

Red Lipstick

By : **IceBreaker**

(FINISHED)17 year old Pepper Reynolds has problems. The very important problem is the fact that she's madly attracted to her best friend, Keiran Kary. It's a problem because he only sees her as a sister and he has a girlfriend he loves. So she is willing to changes herself to make him want her. Aside from that, her dad has a secret life he isn't telling her about and she is having trouble coming to grips with the fact that her mother, whose now dead, tried to drown her a year ago. With these problems piling up, will Pepper be able to handle them all?



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Red Lipstick : Chapter 1

Author's Note: Hey, guys, its been a long while since I've updated and the reason for that is that I was supposed to be working on 'fear' but I have no idea how to start it. Thats why I haven't updated in a while. Yes, I spent almost ten days trying to figure it out. lol. But I started writing this new story. First two chapters will be kind of slow as always. It's supposed to be. I have character pics up and I hope you enjoy this story.

Chapter One: Keiran Kary

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"Keiran, how the hell do you do forty pushups?" I asked.

He looked up at me as he moved up and down, his beautiful hazel eyes on mine as he smiles. "It's fifty now and easy. When you work out everyday, you just get used to it."

I folded my arms and watched as my best friend, Keiran Kary did a bunch of pushups on the floor. We were in his basement alone and I challenged him to a push-up match. I didn't make it pass ten.

When he was up to sixty, he grinned up at me. "Come sit on my back."

"Why?"

"To show you how strong I am." He said.

I rolled my eyes and walked over and sat onto his sweaty back.

He was still doing the push-ups to my surprise. "Holy shit." I whispered.

I hear his strained chuckle.

"Dude, I'm mad jealous right now." I say as I get up and look down at him.

He rest on his knees and look to me. "Why?"

"Because you're strong and muscular." I said. His bicep was hard, like a rock and smooth.

I looked to his hazel eyes.

"Why would you want to be? You're a girl. That muscular shit isn't attractive." He got to his feet and walked over to the white mini-fridge and dug out two bottles of spring water. He threw one to me and I caught it, smiling.

"You worked up a sweat." He said sarcastically.

I chuckled. "Shut up." I plop down on the couch and sigh as I open the bottle.

Keiran's phone rung from the coffee table.

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I rolled my eyes already knowing who it was that was texting him.

He grabbed his phone, looked at it, and smiled.

I know that maybe it was a little wrong to be jealous that my best friend had a girlfriend but I couldn't help it. I had a thing for Keiran since the moment I met him.

It was more than a little crush though. It was much more. Much more like I wanted to have sex with him.

I've known that he'd never do it to me, considering the fact he thinks of me as a little sister. He's told me so himself, so the chances of anything happening between us is negative zero.

"So, is she going to be here soon?" I asked him.

He nodded still staring at his phone "Yeah, she wants my dick so..." He shrugged.

I blushed bright red and he looked to me. "Have you ever even seen one?" He asked.

Where did that question come from? And why did he want to know?

I crossed my arms. "Maybe, maybe not." I answered.

He gave me a curious look. "Want to see mine?" He asked.

I grimaced and looked up at him as my cheeks grew red. "Wha-what?"

He grinned. "Kidding. I think she's at the door. I'll be back." He said. He turned and ran up the stairs.

I breathed out a sigh of relief that he's gone. Why would he ask me that? Idiot. I'm pretty sure that they're going to want their 'privacy'. As much as I don't want to give them that, at the moment I feel like I'm intruding.

I hear the squeaky voice upstairs and I can't help but roll my eyes.

I hear Keiran tell her that I'm downstairs and I hear a long pause.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"Nothing....I mean...does she ever let you get time alone? Ever?"

"What the hell do you mean?"

"Its just...every time I come over or call you, she's either over here or texting you. That doesn't annoy you?" She asked.

"No it doesn't bother me. She's my best friend. Don't start with that shit, seriously, Lynn. If you can't act nice, you can leave."

"And you're going to choose her over me?"

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"Why is it always like that with you? No one said anything about choosing. Come downstairs and be nice or go home and go fuck yourself."

Then I heard his footsteps as he began walking back downstairs.

I glanced at him and he looked really irritated.

I couldn't blame him. Lynn was being a big baby like I was a threat to her or something. She may have what I want, but it doesn't make me hate the girl.

After a few moments, I hear lighter footsteps slowly descending the stairs.

I leaned my head back against the couch and rolled my eyes. Then looked to Keiran who just chuckled silently at my irritation.

When Lynn came into view, she was a tanned skin, very skinny girl with long black hair that was layered, cut to her mid-back. Her eyes were a bright gray and her lips were painted with light pink lipstick. She wore a pink tank top and tight jeans with pink flats. She was pretty. I can see why he's so attracted to her. But that's it. 'Pretty' One step from a 'plain Jane.'

But then again, so am I.

Lynn doesn't look to me. She keeps her eyes focused on Keiran. I look at him also.

Keiran sighs. "Okay, you two, I know neither of you get along but I don't really care. Both of you are important in my life. Both of you matter, so for me, just try to act fucking civil, please." He says.

I slowly glance to Lynn and Lynn folds her arms and glances at me for a second. "I'm just going to go upstairs and be waiting for you. Come when your company is gone." She gives me a sideways glance before she leaves to go up the stairs.

Keiran shakes his head and comes over to sit next to me.

"She's very stuck-up, dude." I said.

He nodded. "Yeah, I try to look pass that. She's a cool girl, you just have to be able to understand her."

"Oh understand miss pink lipstick and classy?" I asked mocking her.

Keiran snickered. "Yeah, if you like her enough."

"She's...."

"What?"

I shrugged.

"I don't care what you say about her. It's your opinion, just say it."

"Fine. She's a cunt." I said.

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He smirked at me. "Why because I'm with her?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. If I wasn't with her, would you like her?"

I shook my head. What was he getting at?

"Hmm."

What does 'hmm' mean?" I asked.

"You're jealous, and its cute."

"What because of her? Yeah, right."

"It's cool, you got to share me and you don't want to." He grinned.

I rolled my eyes. "It's not like you're irresistible or anything." I said, turning and laying my head on the arm of the couch.

Keiran stared at me. "Am I?" He asked.

"Why are you being so cocky, freak? Ask your girlfriend if you're irresistible." I said. He bit his lip, his hazel eyes on mine. "I'm asking you." He said.

"Even If I said yes what does it matter?"

He shrugged. "Then I know that you like me now." He said.

My eyes grew wide.

He nods. "I knew for some time too but I didn't address you about it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because anytime I bring up anything involving love or infatuation or sex, you glow bright red." He says. It is true. All of those things makes me very nervous and paralyzed with humiliation.

"Oh."

He smiles. "It's cool. It's just you and I know it'll never work. You're like a little sister to me. More than that."

I nod. I've heard the rejection speech before and every time it gets harder and harder to hear.

I rolled my eyes. "I know."

He nods and then sighs. "I should go upstairs and go take care of her."

"In other words, you should go upstairs and fuck her?"

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He smirks. "Basically yeah."

I stood up. "Well, that's my cue." I said.

Keiran stood up with me, holding his arms out.

I wrapped my arms around his neck as I hugged him and his arms wrapped around my back.

Although I know he felt nothing through this hug, I did. I felt a cracking, intense electricity, running up my spine at his touch.

I buried my nose in his neck, he smelled like fresh soap despite his working out before.

I know I was getting a little ahead of myself.

He let go before I did and I pulled back looking at him.

"Call me later." He said.

I nodded. "Okay." I said.

I walked away from him, up the stairs to get to the top floor.

Lynn was sitting at the kitchen island, her eyes on mine as I reached the first floor.

I blinked at her.

"Problem?" She asked.

I just glared at her. If I was to say something and start an argument, it would be really stupid. So I did what any mature seventeen year old would do and walked away without a word. I wouldn't give Lynn the satisfaction.

I just walked away, out of the house and got into my dad's white suburban car and drove off.

When I got home, I went straight to my room, closed, and locked the door and took off my white, gray and red Ohio state jacket. I plan on going there next fall. Hopefully.

I sat down on my bed and kicked my white sneakers from my feet and laid down in my bed, staring at the ceiling.

All I can think about is how much I want Keiran to fuck me.

Something like him just coming to my house while my dad is at work and just taking my clothes off without a word.

Anyway if there's anyone I'd give my virginity to, it'd be him. I honestly couldn't imagine anyone else doing it.

I closed my eyes and unbutton my jeans. My hand slips in them, and I begin rubbing my clit through my panties.

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I sighed softly, my body relaxing. I don't normally do this but recently I found out I enjoyed rubbing my hand against myself. And to imagine it being Keiran doing this to me just makes it that much better.

"Keiran." I breathed, arching my back. It wasn't enough.

I slipped my hand into my panties and I felt that I was very wet.

It's because of him.

No one else ever made me feel this way before. I had four boyfriends and even though we've only kissed and they felt me up a little, I never felt so turned on by them than I was by my own best friend.

It made no sense but I was attracted to him and I couldn't help it.

Someone knocked on my door hard.

My dad.

Shit.

I buttoned my jeans back up and went to unlock my door.

My dad was standing in the doorway. "Hey, hon."

I smiled. "Hey, dad. What's going on?"

He frowned. "I'm going to be home late tonight." The look in his eyes told me he didn't want me to ask any questions about it.

My dad tells me this often but I never know why. I'm always suspicious but knows how defensive he gets. I nod. "Okay, dad."

"Remember, no boys here unless its Keiran, okay?" My dad has grown to like Keiran. Me and him knew each other since I was in the second grade. At first my dad didn't trust him but growing to see he has no intentions of 'wooing' me, my dad had start to see him as a son which makes my situation even more unfortunate.

"Okay, dad."

He smiles and walks away from me.

I close my door and lay back down onto my bed.

I don't want to feel this way about him. What I need is a distraction. And I know the perfect distraction.

I grabbed my phone from the bed and dialed my other best friend's number, "Rodney."

Thing is, Rodney is also a boy. I don't have many girlfriends because most of the girls in my neighborhood are either too girly or too stuck up. I can't deal with either.

When he answered, he sounded sleepy. "What's going on?" He asked.

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"Nothing. Skateboard?" I ask.

"Yeah, hold on let me get dressed and I'll meet you at the park."

"Alright. See you."

"Yeah."

Rodney understood my crush on Keiran. Rodney was bisexual. Only I knew this because he said he could trust me with anything and anyone else would laugh at him.

That's just the kind of place we live.

I pulled my jacket back on and then grabbed my skateboard from the corner of the room.

I walked down the stairs and out the door.

The second I did, I saw my dad talking to a man. And the man didn't look happy. In fact, he looked very angry. My brows furrowed. I dropped my skateboard and hid behind a bush so I could hear what they were saying.

"Why is my shit going missing, Kirk?" The man asked.

My dad sighed. "I...I don't know." He's lying. He always pauses for a second when he lies.

"I don't believe you. I don't believe you at all. All I know is that my shit better be at my house by the time I'm fucking done for work. Do you fucking hear me?"

I peeked from behind the bushes.

My dad didn't say anything.

Suddenly, the man punched my dad in his jaw.

My eyes grew wide.

I got from out of the bushes and ran over to them. "Hey, what the fuck is your problem?" I asked.

The man growled at me. "It's none of your business you little cunt." He spat.

I looked to my dad who was holding his jaw, glaring at the man.

The man looked to him. "Fix this, Kirk. Or next time, I won't walk away until you're dead." He threatened.

Then the man looked down to me. "And you, I have some sons that would take joy in hurting you. Learn to stay out of grown people's business." He said in a calm but threatening tone.

I sneered at him and he gave me a small smirk before walking away.

He got into a navy blue shiny and polished Mercedes and drove off down the street.

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I looked to my dad and he watched the car racing down the street.

"Who was that man?" I asked.

He licked his lips. "He was...no one."

I rolled my eyes. "Dad, stop lying. Who was he and what stuff was he talking about?"

He finally looked into my eyes. "Honey...its not a big deal, okay? Go out and have fun."

"Not until you tell me what's been going on." I said crossing my arms.

He sighs, and then pauses as his eyes grew wide.

From nowhere, a line of blood spills from between his lips.

My eyes grow wide from disgust. What the hell?

He reaches into his mouth with his thumb and index finger and withdraws a loose tooth.

Oh...shit.

That asshole knocked out a tooth.

"Dad,"

He stares at the tooth and then walks away to go back into the house.

I feel sick to my stomach. I would go in to make sure he's okay but at this moment, I just want to leave the house. It's not like he'd tell me anything anyway.

I grab my board and skateboard down to Park Lane.

Park Lane is a very popular park because of everything it has. Swimming pool, skating area, swings, and food stands.

When I spotted Rodney by a food stand for cotton candy, I skated over to him. He was talking to some guy.

I stopped and picked up my board. "Hey." I said. Rodney had black, straight skater hair and big blue eyes. He was also very skinny.

He grinned at me. "Sup. This is Anthony." He said looking at the guy he was talking to.

Anthony smiled at me. "Hey."

I waved at him and then looked back to Rodney. "Are we still boarding?" I asked.

He nodded and said goodbye to Anthony.

When we began boarding around the park, I asked, "Boyfriend?"

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He shrugged. "Not yet." He put his white beanie on his head and looked to me. "You?"

"Keiran see's me as a sister. That's all." I said.

Rodney sighed. "Well, I mean can you blame the guy? He's known you for years and protected you. You two have been friends since you were in second grade and he in the forth."

I nodded. "I know. So give me some girl advice." I said.

Rodney chuckled. "Okay, well when I like a guy that doesn't seem interested, I do things to get his attention. I mean to *really* get his attention."

"What? Wear a dress?" I asked.

He gave me a look and then chuckled. "Fuck you." He put his feet to the ground and pushed it back to make himself go faster on the board. I did the same.

"No. I wear things that'll attract his attention, not a dress but something a guy would consider sexy like a tongue ring or something." He said.

Oh yeah, tongue ring does make sense.

"Still got yours in?" I asked.

He nods and sticks his tongue out revealing a little blue ball on his tongue. "Works every time." He says.

I giggle. God, Rodney is a real player when it comes to guys. And girls too but more guys than girls.

"So what would attract him?" he asked.

"What attracts him to Lynn?"

I rolled my eyes. "No telling."

He turned his board slightly and hopped over a wooden bench and landed back onto his board.

He's a way better skateboarder than me. I'm still learning.

"Well what does she normally wear?" He asks.

"Pastel colors and tight jeans and this hideous pink lipstick." I said.

Rodney nodded. "Lipstick. Wear lipstick so you stand out."

"I consider lipstick for mothers and wives. I'm not into it. I use chap-stick for my lips."

"Which may be your problem. If you want this guy bad enough you have to be willing to make changes for him."

"It's too...girly. You of all people know I'm not a girly girl." I said.

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He nods and slows down as we follow a curved trail. "I know. But you want him, don't you? What better way to get his attention than to do something you normally wouldn't do, which is wear lipstick?"

"I don't like pink."

"So choose a different color. Choose red. Isn't that your favorite color?" He asked.

I nodded.

He smiles. "Good. Problem solved, babe. Hey, race you down the hill." He said speeding up.

"You're on." I follow him, quickly gaining ahead.

We race down the hill and I win.

Rodney pouts about it but stops when he sees a hot guy walking by. We both giggle like a couple of school girls.

Rodney was right, I had to try to make myself stand out more to get Keiran's attention but I damn sure didn't want to put on any fucking lipstick to do it.

I guess I'll just have to find another way.

Chapter 2: Problem

Chapter 2: Problems

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The next day, Rodney laid on my bed, seeming completely interested in my clothes.

I dug out an old miniskirt of mine I haven't wore since freshmen year in high school.

"Does it say "slut" to you?" I asked him.

Rodney narrows his eyes. "Umâ lyeahâ !.I won't lie, that's exactly what it says to me," He sits up. "Have you ever just, you know, tell him how you feel?"

I shake my head. "But I think he knows and he has a girlfriend already. An ugly, plain Jane whore of a girlfriend."

"Ow, miss jealousy." He said.

I shot him a look as I put the skirt down.

My phone rang from my bedside table.

Rodney grabbed it and looked at it before smiling at me and holding it out. "It's him."

I swear I could feel my heart jump.

I grabbed the phone from his hand, answered it and put it to my ear. "Hey, Keiran, what's up?"

"Hey, I'm bored. Can I come over?"

"Sure. You know you don't have to ask, my dad won't freak or anything. He's not even here. Hasn't been here since last night."

"And that doesn't worry you?"

"He hates telling me the truth about anything. Sure I'm worried but I won't get in it."

"Alright. Well, do you have company?"

"Rodney. That's all." I said.

"Okay. I'll be over in a few minutes."

"Cool." I hung up and threw the phone onto the bed and sighed.

"You're lucky you were blessed with the gift to sound completely at ease when you're talking to the guy you have a crush on."

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I nodded. It was very easy to act cool on the outside. But on the inside, I swear my heart was booming and vibrating throughout my chest. I swear I thought my throat was tightening.

And now he's coming over.

"He's coming over and we need alone time."

"Are you doing the miniskirt or the lipstick thing?" He asked.

"I don't own any lipstick."

"Raid your mother's make-up."

I blinked at Rodney. "I can't. After she died, I threw all of her stuff away."

His eyes grew wide. "Why?"

"Because the bitch tried to drown me and my dad, that's why." I said.

He sat up, staring at me.

I sighed. "Long story. Anyway, I need to straighten up a little."

"Why don't you talk about her? About what happened?"

I shook my head and looked out of my window to the rain. "Because when someone has had a near-death experience, they don't always want to talk about it. I sure don't. I'm not saying it to be rude, Rodney," I turn to look at him. "I just don't want to cry right now. Alright? I did enough of that shit in my past." I said.

He nodded. "Yeah, I understand that."

I smile. "Thank you."

He slid off my bed. "Okay, so I'll let you be alone with him."

"Thank you." I walked over to him and wrapped my arms around his waist.

He hugged me back. "I'll see you around. Tell me what happens later."

I nod. "See you at work tomorrow."

He nods and let goes of me before leaving my room.

I go over and shut my door.

Then I get down on the floor and grab a black and white shoebox from under my bed and slide it out. I open it and in it, I see some of the stuff of my mother's that I *did* keep. I swallowed hard. I should have thrown it all away but I couldn't. Despite what she did, part of still wanted a reminder of her.

I reached into the box and pulled out some of her perfume.

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I looked at the cover and then put the spray button against my nose and inhaled.

Mmhâ lit smells like her.

I hear the door open and close from downstairs.

That's probably Keiran. Dad insisted I gave him a key.

I sprayed a little of the perfume on me and then placed it back in the box. I closed the box and slid it back under my bed.

Then I stood up and walked out of my room.

I walked down the stairs to see Keiran sitting on the couch, with a bag of chips.

Always goes straight to my kitchen the second he gets here.

I shake my head and smile.

I go over to the couch he's sitting on and sit by him. "Hey."

He smiles at me. "Hey."

"So how was fucking Lynn yesterday?"

He shrugs. "The same." He replies dryly.

"You don't sound so excited about it." I say grabbing the remote from the table and pretending to be uninterested in the conversation.

"It's the same position all the time." He replies.

I click on the tv and look to him.

"You don't do different positions?"

He nods. "I always do different positions but the only one she likes to do is missionary." He says.

"Oh." My cheeks blush bright red as I turn my attention back to the tv. After a minute of silence, I turned back to him. "So, what's your favorite position then?" I asked.

He leaned his head back against the couch and thought for a second. "It's between woman on top and reverse cowgirl." He answers.

"What, you want the girl to be in control?" I asked. I could not believe how hot my skin was right now, talking about this with him.

He smiles as he looks down to the floor. "I just like seeing a girl on top of me." He says.

I chewed on my bottom lip and looked to the floor too.

Red Lipstick

From my peripheral vision, I see him look at me. "You're blushing a lot. Lets talk about something else."

I nod. Good idea.

"So I thought Rodney was here."

"He was but he had to go home to help his mom out with something." I lied smoothly.

Keiran nodded. "And your dad? Still haven't heard from him yet?"

I shook my head. "He's out doing whatever he does day and night."

Keiran nods. "Hey, look on the bright side." He says.

"What bright side?" I asked.

He pauses. "Oh...I guess there isn't one. Nevermind."

I backhand him in his chest.

He laughed. "Hey."

I stood up. "Want some real food?" I asked.

He nods. "Yep."

We go to the kitchen and I get out some frozen lasagna from the freezer and pre-heat the oven.

"So I was thinkingâ!"

Oh god. I hate when he starts a sentence like that. I turn to him as he sat on the kitchen counter.

"What?" I asked.

"You and Rodney should date." He said.

My eyes grew wide.

Was he serious?

No. No. Never will that ever be a possibility.

"Why do you looked so shocked? I mean come on, you two knew each other for three years. He's smart. He treats you like a good friend and he has a job. I think he's perfect for you." Keiran says.

But you're perfect for me.

A thread of hope disbands itself from my heart.

"Umâ!" I clear my throat. "I don't see him that way."

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He raises an eyebrow. "Are you sure? You two seem pretty close."

"We areâbut I see him as a brother." I said. I opened up the box of lasagna.

"Oh? Funny, you don't see me as a brother." He says.

I stop and look to him.

I hated whenever he brought up the fact that he knew I had feelings for him. I don't know how he found out about it. I'm normally really good at covering shit up.

"And that's funny to you?" I asked.

He shook his head. "It's cute." He says looking down at the counter.

Cute?

JustâCute?

I never felt more like a love-sick teenager than at this moment.

"Cute." I repeated.

He looks at me and smiles. "Yeah."

I roll my eyes and dig out the pan of lasagna and rip the film from it.

"It's okay, Pepper," He shrugs "I'm use to it."

"What, your best friend having a crush on you? You're used to that?"

He shakes his head. "Girls in general. But I get why you get defensive anytime I bring it up. It makes you feel weak and I know that you don't like feeling weak."

He's right. I don't.

"It's not my fault. It's not like I can help it. But I'm more than sure it'll go away eventually." I said, though I know its not true. I've had this crush since second grade. If it's not gone by now and it's the summer of my eleventh grade year, it might not ever go away.

"Yeah, it should. I'm all wrong for you and you know that." He says.

I nod and open the oven and slide the lasagna inside and shut the door. I set the timer and hop on the counter across from Keiran. "Subject change, please." I say.

He shrugs. "Fine. How's the job going?"

"Another subject."

He holds his hands up. "Why don't you just tell me what you want us to talk about." He says.

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I shrug. "Sex stuff."

He raises his eyebrow.

"I mean whenever I find someone to do it with, I want to know what I should expect." I said.

He nods. "That's true. First off, worst thing you can do is lose it to a person you barely know."

"Lose what? What makes you think I'm a virgin?" I asked.

His mouth pulls up at the corners. "I can just tell. I know you. You're scared to be intimate with anyone."

"False."

"True. You are. I can tell that you don't want to get too comfortable with people because you can't trust people. And that's okay. I use to be like that too. That's why I spent so many years fucking girls instead of dating them."

I knew that already. It wasn't easy for me to stand by idly while he tells me about his fuck sessions with older, high school girls while me and him were in middle school.

"So, basically, I can't be a slut?" I said.

He nods. "Basically. If you do, I'll probably lose a lot of respect for you. I always view you as a good girl and if you were to start doing a bunch of guys, I would hate it."

I wonder if he'd be jealous. Well if he views me as a sister, probably not. He'd just be really mad.

"You have nothing to worry about, Keiran. No one's coming near my pussy." Unless its you.

I roll my eyes. Ugh. I have to get these thoughts out of my head.

"I'm glad to hear that."

"Will it be weird though? When I lose it would you look at me in another way?" I asked.

He shrugs. "Probably not. I mean, everyone has to grow up at *some* time."

I nod, agreeing.

The door swings open and I sigh. I know its my dad.

I hop off of the counter and go to the living room. He looks all beaten up. "Dad, Jesus, what the hell happened?"

His right eye was black and completely shut and he had a cut on his cheek and a busted lip.

He stumbled in and plopped on the couch, groaning.

"Dadâ!" I went over to him and stood over him. "Whatâ!"

Red Lipstick

"Nothingâ I'm fine."

"No you aren't." I said. I turned and went to the kitchen to where Keiran was.

"Someone beat up my dad."

"What?" He got off the counter and walked into the living room.

I got out a big bowl and filled it with hot water.

I got out a dish rag and dumped it in the water as I made my way to the living room.

I sat the bowl on the table, sat on the floor next to the couch, and then got out the rag and wrung it out before cleaning up the blood from his lip and cheek. "Did that asshole from yesterday do this to you?" I asked.

He didn't answer. That means yes.

"What asshole?" Keiran asked.

"Some guy came over and punched my dad and threatened me and him."

Keiran grimaced. "He threatened you?"

I nodded.

"Where does he live?"

"1860 Psycho drive? I don't know, Keiran."

He sighs. "You should have been told me."

I rolled my eyes and dumped the rag back into the water.

"No one's going after him." my dad said.

"Dad, what did you do?"

"âNothing."

"Yeah, right."

I folded the hot rag and placed it on his black eye. "Keep this on your eye and when it starts to cool down, dip it back in the water and put it back on your eye." I said.

He swallows hard. "Okay."

I stood up and looked to Keiran.

He shook his head and walked back to the kitchen.

I followed him and leaned against the counter.

Red Lipstick

"I don't like that shit." Keiran said pacing back and forth in the kitchen.

"What?"

"Some random guy threatening you. That pisses me off."

"Yeah, me too. But we're going to leave it alone."

"What if he finds you and does something to you? You really think I can just stand by and let that happen?"

"Nothing's going to happen to me." I said.

He shakes his head. "You don't know that, Pepper."

"Since when do you know me to *not* defend myself?" I asked. Keiran knows more than anything that I'm a fighter. I've been one since my mother almost killed me.

Ever since then, I have always defended myself rather it was physically or verbally.

It didn't matter.

Sure I use to count on my dad and my friends to defend me when it came to people picking on me, but I had to learn that the only person I can depend on is myself.

I had to learn that the hard way.

"You're right. You always do. Even when I doubt you."

"And you're a dick for doubting me." I said.

His mouth tug up at the corners. "I'm sorry."

I shrugged. "It's alright. I just kind of want to find this guy and take a knife to his throat."

"Damn you're violent. That's why you're my best friend." He says.

I smile and then my eyes grow wide. The lasagna!

I forgot all about it.

I go to the oven and open it. Oh. It's completely fine.

I breathe a sigh of relief and shut the oven door.

"So, the beach party. Are you going?"

"Wasn't invited however I don't really give a fuck so yeah, I'm crashing, you?"

I nod. "Yeah. Only if Lynn isn't going." I said.

Keiran's gaze dropped to the floor.

Red Lipstick

I sighed. "Ugh, seriously?"

He shrugged and his hazel eyes meet mine. "Hey, she already knew about it. Her best friend's brother is helping with the music. But come on. Go with me and her."

"You're going to escort us both?"

He nodded. "Sure, why not?" He asked.

Because I can't stand to see you with her, that's why not.

"No. I'll probably get Rodney to take me. Rodney or Mickey."

Keiran raised an eyebrow. "What that guy at your job who has a crush on you?"

I nodded.

"That'll rock his world."

"Yeah, it will." I reply dryly.

Keiran pats my shoulder. "Hey, either one of them would be lucky to have you with them there." He said.

I paused.

Hey, one of them are bisexual and the other I'm not very attracted to.

He knows that I'm not attracted to neither in that way.

So why did he keep pushing me to date either one?

I will admit it hurts a little bit with him knowing how I feel and he'd prefer for me to push my heart in a whole other direction.

If he wasn't my best friend, I'd probably get angry and punch him hard in his jaw for making my heart feel so vulnerable for him.

Because I wasn't used to feeling this way before.

He's always been my first crush and rather he realizes it or not, he might even be my first love.

Chapter 3: The Beach Party

Chapter 3: The Beach Party

I skateboarded up to my job. I work in a burger spot. I know, its very embarrassing but hey, it puts money in my pocket at least.

I stopped and picked my board up and held it under my arm as I opened the glass doors.

"Damn it Mickey! You're always dropping too much water on the floor when you mop!" My boss said. Mickey is always doing something wrong. But I like the guy. He's always shy around me because he likes me.

He has short blonde hair, blue eyes and a pretty nice frame, but once again, I'm not attracted to him.

I look down to the floor and see that there *is* a lot of water on the floor.

Mickey sighs as he grabs the mop from the corner and walks over to mop up the water. He stops when he sees me.

"Hey, Mickey." I say.

He smiles. "Umâ h-hi, Pepper. H-H-How are you?"

"I was good until I realized I had to come to work today. Thought I had a day off."

"Yeah," he smiles. "Same."

"So, the boss still riding you?"

He nods and scratches the back of his head. "Yeah. He hates me. I keep thinking about leaving this place but I can't."

"Why?" I asked.

"Um, well, because of you."

"Me?" I asked.

He looks to the floor. "I better get this water up." He says and begins to mop.

I walk around the water to get to the back.

He didn't want to quit because of a crush? I never heard of that before. Mickey's a nice and good guy and I wish I felt that way about him too. He's pretty hot. But I just can't. Because I know someone hotter. Someone that understands me and wants to protect me. Because its selfish but I feel like I would only care about Keiran in that way.

I put my board in the corner.

Red Lipstick

"You're late." Boss says.

I nod. "I know. I had to make sure my dad stayed at my aunt's house so he wouldn't get in anymore trouble."

"Focus on your family problems on your own time, Reynolds, not on mine."

"Sorry." I said.

He nods once and walks off.

I roll my eyes and grab the yellow uniform shirt from the rack and pulled it on.

The day dragged on and on.

Mickey came to the back and sat down.

"You going to the beach party later?" I asked.

He shrugs. "Maybe if my friends decide to go. What about you?"

I nod. "I'm going with Rodney and Keiran." I say.

A scowl appears on Mickey's face.

Mickey cannot stand Keiran. He knows how I feel about him and every time he sees him or hear his name, this look of disgust comes over him.

"Doesn't he have a girlfriend?" He asked.

I nod and look to the floor. "Yeah. But he's still going with me."

"That doesn't bother you? The guy you like is with another girl?"

"Does it bother you that the girl you like likes another guy?"

Mickey was quiet. He stared into my eyes for a second and then looked to the floor.

"And yes, it bothers me." I whispered.

Mickey met my eyes. "So what are you going to do?"

I shrug. "If I was a good person, I would let him be happy with her. I would support him and his horrible decision to be with her. But I can't. I can't even pretend." I said.

"You love him?"

I nod. "Because I'm so selfish, I am going to try to have him. If I can."

Mickey nods. "Wellâ.good for you."

I can see the heartbreak in his eyes and immediately feel guilty because I was the cause.

Red Lipstick

"Hey, um, do you want to go to the party with me?" I asked.

Mickey raised his brow. "Really?"

I nod. "Yeah, why not?"

He smiles. "Okay, yeah that'd be great."

"Great. I'll meet you there."

"Okay."

After work, I went home and changed my outfit to a dark blue dress and a pair of black flip-flops.

I had a back swimming suit beneath the dress in case I decided to go swimming.

Rodney came over and we got in my dad's car and started towards the beach.

"Mickey's meeting us there." I say.

He looks over to me. "Mickey from work?"

I nod.

"Huh."

"What does 'huh' mean?" I asked.

"Nothing. I just figured that you'd want to go with Keiran."

"I did. I do. I just felt bad for Mickey."

I parked in the parking lot of the beach and got out of the car.

Mickey was waiting by a dark green buick. He smiled when he seen me.

I smile back. Rodney comes from the other side of the car and nods his greeting to Mickey.

Mickey nods back and looks to me.

"Ready?" I ask.

He nods.

The three of us go down the huge sand hill and down to the place on the beach where there was loud, fast music blaring throughout the beach. A lot of people were dancing, fast, jumping around.

I smiled.

When we got down to the party, Rodney saw Anthony and left my side.

Red Lipstick

I like this Anthony guy. Rodney seems to really care about him.

Mickey grabbed my hand. "Want to dance untilâ!"

Until I see Keiran is what he wants to say but I know he doesn't want to piss me off.

He has this assumption that the second I see Keiran, I'll leave his side. Which wasn't entirely true. I would never be that rude.

Me and Mickey began dancing. They began playing my favorite song by 'Hollywood undead' *Kill everyone*

Mickey was a good dancer.

I grinded on him a little and was jumping around along with him, with everyone else. So much excitement, so much adrenaline was in my veins.

Soon, as I grinded against him a little more, I began to feel him hard in his pants and my eyes grew wide. I stopped dancing and looked at him.

His cheeks were red. "Sorry." He said.

I grew uncomfortable but it left the moment I heard a familiar voice call my name over the music.

I smiled and looked to Mickey. "I'll be right back. I promise." I said in his ear.

He nods.

I go over to Keiran who smiles and wraps his arm around my shoulder. His black hair is messy and his light gray eyes are beautiful and bright.

"Hey."

"Hey, want a drink?" He asked me in my ear.

I nod.

He leads us over to the stand where a guy is making smoothies.

He buys me one and we lean against the stand and watch the people dancing.

"Where's your girlfriend?" I asked.

"With her friends." He answered and turn his head to the right. I do too and see Lynn dancing with a couple of prissy looking girls.

I roll my eyes.

Keiran's eyes meet mine and he smiles. "I know you want to say something."

I shake my head.

Red Lipstick

Keiran bumps me with his arm.

"Fine. I hate her clothes." I blurted out.

Keiran chuckles.

"And her lipstick. It's tooâpink." I say.

Keiran shrugs. "I kind of like her lipstick."

I look over at him. "You do?"

He nods. "It's kind of sexy." He replies.

I chewed on my bottom lip.

"So, you came here with Mickey?" He asked.

I nodded. "Yeah, and Rodney."

"Are you dating Mickey?"

I gave him a look. Why would he think I would ever date Mickey? "No."

"Hmâ!"

"Hm what?"

"I saw you grinding on him. I just figuredâ!"

I shrugged. "That's just how I dance."

"He lookedâreally excited." He said.

I knew he was. Well, I felt how excited I made him.

"Were you?" I asked.

Keiran gave me a look. His expression turning serious but he didn't answer.

Lynn jumped over, looking pumped up and excited but her excitement died down when she saw me.

"Oh."

Yeahâ!oh.

"I didn't think *you'd* be here." She said.

"Well I am." I responded.

Lynn looked to Keiran and wrapped her arm around him.

Red Lipstick

I glared at her. I didn't want her to see my jealousy.

I just looked away.

"I should probably get back to Mickey." I said.

"Yeah." Lynn agreed.

"No. I want to hang out with you for a little bit." Keiran says.

I turn to look at him.

"Really?" I ask.

He looks to Lynn who looks upset. Then he looks to me. "Of course. Come on. Let's take a walk." He breaks away from Lynn's hold and grabs my arm, leading me away.

I was surprised he did that.

He normally wouldn't.

He sighs and lets go of my arm when we were out of her view. "I hate when she does that. That's the only thing I hate about her."

"Right. I mean there's more that I hate about her but that's the main."

Keiran nods, understanding. "Yeah. I never expected for you two to like each other from the beginning. You two are so different." He says.

We're different but me and him has more in common than him and her.

The bitch screams when she breaks a nail. Who does that? Who cares that much about a nail?

"I know." I take a sip of my smoothie and we sit on a picnic table and watch the party.

My eyes roam over all the couples that are dancing. They were all close together and looking happy and excited.

I looked over to Keiran. He glances at me and bites down on his lip.

I just have this urge to take his lip between my teeth and bite down on it.

We were already close, if we were just a little closer, I could kiss him. He was just staring at me saying nothing.

I was just praying that this was it.

That he can finally see that he may want more with me. That I am younger than him but I'm not a little girl anymore. He doesn't have to protect me. I just want him to want me. That's all.

"Keiran?" I ask.

Red Lipstick

"What?" He asks.

"Kiss me." I say in his ear.

When I pull back, his eyes widen.

I nod, assuring him.

He blinks. "No." He shakes his head.

Ouch. Rejection. "Why?" I whisper.

He shakes his head. "I don't feel that way about you, Pepper."

"You don't have to. Just kiss me and it'll mean nothing." I said.

Keiran sighs and looks down to the sand.

"You've been looking." I said.

His eyes look to me. "I'm a guy, I can't help it."

I look away from him to the sand. After a second, I slide off of the table and began to walk away.

"Wait." He grabbed my arm pulling me back to him. He got off of the table and looked down into my eyes.

"Don't be mad at me." He says.

I shake my head, yanking my hand from his. "I'm not mad at you. I'm mad at me. I'm just stupid is all. I should go find Mickey. I promised him I would be back." I walked away from him and went into the crowd to find Mickey.

He was talking to some of his friends.

I went to his side and he smiled. "Hey."

"Hey back. Sorry I was gone so long."

"It's okay. You're back now."

He introduced me to some of his friends and we talked for a while. Despite the rejection from Keiran, I was having a pretty good time.

That was until I saw a familiar face in the crowd.

The guy from the other day that threatened me and hit my dad. I glared at him. What the fuck was he doing here?

"Hey, I'll be back." I tell Mickey and leave him to go see the man. When I make it to him, he looks to me and nods as if he was expecting me.

"What are you doing here?"

Red Lipstick

"Looking for you, Pepper."

"How do you know my name?"

"Your dad works for me, of course I know your name. Where is he?" He asked.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because he owes me money and he's been stealing from me. Tell me where the fuck he is."

"And if I don't?" I asked.

He narrows his eyes at me and grabs me by my dress, pulling me to him. He leans down so his lips are at my ear. "Then I'll fucking own you as a pet." He growled into my ear.

I pushed him away from me. "Let go of me."

"Is there a problem?" Keiran asked. His fist was balled as he walked over to us, his eyes glaring at the man.

"Who the fuck are you?" He asked.

"Who the fuck are you?" Keiran asked.

"Christopher, her dad's boss."

"You're the guy that threatened her?" He asked. I never seen Keiran look so angry before. His glare was seething.

Christopher looked to me. "Oh so you just had to go and tell your little boyfriend?"

Keiran pulled me out of the way and was now in Christopher's face. "You threaten her again, and I'll kill you." He said between gritted teeth. He sounded so confident, so dark.

Christopher looked only slightly phased. "Stay out of this, kid."

Keiran shook his head. "Touch her or threaten her again, like I said, I will fucking kill you. Don't fuck with me." He said in a low voice.

Christopher couldn't hold a glare, he quickly looked to me. "This isn't over, *Pepper*."

He shakes his head and turns to walk off.

I stare after him for a second before my eyes go to a very angry looking Keiran.

"Hey calm down." I grab his fist and look up into his eyes. "It's okay."

He breathes out through his nose. "I don't want anybody threatening you. Ever." He says.

I nod. "I know."

When he seems to calm down, I slowly let go of him.

Red Lipstick

He grabs my chin. "You mean a lot to me. I would never let anyone hurt you."

I nod. "Same."

He sighs and then does something I completely did not expect.

He leans his forehead against mine.

My eyes widen for a second. He never done this before and this isn't a best friend act at all.

I smile a little and shut my eyes.

This felt good.

But what did it mean?

"Am I interrupting something?" asked an extremely annoying voice.

Keiran broke away from me to look at her. "No."

Lynn glares at me and then look to Keiran. "Come dance with me?" She asked.

Keiran looks to me. "I'll see you before we leave."

I nod. "Okay."

He turns and leaves with her.

She flips me off before they walk away.

I roll my eyes and look to see Rodney coming over to me. "Hey." I said.

He smiles. "Sup."

"You've been gone."

He shrugs. "I was too busy making out." He sits on the table.

I sit on the table with him. "Good for you. I was close."

He looks at me and raises his brow. "Really?"

"I think so. I think I'm going to give that red lipstick thing a try. He says he likes lipstick on Lynn."

"Worth a shot." He says.

I nodded and watched him dance close to her, rubbing on her. I wanted him to do that to me and only me.

I close my eyes, the music blaring in my eardrums.

I wanted to yank her by her hair and slap her.

Red Lipstick

But Keiran would hate me if I started a fight with her.

So I won't.

"Where's Mickey?" Rodney asked.

I shrugged.

Oh shit. I forgot all about Mickey. Shit.

I got off the table and began looking for him. When I couldn't find him, I just stood by the smoothie stand to look out for him.

Soon, Lynn came up to the stand and ordered a water. Then her eyes looked to me.

I glared at her. "What?"

"You. It's funny seeing you like this. You think I don't know how you feel about him? I do know. And its very amusing that he doesn't feel the same way. And I bet that just kills you." she opened the cap of her water bottle and took a swig.

I stepped to her. "Get out of my face before I do something I won't regret." I say.

She smirks. "I'm so scared." She said sarcastically.

I can feel my hands ball up to fist. Don't give her the satisfaction, Pepper. Do not give her the satisfaction.

"You wouldn't hurt a fly. I'm not scared of you, Pepper. And there wouldn't be any point of you fighting me, really," She leaned over to my ear. "Because we both know he'd always choose me in the end."

She pulls back, smiles and turns around.

I can't help it. I tried my hardest to resist punching her face in but I can't.

I grab a handful of her hair from behind and pull her backwards towards me.

She screams as I throw her down onto the ground.

We immediately start drawing attention.

She drops her water and looks up at me in shock.

"Get up, bitch." I spat.

She glared at me, stood and tried to punch me. I dodged and punch her in her lip instead. She stumbles back, holding her lip.

I'm not done yet. I fucking hate her.

I move to her and she backs up a little. I pull my foot up and kick her hard in the stomach. She falls down onto the sand, grunting. I straddle her and began punching her in her face as hard as possible.

Red Lipstick

"Hey!"

I know the voice but I ignore it.

I'm just focused on fucking this girl up.

"Pepper!" Keiran suddenly pulls me off of her yet I fight as hard as I can to get out of his hold.

Rodney comes over and looks back and forth between me and bloody Lynn.

"Bitch!" I spat as Keiran pulled me away from her.

Keiran pulled me away as I kicked and thrashed in his arms.

When he got me to my car, he let go of me and glared at me.

I ran my fingers through my hair, unable to look him in his eyes. After all, I did just beat up his girlfriend.

"Are you out of your mind? Why the hell did you do that?"

"She provoked me!"

"I don't give a fuck. You're smarter than to do some shit like that." He growled at me.

"I'm sorry."

He sighs. "I have to get back to her. Go home and don't ever do that again or we're done." He says looking me dead in my eyes.

"Doneâyou meanâ!"

"Yeah, I'm done talking to you."

My heart pulled at his words. If I couldn't talk to him anymoreâ!..

There's no words.

"Okay." I whispered.

"I'll tell Rodney you're leaving and me and Lynn will take him home. Go home and sleep this shit off. I'll come see you later." With that, he walked away. Stomped away was more like it.

He looked so mad. I'm not used to him being mad at me.

I slowly turned and got into my car.

My fist hurt really badly. Yet it was worth it. As long as I was able to finally punch that bitch, I didn't mind enduring a little pain.

Chapter 4: What I want from you

Chapter 4: What I want from you

When I get home, I get an ice pack and put it on my hand. I hope its not broken. I went upstairs to my room and when I opened the door, I saw a rectangular box with a bow on it.

I eyed it curiously.

Next to the box was a note.

I put my ice pack down and picked up the note.

It was from my aunt.

'This is a gift for taking care of your dad so well when your mom died. I didn't know really what to get you so I got you some make-up as an early birthday gift. I hope you enjoy!

Your aunt, Jenny'

My eyes grew wide. Are you kidding me? Make-up? Make up?

I put the note down and ripped the bow off and then opened the box. There were a variety of different color eye shadows and eyeliners. There were lip-glosses and lipsticks. Lipstick. Sure enough there was a red. It looked like such a delicious color.

I bit down on my lip.

I never said I'd use it. But it was good to have it handy.

I picked it up and studied the color. I opened the cap and looked to my mirror. Oh, why the hell not?

I put the lipstick on my lips and mashed them together and puckered them. Mmhâ not bad.

I smiled a little and put the cap back on.

I grabbed my ice pack and placed it back on my fist as I laid down onto my bed.

I would just take a nap and wait until Keiran comes over.

I heard the door from downstairs open and then close. I sat up and then got off the bed. I looked in the mirror and suddenly the lipstick looked ridiculous.

I rolled my eyes and rubbed it off using my hand.

I walked into the hallway and then downstairs.

Keiran was leaning against the back of the couch as if he was waiting for me.

Red Lipstick

I looked down to the floor, feeling like I was in trouble.

"I'm sorry."

"You should be. How could you be so stupid?"

"You know, I don't need a fucking lecture from my best friend, okay?"

"You sure? Because you proved that you like to act immature and shit so I think you *do* need a fucking lecture from me."

"If you think you're going to, think again and get the fuck out of my house." I said.

Keiran glared at me. He slowly walked over to me until he was right in front of me. "Don't do that again, okay?"

I didn't answer.

"I don't know why the fuck you did that shit in the first place."

"Because she has what I want." I blurted out looking up at him.

The atmosphere changes. It goes from anger, agitation, to something else entirely.

He doesn't speak for a few seconds. "What *do* you want?" He steps closer to me until I'm backed against the wall, my eyes still on his.

I sigh and close my eyes as I lean my head back against the wall. "You." I whisper.

I slowly open my eyes.

Keiran bites down on his lip. "You're unbelievable. You did all of this for no reason, knowing it wouldn't change anything."

"I didn't know. But I was hoping." I admitted.

"Well then I'll get something through your head, Pepper. I will never, ever fuck you. Okay?" He asks.

I swallow hard and blink at him, neither of us takes our eyes from each others.

I don't know what made me do it. I don't know why, but I did it.

I leaned forward and kissed his lips softly before pulling back to study his expression.

He looked confused.

Yet he didn't look disgusted or mad so that was a good sign.

I lean in again and kiss his lips again, this time longer, harder and pull away again.

He's not moving. He's in shock.

Red Lipstick

Fuck, this is humiliating.

I feel like I'm going to die of embarrassment right now.

I shouldn't have done that.

God I'm an idiot.

Just as I took one step, about to go upstairs, he stops me by grabbing my hips.

I pause and slowly look to him.

He presses me against the wall and his lips are on mine.

I couldn't respond at first but soon as reality started settling in, I began to respond. I took his face between my hands and shut my eyes as I began kissing him back.

I opened my mouth, giving him access as he began caressing my tongue with his. It felt so good.

I moaned under the kiss.

He pushed himself against my body hard. I could feel his growing erection.

I moaned pushing myself against him, showing him what I wanted.

Keiran suddenly grabbed both of my hands and pinned them to the wall beside my head while he used his knee to spread my legs.

We didn't break the kiss, we only went deeper.

But the second the door opened, I pushed him away from me, panting.

We both turned to see my dad enter the house and pause. He looks back and forth between the both of us. "Uhâ are you okay?" He asks me.

I nodded wiping my mouth. "I'm fine." I swallowed hard.

Then he looked to Keiran. "You?"

Keiran shook his head. "No. I'm not. I need to get home." He glanced at me before walking to the door and leaving.

My brows furrowed. Why did he look mad? It's not like I forced him to kiss me like he did.

And it didn't seem like he wasn't enjoying it. I felt how much he was enjoying it.

So why did he look like I just ruined his life?

My dad threw his keys on the coffee table.

"You're supposed to be at aunt Jenny's house." I said.

Red Lipstick

He nodded. "Well your aunt is vegan. I couldn't take it." He shook his head.

"Oh. That sucks."

"Yeah, so I was wondering if you felt like cooking anything for me."

I shrugged. "Sure. And FYI, that dickhead, Christopher came by looking for you."

Dad raised his eyebrow. "What?"

"Yeah. Are you ready to tell me what the hell has been going on? You of all people know that I hate being kept in the dark about things."

He narrowed his eyes. "I get the feeling we're not talking about me any more, but your mother and her addiction."

"It's about both. You hated keeping the fact that she was addicted to heroin from me yet she begged you to and you did. You don't hate that you're keeping stuff about your job from me though. So, what's going on?"

"You wouldn't understand, Pepper."

"What wouldn't I understand?" I asked.

"My job. Let's just go eat dinner. Let's go out, matter of fact."

"You're avoiding the question."

He smiles and pats my head. "Come on. Get your shoes and I'll treat you to a restaurant."

"With what, your money, or Christopher's?" I asked.

He stopped, his smile leaving his face.

"If you don't want me in your business, don't have your boss threatening me. Ever, dad. Whatever you owe him, give it to him, already. I'll make dinner here." I said and turned towards the kitchen.

"So he kissed you, yet was mad about it?" Rodney asked before he took a sip of his diet coke.

I nodded. "Unbelievable, right?" I asked.

He nods.

We were on break from work and Keiran kissing me was the only thing I could think about the next day.

"Talk about the so called 'special first kiss'." He said.

I nodded. "It actually *was* special. I don't think I ever got turned on by any of my exes kissing me but thisâ€¦ it was something else. He hasn't been answering my text messages though. I'm thinking about going to see him after work." I said.

Red Lipstick

"See who?" Mickey asked sitting down next to me with a tray of hamburger and fries.

I went quiet.

"Erâ lumâ lher dad." Rodney saved me.

"Oh. Is he in some kind of trouble or something?"

I looked to Rodney.

Why make a lie out of something that's not a big deal. "Actually, its Keiran we're talking about." I said.

Mickey paused and then looked down to his tray. "Oh."

The rest of the break was quiet. I felt very uncomfortable at the moment.

Rodney eventually got up, feeling awkward and walked away, leaving me with Mickey.

"So, I saw the fight between you and that Lynn girl the other day."

"Yeah," I blush. "It was stupid."

Mickey swallowed and hesitated. I knew he wanted to say something.

"What?" I asked.

"It's justâ lyou shouldn't be fighting over him. You know, over Keiran."

"Mickey, I fought the bitch because I don't like the bitch."

"Because of Keiran."

"No. Because she was provoking me. I don't like to be provoked." I said.

Mickey looked uneasy. "I'll remember that." He says.

I stand up and grab my tray. "Yeah, maybe you should."

I left the room and went to the back.

Rodney smiled. "Awkward."

I nod. "Very. Hey, can you take over my shift for the rest of the day and take the money?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I'll take the shift, you keep the money. I get that you got to do what you got to do." He says.

I smile. "Thank you, Rodney. You know, if you were fully straight, I'd kiss you." I said, smiling.

He grinned. "Yeah, yeah."

Red Lipstick

I turned and pulled my yellow uniform shirt from my body and adjusted my dark red tank top.

I left out of my job and got into the white suburban.

I started it up and drove over to Keiran's house.

When I got there, I got out to the car. Must be here alone. I don't see Ethan or Aubrey's car in the driveway. It's good for him to be alone. We need to be alone to talk about what happened yesterday.

I shut my door and walked up to the house and unlocked the door.

Yes, I have a key to his house also.

I opened the door and I can hear the grunting downstairs. He must be lifting weightsâ hopefully.

I turn my head and look out to see if I see Lynn's stupid ass pink girly convertible but I don't. I shut the door and make my way down to the basement.

When I get down there, its exactly what I thought.

Keiran in no more than a pair of black jogging pants and shoes, on the weight bench, lifting the weights. Loud Metallica was playing in the background.

I walked over, unseen and turned it down his ipod.

Keiran looked over.

I smiled. "Hi, asshole."

He sat up, not smiling as he put the weights on the bench and sat up. "Hey, what are you doing here?"

"Hanging out with you, hopefully."

He pursed his lips as he stood and grabbed a blue towel from a table.

He wipes the sweat from his washboard abs. I feel like I'm going to melt into a puddle of goo.

I take a deep breath and relax myself.

He sighs. "What happened yesterday nightâ?"

"Was stupid." I finished.

He blinks at me. "You think so?"

"Isn't that what you were going to say?"

He nods. "Very fucking stupid on both of our part, but at the same time, Iâ I don't know, I felt something."

"What do you mean?" My heart beat was quickening.

Red Lipstick

"I think that I want to fuck you is what I'm trying to say."

My eyes grew wide, and not only that, my heart basically exploded from out of my chest.

And at the same time, I felt chills running down my spine. "You do?"

He nods as if he's ashamed of it. Which is understandable I suppose. He's seen me as nothing but a sister since we've known each other, then we kiss, and now he wants to have sex with me. Yeah, he has every right to be ashamed.

"Soâ I meanâ what's going to happen?" I asked.

He blinked and wiped the sweat from his forehead. "I don't want to hurt Lynn. She's in the hospital right now. I wouldn't want to hurt anyone. But since last night, I cannot get what happened out of my head. That's why I've been working out all day. But you just won't stay out of my fucking head, Pepper." He said.

I nod. "Same." I whispered.

Keiran licks his lips and sits back down on the bench. "I just want us to do it once and maybe this need will go away or something but I cannot stand cheaters and I would be a fucking hypocrite if I was to do it so I don't know what to do." He ran his fingers through his hair.

I cannot believe he was saying this. I can't believe he's feeling all of this. It's surreal.

Since second grade, I just felt this connection with him and now its stronger, it was more than sexual desire. It was heat, passion and all the other stuff I can't explain.

The thing is, I know how Keiran is and he's not going to want to cheat on his girl. I know he's not that type of person. My hopes were up but not very much. Because the Keiran I know would never do anything to hurt a girl.

But rather or not what he wanted, I know what I wanted. I'll just wait for him to get himself together.

"I don't know what to say." I admitted.

He nodded. "I don't either but I'm serious."

"I know you are which is why I don't know what to say." I said.

"Wellâ just give me some time to think about this shit and I'll come pick you up so we can talk tomorrow." He says.

"Talk?" I asked.

He bit down on his lip.

I don't think he meant "talk"

He nods. "Yeahâ talk."

I nod with him. "Okay."

Red Lipstick

I turn and then walk up the stairs but stop halfway. "Keiran?"

"Yeah?"

I look to him. "You don't see me as a sister anymore, do you?"

Keiran shook his head. "No, Pepper, I don't."

Chapter 5: I have to have you

Chapter 5: I have to have you

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After I left Keiran's house, I was still in shock. Extremely in shock. He doesn't see me as his sister anymore. He sees more. So much more.

And tomorrow he wants to pick me up so we can talk.

I smile as I pull the car up to my house.

I get out of my car and go into my house.

When I get in, I frown. My dad is passed out on the floor with a beer bottle in his hand.

I roll my eyes.

I figured today was going to be a great day but he had to ruin it. It's always either him or Keiran that seems to be the only guys who can change my emotions.

"Dad," I snatched the beer bottle from his hand and sat it on the table. "Get up."

I kicked him gently and he sat up.

"What?"

"Aren't you supposed to be at work?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"Dad, come on, get up and let me take you to bed." I said.

He shook his head as he got up. "No, I'll take myself up. I'll be fine." He stood to his feet and reached for the bottle on the table and I stopped him. "No. Upstairs." I said.

He sighed and turned to stumble up the stairs.

After I watched him, I grabbed his bottle and took a few sips before throwing it away in the trash.

I plopped down onto the couch and flipped through the tv, but before I knew it, I was asleep.

When I woke up, it was night time. I grabbed my phone and it read two in the morning.

I went to my messages and composed a new one. Tomorrow my dad will be at work so when me and Kieran "talk" it should be here where we're completely alone.

Red Lipstick

I texted him and told him he should just come over instead of picking me up.

Keiran would answer a text any time of day or night. He could be damn near close to death and would still answer a text.

When my phone buzzes, I open the message and it says *'Yeah, I'll be there around 12.'*

12.

Yeah, dad should be gone by that time. I'll make sure he's gone by that time.

I had to talk to someone about this. Rodney, unlike Keiran, will not answer a text at two in the morning.

I decided to just call him.

After a few rings, he picked up.

"Why are you calling at two in the damn morning, girl?"

"We're going to do it." I said.

"Ewâ lme and you?"

"No, dick. Me and Keiran."

"Wait, what?"

"We decided. I kissed him and he kissed me back and he doesn't even see me as a sister anymore. He said so himself." I said.

"Damn. When did this happen?"

"Earlier today."

"So when is this happening?"

"Later today around twelve." I said going upstairs.

"Mmhâ lwear the lipstick, he might like that and use a condom."

"I'm on birth control."

"Since when?"

"Since my dad decided he didn't want to be a grandfather at age thirty six." I said.

"Still, use one anyway. Goodluck."

"Yeah, thanks."

"Alright, let me get to sleep." He says.

Red Lipstick

"Okay, night."

"Goodnight, bitch."

I chuckled and got off of the phone as I got to the hall. I peeked in my dad's room and saw he was still sleeping off the buzz. So I went in my room, turned the lights off and snuggled under the covers.

"Dad, come on, you have to go to work." I said. It was the next day and I had plans to be alone.

He sighed. He was fully dressed but laying down, hung-over in the bed. "I need a day off."

"Well then take it over aunt Jenny's house."

"Why are youâare you trying to get rid of me?" he asked sitting up on his elbows.

I shook my head. "Nope. Not at all. Just need some alone time. I'm on the rag, dad. And you are not going to like it if you have to stay here and deal with it."

"What is the 'rag' is that some type of teen slang term?"

I nod. "Something like that. It's a girl problem." I said.

He nods. "Oh...okay." He got up and I smiled. "Are you going to drive somewhere?" I asked.

He nods and yanks his keys from the dresser. "Okay justâstay out of trouble. Okay?" He asks.

"I will."

"And no boys but Keiran."

I roll my eyes. "What about Rodney?"

"Ok, I guess Rodney too but that Mickey boy, no."

"Fine."

He kisses my hair and then walks out of the room.

I wait until he's completely out of the house before I grab a towel and take a shower.

I wash my hair and lather myself up before rinsing myself off. When I get out of the shower, I put a black tank top on along with black lace panties and a pair of black short-shorts.

I let my hair stay wet and fall down my mid-back.

I apply some red lipstick to my lips. The color is actually really nice on me.

I smile in the mirror and run my fingers through my black hair.

Red Lipstick

I think I look pretty nice.

I hear the door open and close and I grin. I check to make sure there's no lipstick on my teeth and then I go downstairs. When I reach the last stair, Keiran is waiting for me with his hands in his pockets.

"Hey." I say, trying to stay as calm as possible.

"Hi. You never wear lipstick."

I nod. "I know. Do you like it?" I asked.

He nods. "Very much. It's sexy on you."

I smile. "So," I walk closer to him. "Have you decidedâ"

"Yeah, I want us to do this but we can never tell anyone." He says.

"I kind of already told-"

"Rodney? Figures. But no one else. And that means you can't go on and gloat about it to my girlfriend."

I nod. "Have you considered what she'll think?" I asked.

He nods as he steps closer to me. "I have and I'm ashamed. But at the same time, I just need to do this to you or I'll fucking explode. It's all I can think about now."

"Me too." I admitted.

He nods. "I know. Let's go upstairs."

"Okay." I turn and walk upstairs while he follows me.

When we walk to my room, he shuts the door and pulls off his jacket. He sits it down on my dresser, then pulls both his shoes and his socks off and placed them down onto the floor.

I felt so nervous. So nervous, I felt like I was going to throw up. Throw up my heart. Jesus, I always thought I'd be so confident about this.

I was wrong.

I just don't know how to start this. I never felt so scared about something before.

I just stood there.

Keiran didn't look nervous. He looked relaxed more than anything.

"You scared?" He asked.

I shook my head.

"You're lying." He whispered.

Red Lipstick

I looked away from him.

He walked over to me until he was standing in front of me. "Hey, we don't have to do this."

The thing was, I knew we both wanted this. We both wanted this really badly.

I could see it in his eyes and I can feel it in my heart and in other places.

"Yes we do." I whisper.

Keiran nods, agreeing. "I know we do." His voice is gently, barely above a whisper.

I take in his appearance. He's tall, almost six two with a slim and muscular frame. His biceps are smooth and covered in his tan skin that makes me want to melt. His eyes are gray and bright full of life, of beauty. His lips are pink and look so soft, but they feel even softer. And his hair, his thick full, tousled, smooth black hair falls slightly over his gray eyes, I always loved it like that. Makes him look mysterious. Looking at this man, I'm realizing more and more how much I want him. I want him badly. Not just my nether regions wanted him but my heart wanted him. My mind wanted him. Although this may just seem like a desperate fuck to the both of us, it'll be more than that for me.

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I look up into his eyes and as I do, for the first time in my life, I notice the tiny green specks of color in his gray eyes. I never noticed that before. I take his face in my hands and he closes the distance between us.

Immediately I'm taken up in a kiss that was nothing like the one from yesterday. This kiss had more fire. It wasn't like he was angry with me or a sudden attraction hit like yesterday, this one felt like we knew what we wanted. We knew what's going to happen and nothing will stop us.

I can taste the toothpaste and peppermint mouthwash on his tongue.

His hands slid under my tank top, caressing my back while he moaned in my mouth. I wrapped my arms around his neck, becoming lost, dizzy and wet all in one setting. I felt like my heart was going to drop down from my chest. It was overwhelming and mind blowing all in one.

When I lost my breath, I pulled back slightly to look into his eyes.

He smiles warmly. "Your lipstick is smeared." He says.

I shrug carelessly.

His thumb gently rubs over my bottom lip. Once, and then again.

His finger drive up through my hair as he brings my lips to his once again, dizzying me, making my whole body feel like is running on an electric current. More than that, I don't think I ever been so soaked in my life.

Keiran turned us around and pressed me against the wall, the kiss never breaking and I didn't want to.

He tasted so delicious and felt soft, warm, heated, all in one.

Red Lipstick

I began to feel his fingers lifting up my tank top and he broke the kiss for a second as he pulled it from my torso.

He threw it down onto the floor and then his hands went to my ribs, and slid down to the waist band of my shorts.

He slips his thumbs into the sides and pulls them down to my ankles.

I placed my hand in his hair as I stepped out of them completely.

He stood back up straight after studying my black lace panties.

He smiles.

As I look at him, I'm reminded of all the times we shared as friends. Best friends. Going to the playground together, sleeping over each other's house. Me and Keiran throwing crazy parties at his house. His visiting me from the hospital after my mother purposely drove me and my dad off the road.

He held my hand during my mother's funeral.

All of this lead me to reassuring myself that I knew I was in love with him.

I smile back at him and pulled down my panties and then stepped out of them.

I grabbed his hand, guiding him to feel me.

When he did, his fingers ran over my clit. I leaned my head back against the wall and closed my eyes, sighing.

"Open your eyes. I want to see you." He whispered in my ear.

I do as he says and open my eyes.

"You're not nervous around me any other time." He says.

"Yeah I am, I just know how to hide it good."

He half smiles as he pulls his shirt over his head and drops it down.

I seem to gain my confidence as I put both hands on his waist and lead him over to my bed as we locked lips again.

When I sit onto the bed, I unbutton his jeans and pull them down. He steps out of them and then pulls down his boxers and repeat.

My eyes go to his member and I chew down on my lip. Jesus.

I can't say how many times I've imagined Keiran naked. It was never the cock I ever thought about really. It was just his whole body.

But now, something was way bigger than everything else and it damn sure wasn't his ego.

Red Lipstick

I looked up at him and I must have had concern etched on my face.

"I'm eleven inches." He said nodding.

My jaw dropped after I gulped. Yep, this is going to hurt. Didn't think this whole thing through.

"Does it hurt any of the girls you do it to?" I asked.

He nods. "All of them at first but they start to like it. It'll only hurt for a split second. Maybe a second longer for you since you're a virgin." He says.

My eyes went down to his length. Jesus. It's just, hard and alert and fucking huge.

I've seen cocks online and all but this was nothing I've ever seen.

"If I say stop, will you?"

He furrows his brows. "Of course. Just tell me if I'm hurting you." He says.

I nod. "Okay."

Keiran leans over, and kisses my lips while unhooking my bra.

I immediately want to cover up but I manage to keep my hands down.

His eyes are hooded as he looks to them. I'm no more than a C cup.

I smile to him and go back to lay on my pillows.

He watches me and then climbs onto the foot of the bed.

I spread my legs, giving him just enough room to lay between them, and when he does, he kisses me again.

Then he pulls back. "Fuck, I almost forgot. I have a condom in my pocket."

I shake my head. "No. I'm on birth control." I whisper.

He sighs. "Pepper,"

"I want to feel you. Don't you want to feel me?" I asked.

He looks down to my eyes and nod. "Fuck, I do." He whispered.

I nod.

He nods with me and whispers 'okay' before kissing me again.

After a few minutes of grinding and making out, he pushes himself up to his knees and looks down at me.

I knew what was coming. I knew it.

Red Lipstick

And I was ready for the pain.

Keiran grabbed onto his member and lined it up to my entrance.

I swallowed hard and kept my eyes on his.

I gave him a nod to start.

Slowly, he moved forward until he slowly hit my barrier.

I closed my eyes and tried to breathe slowly. I needed to calm down but I was about to get really rowed up.

"Keep going?" He asks.

I nod.

He holds himself up by his hands on either side of my face onto the bed as he pushes against my hymen.

I shut my eyes. Oh that's not so bad.

He continues to push forward until he rips through and slams right into me.

My eyes grew wide as I quickly grabbed onto his shoulders.

He was biting down hard on his lip as he stayed still, giving me a chance to adjust to him.

Oh god, it was fucking painful but I expected it with his length. "You're really tight, Pepper." He whispered.

"Pepper!" I hear my dad call from downstairs.

Keiran stops and his eyes grow wide.

I push him off of me and he rolls over and quickly grabs his clothes.

I pull all of my clothes back on and the door opens but I quickly shut it.

"Dad? Umâ !what do you need? I thought you were at work."

"No, I just realized I'm off today."

Shit. I look to Keiran whose buttoning up his pants.

"So, what do you need?"

"Well, can I come in?"

"No, I'mâ !.uhâ !naked. I just got out the shower."

"Okay well when you get dressed, come downstairs because I want to talk to you about something."

"Uhâ !.o-okay." I whisper.

Red Lipstick

I hear his footsteps as he walks away and I turn to look to Keiran.

He looks amused as he puts his shirt back on.

"Obviously we'll have to do this another time." I say.

He nods. "Yeah. Umâ come over tomorrow? My mom and dad should be at work and Lynn too."

I nod. "Okay. It's a plan."

"Good." He walks over and kisses my nose and then my lips.

"Between us?" He asks.

I nod smiling up at him. "Between us." I whisper.

He smiles and walks out of my door but then he turns. "I'm pissed."

"I know."

He shakes his head and leaves to go down the stairs.

I hear him talking to my dad. I wonder if dad's asking him if he was in the room with me.

I look into my mirror and see that my lipstick is smeared.

I wipe it off with my hand and fix my messy hair.

Afterward I go downstairs to see my dad. Keiran and him are talking about something on tv. Some football game or something.

"Want a beer, daddy?" I asked.

He nods. "Yeah."

I looked to Keiran and he nodded too but he came in the kitchen with me. As soon as we got in there, he backed me against the counter and kissed me.

I giggled and pushed him away. "Shh." I pushed my finger to my lips.

He smiled and kissed my lips before going to the fridge and grabbing a beer for him and my dad.

He handed it to me. "Going out the back door."

I nod. "Okay."

He winks at me and smirks before he leaves out the door.

The second he leaves, my heart calms down but my pussy is still throbbing.

Dad, why the hell did you have to walk in at *that* time?

Chapter 6: I want to be yours

Chapter 6: I want to be yours

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I put on my hideous yellow uniform shirt and adjusted the collar when I got to work.

I turned and looked into the foggy bathroom mirror. I pulled my red lipstick from my pocket and applied it heavily onto my lips.

I opened my mouth to make sure there was none on my teeth and when I saw there wasn't, I pulled my hair out of its pony tail and let it fall down my back.

I put my lipstick back into my pocket and then opened the door and walked out.

As I walked to the cooking area, Mickey spotted me and paused.

"Hey." I said.

He smiled. "Umã ðhi. I like the lipstick. It's aã ða very good color on you." He says.

"Think so?"

He nods. "Yeah, it'sã ðits hot, actually."

I smiled. "Thanks, Mickey."

"YEAH!" a voice yelled from the front. I turned my head to see a very excited Rodney entering the place jumping around.

I chuckled.

He ran to the back and whisked me in a huge hug.

"Ah! Rodney! Why are you so happy?" I asked.

When he put me down, there were tears in his eyes.

He wiped them away, a huge, face-splitting grin on his face. "Guess who got accepted into New York University?" He asked.

My eyes grew wide. "What?"

He nods. "I did. I got fucking accepted, Pepper!"

I squealed and went to hug him again.

"I got my acceptance letter today. I almost had a fucking orgasm from it." He sat me on my feet and smiled.

Red Lipstick

"I'm happy for you."

He grinned. "I'm going to miss you, Pep."

I nodded. "Same, dude. Who am I going to skateboard with?"

"Mickey." He answered. I hit his shoulder.

He chuckled. "I could just about say 'Fuck this job'." He said sitting down.

"That makes one of us."

"What's going on?" Mickey asked coming to us.

"Rodney is going to NYU." I said

Mickey nodded. "Congratulations."

Rodney nodded his thanks. Mickey left the area and Rodney looked back to me. "Soâwhat happened yesterday?" He asked.

"Interrupted."

"By your dad?" Rodney guessed.

I nodded. "But I'm going to see him later today."

"To finish what you started?"

I nod.

"So, I meanâits not awkward?" He asked.

I shook my head. "I have to admit, I thought it would have been maybe a little awkward at first. But soon, when he kissed me, it wasâso wrong because he has a girlfriend but it felt so right."

Rodney smiled. "Okay, don't break into song now."

"Fuck you."

He chuckled. "So how far did you two get before Kirk came home?"

"He was in me and it was the most painful thing in the world."

"Of course because you were a virgin."

"And because he was fucking eleven inches." I said.

Rodney's eyes grew wide.

I nodded and smiled smugly. I took in eleven inches of my best friend. You do not hear that every day.

Red Lipstick

"Jesus, how did you-?"

I shrugged and turned my head. Speak of the devil.

I grinned as I saw Keiran entering the place.

I glanced over and I saw a huge scowl on Mickey's face as he came back behind the counter to us. It made me want to scowl at him.

Keiran came up to the counter. "Hey."

"Hi."

"What's up, Keiran." Rodney said.

Keiran nodded at him. "Nothing really." Then he looked to me. "What time do you get off work?"

"Umâ I think six. Why?"

"We should go see some stupid movie and make fucked up comments about it."

We always loved doing that. We did that to the last Harry Potter movie and all the Twilight movies. People were so pissed.

I grinned. "Okay."

"I'd like to come along." Mickey said.

I turned to look at him.

"Uhâ Mickey, that's kind of their thing." Rodney said.

He looked to Rodney. "What do you mean?"

"See, we all have certain things with Pepper. Like me and her thing is skateboarding, talking about girly ass clothes and boys and shit. She doesn't do that with Keiran. Their thing is working out together, slandering movies, andâ *!other stuff*," Rodney said, obviously hinting towards something. "So do you get it?"

"It's a movie and its innocent." Mickey says shrugging.

I shake my head as I turn to look to Mickey. "You're not going to like it if you're actually enjoying the movie while me and Keiran are just talking about it nonstop."

"I'll be fine. Odds are it'll probably be lame to me too and I'll just be talking about it with you guys." He says.

I looked to Keiran who looks very irritated by Mickey. I didn't want to be rude. Fuck. I looked back to Mickey. "Okay. We'll go when we get off. Maybe we can be off earlier. I'll go ask the boss." I said.

I went into my boss's office and he had just put his phone down and ran his hand over his face. He looks to me.

Red Lipstick

"Hey, boss." I say in my sweetest voice ever.

He rolls his eyes. "What do you want from me?"

"Maybe me and Mickey can get off a little early? Business is slow anyway."

He sighs. "I need you to stay."

"Rodney's staying and business is slow, please? I hardly ever ask if I can get off early." I say.

He purses his lips. "Just this once and don't think about making it a habit."

I smile. "Thank you."

I turn and all but skip out of his office.

"Alright, I'm ready." I say.

I pull the ugly yellow shirt off of me and adjust my dark purple v-neck shirt.

Mickey pulls his off while Rodney puts his on. "Another day in hell." He comments.

"How'd you get here?" I asked him.

"Skateboard."

I pulled my dad's keys from my pocket. "Here. Can you drive his car home?" I asked.

Rodney nodded. "Sure."

"Thanks." I moved from behind the counter and walked to Keiran who smiled at me and then scowled at Mickey.

Does he hate Mickey because Mickey likes me?

It's fucked up if that is the case but part of me like to feel like he's claiming me as his own.

We all go to get into Keiran's car and he drives us to the movie theater. When we get into the theater, me and Keiran decide on *Crowsnest*. Some 'scary looking' movie. I'm starting to realize that there is no such thing as a scary movie in this world. It's all bullshit. So I know it'll be fun to slander this movie.

Keiran paid for me and his popcorn and Mickey paid for his popcorn and a drink.

We went up to the theater and got into the highest seats.

The movie started and already I hated it. It was one of those "found footage" movies.

"Right off the bat, you already know the silly dude behind the camera is going to die." Keiran says.

I nod. "Yeah, definitely."

Red Lipstick

"Probably last." Mickey commented.

I shook my head. "Nah, most likely not last because the movie is really focused on him and he's stupid so I don't think we have long."

"I bet his friend's going to die too," Keiran says. "He's too much of an asshole."

"Yeah and the girlfriend is a bitch, so is her friend, so I know they're dead."

Keiran chuckled. "This will never get old will it?"

I shake my head. "Probably not."

"How's your girlfriend, Keiran?" Mickey asked.

Keiran and me paused. It was as if we had both forgotten about Lynn's existence.

Keiran sighed. "She's good. She's out of the hospital and she's doing good."

I looked to him.

"Oh." Mickey says.

I'm immediately brought back to reality that he doesn't belong to me.

He has a girlfriend and I think he loves her.

"I'll be back, I got to use the bathroom." Mickey says. He gets up and walks out of the row and down the dark aisle.

I look to Keiran. The second Mickey left, this lust came over me. "Kiss me?" I asked.

He didn't even hesitate to do so.

I smiled as his lips went to mine.

I breathed into the kiss and reached over and grabbed him through his pants.

He sighs and put his hand over mine, urging me to grab harder and I do.

He groans softly in my mouth and tangle his fingers into my hair, pulling gently.

I cup his jaws with my hands and moan as he slips his tongue into my mouth.

He taste like gum. Spearmint or Peppermint gum.

I swear my heart was beating a million times per second.

I pulled away and turned to see if Mickey was coming back.

Red Lipstick

"He's not coming back." Keiran whispered and brought my face to turn back to him and began kissing me again.

I'm always surprised that he doesn't hesitate when he kisses me now.

It's like something natural. I'm pretty sure he still sees me as his best friend. Just with benefits now.

My hands go down to his pants and I unbutton them.

I reach into his boxers and started to feel his length.

He groans loudly and I smile to myself. He's really hard because of me.

Is he coming?" I whispered.

Keiran shakes his head, tips his head back and closes his eyes.

I lick my palm and put my hand back onto his length and began to jack him off.

I watch his expression and I can see he's really enjoying this. He's biting down on his lip and his eyes are hooded.

I turn slightly and I see Mickey making his way back to us.

SHIT!

I quickly take my hand out of his pants and he quickly buttons his pants back up.

I sit casually in the chair and turn my head as Mickey makes it back to our row.

I give him a smile. "You okay?"

He nods as he sits down next to me then he pauses. "Umâ your lipstick is smeared a little."

"Oh." I wipe it off with the palm of my hand and sit back.

The movie's fucking terrible and as predicted everyone died in the end. Good thing too, the characters were nowhere near believable and the acting sucked.

Me, Keiran, and Mickey left the movie theater and Keiran dropped him off back at work where his car was.

"Had fun." I said to him.

He nodded and then glanced to Keiran before looking back at me. "Yeah, me too. Maybe next time we can go alone?" He asked.

I shrugged. "Umâ !sure."

He nods a hopeful smile on his face as he shuts the door.

Keiran then backs up the car and gets back onto the road.

Red Lipstick

"We going to your house or my house?" I asked.

"Is your dad home?"

I shrugged. "Probably."

"My parents shouldn't be home so we can go to my house." He says and then looks over to me.

I smile at him.

I know this will be it. This moment will definitely be it. We will have sex and this time, we will not be interrupted.

Chapter 7: I need to have you

Author's Note: I know I normally post two at a time but a certain someone wanted me to post ASAP. Plus I'm stuck on chap eight so enjoy this!! :D Love you all!!!

Chapter 7: The way you make me feel

I was more than relieved to see that nobody's car was sitting in Keiran's driveway and that I have him to myself.

He parked the car and turned it off.

We both got out and I went to his door and pulled out the key he gave me.

I unlocked the door and pushed it open.

Keiran followed me inside and shut the door.

I slipped my shoes off and turned to look at him.

"Was I the only one who was aggravated that I couldn't do shit to you in the theater because of Mickey?"

I shake my head and half smile.

He ran his fingers through his black hair.

"You have me alone now." I offer.

He nods. "Yes, I do." He says. He slowly walks to me and I immediately grab onto his shirt and pull it from his torso.

I throw it down, not taking my eyes from him.

He breathes softly through his nose as his gray eyes stay on mine. "Pepper,"

"Yeah?" I whisper.

"Remember when I said we should do this once to get rid of the attraction and then leave it alone?" He asked.

I nodded.

He shakes his head. "I don't think we're going to do this just once."

"I don't think so either." I say.

He smiles and slips his hands to the back of my thighs and lifts me from the floor.

He makes me wrap my legs around his waist and he kisses me a couple of times before carrying me upstairs.

God, he's strong.

Red Lipstick

"Struggling?" I asked as he was walking up the stairs.

He smirks at me. "No."

I giggle and he gets to the top stair.

He takes me to his bedroom which is straight across from the stairs.

He opens it, takes us both in and shuts the door.

He kisses my lips before he puts me down on my feet.

As soon as he put me down, I pulled my shirt over my head and threw it down onto the floor.

He turned my body around and unhooked my bra. It dropped to the floor and he pulled me back against him, both hands on my breasts, caressing them in his warm hands. I threw my head back onto his shoulder.

He leaned his head against mine. "Can I tell you something?" He whispered.

I nodded and shut my eyes.

"You have the tightest and warmest pussy I ever felt." He breathed in my ear.

His right hand went down to cup my pussy and I moaned, arching my back, pushing myself into his hand.

"Really?"

He nods and slips his hand into my jeans. His finger rubs my clit, gently through my panties.

I moaned loudly. "Fuck me, please?" I asked.

"Yeah, baby. I've been wanting to everyday since the beach party." He says.

He unbuttons my jeans and pulls them down my feet while still standing behind me.

He helped me step out of them.

When I got them off, I turned back to look at him.

His eyes roamed, lovingly over my body.

I smiled at him.

I turned back and went to lay onto his covers and watched him. "Strip." I say.

He chuckles and unbuckles his belt.

He unbuttons and unzips his pants and slides them down, his eyes never leaving mine, and I kept my eyes confidently on him.

He steps out of his shoes and socks and pants all in one, leaving him in just his boxers.

Red Lipstick

God, he's so hard, its easy to tell right now.

He pulls off his boxers, allowing his erection to spring free.

It will never get old, its pretty damn big.

He smiles and climbs onto the bed.

"I bet you're cocky about your size to all the other girls, aren't you?" I asked.

He chuckles.

"I knew it." I said. He climbs over me kisses my stomach softly before lifting his head to look at me. "You're the only one who knows how I am. Of course I'm cocky about it."

He definitely has a reason to be.

He began kissing up my stomach, and I felt nothing but chills of electricity running through my body. I arched my back a little and closed my eyes.

His lips came up to my neck, kissing and nibbling on it. I moaned and my fingernails trailed down his back.

I can hear a soft growl in his throat. He likes that. I smile to myself and then drive my fingers into his soft hair while he leaves kisses on my throat and then my jaw.

"Hey," I breathe.

He lifts his head up to look down at me.

"You remember when you said you like for the girl to be on top?" I asked.

"You don't want to be?"

I shook my head. "Not this time."

He nods, understanding. "I got it. Since you're, somewhat still a virgin, I was going to be on top anyway. But most likely tomorrow night, I'll teach you how to ride me. Okay?" He asked.

I know I was blushing red as I nodded wordlessly.

He began kissing me again.

He tugged at my bottom lip and I smiled, chuckling from nervousness.

He chuckled too. "What?"

"Nothing. I just really like this." I whispered.

He nods, his expression growing serious. "Me too. Maybe a little too much."

My expression then grows serious.

Red Lipstick

Lynn. He was thinking about Lynn and now I was too.

I feel him grow a little softer and I sigh.

"I'm sorry." He shakes his head.

"It's okay, I understand. Lynn's your girl." I said, hoping he couldn't hear the sad tone in my voice.

It was too late though, he heard it. He licks his lips. "You are too." He whispers before leaning back down and capturing my lips between his again.

I moan and began to pull my panties down between us.

He gets on his knees and helped me get them down. He pulled them from my body and climbed back on top of me. He kisses my lips once more before he pulls back and licks his lips. "I never got the chance to taste you." He whispers.

I nod as my answer and spread my legs a little as he begins going down, trailing kisses from my breasts, down my stomach.

I pushed my head back into the pillow and shut my eyes as I reached for his soft hair.

I felt his warm breath tickling me and I liked how it felt. It made my whole body shake with electricity and chills.

I thought he was going to go straight to eating me out, but he didn't. Instead, he began kissing and sucking my inner thighs, tickling them with his tongue.

I bit down on my lip as his tongue went further up, skipping over my clit and going to my other inner thigh.

I moaned and released my lip from between my teeth and watched. It felt so hot.

I then feel his breath tickling my clit once more before his tongue begins playing with me.

My lips parted.

He spreads my lips apart, caressing me around and around with the warmth of his tongue.

I never felt anything like this. It felt so good. I couldn't explain it. Nor could I say anything. All I could do was lay here and make high pitched noises that didn't sound like me.

I never thought Keiran could get a reaction like *this* out of me.

I moved my hips in tune with his tongue and placed my hand on his head so he couldn't stop or pull away. I wasn't ready for him to. I just bucked my hips, creating a friction between his tongue and me.

I bite down on my lip again and shut my eyes while I continue to move my hips and clutch his hair in my fist.

His tongue is going in a circular motion causing me to feel a build-up in my abdomen.

I think I knew what it was.

Red Lipstick

"Uh, Keiran, Iâ think I'm going to come." I breathed.

He doesn't respond. His tongue circles my clit faster and pushes against it back and forth while he keeps a firm grip on my hips.

He nibbles and sucks my clit, moaning in appreciation like he liked it.

Him liking it made this moment much better.

Oh god, I feel it.

I let go of his hair and grabbed the iron headboard above me and threw my head back. My breathing is much harder and I can't control it. I have this urge to hold my breath but I don't. I just squeeze my eyes shut as it all builds up. I let out a high pitched squeal as I let go, not caring how loud I was when I shouted out how good it felt. I just did and allowed my hands to grip the headboard tightly as I released and my body began calming down.

My chest rose and fell in slow breaths as I started to feel my heart and body slow down.

I always thought that oral sex or sex in general was exaggerated.

Keiran had me watch pornos before and I always thought they looked stupid and dramatic. But now I see, oral sex is definitely no exaggeration.

I sighed and released my grip on the headboard. I let go of it and then slowly opened my eyes. I looked to Keiran and he was half smiling. "Wanna taste?" He asked.

I nodded, desperate to feel his lips on mine.

He came up, between my legs and his lips immediately went to mine.

We both moaned together as he opened my mouth and I tasted my juices.

I closed my eyes, my breathing hard and rough as I took his hair between my fingers.

He makes me so wet, and turned on by the shit he do.

He breaks from the kiss, "I can't tell you how much your moans made me hard."

"Really?" I asked.

He nods. "Yeah. And I was surprised you came so fast."

"I went to the doctor a really long time ago and she told me I was going to be hyper orgasmic." I said. I didn't know what it meant until I asked my dad and he told me without being gross about it.

Keiran's eyes lit up.

Was that a good thing? I didn't want to ask him.

Red Lipstick

He pulls his body up a little and then look into my eyes. "Let's find out how hyper orgasmic you are." He says and then grabs onto his member. He looks into my eyes as he lines it up to my entrance.

I keep my eyes on his.

He slowly enters me, driving his length fully into my pussy.

I whimper as he fills me up.

He closes his eyes, a small groan coming from his lips. He opens his eyes to look me in mine and holds himself up by placing both hands on either side of me.

"You okay?" He grunted.

I nod.

He eases out and gently drives back into me. I hissed sharply.

It hurt and it felt good at the same time.

I didn't understand it.

He bites down on his lip, groaning as he drives back and forth into my wet pussy.

I shut my eyes and grab onto his hips. Oh my god, this feels so good.

I push my head back against the pillow and part my lips.

I can hear him pumping in and out of me and oddly, the sound is hot to me. It adds to the pleasure I'm feeling.

Keiran is panting above me, his lips parted in both excitement and pleasure.

I believe my expression is the same as his.

I can smell our sex and along with the sound, it adds to how good it feels. It makes me enjoy it more.

I'm panting along with Keiran, digging my nails into his hips.

"Pepper, your pussy feels so good." He whispers, panting.

"You feel good too." I breathe through a whimper.

I couldn't get over this moment. I can't believe its happening. Happening with Keiran, my best friend since I was in second grade.

I felt closer to him now, emotionally, already sexually, and mentally.

My mind was swimming and my entire body felt like it was on fire.

Keiran began to move a little faster and bit down on his lip.

Red Lipstick

I began to feel it, the rise again.

I didn't want it to be over yet.

I squealed as he hit a spot deep inside of me that jolted throughout my whole body. Oh god, what was that and why did it feel so good?

He hit the spot again, and again until I was calling out for his name.

"I'm coming, baby." He announces in my ear.

I close my eyes, as he moved my hips with his, grunting.

Him being close was driving me towards my release. It kept building and building as he begins to move so fast, thrusting wildly and panting hard. "Pepperâ fuck." He breathes, still pumping.

"I'm coming!" I cried out, looking into his eyes.

He nods. "I know. I feel it."

I hold onto his hips as I reached my release and throw my head back, crying out throughout the room.

Keiran nods and kisses me before grunting loudly, grabbing onto the headboard and shutting his eyes as he stills.

He let out a relieved sigh as he bites down on his lip.

I feel his warm seed shoot into me and I sigh in relief too and close my eyes.

Keiran collapses on me and sighs softly.

His body is warm on mine.

Jesus, I can't believe we just did that.

Keiran's eyes went to mine and we just chuckled.

I don't know why we were laughing but we just did.

"That was fun." I said.

He nodded. "Yeah, it was more than fun."

"So am I hyper orgasmic?" I asked.

He nods. "A girl either takes a long time to orgasm or doesn't orgasm at all. But you did and quick so yeah, you're pretty hyper orgasmic. But it's not a bad thing." He rolls off of me and lays next to me.

I stare at the ceiling for a while before turning to look at him. "What would you do if Lynn ever found out?" I asked.

Red Lipstick

He furrows his brows and sighs. "She won't. Because we'll never tell her," He looks over to me and smiles a little. "I'm serious. Don't gloat."

"Fine." I pout.

He chuckles and sits up.

A car pulls into the driveway and we both look to each other.

"That's either my mom or my dad." He says.

I nod, get out of bed and grab my panties.

I pull them on and then grab my shirt from the floor. I pull it on and then my jeans while Keiran pulls his clothes back on.

I fix my hair the mirror and then opened the door.

Keiran followed me out of the room and we both walked downstairs.

Aubrey had a bag of groceries and she placed them on the counter. I smile at her. "Hi, Aubrey."

She smiled back. "Hi, sweetie. I was wondering when I'd see you again. Want to stay for dinner?"

I nod. "Sure. What are you making?"

"I'm thinking pasta."

"Sounds great."

She ask Keiran to put the groceries away and she walked out of the room.

I leaned against the counter watching him.

I close my eyes.

He just had his hands all over me a few minutes ago. A few minutes ago, he was inside of me.

And I'll probably never forget it.

Chapter 8: I had you and now I will always want more

Author's Note: Sorry for the shortness of these two chapters. Love you all!

Chapter 8: I had you and I will always want more

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Keiran's POV

I turned my ipod all the way up before I pulled my shirt off and threw it onto the floor in he basement.

I sat down on the weight bench and laid down.

I grabbed onto the weights and started to lift them. It wasn't hard. I've been doing this basically my whole life.

I just needed something to distract me for a little bit.

I kept my breathing calm, slow, and relaxed.

I was doing this, to keep from thinking about Pepper.

Even her name just makes me feel this odd longing feeling.

I closed my eyes.

I keep thinking about yesterday. How tight she was, her moans, the way she grabbed my hips, the way she taste.

I bit down on my lip.

Fuck, I'm getting hard.

I put the weights down and sit up on the bench. I run my fingers through my hair and sigh.

I don't feel guilty for fucking her. I don't. I liked it. A lot more than I like to admit. I know she has feelings for me and I didn't want to turn this into a romantic thing because of my feelings for Lynn. I will never understand my feelings for Lynn.

She was hot and she had her funny moments. I don't know why I like her. *Like* her not *love* her, but

I just did.

But I could never put both Lynn and Pepper in the same category. They're very different. Lynn would say stuff Pepper wouldn't care about and Pepper can say things that Lynn wouldn't understand. Fact is, I care about both of these women just in different ways.

I see Pepper as my best friend yetâ someone with a tight and warm pussy. Stop, Keiran, stop.

I close my eyes.

Red Lipstick

I hear a click-clack of heels.

Lynn's here.

I stood up as she walked down the stairs and to the last step. She still had a black eye thanks to Pepper.

"Hi, baby." She says and drops her purse to the floor.

I nod back. I didn't know if she'd be able to see what I did. I was a decent liar. I guess I just won't mention Pepper's name.

"Lynn,"

She smiles. "I missed you. Did you miss me?"

I nodded. "Yeah, I did." My tone was dry but either she didn't hear it or she ignored it.

She wiped the couch off before sitting on it, then she paused. "What is this shit playing on your ipod?"

"It's *'Pussy'* by *Rammstein*." I said.

"Can you turn it down?"

I rolled my eyes and turned it down and then sat back on the weight bench.

"So, what happened while I was gone?" She asks.

I fucked Pepper and I liked it. "Um, not much, really." I shrugged carelessly.

Lynn's voice dropped. "And Pepper. Still talking to her?"

I tense up at the sound of her name.

Lynn raised her eyebrow. "Well are you?"

"Uh, yeah, why wouldn't I?" I asked. I hope she wasn't asking me to break contact from Pepper just because she put her in the hospital.

"That hobo put me in the damn hospital, Keiran."

"And?"

"You're still talking to her?" She asked.

I scratched my head. "I knew the girl my whole life. I'm not going to just stop talking to her because you want me to."

Lynn shook her head. "Are you having sex with Pepper?"

My eyes grew wide. "What the fuck makes you jump to *that* assumption?" I asked her.

Red Lipstick

She narrows her eyes. "You two are a little *too* all over each other to be just "best friends"." She said.

"You're being paranoid, okay?"

She stared at me.

"Hey," I stood up and walked over to her and go down on my knees in front of her. I looked into her brown eyes. "I'm yours." I whispered.

She raised her eyebrow. "Promise?"

I swallowed and gave her the best smile I could manage. "Yes."

I hear the door open just as I lean over and kiss her.

I hear light footsteps walking down the stairs. I pull away and look over to see Pepper standing on the last stair.

The first thing I notice is her red lipstick and how good she looks with it on.

Her hair is in a side ponytail and she has on a black tank-top, a pair of black and white converse and these really short jeans shorts.

She wasn't looking at me, her eyes were on Lynn.

Hatred burned in them.

But I couldn't keep my eyes from her shorts and how good they showed off her legs.

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"Pepper, I see you're back." Lynn said with distaste in her voice.

Pepper fakes a smile and then looks to me. "Can we talk? It's kinda important."

"Me and him are already talking." Lynn says.

Pepper crosses her arms against her chest. "Calm down, princess, I'm not stealing him from you." She said sarcastically.

That's exactly what she was doing.

I stood up. "Upstairs." I said to Pepper. She nodded and turned. As she walked up the stairs, my eyes mistakenly went to her ass.

I never noticed how nice it was until now. I looked down at Lynn. "I'll be back." I said.

"Kiss?" She asked.

I wanted to roll my eyes but I leaned down and gave her a kiss.

Red Lipstick

I then turned and went upstairs.

I walked to the kitchen where Pepper was sitting on the counter with a Capri-Sun in her hand.

"Hey." I said leaning against the wall.

She smiles. "So she's back. Must be a drag."

I smiled slightly. "I don't know. Feels kind of weird."

"How?"

"Umâ lit'sâ l.almost like she's not even my girlfriend. More like an annoying prissy girl whose obsessed with me."

"I still don't get why you're dating her." Pepper said.

"I don't know. It's something about her. I can't really explain it."

"I personally don't see the chemistry but," Pepper shrugs. "That's just me." She took a sip of her juice.

"Nice shorts." I commented.

Her smile lessened some. "I wore them for you."

I can see the pink in her cheeks. I smiled. "I figured so. And the lipstickâ l"

"Also worn for you."

"I'm well aware and if Lynn wasn't hereâ l." I didn't have to finish my sentence for her to know what I wanted.

She nods. "I know. Are we still on for tonight?"

Tonight I'm supposed to be teaching her how to ride my dick. Fuck, I know Lynn is going to make me stay with her tonight. I have to, to show her I still care about her.

"Lynn's going to make me stay with her." I said.

I immediately see the disappointment on Pepper's face but she quickly covers it up. "Okay." She hops off of the counter and walks up to me and smiles. Her hand runs from my chest, down to my dick and she grabs me and smile.

My eyes grew wide. Fuck, I'm getting hard again in her hand.

She knows this too and she's enjoying this, I know she is.

"Pepper,"

She leans up and brush her lips against my jaw line and I wrap my arm around her back and my hand goes down to squeeze her ass.

Red Lipstick

I feel her smile against my skin. "I should go." She whispers.

God, she's such a fucking tease.

My hand goes to her to keep her hand on my dick while I grind against her hand.

Lynn's going to see this and she's going to know. She already has suspicions. I need to stop.

I sigh and Pepper takes her hand away. I liked whenever she touched me, I hate to admit.

"So, I'll text you later?" She asked.

I nodded. "Yeah."

She nods too. "Alright. See you."

I nod. "You too."

She turns, and as she walks away, my eyes are just stuck on her ass.

I bite on my bottom lip and watch her walk out the door of the house.

I sigh. I'm getting more and more attracted to her by the second and soon is gonna become unbearable.

Pepper's POV

I was at the skating park with Rodney and we were sitting down watching as the skaters did tricks and fell, busting their ass.

"So," He nudges me.

"So?"

"Come on, spill it. In college we won't have these kinds of talks often."

He had a point. I'm going to miss him so much. "Okay, so we did it yesterday."

"And?"

"And? It was good. That's all I'm spilling." I said.

He shook his head. "Come on, I'm your best friend."

I rolled my eyes. "Fine. It was fucking unbelievable." I admitted.

Rodney grins. "So, is Lynn still in the picture?"

My brow furrows. "For now. I just don't get what he sees in the girl. She's such a bitch."

Red Lipstick

He nods. "Yeah, she's kind of hot though. That may be it."

"Then he has bad taste. He's not one that just goes for looks, its more so personality he looks for."

"Then he has good taste since he fucked you."

I shrugged. Good point. "Yeah, hey, I gotta go home and get ready for work." I said.

He nods. "Okay, I'll talk to you later."

I nod to him and stand up. I skate board home and the second my house comes into view, I see there is a police car in front of it.

I stop my board and pick it up as I walk to my yard. I blinked and looked over as my front door opened. My dad was handcuffed, being escorted out of the house by an African American police officer and a Caucasian officer was right behind them.

"Dad?" I ran over to him and he didn't even look at me.

"You need to go stay with a friend, Pepper."

"Why? What happened?" I asked as he was escorted to the car.

The African American police officer opened the car door and my dad slid in.

"Dad? What happened?" I asked again.

The Caucasian officer got into the passenger side of the car.

The other officer closed the door of the backseat and then looked to me. "Are you his daughter?"

"Yeah, I thought it was pretty damn obvious when I kept calling him "dad"."

The officer nodded. "Okay. How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

"Do you have someone you can stay with temporarily?"

"Yeah, I have a friend. What happened?"

"Your father is being arrested for possession of stolen cars."

"What?"

He nods. "We found seventy three on a property that he owns downtown."

I blink at him and then look down to my dad.

He didn't meet my eyes through he window, he just looked down as if he was ashamed.

Red Lipstick

I look back to the officer. "How many years could he possibly get in prison?" I asked.

"About twenty five."

"Twenty five?" I mouth. I turn away from him and drive my fingers through my hair.

Twenty five?

Was my dad fucking insane? He did that shit and for what? Was that his job this whole time? Why would he steal cars? Is that what his boss, Christopher, been making him do?

"He'll get a phone call later perhaps tonight and he'll explain the whole thing to you." He nods and gets into the car. I can't even find it in myself to look at my dad. I just watch as the car drives off.

Did all of that really just happen?

Dad, what the fuck?

If my dad goes to prison for twenty five years, what's going to happen to me?

Chapter 9: Distractions

Chapter 9: Distractions

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The first person I called after my dad was taken away was Rodney. Rodney and Keiran on three way and both were shocked.

"Stolen?" Rodney asked.

I nod as I paced around in my living room. "Yes, seventy three cars stolen and I'm pretty sure it was on the command of that Christopher dick."

"I hate that fucking guy." Keiran muttered.

"Me too."

"God, I'm sorry, Pepper." Rodney says.

"Thank you." I whisper.

"Me too. And I'm sure mom and dad would let you stay over for a little while." Keiran says.

I smile, my sad mood somewhat faltered. He's exactly what I need right now.

"Cool. I'll pack now."

"Okay. See you in a bit." Keiran says.

"Okay. See you. And Rodney, I'm gonna go pack so I'll talk to you later."

"Alright. Bye bitch." He replies.

"Whore." I answer before I hang up.

Keiran hangs up too and so do I. I put my phone into my pocket and walk upstairs.

I packed a handful of clothes, my laptop, shoes, books, anything I might want and uncaringly place my lipstick in there for no reason. I zipped my suit case up and brought it down the stairs with me.

I placed it on the chair and I go to lay down on the couch. I plop down on it and stare up at the ceiling.

My dad was always everything to me. Then he goes and does this shit.

And he says he's better than mom. He just abandoned me like she did. But she had let it be clear that's what she wanted. She made that clear when she tried to kill me.

I closed my eyes and remembered back to the night.

Red Lipstick

I remember it like it was yesterday. I was sixteen.

I was in the backseat of the car, my headphones in my ears, and my ipod turned up high. I was blasting *Seether's "Broken"* in my ear drums.

It's when I notice my mother's tears as she turns to my dad whose in the passenger side, when I take my headphones out.

"All you waste your fucking money on is fucking heroin. Day after fucking day! We can barely put food on the damn table for Pepper!" My dad yelled. I never heard him so angry before.

But there was no way to calm him down, and besides, he had a point.

"I put plenty of food on the table, Kirk."

"Yeah? Not enough!"

"Stop yelling at me!" My mother screamed to the top of her lungs.

"No! You need to be yelled at because you're fucking stupid! I bet you're fucking high right now, aren't you?"

"No. I'm not."

"You bitch, you seriously think when we get home, you're staying in the fucking house? I'm not going to have you addicted to heroin and staying around my daughter. That's not going to happen."

"You can't just kick me out! I don't have anywhere to go, Kirk!" She cried as she sped up the car, not paying attention to the road.

"Mom." I mutter.

"Yes I can! You're going to fucking leaving as soon as we get home. I don't give a shit where you go, you're just not staying with us. It's *your* fault you don't have anywhere to go. You fucked over your friends and your family with this shit. That's *your* fucking problem. We're done and you're never seeing Pepper again!"

My mother glared at my dad and then sped up as we arrived onto a bridge.

"Slow down, our daughter is in the car!" He yelled at her.

She didn't listen. She burst out in more tears and shook her head. "You're not leaving me." She whispered before she turned the car's wheel over, and drives us off the bridge. My heart beats twenty times per second and my entire scalp prickled. This wasn't happening. It couldn't have been.

The water hit the car fast with intense impact.

My dad was no longer in the car the second it began to sink.

"Daddy?" I squeak.

The car was filling with water and it began to sink down.

Red Lipstick

"DAD!" I cried out his name as the water began coming up to my neck.

I could not swim and I couldn't hold my breath for very long.

I called his name once more before the water came over my head.

I began to hold my breath and looked over and grabbed the handle to my door. I couldn't open it.

I tried kicking the passenger window, but I wasn't working. The water had too much pressure.

When I realized this, I realized what it meant.

I closed my eyes and stopped holding my breath.

I gasped as my nose burned and I begged for air but I was too late, I was drowning.

I fought for some type of air, some type of reassurance that I had the littlest chance to live, but nothing came. I felt my throat tightening.

I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to fight through the water but it wasn't working.

I didn't hear my mother fighting so I knew she was either unconscious or dead. Either way, at the moment, I didn't care.

I knew it wouldn't be long until it was over. Until I was gone, but I would never stop fighting.

Sure maybe in beginning but not now. I would fight, and fight until it's over.

Suddenly, I stopped fighting, my arms floated up as I calmed down and black spots filled my vision.

I couldn't stop it and there was no avoiding it.

I was done.

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What seemed like moments later, I choked up a mouth full of water and turned to the side as I released it on a huge rock. I started coughing hard, trying my hardest to get out any water that was in me. When I felt I was done, I laid back onto the rock and looked into the eyes of my dad.

He looked back down at me, his eyes watering. "Baby," He whispers.

At that moment, my eyes water. Tears spill out over my cheeks. I shut my eyes and open them. I sit up and wrap my arms around my dad's neck.

"It's going to be okay, baby." He whispers.

I nodded as I buried my head into his neck.

He runs his fingers through my hair. "I would've never left you. I will always be there. I'm never going to leave youâ !.okay?"

Red Lipstick

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My eyes open and I'm back on my couch.

It's now dark outside and I'm staring at the ceiling.

I blinked.

That's the first time in months I dreamed about the whole event.

I sit up on the couch and stand up.

I grab my suit case and head out the door. I lock it and then look my dad's suburban. I'm willing to bet that he stole it.

I sigh. I can't skateboard there with my suit case.

I called Rodney and asked him to pick me up.

Within a few minutes, he picked me up and was smart not to talk about my dad while we were in the car. In fact, we talked about everything but my dad.

That's why Rodney was always such a good friend. He knows when not to talk about the obvious. Keiran's the opposite, he makes you talk about it until you get it out of your system. And while it was helpful, it was irritating.

Rodney stopped in front of Keiran's house.

"Thanks." I said to him.

He nods. "Are you going to be okay?"

I nod. "I'm sure I'll be fine." I open the car door and then wave before getting out and shutting the door.

I go up to the door and grab my keys from my pocket. I let myself in and shut the door. The second I'm in the atmosphere, I immediately feel better.

Aubrey peeks into the living room and walks in. "I heard. Are you okay?"

I see the concern etched on her face. I pat her shoulder to assure her. "I'm fine. Thank you for worrying." I said as I hug her.

She nods. "You can stay here as long as you need. Me and Ethan wouldn't mind." She said.

I smile. "Thank you, Aubrey."

She nods and kisses my cheek before walking up the stairs.

I sit my suit case on the floor and then look to the stairs as I hear heavy steps walking down them.

Keiran appears in the room in no more than a pair of burgundy jogging pants.

Red Lipstick

I slip my shoes off .

Keiran leans against the wall, and crosses his arms. "So, what the fuck was he thinking?" He asked.

"My thoughts exactly." I say as I sit down on the couch.

"Has he called you yet?"

I shake my head, no.

Keiran sighs. "Shit. You want to go see him tomorrow? I'll drive you up there."

"Yeah, but don't you have to spend some time with Lynn tomorrow?"

"This is more important, Kirk is almost like a second dad to me." He says.

He walks over and sits on the couch next to me.

I sigh.

"Look, he's going to be fine. He just got into some shit that he'll be able to get out of. I promise you." He says.

I look to him.

"I'm pretty sure everything he's been doing to make money, he's only did it for you. You're the center of his fucking world, Pepper. Just like you are mine."

I smile and caress his jaw and stubble.

He stares into my eyes and rub his jaw into my hand and shuts his eyes.

"Thank you for being there for me." I whisper.

He nods. "I'm always here for you."

"Then can you be a distraction for me for just a little bit?" I whisper.

Keiran licks his lips and his eyes go to the stairs before he looks back to me. He shakes his head. "You want it just because you're upset." He whispered.

I nod. "Yeah, and because I've wanted you all day. And because you're the only one who makes me feel good, physically and emotionally. I just need you right now. Please?" I beg.

Oh god, I was never a begger. And never in a million years did I think I'd be begging for sex.

"Alright. We'll mess around a bit but we have to be quiet since mom and dad are upstairs. They can hear everything down here." He says.

I nod.

He leans over and kisses my lips and pull away to look into my eyes.

Red Lipstick

"Sure you want to do this now?"

I nod.

His eyes go back to the stairs before he looks back to me.

He grabs me by my hips and makes me lay down on the couch.

He covers his body on top of mine and looks down at me. "Tell me if you hear someone coming down the stairs." He whispers.

I nod.

He leans down and our lips touch mine. My hands go to his both sides of his face as I open my mouth, allowing his tongue to slide in.

He tasted sweet and tangy like sweet pineapples.

I wrap my legs around his waist as he began grinding himself against my pussy.

I close my eyes and moan under the kiss. The friction felt so good. He moaned with me, quietly.

I didn't want to have to wait so long. So I slipped both of my thumbs into the sides of his jogging pants, pulling them down. He's wearing no underwear underneath.

He took his lips from mine and sat up on his knees. He pulls them down more.

And as he did that, I stood up and pulled my shorts off. I dropped them to the floor and then pulled my panties off before laying back onto the couch.

I spread my legs once again, inviting him in.

He kisses my neck, while his hand runs over my pussy.

I close my eyes, losing myself in every kiss, every touch.

"Pepper," he whispers.

I open my eyes to look at him. He lifts his head up to look down to me. "We should do this when you have a clear head." He whispers.

I shake my head. "My head is clear."

"It isn't. You want a distraction. This isn't a good distraction."

"You can't just stop, Keiran."

"Yes I can." He gets off of me.

I sit up and watch him as he pulls his jogging pants back up.

Red Lipstick

"You're hard, how are you gonna fix that?"

"I'll just go in the bathroom to jack off or something but this isn't the best thing for us to do while your dad is in prison and while you're upset."

"Keiran, I wasn't upset until you stopped." I said.

He sighs. "We need to find something else to do, Pepper."

"Why can't we have sex?"

"Because I said so."

"I have a pussy, and you have a dick, so what's the problem?" I asked.

"The problem is that I'm not going to fuck you while your dad is in prison. They're other ways to distract ourselves. Like a movie or something."

"Why are you changing your mind?" I asked.

He sighs and sits down next to me on the couch. "Because, whenever we do this, don't we want to do it when we're actually both in the mood and not just because we're worried about something?"

I nod. "I mean, yeah but nothing else will distract me."

"How about a stupid movie to make fun of?" he asked, raising his brow.

I shrugged.

He gives me a full on smile. "I'll get us some chocolate cake and we can make fun of either *'The hunger games'* or *'Keeping up with the Kardashians'*."

It's then I smile. "The Kardashians." I answer.

Keiran grins. "I'll get the cake." He disappears into the kitchen.

I watch after him and then get up to pull my panties and shorts back on and then I turn on the tv.

After a few minutes, Keiran comes back with two plates of cake and I smile as I sit on the couch.

I grabbed the remote and search for the tv show and when I find it, I turn to it.

Keiran hands me my cake and smile at me.

I smile back at him, already feeling better.

He was right, this did make me feel better.

And I shouldn't look for sex as a distraction. Right now, he wasn't my friend with benefits, he was my best friend, doing anything to cheer me up. And it was working. Maybe it's the fact that he cares about me so much

Red Lipstick

that makes me love him. The fact that he'd do anything to put a smile on my face. The fact that he always knew just what to do, just what to say. Sure, we could have had sex and that would have benefited him, but instead, he just had us do what we, as best friends would do. All of these things is why I need him. All of these things are the reason that Lynn can't have him. These are the reasons I have to officially make Keiran mine. Because in my eyes, there will never be another guy to ever make me feel this way.

Chapter 10: Daddy's Issues

Chapter 10: Daddy's Issues

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A pillow hit the side of my face hard and I opened my eyes. Keiran was staring back at me, his eyes still droopy from sleep.

Me and him were laying down on the floor in the living room, covered in his comforters and a few blankets.

The tv was still playing, but a different reality show was on.

"Hmm?" I asked before I closed my eyes again.

"Feel better?" He asked.

I nodded. I was less emotional about the situation but I was a little angry about the fact that my dad didn't call me last night. I'm just not going to think about it.

"What are you making us for breakfast?" I asked.

He chuckled. "What are *you* making us for breakfast?" He asked.

I sat up and ran my fingers through my hair. "I cooked a lot for you over the years of us knowing each other."

"I cooked for you before."

"Once, and only because my arm was broken."

"But it was a pretty kick-ass meal."

I shook my head and stood up.

I went to the kitchen and Keiran followed. "Your mom and dad gone?"

"Yeah, dad leaves at like, four in the morning and mom leaves at eight."

I nod and open the fridge. "What are you in the mood for?" I asked. I turn to look at him.

He smirks and sits down on the table. "I can't say."

"Why?"

He snickers. "You *know* why."

I roll my eyes and close the fridge. I lean against it. "I have morning breath."

He stands up and walks over to me. "So? I do too."

Red Lipstick

He stands in front of me.

I chuckle. "It's embarrassing."

"Only because you're making it embarrassing. You think I care about that?"

I shake my head.

He nods. "Right," His hands slide to my hips, and he brings me forward to him. "I don't." He whispered before he places his lips on mine.

I close my eyes and relax into the kiss. I open my mouth, inviting him in.

His breathing was ragged along with mine as he tangled his fingers through my hair.

I moaned, sliding my hands to his waist, bringing him closer to me.

This felt so much better than it did last night.

Last night, the kissing felt good, but I felt numb.

This morning, its so much better. Just like Keiran had told me it'd be. He was right. Distraction sex wasn't good. But morning sex probably was.

I'm going to find out.

My hands slid up his back muscles, to his black hair.

Keiran picked me up and slammed me against the refrigerator, not breaking the kiss.

I choked out a moan and my hand went down to grab him.

He groaned under the kiss and parted his lips from mine.

The door opened and he immediately sat me down and broke apart from me. Aubrey came in the kitchen and stopped. She looked at the both of us.

"Forget something?" Keiran asked.

She nodded but then her brows furrow. "Why do you two look guilty?"

I look to Keiran and then back to Aubrey.

She gives him a look and then looks to me. "Is something going on I should know about?"

"Like?" Keiran asked playing dumb.

"Like the fact that you areâ erect." She said.

My eyes grew wide and I looked down to see that Keiran is indeed hard.

Red Lipstick

Oh shit.

Awkward.

Keiran looks to me.

I look to Aubrey who sighs. "I think I know what's going on but I won't comment. It's your business." She says and then grabs her phone from the table. She must have forgot it, that's probably why she came back. She turned around and walked out of the kitchen and out the house, leaving us alone once again.

I sighed and then look to him and grin.

He began to chuckle. "That was excruciating."

"Yeah, it must be very embarrassing to be hard in front of your mom."

He nods. "You have no damn clue. So, how about that breakfast that was interrupted?"

I agree and began to make us breakfast. I settle on a cheese and ham omelet with a side of potatoes.

"So when are we going to see my dad?" I asked before finishing a glass of apple juice.

"Around two." He answers.

I nod and then run my fingers through my hair.

"Why are we always getting interrupted?" I asked.

He nods. "Yeah I wonder the same thing. What is this, our second time getting caught?"

"Mmhmm third. Because, remember, the first time is when you kissed me, then when we were at my house alone and I thought dad had to work that day and now when your mother walked in."

"We only got one time in without being interrupted." He said.

I nod. "Is your dad coming home?"

He shrugs. "That guy's getting old. He probably forgot all sorts of shit."

I smile. "Don't you like a little risk?"

He smirks then. "You *know* I do."

I walk into the living room, knowing he's going to follow me.

I hear his footsteps and then turn to him. "You're supposed to teach me how to ride you, remember?" I asked.

His face turns serious. He pulls his jogging pants down and sits onto the floor against the couch and then looks up at me.

He was hard once again. It never takes him long, I'm starting to notice.

Red Lipstick

I pull my shorts down and let them drop to the floor.

Then I pull my panties down to my ankles and step out of them.

Then I look to him.

I'm not going to know what I'm doing but he did say he'd teach me. I don't want to embarrass myself. Shit, why does sex have to be complicated sometimes?

I decided to keep my tank top on just in case someone walks in and I have to rush dress.

I stand above him, my eyes on his gray eyes.

He grabs onto my hips and bring me down on my knees to straddle him.

I don't take my eyes from his.

"Don't be nervous."

"I'm not."

"You keep forgetting how well I know you. You're blushing a lot right now. What, you think you won't do good?"

I glare at him. I hated when he could read my mind without me giving any indication what I'm thinking.

He smiles warmly. "I'm going to help you, okay. Just listen to what I say and let me guide you." He says.

I nod and place each hand on either side of him, gripping the edge of the couch.

He grabs my hips, lifting me slightly and brings me on the very tip of him.

"Ready?" He whispers.

I nod.

He keeps his hold on my hips and he looks into my eyes as he brings me down onto him. I closed my eyes, a small whimper slipping from my lips.

Keiran sighs softly and rotates my hips on him a little.

I open my eyes to see his head tipped back and his eyes closed.

I lean forward and start to leave kisses on his neck. Even in the morning he smelled like soap. Must've taken a shower last night before he went to bed.

When I stop, my lips go to his and he opens his eyes to look at me. His eyes are hooded and his grip on my hips tightened.

It almost felt like he wanted to be the one to do the fucking but he was allowing me to because I was still somewhat new to it.

Red Lipstick

"Okay," He breathes. "So now, you're going to move up and down." He pulls me up by my hips and slides me back down. Oh god. He feels so deep in me right now.

I close my eyes and raise up from my knees, sliding up and sinking back down on his cock. "Like that?" I ask opening my eyes.

He nods, biting his lip. "Just like that, baby."

I do it again, this time, putting on a faster pace.

He shuts his eyes.

My body is shaking from nervousness and pleasure as I slide up and down on his length. Despite how nervous I was, more than anything, I was excited, and it felt so good.

He was buried so deep in me and was touching a spot that was so sensitive, I squealed. It was my motivation to fuck him faster.

He took his hands from my hips, allowing me to do what I wanted.

I moved up and down, picking up speed because I could already feel my orgasm building in the pit of my stomach.

Keiran's fast and rough panting matched mine as I bounced up and down on him, hard, not caring about anything but getting my release.

My whole body was shaking with ferocity. Oh fuck, it feels better than the first time.

I throw my head back, realizing I didn't have to be quiet, I could scream if I wanted.

Keiran hissed, pumping into my body along with my movements. I gripped the couch fabric hard and shut my eyes as I cried out. I had to let go, I was right on the surface. "I'm gonna cum."

He nods, squeezing his eyes shut. "Me too."

He grabbed my hips once more, now controlling me, making me fuck him faster.

I just held onto his shoulders, moving with him until I finally exploded around him. I squealed as everything in me tightened up, everything just began to spin around in my head.

He slid me down once more before coming to a still and releasing inside of me. He sighs in relief and lays his head back.

I'm still cumming as I lay my head into his neck.

Our bodies are sticky and covered in sweat, yet neither of us care.

I shut my eyes when I'm done and continued to relax as he holds me against him.

I sigh softly, giving in to his warmth.

Red Lipstick

I don't want to ruin the moment but I know that what I have to say is important.

"You need to tell her." I whispered.

Keiran says nothing at first. He stays quiet although I know he heard what I said.

"Okay?" I ask.

I feel him swallow and I look up at him, taking my head from his neck. "I'm serious."

He sighs, not meeting my eyes.

"Keiran, you have to."

"Don't you think I know that? You think I like hurting her? It's hard, yet you make it easier. It's hard to explain but I am going to tell her."

"Yeah? When?" I ask.

"Soon."

"Isn't that what *every* guy says when he's in this situation?"

He nods. "But I'm telling the truth. Now lets go take a shower and go see your dad." He says.

I give him a skeptical look but I slide off of him and stand up.

He stands with me and we both hop in the shower, where he picked me up and fucked me against the shower wall and released in me once again.

After the shower, I got dressed in a plain white t-shirt, a pair of baggy pants and a leather jacket.

I pulled on a pair of black flats and let my hair run straight down my back.

Keiran also had on comfortable clothing, not really giving a fuck how he looked today. In his eyes, he looked heavily satisfied, thanks to me. And I'm sure I had the same, pleased just-fucked look on my face also.

He drove us over to the jail.

Dad didn't have a trial yet so I'm sure he wasn't even in prison yet. Yet. I knew it was a heavy possibility.

Me and Keiran walked in a room and my dad was brought in wearing a blue jumpsuit.

He was sitting across from me and Keiran.

And the three of us were silent.

After a bit, I spoke. "Dad, can you tell me what's going on?" I asked.

He sighed and shake his head. "You wouldn't understand it, Pep. You just wouldn't understand."

Red Lipstick

"Okay, well, tell me this, did you steal all of those cars for that man, Christopher?"

He said nothing. He looked down.

"Dad, you have to tell someone. *He's* the one who should be in here. Not *you*."

He shakes his head. "Pepper, stop it."

"Why? Why can't you just talk to me? And why didn't you call me last night? Who'd you call instead?"

"Pepper, can we talk about something else?"

"No!"

"Fine, you want the truth? I called Christopher."

My eyes grew wide. "You have the nerve to call that egomaniacal prick after he put you in here? Are you of your goddamn mind?" I think my dad has gone bananas. It's official. Why was Christopher more important than me?

"I had to talk to him."

"Dad,"

He suddenly looked troubled, distracted. Then he looks to me. "Stay out of the street at nighttime, Pepper. Stay with Keiran at all times and go nowhere alone." He was speaking quickly, in hushed whispers.

I leaned forward. "What?"

"You heard me. Do not go outside alone, at all." He whispers and then sits back in his chair as he looks to Keiran.

I narrow my eyes at him and glance to Keiran who looks understanding. It's like they're sharing a telepathic conversation. A conversation I need to be apart of.

I looked back to my dad. "What did Christopher tell you?" I ask.

He looks to me and shakes his head. "It'sâ nothing."

"You're lying. For once tell me the truth. You did this stupid shit, the least you can do is, for once, not lie to me."

He looks into my eyes. "I wanted to protect you but if you want to know what he said, he said that the next time he sees you, he's going to keep you as his pet and force you toâdo things for him." He says. A disgusted look covers his face.

"The *hell*." Keiran mutters under his breath.

I close my eyes and breathed deeply from my nose. "And you were going to keep that from me?"

He leans forward. "Only to protect you."

Red Lipstick

"Protect me? Dad, what the fuck could you possibly protect me from if you're about to go to prison?!" I screamed at him as I stood up.

Keiran stood with me, holding onto my shoulders.

"Honey," Dad said.

"Don't "honey" me! Fuck you!" I spat and stormed out of the room, into the hall.

I felt sick to my stomach. Not just the fact that my dad won't possibly see freedom until I'm 42, but also because Christopher has a hit out on me because of some shit my dad did.

I leaned against the wall and slid to the floor, waiting for Keiran to walk out and take us home.

After about five minutes, Keiran walked out and looked down at me.

I looked up at him.

He helped me off of the floor and then looked into my eyes. "You and I both know you don't need my protection and you can handle yourself. So I won't be extremely overprotective, but I got your back."

I nod. "I know. Can we just go home? I felt like this was just a waste of time."

He shakes his head. "No it wasn't, but yeah, let's go home."

We walked down the hall and to the first floor that led us out the door.

I worried about my dad. Sure I hated him at the moment but I worried. And I worried about Keiran, and myself.

Christopher is going to pop back up soon in my life again.

I just have to be prepared for him.

Chapter 11: Sue me for telling the truth

Chapter 11: Sue me for telling the truth

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A week, two, three has passed and it was both good, and bad. It was fantastic because whenever Ethan and Aubrey were off to work, me and Keiran would fuck on every piece of furniture in the house. But it was bad because, as I presumed before, he wasn't telling Lynn about us. The bitch deserved to know rather I hated her or not. He knew that.

Yet he still wouldn't tell her anything and it was beginning to irritate me. Yeah, I know he cared for her and I know he didn't want to hurt her but, by hiding it from her, he's hurting her. It's just a matter of time before I tell her the truth myself.

On top that, I haven't been speaking to my dad since the day I visited him and I know his trial is tomorrow according to Keiran who go visits him every other day.

Maybe it was childish of me to keep my distance, but dad was pissing me off. Keiran's visiting him right now and he told me if he's allowed, he'll go to the trial tomorrow and will tell me the verdict.

I was sitting in the back of my job, taking a break with a cup of spiked tea.

Rodney doesn't come in until I get off which will be in an hour.

Mickey came to the back and gave me a shy smile. I smile back. "Hey, Mick."

"Hey, so how's it going?"

"I'm drinking spiked tea. Does that answer your question?"

His eyebrows raised. "What's wrong?"

"My dad. He's a fucking idiot. That's pretty much putting it nice and short." I said.

Mickey nods. "Yeah, my dad, he's an idiot too. Not really much of a dad. I only see him for a few minutes in the morning and then he's out at "work". I miss him a lot."

"You should tell him that then. My dad's a done deal but you still have a chance, Mick."

Mickey smiles and leans against the counter and then frowns a little. "You know I like you, right?" He asked.

Conversation change.

I put my tea down after swallowing a gulp. I nod. "Yeah, I know."

"All I do, Pepper, is think about you. And I tried to back off because its obvious you have a thing for Keiran but I can't back off. Not anymore."

"Mickey,"

Red Lipstick

"Stop, j-just let me finish." He says before wetting his lips. He walked closer to me and looked down at me. "I thinkâ.that I'm in love with you."

My eyes grew wide. HOLYâ.FUCK.

He's in love with me? What? WHAT? WHAT?!

"Mickeyâ.I don't feel that way about you. I'm sorry." I say.

He looks surprised at my answer. But why should he? I never did or said anything to indicate I felt the same way about him. I stood up so I was facing him. "Look, when I look at you, I see someone whose smart, dedicated, cool to be around, and at ease guy. You're very sweet andâ.very caring. And maybe if I was a normal, selfless girl, you'd be my ideal match."

I see the blush in his cheeks as he keeps his blue eyes on mine.

I shake my head. "You want to know the truth? The truth is that I'm deeply, deeply, in love with Keiran. And although I never wanted it to change our friendship, it kind of has but in a good way. We're closer now."

Mickey's eyes narrow. "What, are you having sex with him or something?"

I open my mouth to say something, to deny the question but my mouth just snaps shut.

Mickey's eyes then widen. "I knew it. He has a girlfriend, Pepper."

"I know that."

"How could you do something like that?"

"You're acting like *I'm* the one who has someone on the side. It's this thing that just started and technically, it's none of your business."

"It's wrong."

"Don't you think I fucking know that? You don't think I feel guilty?"

"Honestly, no, because you fought her almost a month ago. So I don't believe you feel guilty."

"Mickey, you don't understand the situation."

"Right. I guess I don't. But you know for a fact that this isn't you. Rather he's your best friend or not, after really knowing you, I know you're not the type of girl to mess around with someone else's boyfriend. And you know it too." Mickey turned and walked away from me.

And what's worst than Mickey, sweet and caring Mickey, snapping on me, is the fact that he was telling the truth. It wasn't right. And Keiran hasn't been telling Lynn anything. She's perfectly convinced that Keiran is being faithful to her and while I love being with him in that way, it isn't fair, regardless of how much I hate her.

Keiran's POV

Red Lipstick

I was sitting across from Kirk and he looked depressed. Tomorrow was his trial and things didn't look like they were getting any better. I felt bad for the guy. I mean I've known Kirk since I was in the fourth grade and he's always been like a second dad to me and still kind of is, regardless of the fact that I'm sleeping with Pepper. "Has she said anything about me?" He asked, his voice cracked as his watery red eyes met mine.

He was referring to Pepper.

"She's pretty pissed, Kirk." I said. I wasn't going to sugarcoat the situation. Pepper was furious and in a way, she had every right to be. "You've been lying to her for years. About your job, about Christopher, about her mother's addiction."

Kirk's eyes grew wide. "She told you about that?"

I nod. "A very long time ago. I'm her best, why wouldn't she tell me?"

Kirk nods. "Good point."

"Look, I'm going to talk to her and she's going to come around eventually. You're her dad, all you ever tried to do was protect her and it's in her DNA to love you for that."

Kirk smiles a little. "You're right. Thank you. You know, Keiran, I prefer you better for my daughter than that Rodney or Mickey kid."

"I'm her best friend. It's part of my job as a best friend to protect her."

He nods. Then he leans forward. "I want her happy and I know she's happy with you so if you want to be with her, she *is* of age and I wouldn't protest."

I could tell him that me and her are already somewhat a thing, but that would involve me telling him I popped her cherry and that's the last thing he needs to know. Or else he'd be charged for murdering me.

"Nah, she deserves someone who isn't that big of an asshole." I said.

Kirk actually smiled lightly but then frowned. "You have to make sure you protect her, Keiran. Christopher's very dangerous."

I nod. "No, I got it. I will protect her, man. It's all good. You don't have anything to worry about. Besides, if things were to get too out of hand," I stood. "I have my mother's gun. I may not be a hundred percent bright but I know how to kick ass. Anybody who knows me, knows that."

Kirk swallows hard. "I know that. I'm counting on you, Keiran."

I nod and then walk out of the room and down the hall.

I know I have to protect Pepper from this Christopher dick. I just hope that she doesn't find any trouble in the process.

Pepper texts me to meet her at the Harbor Restaurant. I wonder why. I guess I'll have to see.

Red Lipstick

Pepper's POV

I see her, the little flash of pink dancing hanging out with her friends in the restaurant.

I know for a fact that me telling this to her, will mean that what me and Keiran have is over. But Lynn deserves betterâ I guess. And I knew this wasn't me. If I was to be with Keiran, I want all of him to myself. And if he wouldn't break it off with her for me, then yeah, it'll break my heart but she at least deserved the truth.

I take a deep breath and walk into the restaurant and head straight for her table.

I stop at the table and all four of them look up at me. Lynn looks disgusted but amused at the same time.

The other three girls were looking at me like I was breaking the law by being in their presence. I ignored them and kept my eyes on Lynn.

"Lynn, can we talk somewhere in private?" I asked.

She crossed her arms and glared at me for a long time before narrowing her eyes. "About?"

"Keiran. It's really important." I say.

Lynn chuckles. "What exactly do you want to talk about? What, the fact that you have feelings for him? The fact that you walk around like a love-sick teenager and I have what you want?"

Don't get angry. Don't get angry. Don't get angry.

"Look, Lynn, this needs to be talked about in private unless you want to be embarrassed in front of your friends."

"The only embarrassment here is your clothes, hon, now you can go." Lynn says.

I roll my eyes and sigh. "It's about Keiran and me."

Lynn turns once again to look at me. "There *is* no you and him. You *wish* there was. You *wish* that he would touch and kiss you the way he does me. I'm pretty sure you wish he'd fuck you also, but guess what, Pep-Pep, it's never going to happen. EVER. So get the fuck over it and go back home and hide under your fucking shell, kay?" She asked.

I glare at her. I thought I could stay cool and keep calm but I can't. So the impossible came out. "I fucked Keiran." I blurted.

Lynn didn't so much as flinch. Her eyes stared at mine and she smiled a little. "Yeahâ right." She says sarcastically.

"Don't believe me?" I asked.

She shook her head, the same smile on her face.

I lifted up my shirt to show her I had Keiran's boxers on. I shake my head and my lips turn into a smile while her smile slowly disappears.

Red Lipstick

"Trust me, he told me not to gloat about it, but you're such a bitch, I kinda can't help it." I said.

Her lips twitch in anger.

I know it about to be another fight.

The second she gets out of the booth, I pull her by her hair and slam her onto the floor. She gets up and gets a good punch in and I land to the floor.

She's straddling me and punching me in my eye and nose. Of course they don't hurt, and the bitch weighs about eighty pounds so I easily throw her off of me and stand up. She gets up to her feet and I punch her in her nose and she falls back hard into a wall. I punch her again and she drops to her knees. The second her knees hit the floor, I knee her in her nose, making her fall over. Blood gushed out of her nose and I just watched her, holding her nose. Blood spilled onto the beige carpet and her eyes were watering.

I looked back to see her friends leaving, two looking scared, one looking sick.

I sighed and looked back down to Lynn.

The door to the restaurant open and I automatically know its Keiran.

"Pepper!"

I turn and look to him as he rushes over to Lynn. "Oh shit, are you okay?"

She doesn't answer as he helps her to her up.

"Hey, you," A man in a white suit points to me. "Out, before I call the police."

"Fuck off." I look to Keiran. "All you had to fucking do is tell her, Keiran. That's all. Now I told her for you. Problem solved."

Keiran turns to glare at me. "Problem solved? Her nose is fucking broken, Pepper. Problem not fucking solved! Get the fuck out!" He yelled at me.

Once again, he's yelling at me, and I'm reminded of the night of the beach party where he was yelling at me, and then he kissed me. That won't be the case this time. I was losing it. This wasn't like me, it wasn't like Keiran. We've changed. We've changed completely.

I turn and leave out the restaurant and slide into my car, feeling lost. Lost and hopeless. I may have just lost Keiran, I lost my dad. Soon when Rodney leaves for college, I'd lose him and I lost my mother.

As I sit in my car, I realize, I was an idiot. I was fighting over someone who wasn't mine. He wasn't mine. So how could I claim him? How could I be so stupid? How?

I started up my car and decided it was time to go to *my* home and for now on, I'll leave Lynn and Keiran be.

Chapter 12: Isolation from Keiran

Author's Note: These are the last three chapters. I hope you enjoy and I hope you will check out my new story once I write it. It will be called "Sex on Fire". Thank you all my readers, really appreciate it and I love you all.

Chapter 12: Isolation from Keiran

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It's been a week since I last spoke to Keiran. Spoke to anyone really. I didn't know how my dad's trial went or if Keiran even went to it.

He was so angry, I kind of doubt it.

I just went to work, spoke a few irrelevant words to Rodney and then came home and went to bed. This was the routine for six days and today was going to be day number seven. It was Sunday and Me, and Mickey were closing up the place. We haven't spoken to each other. He would just glance at me every now and then. It's when I get into my car, when he decides to say something. "Hey,"

I turn and look at him out my window. "We've seen each other all day and you're just now deciding to say "hey"?" I asked.

He licked his lips. "I'm sorry." He says. "What I said the other day, it was none of my business."

I shrugged. "It wasn't but you were right."

"So," He stuffs his hands into his jacket pocket. "What are you about to do?"

"Go home, eat, sleep, cry, the usual." I answer.

"Well can I come with? I'm pretty bored and lame with my life."

I chuckle. "You want to come to my house, eat, sleep and cry with me?"

He nods. "I don't really have anything better to do."

I hesitate for a second before finally agreeing and letting him get into my car.

We drive over to my house which felt cold and lonely and immediately dig into all the food, chips, juice, candy that's in my house. It made me feel like a little kid again.

Me and Mickey just sat around, watching episodes of 'Paranormal Witness' and chowing our faces down. I felt like I gained twenty pounds in the last two hours.

"So, when was the last time you spoke to him?" He asked finishing a can of coke.

"Who?" I asked after stuffing sour gummy worms into my mouth.

"Keiran."

Red Lipstick

"About a week ago. Not that it matters. I don't think we're friends anymore, honestly. And that's okay. Maybe things will be easier without him in my life."

"You still love him?"

I shrugged carelessly. Yes. Hell yes I do.

"Well, maybe him being out of your life can give you a chance to try with someone new, you know?"

I nod. "Yeahâ maybe." I answer dryly.

There's a knock on my door. I stand up and look out the window. I'm surprised to see that it's him.

I sighed and looked to Mickey. "He's here."

I see a scowl appear on his face. "Should I leave?"

I shake my head. "No. Stay here." I unlock the door and open it.

Keiran looks miserable. His black hair is messy. His eyes are tired and he's wearing a hoody and a pair of jogging pants.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

Suddenly his eyes weren't on me anymore. They were on Mickey. And they were not happy.

A small smirk came to my face. I know he hated Mickey and he looked a littleâ jealous right now.

"What the hell is *he* doing here?" Keiran asked, his eyes coming back to mine.

"Why?"

"You *know* why." He says.

I shook my head. "You have no right to get mad at me for having him over."

"I'm not mad. I just don't want him near you."

"And why is that?"

Keiran sighs. "You already *know* why."

"I'm not yours, so I can do what I want."

Keiran stared at me for a long time before nodding. "I guess you're right."

"So," I lean against the doorframe. "What do you want?"

"To tell you that I went to your dad's trial."

"You did?"

Red Lipstick

"Rather or not me and you are still friends, I still consider him as a second dad to me."

"Well? The verdict?"

A look of sadness glazed over in Keiran's expression. "Guilty. He's going to be serving twenty three years."

I pursed my lips, in anger, in sadness, in frustration. My eyes went to the concrete ground and I nodded. "Okay." My voice was but a whisper.

"He's going to be fine."

I nod as my eyes water. "Right because nothing bad *ever* happens in jail. No one gets raped, beaten, or killed. Jail is just a fucking Candy-land." I said sarcastically.

"Damn, sorry for trying to comfort you."

"Comfort me? You kicked me out of your life, Keiran, do not fucking comfort me." I grabbed the door and slammed it in his face and then turned and leaned against it.

Mickey's eyes were on me.

After taking a few deep breaths, I calmed down.

Mickey stood up and walked over to me. "Are you okay?"

I shake my head. "No, I'm not."

"Don't let him get to you."

"He already has gotten to me. I fucking *love* him, Mickey. Of course he's gotten to me."

"I just don't see why. He hasn't broken ties from Lynn and at this rate he probably never will. If he can't see what an amazing girl you are, he doesn't deserve you. And you know that."

"He doesn't. You're right. But neither do I deserve him and yet I was blessed when he came into my life. I have Rodney as a friend, and I have you as a friend, yet, Keiran has made such a huge impact on my life when he walked in it. He'll always come first besides my family. Always. Rather we hate each other or not."

Mickey licked his lips and then nodded. "I guess I understand."

"Thank you andâ I'm sorry."

He nods and then sighs. "Well I guess I'll get going."

"You don't have to leave, Mickey."

"I do. It's cool."

I sigh as he grabs his jacket. I move from the door as he opens it and shuts it closed.

Fuck. Now I made Mickey pissed. Keiran's pissed. My dad's in jail. Ugh, my life is really sucking right now.

Red Lipstick

I think I'm going to go for a drive. Yeah, that should clear up my frustration about mostly everything.

Night was approaching fast as I pulled on my shoes, my jacket and walked out to the car. I got in and started it up. I keep forgetting the fact that this car may be stolen. I'm surprised the cops didn't come to retrieve it yet. Oh well.

I reversed out of my driveway and started justâ€¦cruising down the road, at nighttime with the music on medium. But it was an addicting song whatever it was.

I just kept going over and over in my head my fights with Lynn. How I actually harmed this girl because she was going out with the guy that I love and just loved throwing it in my face. Although putting her in the hospital seemed very harsh, it was necessary for me. I wanted to kill the bitch but I didn't. And Mickey was right. I didn't even feel guilty for it. She didn't have to be a bitch. She just chose to. And in return, she got her ass kicked for it.

Out of nowhere, I hear a gunshot and my tire immediately flattens and the car slows down bumpily before coming to a complete stop.

What the hell?

I turned it off and looked outside. I looked down the street which was only lit by streetlights and I looked behind me. I saw no one, just a black car in the distance, way back. Okay.

This is creepy.

Someone shot my tire and something told me that that someone is outside, right now, waiting for me to be dumb enough to go outside and check my tire.

I grabbed my phone and I dialed 911. I knew something was about to happen.

Before I could blink, my driver side window broke as another bullet flew right pass my face. I screamed.

The door was forced open and I was forced out of the car and onto the ground.

I looked upside down at my attacker and it was Christopher. I'm not surprised, but I am scared.

He gives me a small smile. "Miss me?"

He aimed the gun at my head and pulled the trigger. I screamed again as it went through the concrete inches from my head. I got into a fetal position.

He laughs and then I hear his footsteps come closer to me.

He uses his shoes to kick me in the back of my head. I cried out and held the back of my head, still in a fetal position.

He comes to my view and growls, "Look at me, bitch."

I don't.

Red Lipstick

My eyes become watery.

"I said look at me."

Slowly, feeling like I had no choice, I look up at him and the second I do, his shoe comes right to my face so hard, it knocks the wind out of me.

I feel nothing but adrenaline so the blows aren't hurting me but they keep coming. Repeatedly until blood coats my entire face and I can no longer move. I know he had to have broken my nose and my right eye is closed shut.

I can barely stay awake. I feel like I'm going to pass out. Although I'm not feeling the pain completely, I'm too scared to keep my eyes open.

"Dad! Dad!" A voice, oddly familiar, calls.

I turn my head as much as I was able and I see Mickey running over to Christopher. He called him "dad". Wait, Mickey is Christopher's son?

I'm in and out of consciousness as I hear Mickey screaming to Christopher.

Christopher is yelling back to him and I know Mickey is losing this fight.

"She's my friend!" Mickey screamed to him.

"And she's also the daughter of the man who's been stealing from my-from *our*-business. The bastard, Kirk, I told you about."

Mickey shook his head. "I don't care!" He screamed.

"Get in the car!"

"I'm dialing 911." Mickey walks away and Christopher looks after him before looking down at me. He squats down so he's right over me and he shakes his head.

It's hard for me to keep my eye open so he becomes blurry.

The blood is beginning to get into my eyes.

I cough up a little blood and close my eye. I'm just laid out on the concrete street, unable to move, unable to speak.

He smiles a little. "I should have done worst but I'm sure the ambulance are now on their way. Your dad is lucky as shit that he had you to take his fall or else, if I would have gotten my hands on *him*, I would have put a bullet in his head."

I swallow hard, trying to focus on breathing.

"So this is goodbye for now. But don't worry, Pepper, we'll meet again very soon." He says.

Red Lipstick

It's then that I open my left eye, covered and filled with blood. I gather all my spit and spit out my blood on his face.

He makes a disgusted face. He wipes my blood from his nose and cheek. Then, he holds his fist back and punches me hard once, twice, a third time in my other eye and then hard in my throat. I can't make a sound as I feel it but it has me squirming. Jesus, it hurts so bad!

Then I felt it, a shot in my leg.

I'm in too much pain to scream but I feel everything now. The adrenaline is gone and the pain is excruciating.

It's so intense, everything immediately goes black as my body goes still.

Chapter 13: Hospitals are depressing

Chapter 13: Hospitals are depressing

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I was being rushed on a gurney, through the white walls of the hospital. I was hearing voices all around me. I mean, I was aware of what was happening but I knew I wasn't dying. The man only shot me in my leg and beat my face in. Adrenaline was back in my system but I still felt out-of-it.

"Keiranâ !" I whispered. I don't know why his name came to my mind or escaped my lips.

I turned my head to the side, but I knew I couldn't open my eyes still. There was too much blood.

"You're going to be just fine, honey." Said a female voice. A very familiar female voice.

Mom?

I opened my eye and sure enough was the familiar red-lipstick covered smile. The big green eyes and long curly blonde hair.

"Mom?" My voice croaked.

She smiles and nods. "You're going to be okay. I promise you."

I nod, a tear escaping my eye and blood burning my eyeball. "Are you alive?" I whisper.

She just smiles and then vanishes from my sight.

And although I knew she was just apart of my imagination, it killed me that she leftâ !.again.

I closed my eyes as I was rushed to a room.

I just fell back asleep before the doctors got to work on me.

When I woke back up, Rodney was sitting next to my bed, doing something on his phone,

I grumbled and sat up.

He looked over to me. "How you feeling?"

I shrugged. "I can'tâ !really feel my face much and my throat is sore." I croaked.

He nods. "You don't want to see your face, trust me."

I half smiled, as much as I could.

"What happened?"

Red Lipstick

"Christopher." I said.

He nodded. "Figures. Keiran told me about him."

"You talked to Keiran?"

Rodney nods. "He's downstairs right now in the cafeteria."

My heart automatically fluttered lightly, and this nervous feeling of butterflies bloomed in my stomach. He was here. That *has* to mean he still cares about me.

"He said he'll be up in a few minutes."

"How long have you two been here?"

Rodney shrugs. "Eh, two hours give or take."

I nod.

"Need anything?"

"Some water."

Rodney presses the button on the bed controls and calls for the nurse.

A few minutes later, one came and gave me a cup of water. She must have already known what I needed. She told me that my friend was on his way up and left back out of the room.

I looked to Rodney. "Mickey was the one who called the police."

Rodney's eyes furrow. "He found you?"

"No. The guy who did this was his dad."

Rodney's eyes grew wide. "What?"

I nod.

He shakes his head. "The more and more I think about it, the more I'm realizing that New York isn't such a good idea."

I shake my head. "Fuck that. You're *going* to NYU and you're not going to worry about me, okay?"

Rodney sighs. "But you're my best friend. You mean more than some stupid college."

"Some stupid college you've been wanting to get in since sixth grade. You're going, dude."

Rodney looks down to the floor.

I know he's worried but he's not going to give up the chance to go to NYU just because of me. I'm not going to let that happen. It wasn't fair and it wasn't worth it.

Red Lipstick

The doors opened and Keiran stepped in looking more than a little disheveled.

Rodney understood that it was his cue. He kissed my forehead, which was so unlike Rodney, and he left out of the room leaving me and Keiran alone.

I kept my eyes on his.

He walked over and sat on my bed. I know if a doctor was here, they'd have a fit that someone was on the bed with me. I didn't care though.

We didn't speak for several seconds.

"We should leave." He says.

My eyes go to him. "What?"

He looked at me and nodded. "I went to see your father before I came here and he knows everything. He gave me permission to take you out of here. School, State, City, wherever."

"Okay, hold on," I run my hands down my face which now feels heavily stitched and bandaged.

Holy crap. I probably look so fucked up. "My dad told you that you can take me anywhere we wanted?"

Keiran nods. "He stole a lot of Christopher's money, plus the money he made from working for him and he has over six point two million dollars stashed for you."

My eyes grew huge.

Keiran nods. "My same reaction."

"He stole six million dollars?"

Keiran shrugs. "He said that he did it because he had a feeling all of this would happen and he got the money in case and he also said that Christopher had so much money, he's not going to notice six million missing. That's chump change to him."

"It doesn't feel right."

"I told Kirk that we can use the money he makes for Christopher and my money to leave, if we decided to."

I stare at him. "We?"

Keiran nods. "You think you're leaving my sight ever again?"

"I thought you were mad at me."

"I was mad over you fighting Lynn, but this shit that just happened to you was more serious. All I need to know is if you want to leave?"

I swallowed hard. I did want to leave. There was literally no one left for me here. I nod. "But what about your parents and Lynn?" I asked.

Red Lipstick

Keiran tensed up for a second. "My parents will be fine. I'm nineteen. I should have been moved out of the house anyway and its not like I won't ever see them again."

"And Lynn?" I asked.

"I broke up with Lynn." He said.

My eyebrow raised. "Oh?"

He nods and smiles a little. "Oh."

"I meanâ why?"

He sighs. "Do you really need me to tell you why? If you're smart, I'm pretty sure you could put two and two together." He answers.

"Because of me?"

He smirks a little. "I thought it was obvious."

I stare at him, chewing down on my bottom lip and Keiran's expression grows serious as he keeps his eyes on mine. "When I'm with you, everything isâ brighterâ warmerâ satiating. And I was stupid not to acknowledge how I felt. Since that day I kissed you, I knew something clicked but I didn't want to hurt Lynn. And I was confused that I fell in love with my best friend. And still am. I realized that when I saw Mickey in your house. I wanted to kill him because I didn't want him touching what he knows is mine. I couldn't take it, the two of you being in there together alone. It was," He ran his fingers through his hair. "It was fucking excruciating."

I noted that he said he's in love with me and although I wanted to smile, I just reached over and grabbed his hand. "I would have never done anything with him. We were just hanging out."

"I know."

"Don't be mad. I'm not going to see him ever again." I assured him.

Keiran nods. "I know." He squeezes my hand and then sighs. He brings my hand to his lips and kisses my hand before holding it to his heart. I feel his heartbeat is fast and hard, matching mine.

I smile. "Come closer." I whispered.

Keiran scoots closer to me and I lock my arms around his neck and kiss his lips and then pull away to look into his eyes. "Do I look pretty?"

"Truth?" He asks.

I nod.

He nods his head but says "No."

I giggle and then unwrap my arms from around his neck.

Red Lipstick

I lick my lips. "So, where are we going?"

Keiran shrugs. "It's up to us."

"Let's go somewhere warm like Las Vegas or Florida."

"Or Hawaii, or Jamaica."

"Do they have high schools in either?"

Keiran shrugs.

"Let's go to Florida so I can go to school and then before I go to college, we go to Hawaii and Jamaica."

Keiran nods. "Good idea. So while you're in here, I'll go to your house and get your things, pack them up and I'll get a U-HAUL to carry it with us to Florida."

I nod. "Hey, listen, there's a box under my bed full of some of my mother's things. Make sure you get that too, okay?"

He nods. "I will." He stands up. "I'll let you get your rest." He leans over and kisses my lips and my bandaged jaw before pulling back. "Just so we're clear, are we together now?"

I nod. "Yes."

He grins. "Good to know." He kisses my lips once more before turning and leaving out of the room.

I lay back onto my bed and look up to the ceiling. If me and Keiran go to Florida, Christopher will never know where to find us.

I think Florida is perfect. Perfect for just me and him to live out the remainder of our lives.

Chapter 14: Epilogue

Epilogue

10 months later

I stared down at the water pouring out of me and my eyes grew wide. Oh fuck, I think my water just broke. Holy shitâ!holy shitâ!holy shit.

"Keiran!" I screamed.

I heard him basically running down the stairs. "Where are you?"

"The kitchen." I squeaked.

When he walked into the room, he stopped as he saw the water on the floor. "What, you spilled some pickle juice or something?" He asked.

I glared at him. "No, idiot, my water broke!" I screamed at him.

His eyes grew wide. "Fuck, are you sure?"

I nodded. "I felt like I just peed my pants. Yeah, I'm pretty sure." I answered.

He nodded. "Okayâ!okayâ!ummâ!" He looked thoughtful for a second. He grabbed my hand and made me sit into the kitchen chair.

"Okay, stay here, I'm gonna go get the bag we packed for this moment and get everything into the car and then I'm going to come get you. Okay?"

I nod.

Keiran runs out of the room.

I place both of my hands to my stomach and I began feeling this dull ache in my lower back.

It doesn't bother me for long so I ignore it.

Soon, Keiran comes into the kitchen with a pair of slippers. He sits them down at my feet and I slip my feet into them. He helps me up.

"Got everything in the car?" I asked trying to keep my breathing even.

He nods. "Yep. Everything's good." With a careful pace, he led me out of the house into the car.

He got in on the other side and the second he shut his door, this really unexpected and sharp pain shot from my back to my abdomen.

I cried out.

Red Lipstick

"Are you okay?" He asked.

I shook my head and squeezed my eyes shut.

He grabbed my hand and I squeezed his hand as the contraction passed.

I released my breath and rested my head against the headrest of the seat and released Keiran's hand.

"Just get us there." I breathed.

He nods and starts the car up.

The hospital's at least a hour away. By the time we get there, I'd probably have the baby in my arms.

A few minutes later, another intense sharp pain. I hold onto the dashboard and shut my eyes hard. It hurts so bad, it makes me whimper.

"We're almost there." He says.

He's lying, I know. We're forty minutes away now but I know he's just trying to comfort me.

"Just keep breathing." He says.

I nod and take constant deep breaths.

Nikita is killing me right now. Hopefully I won't be in labor long and soon I can just hold my baby girl in my arms.

Another few minutes later, another contraction. FUCK! It shot from my back to my abdomen and it was the most painful thing I ever felt.

I yanked Keiran's hand and squeezed.

"Jesus, woman, you're going to break my fucking hand!"

"Good! You did this to me!" I sobbed.

"I'm not going to apologize for fucking you. We're almost there. Just relax. Breathe like I said." He says.

I try to do as he says but I can hardly focus.

Keiran rolls the windows down to give me some air.

I kept my breathing even and held onto the dashboard every time I felt a contraction.

By the time we got there, the contractions were coming and going. Coming and going no more than two minutes apart.

When we arrived, Keiran helped me to the doors, but at that point, it was almost unbearable to stand.

A blonde woman came up with a wheelchair.

Red Lipstick

Lord, thank you.

Keiran helped me sit down and I was able to relax only slightly.

"How many minutes apart?" She asked.

"Two! .FUCK!" I held onto the arms of the wheel chair as another contraction passed through me.

"Hold on, honey, you're going to be fine."

After Keiran signed some paper work and I got into a hospital gown and into a room, I was laying in the bed. I was now hooked to an IV and according to the doctor, I was nine centimeters dilated. At this point, so many things are going through my head.

Keiran's right next to me trying to calm me down but I'm out-of-it at the moment.

"You're going to be fine, Pepper. I promise you."

I shake my head. "I'm never having sex with you again."

Keiran rolled his eyes. "Yeah, right."

The doctor walks back into the room.

I asked for an epidural and I got it.

A few minutes later, she announced that I'm fully dilated and I was ready to push.

"Hold my hand." I told Keiran. He does as I say.

I was beginning to panic.

"Okay, hon, the doctor smiles. "I'm going to need to you give a hard push."

I nod and does as she says. I squeeze Keiran's hand and let out a shriek.

"Good. Good." The doctor nods.

I stop pushing and lay down on my bed breathing hard.

"You did good." Keiran nods. "You're strong. You know that. You've got this shit, baby. You know you do." He kisses my forehead while I nod.

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"Okay, hon, gather your breath and this time I want you to hold your breath while I count to ten and while you're pushing. Okay?"

I nod. "Yes." Sweat formed on my face and around my neck.

"Ready?" Keiran asked.

Red Lipstick

I nodded and sat up on my elbows.

I squeezed his hand as I pushed and held my breath. I pushed as hard as I could, hearing my own screeching in my ears.

"I see a head!" The doctor exclaimed.

I squeezed Keiran's hand tighter.

"Almost. And stop!"

I stopped pushing and laid back onto my bed. I shut my eyes. Fuck, this hurts.

"A couple more, honey." The doctor says.

I nod. "Okay. Okay." I say breathlessly.

I push again and I feel like I'm being ripped open. I shriek, loudly, probably louder than anyone in the damn hospital. My throat felt dry and agitated.

"The head's out. Sir, would you like to see your daughter?" The doctor asked Keiran.

"No, I'm not going down there to see any of that. I'll see her when she gets out because I'm pretty sure it looks like the eight floors of hell down there. So I'm good with waiting."

The doctor nods and looks to me. "Okay, hon, we just have to get the shoulders out and the hard part's over. Okay?"

I nod, exhausted.

"Okay, babe. Take a deep breath."

I do as the doctor says, take a deep breath, squeeze Keiran's hand and push, hard, harder than I ever had before and searing pain shoots up my body.

"The shoulder's are coming out!"

"Get it out!" I scream.

"And she's out!"

I lay back on the bed, breathless. I close my eyes to catch my breath and almost immediately is all the pain gone.

I sigh softly and release Keiran's hand as I hear the screeching cry of my baby girl. Nikita Elizabeth Kary. My eyes slowly opened as I see a little pink baby fussing and crying in the doctor's arms.

My eyes immediately water at the sight of her.

Her umbilical cord is cut and some ointment is put to her eyes to prevent infection.

Red Lipstick

I looked to Keiran who hasn't taken his eyes from Nikita the second she was pulled out.

After she's cleaned off, wrapped in a pink blanket and her dark hair is covered by a pink hat, she's put into Keiran's arms.

The nurse insisted I drink some water so she gives it to me and I sit the bed up and drink some. When I'm done, I look to Keiran. "I want to see her." I say.

Keiran nods, not taking his eyes off of her as he slowly places her in my arms.

I feel awkward holding her but somehow, Keiran guides my arms to hold her properly.

Slowly, her eyes open, revealing dark gray eyes.

I smiled as the tears ran down my cheeks. I sniffed. "Hi." I whispered.

Nikita looked at me.

"Hi, Nikki, I'm your mommy." I whispered.

I used my thumb to touch her tiny cheeks.

She reaches up and grabs my thumb, circling her tiny fist around it.

I smile. "You're so beautiful." I whispered.

I leaned down and kissed her tiny forehead.

I looked up to Keiran who also had tears running down his cheeks as he stared at Nikita.

"Isn't she beautiful?"

He nods wordlessly.

I smile. "Thank you for giving me her."

He shakes his head and puts his lips to my forehead. "No. Thank *you*." He whispers.

One year laterâ

"Be careful with her, Rodney." I said.

He smiled. "Dude, me and Anthony adore this little girl. Anthony went out and bought hella pink clothes for her."

I furrowed my brows. "My little girl is not into that pink shit. Get her a Metallica shirt, then she'd like that."

Rodney smiled. "I'm already ahead of you. Have fun."

Red Lipstick

I nod. "Thank you. It's just for like a couple of hoursâ maybe days." I shrug.

He wrinkles his nose. "Freak."

I smile. "Take care of my daughter."

He nods as he pulls the strap over his shoulder. "I will."

I look to her and she's smiling at Rodney. She loves him so much. Nikita has shoulder length black hair and big gray eyes like Keiran's.

"I love you, hon."

She kissed me and smiled and then waved.

I giggled and kissed her cheek, then handed her over to Rodney. She gave him a kiss on his cheek and he grinned at her before turning around.

I opened the door for them and he carried her out before turning briefly and waving.

I waved back and watched as he put her in the car-seat of his car.

When he drove away, I shut the door and sighed. It's been quite some time since I had the house to myself.

Keiran would be home in an hour and now I have the opportunity to cook for him and get dressed for what I know we both needed for about a year now.

I decided on baked chicken, some buttered asparagus with a side of yellow rice.

I set our dining room table up and poured us both a glass of red wine.

I went upstairs to take a quick shower and get into a black nighty with a black thong on.

I walked back to the dining room and the second I did, I hear the door open and then close. I quickly light the candles.

My heart started beating so hard and fast.

"I'm in here!" I yelled.

Keiran walks into the dining room and looks at the food, the candles and then me.

I smiled at him.

His eyes study the nighty I had on. "Like it?" I asked.

"Love it." He walked over to me and grabbed a hold of my hips, pulling them against him. "Where's Nikki?" He asked.

"Staying with Rodney and Anthony." I whispered.

Red Lipstick

His teeth grazed my ear. "Yeah?"

I nod. "Let's eat before we do anything."

"I rather eat you." He said before kissing my jaw and then my lips.

I smile.

We both sit down and eat, and drink our wine. When we're done, Keiran smiles. "That was fucking great, baby."

"Yeah?"

He nods.

I take out plates into the kitchen and then come back to the dining room. I lean over the table to blow out the candles and I feel Keiran's hand on my ass.

I smile a secret smile. I was hoping for that.

He stands and steps behind me, and runs his hands down the front of my body.

He runs them down to my pussy and runs them back up while lifting my nighty. I bite down on my lip.

His takes my ear between his teeth and presses me back against his erection.

"I'm gonna fuck you on this table." He whispered.

He takes his hands off of me and leans over to move everything out of our way. He lifts up my nighty and pulls down my black thong.

I step out of them.

I hear him as he pulls his shoes and socks off, along with his shirt and then finally, his boxers.

I'm so anxious for this. I haven't been fucked in a very long time.

I don't see how Keiran was able to wait so long. But then again, he's been super distracted by Nikki like I have been.

Keiran picks me up and places me onto the table.

I wrap my arms around his shoulders as he drives hard into me. I throw my head back, and gasped.

He lets out a low throaty groan as he buries his face into my neck.

I bite down on my lip and close my eyes. I haven't felt so full in so long.

He begins to pump, agonizingly slow, in and out of me.

Each time he thrust into me, he went in deeper, and deeper, every time hitting my sweet spot.

Red Lipstick

We're panting hard in unison, melting and getting lost in each other as I lock my arms around his neck.

He shuts his eyes and leans his forehead against mine.

He's fucking me slow, and it feels so good.

I'm getting completely lost in this man just like he's lost in me.

"I love you." I whispered.

Keiran opens his eyes to look into mine, increasing his pace. "I love you more." He breathes.

He brings his lips to mine and takes hold of my legs while he begins to move faster inside of me.

I gasped and grabbed onto his shoulders, digging my nails into his skin.

Keiran tips his head back and shuts his eyes, grunting.

"*Keiran.*" I moan.

"I'm gonna cum, baby." He whispered. He opens his eyes and grab my ass to pick me up from the table and slam me into the wall.

I hook my ankles together behind him.

He begins to pound hard into my pussy. I feel electricity jolting through my body and the build-up of my climax.

I squeeze my eyes shut, and continue digging my nails into his shoulder. My abdomen tightened. Of fuckâ I'm there.

I hold onto him. "*Keiran*â!" His name slips from my lips as I squeeze around his member and erupt.

It's so intense, so powerful, I scream and it echoes through the entire house.

Keiran's breathing becomes harder, quicker as he buries his head into my neck and comes to a still. He comes in me and lets out a relieved sigh as he holds me against the wall.

I sighed also, hugging his body to mine.

After a few minutes of silence, he lifts his head to look at me and kisses my lips. He pulls back slightly. "We needed that."

I nod, agreeing. "Yeah, we did."

He smiles. "I can't believe I went so long without it."

"I feel the same way."

He nods and places me down onto the floor. But he didn't let go of me. He grabbed my hand. "Let's go to bed, babe. I'm tired."

Red Lipstick

I nodded. "You tired me out too."

He kisses my hand and leads me upstairs where we get in bed. He holds me to him as we both fall asleep together.

I didn't know this would be the futureâour future.

I had hoped but I never knew.

He went from best friend/ brother, friend with benefits, to boyfriend, to the father of my child.

And I was thankful for him.

I love him.

I love the child he's given me and I wouldn't trade neither of them for anything in the world.

Red Lipstick

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