Sex Toy

By : IceBreaker

(FINISHED)Leah Hart messes around with her bestfriend's brother, Alex, who also has a girlfriend. Leah loves him. but to Alex, Leah is just his sex toy. Alex becomes violent and rapes leah and her stepfather nate does the same. She meets a guy name ronnie who understands her and she's happy when she meets him but her happiness soon dissapears when she finds out she's pregnant. Ronnie stays with her every step of the way through her drama and never leaves her side. And Leah is more than grateful for that.

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Sex Toy : Chapter 1

This first chapter doesn't have alot happening in it but its a start so enjoy!!!

It wasn't the fact that he was hurting me. It was the fact that he didn't care. His thrust were deep and painful. I closed my eyes and then opened them. I stared in his blue eyes. It was something about them. A smirk came on his face as he held my wrist down on the bed. Why was he doing this? I wasn't going to make him stop.

Alex was my bestfriend's brother and we've been having sex for a while. Yeah I know it's wrong to have sex with your bestfriend's brother, but I wanted Alex the second I saw him.

He leaned down and his teeth scraped my bottom lip. He closed his eyes and pushed in me back and forth. My eyes rolled to the back of my head as I felt the familiarness of the feeling I get before my orgasm comes. He let go of one of my hands and covered my mouth. My moans became louder and I closed my eyes. I wrapped my legs around his waist to fell more of him. His thrusts got faster so I knew he was close. The whole bed was noisely and constantly hitting the wall over and over again. So good. He took his hands off of my mouth and my wrist and pressed them against the pillow where my head laid.

My whole body shook as I got closer and closer. "I'm about to cum." I moaned. "Don't cum before me." He growled.

"I can't help it." I gasped.

"You better not, Leah." He grunted. I wish he'd hurry. He hates when I cum before him. Here it comes. Fuck! When I came, I felt my body shake with anticipation. I felt all five of my senses shut down at once as I screamed out in pleasure and gripped the sheets in my hand. I closed my eyes and threw my head back on the pillow. Luckily, I felt him cum seconds later. He let out a cry lower than mine and collasped on top of me. We breathed deeply. His cheek was agianst mine. He closed his eyes and breathed. I patted his shoulder. "Hey. We have to get dressed before your sister comes back." I said. He immediatley got up and pulled the covers off of us. I had on nothing but a black lace bra. I picked my matching panties, and my black short-sleeved shirt and put them on. Alex threw my back skinny jeans to me and I put them on. I was an average looking girl. I hadlong black curly hair. Dark brown eyes. Pale skin. Nice pink lips. Alex always told me I looked batter than his girlfriend. "So how long do we have to keep this a secret?" I asked. Alex pulled up his jeans and buttoned them. "For as long as we're fucking each other." I sighed and sat down on the bed. "Do you really want my girlfriend to know about this? What about my sister? Katie will kill you if she knew about us." Alex said putting his shirt on.

"I'm sick of it being a secret. And I'm sick of your girlfriend staring at me everytime she's around me."

I grabbed my socks and slid them on. "That means that she's already suspicious that something is going on between you and me. If she finds out that I've been fucking you for the past three years, she'll be after you in second."

I raised my eyebrow.

"Only me? What about you?" Alex shrugged. "She loves me. She'll just work harder to please me." I put on my chucks and tied them up.

"She's pathetic." I mumbled. Alex suddenly walked to me and raised his hand and slapped me. My cheek burned and his rough hand touched it. I held my cheek with my hand and then looked up at Alex. "Don't talk

about her like that. Just get your shit and get out. My girlfriend is going to be here soon." I slowly got up without looking at him and pulled on my black jacket. How could he do something like that to me? I need to leave before I make him more angry. I grabbed my purse and walked towards the door. Alex pulled my waist towards him. "Hey. I'm sorry baby. I didn't mean to hit you." He said softly. He kissed my cheek and then looked into my eyes. "You forgive me?" I nodded. I couldn't help it but to forgive him. I loved him. But I knew he didn't love me. I was just his sex toy. He used me whenever he want to. He let go of me and I turned to walk out of the door. He never had hit me before, little did I know that this was only the beginning.

Chapter 2: Lust not Love

So..I don't know if this is going to be 100% erotica. I mean there will definitely be sex in here but there would be alot of drama too. There's a little sex in this chapter. So Enjoy!!!

Chapter 2:Lust not Love

Katie, my best friend, was walking towards the house when I left out. "Hey, where are you going?" She asked. Her brown hair was dark and dripping with rain. "What took you so long?" She shrugged and smiled. Then, suddenly, she narrowed her eyes and looked closely. "There's a red mark on your cheek, are you okay?" She asked. She tried to touch my cheek but I stepped away from her. "Yeah...um. Me and Alex were fighting. You know, playing around." Katie rolled her eyes. "Well it looks like he won." I shrugged. "My dad wants me home. I have to go. I'll be right back though." I said as I walked pass her. "Okay." She said as she opened the door to her house. Me and Katie has been friends for years. Since second grade. Alex is eighteen and me and Katie are sixteen. When I was a little girl, Alex would always touch me or stare at me but I never actually told people about it. Because in a way.....I liked it. Katie and me were like sisters. Katie was very pretty. She had dark brown hair, blue eyes and a very pretty smile.

I walked to my house and opened the door. I stumbled over a beer bottle. I sighed and kicked it. My mother died when I was ten and she left my stepfather, Nate, in charge of me. Little did she know that her death would make him go crazy. I closed the door and went upstairs. Nate was passed out on the floor. "Shit." I whispered. I slid my jacket off and threw it on the floor. I grabbed his head. "Nate." I said. His eyes flashed open and he looked at me. "Whaaaaat?" He slurred. "Come on. Get up." I said. He slowly sat up. His head wobbled from side to side. "Yoooou-you look just like.....your m-mother." He said looking at me with his eyes half closed. My eyes watered. My mother was a touchy subject.

He leaned in towards me. I slapped him. He just laughed. "You hit j-just like her t-too." I ignored his comment and grabbed his arm. I helped him up he fell against the wall. "J-just go away. I'll just get drunk and then I'll be able to.....to get down.....I think." I sighed. "Fine. Do what you want. I don't care anymore." I picked up my jacket and went to my room. I hated living here. It was boring and I was sick of cleaning up after Nate. My phone rang and I answered it.

"Hello?" I asked.

"You should come spend the night over my house. Alex is spending the night too." Katie said.

I smiled. "Okay."

"Oh and Carsia is too. She's bringing over some movies since cable is shitty and all the rest of the movies at my house takes place in the 1930's."

The second I heard Carsia's name, all the other words were an echo. I stayed frozen in my seat. Katie didn't know that I hated Carsia. Even if she did, I couldn't tell her why. "O-Okay." I said.

"Coming back soon?" She asked. I held the phone between my ear and my shoulder and then went to my closet to gather clothes. "Yes. I'm getting my clothes. Give me six minutes." I said. Katie hung up and I hung up and threw my phone on the bed.

If Carsia is there, me and Alex won't be able to do anything. Fuck. I know he was comitted to the girl but it was ridiculous. He shouldn't love her. She didn't deserve his love. Alex had plenty of girlfriends that I hated

but I hated Carsia the most.

I placed my clothes in a bag and was out the door. I had the key to Katie's house. I unlocked the door and walked in. Alex was sitting on the couch looking at me. Katie smiled. Alex looked at Katie. "Can you get me my cigarettes?" He asked her. Katie nodded and ran upstairs. I walked up to Alex. "Why the hell is Carsia coming here?" I asked. "Because she can." He answered. I hated that bitch with all my heart. What did he see in her? "I don't want her here." Alex got up and walked over to me. "That's not my problem." I sighed and began to walk away. Alex pulled me to him. "Don't walk away from me." He said. He gripped my arm tightly. "I'm sorry." I said. We heard footsteps coming downstairs and Alex let go of me. He went to sit back on the couch as Katie walked down the stairs with a pack of cigarettes. She threw them to Alex and he caught them. Someone knocked on the door. "I got it." Katie said as Alex handed her a cigarette. When she opened the door, it was the red hair that made me realize exactly who it was. That fucking bitch.

Carsia walked into the house and stared at me. "Oh, hello Liza." She said. I glared at her. "It's Leah." I corrected her. She shrugged and looked at Alex. She walked over to him, took his face in both of her hands and leaned down and pressed her lips against his. He grabbed her ass and made her straddle him. He grabbed her face and looked at me as he kissed her. Now he was just purposely trying to make me mad.

I looked at Katie who was just shaking her head in disgust. I folded my arms and leaned against the wall. Throughout the rest of the day, we got high. got drunk and ate and watched movies. And everything we did, Carsia was always sitting extremely close to Alex. She would kiss him and hug him and every time she did it, Alex would be staring at me. So I knew that even though he wanted her, he might have wanted me more.

When it was around eleven o'clock, Alex was upstairs passed out on his bed. Carsia was passed out on the couch. Katie was leaning against the arm of her chair. Her eyes were half closed. I didn't drink or smoke as much so I wasn't that tired.

"Kate, I'm going up to bed." I whispered to her. She held up her thumb and her head fell onto the couch as she fell asleep. Whenever I spent the night, I would sleep in Katie's room. Not this time. I walked upstairs and opened the door to Alex's room. Was it wrong to fuck him while his girlfriend is downstairs? Yes. Do I care that she's downstairs? Not really.

I closed the door and looked at him. He was sleeping diagnally across his bed. I turned off the light and crawled onto the bed. I straddled him and then leaned down to kiss him. I suddenly felt his hands grab my ass. "Carsia?" He asked. That should have made me mad. "It's Leah." I said. "Even better." He commented and then brought my head down so that I'd kiss him. His lips were soft and warm and so good. His lips tasted like Vodka but for some reason, I liked the taste. He sat up and continued kissing me. His hands rose my shirt up and he slipped it off of me. "You taste so good." He whispered. I smiled and reached down and unbuttoned his jeans. His hands rubbed my cheek softly. I felt his lips on my neck. His hands slid up my back and he unsnapped my bra. It fell off and he threw it to the side. His mouth was suddenly on my nipple. I threw my head back and moaned.

His hands pushed my ass forward so that I can feel his erection. His mouth started to give my other nipple attention and I gripped his hair and closed my eyes. His fingers unbuttoned my jeans and then he rolled over so that we were both laying down and he was on top of me. He sat up a little and removed my jeans. He threw them and it sounded like they landed on the floor. I wish I could actually see his face. It was so dark in his room. Maybe I should have kept the lights on. I felt his hand slide down my stomach and his hand stopped over my panties. I sucked in a breath. His hand slid back and forth. I breathed deeply as he slipped them down my legs. He threw them somewhere and I heard him removing his shirt. Next, I heard him sliding his pants down and then his boxers. He positioned himself between my legs. Without warning, he pushed in. I whimpered. He lifted me up so that I was sitting on his lap. I started to ride him really hard. "Fuck!" I

screamed out as I threw my head back. His nails dug into my thighs as I jumped up and down on his cock.

Then, we heard a knock on his door. I gasped. "Fuck." Alex whispered. "Alex?" Carsia called from the other side of the door. Alex immediatley pushed me off of him and I fell onto the floor. "Hold on, Carsia!" He called. I couldn't find my clothes. What the hell? The door suddenly opened. I gasped. "No! Keep the light off." I heard Alex say. Carsia walked in and closed the door. I quietly crawled towards his closet. I been in his room millions of times so even in the darkness, I knew where it was. I hit my head against the door. I heard Carsia gasp. "What was that?" She asked. I froze where I was. "It's nothing. Come here." Alex said. I heard her footsteps go over towards the bed. I slid the closet door open and crawled in. I sat against the wall and closed my eyes.

"I love you." Carsia said to Alex. "Me too, baby." Alex replied. Ouch. That response had to have hurted. I sighed and leaned my head against the wall. And Eventually.....the darkness put me to sleep.

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Chapter 3: Craziness and Stupidity

Not alot going on in this chapter. But stuff is going to start getting crazy at the end and into the next chapter. Also...I have character pictures up if you're interested. Sorry for the chapter being so short.

Chapter 3:Craziness and Stupidity

Chapter 3

The next morning, when I woke up, a small amount of sunlight was seeping into the closet. I peeked into the room and only saw Alex lying on his bed. I sighed and slowly stood up. Alex's eyes opened and he looked at me. "Come here." He whispered. I crawled into bed with him and laid on his chest. "Where's Carsia?" I asked.

"I sent her to the store." He said. I tilted my head up to look into his eyes. "Katie?" I asked. "She's with her. We have about twenty minutes until they get back." He whispered. I smiled and then leaned up and kissed him. He rolled on top of me and his hands squeezed my breast. His lips kissed my neck and I closed my eyes. His hands slid down to cup my pussy. I let out a small cry. I wanted him to fuck me so bad. So damn bad. He fingered my pussy fast until I became wet. Seconds before I was close to cumming, he grabbed onto his cock and placed it at my entrance. "You want me?" He asked. I nodded. He filled me with his cock and I gripped the sheets tight in my hand and closed my eyes. "Tell me you love me." he breathed. His hand grabbed my leg and held it in the air as he thrusted roughly in and out of me. "I love you." I cried out.

His sex drive has been through the roof lately. But I liked it. Alex leaned down and kissed me and slowed his pace. He pulled back a little and stared into my eyes. "I love you so fucking much." I breathed. My nails dug into his back. "You want to cum, baby?" He asked. "Yes."

He went in deeper than he's ever been before. I was there. I could feel it. I was so fucking there. I cried out and dug my nails deeper into his skin. He moaned my name over and over again. He breathed deeply as he stared into my eyes. "They'll be back soon. Get out." He slid out of me and moved to the other side of his bed. I sat up with his sheet wrapped around me and got up. My clothes were slightly hidden behind his door. I grabbed them and walked out of his room. I took a shower and got dressed. By the time I was done, Carsia and Katie were back unloading groceries into the cabinets and the refrigerator. Carsia shot me dirty looks. Bitch. That's why I just fucked your boyfriend you fucking whore. I thought to myself. I laughed out loud and Katie looked at me questioningly. I just shook my head and sat on the counter. Alex came downstairs and glanced at me once before smiling at Carsia. She smiled back at him. "Ya'll both woke up at the same time." Katie asked reaching to place something in the cabinet. Me and Alex looked at each other and then my eyes darted to Carsia who was glaring at me. "No. I woke up first."

Katie turned and threw Alex a pack of cigarettes. He took one out and leaned against the counter next to me as he lit it up with a lighter. He blew out the smoke and gave the lighter to me. "When are you going to quit?" I asked. He turned his head towards me; not exactly looking at me. "Whenever I feel like it. Why do you care?" He asked. I shrugged and looked down at the lighter. "Why are you always so mean to her?" Katie asked. Alex took the cigarette out of his mouth and frowned. "I'm not. She asked me a question that was none of her business." Katie sighed and walked out of the room. Alex looked at Carsia. Her smile disappeared. "Did you get the beer?" She shook her head. "I'm younger than you. I need my ID." She walked over to him and touched his arm. "Get off of me. You can't do nothing right can you?" He asked as he walked out of the room. I hopped off of the counter and looked at Carsia. "What?" I asked. She shook her head. I gripped the lighter tight in my hand and walked out of the kitchen. My phone rang. Caller ID said: Nate. Fantastic. I opened it and pressed send and then held it to my ear.

"Hello?" I asked.

"Leah. Come here. I want you to do something for me, baby."

Did he just call me baby? What the hell?

"What is it?" I asked.

"Come home and see." He answered. I sighed. Nate hated when I didn't obey him. I don't like him. Never had and I never will. He's a prick.

"Just tell me what you want." I said frustrated.

"If you don't bring your ass here right now, I'm going to come over there and fuck you up. You hear me? Get over here right now!" He hung up. At least he sounded sober. I preferred him being angry and sober than perverted and drunk.

I walked into the living room. "I have to go. Nate is angry."

"Want me to walk you over there?" Katie asked. I shook my head. "Umâ ¦no. That would just make him angrier. I'll be back soon. Maybe." I said as I turned and opened the door.

When I got home, I opened the door and then closed it. Tripped over another beer bottle. "God fucking damnit!" I yelled kicking the bottle. "Come here, Leah!" Said a booming voice. I rolled my eyes and slowly walked into the kitchen. Nate had a bottle of whiskey in his hand as he sat at the kitchen table. "Where were you?" He asked.

"Katie's house. What did you want?" I asked. Nate slammed the bottle on the table and then stood up. His hands went down to his pants as he unbuttoned them. "Come here, Leah." he said. I shook my head. Although I should try to run away from him, I stood frozen where I was shocked at what he was about to do. "Come here, Leah. His voice became deeper. "Fuck you." I said and turned around. I felt his hands grab me and threw me against the wall. "We're going to have a little fun, Leah."

Chapter 4: Pain

Sorry for the shortness of this chapter. I was in a rush.

Chapter 4:Pain

There was a pain in my back as I was thrown against the wall. There was lust in his eyes. Violent Lust. Nate pinned my hands against the wall and stared me in my eyes. "You're a sick child." His breath was horrible. "Get off of me." I said. He shook his head. His hands grabbed onto my shirt and he tried to force it over my head. I slapped him and pushed him away from me. He forced me back against the wall and slapped me back. I fell onto the floor crying and holding my cheek. He grabbed my legs and slid me over to him and positioned himself above me. I already knew what this meant. "No!" I yelled.

He forced his lips onto mine and rubbed his body against mine. I wanted my mother. I wanted her here with me so bad. "I've always loved you, Leah." He said. "Fuck you!" I cried. He covered my mouth with his hand. My body shook with fear. "I fucking hate you!" I cried. He grabbed my arms and pinned them to the floor. I closed my eyes. I didn't want to watch him as he violated me. He raised his fist and punched me repeatedly. My face was stinging and burning. I felt the blood rush down. I coughed up something. It was blood. "Shh." He whispered. He raised my shirt up and then unbuttoned my pants. "Don't." I choked out.

I reached down to stop him but everything was turning in my vision. I felt my pants slide off. "Wait." I whispered reaching up to stop him. My conciousness was slowly slipping away. I felt my underwear disappearing next. I gasped. I heard a zipper slowly unzipping and I hear fabric moving. His face came back into my vision as he laid on top of me. I felt him enter me and I started hitting him. "Get off!" I yelled. My arms were once again pinned to the floor. "I love you, Leah." He moaned out. I closed my eyes and let him violate me. I had no choice. "Oh god, Leah." He moaned pushing in further. I let my conciousness slip away.

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When I opened my eyes, everything was out of focus and I felt nauseous. I gasped and sat up. I felt dried blood on my face. It was dark outside and I was still laying on the livingroom floor. I touched my face. Not all of the blood was dry. I got up slowly. I felt.....sore and disgusting. I walked into the bathroom and slammed the door closed. I looked into the mirror and didn't even recognize myself. Why do people like hurting me? What did I do wrong? I got into the shower which burned. It burned so badly. I hit the shower wall and screamed and sunk down to the shower floor and cried. I needed to get away from here. I needed to leave now. I let the water wash the blood off of me. I used my rag to scrub myself good. Everywhere and yet I still felt dirty. Karma. I shouldn't have started anything with Alex. Another girl's boyfriend and now.....god was punishing me. I washed up with the soap which burned when it sunk into the cuts and bruises. I could hardly stand.

I turned the water off and got into my room. I closed my door and laid in my bed. I had sex with Alex everyday and even with his rage and disrespect, I never feel as messed up as I do now. My phone rang and I wasn't going to answer it. But then again, Alex hates it when I don't answer his calls. I reached over and grabbed the phone. I pressed send and placed it at my ear. "Hello?" I asked in a shaky voice. "Leah, you said you'd be back here. Where are you?" Alex demanded. "I-I'm at home. I can't move. I'm in pain." I said closing my eyes. A tear slipped down my cheek. "I really don't care. Come here, now." He hung up the phone. I sighed and turned over on my back which still kind of hurted. I threw my phone against the wall and it shattered onto the floor. I hated myself. What the hell is wrong with me? I let men take advantage of me. Why? Why do I do this to myself? I sat up in my bed. I fucking hate this. It's been going on for years. It has to stop.

Chapter 5: Mixed Emotions

Chapter 5:Mixed Emotions

S Toy: Chapter 5

I got up and got dressed. What are Katie and Alex going to say about the way I look? I had bruises all over my face. I knew Alex wouldn't care. But Katie was a different story. Her reaction was going to be shocked, scared, concerned and anger. I used my key to open the door and I walked in. Carsia was sitting on Alex's lap on the couch. His eyes stared into mine. I was already upset and angry and I had to walk in to see this. I almost broke down and cried....but I composed myself. Carsia turned to look at me. "Hey, Liza." Carsia smiled. I took a deep breath and tried my hardest to hold myself back from ripping out her throat. "It's Leah." I said. She turned her attention to the TV. "What happened to your face?" He asked. I shook my head. I saw a flash of anger in his eyes. He hated it whenever I lied to him. It was like he saw right through me. And that was scary because even Katie couldn't do that. Alex was the only one. He placed both his hands on both sides of Carsia's waist and leaned over and whispered something in her ear. She smiled, got up and went upstairs. "Come here." He told me. I slowly walked over and stopped in front of him. "What happened?" He asked. Think of something. But would it really hurt to tell him what Nate did? Probably not. "Um," I was on the verge of tears. "I was walking home and these people robbed me and jumped me." Even *I* didn't believe me. But Alex's face turned into a smile.

I looked at him in disbelief. "Why are you smiling?" A small laugh escaped his lips. "Because.....It's just funny because I can actually imagine that shit happening." He laughed again and sighed and looked back at me. "What did they steal?" He asked. His expression and tone was suddenly serious. "What?" I asked. "You said they robbed you. What did they take?" I had to think of something. Anything. "The only thing you had on you when you left was my lighter. I swear to god, Leah, you better tell me that you still have it." I looked down and bit my lip . I've always had possession of Alex's lighter. He always lost it every five seconds so I told him to start giving it to me. "They didn't take the lighter." All the lies were starting to get ridiculous.

"I don't believe you. Did. they. Take. My. Lighter?" He asked again. I shook my head but I couldn't prove that I still had it because I left it on my dresser. I bit my bottom lip. Alex touched my thigh and then rubbed it. I looked at him confused. His nails dug into my thigh. I tensed up and looked at him. "I want my fucking lighter." He said clenching his teeth. I grabbed onto his hand and pulled it off of me. I stood up and looked down at him. "It's at home. I'm not walking all the way back there. Plus it's like ten o' clock at night." Alex stood up. His piercing eyes looking down into mine. "Yes you are." He assured me. I shook my head. He grabbed my arm and pulled me to the door. "Get off of me." I said trying to snatch my arm away. He opened the door and brought me outside. "Come back here as soon as you get my lighter. You understand me?" He asked. I nodded and he slammed the door in my face. I closed my eyes and breathed out deeply. I hated myself. Why the fuck did I let him walk all over me? I'm so stupid! I ran home as fast as I could but stopped when I saw Nate's car in the driveway. My eyes immediately watered as I stopped in the yard. I couldn't do this. I couldn't. I was about to turn and leave but if I love Alex and I would take even the greatest risk for him.

I slowly walked up to the door and turned the knob. My objective was to get in here, grab the lighter and get out without Nate knowing. I walked through the living room. His keys were on the coffee table. I sighed and slowly walked up the stairs. As quietly as I could, I heard somebody talking upstairs. Fuck.....Fuck.....Fuck. I took a deep breath and continued walking. Butterflies were in my stomach. I've never been so scared in my life. Once I got to the top of the stairs, they made a creaking sound. Whoever was talking suddenly stopped. My heart was beating fast and I felt sweat on my forehead. I peeked down the hall and saw Nate on the phone. My bedroom was about seven steps away. I quickly crawled into it. Finally. I stood up and grabbed his black and red lighter that was on my dresser. I placed it in my pocket. I heard footsteps coming down the hall. I hid

behind my door. The footstep stopped in front of my door. I saw his shadow. Oh my god this wasn't happening. My heart was beating so fast. I felt dizzy. The footsteps walked away and I sighed quietly in relief. But I wasn't completely out of the woods yet. I pushed my door a little and peeked out of my room I didn't see Nate. I let out a shaky breath and quietly walked down the stairs. So close to the door. I finally reached the knob and forced the door open. I closed it and ran.

Nate was my stepfather. I never knew where he worked and neither did my mother. But from everything I saw, he treat her right. He's thirty five years old and an atheist. We use to be basically best friends. He was almost like a real father to me.....until my mother died. That's when everything changed. I hated his guts now. He was the most fucked up person I ever knew. And still is. I opened the door to Alex's and Katie's house and walked in. I caught my breath and dug into my pocket. Alex was on the floor looking at the TV. He paid no attention to me. "Here." I said as I threw his lighter. He caught it without even looking at me. Katie came downstairs. "I didn't think you were coming-" She had a shocked expression on her face as she looked at me. "Uh....Leah? What in the hell happened to your face? She walked over to me and touched the bruise on my cheek with her finger. "Nothing." I whispered. Katie tilted her head in curiosity. Her eyes narrowed and she folded her arms.

"Nothing." I said again. "You want to stay over? You can borrow my clothes for school tomorrow." I nodded. Like Nate would really care where I was. I was almost never at home. "I'm going to take a shower." I said slowly walking up the stairs. I know I already took one but I still felt gross. I just kept thinking of Nate's rough hands on my body. The fact that he didn't care he was hurting me. My screams and cries didn't affect him. I hope he has fucking nightmares. The water washed down my body and once again, I sat on the floor of the shower and cried. But something more than weakness I felt was anger, rage, the feeling of wanting to kill. I suddenly heard the door to the bathroom open. I was still sore and I was in no mood for Alex's aggressiveness. I stood up and pulled the curtain back and saw Alex standing there naked, looking back at me. "Alex, I'm tired." I said in a shaky voice. He sighed and got in with me anyway. He pulled the curtain back in front of the shower and looked down at me. His eyes were darker than usual. He placed his hands on my waist. "I'm sorry for everything I did today." He said. My hands went up to both sides of his face and I leaned up. His lips touched mine softly at first. Then, his tongue slipped into my mouth and I pulled him closer to me. His lips went down to my neck and he sucked my flesh that was there. I gasped and moaned.

I felt his cock grow hard against my stomach. "Where's Carsia?" I breathed. "Don't worry about it." He said. His lips went back to mine. His taste was intoxicating. I dug my nails into his back. I loved his smell. I loved everything about him. He was....perfect. I closed my eyes as his lips explored my body. He grabbed my ass and lifted me up and held me against the shower wall. I grabbed on to the towel rack. Some part of me was scared. I remember Nate holding me down. I tried to get that thought out of my head. But it was hard. I suddenly felt Alex slide inside of me. I screamed and he immediately slid out and backed away from me. I was in so much pain. Still sore from earlier. "What the hell is wrong with you?' He asked. I shook my head and sat down on the floor and cried. Alex looked down at me. "I don't know what's wrong with you. God you're so fucking irritating." He pulled the curtain back and stepped out. I heard him grab something and then he walked out of the bathroom. I was in so much bullshit that I didn't want to be in. The room felt dizzy. I managed to stand up and grabbed the soap and rubbed it over my body. Once I got out, I peeked into Alex's room and saw him lying on his bed reading something. He only had pajama pants on. I opened the door a little more and looked at him. He glanced at me and then looked back at whatever he was reading. "If you're not going to fuck me, get out." I bit my lip and walked in a little more. "I'm sorry...I just-I'm just in pain." I explained to him. His eyes looked at mine. "Someone else has been fucking you?" He asked. I shook my head. He'd be angry if I admitted that to him. "It really doesn't matter rather or not you're sore. I really don't care. If you're not going to give me your pussy tonight, you can leave. I'll get it from Carsia once she gets back." He said not looking at me. Maybe we could have sex. As for the pain, I'll just have to suck it up. Hell. Why the hell not? I was already wet from earlier in the shower. Thanks to Alex.

"Okay." I said. Alex finally met my eyes. He threw his book down and got up to walk to me. His hands grabbed onto my towel and he pulled it open. He let it fall to my feet. My body was pressed against the door and him. He kissed my lips again and felt myself getting lost in it. His hands brushed over my pussy. I whimpered. His lips were on my neck again and I breathed deeply and closed my eyes as he left a trail of kisses down my body. He could be sweet when he wanted to. He licked my nipple and my body shuddered, I was about to cry. It was almost too much pleasure. His lips brushed my stomach and then went back to my lips. He touched every intimate part of me and I felt like this wasn't going to be us *fucking*. It seemed like we were going to be *making love*. We've never made love. It was all about quickies and fucking and blow jobs and fingering and sucking and licking. I know that all sounds like heaven but I rather make love. Make love to the point where it takes hours for me to come down from my orgasm. I wanted him to make love to me to the point where I scream to the top of my lungs in pleasure and end up losing my voice. Alex picked me up once again and brought me over to the bed. I looked up at him and his dark eyes stared back down at me. "I love you." I whispered. And as usual, he didn't say it back. It didn't upset me. I was used to it now. But the first time I told him and he didn't say it back I got angry and we got in an argument. That was the first time he ever hit me. But now.....I was dealing with the Alex I fell in love with. He got up and pulled his pants down. He wasn't wearing any underwear. His cock was already out and erect. I smiled. He smiled back at me and climbed back on top of me.

I knew this was going to hurt. I didn't expect much pleasure from it. I want him to have pleasure from it. "Wait." He said getting up. "Turn over on all fours." He said. I did what he said. We never did it like this before. It was new to me. "I would actually prefer to fuck your ass but I know you'll be sore for days afterwards." He said. I'm already sore now so it wouldn't make a difference really. "I'm just going to fuck you from the back. Okay?" I pushed my ass against his cock as my answer. He groaned and grabbed my hips. I felt his cock enter me. Ow. Ow. Fuck. I hid my cries of pain by biting down on my lip. He lifted my upper body up so that my back was against his chest. His hand slid back and forth against my clit as he thrusted into me. I closed my eyes and leaned my head back. I felt him kiss my neck. Lust shot through my body from each painful but pleasure filled thrust. His hand put more pressure on my clit. "Oh Fuck! Alex!" I cried out as his thrust became faster. Each one bringing me closer and closer to my climax. One of his hands pulled my hair. I heard him groan in my ear. I loved the sound. It confirmed that he was enjoying this as much as I was. I still felt sore but now.....it just added to the pleasure. I can already tell that I wasn't going to last long.

Alex started panting. "Ugh, I'm about to cum, Leah." He told me. I was close too. So close. His finger flicked my clit and my body jerked. Oh fuck. That familiar feeling of my orgasm was coming. I could feel it. His cock slammed in and out of me and he pulled my hair harder. I closed my eyes. I felt him cum but he didn't stop. He wasn't going to stop until I came. He wasn't going to have to go on for long. The most intense feeling of pleasure came from my pussy. Oh my fucking goodness. I came harder than I had in a while. My body went limp as I fell back onto the bed. I laid on my stomach while my head was turned to the side. My hair was covering my face. My breathing was heavy and fast. Alex laid next to me and rubbed my back. My breathing finally calmed down and I turned my head to him.

"You're going to have to leave soon. Carsia will be back soon." I nodded and slowly got up. I couldn't do this anymore. I guess I was blinded by the lust that he gives to me. But Also the Love. I guess that's what I call it. He hated me but he obviously loved fucking me. And he'd make me do anything and I guess that's what I was scared of. The door suddenly opened and Carsia stood in the doorway glaring at me and Alex. Oh Shit.

Chapter 6: Broken

Sorry for spelling errors and the chapter may seem short. Sorry but....enjoy anyways.

Chapter 6: Broken

My heart was beating fast. There were so many things going through my head. For one: How the hell didn't we hear her coming upstairs? I stared at Carsia and I saw her eyes water. Alex got up and went to her. "Carsia, I'm sorry." He said. She slapped him really hard. I actually heard it. I thought at first he was going to hit her back. That's what he would have done to me. Carsia glanced at me before leaving. "Fuck." Alex said as he turned to get his pants and run out of the door. "Carsia!" I heard him call her. Who am I kidding? We had this coming. Unexpected tears fell out of my eyes. Why did I start this with him knowing he was with Carsia? I grabbed my towel and placed it around my body and then went into Katie's room and laid down in her bed. I cried myself to sleep that night.

My night mare was too real. Nate's hands rubbing up my body. My screams and cries being muffled to the point where no one could hear me. My body bruised and bloody. And Nate forcing himself in me while holding me down. I sat up quickly and panted fast. My eyes adjusted to the dark room. It was just a dream. Wellâ ¦â ¦..a nightmare. I looked over and Katie was beside me sleeping. I sighed and wiped the small amount of sweat from my forehead. I walked downstairs and stopped when I looked in the living room. Alex was sitting on the floor against the couch. Carsia was lying on his chest with her arm wrapped around him. Alex looked over at me. We just stared at each other. Only saying things with our eyes. Once he turned away from me, I walked away and into the kitchen. I grabbed a glass and filled it with water and drunk the whole thing. I walked back upstairs without looking at him and went back to bed.

When I woke up the next morning, I felt something heavy on top of me. I opened my eyes and was looking up at Alex. I gasped. "Shh." He whispered as he put his hand over my mouth. "What are you doing?" My question was muffled. "Carsia is still sleep and I want a quickie before you go to school." He took his hand away and started kissing my neck. "No. Not if Carsia is down stairs." He pinned my hands to the bed and continued kissing me anyway. Fucking prick. The fact that I couldn't move gave me bad memories. Memories of the other day. Nate. I bit his lip. He stopped kissing me. "Why would you do that?" He asked. I couldn't answer. My eyes watered. This scene was too familiar. "Please. Stop." I begged. Alex shook his head. "No." He answered and then placed his lips against mine again. "Get off of me!" I yelled. We heard footsteps coming upstairs and Alex immediatley got off of me. "Leah?" Katie asked as she walked in. I sat up and wiped my tears away. Katie pulled her eyebrows together and then looked at Alex. "What did you do?" She asked. "I didn't do anything to her."

"She's crying, Alex. She wouldn't cry for no reason." Katie retorted. "What did you do?" She asked again. He shook his head. "I didn't fucking touch her." He said. He looked at me. "Did I?" Katie looked at me waiting for my answer. "N-No. You didn't." I answered. Alex smiled and looked at Katie. Katie sighed and her forehead creased. "I'm sorry for accusing you."

Alex walked toward the door and bumped her as he walked out. Her eyes darted to mine. "Why are you crying?" She asked. I shook my head. "Bad dream." I was somewhat telling the truth. Katie sat on the bed with me and looking at my face. "What happened tp your face?" She asked. I looked down at the sheet I was covered with.

"Did Nate do it?" She asked. I looked up at her. Her jaw dropped. "He hit you?!"

"Shh!" I said. Katie's eyes widened. "Oh my.....why did he-?

"I don't know." I answered honestly. She sighed and put her arms around me. This is why I loved Katie. She comforted whenever I needed it. I mean she could be having a heart attack and will still comfort me with as much love as possible.

Katie pulled away and wiped a falling tear off of my face with her thumb. "Come on. Get ready. Make-up could hide the bruises." She guaranteed. I smiled and got up.

I took a shower, put on some of Katie's clothes and Katie did my hair and makeup. She smiled at me when she was done. "Beyond beautiful." She said. I looked in the mirror. I loved my hair. Normally it was just straight and stopped at breast. But now it was curly and slightly shorter. I wasn't a mascara person but I loved the way it looked on me. The bruises were covered but not completely. "I'll be back. You nee hairspray." Katie said as she left out the bathroom

Alex walked in and leaned against the wall. I tensed up when I felt him brush my cheek with his finger. He leaned down so that he was almost at eye level with me as I sat on the chair that was in front of Katie's mirror. "You look so beautiful." He whispered. I stared at him. This was the Alex I loved but I knew he would disappear soon. "I want to apologize for earlier. I wasn't going to rape you, Leah. You know that right?"

"What were you going to do then?" I asked with tears glistening in my eyes. He wiped them away as they rolled down my cheek. "If you wouldn't have been fighting it, then we could have been having sex. But.....you were acting craz-"

"You're the one who was on top of me when I woke up. You were holding me down so of course I thought you were going to rape me."

Alex shook his head. "No. I wouldn't do that to you." Bullshit. I nodded at him though. His lips kissed my forehead and then he left. I hate to love him. I really do. I sighed and placed a silver bobby pin into my hair.

I saw Carsia standing in the doorway through the mirror. I gasped and turned around to look at her. She was glaring at me. "C-Carsia, I'm so so sorry." I whispered.

"Are you?" She asked. She stared at me for a long moment before walking away. She was pissed and she had every right to be.

Me,Katie and Carsia all went to school together. No one talked to anyone. I believe Katie wasn't talking to neither one of us because she felt it was tense between us.

I wasn't popular at school at all but I always had Katie by my side. The only reason Carsia was popular was because eveyone knew she was with Alex and Alex was beyond popular in highschool.

When it was almost time to go home, I went into the girl's bathroom. I was in there alone. I fixed my make-up as much as I could and used my fingers to comb through my hair. I suddenly saw Carsia in the mirror. I gasped and turned. "Stop doing that." I said. She walked near me and had something white in her hand. I was scared at first. There was no telling what she was about to do.

She dropped it on the floor and walked out of the room. I bent down and picked it up. It was a pregnancy test and the words 'positive' was on it. I dropped it on the floor. Oh my god. She's pregnant and the father of her child is cheating on her.....with me.

What if I was pregnant too? I haven't had any symptoms but that meant nothing. I wanted to have Alex's baby but.....Carsia was going to have it. And that both angered and terrified me. I wonder if he knows about it yet.

That ride home.....So awkward. Alex was in the front along with Katie and Carsia was in the backseat with me. "Alex?" Carsia asked. He looked back at her. "What?" He asked. "I uh....I have to talk to you when we get home." Only two out of four people in this car know what it'll be about. "Okay." Alex answered. Carsia looked over at me and I looked back at her.

Katie went to study over her boyfriend's house and Alex, me and Carsia was back at the house. I heard them go upstairs to Alex's room and close the door. I went into Katie's room and laid down in her bed. I didn't realize I drifted off to sleep. I heard a huge thud coming from Alex's room. I gasped and got up. The sound made my heart beat fast. I opened Katie's door all the way and looked down onto the hallway floor. I saw blood seeping out from under Alex's door.

Chapter 7: You just love to hurt me don't you?

Chapter 7: You Just Love To Hurt Me, Don't You?

"Alex?" I asked. I heard fast movement happening on the other side of the door. The blood circled around my feet. "Alex? What's going on?" I asked as I knocked his door. I turned the knob and opened the door. First thing I saw was Carsia lying on the floor with her eyes closed and.....blood was coming out of her head. I gasped and covered my mouth with hand as tears immediately rolled out. How? I don't understand. My eyes darted up and Alex was looking down at Carsia with anger in his eyes. "What did you do?!" I asked. He didn't answer. I bent down and placed my fingers on her neck. No pulse. She was dead. And pregnant. But not anymore. "She bumped her head against the dresser and fell." Alex said. My tears blurred my vision. "Call 911." I said. My voice was shaky. Alex hesitated before slowly grabbing the phone. He killed her. I know he did. I knew she told him about the baby and he became angry.

When the ambulance and police arrived, Katie was crying as she ran up to me and Alex. "What happened?" She asked. Alex told her the same story he told me. She didn't look convinced.

Katie looked at me and then turned as the police carried out the body bag Carsia was in. "Oh my god." Katie cried. I wrapped my arms around her and held her tightly. Alex told the same thing to the police and they took him in. They said only to get the story straight because Alex's story didn't sound right. I watched as Alex drove away in the cop car. I bit down on my lip and turned to Katie. Her eyes were red and puffy. She slowly turned and walked into the house. The ambulance finally drove away and I walked into the house also. Katie was sitting on the couch. She looked miserable. Her mascara was running down her cheeks. She ran her fingers through her hair. Her eyes stared down at the floor. "I just- I'm trying to make sense out of what the hell just happened." Her raspy voice was squeaking. "Alex....he's messed up. I know this. I've been his sister for sixteen and a half years. But he wouldn't do this. He would never kill anyone. Ever." I walked over and sat beside her on the couch. "Maybe what he told me was true. Maybe she really did just bump her head." Katie said. Or maybe Alex pushed her and she fell and bumped against the dresser. That sounded better than she just randomly bumped her head. And.....it sounded more likely. Katie turned to me.

"Do you think he did it on purpose?" Yes. "No." I answered. Katie sighed. "He loved Carsia. So much. He wouldn't...no.....he wouldn't do something like that." Katie said shaking her head. She slowly got up. The phone rang and she went to answer it. "Hello?" She asked in a teary voice. There was a short pause and she looked at me. She looked.....scared. She slowly took the phone away from her ear and held it out towards me. I slowly walked over, grabbed it and placed it against my ear. "Hello?" I asked. "Get.Home.Now." Said Nate in an angry tone. I know what this meant. "Okay." I whispered and then put the phone back on the receiver. "Don't go." She whispered. "I have to." I told her. If I didn't leave, Nate will come here and probably hurt me *and* Katie. She pulled my arm towards her and hugged me tightly. I hugged her back just as hard. "I love you, Katie." I whispered. "I love you more, Leah." She responded.

We both sighed and pulled away. I went upstairs to grab my jacket and then walked out of the house. I hated Carsia but.....now that she was dead, I just felt sympathy. She was in a relationship with a man who cheated on her numerous of times and killed her. Even *she* didn't deserve that.

The night was warm as I walked through the streets. It was almost seven o clock. I dreaded going home to Nate because I knew what was waiting for me. Either drunk or sober.....something bad was going to happen.

I turned the key into the lock and opened the door. Nate was sitting on the couch. His beer bottle was tipped as the liquor was sliding down his throat. I closed the door and he placed the bottle on the table. He slowly looked at me. His eyes were red and half closed. "Leeeeah." He muttered. I looked into his eyes. "Come here,

baby." He whispered. I shook my head and began to walk to upstairs. I heard his footsteps following me up the stairs.

I already began crying. He grabbed my arm and led me to his bedroom. I didn't fight it. There would be no point. The more I fought the worst it will be. Nate threw me on the bed and I felt my clothes being ripped off my body. I stared up at the ceiling. I prayed to just black out and get this whole thing over with but my prayer didn't happen.

I didn't do anything but laid there and cried and let him take advantage of me. I laid there for two hours straight feeling nothing but pain and shame. It was nine fifty three when Nate fell asleep on top of me. Both of our bodies were sweaty and sticky. My eyes burned with tears as I slowly moved Nate off of me. He was heavy but I managed to move him off of me. I slowly got up and went into the bathroom. I showered holding back my tears but they came down anyway. And it wasn't just Nate that angered me. It was also Alex.

I shut off the water after rinsing the soap off of me. I went to sleep and had the worst nightmare.

I was covered in blood. And Alex was right beside me. My clothes were being ripped off and I was lying in the blood. Flashes of me and Alex having sex came through my mind. I felt him lick the blood from my face and he stared into my eyes. 'It's your fault she's dead.' He whispered

I sat up breathing hard. I felt like there was so much going on. Maybe too much. I looked over at the clock and saw that it was four o five. The phone rang. Seriously? Who the hell would call at four? I turned my lamp on and grabbed the cordless. I answered it and held it to my ear.

"Hello?" I asked.

"Hey. Where are you?" It was Alex.

"How are you calling me? I thought that you were in jail."

"You know they give me one call." I bit my lip and brushed my hair away from my face.

"Did you do it on purpose?" I suddenly asked. There was a long pause. I dropped my head in my left hand and began to cry. I knew he did it on purpose.

"Katie's bailing me out. We'll talk about this later." He said

"No. Now. We're goin-"

He hung up. I looked at the phone and it said 'call ended' "Fucking bitch." I muttered.

The Next day, I got up and ready for school, only I wasn't going. I just wanted Nate to think I'm going. As I walked down the stairs, I placed my hair in a ponytail and placed my bag on the floor. Nate was sitting on the couch looking at me. I looked back at him for only a second. He had a smirk on his face. Fuck him.

I went into the kitchen and got a cereal bar and threw it in my bag and then grabbed it and threw it over my shoulder. Before I could walk out of the door, Nate grabbed me and pulled me against him. He pressed his lips against mine and then let me go. I couldn't believe this situation. I just stared at him as he walked away from me. I WANTED Nate dead. I wanted him to suffer like I did the other day and last night.

I walked out of the door and over to Katie's house. She and her boyfriend, Jason, were sitting on the couch talking. I walked in and sat on the floor while listening to them. "He's going to be out by eleven." Katie said. I was both happy and afraid. I guess the police didn't find any evidence that he killed Carsia. Either Alex didn't really do it on purpose or he was just really, really smart.

It was around eleven thirty when Alex was brought home. Katie and Jason went out to get us all something to eat. And of course Alex wantedâ ¦â ¦..me.

His lips closed over mine as we fell onto his bed. He wasted no time to take off my pants. "I missed you." He breathed as he kissed my neck. "I missed you too." I was half telling the truth. He slowly unbuttoned my shirt and I sat up as he slid it off my shoulders. Then he unsnapped my bra, slid it off and I laid back down on the pillows.

Next, he pulled my panties down and threw them onto the bed. He got on his knees on the bed and unbuckled his belt and then unbuttoned his pants. He sat down and pulled them off and then his boxers.

He crawled on top of me and looked into my eyes. Will he say it? Those three words? I placed both of my hands on both sides of his face. "I love you." I whispered. Please say it back. Please say it back. Please say it back. "I know." He answered and pushed inside of me. This was wrong. Carsia was dead and it was almost as if he didn't care she was gone. Alex moaned in my ear. I dug my nails into his back and closed my eyes. Nate's face came into my mind. I opened my eyes. I had to focus on Alex's face. Focus. Focus. Focus. Alex parted my lips with his and stuck his tongue in my mouth.

He pulled out a little and pushed back in. I moaned and continued kissing him. Nate's face was pieced in my head. And so was Carsia's dead body. I closed my eyes and sighed. My head was full of dreadful things I've experienced and witnessed. I didn't realize I was crying until I felt the tears rolling of my cheeks. I gasped and pushed Alex shoulders. "Stop." I said pushing him. He just went in deeper and placed his lips on mine. He kissed my lips until they hurt. I whimpered as he bit down on my tongue. I pushed him harder. "Alex? Can you stop?" I asked still trying to push him off of him. He looked at me. "Why do you always have to be so damn dramatic?" He asked then leaned down to kiss me again. I felt hopeless, used, and stupid.

Alex came in me ten minutes later. It wasn't sex anymore. Nowâ ¦.it was just rape. I wasn't his sex toy no longer. I was his rape toy. And he played with me whenever he felt like it. He laid beside me on the bed and fell asleep. I pushed the sheet off of me and saw blood. I got up quickly as some of it poured down my leg. It wasn't my period. That ended ten days ago. I *was* in pain during the whole thing. Why did Alex like hurting me? I've never done anything to him. He sat up and opened his eyes slowly to look at me. "What?" He asked. I pointed to the little blood that was on the bed. He glanced at it and shrugged. "So?" He asked.

"I forgot; blood doesn't affect you. When you saw Carsia's blood you didn't freak out so how am I supposed to think you'd feel slightly sorry for the pain you've caused me?" Did I really just say that out loud? That was supposed to only be in my head. Alex got up and looked down at me. "I don't think I heard you right. What the fuck did you just say?" He asked. I shook my head. "Nothing. I didn't sa" He slapped me and I fell onto the floor. My cheek burned and stung from the slap. I looked up at him and scooted back against the wall. "You can get smart with me if you want to, Leah. But if you doâ ¦â ¦well you see what happened to Carsia." My eyes widened. He basically just admitted that he killed Carsia on purpose.

The door slammed from downstairs and we heard Katie's voice. Alex had panic in his eyes. He grabbed my arm and forced me onto my feet. "Get out." He opened the door all the way and pushed me out. He slammed the door. I heard Katie's voice still talking to Jason and she was walking upstairs. Fuck! My clothes were still in Alex's room. What the hell am I going to do?

Chapter 8: Hole In My Heart

Author's Note: I'm going to warn you all. In the next chapter, disturbing things are going to happen. Very disturbing. But anyways. Below are Nate and a new character named Ronnie's picture. Oh and Jason's picture too. (Jason is Katie's boyfriend)If the pictures don't show up.....sorry. But Enjoy this chapter anyway.

Nate

Jason

Ronnie

Chapter 8: A Hole In My Heart

I hurried and ran down the hall into Katie's and Alex's parent's room and hid in the closet. What am I doing? Am I crazy? Yeah. Seems that way. I slid the closet door shut. I heard Katie knock on Alex's door. I heard it open. "What do you want?" I heard him ask. "We should talk." Katie said. I heard Alex's door slam. At first, I thought Katie walked into his room and closed the door behind her but I heard her footsteps walk back downstairs. I let out a sigh of relief. That was more than extremely close.

When three o clock arrived, I went out for a walk. I just needed to get away for a while. I was drinking a strawberry banana smoothie. I've been feeling weird all day. Sort of nauseous. And that was bad because it was a possibility that I was pregnant. But here's the fucked up thing, I wouldn't know if it would be Nate's or Alex's. What if it was Alex's baby and he found out I was pregnant? Would he do to me what he did to Carsia? I mean he loved her. I think. But can love really hurt that much?

I placed my hand on my stomach. It was coming up. I felt it. I dropped to my knees as I felt my mouth start to water. I threw up everything I ate today. My eyes watered up. My stomach had an aching pain in it. No one was around to help me. I coughed up some more and then wiped my mouth with the back of my hand. I sighed and closed my eyes for a second before getting back up.

I stared at the puddle of throw up that laid in the grass. The smell reminded me of the nasty taste I had in my mouth. I turned and walked to the nearest store. The guy at the counter was looking at me. He smiled. "Hi." He said. He told me a week and half ago that his name was Ronnie. And I told him that I didn't care. I guess that wasn't very nice. "Hi. Um. Do you have any pregnancy test?" I asked. His smile slightly faded. "Well that would have been awkward." He said turning around and reaching to the top shelf. "What would have been?"

He grabbed a blue and white rectangular box and turned back to me. "I was about to ask you out." He said as he placed the box on the counter. I blushed a little.

"Well, you wouldn't want to get involved with a girl like me." I said truthfully. Ronnie typed something on the cash register. I looked at the price and it said five dollars. I reached into my jean pocket and took out the money. "Two dollars." He said. I looked at him questioningly. "But it says five." I said. "Well pretty girls always make me lower the prices."

"Oh so you flirt with every pretty girl that comes in here? I felt special for a second." Ronnie smiled. It was beautiful. "No. You're the only pretty girl that comes here. Your friend scares me though."

"Katie? No need to be scared of her. Me on the other hand, I don't fuck around." I said handing him two dollars from my jacket. I place the five dollar bill back in my jacket.

"It doesn't seem like you do. " He responded opening the cash register. "So can I get your name?" He asked as he placed the test in a small bag. "It's Leah Hart." I said. He handed the bag to me. "Well, Leah Hart, I hope you come back soon. Maybe tomorrow?" I shrugged. "I might be throwing up tomorrow. But we'll see." I smiled at him once more before opening the door and walking out.

Did I just flirt with someone while I was with Alex? He'll be furious once he finds out. Butâ ¦..he doesn't have to find out. It could my secret. If he could have someone on the side, why couldn't I?

Nate had to be at work at this time so I went home and took the test. When the process was done, I placed it on the counter and sat down on the floor. I brought my knees up to my chin and wrapped my arms around my legs and rocked back and forth. I looked up at the small black and white clock that was hanging up on the wall. My mother loved that. Her mother gave it to her two days before she died. At least five minutes passed when I got up. I took a deep breath and walked to the counter. I lifted it up with my fingers and saw the pink plus sign. It was positive.

I dropped onto my knees on the floor. It was like everything was in slow motion. The test tumbled onto the floor to my right. Tears immediately swelled up into my eyes. This could not be happening. Not to me. No. No. Why? How could I be so stupid? I buried my face in my hands and an ocean of tears erupted from my eyes.

My body shook with anger and regret and stupidity. I hated myself. I hated everyone else. I hated the whole fucking world. I was justâ ¦â ¦.useless. I lifted my head from my hands and glared at the door. If I hated my life, why don't I just end it? I meanâ ¦the one person that would miss me would be Katie. But she had Jason to comfort her. Fuck Nate and Fuck Alex. I slowly got to my feet and opened the cabinet that was behind the mirror. At least forty bottles of pills were in here. Pick one. Any one. I told myself. I grabbed my mother's sleeping pills. She wouldn't mind if I used them. She is dead, after all. She would be happy that I'm taking these so I can join her. I slammed the mirror shut and placed the pills on the counter. I looked at myself in the mirror. My dark hair was a mess. My eyes were red and puffy. I am a mess. Inside and out. I grabbed the pills and took the lid off. I poured all of them into the palm of my hand. I stared down at them and sighed. What am I doing? I'm fucking losing it. I threw the pills into the small garbage can.

I fell asleep on the living room couch and when I woke up, I saw Nate standing over me. I gasped and sat up. The pregnancy test was in his hand. He glared down at me. "What is this, Leah?" He asked showing it to me. Fuck. How could I forget to throw that away? I shook my head. He mocked me. "That's not an answer." It was officialâ ¦â ¦Nate was Alex and Alex was Nate. Almost like father and son. And both loved inflicting pain on me.

"It's-It's-umâ ¦â ¦"

"It's what?" He asked.

"A pregnancy test." I whispered.

"And what does a plus sign mean?"

"It means I am." He threw the test down on the floor. And punched me in my jaw. I cried out in pain as he got on top of me and held my hands down. "So you're pregnant you fucking whore?" He asked as he ripped my shirt off. I covered my eyes with my hands as his hands slowly went down my stomach. "Leah, look at me."

He said. His hands disappeared from my body. I removed my hands from my face and looked up at him. I couldn't read his emotion.

He placed his hands on the right and the left of my head on the couch. "I love you." He whispered. I hated those words now. I didn't even want to hear them from Alex. "Please don't do this." I begged. "Please." I whispered. Nate sighed and unfastened his pants and pulled them down. He pulled mine down and my panties and forced himself into me. My whole world felt shattered. Everything was shattered. I was shattered. In pieces of glass.

He got off of me and pulled his pants back up. He looked down at me and smiled. "Go to the store and get me a beer, baby." He said. I heard his footsteps disappear up the stairs. I closed my eyes and let out a shaky breath. There was that feeling again. I sat up and leaned over the side of the couch and threw up. I gasped and coughed and gagged. I clutched my stomach and laid back down on the couch. "Get up! Now!" Nate yelled from upstairs. I slowly sat up. I went upstairs and got a new shirt and slipped on my black leather jacket. I slowly walked downstairs and out of the door. I walked to the store that Ronnie worked at. Hopefully he doesn't see me like this. Hopefully he already went home.

When I walked into the storeâ¦..there he was. His dark hair was messy but it looked good on him. I didn't even speak to him. I just went to the glass cooler and opened it. I grabbed a six pack of his favorite brand 'Bud Light'. I slammed it close, went up and placed it on the counter. Ronnie narrowed his eyes at me. "Let me actually pay the real price this time." I said. "What's wrong?" He asked. I shook my head. I handed him a twenty dollar bill. He looked at me for a second before putting it in the cash register and handing me my change. He was about to get me a bag but I just grabbed the beer and walked out of the door. I suddenly felt an arm grab me. "Get off of me!" I yelled and turned around. Ronnie looked at me. He looked scared. "I'm sorry. I justâ¦â¦I just thoughtâ¦..Iâ¦." I started crying. I slammed the beer onto the ground and covered my eyes with my hands. I felt warm arms wrap around me. He walked me back into the store and brought me to the backroom. It was as small as a hallway. It had two chairs in it and old newspaper pictures hanging on the dark brown walls. He made me sit in a chair and he sat across from me. "Are you okay?" He asked. I shook my head. He brushed my hair away from my face. Why does every guy do that? "What happened? Earlier you were happyâ¦..well not exactly happy butâ¦.you were in a better mood." He placed his hand on my knee and I actually looked into his blue eyes. "My boyfriend and my stepfather areâ¦â¦â¦they are assholes. Like beyond assholes. They are so evil andâ¦â¦dickheads. That's the word for them. Dickheads." I sniffed. Ronnie smiled a little. "All step fathers are dickheads. And I would know." He lifted up his shirt a little and there was a dark bruise on his side. "Oh god." I whispered. "I'm so sorry."

"Leah, the last thing I want is remorse." He put his shirt down and bit his lip. "I'll admit that I'd like a little remorse." I said.

"You want it? You got it." He assured me. I wiped my tears away and smiled a little. He leaned over and softly pressed his lips against mine. I was confused. Was this really happening? Was I letting this happen? Does this make me a slut? A whore like Nate said? My fingers gripped his hair as his tongue explored my mouth. His taste was unbelievable. Butterflies were in my stomach. I could hardly explain the way this felt. It was nervousness, excitement, and guilt all at once. I pushed him. "I can't." I said. He nodded and sat back in the chair. "Yeah. I'm so sorry. I shouldn't have done that." I stood up. "Um. I should go." I got up and walked back to the front of the store. "Hey. You can get another six pack for free." I shook my head. "You can't be serious." He looked confused. "Why not?"

"You've been nice to me this whole day. I'm not going to get another pack for free."

"I insist, Leah."

"I don't." Ronnie chuckled. "If you don't then you're not allowed back here anymore." I rolled my eyes and walked back and grabbed another six pack. "Thank you." I said to him. He smiled and leaned against the counter. His face suddenly looked nervous. "Um. So," He scratched back of his head with his hand and looked down at the floor. "Just spit it out." I said.

"I know you have a boyfriend and all. But I can tell you don't like him. Anywayâ ¦..I was just wondering if I can have your number." I smiled slightly. "Sure. I broke my cell phone so I'll give you my house number." I dug into my purse and took out a pen. I don't have any paper." I said. Ronnie reached for something on the other side of the cash register and placed a receipt on the counter. "Write on this." I put down my number. 958-7936.

"I'm going to be upset if it's fake." He said. I smiled. "It's not. I promise." He smiled and looked into my eyes. "What?" I asked. He shook his head. "You're justâ ¦â ¦.I don't know. It's something about you that I'm trying to understand but I just can't." I raised my eyebrow.

"Is that a compliment or an insult?" I asked. "Not an insult. If I wanted to insult you, I'd say you look scary." I smiled. "You want to know what I'd say?"

"What?" I stuck my middle finger at him and he smiled. "See you tomorrow." I said. "Bye." He breathed.

I smiled as I walked out of the store but then frowned.

I've been in the store more than seven minutes talking to a stranger instead of getting Nate's beer. Fuck. He's going to kill me.

Katie's POV

I was worried about Alex. Carsia's dead and he hasn't talked to me about it. Or anyone else. I guess that when it comes down to it, he never really cared about her. I've been observing him and he didn't shed not one fucking for her when she died. Not one. He had that emotionless expression on his face like he just heard that he was adopted. Alex has always been a closed book. We were so different. Sometimes I don't think we're even related. I was lying on the couch with my feet in Jason's lap. He looked over at me and smiled. I smiled back. Jason and I have been together for ten months. The night we met was the night I lost my virginity. Yeah it was wrong but I don't regret it. The very next day, he asked me to be his girlfriend and obviously, I accepted because the second I met him was the second I fell in love.

Jason turned the TV off and threw the remote on the floor. "Still worried?" He asked looking down at the floor. "Yeah." I sat up and looked at him. "Want me to distract you?" He asked. I smiled. "Nice try. But no. I told you no sex three weeks from now." He sighed. "I'm sorry I lied to you but it was important."

"Yeah. Your friends are more important than my pussy then you should be fine with no sex for a while." Jason smiled. "They're not. Trust me." I leaned my head against the back of the couch. I heard footsteps coming down the stairs and I got up immediately. Alex slid his jacket on and grabbed his keys. "Where are you going?" I asked.

Alex pulled his eyebrows together. "None of your business." He answered. I walked over and grabbed his arm. He snatched it away from me. "What the hell is wrong with you?" He asked.

"No what is wrong with you? You've been acting like a prick for the last couple of months. I'm sick of it." I said.

"Katie, get the fuck out of my face before I hurt you." Alex threatened. His threats didn't scare me. Never had and never will. "No." I said simply. I walked in front of the door and blocked it. "We need to talk about this." Alex sighed and walked up to me. His eyes were cold. "Move. Katie." He said calmly. Jason was about to come over but I gave him a look that told him to let me handle it.

"I don't want to talk. Now get out of my way." I shook my head. "Move out my way you fucking cunt." I slapped him as hard as I could. Rage boiled inside of me. He knew I how I felt about that word. He slowly turned his face back to me and slapped me back. I fell onto the floor. Jason pushed him against the door and Alex glared at him. "That's your fucking sister! What the fuck is wrong with you?!" I looked up at Alex and his eyes looked into mine. "I don't fucking care." He said harshly as he forced the door open and slammed it shut. Jason looked down at me. He held out his hand and I accepted it. "Are you okay?" He asked trying to touch my cheek. I pulled away from him. "I'm fine." I said. He sighed. My cheek burned. I never thought he would ever really hit meâ ¦..but I thought wrong.

Chapter 9: He's the medicine to my pain

Author's Note: Before you read, I thought you should know that the disturbing thing that I said was going to happen is not going to happen until the beggining of the next chapter. Sorry but enjoy this chapter. I'm writing the next one right now. It might be long or it might not. Who knows? Oh and for you people that reads Immortal love will always be dead, I'll update soon as possible. (I'm having a bad case of writers block)

xoxoxoxo Icebreaker

Chapter 9: He's the medicine to my pain

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When I got home, Nate was sleep. I thanked god for that. I went into the kitchen and made me two sandwiches and got one big bag of chips and a two liter of pop and brought it to my room. I ate all of it. And I mean all. The phone rang and I picked up and held it to my ear. "Hello?" I asked.

"I'm coming over, Leah. Open the front door." Alex said. My somewhat happy mood disappeared. "Um. Okay." I answered. He hung up and I did too and went downstairs to unlock the door. I looked over at the cable box and the bright green numbers said ten o nine. Why was he coming over so late? I went back upstairs and flipped through the channels on my TV. Three minutes later, Alex walked through my door and shut it close. He had roses in his hand and a small beige teddy bear. "Hey." He whispered. I sat up and looked at him. "Hey. What are you doing here?" I asked. He sat down on the bed and looked at me. He didn't have that usual angry glare.

His expression was softer. "I wanted to apologize to you, Leah. I've been such a dick to you. I am so sorry." His eyes watered. Oh my god. He was about to cry. I can't stand to see guys cry. They always make me want to. I crawled over to him and placed my hand on his shoulder. "Here" He gave me the roses and the teddy bear. I smiled at him. "Thank you." I whispered. He looked into my eyes and brushed the side of my face with his fingertips. "I love you, Leah." My eyes widened. Was he serious? Really serious? Or was he just trying to make me like him again so that he can continue fucking me without me fighting it?

"You do?" He nodded. "Yeah andâ ¦.I'm sorry it took me so long to tell you." I shook my head. "No. It's okay. I love you too." I said putting the roses on my pillow. His eyes stayed on mine. He slowly leaned over and kissed me. It was different. He didn't force his tongue in my mouth or feel on me while he kissed me. He just kissed me and it was filled with excitement and passion. I pulled away for a second. He looked at me confused. I lifted my shirt up and pulled it over my head. What was I doing? Pushing myself into another trap was what I was doing. He slid his jacket off and threw it onto the bed I laid down against my pillows and he laid on top of my body and planted soft kisses again my temple and my jawline. I closed my eyes and sighed pleasurably.

This moment reminds me of the night me and Alex first had sex. The night he took my virginity. But the difference was that that night, I had a fear of losing my virginity. But tonight, I didn't have a fear of having sex. I had a fear of Alex. Just in general. But in a way, the fears I have for him just turn me on.

I didn't want to waste any time, I helped him pull his shirt off and threw it across the room. He stared into my eyes. "Say it again." I whispered. "Say what?" He asked. I closed my eyes. "Tell me you love me." I breathed.

His hands slipped under the fabric of my shorts and he cupped my pussy. I moaned in his ear. "I love you." He whispered to me. Was this true? Did he really feel this way or was it all just bullshit again? But it probably

wasn't because I never heard him tell Carsia that he love her just to be able to fuck her. The phone rang. I was trying to pull away from Alex but he kept me in the place I was and continued kissing my neck. I reached over and grabbed it anyway and hit the button and then placed it against my ear. "Hello?" It sounded like a moan. "Um. Hello? Can I speak to Leah Hart?" It was a male. Alex rose my shirt up and brushed my stomach with his fingertips. It sent shivers through my body. "This is her." I said in a shaky voice.

"Oh. Hey, this is Ronnie." My eyes widened. I sat up immediatley. Alex pulled his eyebrows together and glared at me. "Oh. Hi." I said crawling off the bed. Alex grabbed my arm and pulled me towards him. " Let me go!" I shouted.

"Leah, you okay?" Ronnie asked through the phone. I stared into Alex's eyes. I wasn't feeling fear but I felt anger. "Leah?" Ronnie asked. Alex suddenly grabbed the phone and held it to his ear. "Who the fuck is this?" Alex asked. I tried to grab the phone but he kept pushing me away. "Yes." Alex said through the phone. I was basically in tears. "Don't call here no more." Alex said and then hung up the phone. I looked at him in disbelief. "Who was that?" He asked. Anger clearly in his tone. "No one." I answered. He walked up to me slowly. I knew he was about to hit me. "Alex, It was no one. I promise." He raised the phone about to hit me with it. I moved out of the way as he threw it in my direction. It hit the wall and broke in two pieces. "What is wrong with you?" I snapped.

"Are you fucking somebody else?" He asked. I can't believe he'd ask me that. Technically, I was being forced to cheat on him. "No. I'm not." I said as tears slipped out of my eyes.

"What the fuck is you crying for then?" I just shook my head and closed my eyes. He was so sweet a second ago and now.....he was back to himself. His expression softened.

Alex grabbed my waist and pulled me to him. "I'm sorry." He said. I pushed him away from me. "Leave me alone." I said. He stared at me expressionless. "You want this to be over?" I nodded without hesitation. He smiled a little and then frowned. "Okay. Okay. If that's what you want. But if I were you, I wouldn't try to get close to any other guy." he said grabbing his jacket. "Why?" I asked.

Alex stopped in the doorway and turned to me. "They just might get hurt." He answered before turning back and disappearing down the hallway. I sighed and sat on the bed. Me and Alex was over relationship wise but.....I had a terrible feeling like something bad was going to happen soon. I just didn't know what. Maybe if I tell Alex about the baby, he wouldn't hurt me so bad. Because the thing was, I wanted Alex more than I wanted a million dollars. Alex was a million dollars. But.....he didn't feel that way for me. For me, I was nothing to him. Just his slut who he can fuck whenever he wanted.

I couldn't do this anymore. Alex couldn't just keep me away from someone I wanted to be around. Was he crazy? I went downstairs and grabbed the other phone. Too many damn phones in this house. I pressed redial and held the phone to my ear.

"Hello?" Asked a deep voice. I smiled.

"Ronnie, I'm so sorry about before. That was my boyfriend being a dick but he's gone now."

"It's okay, Leah. It's just-"

"What?" I asked as I sat down on the couch.

"I feel like something bad is happening to you."

"Why do you feel that way?"

"I have no clue."

"Don't worry about me, Ronnie. I'm fine. I promise." Me and Ronnie talked about everything. Except our families. It was crazy how close we became after knowing each other for such a short time. He made me feel better. Me and him knew more about eachother than me and Alex did. And I've known Alex for more than six or seven years. When I looked over at the clock, it was four twenty seven. "I can't believe we're still on the phone." I said yawning. "Neither can I. Who knew that we'd talk for this long?" I smiled. "I'm going to bed, okay?"

"Okay, Leah. Are you coming in the store tomorrow? "

"Yeah. Probably around one." I answered yawning again.

"Make it seven A.M."

"Yeah right." I said sarcastically. Ronnie chuckled and then sighed.

"Goodnight Leah.

"Goodnight, Ronnie." I said and then hung up the phone. I was suddenly excited to go see him. His whole personality was so different from Alex's. I mean Alex was aggressive, sexual,mean. And Ronnie seemed to be the exact opposite. I still remember how I felt when he kissed me. The way his soft lips felt. I touched my lips with my finger. I can still remember his taste. It wasn't long until I drifted off to sleep.

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When I woke up the next morning, I felt sick. I ran upstairs and threw up in the toilet. Damn I felt horrible. I heard knocking at the bathroom door. I already knew who it was. Nate. He opened the door and looked at me. "Get out. I need to shower. Unless you're willing to join me." A sudden smile formed. I quickly got off of the floor. Nate placed a hand against the wall to block my exit. 'You look like shit." He commented. "Thank you." I said glaring at him. He moved his arm away and I left out of the bathroom. I went into my room and looked at my clock. Eleven twenty. What am I going to do for two hours? Oh yeah. Eat. I went downstairs and got a bowl of cereal with some toast, eggs and grits on the side. My god. Best fucking thing in the world. I watched two episodes of my favorite show: Dexter.

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I took a shower and washed my hair. I looked into my long mirror at my stomach. Not fat yet. But I will be soon. I can tell. I grabbed my black skirt and black flats and slipped them on. Got my red bra on and my red v-neck shirt on and placed a black clip in my hair. Was I really getting all dressy dressy for a guy who's not even my boyfriend yet? Keyword is yet.

I grabbed my purse and headed out of the door. A couple of minutes later, I walked into the store. Ronnie was handing a lady a bag of something. He looked good in black. Actually kind of sexy. The lady walked pass me out of the store and his eyes matched mine. "Hey." He said. "Hi." I said back as I leaned against the counter. "You look amazing. Did you wear that outfit for me?" He asked licking his lips. Yes. "No." I answered. He rolled his eyes. "You want to come back here with me?" Yes. "You sure it's okay?" He nodded. "Yeah my uncle never comes to check on me." He walked away for a second and I heard a door open. I walked in and closed the door behind me. "I was wondering ever since that day. If you don't mind me asking, what did the

test say?" He asked. I had not a clue what he meant at first. "Oh. It said.....negative." I lied. Yes it was wrong and I wanted to stab myself for lying to this guy. This cute, warm, hot, fucking sexy, amazing guy. But I had to. What guy would want to get involved with a pregnant sixteen year old?

"Does that make you happy or sad?" He asked. I shrugged. "I don't know. Let's not talk about it." I said . He nodded understandingly. I looked closely and noticed a cut on his wrist. It looked deep. "What happened?" I asked pointing to the cut. Ronnie looked down at his wrist and his eyebrows pulled together. He pulled his sleeve over it. "My stepdad did it." I looked up at his face and I saw a pained expression. "We spent hours last night talking about everything. Everything except your family. You can tell me about them. I will understand." I assured him. His blue eyes went to mine.

"You don't talk about yours or your boyfriend. All you say is they're dicks. What makes them that way?" I sighed and placed my purse on the small table in the corner. "It's a long story." I answered. A man came up and placed two 'bud lights' on the counter. Flashes of Nate's face came into my mind. I closed my eyes slowly. Stay out of my head. His face just appeared more and more. Ronnie placed his hand on my shoulder and my eyes flashed open. I looked up at him. "You okay?" I nodded and sat in a chair that was next to the table. We hardly got a conversation in as the place became busier and busier. When it was around 3:30, no one was there but me and him.

He sat across from me on a small orange crate. "My step dad abused me since I was three. He was sick and still is. He.....He raped my mom right in front of me. Like he actually forced me to watch it happen. And.....she cried and cried. In my mind, I felt like telling her 'that's what you get for not leaving him sooner'. But I would have never had said that to her. She didn't deserve that." His eyes became watery.

"Where is she now?" I asked. A sudden flash of anger appeared on his face. "Dead." He said coldly.

We stopped talking for a moment. "I am very happy that you felt comfortable sharing that with me, Ronnie. You have no idea how much that means to me." He smiled a little.

"Your turn. Tell me about the boyfriend first."

"Ex.' I corrected him. A grin spreaded across his face. "Well then, tell me about the ex boyfriend." I was scared because I never told anyone about Alex. No one at all.

"Well, Alex is very.....demanding. I guess he feels that he's god and everyone has to bow down and do what he says."

"Do you do everything he say?" I nodded. "Why?" He asked. I shrugged. "Because.....I guess it's beacause I'm scared of him."

"Has he ever hurt you before?" His blue eyes gazed into mine. He deserves the truth.

"Yeah but it's no big deal."

"A guy putting his hands on a girl to cause harm is a big deal. What the hell is wrong with him?" I shrugged and then sighed.

"Listen to me, Leah," I looked into his blue eyes. He had a serious expression on his face. "I know I barely know you, but I know you don't deserve that. I care about you. I don't want to see you hurt. I will be there to protect you. Okay?"

I just stared at him. He was talking like we knew eachother forever. "I trust you." I admitted. He leaned in and gently pressed his lips against mine. He pulled back. "I'm sorry for doing that." I smiled. "You keep apologizing for doing something that you keep doing intentionally." I said. He shrugged. "Well in that case, since you see that, I'm not sorry."

I blushed and looked down at my shoes. The day went by kind of fast. Not a lot of customers were coming in but me and Ronnie continued talking. We talked about everything except our family. And I was thankful for that. When the day ended, Ronnie let me take four bags of ruffles. And I was done with them in seconds. We got outside and it was windy and dark. He locked the store and put the key in his jean pocket. Then he slid his jacket off and placed it around me. I loved the smell of it. I had no idea what it was but it drove me crazy with lust. "Where do you live?" He asked. "Three blocks away." Ronnie placed his arm around my waist as we walked. I felt safe and actually comfortable with him which is something I hardly ever felt with Alex.

It's amazing-the chemistry I have with Ronnie. It was almost instant. "You want to go to the park?" He suddenly asked. I looked up at him. "You don't want to get rid of me do you?" He shook his head. "Actually no. I like having you around. Alot. Like alot alot."

"I get it." I laughed. He led me towards the park. No one really goes to it anymore. There was just a swingset and an old rusty slide two yards from it. "I haven't been here since I was twelve." I said. There was one streetlight shining over it. "Let me push you in the swing." He said. I smiled and walked up to it and sat down. He got behind me and pulled the chains back and then let go of them. I haven't felt this happy in so long. So free and it felt good. "What made you want to come here?" I asked.

I suddenly saw him in the swing next to me. "It seems that you don't like home. Like you try to do anything to be away from there. I figured that the longer you're away, the happier you become." He was a good reader. I didn't think I was that good of an open book.

"Well you're right. I guess my stepdad is the one to blame for that." I stopped swinging and he looked at me. "Does he hurt you too?" He asked. His voice was low. I didn't answer. I just looked down at the dirt. I couldn't tell Alex because I knew he wouldn't care. But seem like Ronnie cared so I was comfortable with telling him. Ronnie turned the swing so that he was now facing me. I slowly looked at him. "Has he ever.....touched you?" He asked. I knew what he meant. "He did more than that." I answered. Ronnie sighed and got up. He grabbed my arm, made me stand up and wrapped his arms around my waist. His body was warm against mine. I wrapped my arms around his neck and closed my eyes as I laid my head on his shoulder. "You're safe with me." He whispered. Where the hell have this guy been? Probably up there in heaven and then god sent him down by angels for me. Thanks so much god. Ronnie pulled back a little and looked into my eyes. He leaned his forehead against mine and closed his eyes. I closed mine too. I think I loved him. I know it's so soon but.....I don't know how to feel. I liked him way more than alot.

He brushed his lips against mine and tugged at my bottom lip. I gripped his hair in my hands as our kissing became deeper. He placed his hands on my waist and pulled me closer to him. I felt butterflies in my stomach. Something about Ronnie. There was something about him. He was definitely perfect. Our tongues were warm as they rubbed against each other. He moaned under the kiss and it turned me on. I felt warm tingles run down my body to my favorite spot. I wanted him so bad. Way bad than I wanted Alex. I suddenly heard some people laughing loud and glass breaking. I turned and saw three guys walking towards the park. They were dressed in all black. When they came closer, I saw that one of them was Alex. They stopped a few feet from us. Seeing the anger in his eyes told me something bad was about to happen.

Chapter 10: Me And My Drama

Chapter 10: Me and my 'Drama'

Ronnie stepped in front of me. "Is there a problem?" He asked. Alex smiled a little. And that smile scared me. "So you *are* fucking someone else." He said. I shook my head. "And if she was?" Ronnie asked. Not an ounce of fear in his voice. "That's still my girl." Alex said. Anger was in his voice. I stepped away from Ronnie. "No, I'm not. I told you it was over." Alex shook his head. "It's not. You still belong to me."

"No she doesn't. She doesn't belong to anyone." Ronnie said. Alex walked over to him until they were face to face. "You need to stay the fuck out of this. This is between me and Leah." He turned and grabbed my arm. "Let me go!' I yelled.

"Let her go." Ronnie demanded. Alex looked over at his two friends and nodded once. Both of the guys looked at Ronnie and walked near him. "Watch." Alex demanded. One of the guys punched Ronnie in the face. "No!" I screamed as the one punched him again. "Make them stop!' I screamed at Alex. "No. You're going to watch this, Leah." Alex said grabbing my head and forcing me to look. Ronnie was now on the ground, clutching his stomach while the guys continued kicking him. Alex tightened his grip on my arm and threw me down on the ground. I landed on my stomach on the hard concrete. My knees had a stinging pain and I immediatley felt something wet on them. I knew it was blood. I turned over and looked at Ronnie. His eyes were looking straight at me as he laid on his stomach on the ground. "I'm sorry." I mouthed. He didn't answer. Instead he looked at Alex who stood above him. He grabbed a handful of Ronnie's hair and slammed his head into the ground. "No! Alex stop it!" I screamed. I tried to get up but Alex's friends stopped me. "You see that girl over there?" Alex asked Ronnie. Ronnie looked at me. "She's mine." Alex growled. Ronnie coughed up some blood. I closed my eyes because I couldn't stand seeing him in pain. "If you don't believe me, I'll prove it to you." Alex said as he walked over to me while unbuttoning his pants. My eyes widened. No. Please tell me he wasn't about to do this. Not in front of Ronnie. He already had to watch his mother go through it. "No! Alex, don't!" I screamed. Alex turned to his friends. "Go hold him down and make him watch." They nodded and went over to Ronnie. "No!" I tried to get up but Alex pushed me back down on my stomach. "Alex. Don't." I cried. But he didn't listen. I felt him lift my skirt up and pulled my panties down. Why was he doing this to me? What the fuck did I do? "Stop it!" I cried. He put all his weight on me and his lips were at my ear. "Remember when I said that I won't fuck your ass because you'll be sore afterwards?" I didn't answer. I just cried louder. "Well now, I don't give a fuck if it hurts or not." He whispered.

"Don't you fucking hurt her!" I heard Ronnie yell. I closed my eyes. Alex was going to do what he wanted, and I couldn't stop him. I felt his cock against my ass. The Alex I thought I loved.....I fucking hate him. I felt something wet go inside of me and then I felt his cock push inside. It burned so badly. "Ahhhh!" I cried. He placed his hand over my mouth. I grabbed his hand with my hands and tried to pull it off of my mouth. He pushed all the way in. My whole body burned. I never cried so hard in my life. I stopped fighting. I couldn't anything but lay there. My body went back and forth against the hard rough concrete. But that was nothing compared to how much pain I felt as Alex kept pulling in and out of me. He groaned in my ear. I cried harder. I hated him. I did. So much. I had so much anger and pain filling my body. I felt something wet coming out of me. I gasped as he dug his nails into my waist and pounded in me harder. "Fuck, Leah. This is so good." He moaned. I looked into Ronnie's eyes and his eyes were watery. I saw tears falling down his cheeks. I closed my eyes. "Leah. Fuck! This so fucking unbelievable." He whispered. I couldn't have been wet. That had to be blood coming out of me. I can't believe this. This was not happening. It couldn't have been. "Please. Stop doing that to her." Ronnie begged. His voice was shaky.

Alex thrusted in me harder. Whimpers were escaping out of my mouth. "Does that feel good, Leah. Huh? Does it you fucking cunt?" I closed my eyes again. The pain was not ending. It just got worst with every

thrust. I can't even explain how badly it hurts. But.....what about the baby? What will it do to him or her? "Shit! I'm about to cum." Alex said.

He placed his hands on either side of my head, onto the concrete and I felt him go deeper inside of me. I kept my eyes on Ronnie. He was the only thing keeping me sane at this moment. Alex did one last rough thrust and I felt him cum in me. I closed my eyes. His breathing was heavy as he leaned down so his lips were at my ear. "That was fantastic." He whispered. I didn't respond. He got off of me and I heard him pull his pants up and zip them back up. He walked over to Ronnie. "Did you like the little show we just put on for you?" Alex asked. Ronnie glared at him. "She doesn't normally act like that, you know. I can't even count how many times she was under me, screaming my name." Alex smiled and looked back at me. "Isn't that right, Leah?" I got up slowly.

I heard Alex's footsteps come near me and he grabbed a fistful of my hair forcing me to look at him. He looked back at Alex and then let go of my hair. "I already told you something was going to happen if you started talking to some other guy but you didn't want to listen, did you?" I was on my knees trying to compose myself but it was going to take a while to take in everything that just happened. I suddenly saw Alex's shoe come near my face. My head slammed to the concrete hard. I placed my hand over my head and groaned in pain. Something wet was coming down my face. I could feel the blood. My head felt dizzy. I could hardly move. I saw Alex standing over me. "You want to watch me kill your boyfriend?" I moved my head and shook my head. The movement sent a sharp pain through my head. Alex smiled and walked towards Ronnie. "No!" I yelled and struggled to get up. I pulled my panties back up and limped to Alex and gripped his jacket. "No. Alex. Please." I begged. He turned around to me.

"I'll do anything. I swear. I'll even.....give you money. Please don't hurt him. Please." I begged. Alex narrowed his eyes. "Why should I leave him alone?"

"Because I'm the one who pissed you off. Please. Please just leave him alone. I'll do whatever you want, Alex. Please. I'll do anything." I whispered. Alex pushed me down on the ground and then looked at his friends. "Fine. I'm going to let my friends fuck you." Ronnie's eyes grew wide just like mine. "No. Leave her alone. You can beat me up. i don't give a shit." Alex looked down back and forth between me and Ronnie. "You two are.....unbelievable." He shook his head and looked at the other guys. "Come on. " He said. They both looked down at me as they walked out of the park. "Come on, baby." Alex said holding out his hand for me. I scooted away from him. He dropped his hand. "Okay you fucking whore." He slapped me and a sharp pain appeared in my jaw. I Placed my hand against my cheek and looked up at Alex with tears swelling up in my eyes. He turned away from me and walked near Ronnie. Please don't hurt him. Please don't hurt him. Alex raised his foot back and kicked him in his stomach. Ronnie groaned and placed his hand on his stomach. "No. Don't." I said crawling towards them. Alex got down on his knees and repeatedly puched Ronnie. Ronnie placed his hand around Alex's neck and squeezed. "Stop it!" I yelled. Ronnie pushed Alex off of him. Alex got onto his feet and glared down at me. He slowly and silently walked away from us.

I slowly looked at Ronnie and he looked back at me. His nose and lip was bleeding. He slowly got up and walked over to me. His eyes never left mine. He placed his arms under my legs and picked me up bridal style. We didn't say a word to eachother. I didn't know where he was carrying me to and at this moment....I didn't care.

He brought me to a white one story house. He managed to unlock the door and hold me at the same time. We walked into the warm house and he sat me on the burgandy couch. I couldn't sit all the way. I felt sore. I sighed and looked up at him. "I'm so sorry." I whispered.

Ronnie shook his head and got down on his knees so that he was at eye level with me. "For what?" He asked.

"I should have stayed away from you. Alex warned me yesterday. He told me that if I got close to any other guy, he would....." I didn't finish my sentence. Ronnie placed his hand on my cheek. "Hey, I'm glad you didn't. I don't want you away from me. I need you with me." He whispered. I pulled him onto the couch with me. He wiped away my tears with his hand. He held out his hand and I placed mine in his and looked into his eyes. There was pain in them....but then I saw love. Did he feel for me the same love I felt for him? He stood up and made me stand up with him. He bent down and lifted me in his arms again.

He brought me to the bathroom and reached over to turn on the shower. He looked back at me and ran his fingers through my hair. "I want you to know that I will never let that happen again. No matter who is there holding me, I will keep that fucker away from you." His voice was calm but I saw the rage in his expression. I nodded and wrapped my arms around his neck. He held me tightly in his arms. I sighed after a few seconds and pulled back. "I know you must be sore. The shower would make you feel better." He assured me. "Thank you." I whispered. He nodded and rubbed his thumb against my cheek softly and left out of the room. Some part of me wanted him to stay in here with me. But another part was happy that I was alone. I got into the shower and let the hot water soothe me. I cried. Not only because of what Alex did to me. But also because I was happy, to have Ronnie. I wasn't completely traumatized by what happened. I mean the whole situation hurts to think about but Alex has done worst. But Ronnie having to watch is what hurted the most.

When I got out of the shower, there was a dark blue towel on the toilet. I grabbed it and wrapped it around my body. I looked in the mirror and saw bruises on my face. I sighed. How can Ronnie even look at me when I looked like this? I opened the door and smiled when I saw Ronnie. He was leaning against the wall and holding and Ice pack to his head. He looked at me. "You okay?" He asked. I nodded. He grabbed my hand and led me to a small room with a queen size bed in it. There was burgandy carpet on the floor. The walls were white and there were lamps on tables that was on the left and the right of the bed. "You can sleep in here. I'll sleep on the couch." I looked at him and shook my head. "No. I want you with me." I said. He wrapped his arm around my lower back and pulled me towards him. "You sure?" He asked. I nodded. I was more than sure. Beyond sure. He led me over to the bed and I crawled on it and laid down on the pillows. Ronnie crawled in next to me and laid down beside me staring at me. I turned my head to look into his blue eyes.

His eyes slowly trailed down my body and then back to my eyes. "You are so beautiful." He whispered. I placed my hand on the side of his face. "I have to tell you something." I whispered. He placed the ice pack that he had on the table beside the bed and turned back to me. I sat up -which hurted. "Remember when I told you that the test was negative?" I asked. "Yeah." He answered. I bit my lip for a second. "Well.....it was actually positive." His eyebrows raised and he sat up. "Are you mad at me?" I asked. He looked into my eyes. "No. I mean I wish you would've told me the truth but no. I'm not mad."

"I'm sorry. I just thought that if you knew I was pregnant, that you would stop liking me." Ronnie leaned over and placed his lips against mine soflty. He pulled my body tight against his and his hands explored my body as his lips explored my mouth. He pulled back a little and looked into my eyes. "Nothing can make me stop liking you. Nothing." He whispered and then continued kissing me. He had to have seen that I was in love with him. I would never do this with just anyone.

"Are you still in pain?" He asked against my lips. "A little. You keep distracting me from it." I answered. He breathed deeply and pulled away a little. "You know what I don't understand?"

"What?" He wrapped both of his arms around me. "You don't seem traumatized by what happened." I sighed. "Well, this isnt the first time he's raped me, Ronnie."

"What?" He asked. "Alex has done alot of fucked up things. But this isn't the worst." I admitted. "Wait.....so you're use to being raped by him?" I slowly nodded. Alex sighed. "I can't believe this. You don't seem upset at all." I shook my head. "I don't want to talk about this right now. I just want to sleep." He hesitated at first but

then nodded and lifted the covers and place them over us. I laid on his chest and soon fell asleep.

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When I woke up, I was in the bed alone. I smelled bacon and sat up immediatley. I realized that I was still in a towel. I pulled on my shirt and my underwear and slipped my skirt on. Then I found my way to the kitchen and stood in the doorway as I found Ronnie shirtless flipping over some bacon that was in a silver skillet. He grabbed a fork and stirred something that was in a pot. "A guy that can cook. You don't see that everyday." I smiled. Ronnie turned and smiled at me. "You're finally woke." He said. I sat down at the chair that was by the table and stared at him. "I didn't know you can cook." I said resting my feet on the chair across from me. He turned the knob on the stove off and place the pieces of bacon on a plate that had paper towels on it. "I can do alot of things." He said looking at me. I blushed and looked down at the floor.

"So.... are you still in pain?" He asked. Not much. "Only a little." I said. He nodded and then poured something out of a pot onto a plate. He placed a couple pieces of bacon on the plate and grabbed some sugar and poured it in a small cup. He placed it on the plate and then walked over to me. He sat the plate down in front of me and kissed me on my forehead. I leaned my head up and his lips were on mine. He pulled away and smiled at me before stealing a piece of bacon from my plate. "Hey!" He chuckled and then turned to walk away. He placed another piece on my plate. Bacon, grits, and toast. perfection. He sat down across from me and began eating his food. He wasn't even half way done by the time I was. "Damn." He said looking at my clear plate. I laughed and stole his toast from his plate. "Oh right. I forgot. You're feeding for two." I nodded and took a bite out of the toast.

But then a certain thought came to my head. "Why are you okay with all of this?" I asked putting the leftover piece of toast on my plate. "All of what?" I didn't answer. Comprehension appeared on his face. "Because I care about you. You know that, Leah." I nodded. "Yeah but your life was fine just the way it was and then here I come with all of my drama." Ronnie shook his head. "No. My life wasn't fine. I'm glad you're here with all of your 'drama'. I want to help you." I sat back in my chair and stared at him out of fascination. "Why are you so perfect?" I asked. He chuckled and then took a bite of his grits. "I'm far from perfect." I shook my head. "I'm not convinced." He smiled and looked down at his food. His cheeks were kind of red. Was he blushing? So hot. "You're blushing." I accused. He didn't answer. He just smiled wider. " A guy that can blush and cook, doesn't get any better than that."

"What about a guy that know how to blush, cook, and fuck good?" I blushed. "I love that." He whispered. "Love what?" I asked looking into his blue eyes. "Seeing you blush. It's cute." He answered. I smiled at him and he smiled back. I got up with my plate in my hand and went over and dumped it in the sink. When I turned around, Ronnie was behind me looking down at me. His blue eyes looked into my green ones. He placed his hands on my waist and then leaned down and pressed his lips against mine. His hands lifted my skirt up and he picked me up and placed me on the counter. I was surprised by the sudden movement but continued kissing him anyway. I locked my legs around his waist and gripped his hair as our tongues fought eachother. I placed my arms around his neck as he began to kiss my neck.. His hands were still on my hips. Everything he was doing to me.....it sent shivers down my body. But it felt so good. "Oh. Ronnie." I moaned. "Say my name again." He whispered in my ear. He pressed himself against me harder and I felt his erection."Ronnie." I breathed. He crushed his lips against mine again. Much harder than before.

"I hope I'm not interupting anything." Said a voice. I jumped and Ronnie immediatley turned around. "Well, looks like you're busy, Ronnie." He said. The man had dark hair. Brown eyes and a scar on his neck. I hopped off of the counter and stood beside Ronnie. Ronnie slowly looked at me. "Um. This is my step dad, Jason." I slowly looked at Jason and he was smiling at me. "It's a pleasure to meet you." I said holding out my hand. He didn't shake it, he just looked back at Ronnie. "You should tell your little lady friend to go home. You have some work to do, Ronald." Jason slowly turned and then left out of the room. Ronnie sighed. "I told him to

never call me that." I shrugged. "It's okay. I have to go anyway." I said about to walk away. He grabbed my arm and pulled me in for another kiss. His lips were so soft and delicious. "Don't go." He whispered. "I have to. You need to go to work, Ronald." He groaned. "You're funny." He said sarcastically. I giggled as I walked into the bedroom and grabbed my bra which I forgot to put on this morning and I grabbed my jewelry. I gave Ronnie one more kiss before walking out of the door. I didn't want to go home to face Nate but I really couldn't go to Katie's house and face Alex. Maybe he wasn't there. Only one way to find out.

I walked over to Katie's house and knocked on the door. I didn't have my key anymore. Katie answered the door. "Where have you been? I've been calling you and I went to your house." She said in a panicky tone. "I'm fine. I'll tell you where I was. I just need you to tell me if Alex is here or not." Katie shook her head. "No. He's gone. Why?" I bumped pass her and walked into the house. She closed the door and then looked at me. "Would you mind telling me what the hell is going on here?" I had to tell her. It was time. She had to know the truth about everything. "I'm going to tell you everything. But first.....you might want to sit down."

Chapter 11: Love Is Not A Strong Enough Word For How I Feel About Him

Author's Note: I believe this chapter islonger than the other's. This chapter is basically about the truth and Leah and Ronnie's relationship. ALSO, i have some more character pictures on my profile if any of you are interested. Enjoy the chapter.

Chapter 11: Love Is Not A Strong Enough Word For How I Feel About Him

"I think that I'll just stand." Katie replied. I sighed and ran my fingers through my hair. I noticed a bruise on her cheek. No doubt it was from Alex. Jason would never hit her. Focus Leah. Focus. "Well.....I have been...um.....um."

"Spit it out, Leah. You're scaring me." She said. I took a deep breath. "Me and Alex have been having sex." I finally admitted. Katie laughed. But her laugh stopped when she saw the serious expression I had on my face. Her eyebrows pulled together as she looked at me. After a few moments of silence, she slowly walked over to the couch and sat down. "Are you.....Are you serious?" She asked. I nodded slowly. "I wanted to tell you so bad, Katie. But.....Alex didn't want me to tell."

"You've been fucking my brother? I.....I can't believe this." She shook her head and placed her hands in her hair. "I'm so sorry, Katie." I whispered. She stayed silent for a few minutes before speaking. "How long have this been happening?" She didn't even look at me. "About three years." I admitted. She placed both of her hands over her eyes and shook her head. "My sixteen year old best friend and my eighteen year old brother have been sleeping together. I just can't believe....." She didn't finish her sentence.

"Um. Well.....there's more." I said. She uncovered her eyes and finally looked up at me. "What? Are you pregnant now?" She asked with harshness in her tone. I looked down at the floor and bit my lip. "Oh. My. God. Are you fucking kidding me?" She asked. I looked back at her and shook my head.

"Does Alex know you're pregnant?" I shook my head fiercely. "No! And he can't know! You can't tell him!" I said walking up to her. "Why? He is the dad. He deserves to know." I shook my head again. "No. You can't tell him." I said sitting down next to her. "Why?" She asked.

"Because.....I don't want to end up like Carsia." Katie's eyes grew wide. "What?" Tears started forming in my eyes. "I.....I don't think Carsia's death was an accident." Katie's eyebrows pulled together. "What do you mean?"

"Katie, I think Alex killed Carsia.....on purpose." Katie looked thoughtful for a second and then her eyes watered. "He wouldn't do that." I nodded. I knew Alex. He hardly knew me. Hardly cared to know me. But I knew what he was like. "Katie, Carsia was pregnant when she died." Katie buried her face in her hands.

I rubbed her back as she cried. I knew she liked Carsia and she was a very close friend to Katie. She pulled her head up and wiped her tears. "How do you know?"

"She showed me the pregnancy test." Katie sighed. More tears fell down her cheeks. "So why do think Alex killed her?"

"Well, remember that day....well earlier the day she died- remember when-in the car, she said she wanted to tell Alex something?" Katie nodded. "Well she wanted to tell him that she was pregnant. When you were out

with Jason, I fell asleep in your room and a big noise woke me up. It came from Alex's room. So I went out in the hallway to check it out. I saw blood coming from under his door and I opened it and she was just laying on the floor.....dead."

"So you think that she told him she was pregnant, that he killed her?" Yes. "Uh. Yeah." I answered. "But....how do you know that she told him? Maybe she told him something else." I shook my head. "No. Because she gave me a look in the car that told me that she was going to tell him." She looked confused. Hell. I was confused. She didn't believe me.

"My brother would not kill his girlfriend or anyone else just because he got her pregnant." Katie said.

"But the story he gave us about how she died, it doesn't make sense." Katie sighed and got up.

"Katie, you know that story was bullshit, that's why you're not denying it." Katie turned to me.

"You are making up stuff. I don't believe you, Leah. I'm sorry. This story that you're telling me is sick."

"Alex is sick! Why can't you see that? All the clues are there but you're ignoring them, Katie. That bruise on your cheek says it all." Her eyes widened and she covered her cheek with her hand and looked down.

I stood up and walked to her. "Let me guess, you tried to talk to him but just ended up pissing him off and he slapped you." She nodded slowly.

"Alex raped me last night right in front of my.....friend." Katie slowly looked up at me. "He did?" I nodded. "We need to go to the cops." Katie shook her head. "He'll be angry."

"It doesn't matter. Life is just going to get worst and worst if we continue to let this happen."

"But we don't have proof, Leah. I mean the cops couldn't find proof that Alex killed Carsia. And they can't find proof that he raped you."

"They have test to find out rather or not you've been raped." I told her. She shook her head. "But you had sex with him plenty of times so they would think you two just fucked." I sighed. She was right. We had no proof. But we did have witnesses. Well, one witness. Ronnie.

"I think you should stay somewhere else for a little bit. Just until we find out what to do with this situation." I said. Katie nodded. "Okay. Um. I'll stay at your house." I shook my head. "No. You don't want to do that. I'm not staying there. I mean I am, but I'm spending a night somewhere else."

"So? I've stayed at your house without you before." She said. Yeah, before Nate became what he became. "I don't want you there alone with Nate." I said. I couldn't let Katie be taken advantage of by Nate. I just couldn't let that happen. "Why?" She asked.

"Because Nate has been molesting me." I said. "WHAT?!" She asked. That was the expression I expected from her. "It's okay. It's not going to happen anymore. But I don't want you anywhere near him. Promise me you won't go back to my house."

"I promise." She whispered. I sighed. Now she knew everything. And for once, I actually felt relieved. "Well I'll go over Jason's house." I nodded and I hugged her tightly. I was happy she knew the truth. She deserved it.

She pulled back and looked at me. "So.....what happened to your face?" She asked. "Well last night when Alex was done with me, he kicked me in my face." I said. "Oh my god." She said touching the bruise on my face with her finger. "So, where are you going to be staying?" She asked. I shrugged. "Hopefully with my.....friend." I answered. I would like to think of Ronnie as more than just a friend. I mean we were close to having sex this morning. Until his stepdad walked in. I was kind of scared of him especially because of what Ronnie told me the other day.

"What friend?" I blushed a little. "His name is Ronnie. He works at that store that we hardly ever go to. He's the guy with the dark hair and the blue eyes."

"Oh. Stevenson."

"What?

"His whole name is Ronnie Stevenson. You two are dating?"

"Something like that. I think I'm going to see him again today. But.....I have to go home and get some clothes." Fear was in Katie's eyes. "Borrow my clothes." She wasn't offering. It sounded like she was demanding. "I borrowed enough of your clothes." Katie shook her head. "I'm serious. Take whatever you need. I don't want you going back home." I understood her point. "Okay, I'll just take a quick shower and get dressed and I'll leave before Alex comes back." I said. Katie nodded.

"I'll stay while you're here and then leave once you do." Katie said. Katie was like my sister. No. She is my sister. I hugged her again. I will never know another girl like her. Ever.

I went upstairs and took a shower quickly and then walked into her room. I grabbed black skinny jeans and a white short sleeved shirt. I got my shoes back on And combed my hair a little. Katie walked in with two dark blue suitcases. She gave me one. "You can take some of my clothes with you." She said as she gathered a handful of clothes and placed them in her suitcase. She threw some clothes to me. "You sure?"

"Yes." She answered without hesitation. I threw some of her clothes into the suit case and zipped it up. I looked at her and she looked back at me. I hugged her. "Take care of yourself okay?" She nodded. "You too." She responded. I pulled away from her. "I'll find out what to do about Alex." I said. She nodded. I grabbed my suit case and ran down the stairs. I left out of the house and walked to the store where Ronnie worked. I walked in and saw him at the counter. He smiled when he saw me. He opened the door and let me in. I placed my bag in the small room and went next to him behind the counter. "I missed you." He whispered in my ear. I smiled and placed my lips against his jawline.

"Excuse me?" Asked a lady. I stepped away from Ronnie as he took care of the lady's items. When she left, he grabbed my waist. "I hope no one comes in here, I want to be alone with you." I smiled. He leaned down and kissed me. He backed me up against a wall and placed his hands on my hips. I laughed as his lips went down to my neck and then my chest. I sighed in pleasure. I placed my hands on his shoulders. His lips went back to mine and he picked me up with the wall supporting my back. Yes I wanted this but in a store? That is not a good place. "I want you." He breathed. God, I wanted him to. 'take me.' I wanted to say but.....again, this is a store and it's out in public. "Your house will be a better place." I said.

"You're right." He said. He gave me a quick kiss and then put me down. I already missed his touch. Me and him sat down in the corner. "So, can I ask why you have a suit case?" I sighed. My good mood vanished when he brought up the suit case because I began to think about the reason I had it. "Well, I can't go home to my house because of my stepfather. And every other option is automatically eliminated so I was wondering if....."

"You want to stay with me." He said. I nodded. He smiled. "You hardly have to ask." He answered. I bit my lip. "Why are you so nice to me?" He tilted his head to the side. "Do we always have to go through this? I'm nice to you because I care about you and I want to help you."

He smiled and I couldn't help but smile back at him.

Of course the day went by fast. Whenever there was no one in the store, me and Ronnie would use those moments to make out. I loved him. There was no hiding it anymore.

It was around eight forty when he closed up the store. I looked at the shiny silver car that was parked right in front of the store. "You like it?" He asked.

"Is this car yours?" I asked. He nodded and placed the key in the lock of the car. "How did you get it?" He hesitated a second before answering. "My step dad gave it to me." He said as he opened the door. I went to the passenger side and opened it. I got in and shut the door. "I thought you hated him." I said.

"I do. I didn't want the car. But he made me accept it."

"Made you?"

"Long story." He said as he started up the car. We drove to the little white house and walked in. "So...is he going to be here tonight?" I asked. Ronnie shook his head and closed the door. "No. Probably in the morning though." He locked the door and took his shoes off.

"Oh." I said sitting on the couch. I took my shoes off as well. Ronnie sat next to me. "I don't know about this baby." Ronnie's eyebrows pulled together. "What do you mean?"

I sighed. "I mean....it's just going to make things complicated. I mean I'm still in high school. I'm just not old enough to handle it."

"I'm going to help you." Ronnie said. I shook my head. "No. I couldn't ask you to do that. It's not your responsibility. Plus, you've already done too much for me. You're letting me stay here and I'm pregnant. Things are already getting complicated."

"Leah, I'm going to be here for you. You know that."

"I think.....I want to have an abortion. Ronnie shook his head. "No. I.....wouldn't do that if I were you."

"Why?" I asked. Ronnie scratched the back of his head. "It's not a big deal, Leah." He said softly. "Tell me." He let out a weary sigh and slowly looked at me. "Well, I'm kind of.....tense when it comes to the subject of abortion."

"Why?" I asked. Ronnie looked down at the floor. "When I was seven years old, my mother was sitting on the couch smoking. And I was just playing around. You know, doing what seven year olds do. And I made a mistake and broke a glass ash tray. She got so mad at me. She was just.....so angry. She yelled at me and she told me that she wished she got me aborted.

The word didn't sink in at the time because I was seven. But.....as I got older, I realized that....my mother hated me. She hated me. Despised me. And I felt.....empty. She was the reason why I have low self esteem. She was fucked up and I was too because of her. So....me..perfect? Far from it."

"I am so sorry, Ronnie." I whispered. He leaned his back against the couch. "Remember, I don't want remorse." I laid my head on his chest and he ran his fingers through my hair. "You're going to get it anyway." I said. Ronnie laughed softly. His fingers slowly trailed down my body. I looked up at him. His blue eyes looked back into mine. I stood up and looked down at him.

"So....we have the whole house to ourself?" A grin appeared on Ronnie's face as he nodded.

He slowly got up, walked over to me and backed me against a wall , leaned down and brushed his lips against my neck. I inhaled his scent. He smelled so good. Damn I want.....No. I need him.

He grabbed my shirt in his fist and pulled it over my head. His lips kissed mine as my fingers unbuttoned his pants. "I have to have you right now." He said as he lifted me up off the floor. I wrapped my legs around his waist as he carried me into the bedroom. He laid me down onto the bed and touched my cheek with his thumb while staring into my eyes. I had butteflies in my stomach. How does he make me feel this way? With Alex.....that's my problem. I keep comparing Ronnie with Alex. I can't do that.

I lifted up my lower body as he pulled my pants off of me.Then, his lips brushed against my stomach and he planted kisses across it. I closed my eyes and moaned. I felt my panties slowly sliding down my legs. I breathed out silently. Why was I so nervous? I was not a virgin. This isn't my first time having sex. Ronnie spreaded my thighs apart and slowly leaned down towards the most intimate part of me. As soon as his tongue touched my clit, I was in heaven.

His tongue slowly moved up and down my slit. I threw my head back against the pillow and moaned his name. I couldn't fucking believe how good this felt. I arched my back as I grabbed a handful of his hair. My toes curled as I felt the pleasure rising. Seconds before I was going to cum, Ronnie came up and kissed me. I tasted myself on his lips and it turned me on beyond the limit. As his lips were on mine, I grabbed the waistline of his jeans and pulled them down as far as I could. I wanted to feel every part of him on me. Every part. He sat up and pulled the shirt off of his body and threw it on the floor. One more piece of clothing. Just one more. I grabbed the waistline of his boxers and pulled them down. He immediatley pushed inside of me.

I moaned loudly and he brought his lips back to mine again. He pulled out a little and then pushed back in and went in so deep. I whimpered and grabbed his hair. It was so good. It felt like this moment was way deeper than anything me and Alex ever shared. His thrusts became harder and he leaned down to kiss my throat and began sucking on my flesh gently.

I laid my head back and moaned again. "Harder." I begged, Ronnie moved in me harder and grunted. I started to feel my release coming. "Fuck." Ronnie moaned. He buried his head into my neck. I closed my eyes. I was getting closer and closer. Yes. Yes. The sounds he made had me almost there. A little more. So close. I suddenly felt my release. I threw my head back, dug my nails in his back and screamed. He pushed in one more time and moaned my name as he came. We were both breathing hard. His lips slowly brushed my cheek. I sighed softly and opened my eyes. I suddenly felt his lips on mine. I wanted to tell him that I loved him. I really did. But how would he feel? He pulled back and looked into my eyes. "You're the best thing that's ever happened to me." He breathed. I smiled and placed my hand in his hair and forced his lips back down to mine. Tonight was the best night of my life.

****

The next morning, the sun woke me up. I opened my eyes and saw Ronnie laying face to face with me, staring at me. A grin slowly spreaded across both our faces as we remembered what happened last night. Neither of us were wearing any clothes. He reached over and pulled my body against his and pressed his lips against my forehead. I placed my hand on his cheek and looked up into his eyes. Lust was filling his eyes and I knew

exactly what was about to happen. He rolled on top of me and attacked my lips. His tongue played with mine as he pushed inside of me leaving me speechless. It was.....unbelievable. This pleasure was actually more intense because I knew he had the same feelings for me as I did for him. I smiled and closed my eyes concentrating on him inside me and how it was making my orgasm build up. He made a growling noise in my ear as his thrusts became faster. I knew he was about to cum soon. "Ronnie." I moaned as I wrapped my legs around his waist to feel more of him and at that moment, I felt him cum. And the second I felt that, I felt myself cum. I gripped the sheets in my fist and before I can let out a scream, Ronnie's lips stopped me.

He kissed me hard to the point where I could barely breathe. He slowly pulled back and looked into my eyes. "I love you." He whispered. Oh my god. I smiled. "You do?" I asked. Tears were forming in my eyes. He nodded. "I love you too." I kissed him again.

We stayed in bed for a while until my stomach started rumbling. He threw me my panties and I slid them on. I grabbed his shirt and slipped it on. He looked at me and smiled. "You look sexy." He said. I blushed and got off of his bed. He pulled his boxers on and his jeans. We walked into the kitchen and I got on the counter and leaned my head back against the cabinet as I watched him get out pans. "What do you want to eat?" He asked. I thought for a second. "Pancakes and sausage." I finally answered. He made the food and I watched him the whole time. He looked so good without a shirt on. A guy who can blush, cook, and fuck good. That guy is Ronnie. We sat at the table and began to eat. I looked at him. "What's the craziest thing you've ever done?" I asked. A small smile appeared on his face. "I had a threesome." My eyes widened. "With a guy and a girl or two girls?"

"I would never have a threesome with another guy and a girl." Wow. I never knew Ronnie did stuff like that. "What about you?" He asked.

"This isn't really crazy but I had sex in the janitor's closet at my school." Ronnie chuckled. "How did that work out?" He asked.

"Me and Alex got caught by the janitor of course." Ronnie shook his head.

"Was the whole thing his idea?" I nodded. I thought back to all the things I did for Alex just because I loved him. I was so stupid.

"Can I ask you something?" Ronnie nodded and then pulled his eyebrows together as he looked at my plate. "Whoa. How the hell did you do that?" He asked. I looked down at my empty plate.

"Leah, I saw you take one bite and now your food is gone." He said. I chuckled. "Remember, I'm eating for two." I said putting my hand on my stomach. Ronnie grinned. "Okay, so what did you want to ask me?"

I hesitated a little. "So, you told me you love me. And....I just want to know if that means that we're together now?" Ronnie nodded. "If that's what you want."

I smiled. "I do want that."

"Then you got it."

When I was done with my food, I scheduled a doctor's appointment. I had to make sure the baby was okay. I still didn't know what to do. If I didn't arbort it, I was probably have to put it up for adoption. But.....I wanted this baby. But it was too much. What was I going to do?

Chapter 12: On the Inside

Author's Note: So this chapter will probably be boring but you always have to have a boring chapter before shit starts getting real. Chapter 13 is.....going to be extremely crazy. You'll see.

Chapter 12: On the Inside

I came back from the doctor's appointment and she told me everything was fine. She even gave me an ultrasound picture. I didn't know what the hell it looked like but there it was. Inside me and living. Abortion would be stupid. Right? Keeping it wouldn't be bad. Would it? And Ronnie did say that he would help me raise him or her. I hope it's a girl. I would want to name her something that's uncommon.

I was sitting on the couch drinking water. Unfortunately. Ronnie makes me drink water nonstop. But I was happy to know that he cared for my health which meant that he cares for the baby's health.

Me and Ronnie's relationship has been progressing fast. We couldn't keep our hands off of each other. As soon as he walks in the door, I jump on him instantly.

It was hard not to. I looked at the time. It was going on twelve and Ronnie was supposed to be here at least two hours ago. I held the phone tight in my right hand hoping he would call soon.

The door suddenly opened and I quickly got up. Before I could speak, my mouth dropped open. Ronnie had blood on his face. "Holy fuck, what happened?" I walked up to him and placed both of my hands on his cheeks. "Alex." He muttered.

"What?" I asked. "I don't how the hell he knew where the hell I worked but I was placing some more beer in the refrigerators and out of no where, I'm being pushed to the floor. I look up and see that fucker staring down at me. Him and his faggot ass friends jumped me. Plus stole some beer out of my store. I swear to god....."

He shook his head. There was blood coming out of both of his nostrils and his right eye was black. I dropped my hands as he walked away from me and into the bathroom. "We should go to the police." I suggested. Ronnie shook his head and turned to me. "Fuck that, Leah. I think.....we need....to get a gun."

My eyes grew wide. Was he serious? I mean I hated Alex and I wanted something bad to happen to him, but was killing him really necessary?

"Ronnie, don't be stupid."

"No, Leah don't you be stupid. You know you want him dead just admit it."

" Ronnie, you could go to jail."

"It doesn't fucking matter. He's raped you and hit you, how could you not want to kill him?" Ronnie asked. I never saw him so angry. He grabbed some tissue and turned on the faucet. He then, placed the tissue on his nose. "I can't believe Alex did this to you." I said. Ronnie sighed.

"Leah, this guy, is a fucking lunatic. What the hell is his problem?" He asked looking in the mirror. "Me. I'm his problem. I have a feeling that he wants me back or.....dead." I answered. I never actually knew what it was that Alex wanted. I knew the kind of person he was but what he wants? I never knew.

"He's not going anywhere near you anymore." He promised. I leaned on his shoulder. "Let's talk about this later." I suggested. Ronnie wiped the blood from his nose and turned to me. "Okay. Okay. I'll leave it alone for now, but I'm not playing about the gun." He said with a serious expression on his face.

"I know you're not. Come on." I grabbed his hand and pulled him onto the couch with me. I picked up the ultrasound picture and gave it to him. Ronnie looked at it and rotated the picture in his fingers. "Uh Leah?"

"Hmm?" I asked. "Can I be honest with you for a second?" I nodded. "Uhh. I have no idea what the hell I'm looking at." He said staring at the picture. I chuckled. "It's my ultrasound picture. It doesn't look like much right now. I heard her heart today."

"Her?" Ronnie asked. I shrugged. "I hope." I answered. He shook his head. "The fact that you want a girl means you're going to have a boy." I nodded. I knew that's how it always went. Fate is Fate.

"That's what my mom would have wanted." He slowly looked into my eyes. I already knew what he wanted to know.

"Car accident. She was driving drunk. I was in the car with her when she drove into a building."

"How did you.....?"

"Live? I have no fucking Idea." I answered. I guess god wanted my mother gone. She wasn't the best mother in the world. But what mother is?

"So we both had fucked up mothers that are dead and fucked up stepfathers who we wish were dead." I nodded.

"I guess we were meant for eachother." I said. He smiled and kissed me. "I think so too." He whispered. His eyes slowly looked back at the ultrasound picture. "Looks kind of like alien with black eyes." He said.

"What?" I asked laughing. "Well the dad is Alex. Never know what it could be." I shook my head and laid on his shoulder. "I'm tired." I whispered. Ronnie put the picture on the table and then got up. He held his hand out for me and I just looked at it.

"Carry me." I said. Ronnie smiled and leaned down, placed his arms under my thighs and lifted me up bridal style. I wrapped my left arm around his shoulder and laid against his chest. He carried me to the bedroom. I laid down in the bed and looked up at him. "I'm going to be upset." He said.

"Why?" I asked slipping under the covers. "Because of the symptoms. You're going to be sleeping constantly and crying and getting angry for no reason." I smiled."Increased sex drive is one of the symptoms." I said. Ronnie smiled. "I know. That's the only good symptom." I grinned as his lips touched mine softly. He pulled back a little. "Sleep." He whispered. "Where are you going?" He looked really guilty for a second. "I'll be back, okay?" I was too sleepy to get more information out of him so I just nodded and closed my eyes.

Alex's voice was in my head. His moaning was in my head. Everything about him was in my head. I could feel the ground underneath me. It was just like that night. I could feel Alex inside of me. And I could feel the pain that he was making me feel. My cries echoed in my head. And everything just became louder. All at once.

I clutched the sheets in my fist and my eyes flashed open. My breathing was heavy. It was a nightmare. That's all. I looked over and the clock said three fifty seven. Ronnie still wasn't in the bed with me. Where was he?

But in a way, I was glad to be alone because I thought of that other night. What Alex did. I cried and screamed in the pillow. Ronnie was right. I did want Alex dead. I gripped the sheets in my hand and cried until my eyes were dried out. When I was done, I looked back over at the clock. Four twenty. I sighed. I was scared to go back to sleep. To have the same nightmare. But eventually, I did go back to sleep.

I was laying on my side when I woke up. I felt Ronnie's lips on my shoulder. I smiled and turned my head slightly. It was Alex. I screamed as his hands flew to my neck and he squeezed. My air was being cut off. I couldn't breathe.

I sat up and let out heavy fast breaths. Another fucking nightmare. Goddamnit. I looked at the clock. Seven fifthteen. Ronnie walked through the door and looked at me. "Where were you? You haven't been here all night." I said. "Work for my stepdad." I narrowed my eyes. "What kind of work?" I asked. He looked down at the floor. "What do you want to eat for breakfast?" He asked as he walked out of the room. I followed him out of the room.

He was getting eggs out of the refrigerator. "What kind of work?" I asked again folding my arms. He didn't answer. He placed the carton of eggs on the counter. "We haven't even been together for a week and already you're keeping things from me."

He slowly turned to me. "I'm not. It's just....." He turned back and took the eggs out of the carton. "It's just what?" I asked walking over to him. "Nothing." He answered. I shook my head and sighed. "So, I'm guessing that's your only flaw. You're a liar." I said. Ronnie's eyebrows pulled together as he looked at me. "I'm not a liar." I leaned against the counter and stared at him. "So why can't you tell me where you were?" I asked. "Leah, it's nothing leave it alone." He said angrily. I sighed. "I can't believe you. You would lie to me yet claim you love me. That's so fucking pathetic.

"Do you want to get into an argument with me?" I shook my head. "Then why are you questioning me?" Fuck. What was wrong with me? I was mad because he wouldn't tell me where he went but at the same time, I wanted him to fuck me. Fucking Mood Swings. Pregnancy symptoms are a bitch.

"I'm not. I want you." I said kissing him. Ronnie pulled my body against his. I want me on the counter and him inside of me. NOW. He pulled away for a second. "You don't want breakfast first?" He asked. I shook my head and pulled my shirt over my head. "I'm more horny than hungry." I said as I unbuttoned his pants. "Come on. In the bedroom." He whispered. I shook my head. "It's going to take too long. Lets stay in the kitchen. I said pulling my panties down. Ronnie didn't argue with me and anymore. He pulled down his pants and his black boxers. He laid down on the floor and I laid on top of him. I kissed his neck. I loved his bitter yet sweet taste he had. But his lips were the most sweet. My tongue explored his and his hands caressed my hair and then my back. I sat up a little and lowered myself on his cock. I whimpered and laid on his chest. I closed my eyes. Whoa. This shit felt so good. His hands rubbed my back. "You ever been on top before?" He asked. I shook my head. "I'll help you." He said breathlessly.

I nodded and then sat up a little. I placed my hands on the left and the right of his head onto the tile floor. He grabbed my ass and pushed me forward. Me and him moaned at the same time. Unbelievable. I was almost there. "Um...Ronnie?" The pleasure was still on his face as he looked up at me. "I'm about cum....like really soon." He nodded. "Cum as fast as you want." He breathed. He kept his hands on my ass and started moving me back and forth. His hands dropped down to the back of my thighs as I started moving on my own. Oh fuck. I was so close. Ronnie's eyes rolled to the back of his head as I went faster. I closed my eyes and tried to hold back. I wanted him to get his release too but.....it was hard. Ronnie sat up and grabbed my waist as I continued to ride him. Our moans were muffled when his lips attacked my mine. I felt the familiar tickling feeling. I threw my head back and closed my eyes. His lips were at my neck as I let out a shriek of pleasure. The whole fucking neighborhood could have heard it. My release ran through my body slowly but surely. I

felt Ronnie's breath on my neck. I looked at him. "I'm sorry." I whispered.

"For what?" He asked. "Cumming before you." I answered. He smiled. "Your pleasure is my pleasure."

"No. Fuck me again." I said. He didn't argue. He turned over so that he was on top. He stayed inside of me. "Fuck me, Ronnie." I whispered. Ronnie thrusted into me forcefully. But it didn't hurt. It felt so good. I could feel the passion within each thrust. And every noise he made brought me closer and closer to triggering another orgasm. "Ronnie, I'm going to cum." I whimpered. "Cum for me Leah." He whispered. I felt the heat rising throughtout my body. Another release. Seconds before I came, he did. He moaned loudly and kissed my lips as a wave of pleasure filled me. The kiss stopped me from screaming out of pleasure. He stayed inside of me and we stayed on the floor for a while catching our breath. He slowly got up and looked down at me. "Wait, weren't we just mad at eachother? How the hell did we just get done fucking?" I chuckled. "I don't know. Why was I mad at you again?" I asked. I literally forgot. He shrugged and kissed me once more before getting up. He grabbed his boxers and his pants and slipped them on. I got on my panties and grabbed my shirt. "Wait." He said handing me his shirt. "Wear this. I like seeing you in my shirts." I slipped on his shirt and smiled. "And I like seeing you shirtless." He grinned and went back to making us breakfast. Soon afterwards, Ronnie and I fell asleep on the couch. But I woke up when I heard phone ring. Would he mind if I answered his phone? Probably not. I grabbed it and held it to my ear.

"Hello?" I asked.

"Oh. Well I expected you there." It was Alex. I suddenly felt nauseous.

"How did you get you get this number?"

"Oh, I have my sources, Leah."

"What the fuck do you want?" Alex sighed through the phone.

"When are you coming back home? I missed you. Well...actually, I missed your pussy. We should do anal more often also."

I held back my tears and tried to compose my voice so he wouldn't get the sense that I was scared.

"Fuck you." I whispered and hung up the phone. Who told him this number? I wonder if he knows what the address was. I hope not.

The phone rang again. I sighed in frustration and picked it up again.

"Hello?" I asked.

"Why did you hang up on me?"

"You know why. I don't want to talk to you. You fucked up my life."

"How's your boyfriend's face?" I slowly looked at him and then looked back down at the floor.

"Why did you hurt him? He did nothing to you."

"He has my girl."

"You never cared about me, Alex."

"You know how it gets when you use a girl and when she's actually gone, you start to miss her. That's how I feel now."

"I don't care."

"Sure you do. All you ever wanted was for me to love you back. Right, Leah? Remember all those times you told me you loved me especially while you were cumming? I never said it back. But now I feel it."

"Right and you proved it by raping me more than once."

"I'm sorry, Leah. Just come over and let's talk." Was he serious?

"No. Because you're going to try to get me to have sex with you and I'm going to say no and you'll rape me again."

"Leah, deep down inside, you like it." Why was I still talking to him? Oh yeah. Because I'm a fucking idiot.

"Alex, don't call back."

"Come over. Please. I'm begging you."

"No. I don't trust you. I never trusted you."

"I won't hurt you. Just come over and we'll talk."

"I'm done being your sex toy."

"My what?" I just hung up the phone. He thought I was stupid enough to go over there and be alone with him. Ronnie's head snapped up. I looked at him. Tears were in his eyes and one trailed down his cheek. "Damn." He whispered as he sat up on the couch. "Ronnie? What's wrong?" I asked sitting on the couch. He wiped his tears away with his hands. "I just.....I had a dream about that night. When Alex.....when he raped you." His voice was shaky. I leaned my head on his shoulder. "I have to.....I can't continue doing this." He said. "Doing what?" I asked raising my head.

"I want to fucking kill him, Leah. I can't sit back and pretend like I don't want to any longer."

"Ronnie, please don't." He buried his face in his hands. I nuzzled his neck. "Don't." I whispered. He let out a sigh and placed his hand on my knee. "I don't want to scare you."

"You don't. You worry me. Think about it. If you kill Alex, you'll go to jail." Ronnie scoffed. "Alex should be in jail getting fucking raped in his goddamn jail cell."

A very bad time to think about this but it turned me on whenever Ronnie cussed. I guess that it was that he was the perfect romantic type guy that rarely gets angry. But his anger somehow turns me on.

"You're right." I finally said trying to keep my thoughts to myself. Ronnie's eyes looked into mine.

"I'll be back." He got up. I shook my head. "Don't go after him." I begged. "I won't. I promise." He leaned down and kissed me softly. He pulled back and walked into the bedroom. I sighed. I knew he was about to go

somewhere and as always, not tell me where. My eyes suddenly glanced at his jacket. I looked back towards the bedroom. I didn't see any sign of him coming. I slowly walked over and grabbed his jacket and dug in his pockets. I felt something cold and hard. Like a device. I dug it out. My eyes widened as I stared at the small black gun. Why would Ronnie need a gun?

Chapter 13: Too much

Author's Note. One more chapter before this. Yeah I know it sucks that it's ending and it might be ending too fast but all great things must come to an end Like Twilight and Harry Potter. Anyways.....In this chapter, there's going to be blood and crying. I had to change this chapter like a million times. Enjoy and comment. rather it's a good comment or critisism. Either way, i appreciate both.

Chapter 13: Too much

As I held the gun, Ronnie walked in. His eyes widened as he saw the gun in my hand. "What are you doing with a gun?" Ronnie pulled his eyebrows together. "You went through my jacket?" I nodded. He sighed and sat down on the couch. He ran his fingers through his dark hair and looked down at the floor. "Why do you have a gun?" I asked again.

"Leah, it's going to happen." He said slowly looking at me. I shook my head. "I can't belive you. You're not going to kill Alex. You can't!" I said. I can't just let him do this. He'll go to prison and I won't have anyone. And I needed Ronnie like I need air. "Yes, I can and I have to." I dropped the gun onto the floor and left out of the room. I heard Ronnie's footsteps as he followed me.

I walked into the bedroom and laid down. Ronnie stared down at me. "Would you break up with me if I do it?" I sat up a little. "I don't know." I answered. He sighed. "Please don't do this. Please." I whispered. Ronnie sat on the bed next to me. He tucked a piece of hair behind my ear. "Leah, if he does one more thing to you or me, it's over. I'm serious."

"I know you are." I said. I sat up and hugged him. "I won't do it. But only because you don't want me to." I nodded as my arms stayed wrapped around him tightly. "I have to go." He whispered as I pulled away. I shook my head. He sighed. "I'm not going to kill him, okay?" He kissed my lips and pulled away. "Okay." I said. I relaxed a little. He smiled slightly before turning and walking out of the room. "Wait!" I said as I got up. He grabbed his jacket. "Leave it here." He turned to look at me. "What?" He asked. "The gun. Leave it here." I demanded.

He picked it up off of the floor and placed it on the table. I watched him walk out the door and shut it. My stomach had a weird feeling. I felt dizzy as my mouth watered. I ran to the bathroom and threw up in the toilet. It wasn't pretty either. How can such a beautiful thing make me so sick? I spit out the last disgusting taste that was in my mouth and flushed the toilet. I brushed m teeth and then looked in the mirror. My hair was messy and my skin was paler than usual. I heard the front door open and then close. "Ronnie?" I asked.

"Yeah?" I let out a sigh of relief and walked into the livingroom. "You had me thinking you were someone else." He smiled. "Sorry." He said grabbing his wallet off of the top of the tv. He gave me a quick kiss and left out of the house again. I sighed and sat onto the couch. The phone rang. I picked it up. "Hello?" I asked.

I heard crying. "Hello?" I asked again. "Leah." a voice whispered. "Yeah? Who is this?" I asked. "It's Katie." She whispered.

"Katie, what's wrong?" I asked.

"Alex....he....."

"He what?" I asked.

"He touched me." She whispered. I hope she didn't mean what I think she meant.

"Did he....rape you?" She didn't answer. "Are you at home?" I asked.

"Yes." She whispered.

"I'm on my way. Stay right there." I said. I hung up the phone and got up. I couldn't even think straight. I hurriedly grabbed my jacket and slipped on some pants and my shoes. I went to the door but turned around and grabbed the gun and left out of the house. I ran. I didn't stop. Not even when my muscles began to burn. I was not going to let him hurt Katie anymore. It wasn't long before I got to the house. I grabbed onto the knob and turned it. The door was locked. Fuck! I went around to the back door. That door was locked too. Fuck this. I went to the window and tried to lift it up. There was no use. I looked around and found a brick laying on the ground. I picked it up with both of my hands and threw it through the window.

The glass broke and I grabbed onto the bottom of the window. It cut my hands leaving a sharp pain and little blood but I catapulted myself in anyway. I fell onto the kitchen floor and landed on my shoulder. I felt the sharp pain in my shoulder and felt wetness coming down. All of this was bad for the baby. All of it was too much but I had to do this for Katie. For my sister. "Katie?" I asked. No one answered. I looked around the livingroom and then ran upstairs. I heard crying. It was coming from her room. I ran in and saw her laying naked on her bed. "Oh my god." I whispered as I went to her. She closed her eyes. I went to her drawer and gave her some clothes. "Where is he?" I asked. She shrugged. "I don't know." She said tearily as she slipped her clothes on.

"Why did he do this?" I asked her. She looked up at my eyes. I saw that her eye was black. "I told him that I was going to the police." I sighed. "Why would you do that?" I asked. She didn't answer. She got up and walked out of her room. I followed her downstairs. "Get your shoes on. You can come with me to Ronnie's house." I said. She nodded and slipped her shoes on. I grabbed her hand and led her towards the door. Seconds before I was about to open it, Alex walked in. I dropped her hand and grabbed the gun and aimed it at him. He smiled as he closed the door. "I knew you'd be here." He said. "Stay the fuck away from us." Katie stood behind me.

"You're unbelievable, Leah. You really are. First you're with me now you're with someone else and now you want to kill me."

"Yeah. I told you that we were over and you kept messing with me and Ronnie. You brought this all on yourself, Alex."

He shrugged. "Maybe I did." He walked closer. I took a couple of steps back and Katie did the same.

"What is it that you want?" I asked.

"I want to know if you two are planning on going to the police." he said. I shook my head. He smiled. "Liar." He whispered.

"We won't as long as you stay away from us." I promised. He raised an eyebrow. "We all know that's not going to happen. I can't stay away from my little sister." He said. His eyes slowly looked to Katie. She looked away. "You don 't care about her. You raped her. You raped me. What the fuck do you expect from us? You knew this was going to happen!"

He took a couple of steps toward me. "One more step, Alex. One more step and I swear to god....." I cocked the gun. Alex walked over to me until the gun was pointing against his chest. "Shoot me." He challenged. My

hand became shaky with nervousness and fear. "Do it." He whispered. Tears ran out of my eyes. I couldn't do it and he knew I couldn't. He snatched the gun away from me and threw it onto the floor. He grabbed me by my neck and forced me onto the couch. Katie grabbed him by his hair trying to pull him off of me. I couldn't breathe. I tried to push him off of me. But my conciousness was slipping. He squeezed my neck tightly. I gasped for air but it was shortly being cut off. "Alex." I managed to say. His expression was emotionless. My whole vision became blurry. "Stop it!" I heard Katie say. Her voice was muffled. He pushed her away as his nails dug into my neck. I closed my eyes slowly.

This was it. For me. I wanted to kill Alex but instead.....he was killing me. I opened my eyes slowly and looked over. Katie had the gun in her hand. She aimed it at Alex's head and she pulled the trigger. His eyes grew wide. A huge bloody hole appeared in his forehead. His hands loosened around my neck and fell to the sides of him. He slowly dropped off of the couch and onto the floor. He was laying on his stomach. His head was turned to the side and his eyes were wide open. I slowly looked up at Katie. She stared at the gun that was in her hand. I slowly got up and went to her. I hugged her tightly and she dropped the gun and hugged me back. She cried in my shoulder.

After a few minutes, I called the cops. They came over and I explained the story to them. They examined the room. Katie told them that Alex has raped her and me and they had to take us to a place and examine us. It was uncomfortable but it had to be done. They found evidence that Alex has raped us and told him about what happened to Carsia but once again, they had no proof that Alex murdered her. Once we were released, Ronnie came to pick us up. Katie got into the car and I got in the backseat with her. She was expressionless staring out of the window. "You okay?" I asked her. She doesn't answer. She just faced away from me. I sat back in my seat. I didn't know how to feel. Was I happy or relieved? Relieved.

"Take me home." She said shakily. I looked over at her. "No. I don't want you alone tonight." I said. She looked at me. Her eyes were red and puffy. "I want to go home." She said forcefully. I sighed. "You want me to stay with you?" I asked. She shook her head. I told Ronnie the directions to her house. Ronnie parked into the driveway. Without a word, Katie slowly got out of the car. I followed her into the house. It was dark as she walked up the stairs slowly. I closed the door and followed her. She got into her bed and laid down. I got down on my knees in front of her bed and looked at her. "Are you okay?" I asked. She didn't answer but I saw her close her eyes.

"I know this is hard. I'm sorry you had to go through it." I heard her sniff. "You want me to call Jason?" I asked. She shook her head. I'm going to call him anyway. She shouldn't be alone. And she doesn't want me here. "I.....I killed him. I killed my brother." She whispered. I shook my head. "You had to. He raped you, Katie. He killed Carsia. He raped and abused me. It had to happen." She sat up a little. "No. I didn't have to kill him. We could have went to the police." She said. She was right. But I wanted him dead. And he deserved to be dead.

"I know." I answered. She let out a shaky breath. "None of this should have happened. What the fuck are my parents going to say when they find out that I killed them?" she asked.

"Well what do you think they would say if they found out about all the shit he's done?" She started crying again. I truly didn't know how to comfort her or anything. Because not only does she have to deal with the fact that she was raped but she has to deal with the fact that she killed Alex also. She won't ever forget it. "Just leave me alone, Leah. Please." I stayed where I was. What kind of friend would I be if I just left her alone?

"You want me to get you some water or something?"

"I want you to leave. Now. Please." She whispered. I sighed and slowly got to my feet. "I love you, Katie." She didn't respond. I just left it at that. I went downstairs and swept up the glass. I hated having to break the

window but it was necessary. After I was done, I picked up the phone and dialed Jason's number.

"Katie, where are you?" he asked.

"This is Leah and she's upstairs. She's in very bad shape. You should come over to keep her company." I said.

"I'm putting my shit on right now but tell me what happened."

I breathed deeply. "Alex is dead." I said. There was a very long pause.

"You still there?" I asked.

"Yeah.....what happened?"

"Just come over and she'll explain it to you. She doesn't want me here and she doesn't want you here either but I know that you're the only one that can make her feel better."

"Yeah. She makes me feel the same way. I love her." I smiled slightly. Katie had a good boyfriend.

"I know you do. If you have any problems, the number to where I'll be is 822-9618" I said.

" Okay, and I'm on my way." He said and then hung up. I hung up the phone and then opened the front door. I closed it and got into Ronnie's car. He looked over at me. "Is she going to be okay?" I shrugged. "She just killed her brother who raped her. What do you think?" He had an apologetic look on his face. I realized that my tone was harsh. "I'm so sorry." I reached over and hugged him. He hugged me back tightly. I pulled back. "Ready to go?" He asked. I nodded. On the way home, I told Ronnie the whole story.

"He raped his own sister? That's just fucking sick. I mean they came out of the same....." I nodded. "I know. I can't believe it either. Katie is going to be traumatized for a while. She can even be pregnant." I couldn't even imagine that. Being pregnant with my brother's baby. That would have me depressed and just.....crazy. If she was, this would mean he's gotten three girls two years younger than him-pregnant. What a fucking prick. We parked the car in the driveway and walked into the house. I went straight to the bedroom and laid down. Ronnie laid down beside me. "I was stupid. I was so stupid. That very first day he touched me, that's when everything went down hill. I was thirteen when me and him first had sex. So fucking young. And Naive." Ronnie slowly turned his head to look at me. Tears escaped out of my eyes. "Everything I've done for him I realize that I didn't do it because I loved him. I think it was more because I was scared of him."

"You're safe now, with me. He's gone and he's not coming back and even if he did, I would hold you close to me. I would never let anybody hurt you ever again. I promise." Ronnie whispered. I moved closer to him and laid my head on his chest. His fingers softly trailed over my shoulder and my ear. "I love you so much." I felt his heartbeat increase. "I love you too." He said as he kissed the top of my head. I heard the phone rang. I sighed and got up. I needed a break right now and it didn't look like I was going to get one any time soon. I picked up the phone and held it to my ear. "Hello?" I asked.

"She fucking killed herself!" Jason screamed. My eyes grew wide. "What?" I asked. "I came to her house, walked in and seen her laying on the floor dead with a fucking gun in her hand!" Jason cried. "Oh my god." I covered my mouth with my hand. "The ambulance are on their way, Leah." He hung up the phone and I just stood there emotionless. The phone slipped out of my hand and dropped onto the floor. Katie.

My Katie just killed herself. And in my head, I knew she was thinking about doing it the whole time I was talking to her. I should have fucking stayed with her. Tears burned in my eyes as I dropped to my knees. All

of this was my fault. I did it. I felt like I was the only one to blame. I shouldn't have left her alone. I heard footsteps walking towards me. "Leah?" he leaned down in front of me. "What's wrong, baby?"

"She killed herself." I choked out. Ronnie immediatley wrapped his arms around me. It was a weird feeling to imagine her dead. I was just talking to her and now she's gone. Vanished. Almost as if she never existed. "It's okay." Ronnie whispered. It wasn't though. I loved his comfort. I wrapped my arms around him and cried into his shoulder. I shut my eyes tight trying not to imagine her dead. I tried to imagine her up there in heaven staring down at me smiling. With all of her emotional pain gone. I never in my life thought this would happen. She's left me alone down here and she would never see me again and I will never see her again. More tears rolled down my cheeks onto Ronnie's shirt. I let out uncontrollable cries before I finally fell alseep.

Katie's face appeared in my dream. She was smiling at me and moving a piece of hair out of her face. And at that moment, her face vanished. Every memory. Every moment I shared with her flashed through my head. The day we met. The day she introduced me to Alex. The day I met her Parents. The day we first shared eachothers secrets. The day we announced eachother as bestfriends. It was so many memories of her inside of my head that thinking about her hurts. So bad. I opened my eyes and slowly looked over. I was laying in the bed with Ronnie who was staring at me. He offered me an apologetic smile. "Come here." He whispered. I scooted into his arms. His lips touched mine briefly. "I want you to listen to me, Leah." He said. I looked up at him to notice tears glistening in his eyes. And it made me want to break down and cry.

"You're not going through this alone. I will be with you every time you need to cry. Every time. I will never leave you alone. Ever. I love you and no matter what you go through, I will be by your side." He said. A tear slowly rolled down his cheek. I wiped it away and smiled. He kissed my forehead as I closed my eyes. "Do we need to go to the hospital?" I shook my head. "Jason basically confirmed that she was dead." I answered. I felt Ronnie nod his head. I closed my eyes and slept on his chest not dreaming this time.

I had to get over it. I just had to because there was nothing I can do or say to bring her back.

Chapter 14: Moving forward

Author's Note: I love all of you for reading my novel. You have no idea how much i appreciate it. Love every single one of you. After this novel, I'm planning on writing another erotica novel about a young girl who is a sex addict. Hopefully it becomes as popular as this novel is. In this chapter, it's going by time periods. It takes place years later. You'll see what I mean. I love you all for reading this. Enjoy and comment.

Chapter 14: Moving Forward

Two weeks later.....

Me and Ronnie went to Katie's funeral. Alot of people were around. Very emotional day. I was looking down at Katie's closed casket. Her mother had my right hand and Ronnie had my left. I gave a brief speech about Katie and even Ronnie did. He hardly knew her but he still said a few words and I was grateful for that. Before we were about to leave, Katie's mom, Lauren, stopped us. "Thank you so much for coming." She hugged me. She pulled back and looked at Ronnie. "You too." She hugged him. I smiled. When she pulled back she looked at me. Her expression was uneasy.

"We were planning a small funeral for Alex also." Just hearing his name made me nervous. "Why didn't you have Katie's and his funeral together?" I asked. Lauren shifted her weight to one foot. "Well we figured that if everyone known everything Alex did, they wouldn't have come and that means that wouldn't have come to pay their respects to Katie either. No one seems to care about Alex's funeral." I can understand why. But I felt sorry for Lauren. Both of her kids died in the same night. "Would you perhaps think about coming?" She asked. A hopeful look was on her face. I took a deep breath. "Um.....Alex did terrible things to me. I'm sorry Lauren but I don't think coming to his funeral will be the best idea." She nodded understandingly. "Thank you again for coming to Katie's funeral, Leah. It means alot." I nodded. "Your welcome, Mrs. Pierson." She smiled and walked away from us.

When me and Ronnie got home, I took my shoes off and sat on the couch. He did the same. "You okay?" He asked. I nodded and smiled. "Yeah. She's in a better place where she's not in pain. Physical or emotional. Technically, she's lucky she's not down here."

"True." Ronnie said. I smiled at him. "Thank you for coming to the funeral. You really didn't have to do that." He pulled me against his chest and we laid down on the couch. "It meant so much to you. I did it for you."

"And you giving a speech was also sweet." I said. He softly ran his finger over my back softy. "Like I said, I did it for you, baby." I smiled. I suddenly felt my dress rising up slowly. I smiled and looked up at him. He gave me a lustful look. I felt his hands on my ass. He always knew how to make me feel better. Somebody knocked on the door. I sighed and got up. I pulled my dress back down and went to open the door. It was Jason. His eyes were red and puffy.

"Hey. Why weren't you at the funeral?" I asked. I realized how stupid of a question that was. "I....I couldn't. It was hard to get out of bed this morning knowing it was today." He said. His voice was low and rough. "I want youto keep something for me, Leah. I can't keep it because it reminds me of her." He dug into his pocket and gave me a ring. I looked at the diamonds and thats when I realized it was an engagement ring. I looked back up at Jason. "I can't keep it any longer. I was going to give it to her senior year but....." I hugged him tightly. He began to cry. I could feel his tears fall on my shoulder. "I.....I loved her so much." He cried.

"I know." I said rubbing his back. "I loved her too." I said. He stayed over for a little bit. When he was about to leave, I stopped him. "Jason, don't do anything stupid." He looked at me in confusion. "You know what I'm talking about. Don't do what she did. Understand?" He hesitated at first but nodded. I hugged him once more before he left. I turned to Ronnie who was sleep on the couch. I smiled and went into the bedroom. I looked into the mirror at my stomach that looked bigger than last week. So did my boobs. I laughed silently to myself and then went back into the livingroom. I patted Ronnie's shoulder a couple times. His eyes opened and they looked at me. "Get up and let's go to bed." He slowly got up and I led him to the bedroom. We both got naked and got under the covers. Something we just always do. I cuddled into his arms as we slept silently that night.

Three years later.....

I never had Alex's baby. I went into premature labor and had a stillborn at five months. The doctors didn't know why. But for some reason, I didn't mind it. I loved that baby that was inside of me. I loved it with all my heart even if his daddy was an asshole. But maybe it was better that I didn't have it. I wasn't ready for that kind of responsibility. Yes. It was a boy like Ronnie said it would be. A little baby boy that I'll never see. I finished highschool although I had to repeat the tenth grade because of all my absences.

I graduated though. At graduation, I looked out into the audience and saw Ronnie sitting there clapping loudly as I walked across the stage. Tears were in my eyes. He's stuck with me through everything. All of it. I grabbed my diploma from the principle and walked off the stage. I had so much pride in myself. Maybe a little too much.

That night we went to dinner. Ronnie was dressed up in an all black suit which he looked sexy in. He bought me a white dress and white heels to wear. The food was amazing. Ronnie kept staring at me out of fascination. "What?" I asked. He smiled. "I love you." He said. If all these people weren't around, I'd be fucking him right now. " I love you too." I said. He bit his lip and placed a little black square box on the table. I looked at the box. I knew what it was. I looked up at him with tears glistening in my eyes. "There is no one else I rather be with than you." He said. I wanted to wipe the tears from my eyes but I knew it would mess up my make up. Ronnie slowly stood up and walked in front of me.

He got down on one knee and looked into my eyes. "Leah Melissa Hart, will you marry me?" He asked. I nodded unable to say anything. He opened the box and pulled out a gold ring with three medium sized diamonds on it. He placed it on my ring finger and smiled. More tears fell down as I hugged him tightly. His lips kissed mine softly at first. He pulled back a little. "I want to fuck you right now." He said. That made me heart beat increase. Yes. I fucking want you too. "The car." I said. He asked for a check and he paid for our dinner and we left. We drove to the closest secluded area. I got over and onto his lap facing him. His hands slowly rose my dress up over my thighs.

I licked, sucked and bit his bottom lip. He pulled the top of my dress down and then ducked his head. His hot tongue swirled around my nipple and I moaned. His hands were on my back and he pushed me forward taking my nipple deep into his mouth. I threw my head back and closed my eyes. One of his hands dissapeared from my back and went down to cup my pussy. That's when he noticed that I didn't have any panties on. I looked at him and smiled. His lips went back to mine and I reached down and unbuttoned his pants. I lifted myself up on my knees slowly as he pulled his pants down and his boxers. I took his length in my hand and stroked it back and forth. He let out low moans and leaned his head back against the headrest of the seat. I loved the fact that I could make him feel this way. I lifted up a little and lowered myself down on his cock. His lips immediatley went to mine. His hands stayed on my hips as I began to move up and down on his dick. I moaned louder and louder everytime it hit my g-spot. We kissed hungrily, growling and grunting. His taste was intoxicating. Fuck. I was so close.

It was pure bliss. Yes we were in the middle of no where fucking in the front seat of a car but to me, it was romantic and meaningful. Our moans filled the car as I suddenly felt the warm tingly sensation rising from my pussy. "I'm about to cum!" I cried.

"Cum for me Leah." He breathed. His voice had me there. It felt like electricity was flowing throughout my whole body and I screamed as I felt Ronnie explode inside of me. We were both breathing hard and unevenly. We stared at eachother as we were slowly coming down from our orgasms. We slowly smiled at eachother. I leaned in and kissed him again. It was so deep and filled with passion and heat and lust. I pulled back to catch my breath.

"That was...."

"I know." I said smiling. "Come on, let's go home." He whispered. I nodded and got back into the passenger seat. Ronnie pulled back up his pants and boxers. I pulled the top of my dress black up and the bottom of it back down. "We should do that more often." He said looking at me. I blushed. I heard him chuckle and then he started the car up.

We got home and took a shower together. Ronnie's stepdad gave him money and we moved into a bigger house. Ronnie's stepdad was a nice man but you could tell deep down inside there was something wrong with him. Ronnie accepted the money but not gladly. When Ronnie fell asleep that night, I snuck into the bathroom and opened the cabinet. I got a pregnancy test out and I took it. Me and Ronnie has been having sex alot lately and I've been feeling nauseous constantly. I would be okay rather it was negative or positive.

It came out positive and I smiled at the results. Tears of happiness came down my cheeks. The next morning, when Ronnie woke up, he made breakfast for us. "I have to tell you something." I said.

"What is it?" he asked. I smiled. "I'm pregnant." I whispered. An immediate smile appeared on his face. He got up and came over to me. "You are?" He asked. Tears swelling up in his eyes. I nodded. He placed both of his hands on both sides of my face and kissed me. My hands gripped his hair. His lips slowly left mine. "I love you." he said. I smiled. I loved those words especially when they came from his mouth. "I love you too. Now fuck me." He smiled and picked me up and put me on the table. I pushed the plates onto the floor and didn't care at the time about the mess I was going to have to clean up. My shorts disappeared from my body. Then my panties. Soon, all of our clothes were off and he shoved his cock inside me and I was in heaven.

Five years later.....

I had my baby. Her name is Katie. Katie Fiona Hart. She was perfect. She had long brunette hair. Dark blue eyes like Ronnie. Ivory colored skin and a very beautiful smile. She was so smart for a two year old. I made myself a new friend named Lisa. She was married and had three kids.

Me and Ronnie finally got married. The wedding wasn't big thank god but part of my family arrived. I had no idea how they even knew I was getting married. But it didn't matter. I was happy. My dress was long and flowy. The top of it was strapless and had silver diamonds on it. I had a flower in my hair with was wavy and hung to my back. At the reception, me and Ronnie was dancing and so were 80 percent of the people. I smiled at him as he swung me around and then my smile immediatley vanished as I saw a face I never wanted to see again. Nate was there, dressed in a white t shirt and blue jeans. "What is he doing here?" I asked. "Who?" Ronnie asked.

"My stepdad." I answered. Ronnie turned and saw Nate. He looked back at me and I saw anger flash across his features. "You want me to take care of it?" He asked. I shook my head. "I'll be back." I said as I walked away from him. I walked near Nate who was smiling at me. I stopped a couple feet away from him. "What the

hell are you doing here?" His smile disappeared. "I wanted to see my little girl get married and I did. So.....congrats."

"I don't want you here. Leave now and I'm not your little girl you fucking prick." I said before turning and walking away. Was I too harsh? Nope. My sudden bad mood turned suddenly well when I saw Ronnie and little Katie dancing together. She had on a small pink long sleeved dress and white shows and her hair was up in a ponytail and had small white flowers in it. I smiled and walked over to them. "No. I'm not getting you a pony, Katie." I heard Ronnie say as I got over to them. Katie looked at me. "Please?" She asked.

"When you grow up and get the money, you can get a pony." I said. Katie pouted and stopped dancing. Ronnie shook his head. I smiled at Katie and gave in. "Fine. I'll get you a pony." She smiled and jumped excitedly. Ronnie leaned over to me. "Are we really getting her one?" He whispered. "Definitely not." I whispered back. He chuckled. I took her hand and took Ronnie's hand and we all danced together in a small circle. I never been so happy. So full of joy.

Lisa looked after Katie while me and Ronnie went on our honeymoon in the bahamas. Sex. Sex. Sex. That was what our honeymoon was all about. We did it any and everywhere in every position. It was beyond amazing.

Ten years later.....

My daughter had a boyfriend. Yes. Fifthteen was too young. And get this.....the guy's name was Alex. Ronnie was furious when he found out about him. It was nine o clock at night. We just met him today. Him and Katie went out and went out in the front yard. Ronnie got up from the couch and stomped into the kitchen. I rolled my eyes and followed him. He turned on the faucet and started rinsing the dishes off and slamming them into the sink. "What's wrong?" I asked. I already knew the answer. "I don't want her seeing him."

"Why?" I asked. "She's too fucking young. And next thing you know, she can end up pregnant and he can end up breaking her heart. We don't know him that well. She don't even know him that well."

"We can't keep her from seeing who she wants to see."

"Yes we can because we're her parents."

"I think that you're afraid that everything that happened to me is going to happen to her. You can't compare her present with my past, Ronnie." I said gripping his black buttoned down shirt.

"I'm not. I just know how guys are. I don't trust that kid, Leah. I'm sorry but I don't want her dating him especially at her age."

"I was one year older than her when I started dating you." I said. He sighed and turned off the water. "It's not the same. You could trust me."

"Yeah, but I barely knew you at that time." He shrugged. "You knew I could protect you so that's why you stayed with me."

"I could have taken care of myself." He laughed sarcastically. "No. You couldn't have. You were in physical and emotional pain. And I had to help you."

"Right, you helped me by just laying there and watching me get raped." He quickly turned to me with tears in his eyes. "Why would you say something like that?" I didn't mean for that to slip out. There was nothing he

could do.

"That was the hardest thing I've ever had to watch. Even harder than watching it happen to my mother. I wanted to help and I tried. But I couldn't fucking move. You know that."

I nodded and hugged him. "I know. I know. I'm sorry, baby. I didn't mean to say that." He didn't hug me back at first.

"Please forgive me. I love you." I said. He slowly wrapped his arms around me. "I love you too." He whispered. "You do?" I asked.

"Yes." He answered. "Show me." I said seductively. I pulled back to look at him. He looked back at me and backed me into a counter. "I want you." I whispered.

"While our daughter is outside....alone with her boyfriend? Why do I have a feeling you're trying to distract me?"

"No I'm not." I said innocently. He stepped away from me. "I'm going to go get her." He said as he turned around. "Ronnie!" I called as he disappeared out of the room. I followed him into the livingroom. He opened the door and I quickly turned and closed it. "Don't ruin her fun." His eyebrows pulled together. "These days to teenagers, fun means fucking. So yes. I will ruin it." He said as he opened the door. I closed it back. "Let her be." I said. He sighed. "Fine. Fine. If she ends up pregnant, it's on you." he said. "She won't. She's smarter than I was." He walked pass me upstairs.

I knew my little girl was smart. She'll do the right thing. I walked upstairs with Ronnie. He unbuttoned his shirt and placed it in the hamper. I leaned against the wall staring at him out of fascination. He turned to look at me. "What?" He asked. I smiled. "Nothing, I'm just glad to have you." A small smile slowly spread across his lips. "That argument was stupid. I'm sorry." He said walking to me. He grabbed my hands. "I know. It was stupid." His hands slid down to my waist and he pulled me against his body. "We're so stupid." he chuckled and hugged me. I breathed in his cologne. He always smelled so good. "Guess what?" I said. He pulled back to look at me. "I'm pregnant again."

"I already knew it." He said scooping me up in his arms and carrying me to the bed. "How?" I asked as he sat me down. He sat down next to me. "Well the fact that you've throwing up for the last couple of days."

"I didn't that you heard that." I said. He smiled. "And the fact that you've been eating constantly. It's quite noticable. Why did you wait so long to tell me?" I shrugged. "I didn't know how you would feel about another baby. I mean we're getting older."

"That doesn't mean anything. I'm happy we're having another kid." He kissed me softly. The feel of his lips against mine sent chills down my body. "Why are yo so perfect?" I asked. He shrugged. "I have no clue." I chuckled and kissed him again.

"I want us to stay this way forever." I said. He nodded. "We will."

"Promise?" I asked.

"Forever."He answered and kissed me again. That night was blissful and so was the rest of our life together. Ronnie was the one and I knew it since I saw him. Even if I didn;t want to admit it to myself before. I loved Ronnie and I needed him. Because without him, I was nothing. I wasn't his sex toy, I was his lover, his wife, and that's what I'll always be.

Last Author's Note: I love you all once again. It's been awesome writing this. I added a picture of ronnie onto my profile. I just wanted to thank you all again.

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