaurant. How did they know I worked here? Or did they know?

Lindsey was about to walk over to them but I stopped her and mouthed "I got it."

"Hello?" Asked a deep voice.

"Hi daddy." Daddy? Was I five?

"I wanted to say that I'm sorry for not coming to see you. Haley does have pictures though. And you look amazing, Jenna. So beautiful in your wedding dress." I felt like crying and telling my dad that I needed him and I was sorry for acting so stupid but I kept myself composed. "Can me and Tristan come see you later?" I asked. He didn't answer right away.

"Sure, Jenna."

I smiled.

"I'm at work. So I have to go. I'll talk to you later."

"Bye, Jenna."

I hung up the phone and gave it back to Lindsey.

"Weren't they at your wedding?" She asked looking at Sean and Nate. I nod. "Yes."

"He's sexy." She said pointing to Nate. I smiled.

"Yeah, Nate is really sweet. He's going to be the godfather of me and Tristan's upcoming children."

"Wait, Jenna. You're only like nineteen. Why start on kids so soon?"

"Tristan wants them."

"And you?"

"Want to explore life a little longer before kids. I told him to wait after my book gets published but that was just to put the whole thing off longer. Anyway, I have to go serve Sean and Nate. I'll be back." I said.

I walked over to their table which is the table Tristan always sits at whenever he comes in.

"Hey guys."

Sean smiles at me. "Niles. You look rather sexy in your uniform." He said. I roll my eyes at him and look to Nate.

"Hey, Nate."

He smiles warmly. "Nice place here, Miss Jenna."

"Thanks. How'd you guys find me?" I asked.

"We were talking with Tristan and I asked him where you were and he said working at the diner. We were hungry anyway so we figuredâ ¦why the fuck not?" Sean said.

"Where's Carl?" I asked.

"At work early in the fucking morning as always."

"So what can I get you guys?" I asked.

"I'll take a coffee with eggs, sausage, and a biscuit." Sean said. I wrote down on a small pad of paper and then looked to Nate.

"And you, Nate?"

"A cup of orange juice, sausage and pancakes please."

"How many sausages and how many pancakes?" I asked.

"Two for the pancakes and four for the sausage." I write it all down in the notepad and then looked to Sean. "Want your eggs sunny side up or scrambled and how many pieces of sausage?"

"Scrambled and three pieces, Niles. Thanks." I nod once and smile before walking off into the kitchen.

Nate's POV

I watch as Miss Jenna walked away from us. Her red pony tail swinging as she all but skipped back to the kitchen I'm guessing.

"Can you come back to fucking earth for a second?" Sean asked.

I cleared my throat. "I'm sorry."

Sean narrowed his eyes and looked in the direction Miss Jenna walked away in and then looked at me. "Do youâ ¦? You like Niles?" He asked.

What? That was ridiculous. "No, Sean. Jesus. She's the wife of our best friend."

"She is a hot piece of ass though. Wonder how Tristan got that."

She is quite beautiful.

"I don't know. Same way he got Clementine, probably."

Sean sighed and shook his head. "He always gets the crazy ass chicks but I like this girl. She's seriously the hottest girl he's ever brought around us. I think I know why she's so attached."

"Why?"

"I believe that he took her virginity. Probably jumped at the opportunity. Shit, I know I would."

"Why are we talking about this? It's not our business."

"You want her to be your business. Come on, I see the way you look at her."

Before I could respond, Miss Jenna came back over with Sean's food. "Yours will be done in a few seconds." She said and then turned and walked away.

Sean smiled and shook his head.

"You want her, I can see it."

Some part of me was attracted to Miss Jenna but I couldn't do something like that to Tristan and Miss Jenna trust me. Why the hell would I want to lose her trust for making a pass at her?

She came back with a smile on her face and my food in her hands.

She sits it down and smiles. "There you go."

"Thank you, Miss Jenna." I said. She nodded and looked to Sean. "It's on the house."

"It's official, I love you, Niles." Sean said raising his glass.

She giggled and walked off again.

Okay, maybe I had a small attraction towards her. Butâ ¦..I simply refuse to act on it.

Chapter 27: Deeply in love

Author's note: Break over. Couldn't stay away. Normally my boyfriend would distract me from writing but since that's over, writing is all I can do. This story will end soon and I will soon put up character pictures for another story i'm writing after this. Well....enjoy this guys!! Love you!!

Chapter 27: Deeply in love

When I got off work, I went home and took a shower. I know my dad didn't like Tristan and didn't want to bring him to their house but we needed to get this shit settled right now.

When Tristan came home, he took his jacket off and kissed me. "What's wrong? You look upset."

"We're going to my parent's house."

"Who is 'we'?"

"We are 'we'." I said.

"If your dad doesn't give a fuck about me, why would I go there?"

"Because I said so now get ready. We're leaving in like twenty minutes."

His eyebrows pulled together. "Are you ordering me around?"

"I'm ordering you around. Let's go..."

Tristan smirked making me melt.

"And If I refuse?"

"No sex for 3 months." I said. Tristan's eyes grew wide. I smiled at him.

"No. You can't just take that from me, Jenna. That's mine. You are mine." He said. I shrugged and smiled.

"Fine. I'll go." He said grumbling. I smiled and kissed him. "And don't forget, you still have to go apologize to Lindsey."

"Yeah, yeah, I know."

We left the house and went to my parent's house. I was kind of nervous. But my nerves calmed when I saw my dad relaxed when we walked in the house.

"Hi, dad." I said. He smiled back and stood up from his chair. "Hi, baby girl." He brought me into his arms and hugged me. I felt good being in his arms.

When he pulled back, he looked to Tristan and nodded once. "Tristan."

Tristan nodded back.

I rolled my eyes.

Maybe I should leave them alone to see my mother. Hopefully they find an interesting topic to talk about. My mom is in the door way staring at Tristan. I walked over to her and stood beside her while looking at Tristan.

"Mom, can you please stop eye fucking my husband? You have your own." I remind her. She looked at me with a small smile.

"Sorry. I can't help it. He's so good looking."

"Well I prefer you call him that over sexy. His ex is still in love with him."

"Does he have feelings for her?"

"He gets disgusted when her name comes up. She's a pathetic blonde butâ ¦some part of me feels sorry for her. To be rejected repeatedly by someone I'm in love with. That'll just break me in half."

My mom nods and motions for me to follow her.

We walk into the kitchen and I sit in a chair as she goes to the fridge. "Are you and him okay?"

I nod. For the most part.

"What about you and dad?"

A smile appears on her face as she blushes. "Things are going amazing with Shane."

I shake my head.

"Sorry. Too personal?"

I nod and she sends me an apologetic smile.

"Whenâ ¦..dad first brought you to that house, how did you feel?" I asked.

Her smile disappears and she lets out a sigh as she looks down to the floor. "I've never been so terrified. It took me a while to accept the fact that there was no getting out. Butâ ¦..Shane became in love with me and he just became warm. And I loved that. I still do. This may sound crazy but him kidnapping me is the best thing that's ever happened to me."

I couldn't imagine being kidnapped and raped. I didn't even want that thought in my head.

"Tristan's love is different. I don't know. Sometimes he shows it and other times it's there but his anger overshadows it."

"He's angry a lot?"

"Not a lot. He's just serious a lot. He's cocky, annoying, intimidating and just controlling and manipulative."

"Well honey, he just soundsâ ¦..human."

"I guess so."

"Kids soon?"

"I'm only nineteen."

"Yeah but you'll be twenty in like five more hours."

"It will be a mistake to have kids at age twenty."

I prop my feet up on the chair across from me.

"Soâ ¦birthday sex?" She asked changing the subject. I blush deeply. Really mom? Is that your business?

"Mom." I groan.

She shrugged. "Nothing to be ashamed about. Me and your dad-"

I shake my head. "Nope. I don't want to know."

She smiles and gets a pitcher of lemonade out and two glasses.

"Does dad doâ ¦.crazy things? Likeâ ¦.justâ ¦.odd things?"

"Besides kidnapping me, how much odder could he be?"

She had a point.

She looked at me. "Did Tristan do somethingâ ¦.odd that me or Shane should know about?"

If I told my mom about the birth control pills and him trying to get me pregnant then she'll tell my dad and my dad will come back out with a steyr GB. That was the last fucking thing I wanted.

I shook my head and she got out a third glass as Tristan entered the room with my dad. I glanced nervously at dad and then looked to Tristan who lookedâ ¦.normal. Good. That means he didn't receive a lecture from the first most important man in my life.

"What did you two talk about?" I asked.

Tristan smirked. "Nothing much." He answered.

What did that mean?

"Jenna, can I talk to you for a second?" My dad asked. I nodded and got up to follow him into the living room.

He turned to me and sighed. "I am so sorry for not coming to your wedding, baby."

I shook my head. "No, dad, its fine. I know why."

He smiles and then slowly frowns.

"I guess the kid is okay. I justâ ¦..I don't want you to go through unnecessary pain, Jenna. I put Haley through that shit and I regret it. But at the same time, I'm happy I did. I fell in love with her the second I met her.

You shouldn't have to be a prisoner or anything in your relationship is what my point is."

I smiled. I love when my dad was protective over me. "Me and Tristan are great. He's happy. I'm happy. Okay?" I asked. He nodded slowly.

"I guess the kid is okay. He has good taste in sports."

Tristan? Sports?

"Tristan? Sports?" I asked. He nodded. I rolled my eyes. Boys will be boys. Wellâ ¦.men will be men.

Tristan came into the room and smiled. "Cooking tonight or are we going out to eat?"

"I'll cook." I said.

"Well come over tomorrow and of course Haley will bring a cake." He said smiling.

I hug my dad and then my mom.

Mom hugged Tristan a little longer than necessary and I just smiled and rolled my eyes.

"So what do you want for your birthday?" Tristan asked as we got into the car.

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"I have my family, you, my friends. I'm perfectly happy."

"So you don't want me to make love to you at midnight. Okay." He said as he sat back in his seat.

"Now, I didn't say all that."

He looks at me and grins.

When we got home, I made us some spaghetti and afterwards, we got into the tub and stayed until midnight.

When we got out, we went back to the bedroom and Tristan dimmed the lights as I got on the bed. I stared at him taking in his perfect figure and his perfect figure.

He got on the bed with me and kissed me while taking my towel off and throwing it on the floor.

I took the towel from around his waist and threw it on the floor next to mine. "You're mine." He whispered. I nodded and kissed him.

We made love slowly just like on our wedding night.

But that time had more meaning to it.

He smiles at me. His blue eyes twinkling. "Happy birthday." He whispers and kisses me.

I smile at him and he lays his head on my chest. I run my fingers through his hair.

"Hmm."

"What?" I asked.

"I'm just thinking about what I would be doing right now if I never would have met you."

"I'd probably on my laptop writing or watching TV while eating popcorn and Cheetos."

"I'd probably be sleep." He said. I laughed and he looked at me.

"Has your life become more difficult with me here?"

He shook his head. "It was difficult before. Before you came along, I was going on a major mission."

"What mission?"

"Finding my dad." He answered. He seemed distracted as he said this. He was looking at me but it seemed like he was seeing something else.

"I would like to meet him."

"Yeah. I want him to meet you too. I have some people searching for him. They haven't found anything yet."

"You think because of the fact that your parents put you up for adoption that's the reason you'reâ¦"

"Fucked up? I don't see any other explanation." He said shrugging.

"You're not fucked..."

"Sweetheart, you must not know me very well if you don't have even the slightest clue of how fucked up I am."

"You're perfect."

"I'm emotionally damaged."

"Then why did you marry me?" I asked.

He leaned up to kiss me. "Because somehow, I fell in love with you."

"Somehow?" I asked smiling.

Tristan sat up and then laid down beside me. I then laid down on his chest. "I thoughtâ¦after Clementine, maybe I didn't love her becauseâ¦.I didn't have a heart."

"You really thought that?"

He shrugged, "You've proven me wrong, Jenna."

"You're not the only fucked up person on the planet. And it's not your fault why you'reâ¦"

"A prick? Yeah, I know."

"I meantâ¦"

Tristan nodded. "I know. It's okay. I seriously agree with you."

"Okay, you *are* a prick."

"Thanks for admitting it. You should be use to it by now."

"I am."

"Nate, Sean and Carl wants to meet at this new club."

"Cool. Good thing I'm not pregnant, I want to get drunk on my birthday." Tristan kissed the top of my head.

Chapter 28: Birthday night ruined

Chapter 28: Birthday night ruined

Tristan recently bought me a new car. Wellâ ¦.bought himself a new car since I like driving his so much.

"What's the name of this club again?" I asked looking over at him.

He looked good as usual in a black shirt, gray jacket and black jeans.

And I was wearing a dark red dress with black pumps.

"Stage, I believe." He answered.

"Stage? Where the hell do they get these club names from? Versace, Oraz, Stage?"

Tristan shrugged.

I pulled up into the crowded parking lot and grabbed my purse. Tristan came over to my side and opened the door for me. Which was unusual. He intertwined his fingers into mine and leaned down so his lips were at my ear. "You look so fucking sexy tonight." He whispered. I turned to him and kissed him. He kissed me back pressing me against the car.

"Get a fucking room." Said Sean flicking a cigarette onto the ground. Tristan stepped away from me but wrapped his arm around me as I smiled. "Hey Sean." I said waving to him.

He smiled. "How are you, Niles?"

I shrugged. "Living."

"Happy birthday."

"Thanks. Finally in the twenties."

"P.Y. T." Sean said smiling. I blushed and looked up at Tristan who squeezed my hand and I immediately released it.

I walked ahead in the club and Sean and Tristan followed me.

The club had light on the ceiling that changed colors so the club was like the colors of the rainbow. I smiled as I looked around at everyone dancing and letting loose. My kind of club.

Nate came over to me smiling. "Miss Jenna." He kissed my cheek and Tristan was immediately by my side and held me possessively. Oh god.

"That's why they call it Stage." Carl came up behind us. He pointed to the huge stage in the center where a small group of people were dancing.

"It's your birthday, let's get up there." Nate said smiling at me.

"It's too many people."

"Fuck them. Let's go." Sean said leading us toward the stage. We were constantly getting bumped but we made it up there and Sean talked to the dancers up on the stage. They looked at the rest of us and a few of the girls smiled flirtatiously at Tristan. I looked at him and he was looking back at me.

"It's her birthday. Can she dance up here?" Sean asked. They all looked at me and then began getting off the stage. I smiled and thanked Sean. Tristan, Nate and Carl and I all got on the stage and we all started dancing together.

It was hot. I felt kind of slutty for dancing with four guys at once even though one of them is my husband but I don't know why I thought about that. Tristan was okay with it, we were just dancing.

Sean kept going down to get me shots and I took them back to back to back. I haven't had this much fun in so long.

This is why I want to wait for kids. I'm only twenty. I have a long way to go.

Tristan's POV

I just sat back and watched Jenna dance. Why did it enrage me that she was dancing with my friends? I trusted them. I trusted her. They are the only people I've ever trusted.

I was sitting in a chair facing the stage watching her as she danced with Carl and Nate. I wanted her as always.

She always makes me want her. She's so intoxicating and she seems to feel the same way about me.

I don't know how but I was smitten the second I saw her.

That first moment I saw her, I knew how I felt and I have never felt that way with Clementine. I'm just now remembering how depressing that relationship was.

Speak of the devilâ ¦â ¦..

Clementine came in. Fuck. Is she stalking me? Why the hell am I seeing her everywhere? I glance back up at Jenna who's still dancing and then I look back to clementine.

She walks up to me with a shy smile on her face. She looks up to Jenna and frowns.

"What do you want?"

She looks back down to me. "You're not mad? Her up there dancing with those guys?"

She's dancing, not fucking. Although I can see her getting a little serious with Nate. But I try to ignore it. "She's having fun. It's her birthday. What the fuck is it to you?"

"I know I walked out on you before but I'm sorry, Tristan. Okay? You know I love you."

"What we had wasn't love. I don't even know what the fuck it was. Now get the fuck out of my face."

"Or what? You're going to hit me?" She asked. I stared at her in bewilderment.

She looked back at Jenna and shook her head. "I know you hurt her occasionally, she's just not strong enough to fight back. I can see right through her."

"And it goes double for you. Goddamn, you *are* worse than her friend. I didn't think it was possible." I shook my head disgusted that I ever even met the woman. Go away before I bash your head into fucking concrete.

Clementine stared at Jenna for a good twenty seconds before she got up on stage with her . Oh fuck.

Clementine started dancing with Nate, Sean and Carl, and Jenna. They were all glaring at her. She had to understand the fact that she is like an alien around them. She doesn't understand that. Christ.

I got up, grabbed her arm and pulled her off the stage. She was embarrassing herself for god sakes.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"It's my wife's birthday today. Do not fuck it up. Take your ass across the fucking club and stay there." I said. She looked hurtâ ¦.and scared.

"Tristan, I'm tryingâ ¦."

"To ruin what I have with Jenna? I love her, Clementine. Get that through your dumb fucking blonde head. It's only her. It's only going to be her." I couldn't believe I had this one girl who had all this power over me. We both looked back up at Jenna. Me, in fascination and Clementine in anger with a hint of envy.

"One day, you'll get angry and you'll hurt her in the worse way and she'll leave you. Just like I did you."

I looked down at her. "Go get fucked you ugly bitch." I pushed her out the way and she stumbled back slightly. A few guys were laughing. Others were glaring at me. I didn't give a fuck. I just ignored them and looked back up at Jenna.

Jenna's POV

Wow. Too tipsy. I fell into Nate by accident. He helped me up and the place started spinning. Shit. I need to sit down. I feel like I'm going to throw up my lungs. Nate helps me off the stage and into a seat next to Tristan. When did he get right here? I could have sworn he was still up there dancing with us.

"Having fun?" He asked. He wasn't smiling. He was more like glaring at me. I shrugged. "I was until that last drink. But I don't want to go home yet!" I shout over the music.

"You looked good up there." He said nodding. I smiled at him.

"Especially up there dancing with Nate." His glare deepens. And I automatically know what he's mad at. He thinks there is something going on between me and Nate. When will he see that I love him and I see Nate as a brother?

"We were just dancing. You stopped and sat down. Was I supposed to stop dancing because you did?"

"No. Wish you just toned it down a little."

"It's my birthday. I'm allowed to have fun."

I didn't say you weren't, Jenna. You just looked like a slut up there, that's all."

I glared at him. Was he serious?

"Okay." I got up and he stood up with me. "Going home?"

"No. I'm going to walk over Lindsey's house. Fuck you. Goodnight."

"You're not going there."

"Yes I am. I need a break from you. You obviously try to piss me off on purpose and I'm not for that. I'm going over there for a couple days. Call me when you're the man I married." I snatched my purse from off the table and headed towards the doors.

I didn't realize that having fun and dancing wasn't allowed in this relationship. When I got out of the club, I looked around. Goddamn it's dark out here.

"Jenna!" I turned and Tristan was stomping out the club towards me. "Get in the car. Now."

"What part of no do you not understand? I'm going to see Lindsey. Or would you prefer I go home with Nate? I mean you automatically assume that so why not?"

"Don't make me mad, Jenna." I didn't notice people coming out of the club watching us. Tristan turned his head and then looked back to me. "Don't make a scene, Jenna. Just get in the car and I'll drive you over there."

"You think I'm stupid? You'll take me home. No thank you."

Sean came over to us and flicked another cigarette to the ground.

"I'll take you where you need to go." He said. Tristan glared at him and then me. I turned and walked away with Sean. I promised him I wouldn't leave him but I needed to get away.

I got into the passenger's side of Sean's car and he got in the driver's side. I risked a glance over to Tristan. He gave me a murderous glare and it truly had me scared. What the hell was my problem? I'm letting my own husband scare me? This is ridiculous.

"Which way I'm going?" Sean asked putting a cigarette in his mouth. What is it with guys and cigarettes?

"Lindsey lives on Peach Street." I said. Sean nodded and started the car up and sped out the parking lot.

"So what the hell was all that about?" Sean asked rolling the window down.

"Tristan got pissed because I was dancing with you all and he thinks I have a thing for Nate."

Sean looked over at me. "Wow. What gave him that theory?"

"He's Tristan Niles. Always overreacting and overprotective. I love him but he has issues."

"Everyone does, Niles. You're his wife. You got to help him through that shit."

Sean speaks the truth.

"I know. It's frustrating having to always deal with his shit."

"Tristan always was that way. Get used to it; you're stuck with him forever."

"Thank you for reminding me."

Sean smiled.

"Just work with him. You can't just walk out every time he pisses you off. That's marriage. My parents been married for thirty eight years. They've fought. Cheated on each other, argued. You name it. But they're still together. So shit takes time, Jenna. Tristan is more than just looks and perfection."

"I know. He's emotionally damaged and just wants to be loved. But he can't expect that if he's going to act like an ass for no reason. He said I looked like a slut."

Sean frowned and looked over to me as he turned onto Lindsey's street. "Wellâ ¦..I meanâ ¦.I thought everything was fine. We were all having fun."

"Yes. I was having a lot of fun."

"Which house?" Sean asked slowly cruising down the street. I pointed to the white small one. He pulled up on the curb.

"Thank you for giving me a ride, Sean. No doubt Tristan's going to hate you."

Sean shrugged. "When isn't he angry?'

He had a point.

"Bye, Jenna." He kissed my cheek.

I waved and got out of the car and closed the door.

I walked up to Lindsey's house and knocked on the door.

When she opened the door, Sean drove off.

"Hey, what are you doing here?"

"Need a break." I said closing the door. Lindsey smiled and nodded. "Want a drink? I got vodka."

I shook my head. "Coffee, please. I had enough to drink tonight."

"What happened?" She asked as she led me to the kitchen. I sat down in a chair.

"Me, Tristan and his friends were dancing and out of nowhere, he just got mad at me. He said I looked like a slut and he really pissed me off."

"Was that one of his friends that dropped you off?"

I nodded.

Lindsey put the coffee on and got out a bag of Cheetos and threw it to me. Shit. I forgot to take my birth control pills. Shit. Shit.

I don't even care right now.

I opened the bag and went to town with them. "I love the bastard but he's such a â ¦.."

"Bastard?" Lindsey asked.

I nodded.

"Well, I'm seeing that you're deeply in love with him. Me and Johnnie had trouble in the beginning, middle and end but marriages are different. You're just young and a newly wed. Things will get better."

"What? Lindsey Tater is hoping my marriage with a guy she hates work out?" I asked. She rolled her eyes.

"You've been lovesick since day one. I wouldn't be a very good friend if I didn't support it."

She got up and poured us both cups of coffee.

Alicia came running in the kitchen and hugged me.

"Hey honey." I said kissing her forehead. "Are you staying here tonight?" She asked.

I looked to Lindsey and she nodded. "Don't even have to ask."

Alicia smiled and jumped up and down excitedly. "Can you sleep in my room with me?" She asked.

I nodded. "Of course."

"Can we stay up and watch a movie and you make popcorn?"

"Nothing would make me happier." She smiled and skipped out of the kitchen.

"Thank you mommy number 2." Lindsey said smiling.

"Thanks for letting me stay here."

"Anytime, Jenna. But you need to get your shit together. You should talk to Tristan soon. Marriage isn't about staying apart."

Lindsey was right. I'm acting like aâ ¦..kid.

I had to make this workâ ¦â ¦some way.

Chapter 29: Making up

Chapter 29: Making up

Nate's POV

I kept my eyes on Tristan. He looked like shit ran over twice. He's been really fucked up since Jenna left.

I felt sorry for him.

He wouldn't eat, wouldn't do anything. Just sit there staring down at the floor.

"Where the hell is Carl? Ever since he started seeing that Chinese chick, he's been seeing us less."

Tristan didn't respond. He just sat back on the couch and looked up to the ceiling. Damn. She messed him up bad.

"Tristan?" I asked.

He looked at me.

"Why don't you just call her? It's been three days already. Call her before you go crazy, man."

Tristan shrugged. "My phone's dead." He whispered.

"Plug it the fuck up then, Niles. You've been acting like a fucking zombie." Sean said. He got up and went upstairs.

"Tristan, why did she leave?"

He glared at me. "Because of you."

"Me?" I asked. He nodded.

"She likes you, Nate. I can tell. And I know you like her too. Sean told me. You stay the hell away from her for now on."

Tristan is one funny guy.

"For one, I don't like her. For twoâ ¦..she doesn't like me. If that was the case however, she wouldn't be married to you right now and maybe, she wouldn't have left."

"Nate, I'm not in the mood to fuck you up. I'm really not. Get the hell out of my house if you're going to talk to me like that."

"I'm just saying, you can't possibly blame me for your marital issues. Maybe you should see a therapist."

"Maybe you should go fuck yourself." He responded.

Sean came back downstairs before I could respond. He had a phone charger and Tristan's phone in his hand. He plugged up the charger and hooked it into the phone. Tristan always has these moments. I was kind of used to it after sixteen years of knowing him.

"Call her now." Sean said forcing the phone in Tristan's hand.

"Give me a few minutes."

Jenna's POV

"You are a creepy little girl you know that?" I asked Alicia. She giggled and skipped away.

"It's been really fun having you here. You should stay over more often whenever you need a break."

"Can't keep doing that but I'll stay over probably once a month." My cell phone ran and I picked it up and looked at it. It was Tristan. I looked over to Lindsey. "I'll be back."

She nodded.

I got up and went into her bedroom and closed the door and answered it.

"Jenna?" He asked. Wow. I actually missed his voice.

"Hi."

He was silent for a second. "When are you coming home?"

"Miss me?" I asked.

"Isn't that obvious?" I can hear a hint of humor in his voice.

"Can I pick you up right now and we go somewhere? Desperation was in his voice. I nodded.

"Of course." I answered.

"I'm outside." He said. I couldn't help the smile that came to my face. I opened Lindsey's door and walked to the living room window. I pulled the curtains back and saw Tristan's car in the front. "Stalker." I muttered. He chuckled.

"I'll be out in a few."

"Okay." We both hung up and I slipped my shoes on and got my dress off of the couch. "I'll send your clothes back. Tristan is outside."

"Please, I borrowed thousands of your clothes and half of them, I didn't give back."

"Oh yeah, I knew you had my short skirt. Next time I come over here, I'm getting it back." I hugged her and Alicia and Jonathan.

"Be careful!" She yelled before I open the door. I nodded and walked out.

I'm just now realizing how much I missed him. Is that good or bad? I opened the car door and got in. I stared at him and he had a smile on his face but it didn't exactly touch his eyes.

He leaned over and kissed me. "I missed you." He whispered.

"I'm sorry." He nodded and looked back to the road He started up the car and he began driving.

Why was I so nervous?

"Sean and Nate gave me a little therapy session."

"I assume they would. Sean is a really good therapist. He has depth."

"You don't."

"And neither do you. What else is new?" I asked. He looked at me with a smirk. He grabbed my hand and kissed it.

He pulled up to a grassy field. But the lake was about three yards away. "What are we doing here?" I asked. Tristan didn't answer; he just got out of the car. I got out also and looked at him. He came over to my side and wrapped his arms around me and hugged me.

I wrapped my arms around him and laid my head against his chest. We stood like that for a while and that's when we noticed that it started getting dark outside. I looked up at the sky and then to Tristan. "It's getting dark." I whispered.

Tristan let go of me. "Stay right there." I watched him as he opened the car door and got in. He clicked on the CD player.

"Island in the sun" came on and he turned it up all the way.

I smiled. Unbelievable. He got out of the car and smiled at me. "Who told you I loved this song?"

"Sean did. Dance with me."

"For the last time, you don't dance."

He took my hand. "Only with you." He pulled me into his arms and kissed me before twirling me around. I giggled.

"What?"

"You're such a dork."

He smiled. "I know." He pulled me towards him and I laid my head on his shoulder as he wrapped his arms around me.

As cheesy as it may seem, we danced for hours. Okay. One hour exactly. I was getting tired. I took my heels off as we got back into the car.

As soon as we got into the door of the house, he pushed me up against the wall and kissed me hard. He picked me up and I wrapped my legs around him.

"Upstairs." I whispered as he continued kissing me.

He shook his head. "No. Right here." I helped him with his jacket and he threw it on the ground. He carried me over on the couch and made me sit on top of him.

I got my- wellâ ¦.Lindsey's- shorts unbuttoned and pulled my panties down while Tristan unzipped his pants and let his member out.

He laid me down on the couch and kissed me hard. He leaned his forehead against mine. "I love you so much." He whispered.

I nodded. "I love you too." I whispered back. At that instant, I felt his length enter me. I gasped and held onto his shoulders as he filled me up.

He eased out and pushed back in deeper while staring down at me.

I loved staring into blue eyes while he made love to me. Or fucked me. I didn't care what this was. I just wanted him.

All of him. Issues and all.

Chapter 30: Taking control

Chapter 30: Taking control

"So are you okay, Niles?" Sean asked on the other end of the line.

"Yeah. Tristan is much sweeter than he was before. I guess me leaving for that period of time was a good idea."

"See? I told you. Just give it time, Niles. Marriage isn't easy. Remember what I told you about my mom and dad. But the shit is worth it in the end."

I nod.

"Yeah. You're right. Where have you guys all been? I haven't seen any of you since my birthday."

"Tristan hasn't been answering our calls. Typical angry PMS bullshit." I chuckled.

"Stop making fun of my baby like that." I said.

I heard the door open and Tristan, looking angry, walked in and slammed the door shit. Typical PMS shit, indeed.

"I got to go Sean; I'll talk to you later."

"Alright, Later Niles." He hung up and I placed the phone down on the receiver.

"Sean? Youâ ¦.were talking to Sean?" He asked throwing his jacket on the couch. I nodded.

"Yeah. We should all go out again soon."

"Don't fucking talk to my friends behind my back, Jenna."

"It wasn't behind you back. What the hell is wrong with you today?"

"If I wasn't here then yes, it was behind my back. You never talk to them when I'm here. What the hell were you talking about with Sean?"

"Nothing. He was being his normal therapist self." I said shrugging. Tristan moved over to me and leaned down so we were face to face.

"Oh, really? What was he saying? What were you telling him?"

"Just that you became sweeter."

"You tell him our business?"

"He's my friend. I can tell him whatever the fuck I want to." Tristan narrowed his eyes and then raised his hand and slapped me. I fell onto the couch clutching my cheek.

I looked up at him and slapped him back.

He glared at me. Fire blazing in his eyes. Don't walk out, Jenna. Don't walk out.

"You're such a bitch, Jenna."

"Tell me something I don't know." I pushed him away as I stood up and walked to the kitchen.

"I need you to stop disrespecting me. I'm not going to let the shit slide every time."

"Oh my god. It's a goddamn shame that we've been married for what? Three months? And already you make me resent it."

"Jenna, I ask you not to cheat on me. That's what I ask and I just want a baby. Other than that, I never ask you for anything."

"For one, you're my everything. There is no one else for me. That being said, I have no goddamn reason to cheat on you. And for two, I'm fucking twenty. I don't want to have kids right away. Why won't you understand that?"

Tristan stayed quiet for a second.

"Don't call anybody behind my back again." He said still glaring at me.

"It was notâ ¦.."

"You heard what I said, Jenna."

After a few minutes, I nodded.

He walked out of the kitchen and I just stood there. I need my dad. That's fucking it. I need my dad.

I walked up the stairs and into the bedroom and grabbed my phone.

I dialed my mom's number.

I felt somebody behind me and I stopped and turned around.

Tristan was right there glaring at me. "Who are you calling?" He asked.

"My dad." I said. He took the phone from my hands.

"Why?"

"I'm sick of you."

"Soâ ¦.you're going to call our dad so he can what? Get rid of me?"

"No. I justâ ¦"

He threw my phone across the room and looked at me.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?"

"Why were you going to call your dad, Jenna?" He asked sternly.

"You need to talk to someone so you can calm down since I can't seem to help you."

"I don't need help."

"Yes you do. Just tell me what's wrong. What happened today?"

"Nothing."

"You can't shut me out. We're not going to work if you shut me out."

Tristan sighed and sat on the bed. "You're going to quit."

I looked at him confused. What? "Quit what?" I asked.

"The diner, Jenna. You're going to quit the diner. It's unnecessary for you to work there. Plus I think we should move."

"What? What the hell are you talking about? Where is this coming from?"

"I'm getting moved to another firm. We need to move to be closer."

"I can't just leave Lindseyâ¦"

"Fuck that blonde slut. I've already been looking for new houses and I think I know one that we could live in."

"Why didn't tell me about any of this?"

"Because I didn't. I have some people still working on your book. Editing and shit like that."

"So what? I don't give a damn about my fucking book! We're not moving any fucking where."

Tristan grabbed me and push against the wall. "Yes we are. I don't know who the fuck you think you're talking to but I'm not fucking around with you. I don't want to hurt you because I love you. But don't fucking tempt me."

"Wow. You're threatening your wife of three months. It's a shame."

"You're going to go down there and tell them."

"No I'm not." Tristan sighed and leaned against me. "Yes you are." He whispered.

I shook my head and closed my eyes.

"Jenna, I'm serious."

"I am too. You want us to move. You can't just rip me from my friends and my family."

"Don't be so dramatic. You'll see them again. We'll go visit this house and if we like it, we're going to buy it and move."

"You can't just make a decision like that without me. I'm your wife. I'm involved."

"Jenna, I want to be the one supporting us." He said. His blue eyes glaring down in mine.

"I'm beginning to hate you believe it or not." I admitted.

"Well I don't hate you. You're going to do what I say."

"No. I've known Lindsey since I was twelve. I can't just leave her."

"Yeah, you can. Call her and tell her."

"No.."

"NOW, Jenna."

"I at least owe it to her to tell her in person." I said. Tristan slowly nodded after hesitating and he stepped back from me.

I grabbed my phone and my shoes and walked down the stairs and slammed the door as I walked out. I decided to drive my car this time.

When I got to the diner, I parked in the parking lot and stared at it before getting out. I closed the door and slowly walked into the diner.

I opened the doors and looked around. The place wasn't that busy. I walked straight to the kitchen.

Lindsey's eyes widened when she saw me. "What the fuck?"

I looked at her confused.

"Is that dried up blood, Jenna?" She walked to me and rubbed her thumb against my cheek. I shook my head. "I fell into a wall its fine."

"Jenna, that's bullshit. You're supposed to be stronger than this. You're not going to let this shit keep happening to you, are you?"

"Lindsey, just listen to me."

She stayed quiet waiting for me to talk.

"I have to quit today. Me and Tristan are moving."

Lindsey's eyebrows pulled together. "You're moving? Are you fucking kidding me?"

"No. He's getting moved to another firm and he wants to live closer to there soâ ¦.."

"Jenna, please don't do this. It's just going to get worst. You know it will."

"I love him, Lindsey. I just do."

Lindsey's eyes watered. "Jenna," She whispered. I shook my head and walked away from her. I walked up to Dean.

"Jesus, what the hell happened to you?"

"I have to quit. I'm so sorry. I'll bring my uniform in tomorrow. I'm so sorry, Dean."

I turned and started walking away.

"Jenna,"

I turned back around.

"You okay?" Dean asked.

I shook my head. "No, I'm not." I whispered.

Chapter 31: Mr Niles vs. Mrs. Niles

Chapter 31: Mr. Niles vs. Mrs Niles

The doctor had to put a cast on my arm. It was broken and it hurt like shit until the doctor gave me pain meds.

"How did this happen again, dear?" Asked the blonde doctor.

I looked over to Tristan who was glaring at me and I looked back to the doctor. "I fell down the stairs in my house. I'm really clumsy."

"Ah. My son did the same thing playing around with his friends." She said shaking her head. I wasn't trying to tune her out but I couldn't help it as I glared at Tristan. He glared back at me.

He broke my arm.

That day he told me to quit the diner, when I came home, I purposely crashed my car into his. And he came out and justâ ¦â ¦hurt me.

I don't know why I can't find the strength to leave him. I love him but I hate him. I thought I was strong, but he's making me weak. And I have a feeling that was his intentions in this relationship.

When I was released, I let Tristan walk ahead of me as he led us to the car. His new car that he's driving until both of our cars is fixed.

I got into the car and Tristan got into the driver's side.

He pulled out of the parking lot and out onto the road.

"You need to start packing. I bought the house." He said.

I stared out the passenger window.

"Did you hear me?"

I didn't answer. Yes I heard you you fucking psychopath.

He grabbed the arm that had a cast on it and squeezed it until I cried out. "Did you fucking hear me?"

"Yes! Yes! I heard you!" He let go of me and looked back to the road.

So it's obvious that I married a psycho. How did I not see this shit coming? I should just roll out of this fucking car right now but that would result in my death so that option was out.

"Is this how it's always going to be for now on? Every time you get mad, I end up in the hospital and I have to lie my ass off because of some shit that you've done?"

He shook his head. "All you have to do is not piss me off. The damages of my and your car cost a lot."

"You can afford it."

"Yes, I can but still. You shouldn't have done that shit."

"You told me I have to cut myself off from everything that makes me happy while you make me irritated and annoyed and depressed. You make me suicidal. I should just fucking leave while I still can." Tristan suddenly swerved the car really fast and drove into a deserted area. I stared at him as he turned the car off and got out of it and slammed the door shut.

He came over to my side and opened the door and dragged me out by my arm and pushed me up against the car. "I am really sick of your shit, Jenna. I really am. I need you to shut the fuck up. You're not leaving me so get that damn thought out of your head."

"Iâ ¦."

"No. Shut up. You're not leaving me. Okay? You're not. Now get in the car and keep your mouth shut. Alright? Are you capable of handling that?"

"No." I said staring at him. Tristan sighed.

"You're so goddamnâ ¦." He closed his eyes for a second. "Just get in the car, Jenna. I'm sick of arguing with you. Get in. Now." He walked to the other side and stared at me.

"Now, Jenna."

I shook my head and started walking away. Why did I let him back into my life that night? I let him take control of my mind, body and soul. I hated myself right now.

"Jenna," He grabbed me by my hair and I yelped as he dragged me back to the car. He opened the door and forced me in.

He got into the other side and turned the car right back around and started back onto the road. I kept quiet for the rest of the car ride.

When we got home, I went upstairs; I went to the bedroom and took a nap.

My dream was odd. I was lying down on a bed. Some unknown place and Tristan was standing over me. Staring at me.

I couldn't move. I was in too much pain.

What the hell?

When I woke up, Tristan was sitting on the edge of the bed looking at me. I sat up and stared back at him.

"I'm sorry." He whispered. I shook my head.

"Don't."

"Jenna, I'm justâ ¦â ¦"

I nodded.

"I understand." I whispered.

He sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. "I love you, Jenna. So much."

"I can't tell much lately."

He nodded. "I know."

"Everything's been so fucked up and it's all my fault. I'm sorry."

"Please can we stay here?" I asked. Practically begging. Tristan shook his head.

"Please." He shook his head again and I got up. Tristan brought me down on his lap. His lips were at my ear. "If you have my baby, we can stay here. Okay?"

My eyes grew wide. I didn't know what to say or what to do.

Have his baby in order to stay close to my family and friends or go far away from them and maybe never see them again.

"We'd have to wait for my arm to heal." I said. Tristan smiled and kissed me.

"I love you so much." He kissed my lips and then my neck.

I fake smiled. "I love you too."

My phone ran and I got up and answered it while Tristan watched me.

"Jenna Robinson," Fuck. Lindsey.

"I'm about to call your mom and dad."

"I'm staying." I said.

"Well thank goodness but stillâ ¦.I know you're lovesick and shit but please don't do this to yourself. Do you understand how much emotional and physical damage Johnnie put me through because of how long I was with him?"

"Every guy isn't like Johnnie. Jesus, Lindsey. I know you're just trying to look out for me but-"

Tristan grabbed the phone from my hand.

"Lindsey, Hi."

He paused for a second while looking at me. "We're staying here calm down."

I sat back on the bed and looked down on the floor.

"Listen you little cuntâ ¦" I quickly grabbed the phone from him.

"I have to go Lindsey, Bye." I hung up the phone and threw it on the bed. I looked up at Tristan. "Can you not treat everyone I care about like shit?" I asked.

Tristan smirked.

"I'm fucking sick of you."

"Jenna, who else, beside Lindsey do I treat like shit?"

"You dislike April, Daeton, Ronnie. And I can tell that you dislike your friends and even me."He shook his head and grabbed my waist. "I love you."

"Why don't you like your mom and dad?"

"Neither of them are my mom and dad."

"They took care of you when your real mom and dad tossed you aside like you were nothing." Tristan's eyes grew dark.

"I really don't want to talk about this right now, Jenna. All its going to do is piss me off."

There was a knock downstairs.

Tristan followed me downstairs as I descended and I went to open the door. Sean, Nate, and Carl all came in.

"Hey guys." I was happy to see them.

Sean looked down at my cast. "Damn, Niles. What happened?"

"I fell down the stairs." I said. It almost sounded like the truth.

"Need to be more careful if you planning on having a little twit around here." Sean said taking off his jacket.

"Really? You're just going to call my unborn child a little twit? Nice." I said sarcastically.

"You know I'm kidding, Niles." He pulled me in for a hug and kissed my cheek.

I smiled and then hugged Nate and then Carl.

"Where have you bastards been anyway? Been dull without Mr. and Mrs. Niles around."

"Well we've been really busy." Tristan replied. He took my hand and pulled me onto his lap on the couch.

Carl sat next to us and Sean sat across from us and so did Carl.

"Hey, how's that Chinese girl you were seeing?" I asked. Carl looked over to Sean. "Dumbass, I kept telling you that she's Asian." Carl said glaring at Sean. Sean shrugged. "Sorry. I can't tell the difference."

"Racist?" I asked.

Sean shook his head. "Not racist. Just can't tell the difference.

Sean was like Tristan's alter ego. All of them were.

Sean was the "prick" side.

Nate was the "sweet" side.

And Carl was the "whatever happensâ¦happens" side.

Why didn't I see that before?

"How soon will I get to be called "Godfather" Miss Jenna?" Nate asked smiling.

"Once my arm heals then we're planning on having a baby." I said.

"A little Tristan Jr. or Little Jenna running around here." Nate said smiling. I smiled at him and I felt Tristan dig his nails into my back. I jumped a little and all three of them looked at me.

"You okay?" Carl asked. I nodded.

I reached back so my arm was behind Tristan's head and I pulled his hair. He glared at me and I pulled harder until he groaned.

I let go and continued smiling.

"I'm the godfather too right? I meanâ¦kids make me want to off myself but I wouldn't mind being a part of his or her life. I want to spoil the little shit." Sean said.

"Of course. You all can be the godfathers and spoiling the kid is my job."

"I'll get the little bastard a boat for its sixteenth birthday." Sean said.

I giggled.

"I would have already done that by *her* tenth birthday."

Sean smiled and shook his head. "We'll see, Niles."

"We're actually competing to see who will spoil my baby more?"

"Game on."

I smiled at him and Tristan digs his nails in and I pull his hair harder than last time. We're both sitting here in physical pain. I'm in both physical and emotional pain and I'm the only person who knows this.

I know how to fix it butâ¦â¦.I can't find it in me to leave.

Tristan Niles has trapped me completely.

There was a time where I was just in his warm embrace but now I'm just stuck. I can't get out and then againâ¦..I don't want to get out. He makes me happy and sad. Glad and mad. He makes me want to die and he makes me want to live. He makes me feel things I've never felt before.

Its not love

I want to leave. I want to stay. I didn't understand it. I probably never will.

Chapter 32: In the dark

Author Note: Hello lovers, There are two more chapters left after this. The last chapter and the epilogue. Its been fun writing this. This is the second longest story i've ever written. I loved writing this for you all. Love you all.

Unexpected things can happen.....that's just a warning for these last chapters.

Enjoy

Chapter 32: In the dark

For the past few of days, Tristan made me stay in the house. Everything was getting worse and worse.

I had to make another trip to the hospital the other day. Cuts on my arm.

Almost cut an artery.

But Tristan was not the one who inflicted this pain on me. I inflicted it on myself.

And when Tristan found out about itâ ¦.of course he was angry. It's gotten worst.

He's gotten worst.

I've gotten worst. Now I know for a fact that its never going to change. It will never get better.

And by staying, I'm only hurting myself.

I should have listened to my dad. To Lindsey.

I was laying on my bed staring up at the ceiling in the darkness. It had to be around midnight.

I glanced over to Tristan who was staring at me.

"I had a dream about you." He whispered.

His voice made me sick. Of course it was beautiful but yet so painful to hear after all that has happened.

"You were crying. You had mascara running down your face. Something about it was beautiful. I can't explain so I won't butâ ¦..I have noticed that I've never seen you cry once."

He pulls me over to him and kisses my cheek.

I want him fucking dead.

I'll just wait until he goes to sleep and then I'll try to sneak and call Lindsey and then I'll walk to her house.

"Jenna,"

"What?" I asked.

"I love you."

No you don't.

"If you say so." I whisper.

Tristan pulls me closer and kisses my hair again.

I wait until I hear his quiet snores. But they could easily be fake so I stay in that position for a little bit longer and then slowly move out of his arms onto another spot of the bed.

I can still hear him quietly snoring and move closer to the edge of the bed.

I heard Tristan shift his position and I stopped. I didn't move.

After about ten minutes, I slowly sat up. Fuck. I wish I had clothes on. This would make things much easier. I pulled the covers off me and turned so I was hanging half way off the bed.

Everything is dark but I've lived here for a while now so I should be able to tell where everything is.

I get off the bed and go straight to my drawer and quickly slip on my clothes and then go into my bottom drawer to find the gun my dad gave me.

Anger fueled me up. I couldn't find it. I felt around in the bottom drawer and I couldn't feel the hard metal.

Okay. Maybe it's in the next drawer. I try the rest of the drawers and then Tristan's drawers.

I look everywhere. Did that son of a bitch find it and take it? Fuck.

I quietly open the door and slip out.

I run down the stairs and look around for my phone. Fuck. Fuck. Did he take that too? I could sworn I left it on the coffee table. Fuck it.

I go into the bathroom and take my extra pair of boots I hid under the sink the other day for a night like this. I grab my jacket from under the sink and walked out the bathroom.

I slipped the jacket on and then went to the kitchen, opened the drawer and grabbed a knife.

If I drive the car, Tristan would hear it since he's a light sleeper.

I can't find my keys anyway. I slowly open the front door as quietly as possible and then turn and close it.

I stuck the knife in the pocket of my pants and then i ran as fast as i could.

The streets were dark. Everything was dark but I didn't care.

Regardless of how much I love Tristan or how much I needed him, I couldn't' let this happen.

After some time, I got tired.

I was half way to Lindsey's house.

I was wrong for doing this.

All those warnings and I didn't listen nor respond to one of them.

I'm just young and naÃ¯ve and maybe that's why Tristan picked me.

A car came down the road and it zoomed pass me and then screeched to a halt. At first I just ignored it but then it backed up and recognized the license plate. Oh shit.

I ran back the other way as fast as I can.

No this shit isn't happening.

This is not fucking happening.

The car somehow turned and managed to block off my path so I ran the other way.

Out of breath, while my muscles were burning, I still continue to run.

I heard the car coming after me and swerved in my way inches from hitting me and I fell back.

I got up as soon as Tristan got out the car.

Before I could run he grabbed me by my hair. "Come here you fucking cunt." He pushed me against the car and punched me hard in my eye and again and again until I fell out onto the ground.

I could feel my eye throbbing. I could feel the blood coming out of my nose.

I sat up on my elbow and spit out some blood and looked back up at Tristan. He stared down at me.

"You tried to leave me."

I slowly got up to my feet. I slid the ring off my finger and threw it at him. "Fuck you." I whispered.

He tried to hit me again but missed. So I swung at him and punched him in his jaw. He pulled me by my still broken arm making me cry out and forced me into the car. He got in and took off in fast speed.

I laid my head back on the head rest. I had no energy left. Not one damn drop.

"You want us to be over." He said firmly.

I was slowly losing consciousness.

He dug his nails in my broken arm and I opened my eyes.

"No. You fucking stay awake. You're not going to leave me, Jenna. You. Are. Mine. Do you hear me?"

I shook my head. "No." I whispered.

He glared at me. "Okay you cunt. Okay. Just wait until we get home."

"Amâ ¦Iâ ¦.supposed to be scared?" I whispered losing consciousness again.

"I was watching you the whole time you were in action of your "silent escape." Don't ever for one second forget that I'm smarter than you. I know where you are. Always. No matter what you say or how you feel or where you go, I will always find you, Jenna."

I actually believed him.

"You're an obsessed, manipulative bastard." Tristan slapped me again and my I bumped my head against the passenger window.

I closed my eyes and tried to imagine myself somewhere else.

Tristan soon pulled up to the driveway, turned the car off and forced his door open.

I crawled across to the other seat as he opened my door and I started kicking him in his face. He clasped his hand around my ankle and started pulling me towards him.

I continued kicking him as hard as I could but he pulled me out. I tried to grab anything but he was way too stronger. As always, I underestimate him.

For the first time, this man has made me cry.

I dropped onto the ground and Tristan closed the car door.

He grabbed me by the arm that had the cast on it and I cried louder.

He had my mouth covered as he forced me forward towards the house.

I stepped on his foot but it had very little impact.

He got the door opened and shoved me in.

The knife.

I took the knife out of my jacket and Tristan glared at me and then a smile came on his face. "Seriously?"

I swung at him and ended up slicing his hand as he tried to grab the knife from me.

He finally grabbed it and threw it across the room. He grabbed my waist and kissed me hard and I bit him.

"Get. The. Fuck. Away. From. Me."

"You cannot leave me."

He grabbed my arm and stared into my eyes.

"If I can't kick your ass, my dad sure can."

"What makes you think you'll ever see him again? If you keep talking to me like this, I guarantee you won't be seeing him."

"Fuck you."

Tristan slapped me again and I fell onto the floor.

Tristan got on his knees on top of me and looked down at me. "You will never learn will you? This would actually be a good opportunity to honor your half of the deal." He unbuttoned his pants while staring down at me.

"What deal?" My voice was a whisper.

"If we stay, you have to have my baby, Jenna." I shook my head.

He smiled and moved pieces of my hair from my face. "No."

He nodded and pressed his forehead against mine. "Yes."

He grabbed both my arms and held them above my head. I cried out and squirmed to get from underneath him.

"Tristan, I'm serious. Get the fuck off of me."

He leaned down and kissed me hard. I couldn't get out of his hold.

"Tristan, I'm serious! You're fucking hurting me!"

He straddled me and shook his head as he pulled my pants down while still holding my wrists above my head with one of his hands.

Once he got them down far enough, he ripped my panties down. Fuck. I started kicking. He shook his head. "No. No. No. I honored my part of the deal. It's you turn, Jenna. Don't fight me, Jenna. It's going to make things worse."

"If you do not get off of me, I swear to god, Tristan, I'llâ ¦"

"You'll what? Huh? Your dad might have taught you all that fighting bullshit but I'm stronger and guess what? Daeton taught me the same things so don't think for a second, you'll win this fight. Because you won't."

"I'm not scared of you." I whispered.

Tristan nodded. "We'll see." He got his pants and his boxers down and I started kicking and trying to get my hands out of his hold.

Eventually I got my good hand out of his hold and I punched him. Before I could get up, He punched me back harder making me cough up some more blood.

He got my hands above my hand again and entered me. I was in anguish. I've never felt this kind of pain before.

I wanted to lose consciousness. I prayed that I could but Tristan purposely kept me awake. He leaned down and kissed me as I cried hard.

"Do you love me?" He whispered against my lips.

He got a stronger grip of my wrists and squeezed hard until a whimper slipped out of my mouth.

Every thrust was more and more painful.

I wasn't use to feeling this kind of pain and I could hardly bare it.

How the fuck did this happen?

How was I letting this happen?

I struggled to get out of his hold again and he bit my lip hard and I cried out again. "I love you so much, Jenna." He whispered pressing his forehead against mine.

"Get off me." I whispered. Tristan smiled and thrusted hard again. I took in a sharp breath trying to control my cries.

Tristan pushed in once more before I felt his release.

He kissed away my tears and sighed softly. "I always loved to cum inside of you."

He pressed his forehead against mine once more and closed his eyes. "You always feel so good." He rubbed his thumb across my tear stained cheek and opened his eyes to look into mine. "I've already thrown your birth control pills out so see? You're halfway there." He smiled.

He was right. I had my period a couple of days ago and I was ovulating. I could easilyâ¦be pregnant. The thought sickened me.

I shook my head. "I hate you." I muttered.

He smiled. "I love you, sweetheart. I always will." He kissed my cheek, my lips, and then my forehead.

He slowly slid out and got up to his feet to pull his boxers and pants up. I stared up at him still trying to process what the hell just happened.

My arm was hurting. I tried ignoring the pain but I couldn't.

He slowly walked over to the couch and sat down on it and looked at me. "I neverâ¦.I never thought I'd do that to someone before."

I glared at him unable to say anything. If I said a word, I'd break down in more tears and I didn't want that.

"I'm fucked up, Jenna. I'm fucked up and I'm not going to hide it. I'm a prick. I'm an asshole. This is me."

I glanced over to his car keys that were on the floor next to his feet.

I looked back at him. He stared at me as I slowly got to my feet. I pulled my panties up and then my pants and stared at him.

"This marriage has definitely taken quite a turn." He said nodding.

I nodded too and got on my knees and crawled over to him invisibly sliding the knife underneath my leg as I crawled.

I crawled to him and he cupped my chin and smiled. "You are the best thing that's ever happened to me."

I smiled at him. He was so warm. So perfect. Was. I lifted my leg a little and retrieved the knife.

Tristan looked at me and his smile disappeared.

He quickly tried to grab the knife. But it was too late when I stabbed his arm. Fuck. Not the right direction but it was good enough.

He got up as I did and I grabbed the keys and opened and ran out the door. Regardless of how much pain I'm in, I have to get the fuck out of here.

I opened the door, got in and started the car up.

Rain began to fall hard as I reversed out.

Tristan opened the door. Blood spilled out of his arm as he glared at me. I quickly drove off.

My dad. It's time.

I need my dad to take care of this.

Chapter 33: Its over

Chapter 33: Over? I think not

Before I went to my dad's house, I went to Lindsey's. If Tristan came looking for me, which I'm sure he will soon, I have to get Lindsey. That may be the first place he goes.

He could easily have another car there. He could easily be on his way right now.

I got out of the car and banged on Lindsey's door. She answered after a few knocks. Her eyes grew wide when she saw me. "Oh my god." She whispered.

"I know. I know. Me and Tristan had an "Ike and Tina" moment. I need you to get Alicia and Jonathan and bring them to my parent's home."

"Jenna, what the hell is going on?"

I shook my head. "Lindsey just please listen to me, I was just beaten almost to death and he raped me. I need you to listen. Please.

Get Alicia and Jonathan. We're going to my parent's home. He'll come for you when he finds out I'm here."

"He raped you?" She whispered.

I ran my fingers through my hair. "Lindsey, I need you to ignore it. Listen. Just please, get Alicia and Jonathan. Please." I begged.

Lindsey nodded and went to their room.

I gathered some clothes for them and placed them in the car.

Alicia and Jonathan were walking out with their shoes on and Lindsey came out with shoes and a robe on.

They all quickly got into the car and I drove out of the driveway back onto the road.

"Jenna, what exactly happened? Lindsey asked.

"I should have listened to you. To you and my dad. He hurt me bad, Lindsey. I couldn't take it. So I tried sneaking out butâ ¦â ¦.he found me and he started hitting me and I fought back and then he raped me on the living room floor."

"Why would he do that?"

"Because I recently just learned that he's batshit crazy." I floored the car.

"Jenna, what the hell are we going to do? He knows where your parents live. He knows that will be the first place you go or maybe the second."

"I know but I feel safer there than anywhere else." I sped up the car.

But I remembered Alicia and Jonathan were in the backseat so I slowed down a little. "I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry, Lindsey."

Lindsey looked at me. "For what?"

"Putting you in danger. Involving you and Alicia and Jonathan."

She shook her head.

"We'll go through this together."

"But stillâ ¦.I should've just listened. I should've justâ ¦." I shook my head.

"Jenna, you are basically my sister. I love you. We're going through this together."

I nodded.

I soon arrived at my parent's house and turned the car off. I looked in the backseat and Jonathan and Alicia were sleeping.

"You think we're safe here? You know he'll come for you. For us."

"He said he'll find me. And I know he will."

"He won't get you, Jenna. I won't let him get you. Okay?"

"It's not your fight." I whispered.

"It's our fight. Your parents and all."

I got out of the car and Lindsey got out of the car and woke up Lindsey and Jonathan.

I went up to the door and knocked.

My mom opened right away. "Jenna? What the hellâ ¦" My dad came to me and pulled me in the house.

"Lindsey's out there with Alicia and Jonathan."

"Where the fuck is he?" My dad asked. He went in the corner to get his shoes on.

"Probably at home. I don't know."

"Jenna, sweetie, let's get you cleaned up." My mom grabbed my hand and led me to the bathroom.

I sat on top of the toilet as she took the peroxide out and cotton balls and cleaned up my scars and bruises.

I wiped my tears away with the back of my hand.

Lindsey came into the bathroom. "Shane just left."

My mom nodded. "Where are the kids?" She asked.

"Sleeping. On the couch in the living room."

Haley shook her head. "They can sleep in me and Shane's room tonight."

Lindsey smiled weakly. "Thank you, Mrs. Robinson." She turned and disappeared down the hall. Mom looked back to me. "Tell me what happened." She whispered.

She got down on her knees in front of me and placed her hands in mine.

"He hurt me, mama. He broke my arm. I had to get away. But when I tried the first time, he found me and we fought. And then heâ ¦â ¦"

I closed my eyes and sighed.

"He what?" She whispered.

"He raped me." I whispered back.

My mom looked like she was in pain. "I never wanted anything like this to happen to you. After what I went through, I promised myself that I wouldn't ever let anyone hurt you."

I shook my head.

"It's not your fault, mom. It was no one's fault but mine. I let this happen. That first day he hit me, I should have stayed away from him for good but I just couldn't. Because somehow, I have trained my brain to believe I couldn't live without him. But nowâ ¦..I can't live with him."

"Shane will take care of it."

"I know he will."

My mom smiled slightly and stood on her feet. "Why don't you take a bath to relax you? You can sleep in your room. It's some towels in the cabinet."

I smiled. "Thank you, mom."

She nodded. "You welcome, honey." She walked out of the room and I closed the door. I rather take a shower. I kind of just wanted to go to sleep. I started the water up and took off my clothes and got in.

Some natural part of me will always be emotionally attached to Tristan. I already knew that of course.

Because he was my first everything. Wellâ ¦.not first kiss or boyfriend but everything else. I wanted to forget him but that would be impossible.

I didn't want to bring the prick to the police. I wanted him dead.

When I got out of the shower, I put on some panties and a big t shirt and crawled into bed.

Lindsey came in and looked at me. "You okay?"

I nod slowly.

"If I could have protected you from this, I would have, Jenna."

"I know. If I was smart, I would have been left. But something was keeping me with him. Some kind of hold. Never mind. It's just weird."

"Do youâ ¦..? You think you could be pregnant?" She whispered.

I shrugged.

"Maybe. That's what he wanted."

"Tomorrow we'll go pick up a pregnancy test."

"Okay." I whispered.

Lindsey smiled, got up, and closed the door as she left out.

I closed my eyes and all the images swam around in my head.

I soon fell asleep.

My dream was completely blank. Just plain darkness.

Then an echoing bang woke me up. I sat up, pulled the covers off of me and forced the door open. Lindsey was looking at me as she came out of my mom's room.

"Is my mom in there?" I whispered.

She shook her head.

I ran down stairs as fast as I could and ran to the room I heard the noise from.

I stopped where I was.

Tears immediately sprung into my eyes as I stared down at my mother. A huge bloody hole covered her left eye. Her lifeless body laid in a puddle of her blood.

I dropped to my knees and continued to stare at her.

Lindsey came downstairs and gasped. "Oh myâ ¦" She came over to me. "Jenna?" I couldn't look at anything else. What the hell was wrong with me? This was a fucking dream. My mother was not, could not be dead.

She was just comforting me four hours ago.

I heard the sound of a gun cock and I slowly looked up. Tristan was slowly walking towards me and Lindsey holding up the gun my dad gave me.

Lindsey stood up.

"Go upstairs." I whispered to her.

"Jenna, are you out of your fucking mind?"

"Go upstairs. I'm not going to say it again."

"Jenna, I'mâ¦"

"Go the fuck upstairs before I kill you." I said as darkly as I could.

Lindsey ran up the stairs.

I crawled over to my mom's body and held her in my arms and closed my eyes. I did this while Tristan was pointing the gun at me.

"None of this had to happen." He said.

I kept my eyes closed still blocking him out as I rocked my mom in my arms back and forth.

"Jenna, I'm about to do something really fucked up. So listen to me."

I opened my eyes and looked down at my mom.

"Do what you want, Tristan. Personally, I don't give a fuck."

Lindsey's POV

I stayed in the hallway on the floor. I should be down there with her.

I swear to god if that bastard hurt her, I'll fucking kill him.

"Mom?" Alicia asked as she opened the door.

I shook my head and motioned her back in side. "Stay in here with your brother. If you hear a loud noise, lock the door." I whispered.

"Mommy, what's wrong?"

I kissed her forehead and sighed. "It's okay. It's all going to be okay, I promise."

I backed out of the room and closed the door.

I suddenly heard a gunshot. I jumped and covered my mouth. What the fuck?

I ran down the stairs and backed away as I saw Jenna lying on the floor bleeding out of her stomach.

Oh my fucking goodness.

Oh my god. I looked up at Tristan and he was staring down at Jenna.

"I loved her. I swear to god I loved her butâ¦â¦..shit happens." He whispered.

This bastard was insane. He looked up to me and pointed the gun to me.

I closed my eyes.

And boomâ ¦..another gunshot. The sound of a body dropping filled the room and I opened my eyes.

He was lying flat dead on the ground with a hole in the back of his head.

I looked to Shane who was slowly walking in the room and he stopped when he saw Haley and Jenna lying on the floor. Neither of them moving.

We both stood there in silence.

But eventually, when I could move again, I called 911.

I just didn't know rather or notâ ¦.they'll be able to help.

Chapter 34: Epilogue

Author's Note: Hey guys. Last chapter. Thank you all for reading. There are character pictures for my next story up if any of you are interested. I was going to have a different ending for this but i knew you all would be mad.

So enjoy

Epilogue

Lindsey's POV

I sat by Jenna's side day after day after day.

She had been in a coma for three months now.

Her hair's grown longer, duller.

Her weight has stayed the same.

This girl is the only reason I've been crying for the last few months.

I flicked on the small TV and flicked through the channels.

I heard a little movement and I looked over at Jenna.

She slowly opened her eyes. A shiver of excitement ran through me. I got up and sat on her on the bed.

"Jenna." I whispered.

She looked confused for a second as she looked around. "Whereâ ¦â ¦.?"

"The hospital. Tristan shot you in your stomach. You almost died."

Her eyes grew wide. "What? Tristan?"

"Yeah. Tristan. Tristan Niles. Your psycho ex-husband."

"Tristan," She muttered and sighed softly. "Where is he?" She asked.

"Shane killed him." I responded.

She slowly nodded. She looked distant.

"Your dad is at home. He sends roses every single day. Carl, Nate and Sean sent cards and shit like that. They really seem to care about you."

"How is he doing? My dad."

"He is messed up, Jen. Really. A lot."

"What about my mom?" She muttered. I stared at her. Did she not know? No she did, she was holding her mom in her arms.

"She's dead, Jenna." I said.

Jenna shook her head as her eyes watered. "I know. I was hoping it was all a bad dream."

"Jenna, I'm so sorry. Want me to call your dad to come up here?"

She slowly nodded.

I called Shane and he sounded dull over the phone.

"She's awake?"

"Yes. She woke up a few minutes ago."

"Alright. I'm on my way."

Jenna's POV

I felt tired and kind of weak.

My dad soon walked through the door. He smiled and kissed my cheek. "Hi, baby."

I smiled weakly at him. "Daddy."

"I'll leave you both alone. I'll call Sean and Nate and Carl. They'll be happy to hear you're awake."

I nodded as Lindsey walked out and closed the door.

"Dad, I'm so sorry about mom. I'm-" He shook his head.

"Don't you dare blame yourself. You scared me, Jenna. When I saw you and your mom covered in blood on the floor. That was the worst thing I ever seen in my life and I've seen a lot of fucked up shit in my life."

"How are you doing?" I asked sitting up.

He shrugged. "I'm justâ ¦..me, I guess. I want to tell you something though, Jenna. I will never get married to anyone else. Nobody else does it for me but Haley. She was always the one I loved. I don't even see anyone else."

"Dad, she'd want you to be happy. If you're alone, you'll just feel even worse than you already do."

He nodded, tears coming to his eyes. "My wife and my unborn child. Dead. Dead because of that fucker. And that fucker is dead because of me." He whispered.

"Will you be okay?" I asked.

He smiled and nodded.

"You're here, Jenna. I'm fine as long as you're still here. You know that."

I smiled and he grabbed my hand and smiled back.

Soon, Sean, Nate and Carl came in and my dad went home.

"Jesus, Robinson, you scared the shit out of me." Sean said hugging me.

"Sorry." I whispered.

"Nice to have you back, Miss Jenna." Nate said. His eyes looked into mine and I smiled.

"So, you okay?" Carl asked sitting in the chair beside the bed.

"You guys aren't mad at me?" I asked.

Sean shrugged. "Niles did some fucked up things to you, Robinson. We're mad at him butâ ¦.hey, can't do anything about it."

I nod and looked over to Nate who was just grinning at me and I couldn't help but grin back.

When Sean and Carl left, Nate stayed behind and sat beside me.

"How's the single life treating you?"

I laughed and it sounded kind of off.

"Your hair is brownish now."

I nod.

"Yeah I know. Have to dye it again when they let me out of here."

Nate nod and then sigh. "I have no idea how to respond to what happened."

"Then don't. I want to forget it even thoughâ ¦â ¦I never will."

A man with brunette hair came into the room. Must be the doctor.

"Miss Jennacia Robinson." He said. I closed my eyes and sighed.

When I opened them, Nate had a weird expression on his face. "Jennacia?"

"Government name. Don't tell anyone. I hate it. My mom got kind of creative when I was born."

Nate chuckled.

"I have something to tell you, Miss Robinson," He looked to Nate.

"He can stay here." I said.

The doctor nodded. "Were you aware that you were pregnant before you slipped into the coma?"

"I had the feeling I was."

"You had a miscarriage a month ago. Which is very rare for someone to have a miscarriage while in a coma."

"It was the bullet that did it right?"

"It took a while to get it out; I think it definitely was what caused it. I'm sorry."

"No. It's fine. Itâ¦â¦wasn't meant to be." I said. The doctor nodded.

"Feeling any pain?" He asked.

I shook my head.

He nodded. "Well we have to run some test to make sure you're okay. Visiting hours are over soon."

"Yes, sir." Nate muttered.

The doctor stepped out of the room and Nate looked to me.

"Hey, when you're out of this. Out of here, want to go out to dinner? Celebration for you not dying?"

I giggled. "Promise you're not batshit crazy?"

Nate smiled. "I promise, Jennacia."

I roll my eyes.

"Okay. Dinner. Nowhere fancy please."

"I promise."

Two years later

"You may kiss the bride." The minister said.

Lindsey and Dean leaned forward and kissed each other hard and everyone clapped.

I smiled. I'm so happy for her.

Nate was sitting right next to me smiling also. "That'll be us one day."

"Yeah right."

Me and Nate began dating. It was awkward at first but then, when the sex was added, it felt normal and better.

I still hung out with the guys. It felt somewhat wrong. With Tristan not being there.

Lindsey ran straight over to me. "I'm fucking married!"

I hugged her. "It's about time."

"Hi, Nate. Good to see you again."

"You too, Lindsey."

I felt her pregnant stomach. "Three's a crowd."

"When are you going to have a baby?" She asked. I bit my lip and sat down.

"What?!"

I smile and look over at Nate and he's smiling back at me. "I decided that I wanted a baby I could spoil."

"I'm so happy. Thank goodness all this shit worked out."

Lindsey was right. All of this could have gone a whole different way. I could be dead. And so could she.

I'll miss my mom. Haley Robinson. Loved wife and mother. They waited until I woke up to have her funeral.

I also had to say goodbye to my unborn sibling. That was hard but Nate, Lindsey, Sean, Carl, and my dad helped me through it all.

What I had with Tristanâ ¦..wasn't exactly hatred. It was control. Control isn't love.

Tristan loved the sense of control and he wanted to control me. That's not what marriage was about.

I will always love him. Some sad part of me will always even if I don't want to.

He was in my heart.

He can't hurt me.

He can't touch me.

I'll never see him againâ ¦.but like I said, Tristan Niles, ex-husband, father for two months, and loved friend, will always be in my heart.

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