

The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

# The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

By : **IceBreaker**

(FINISHED) Three years after Tristan died, Jenna is with Nate and has twins by him. When she bumps into Clementine in the mall, she realizes clementine is clueless about the death of tristan and when Clementine is finally aware, all she wants is revenge.

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# The second time around (Sequel to its not love) :

## Chapter 1

**Author's Note: I wasn't supposed to write this until after I was done with Foreverr and another upcoming story but I couldn't resist. Once I started thinking about Jenna and Nate's story, I started writing and I couldn't stop it. Anyway, enjoy chapter 1.**

### Chapter 1:I moved on

Leah held Kaylie in her lap as she sat on my couch. I was holding Haylie in my lap.

I wasn't fully aware that the twin genes ran in our family but obviously they did.

Kaylie and Haylie were now two years old and fraternal twins.

I remember back then when I was with Tristan. I was so against having kids and I didn't know why.

I'm four years older than I was then and now I'm all for having kids. I was shocked when the doctor said "Hey, we have another one coming." The panic on my face was right there on the surface. Nate laughed at me at that moment. And I could tell that Nate had panic on the inside also.

And although I had twins by Nate, we still weren't married.

But that was okay. I wasn't going to force him into that whole marriage thing.

He'll propose when he gets ready to.

We're supposed to be moving soon to Florida. Just have to sign a couple more papers and we're there.

Lindsey's coming with us. She's not going to live with us but close because I'm going to buy her a house.

"Where's RJ?" I asked Leah.

RJ was the baby she just recently had and he looked just like Ronnie.

I thought Ronnie would hate me after what happened to Tristan.

I thought April and Daeton would too.

They don't exactly hate me but it feels awkward to be around them.

"He's with Ronnie. It's daddy day."

"Nate is always so busy. He's not able to spend a lot of time with the twins but he does whenever he can."

"Does your relationship feel different? I mean from you and Tristan's?"

I shrugged. It was definitely safer. I really, truly loved Nate and I loved having his kids although all of it was unexpected.

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"It's less abusive, that's for sure."

"Tristan just never seemed like the abusive type. It came out of nowhere."

I nodded. It really did.

"Where's Lindsey?" Leah asked. Ever since the wedding, we were always together.

We were all best friends with each other.

"Probably packing with Dean."

Nate came out of the room; his eyes were fixed on me as he smiled.

He came over and kissed me and then waved to Leah.

Lindsey unlocked the door and walked into our apartment.

Yes, I gave her a key.

"What's going on?" She asked.

"Nothing. I thought you were at home packing."

"Not with Dean around." She said smiling deviously.

She came and sat on the counter while Nate began making coffee.

"Coffee in the afternoon, Nate?" She asked.

"I just woke up. Your bestie kept me up all night." He said winking at me.

"She has that effect on everyone." Lindsey said.

Everybody looked at her.

"No. No. Not like that. It's just that at all of our old sleepover's she wants to do your hair, your nails. Cook, talk about life and why it sucks. That was little Jenna. She was a fucking saint when she was twelve."

"Wow. So you two knew each forever." Leah said shifting in her seat. I nodded.

"Since we met at the beach. Well lake. Which was odd because Jenna is scared shitless of water." Lindsey said.

Nate laughed. "That's why." He turned and looked to me. "Remember when we took that vacation to Hawaii before you had the twins and you fell out of the boat and I laughed before helping you?"

I nodded while playfully glaring at him.

"Yeah, I almost drowned and you and the captain were just standing there, watching me, laughing right in my face."

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"Jenna, baby, it was four feet. We were still in the shallow area."

"So what? You still shouldn't have laughed." I said.

Nate leaned over to kiss me. "I'm sorry. I mean, it wasn't just the fact that you fell. It was how you looked as you fell. You tried to grab everything as you were falling and you hit the water really hard."

Lindsey smiled. "How did he convince you to go out in water?"

Nate kissed my cheek. "By sex."

I nodded along with him. "Yes, by sex, he convinced me."

Lindsey and Leah giggled.

"When are we going to the mall? I need to get some stuff for Rodney." Lindsey said.

Rodney looked just like Lindsey. He was so small and adorable. He was about four now.

"Oh, we can go now."

Nate walked into the bedroom with a cup of coffee. He already knew I was about to ask him to watch the twins.

"Let me just get my jacket."

"Alright. We'll be out here."

I walked through the hallway and to the bedroom.

Nate turned the TV on. "Can you watch the twins for me?" I asked.

"Of course."

"Thank you." I kissed him and he pulled me on the bed and pinned me down. "When can we get started on number three?" He asked.

"As soon as I get home." I kiss him again and again and when he stops, I smile at him.

"Or now." Nate leaned down and connected his lips with mine again while grinding against me. I could feel him getting aroused and he had this look in his eyes as looked down at me with want.

"Mmmh. I got to go. Haven't been out the house in days."

Nate nodded. "I know." He got off of me and I sat up and grabbed my jacket and my shoes. "Need anything?" I asked.

Nate smiled. "Just you and I'll be fine."

I smiled back and my cheeks grew red.

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I walked out of the bedroom and the twins were playing on the couch with their toys.

"I'll be back, sweeties." I kissed Haylie's forehead and then Kaylie's. Nate came out and took them both in his arms.

I kissed his cheek and me, Lindsey, and Leah all left.

We took my new car I bought two weeks ago. Still had the new car smell and everything.

When we got to the mall, it was crowded as usual but we just got through it. We stopped in a store for Lindsey to look for something for Rodney.

"So, how are you and Nate doing?" Lindsey asked me as she studied the clothes carefully."

"We're doing great. Trying for another baby."

"Damn. Already? The twins are only two."

I nodded. "Yeah I know. But I can't explain it, Lins. When I was with Tristan, I wasn't for the whole baby thing but now that I'm with Nate, it's all I can think about."

"Maybe you and Tristan weren't meant to have kids."

I look at her. "Thanks." I say sarcastically.

"Jenna, I'm sorry. I know that you and his baby died while you were in a coma but, I mean, it was Karma. Not on your part. On his."

"His Karma was when he got killed by my dad. Speaking of which, you haven't talked about how much you wanted him in like 10 years."

Lindsey frowned and shrugged. "Well, I'd feel bad about saying it since your mom is dead."

Still a touchy subject after four years.

"Yeah, because of my batshit gorgeous ex-husband who slowly developed into a psychopath."

"Johnnie did too." Lindsey said picking up a hanger with a black shirt on it and studying it.

"Yeah," Leah was studying shirts too. "I had this boyfriend named Alex. He was crazy too. Heâs!" She stopped and slightly smiled. "Um, never mind."

"Why are all exes fucking insane?" Lindsey asked. She had a good point.

Tristan became crazy. Johnnie became crazy and Leah just said her ex, Alex became crazy.

"Jenna?" Asked an all too familiar voice. I turned and there she was.

Tristan's ex-girlfriend, Clementine.

Her blonde hair way blonder than before.

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She had this weird look on her face like I was an alien.

She's gotten bigger but I can't say anything. The twins left me kind of fat. "Clementine. I haven't seen you in likeâ .. years."

"I was in Georgia with my best friend. I actually just got back today."

I looked to Lindsey who was staring at Clementine with a blank expression on her face.

"Oh."

Clementine studied me for a second. I know that she noticed I no longer had a ring on my finger because I saw her expression change. "You and Tristan broke up?" she asked.

"Well, you can say that." Lindsey muttered. I scowled at her.

"Guess things didn't work out so much." Clementine didn't try very hard to hide her smile.

"No. Actually, um. He'sâ ..he's dead."

Her eyes widened as she looked back and forth between me and Lindsey.

"What do you meanâ ..dead?"

"I mean dead as in, he's never coming back dead. Dead as in, cold and under the ground dead. It happened four years ago. "

"What happened?" She asked, her smile vanished completely, her voice began breaking. Still after these years, she thought she could have had another shot with Tristan. Even if he was still alive, he wouldn't be with her.

"Long story. Way too long." I replied.

"I have all day."

"No. My two year olds are at home and I have to get back to them soon. It wasâ ..nice seeing you." I made no effort to hide my sarcasm.

Me, Lindsey and Leah began walking out of the store when Clementine stopped us by calling my name. I turned back to her.

"Two year olds? But Tristan died four years ago. How could you have two year olds?"

"I'm with Nate." I said.

Clementine smiled forcibly.

"So after Tristan died, you just up and started fucking one of his friends?"

"Yeah. After I grieved for a year and sometimes still grieve til this day, I moved on with one of his friends I fell in love with."

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"That's so fucking slutty."

"You know, maybe it is. But I don't really give a shit about what you or anyone else thinks of me."

"Let me guess, you killed Tristan so you could run off with Nate."

I sighed.

If only some blondes weren't dumb.

"Yeah, that makes sense."

Actually, my ex and I got into a violent fight and then he fucking raped me. You don't know the whole story so stay the fuck out of it you blonde bitch." I walked out of the mall and Lindsey and Leah followed.

"Who was *that*?" Leah asked giggling to herself.

"Tristan's ex from a long time ago. I can't stand her. All while me and him were together, she was trying to get close to him but he kept flicking her away. I use to feel sorry for her but I don't know anymore."

"She's gotten muchâ !..blonder." Lindsey said.

I nodded.

"Robinson!" I turned around. Sean! I haven't seen him in months. "Hey." I said as he came over to us. "I almost didn't recognize you, your hair is brunette."

I nodded. "Got sick of dyeing it."

"Well you look hot either way."

"Thanks, Sean. Oh," I turn to look at Leah. "This is my friend, Leah and you already know Lindsey." He smiles at Leah and waves to her.

"You have to come see Haylie and Kaylie again. They love you."

"Only because I bought them all that shit. But hey, the little bastards make me happy. I can't come over today but I'll be there tomorrow morning around seven."

"Me and Nate, not even the twins get up at seven."

Sean shrugged. "Not my problem, Robinson." He winked at me before he turned and walked away.

"Why are all Tristan's friends fucking hot?" Lindsey asked. I shrugged. I wonder the same thing.

"Well, let's go home, I miss my babies."

## Chapter 2: She doesn't scare me

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Clementine couldn't fully blame me for what happened to Tristan. He kind of brought the shit on himself.

I dropped Leah and Lindsey off before I got back home. When I walked through the door, Nate was putting Kaylie in her high chair.

"Where's the other little devil?" I asked closing the door. Nate smiled.

"Bed. Finally. She was driving me crazy."

I giggled and put my purse on the couch, walked over and kissed Nate. The kiss lingered as always, there was never any short peck kiss. When I pulled away, I saw the want in his eyes.

I loved being a tease.

"Carrots?" Nate asked Kaylie.

Kaylie smiled and squirmed in her seat.

I kissed her forehead and got out a jar of carrots and a jar of bananas. "Guess who I saw?"

"Who?" Nate asked bringing a chair to the high chair.

I handed him the jars of food and a spoon.

"Clementine."

Nate raised an eyebrow. "Wow. I haven't even heard her name in-"

"I know. She didn't know that Tristan was dead. She said something about being in Georgia with one of her friends."

"By friends she means her vibrator." I giggled and grabbed my purse and went into the bedroom. I took my jacket off and placed it on the bed and took my heels off.

I went to my drawer to find something comfortable to wear. As I searched through my clothes, I paused when I spotted my old engagement and wedding ring.

I hate that I get all emotional when I see it. I have to get over it. He's dead and he took my mother with him.

"Jenna?"

I quickly closed the drawer and wiped my tears as I looked up at Nate and smiled. "Huh?" I asked.

Nate slowly walked over to me. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I'm just tired."

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Nate grabbed my hand before I could walk away. I looked up into his gray eyes. He opened the drawer and got out my wedding and engagement ring.

"It's not against the law to miss him, Jenna."

I nod. "But it feels wrong. And it's not fair to you. I mean we have kids together and here I am crying because of him."

"You crying because he's gone isn't going to make me mad nor will it make me love you any less."

God he was so sweet.

I smiled at him. "Go feed my child before she gets hungry."

"She's sleep in her room."

"That fast? I thought she was hungry."

"Yeah, I thought so too but I guess she was sleepier." He said shrugging.

"I see." I said nodding staring at him. He stared back at me. He already knew what I wanted and I knew he mirrored the same feeling.

Before I knew it, we were ripping each other's clothes off and Nate had me on the floor within seconds.

He buried himself deep inside of me and placed his hand over my mouth before I could moan. "Remember they're really easy to wake up."

I closed my eyes and nodded.

Yes, the bed was a few feet away but I couldn't help it, I want him now.

"I'm just now noticing how hard this carpet is." I said.

Nate laughed.

"I'm halfway inside you and that's what you're thinking of?"

I nodded and smiled up at him.

He leaned down and kissed me.

I felt warmer around Nate. I seriously couldn't explain it. He made me feel like some warm ball of light or something.

I smile at him, he always smiles back.

He doesn't get mad or irritated easily like Tristan did and I feel guilty for seeing Nate after Tristan died but life goes on.

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After me and Nate were done, we took a shower together and laid down in bed together. Well Nate did while I straddled him.

"You think she'll come after me?" I asked.

"Clementine? Why would she?"

"I don't know."

"Think she still holds a torch for Tristan?"

"She acted like she did."

"Jenna, come on, I hate to say this but he's dead. She's not going to come after you because of him. I think you're being a little too dramatic."

I sighed. "Okay. She's gotten much blonder. Looks different in appearances. I don't know. She looked a little off."

"Why do you care?"

"I don't."

"Scared?" I knew he was teasing me. Clementine hasn't given me anything to be scared of. I don't know what she's going to do nor if she's going to do anything at all.

"No. I'm not scared."

Nate hesitated before opening his mouth again. "Were you scared of Tristan?"

I nodded.

"Jenna, I'm sorry you had to go through that. If I could have done anything to prevent it, I would have-" I placed my finger on his lips.

"You're here now, that's all that matters."

It's been a while since I called my dad to check on him. His voice was always a little duller every time I called him.

I dialed his number and waited for him to pick up the phone.

"Hello?" He croaked. I sighed and closed my eyes.

"Hi, dad."

"Heyâ 'lâ 'baby."

"Something wrong?" I asked.

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He sighed before answering. "Remember the house of girls I told you about?" He asked. I looked over to Nate who was feeding the twins. I never told him that my dad works in a house where he sells girls. As much as I've always wanted to stop him, I knew he wouldn't.

"Yes."

"I'm living back in that house." Oh fuck, dad. No.

I don't know what to say. "You're looking-?"

"No! I already told you that there is no one else I'll ever love more than Haley. Okay? There is absolutely NO one else. Do you hear me?" I nodded.

"I hear you, dad."

"How are my granddaughters doing?"

"They miss you. You should come over soon, dad."

"I don't know. Maybe."

"You can't keep doing that, dad. Detach yourself from me just because of what happened to mom."

"I have to go, Jenna." He hangs up. Oh shit. Daddy is about to lose it. Fuck.

I walk over to Nate and he glances at me. "Still fucked up?"

I nod and looked back and forth between Haylie and Kaylie. My twins.

How would this have all happened if everything was reversed?

These twins wouldn't be Nate's, they'd be Tristan's.

Mom would be alive.

Tristan would be alive and my dad wouldn't be living in that house.

But life doesn't always work out so good for everybodyâ like my mom.

"What time do you work tomorrow?" I asked.

"Eight to five. As always."

Lindsey walked into the door with Rodney in her arms. "Hey." She closed the door and sat down.

"Hey." I walked over and picked up little Rodney. "Hi." I cooed. He smiled slightly.

"Hi." He said in a small voice. I laughed and looked over at the twins who were smiling at Rodney.

"God, he's heavy."

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"I know. Getting fatter and fatter by the second." Lindsey said taking three candy bars out of her purse.

"He's not the only one." I said. She rolled her eyes. "I'm starving, leave me alone."

She greedily opened the snickers bar which I wanted.

"Are you pregnant again?" I asked.

"Shit, I better not be. But lately, me and Dean have been going at it like bunnies."

"Didn't need to know that."

Nate came over and sat by me on the couch with the twins.

"Paperwork?" Lindsey asked.

"Can't leave until September."

"That's months from now."

"I know. I know but that's what the people told us. Don't worry, both of our houses will still be there by the time we get there."

Lindsey nods. Rodney reaches for her. She stands and takes him from me.

"Little miss Clementine makes another appearance."

"Twice in one day, that has to mean something."

Nate sighs. "Jenna, it means nothing. You're being paranoid."

"I saw her walking into some building. She looked like she's been cryingâlike alot. I wanted to punch that bitch in her face."

She wasn't the only one.

Haylie started laughing as Nate smiled and bounced her on his knees. "Hi." He said softly. He looked at her like she princess. He looked at me, Kaylie and Haylie that way.

"Did you talk to April or Daeton lately?" Lindsey asked.

I shook my head. I know it's been four years since Tristan died but I felt so much guilt inside for it.

"You scared of them?" Nate asked.

I shook my head. I just don't want them to hate me. I still love them even if Tristan is dead or not.

## Chapter 3: Me, myself, and Nate

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I walked out of the bathroom holding the test in my hand. I walk into the bedroom a big grin spreading across my face. Nate looks up at me and he's smiling.

"I know what that means."

I nod and walk over to him, climb on the bed and try to hand the test to him. He shook his head.

"No. You peed on that."

I roll my eyes. Although, good point.

"Can you do me a favor since I helped you with *that* favor?" He asked. I smiled and straddled him waiting for him to ask.

"What?" I asked.

"Listen to one more song."

I groan loudly.

"After four years, you're still obsessed with that damn group."

"Baby, you don't feel the lyrics."

"Yeah, only because I don't want to."

He smiles. "I put up with your music every day."

"You and music. I'm starting to think you love Blink 182 more than you love me."

Nate shakes his head and kisses me while his hands slide up and down my thighs. "I don't love anything more than I love you."

"WellâI believe you." I kiss him again.

Someone suddenly knocks on the door and I get up and go to the living room and then open the door.

It's April.

She has a blank expression on her face.

"Are you okay?" I ask.

"Can I please come in, Jenna?" She asked in a low voice. I nod and move out of the way and she slowly walks in.

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"April? What's wrong?" I ask.

Haylie stumbles into the living room and April brightens up a little. "Wow. She's beautiful, Jenna."

"Thank you, April."

She sits on the couch and plays with her fingers nervously.

I sit across from her.

"What's wrong?" I ask.

Before she can talk, Nate walks in with Kaylie in his hands.

April gives him a smile that doesn't touch her eyes then she looks at me.

"Clementine came over my house, Jenna."

Did Tristan ever bring her to meet April and Daeton?

"Why-?"

"I didn't even know about her until this morning." She said.

"What did she want?" I asked.

"I have the feeling that she was indicating a threat to you."

"To me?" I asked.

"I'm pretty sure that's what she just said." Nate muttered. I glared at him and he sat back not saying another word.

"Yes. She was a little weird. I wasn't even sure that Tristan had anyone before he met you. But she says she can't live without him and she'll do whatever it takes to get "Justice" is the word she used."

"It sounds like bullshit." I said. I didn't mean to use that word in front of her.

She raised her eyebrows.

"No not what you're saying. But this is a threat. No offense but Tristan is dead. Her trying to get "Justice" or whatever is really pointless."

"She recently found out he was dead and she is very mad. I'm just worried about you, Jenna."

"Don't worry, April. I'll protect her." Nate said resting his hand on my knee.

I shake my head. "No. I don't need protection. She's mad about something he brought on himself. She can't possibly hold me responsible for his actions."

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"And that's what I told her. But she seems to find vengeance from his death. I strongly recommend you just watch out, Jenna. Even though you and Tristan aren't together any more, I still consider you family."

I smile. "Thank you, April and thank you for warning me." I said. She nodded and watches Haylie as she runs to me. I can't help but smile at her.

"Your twins are very beautiful. I'm glad that you moved on, Jenna. A lot of women stay in an odd state of mind when someone they care about dies."

"Sounds like my dad."

"How is he holding up?"

"He isn't." I responded. April pursed her lips. "Well, tell him I send him my condolences."

"Thank you, April."

She briefly smiled and stood up and then opened the door. I closed it behind her and look to Nate.

"Remember when you said Clementine wasn't a threat? Well, it turns out that she is."

"But it's stupid. She wants revenge for a guy who's been dead for four years."

"Don't say it like you never gave a fuck about him."

"You know I did, Jenna. Everyone did. But what can I say? He got what he deserved. He fucks with the stapler; he's bound to get stapled."

"That is the worse expression I've ever heard." I can't help but smile though.

He smiled back. "Just wanted to cheer you up. Clementine is not going to come after you and I will make sure."

Yeah, Nate was probably right. Clementine will be stupid to come after me for a guy who didn't want her and he's also dead.

"Want to go to bed?"

"Yeah."

I bend down and pick up Haylie while Nate takes Kaylie into her and Haylie's bedroom and I follow.

They have separate cribs and I put Haylie in hers and while Nate put Kaylie in hers.

They soon fall asleep and me and Nate head back to the bedroom.

The best thing for me to do right now is not to worry about Clementine.

I take my hair out of its pony tail and let it fall over my shoulders.

"How would you feel if we had twins again?" I asked.

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Nate's eyes widened in horror.

I laughed at the expression on his face.

"I love our babies a lot. Butâ 'uhâ !.four of them at once? Jesus." He shook his head.

I walked over to the bed and pulled down my shorts and threw them onto the floor and crawl under the covers.

Nate looks at me smiling.

"What?" I ask.

"You're getting under the covers like I'm actually going to let you go to sleep."

I smile as he slowly pulls the covers off of me and then pulls my shirt up.

"Kiss me." I whispered. Nate kisses me while climbing in between my legs. His hands are on my knees as his tongue dances with mine. I place my hand on his boxers he's wearing and I pull them down slowly.

Nate brings his hands to my waist and places me on him so that I'm straddling his lap.

His erection is standing straight up.

I loved the responses I got out of him.

He placed his fingers through my hair and trailed his lips to my jawline. "I love you."

I smile at him. "I love you too."

He brought his lips back to mine and as he did, he lifted my shirt from off my body and pulled it off gently.

Nate dipped his head to flick his tongue against my nipple making me moan.

I grinded against his erection while he continued to allow his tongue to play with my nipple.

Watching him made me wetter than ever.

"Kiss me, Nate. Please." I whispered.

Nate kissed me again moaning in my mouth as I grinded harder.

He leaned against me and I laid back on the bed. Our kissing didn't break, we were panting hard with anticipation.

I lifted the shirt from his body and took it off.

I slide my hands all over his torso, enjoying the feel of his warm skin and then I look up into his gray eyes. Falling in love all over again.

I hug him close to my body and kiss his shoulder.

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"What's wrong?" He asked.

I shake my head. "Nothing. You're just a really amazing person."

Nate laughs softly and lifts his head up so he can look at me. "Just now realizing this?"

I smile up at him.

"I always knew it." I lifted my hand up and rubbed my thumb across his cheek.

Nate rubs his face against my hand and closes his eyes.

"You're everything to me." He whispered.

I felt the same way.

Nate sits up and I lift my lower body as he pulls my panties down. They're soaked with my arousal.

Nate smiles and kisses me again while spreading my legs apart.

He put his weight on me as our kissing turned sloppy.

"Fuck me. Fuck me please." I whispered.

Nate entered his hardness inside me and I push my fingers through his hair and look into his gray eyes watching him as an expression of pleasure developed on his face.

He slid out and slipped in deeper and a moan forced its way out of my mouth.

"I love you so much." Nate breathed.

I loved him more. Especially right now when he was doing this to me.

I could feel my release building up already.

Jesus. This was faster than normal. I don't want it to stop.

I don't want it to ever stop.

Nate's length felt so good inside me. The way it just filled me up and his strokes were so gentle.

I hug him to me as he groans out my name and I feel his warm release.

I wrap my legs around him as I too release a few seconds after him.

I moaned as I kissed him repeatedly.

I love you." He whispered against my lips.

"I love you too." Why did I feel like crying all of a sudden?

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I shouldn't be having this emotional feeling so early in the pregnancy.

Guess it was Nate that made me feel this way.

So loved.

I knew he would not turn out like Tristan. I could truly feel the honest sweetness in his heart. His soul.

I felt this feeling for Tristan once.

But now that he's gone, I had to move on and my feelings for Nate grow stronger and stronger every day.

I was lying down in the bed. It was really cold in here. It felt like it was snowing in here.

I opened my eyes and Tristan was standing over me watching me.

I gasped and sat up.

He gave me a small smirk and leaned in close to me so we were only about two inches apart.

"Your daughters are beautiful." He whispered.

Without even thinking, I reach up to touch his cheek and he's ice cold.

My eyes widen as I look him in his eyes.

He smiles a full blown smile and blood falls out of his mouth.

I woke up screaming.

Nate immediately gets up and brings me in his arms and began rocking me back and forth.

Tears are falling out of my eyes.

What the hell was that about? I only had nightmares about Tristan a year after he died.

And now this is the first time in three years that I have another.

"Jenna, are you okay?"

I slowly sighed and nodded.

"I'm sorry I woke you up." I whispered.

Nate kissed my hair and shook his head. "No it's fine. Are you okay?"

"Yes. It was just a nightmare."

"About Tristan?" He asked.

He catches on fast.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

I nod and wipe my eyes with the back of my hand.

"Jenna, he's gone. He's not going to hurt you ever again. I'll make sure he doesn't."

"You can't control my dreams, Nate, and neither can I. I'll be fine. Thank you for worrying though."

He smiles and slowly releases me.

"I'm going to go get some water. I'll be back."

I stood up and opened the door.

The hallway was cold and got colder and I continued walking towards the kitchen.

*You're fine, Jenna. You're fine.*

I walked to the cabinet, grabbed a cup and then turned the faucet on.

Once my glass was full, I turned the faucet off, turned, and Nate was right there.

I jumped and dropped the glass onto the floor.

Nate looks at me bemused. "Jenna."

"You scared me."

"You seem really scared from that nightmare. Are you okay?" He bent down and started picking up large pieces of glass from the floor and then throwing them away.

"Yes, I'm fine. The dream just shocked me. That's all. It doesn't feel cold in here to you?"

Nate looked around the room and shook his head. "Why don't you go lay down and I'll get you some water."

I smiled at him and kissed his lips before walking into the hallway. I stopped at the twins' door.

I recall what Tristan said in my dream.

He said they were beautiful.

I just decide to check on them.

I slowly open the door.

The two night lights are on and I go to both Haylie and Kaylie's beds.

They're both sleeping, snoring quietly.

I can't help but smile.

"They get that prettiness from you, you know." Nate whispered.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

I jumped.

"Stop scaring me." I pouted.

He smiled. "Sorry." He hands me my glass of water and I accept it and drink it all as we walk out of the room.

Nate kept the door half way open and followed me into our bedroom.

I sat the glass on my night stand and laid down.

Nate lied beside me and looked at me.

I looked back at him. "I wish I could forget about him but I can't."

"I know. But think about it, If you never knew Tristan, you wouldn't be here and happy with me." He said smiling weakly.

I smiled and snuggled into his arms. He was actually right.

But some part of me does wish I can forget about Tristan Niles forever.

## Chapter 4: The bitch knows how to ruin a good moment

### Chapter 4: The bitch knows how to ruin a good moment

"Two months and the bitch haven't even tried anything. She's not coming after you, Jenna."

"It's not me I'm worried about. It's Nate, the twins and Ana."

"Who the hell is Ana?" Sean asked getting a beer from the refrigerator.

"Baby number three." I answered.

"Out of all possible names, you name herâ Ana."

"Well, Sean asshole Kipsers, what should I name her?"

I asked.

"First, how do you even know it's a girl? Don't you have to wait eight months or some shit like that?"

I smile and shake my head.

"You have to wait about 16 or 17 weeks. But I want it to be a girl."

"Why?"

"I just do. Seems like girls are easier to deal with.

Speaking of which. They're with Leah."

"She's hot." He said smiling while sitting across from me.

I nod. "Yep. Hot and married with two kids."

"And she let you drop the twins off? Wow. The more, the merrier I guess."

I shrugged.

Leah absolutely adored Haylie and Kaylie.

"Yeah. She wants a lot of kids. I think Ana is going to be my last kid."

Sean looked around the room. "Why? You have enough room to fit eight more kids in here."

I shrug and take a pickle out of the jar. My god. These are just unbelievable.

"You're halfway through the jar, Jennacia."

I glare at him and stop midway from eating the pickle.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Sean grin at me. "Nate told me. That's a pretty fucked up name. I feel for you, Jenna."

I roll my eyes at him. "Shut up."

The door opened and Nate, Lindsey, and Carl walked in.

Lindsey carried a bag and smiled at me.

"Remind me not to ever be in the same car as them too ever again." Carl said sitting in the chair next to me.

"Why?" I asked.

"All they were talking about was Liquor and Blink 182. Drove me fucking insane."

Nate came over and kissed me before disappearing into the bedroom.

"Damn it. He got to her about that damn group."

Lindsey came back in with five glasses, the bottle of liquor and a small bottle of orange juice.

She handed me the orange juice and I smiled at her.

She places the other glasses on the coffee table and pours some vodka in each glass.

I don't know why they're so obsessed with plain old vodka. It was just *they're* thing.

Nate came out of the room and sat by me and I placed my feet in his lap.

I drank my orange juice while everyone else drank their vodka.

I looked to Lindsey and she immediately pours more in once her glass gets half empty.

"Hey, I thought that you thought you were pregnant."

"I went to the doctor. He said no. So, I'm good." She raised the glass back to her lips.

"Nate, tell your brunette girlfriend to change the baby's name." Sean said sitting back against the couch and taking a Marlboro light out of his pocket.

"What's wrong with Ana?" Nate asked.

"Thank you. I see nothing wrong with it." Nate smiled at me and grabbed my hand.

"Shut up, preggy." Sean muttered.

I flipped him off and laid back against the arm of the couch.

"Damn can't drink for another what? Seven months?" Carl said shaking his head.

I didn't drink so often anyway so it didn't matter.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"Living the life." I whispered.

"I bet you're glad that blonde bitch is out of your hair." Lindsey said. She sounded like a teenager.

"You're a blonde bitch." I said.

She smiled. "Thank you." She gushed.

I rolled my eyes.

"I don't think Clementine was ever coming for us. We were all being paranoid." Nate said.

"I agree." I said getting up.

Lindsey followed me into the kitchen as I started some dish water.

"Can you help me make dinner?" I asked.

Lindsey shrugged. She didn't like cooking but I knew she would for me.

"What are you supposed to be making?"

"Steak, mashed potatoes and corn." I answered.

"Lucky for you, my mom taught me-" She stopped and looked down at the floor.

Lindsey's mother died five months before she married Dean.

I look at her and sigh as I bring her into my arms.

She hugged me back.

I could hear her sniffing.

"I'm sorry." I whispered. She nodded against my shoulder.

Sean walked in. "Oh yeah. Hot lesbian action." He teased. Me and Lindsey laughed and I playfully punched him in his chest.

"What can I do?" He asked.

"Go sit back in there and stay the hell out of our way." I said.

I could hear Lindsey getting dinner ready and I hope that she's okay enough to concentrate.

"I know you wouldn't talk to me that way normally. I'm just going to assume it's the pregnancy. I'll kick your ass, Robinson."

"I'd like to see you try." I challenged.

"Not with Devil spawn number three in there. Second she's out, I'll fuck you up."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"Okay Sean. I'm so scared." I said sarcastically.

He rolls his eyes and sits down in the chair in the corner.

Lindsey starts cutting potatoes and after I'm done with the dishes, I start seasoning the steaks.

Sean smiles. "Look at you playing mommy dearest." He teases.

I shake my head and glare at him.

"Only people that are actually doing work should be in the kitchen." I said.

Sean sighed.

"Okay. Okay. I get it. I'll go tease Nate about having a stuck up bitchy girlfriend."

"Trust me, he knows."

Sean smirks and then walks out into the living room.

"He's like the older brother I never had."

Lindsey smiles as she place a huge pot of water on the stove and puts in the potatoes.

"Want me to make the corn next?"

"It's a little too soon but you can if you want." I said shrugging.

I put a little oil into a frying pan and place the steak in.

Once its golden mahogany brown as I flip one side, I flip it on the other side.

It's about almost an hour by the time everything is done.

We're all sitting in the living room eating and talking about our first time.

Well. Everyone was talking about their first time.

"She was my sister's best friend. It was a long time ago but damn was she tight." Carl said.

"Was she older or younger than you?" I asked.

Carl smiled. "Ten years older than me."

"Oh, that is fucking disgusting." Sean said shaking his head.

Lindsey laughed while sitting back against the couch.

"What? I was fifteen and I fucked a twenty five year old. That's awesome."

"That's rape." Nate said.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Carl rolled his eyes.

"What about you, Jenna. Who was your first?" Carl asked.

Everybody got quiet.

"I need some more vodka." Lindsey said heading back to the kitchen.

I cleared my throat and placed my empty plate on the coffee table and then looked back to Carl.

"Umâ !..Tristan was my first." I said. My voice cracked slightly.

Carl looked to the floor. "Oh. Sorry Jenna." He whispered softly.

I shrugged.

Nate rubbed my leg in a comforting way.

"It's okay guys. It's okay to talk about him. To say his name." I said.

"Yeah. It's only awkward as hell." Sean says.

I nod.

"Yeah. You're right."

Lindsey walked back into the living room just when someone banged on the door.

"Can you see who that is for me?" I asked her.

She nodded once and went to the door.

When she opened it, everybody's jaw dropped.

Clementine.

I looked to Nate.

"I want to talk to Jenna." Clementine said.

I sigh and close my eyes for a second.

"Let her in." I tell Lindsey and Lindsey steps aside, glaring at Clementine the whole time as Clementine steps in taking in the new environment.

I get up and motion for her to follow me into the bedroom.

She follows with a familiar fake smile on her face.

When we get into my room, she sighs and looks at me expectantly.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

I wait for her to say something.

"Iâ Jenna, I know I may come off as completely stupid and weird andâ untrustworthy,"

Damn right.

"But I want you to trust me."

I tried to contain my laughter but I couldn't. I snickered and shook my head. Was she serious?

"That's like Plankton asking Mr. Krabs to trust him. See where the problem is?"

"Jenna, we should beâ closer. Someone we both loved is dead now andâ we should learn to like each other."

"Clementine, we don't have to like each other or even look at each other. We can't be friends."

"Why do you have to be so damn mean, Jenna?"

"Because I don't like you. That is evident if you haven't noticed. You come over my house unannounced sprouting this "We should be closer" bullshit. I'm not falling for it, Clementine. What? So as soon as we become friends, you turn on me? Hell no."

"What makes you think I'd turn on you?"

"Because you think I killed Tristan."

"I know you did."

"No I did not."

"I don't know what he saw in you anyway." She muttered.

"A hell of a lot more than he saw in you obviously. Now get the fuck out of my house."

I turned and stomped back into the living room. Everyone was quietly staring at me and I could hear Clementine's heels clicking on the floor as she followed me.

She turned before she walked out.

"You're going to be sorry, Jennacia Robinson." She gave a small devious smile before walking out.

I stood frozen in my place.

"How in the fuck did she know your real name?" Sean asked.

"I-I don't know." I whispered.

## Chapter 5: Still, after four years

### Chapter 5: Still, after four years

"I am now convinced that she's crazy." I said to Nate who was sitting on the bed staring at me as I paced around the room.

"Jenna calm down. Okay? She just probably heard somebody say your government name. It's not a big deal."

"She threatened me, Nate."

"What? And you believe her?"

I nodded.

"That bitch is planning on doing something."

Nate laughed and I glared at him.

"Jenna, Tristan died four years ago. Clementine will get over it."

"She was in love with Tristan. A lot. And him being dead makes her angry and she's going to try to kill me."

"You're being dramatic."

Okay. Clementine has officially pissed me off. She knows my real name but how?

Was she a fucking spy?

No that's retarded.

"The twins start daycare next week, Nate. What if she gets to them?"

Nate stood up and came over to me. "Listen, you're stressing yourself out over this. It's nothing to worry about. Clementine will not get to you because I won't let her. I promise you.

Do you trust me?"

"You know I do."

Nate smiles. "That's all it takes."

He wrapped his arms around me and rested his head on top of mine.

"Don't worry about her. Okay? We have to buy some more stuff for the new baby. Hopefully, we know the sex soon." Nate said.

I looked up at him.

"Speaking of sex." I said smiling up at him.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"Leave it to you to think dirty at the most inappropriate times. You and your damn mood swings."

"It's one of the symptoms. I can't help it." I said shrugging.

I wrapped my arms around his neck and kissed him.

He kissed me back while moaning in my mouth.

"I'm extremely sensitive. All you have to do is fuck me for a second and I'll explode."

"I'm glad to hear that because I feel like exploding inside of you right now." Nate whispered.

I nod and bite my lip while I bring him down with me onto the bed.

"We don't have long, I have to go to work and Lindsey will be here soon to help you pack."

"Let's make the most of it then." I whispered against his lips.

Nate unzipped his pants and took his cock out.

I was suddenly desperate for it.

Thank god I was wearing a dress.

Nate lifted it up and moved my panties aside and sunk into me. "Oh, Nate." I whispered.

"You're so damn wet, Jenna." He breathed out and then kissed me as he started to move.

I closed my eyes savoring the feel of him in me.

I gasped as he hit a spot inside of me making me whimper out his name. "I love you." I breathed.

"I love you so much, Jenna." He breathed back moving hard. Oh god. I'm about to cum.

No. I want it to last longer. Please. Please.

Before I can hold it in any longer, I explode around him while he pumps hard and I feel his warm release inside of me. He buries his face in the crook of my neck and sighs deeply. "Stay home. Please. I want to stay like this all day."

Nate lifts his head up. "Me too, baby. I have to go. I'm sorry." He slowly gets off of me, placing his cock back into his pants and smiled at me.

"I think you just want me to stay just so I can fuck you."

"Okay. That's partially true."

He kissed me and then pulled away.

"You'll have a girl's day with Lindsey and you'll be happy. I promise, beautiful."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

As if on cue, Lindsey entered the room.

My dress was still lifted up and I quickly pulled it down.

"God, sorry. Should have known what I'd walk in on." Lindsey said partially covering her eyes.

"No. It's fine. We were just uhâ€¦" Nate didn't finish. He bit his lip as he looked down at me and I smiled flirtatiously at him.

"Walk with me to the door." He said.

I got up and followed him to the door.

He grabbed his keys from the table. "Damn, I want to stay. Looking at you lying on the bed. I really want you again."

"Then take me. Play hooky and take me."

"Calm down, beautiful. I'll be back here and you can ride me as hard as you want toâ€¦all night." He whispered as he kissed me.

When did Nate get so kinky?

"All night?"

"I won't complain." He said as he kissed me again before leaving out.

He makes me hotter than July.

I turn to look at Lindsey who had a smile on her face. "You and him are the sexiest couple I've ever seen."

"Thank you. I think."

She smiled and motioned with her head at the cardboard boxes in the corner.

"So did those papers ever get signed?"

She asked.

"No. Nate lost them. Who knows how long we'll be here?"

"What are the papers for exactly?"

I hesitate. "Well they're for Nate. Something about moving the business to Florida but theyâ€¦they aren't the real reason why we're staying. I'm kind ofâ€¦stalling."

"Stalling? For what?" She asked.

Fuck. I didn't want to tell anyone about this.

"If we move to Florida, I'll have to sell Tristan's house and I can't do that."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Lindsey's eyes widened and her jaw dropped.

"Jennacia Renee Robinson, You still pay for your ex-husband's house?"

"Do not tell Nate."

"And Nate doesn't know? Oh my god. Are you out of your mind?"

"I can't bring myself to just sell his house like that, Lins. So many memories."

"Yes, him raping you. Good fucking memories, Jenna." She pushed her fingers through her blonde hair.

I bite my lip and close my eyes.

"I didn't think you'd be so pissed about it." I opened my eyes.

"Because Nate is a really good guy and it'll crush him if he found out that you were still paying for Tristan's house."

"I can't let go of him, Lindsey. Not of his house."

"So, how can you expect Clementine to do so if you can't?" She asked.

I stared at her. Damn. I hate it when she's right.

Now I understand why Clementine has so much hatred towards me because in a way, it *is* my fault Tristan is dead.

And his death crushes me.

And she was madly in love, so I knew it crushed her also. If only I could sit and talk to her. But I know she won't want to talk to me. She's too pissed.

It's been a week since the last time I've seen her and I get more and more scared each day.

Not for my life, but for Ana's.

"None of us will ever fully be over him."

"I am." Lindsey said simply.

"You never liked him."

"And that's his fault. He used to be okay. Back when I first met him. Back when he was nothing but sex on a stick. And now lookâ he transformed into a douche bag and look at what being a douche bag gets you. Shot by a hot dad who is also a mobster."

"Lindsey, my dad has nothing to do with the goddamn mob. Okay?"

"But he looks like he is and god, that's so fucking hot."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"My dad will never be interested in any other girl. That's what he said but honestly, I'm fine with rather or not he dates. Everybody has to move on eventually."

"And yet you can't. Have you been paying for his house all these years?"

I look anywhere but her and she clicks her tongue. "So brunettes are dumb too."

I glare at her.

"Shut up."

"So, I'm not going to pack? We're not going to Florida?"

"We are. I just have to find out what I'm going to do with Tristan's house."

"Bulldoze that gorgeous piece of shit. Jenna, you have absolutely no reason to keep paying for the house. This is going to hurt but your psycho ex-husband is never coming back. It's his psycho ex-girlfriend that you have to worry about now. Okay?"

"Nate doesn't think so. "

Leave it to Nate to keep cool at all times.

I recall what April told me that day.

*"I have the feeling she was indicating a threat to you."*

Why? Well I knew why but why couldn't she just get a carton of ben and Jerry's ice cream ,cry her eyes out while watching a sad love story and call it a fucking night?

"You have to tell Nate about it. Who knows? He might be okay with it."

"Yeah, and he might not. I prefer to keep it in the dark."

"Has he ever lied to you?" She asked.

"How would I know that if he's never confessed to anything?" I asked.

"Jenna, I'm trying to help you. For some reason, you can't get your ex out of your head, and you're paying for his house and I am trying to make you see sense. This will absolutely crush Nate if he finds out."

"Exactly. So why tell him?"

"You know what? Fuck it, Jenna. Have it your way. Have this big fat disgusting elephant in the room." She said shrugging her shoulders.

I'm okay with having an elephant in the room.

"Okay." I replied.

"Jenna. Come on. Just tell him."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"If I tell Nate about this, he's going to want to kill me."

"No. Nate is a sweet guy. He's just going to simply say "Stop paying for it" and then he's going to move on with his life."

"How would you know that?"

"Because Nate seems to be *that* kind of guy."

"Okay. Okay. I'll tell him."

Kaylie came walking into the room. And Haylie walking in right behind her. "Mommyâ. eat." She said in a small voice.

I picked her up and kiss her fat little cheek before putting her in her high chair.

I looked down to Haylie who was holding her hands up.

"I'll take care of devil spawn number two." Lindsey said smiling.

She picked Haylie up and brought her into the kitchen with me and Kaylie.

"What are you going to make them?"

"They love peanut butter and jelly sandwiches and milk together."

"I'll make them." Lindsey volunteered.

"No. No. Sit. You have to deal with three babies day after day."

"Alicia is no baby. I think she's having sex now."

"I can imagine why you'll be pissed at that fact."

"She's becoming just like me. Which scares me shitless."

"There's nothing wrong with you, Lindsey."

She shrugged.

After we were done feeding the twins, we gave them a bath, and went shopping.

I opened the door to the house and Nate was sitting on the couch watching TV."

"Wow," I looked to Lindsey. "Were we gone that whole time?"

"All damn day." Lindsey answered rolling the twins' stroller in.

"I have to stop doing that." I whispered.

Nate smiled as he got up and kissed both of the twins.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"I have to talk to you." I said to him.

He nodded while picking both Haylie and Kaylie up in his arms.

"I'll call you later." Lindsey said giving me a look.

I nodded.

"Bye Nate." She said.

He waved at her and brought the twins back to the bedroom.

I reluctantly followed him.

Lindsey was gone before I can run to her for help.

I took a deep breath and followed Nate into the room.

The twins were sitting on our bed playing with each other talking in a weird language.

Nate smiled at them and then came over to me. "What's wrong?" He asked.

"Umâ !"

He kissed me softly and brought me into his arms. "Just tell me." He whispered.

I sighed as he pulled away from me.

"Well. I kind ofâ !.umâ !I'm sorry."

"For what? What happened?" He asked. His gray eyes showed true concern.

"I never sold Tristan's house." I whispered.

Nate stared at me not moving. Only his look of concern changed. "You what?" He asked.

"I never sold his house. I justâ !couldn't."

Nate inhaled and closed his eyes and opened them back. "Oh my goodness. Oh my fucking goodness. Are you serious?"

"I'm sorry, Nate."

"After Four years. After what he done to your mother, your unborn child and you, you're still paying for his house? Jenna, what the hell is going through your mind?" He walked away from me into the living room.

I followed him.

"Nate, I can't tell you how sorry I am. But I cannot let go. I just can't sell it."

"Yes you can and you're going to."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"No. I'm not."

"You know, I get that he's your first and all but do you seriously think for one second that I'm okay with this?"

"No. I knew you wouldn't be. I will not stop it though. It's not like I'm using your money to pay for it. When Tristan died, I got all of his money and that's what I'm using."

"After four years Jenna. You and Clementine are both crazy."

My jaw dropped. He put me in the same category as that blonde whore?

"Tristan is dead. Not coming back. So why the fuck would you pay for his house?" I never saw him so angry. I didn't know what to say. I knew why I was doing it but if I explained, no one would ever understand.

"Some part of me still loves him and I go to his house and think about the good times and it makes me happy sometimes."

"He'll always come first dead or not is that what you're saying?" Nate asked.

I just stared at him.

No. That wasn't what I was saying.

I don't think it was.

Nate sighed. "Guess that you feel like me and the twins and even Ana was a mistake. "

"No. I don't. You're starting to."

"To what? Sound like Tristan? Maybe that's what you want."

"No. I only want you."

Nate grabbed his jacket from the couch.

"Where are you going?"

"For a drive. I'll be back."

"Nate!" I hugged him but he pushed me away.

"Don't, Jenna. Just don't." He slipped his shoes on, grabbed his keys and opened the door.

He slowly turned to me. "Make a choice, Jenna. Me or the guy who killed your mother and your unborn child."

He slammed the door shut and I burst out into tears. Oh what the fuck is wrong with me?

I placed my hand on my stomach and close my eyes.

Ana always calms me down whenever I'm upset.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Shit. The twins.

I walk back into the bedroom and the twins are still playing with each other.

Smiling. They have my brunette hair and Nate's gray eyes. They have my pale skin. Nate's lips. My mother's nose.

They are magnificent.

More beautiful than both me and Nate.

No I don't regret them. I don't regret Ana. And I don't regret Nate.

## Chapter 6: This argument may be your last

### Chapter 6: This argument may be our last

I was speaking on the phone to Lindsey and Leah after I bathed the twins and put them to bed.

"Is he home yet?" Leah asked.

"No. I'm getting worried. He never stays out this late. I feel so fucking empty right now."

"I told you." Lindsey said critically.

I sat on the arm of the couch.

"That's your fifth time saying that. It didn't help me then and it damn sure isn't helping me now."

Leah sighed. "Jenna, you should rest. It sounds like you're getting stressed; you shouldn't be stressed during the pregnancy. It can cause a miscarriage."

I nodded. "I know. I know. That's what my doctor said."

There was a beeping noise. Someone was on the other line.

"Hold on, guys. Someone's on the other line."

I clicked onto the other line.

"What?" I asked.

"Robinson, your boyfriend is over here falling apart. He's going through all of my beer."

Oh fuck. I drove him to drink. Shit!

"Oh god. Please stop him, Sean." I begged.

"He's a grown ass man, Robinson, but I'll try for you. He told me what happened."

"I'm sure he did. Please convince him to come home, Sean. Please."

"Alright. I'll try."

He hangs up and I hang up after him and go back to the other line.

Leah and Lindsey were talking about the twins.

"Guys? He is drinking over Sean's house."

"Damn." Lindsey whispered.

"He's going to come in here fucking wasted."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"It's going to be okay, Jenna. Take it from me; when you get out of an abusive relationship, you do whatever you can to stay in a relationship worth staying in." Lindsey said.

I nodded.

Lindsey was one of the smartest people I know and she was dead right.

"I know, Lins. I'm tired, horny, hungry, and nauseous as hell, I just want to lie down." I whispered.

"Alright." Leah and Lindsey said simultaneously.

"Bye guys."

"Bye, Jen." Lindsey said before getting off the line.

"Night' prego." Leah said before hanging up.

I walked to my bedroom and shut the door before stripping out of my dress and laying down onto the bed. I just want my baby to come back to me.

### **Nate's POV**

Things were getting kind of hazy. Who knew that beer could make me drunk.

"Still pissed or is the beer actually helping?" Sean asked.

His girlfriend, Svetlana came over and sat on him.

"It'sâ helping." I said slowly.

"Look, go home to Jenna, fuck her hard and you'll be fine."

"Sean, fucking is not the answer to everything."

Sean smiled. "It is in my book. She's sorry."

"She doesn't want to sell it. She hurt me, Sean."

"Don't be such a pussy, Hamilton. Just go home, talk to her and the both of you will be fine."

"When did you become a fucking therapist?" I asked.

"Don't know. It's always just been part of my charm."

I stood up.

"Fuck your charm."

"About time you grew some balls, buddy."

All I could think about was Jenna and how upset she made me.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

I don't think she truly realized how much she hurt me.

After we got together, got the twins, having Ana, seriously? She's still doing this? I'm not going to let her do it.

I'm going to make her sell that goddamn house rather she likes it or not. I know she'll always love Tristan butâI meanâI come the fuck on, Jenna. Paying for his house? After all he's done to you?

"I'm leaving." I slammed the beer bottle on the table and ended up breaking it and it sliced through my hand. Damn that hurts.

"Fuck." I studied the red on my hand and then look down at the broken beer bottle.

"I'll get that-"

Sean shook his head. "Just go. Just go, Nate. You need Jenna."

I nodded and was out the door on my way back home.

### **Jenna's POV**

My eyes opened as I heard someone open the bedroom door. I sighed in relief. Thank god. Nate is safe.

I felt him get into bed and I immediately turned to him.

"Nate,"

"No, Jenna. I'm tired as hell. Don't want to talk right now."

"Nate. I'm tired too. Please talk to me. Please. This is stressing me out."

"Jenna, you pissed me off. I want to go to sleep. Please."

Fuck. The hormones are kicking in.

My eyes water as he pushes me away. "Nate," My voice cracks.

He doesn't answer.

I just lay back into the pillows and close my eyes.

DamnâI really fucked up.

Before I know it, I'm asleep.

When I woke up the next morning, Nate is gone.

I can hear somebody slamming stuff around in the kitchen.

I grab my robe and tie it up as I quietly open the door and walk down the hall.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

I peek into the twins' room, they're still sleeping.

I close their door back and go into the living room and then the kitchen.

Nate is feeling up a pot of water and he places it on the stove. He turns and looks at me for a second before going back to what he was doing.

"Nate, please talk to me. I feel so damn empty right now. Do you want to break up with me?" I asked.

Nate froze.

He slowly turned to look at me. "No. You know I want you."

"You're treating me like otherwise." I said as I pulled a chair out and sat down.

Nate sighed and leaned against the counter. "Tell me something, Jenna. How would you feel if I was paying for my ex-girlfriend's house?"

"Of course I'd be a little upset about it but I'd let you do it if it meant that much to you." I replied.

Yeah, its messed up that I'm doing this but it's *my* money and doing this makes me happy.

"I want you to stop." Nate said glaring at me.

"It's not like I'm spending your money. I'm not going to stop." I said.

Nate just ignored me the rest of the morning.

Every time I tried to talk to him, he'd walk away.

He was acting like a fucking two year old.

When it was a quarter to twelve in the afternoon, I went into the bedroom and he was laying down watching TV.

I stared at him. "I'm going over Leah and Ronnie's house. Want to come with me?" I asked.

He shook his head.

"You're really mad over this? I understand why but it's not like it's your money, Nate."

"It's not about the money, Jenna."

"Then why are you mad?" I asked.

"Because I want you to get over it."

"Get over Tristan?" I asked.

I can't just *get over* Tristan.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"You feel like you owe him. You never owed him Jenna. Even when you two were smiling and getting married and all that shit in front of your parents, Sean, me, and Carl, we knew there was something wrong. We knew he abused you but you just kept standing right by his side."

"Because I loved him." I said.

"You don't owe him anything. You feel like you're doing yourself a favor by paying for his house but you're just letting him take overâ€¦..even in his death. Just let go of it, Jenna. Save us all this time, and Let. Go."

Nate was right. But regardless of what he said, I wanted to keep the house a little longer.

I just had to.

Until everything is set and stone.

"So what happens if I don't stop?" I asked.

Nate stared into my eyes and shrugged. "You tell me."

I glared at him feeling nothing but anger. Anger, hunger, lust, loveâ€¦..but mostly anger.

"I'll tell you this, Nathan Hamilton. I can do with my money, whatever the fuck I want to. If I want to pay for my ex-husband's house, I can do that. Fuck what you say."

Nate looked at me surprised. I've never been this mad at him nor have he ever been this mad at me. All kinds of emotions were running through my head.

"Don't cuss at me, Jenna. Go do what you got to do."

I sighed.

I threw his keys at him and he cussed while I slammed the bedroom doors closed and walked out the front door and slammed it.

Not at all how I expected that conversation to go down.

The exact opposite actually.

I drove over to Leah's house, got out of the car, and knocked on her door.

I was feeling really bad and I hate to come over here because I really don't want to take this out on anyone else that I love.

Oh fuck. The waterworks.

Leah opened the door and I threw myself in her arms.

"Jenna, what's wrong?" She asked patting my back.

I pulled myself away from her and walked into the house.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Leah followed me and sat down on the couch beside me.

Ronnie came in and he smiled at me and sat on the couch beside the one I was sitting on.

"It's Nate. I told him about Tristan's house and he got so angry and he's ignoring me and it fucking hurts."

"Waitâwhat about Tristan's house?" Ronnie asked.

Oh god.

I explained to him what I've been doing.

"Why?" He asked.

I couldn't explain. He wouldn't understand. No one's understood although it's not hurting anyoneâphysically.

"I justâIâ!"

"Jenna, I'll be the first person to say Tristan was an asshole."

Actually Lindsey was the first to say that.

"Ronnie, it's beyond me why I do it. Even after he hurt me."

Ronnie slowly looked to Leah and she had a disappointed look on her face. Ronnie then looked back to me.

"Well you're not alone in the abusive ex department." He said.

I looked to Leah.

"Only if you feel like talking about it." I said.

She sat back and tucked a piece of hair behind her ear.

"I told you about my ex, Alex. He was my best friend's brother. He was so good looking. I guess that's what drew me in.

He was very abusive and he evenâraped me right in front of Ronnie."

Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit.

Oh my god.

Forget about *my* problems. I hugged Leah.

"I'm sorry." I whispered.

"It's okay. It was a long time ago. I would have had his baby, but I had a still born."

"What happened to him?" I asked.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Leah sighed. "My best friend, Katie, shot him in the head, and then killed herself that night."

Once again, oh shit. Oh shit, Oh shit.

Jesus, Leah has been through way more than I thought.

"She killed herself because she killed her brother?" I asked.

"And because her brother raped her." She said.

Okay, HOLY SHIT.

Leah really had to go through all that? My problem with Tristan was nothing compared to that.

"Damn, Leah, I meanâ I don't know what to say."

"Katie was just everything to me. And I'll admit, I sometimes go back to think about Alex. Only I don't think about happy memories like you do with Tristan because there were no happy memories with Alex."

"Yeah, I justâ I hate the fact that Tristan turned out just like that son of a bitch." Ronnie said.

"I soon met Ronnie when I was pregnant with Alex's baby. Fell in love almost instantly." She smiled at Ronnie and he gave her back a dazzling smile.

My phone rings and I look at the caller ID which said "asshole." I know who that is.

I pressed "send" and held the phone to my ear.

"Sean Kipser, what do you want?"

"Nate is still pissed. He was supposed to come home and fuck you but he still sounds pissed."

I sigh and lean back against the couch.

"Stop playing therapist, Sean. You won't succeed. I asked you to be my therapist before and it just made things worst with Tristan."

"That's only because I didn't know what was going on between the both of you then. If I would have known that he was beating your ass daily, my advice would have been to get the hell out of there."

"Too late for that."

"Indeed. Mr. Niles has checked out."

"Don't be an asshole."

"I just want you to stay with Nate. I actually like the both of you together. With Tristan, I don't believe he deserved you but with Nate, he fell in love with you the second we first saw you."

"How do you know that?" I asked.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"You must not have been paying attention to the way he looked at you when we first met you. Probably too blinded by Tristan."

"Yeahâprobably."

"So what do I do now, Dr. Sean Kipser?" I asked.

"Go home; make love to Nate and cuddle or whatever you boring couples do afterwards." I can tell he's smiling on the other line and I smile back.

"Thanks Sean." I whisper.

"No prob, Robinson. Got to go fuck my girl. Bye kid."

"Bye." We hung up at the same time.

"You okay, Jenna?" Leah asked. I nodded and sighed.

"I'll be fine. I meanâI have to go home, make up with Nate.

Deal with Tristan's ex.

Wait seven and a half months until I can dye my hair back red.

Have Ana without being stressed.

Take care of my twins and make sure my dad's okay. Other than that, I'm peachy fucking keen."

Leah raised her eyebrow.

"Sorry, this pregnancy is making me go insane. I should get back home."

"Alright, prego." We hugged again and I hugged Ronnie.

Leah got up and went and disappeared into the kitchen while Ronnie walked me to the door.

"Ronnie."

"Hmm?"

"I never asked you this and this may be kind of stupid to ask butâdo you feel awkward around me becauseâyou knowâit's my fault why Tristan is dead?"

Ronnie looked bewildered for a second. "Jenna, I'm pretty sure this is what all people have been saying butâhe brought it on himself.

I would jump off a fucking building before I'd ever put my hands on Leah or any woman for that matter like that.

And you don't deserve that.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

He was always jealous because our parents kept me and not him.

He was one that always liked control."

"Yeah. I could tell." I mutter.

"But you know, I think you three, you, Lindsey, and Leah are amazing.

All of you entered an abusive relationship.

Bad shit happened; you all got rid of those idiots.

Got with someone better. Some women are kind of stuck on their ex."

"I am."

"Different. You're not depressed, wishing he was back alive."

Oh that's true.

"Well, I think it's good that you make Leah happy. She deserves it."

"I'm glad you're happy with Nate."

We hugged each other and I waved as I left out of the house.

Okay. Okay.

Now to go home, apologize to Nate. Make love, and we'll be fine.

We'll be perfectly fine.

I get into my car and drive off.

This fight was stupid, dumb, and retarded.

We just have to talk, fuck, and we'll be fine.

I get distracted as I near my house and I hear police and fire truck sirens.

As I drive onto my street, I see my house up in flames. I bring the car to a hard halt and get out of my car and run towards it.

"Oh my god!" I notice Nate's car still in the driveway and it was on fire.

Oh my god.

Tears came out of my eyes as a man grabs me and pulls me back.

My Nate. And my twins.

The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

They were inside the fucking house still!

## Chapter 7: We all know who did it

**Author's note: Hey guys, this idea just came out of no where but i want to make a second part to a rockstar's heart because I love writing about Beth and Lance. But i care about what you guys think. Should i write a second part or keep it where it is?**

### Chapter 7: We all know who is responsible

The man basically tackled me to the ground and I struggled to get out of his hold. "Get off me!" I screamed.

"You can't go in there ma'am." He said trying to reason with me. But I couldn't be reasoned with. My daughters and my Nate were in there.

I tried to fight my way out of the man's arms but of course he was stronger.

"I swear to god you better let the fuck go off me right fucking now!" I screamed.

"Jenna!"

I turned my head and I saw Nate getting out of Sean's black car. I struggled out of the man's arms and ran to Nate who hugged me so tight, I could hardly breathe.

"I thought you wereâ!"

"No. Sean came to pick me and the twins up. They're in the car."

I let go of Nate and ran to Sean's car.

"Jesus, you okay, Jenna?" I nodded and looked in the backseat at the twins who looked as happy and careless as ever.

I opened the door to the backseat and got in with them to hug them close to me.

That momentary feeling of hatred and fear was gone when I held my babies in my arms.

"I need to go see what the hell is going on. I'll be back." Sean said as he got out of the car.

I kissed Kaylie's head and then Haylie's and began combing my fingers through Kaylie's brunette hair.

I looked out of the windshield watching Nate and Sean talk to the police officers and firefighters.

The flames were soon put out and firefighters kept questioning Nate while Sean was screaming at the neighbors that it was no one's business and to fuck off.

I'm surprisingly not mad about any of this. I'm just glad that my babies and my Nate are safe.

Soon, Nate and Sean got back into the car.

"You two don't give a fuck about saving some of the stuff in that house?" Sean asked.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"The police said they'll put some stuff aside for us. I paid them to. Until then, we'll go to my parent's house." Nate said.

"No." I shook my head and Nate look to me. "We'll just go to Tristan's house. Well, my house."

Nate sighs. Yeah, I know it will be awkward but it's the best place we could go at a time like this.

"Fine." Nate says as he leans back.

"I'll drive your car over." Nate says getting out of the car and I strangely felt empty as he disappeared.

Goddamnit. I'm crying.

Sean looks at me. "You okay?" He asked.

I shook my head. "It's the pregnancy." I squeaked.

Sean puts a hand on my knee and stares into my eyes. "Hey, you got your guy, and you got your girls."

I nodded. He was right. I had them. I need to stop being a baby.

It wasn't just the pregnancy. This fire came out of nowhere. And I can't stand it. I'm scared to death. I'm scared for my family.

Sean drives over to Tristan's house and Nate follows us. Both cars park in the driveway. Sean looks around. "It's been four years since I been here."

It's been one month since I've been here.

Nate opens the car door, grabs Haylie and carries her to the house.

I grab Kaylie and unlock the door with my keys.

It's warm as we walk in and I sat Kaylie down on the floor. She walks around and began to explore.

Nate holds Haylie close and kisses her cheek and smiles at her as he bounces her up and down gently.

Sean's on the phone talking about what happened to someone.

Nate's eyes catch mine. "Lindsey's on her way over, I called her while we were driving here."

"Thank you." I whispered. He sees the pain on my face and in my voice and he sets Haylie down on the couch and walks over to me. He wraps his arms around me once again while I cry into his chest.

He places his fingers through my hair soothing me.

"Carl is on his way." Sean says.

I hold Nate to me not wanting to let him go.

He kisses the top of my head and sighs softly. "I love you. I love you. It's okay." He whispers.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Soon, there's a violent banging on the door. Sean answers it and Lindsey began crying hysterically. Damn that was fast.

She hugs me hard and cries on my shoulder. I pat her back.

Nate still had his arm partially around me. Then Lindsey looks up at Nate and hugs him too then the twins.

"Holy fucking shit, that bitch did this. I'm going to go kick her fucking ass." I stare at Lindsey bewildered. What the hell is she talking about?

"What do you mean?" I asked.

She raised her eyebrows. "You know what I mean. Clementine. Don't tell me you don't think she did this. The bitch has threatened you."

Clementine didn't even cross my mind. Maybe. I know for a fact that she did this. Nobody else would do it unless.

I turned to Nate. "Did you cook something before you left?" I asked in a dead tone.

He shook his head. "No. I didn't smell any gas before I left. So I mean. I don't know. But that doesn't mean it was Clementine. Don't go straight to conclusions."

I released him and walked up stairs and into the bedroom. Right now, I don't give a fuck who started it. I just want to lay down. But first.

After I was done vomiting, I went to lay down in the bed. The bed I used to share with Tristan Niles.

The man who took my virginity, made me fall in love with him, married me, hurt me, and raped me. The man who took my unwanted child from me and took my mother from me.

What would I say to him if he was right next to me right now? Oh. Nothing because I'd fucking kill him again.

Calm down, Jenna. Just relax. I place my hand on my stomach. Ana. Think about Ana.

She's inside of me and she my little girl and she makes me happy.

I can hear heavy footsteps and I look over to see Nate staring at me with an odd look in his eyes. I sat up and launched myself into his arms and kissed him hard.

Panting, Nate lifted me up, keeping his lips on mine.

"I love you." He whispered against my lips.

Ripping my shirt from my body, he put me onto the bed, still not breaking the kiss.

"I thought I lost you." I whispered looking up at him. He shook his head and placed his thumb on my cheek and wiped away my tears.

"You'll never lose me." He whispered.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"You know I really want you to fuck meâhard. Butâcan you just lay with me for right now?" I asked. Nate nodded and climbed onto the bed with me. I laid down and he laid behind me, his hand wrapped around me while his lips were at my ear. "You'll always have me. Always."

None of this was supposed to happen.

And a fractional part of me actually had a feeling that it was Clementine that did this. I wanted to kick her fucking ass.

A familiar voice echoed in the room and me and Nate sat up. Carl.

"Hey guys." He walked in. Wow. He doesn't have on his glasses. He looks so different.

I got up and he hugged me and then Nate.

"I heard what happened and Sean is downstairs going out of his mind."

"I know. Is the twins okay?"

"Lindsey is downstairs playing with them listening to Sean go off like a mad man. It seemed to fuck him up more than you two and it was ya'll house."

"I know. He'll be fine." Nate walks out into the hallway and downstairs.

Carl stares at me. "You okay?"

"It's frustrating. I mean, I don't know if this happened because of..."

"The blonde bitch?" Carl asked. I nodded.

He sighed.

"Well they got people over there cleaning the shit up. Thank god you still have this house." Carl said looking around. I nodded.

"I just don't feel safe. I won't feel safe until I know who did this. Nate said he didn't leave anything on when he left."

"We'll figure it out. Nate's my friend, and you're my friend and nothing or nobody fucks with any of my friends. I'll figure this out. I'm going to get some detectives on the phone so they can investigate some shit."

"Thank you, Carl." He nodded and kissed my forehead before walking out of the room.

I sat on my bed. Clementine might have just done this and waited two months to make us think she doesn't care anymore but picked today and decided to do this.

I know it had to have been her. I just can't wait until I can see that bitch again just so I can fuck her up.

The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

## Chapter 8: Almost a break

**Author Note: I know it may feel like the story is going nowhere but it will. trust me. Well....enjoy.**

### Chapter 8: Almost a break

"Look at that shit." Sean shut the top on the silver lighter and threw it up in the air and caught it. He was wearing black gloves.

"This lighter was at the scene of the crime." He said with pride in his voice.

"How the hell did you get it?" Carl asked.

"Fucked the detective, and paid her, and she gave it to me after she dusted it for prints and guess what?" Everyone stayed quiet.

"Fucking clean as a whistle. I'm thinking the blonde bitch wore gloves. That dumb bitch is mighty smart." He said nodding.

Nate was lying on the couch and I was lying on top of him staring up at the ceiling.

So this was not an accident. I already figured this.

Nate had his hands on my stomach and his breathing was slow and quiet.

It was week three in Tristan's house and all of us were anxious.

Clementine hasn't been seen for a while and so it was obvious it was her.

It was just scary. If I had to fight her, I would but I want Ana out of the picture first.

I had one more month until I can confirm or not if she's actually a girl. I hope so.

"Not really if we all know she did it." I said.

Lindsey was stroking Rodney's hair and shaking her head. "We don't have evidence. What do we say "We know this bitch burned down your house but we don't have evidence, we just want you to believe us." Lindsey said sarcastically.

"Did the detectives find any hair follicles or anything?" I asked.

"They did find some brunette hair but they haven't matched it up to anything yet." Sean said.

Brunette hair? Clementine is a blonde though.

"Brunette?" Lindsey asked. Sean nodded once and glanced at Nate. "DNA says it was a woman."

"So you got all of this information from one detective that you fucked?" Carl asked.

Sean gave him a look. "That's not the point, dick."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Carl rubbed his forehead. "That's all they found. Dusted the place for prints. I found nothing. And I didn't have to fuck anybody to find that out." Carl said proudly.

Sean rolled his eyes and looked to me. "You okay, Robinson?"

I nodded and snuggled more into Nate's arms who held me so close.

Leah walked in from out the bathroom and sat on the floor next to Lindsey.

"I know some people who can do a little investigation. To track Clementine down and watch her."

Ronnie nodded as he joined Leah down on the floor. "Yeah, I have some friends that work down at the police department."

"You guys don't have to do all this, really." I said.

"The hell, Robinson. The bitch tried to kill Nate and the twins. She had to have known they were in the house and you weren't. She was probably watching you as you left."

"Maybe. I'm going to go lay down for a little. Ana is pissed." I said sitting up. I stood up and looked down to Nate. He bit his lip, looked around the room and then back to me and I gave him a small smile.

He grabbed my hand, got up with me and we both went into the bedroom. I closed the door and locked it.

Nate moved pieces of hair out of my face and began kissing me. Wrapping my arms around him, I pulled him against me and started unbuttoning his white button down shirt.

His lips were soft, warm and felt so good against mine.

I tangled my fingers through his soft dark hair.

His lips went down on my neck and he sucked the flesh there. I can feel him through his pants and it made me wet.

Nate unbuttoned my shorts and pulled them down to my feet while he was on his knees, he brushed his lips against my thighs and against my inner thighs. I moaned and placed my fingers in his hair and closed my eyes. He left kisses on my inner thighs and he stood up and looked down into my eyes. "I love you." He whispered.

"I love you."

He closed his eyes and hugged me and I held him just as tightly. I never wanted to let go. If something ever happened to Nate, there are no words for how I would feel.

Nate pulled back slightly to look back into my eyes and I kept mine on his as I slid his shirt off of his shoulders.

His body was warm. I slid my hands up and down his biceps and then my hand slid to the back of his neck and I made him come into contact with my lips again.

A huge knock on the door scared me.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Nate jerked away from me and went to unlock the door. I sat on the bed.

Sean had his hand over his eyes. "I know you two are fucking or whatever. Just wanted to tell you all we're leaving. Leah wanted me to tell you, she'll get some guys to investigate."

"Thanks, Sean." I said.

He nods and walks off. Nate closes the door again and pulls down his pants and boxers as he nears me.

I pull my shirt off and as I'm about to pull my panties off, but Nate places his hands on mine. "Let me." I lay back and lift my lower body up as he pulls them off of me and gets on top of me. I'm completely overwhelmed by him. By the heat of his body on top of mine.

Nate stopped where he was and got off of me and laid beside me. I was confused for a second until he turned me on my side and entered me from behind while cupping my pussy.

I gasped at the fullness of him.

Plus I was pregnant which made it feel so much better.

"That feels so good, Nate." I breathe and then close my eyes as he slowly pulls out and pushes back in deeper.

Cupping me harder, he began kissing my shoulder, and then my neck and I turned my head so he could kiss my lips.

I can feel him panting hard. His breath tickled my neck as he moved faster.

My body was his and he knew exactly what to do with it.

He had my body, heart and soul. It just feels so good whenever he's making love to me because I know he truly loves me and needs me and as do him to me.

Groaning as he stilled, he released inside of me and sighs against my hair as he presses his forehead against the back of my head.

I released around him crying out as I did and it was so much more intense than usual.

Shutting my eyes, I began crying.

Damn hormones.

Nate pulls out and turns me to him. "Did I hurt you?" He asked.

I shook my head.

"No. I justâ I love you."

"Then why are you crying?" He asked.

I wiped my tears with the back of my hand and then looked up at him. "Because I'm stupid." I squeaked.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Nate chuckled and pulled me into his arms and kissed my forehead.

I felt so warm with him.

I just always knew that ever since Tristan died, Nate would be right by my side.

\*\*\*\*

Sean and I entered the jewelry store. Him and Nate have been really big on my safety so I had to have someone with me at all times.

For right now, Sean was my temporary bodyguard.

"I know I'm your body guard and all, Robinson but did you have to come to a jewelry store of all places?"

Sean asked. He slipped his hands into the pocket of his suit pants.

"Yes. I want to find something for Lindsey. Her birthday is next week."

"Damn, and you're just going all out for her aren't you?"

I shrugged.

"She's like my sister and I can always rely on her. I love her."

I turned my head and saw a beautiful diamond necklace. "She's going to love that." I whispered, admiring it through a tiny glass cube.

A lady came up to me and smiled. "Anything you looking for, miss?"

"I want this diamond necklace." I said.

The women's eyes widened. "It's worth over ten thousand dollars." She said. I nodded. "So am I." I smiled sweetly at her.

She nodded. "Okay. I'll go get the key and I'll bring it to the front when I get the necklace out. You can just wait at the register."

Sean and me went up to the register and stood there.

"I wish I had a friend who would buy me diamonds."

I smiled at him.

"You can afford your own, Sean."

"That's true."

"That necklace is so sexy."

"Wow."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"What?" I asked.

"That weirdly sounded sexy when you said that."

I rolled my eyes.

"Stop flirting, Mr. Kipser."

"You know, you, and all of your friends are hot right?"

"I feel the same way about your friends. Especially Nathan. Think you can hook us up?" I asked playfully.

Sean rolled his eyes.

The woman came up to us and placed the necklace on the counter and I gave her my credit card.

After the jewelry store, me and Sean went to a restaurant. Versace. The place me and Tristan use to go to and it brought back memories.

Sean glanced at me. "What?" He asked.

I shook my head. "Nothing. It's just that Nate is so trusting. I know Tristan wouldn't have let me and you have lunch without assuming we were fucking each other."

"That's how he was. Tristan Niles wasâhe was something else." Sean said as he pulled a Marlboro light from his pocket and lit it up.

"Yeahâhe was."

"I don't blame him for being with you, Jenna. I mean you're a good girl. You're fucking awesome.

I blame him for trying to gain control over a girl like you.

He figured you were weak because you were a virgin.

However, look who got the shorter end of the fucking stick,"

He blew out smoke slowly in another direction and looked back to me.

"Clementine, however, all Tristan had to do was look at her and he saw all of his weakness and gained control over her. He did not-repeat DID NOT- love that girl.

But I knew he loved you, Jenna and you loved him.

And something else I knew was that all while you were with Tristan, Nate wanted you. Bad.

He promised not to act on it but obviously he eventually did and got what he wanted. A sexy somewhat redhead whose dad is a part of the mob."

I rolled my eyes. Everyone says this. "He is not. He justâI don't know."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"Anyway-that wasn't my point- Nate wanted you to be his. That first moment when we saw you, you have no idea what any of us were thinking. Nate wanted you, but me and Carl just wanted to fuck you."

I found myself blushing.

"Seriously?"

Sean nodded. "Seriously. Not anymore. Now we just view you as one of the guys. Except you just have a pussy."

"I am sure every woman loves to be called a guy with a vagina." I said sarcastically.

"You don't say the other word?" He asked.

"I think it but I don't say it. It sounds nasty."

"Pussy?"

"It sounds disgusting."

Sean smiled. "Say it."

"No." I answered.

I caught a glimpse of his sandwich. Goddamn.

Me and Ana are glaring down at that delicious looking fucking sandwich.

The lightly toasted bread. The tuna fish, bacon, tomato. My mouth waters.

Ana wants it as bad as I do.

"Give me your sandwich." I demanded.

Sean smirked. "Say it the word."

"Pussy. Now give me the sandwich."

Sean smiled, satisfied as he handed me his sandwich.

"Hurry up and finish so I can get home to Svetlana."

"I like her. She's sweet."

"Sweet but fucking clueless. Gives the best head ever. What makes her so sexy is that accent of hers. English is her third language and those moments when you have no idea what the fuck she's saying, its so sexy."

"You're weird."

"Yeah, yeah. I've heard it all, Robinson."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

When we paid for the check, we got outside and right there in the parking lot was my Audi. Only, the windshield was busted in, the car had scratches on it and the doors were bent.

What. The. Fuck?

## Chapter 9: It will never stop

### Chapter 9: It will never stop

"The Audi?" My dad asked.

I nodded.

"Shit." Dad sat down on the couch and ran his fingers through his hair and sighed. "You sure it was this Climith bitch?"

"Clementine, dad."

"Do you want me to take care of her?" He asked. This dark glare was in his eyes and it almost had me scared.

I shook my head.

"Don't say no. I asked you if you wanted me to take care of Tristan, you said no and look at all what happened. I ended up having to take care of him at the end."

I nodded. I know. "I know, dad. But all I want is for you to take the twins until this problem is gone."

Dad looked from me to Sean who was standing right next to me and then Nate who was standing on the other side of me now.

Then to the twins who were in their car seats on the couch.

"I got to run the house, Jenna."

"And that house is more important than your granddaughters?"

"No it's justâ!"

"Justâ! what? What makes it so special?"

My dad glared at me. "Come with me downstairs."

I followed him to a door and then downstairs into the basement.

He sat in a leather chair in the corner and stared up at me.

"Jenna, that house is my key to everything."

"Meaning?"

"Meaning, I'm nothing without it. You can say it's myâ! insurance."

"Your insurance?"

"Insurance against the people I work with."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"I don't understand."

"You're young. You're not meant to understand."

"I want you to take the twins."

"I can't. I have the house."

"Which is more important?"

Dad sighed. "You know I have other stuff on the side, Jenna."

"Clementine is obviously coming for me. I want them out of this situation and I know they'll be safe with you, dad. I want to take care of this bitch myself."

"You're going to kill her?"

"No. Just going to take handle of the situation."

My dad nodded. "I can do it."

I smiled, went up to him and hugged him.

We came back upstairs and my dad looked to Nate.

"Nate, take care of my baby." Dad said. Nate nodded and smiled at me.

"You too, Sean."

"Yes sir." Sean said.

I went over to my babies and got on my knees. "I love you guys." I whispered. Kaylie leaned forward and grabbed my nose and I smiled although tears came out of my eyes.

"I love you." I whispered.

Haylie smiled and clapped her hands and I kissed her and then Kaylie. They were my heart and they knew they were.

Nate kissed them both whispered "I love you." And then came back to wrap his arm around me.

"I'll take good care of these two. I promise, Jenna." Dad said and I nodded.

"Thank you so much, daddy."

"I love you, Jennacia."

I smiled and wiped away my tears with the back of my hand and sighed softly.

Nate grabbed my hand and led me out of the house and Sean followed us.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Me and Nate and Sean got in Lindsey's car who was waiting outside.

I got in the back and Nate got in with me while Sean got in the front.

I stared out the window the whole time completely heartbroken that I have to keep my twins away just because of this crazy bitch.

"The bridal shop." I whispered.

Lindsey looked behind to me. "Think she's still there?"

"Maybe. I don't know."

"So what's the plan?" Nate asked.

Sean scoffed. "What do you mean? We'll go in there and fuck this bitch up."

I shook my head and sighed. "No. I just want to talk to her alone." I grabbed the handle to the door and got, out, and then closed the door. I heard another door closed and I looked over to Nate.

He looked pissed off. "Come on."

"I want to go alone." I said.

"No, Jenna." He leaned against the car staring at me.

I sighed and began walking towards the mall and Nate followed by me. We walked side by side saying nothing. He knew that I was frustrated. But he obviously didn't care.

I opened the door and Nate followed in behind me and we walked through the store, a lot of girls blushing at Nate as we passed.

Yes, I know I have a hot boyfriend. Back the fuck off.

We walked up to the bridal shop that I came to all that time ago.

I opened the glass door and Nate quietly followed me inside.

And the blonde bitch was there. Surprise, surprise.

I stepped to the register and Nate stood right next to me.

He watched Clementine as she frowned while walking towards us. She scowled at me as she came in front of us. "Can I help you?" She asked sourly.

"Yeah, I hope you have about a million dollars in your fucking wallet for what you did to my Audi."

"What?" Of course she denies it.

"Don't play blonder than you already are. You fucked up my Audi and burned down me and Nate's house and I should seriously kick your ass for it but I'm classier than that."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"I don't know what the hell you're talking about nor do I care. Get out."

"Good job keeping your prints off that stupid ass lighter." I said glaring at her.

She stared at me completely lost. But she knew exactly what I was talking about.

"What lighter?"

"That silver lighter, bitch. You know exactly what I'm talking about. Stop acting fucking stupid for once."

"Why would I ruin your car or your house?"

"You're jealous."

"Jealous? Very funny. Get the hell out of my store."

"I know that you're planning something in that retarded fucking brain of yours."

"I have better things to do than stand here and moan and groan that my life isn't as perfect as yours, Jenna."

"You said you were going to get revenge."

"That was a while ago, Jenna. Now you're just being paranoid."

"I don't trust you."

"And you don't have to. Right now, you should just leave. I'm not coming after you, or your family. The house thingâ I-I'm sorry but I had nothing to do with it nor did I have anything to do with the destruction of your Audi." She gave me a polite smile and I just wanted to tear her head off.

Nate grabbed my hand. "Come on."

"What?"

"You heard her, Jenna; she has nothing to do with it. Let's go."

"You believe her?" I asked.

"No. I'm just sick of this shit. Okay? I just want to go back home." He walked out of the store and I glared at Clementine before leaving the store. Nate began walking out and I followed after him. I was sick of it too but I can't control it.

We both got back into the car and Sean and Lindsey both looked guilty for a second. I narrowed my eyes at Sean who said nothing. Lindsey blushed. What happened while me and Nate was gone?

Lindsey drove over to Sean's house, dropped him off. Then dropped me and Nate off at Trist-my house. Our house.

After waving goodbye to her, I followed Nate into the house and he slammed the door shut.

"What is wrong?"

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"Everything." He answered.

Damn he's mad. I love cute and playful Nate. That's who I fell in love with.

"Like?"

"I just want to leave, go to Florida and not worry about anything else. I have to sleep without my twins in the next room because everybody believes Clementine is to blame for all the bad shit that happened."

"Why do you defend her?"

"I don't! I just think that its-"

"A coincidence? You can't be serious. What happened to the Audi was no fucking accident. And you saw the lighter, Nate. There was no accident."

"We have another house in Florida and I just ordered you another Audi. We'll be fine. I don't want to hear another word about Clementine. I'm sick of her name. I'm sick of it all."

"Nate. You weren't like this earlier. What's wrong?" I asked. Nate sat down on the couch and put his head in his hands.

I sat by him and laid my head on his shoulder.

"I'm sorry." He mumbled.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

Nate looked at me, his eyes showing sadness as they watered. "Just some news about my cousin, Zach."

"What about him?" I asked.

"My sister, Jackie had a son named Zach and Zach ran away with this girl named Hayden. Jackie and Hayden's parents chased them while they tried to get away and Zach's car fell into the lake. He drowned and then Hayden killed herself the night after he died and she was six months pregnant."

"Oh my god." I whispered.

"I know. It just made me really mad. I didn't mean to take it out on you." Nate pulled me into his lap and stared at me. "I love you. I'm so sorry." He buried his head in the crook of my neck and I ran my fingers through his hair and laid against him.

The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

## Chapter 10: We are family

**Author's Note: As I've said, this story will not be half as long as "it's not love" was. It will actually end soon. The action will come up very soon. That's why I keep speeding up Jenna's pregnancy.**

### Chapter 10: We are family

A month ago, I found out that Ana is indeed a girl and it made me happy. Now here I am, with my pregnant belly.

Not a peep from Clementine but I didn't trust it too much.

Nate was at work and I was home alone.

Someone banged on the door. It was almost night time as I looked out the window. I opened the door and a woman smiled at me.

She kind of looks like my mom. Her brunette hair was cut into a short bob. Her blue eyes were wide and looked wider with the huge amount of eyeliner she had on.

She was short, skinny, tan and looked like a super model. "Hi." She said in a tone higher than mom's.

I stood there with my jaw on the floor.

"Umâ hello? You're Jennacia? Right?"

I nodded. "Yesâ that's me. Jenna."

"I know your dad, Shane. I met him earlier."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. I'm Haley's sister." Sister? Mommy never mentioned she had a sister.

"She's never mentioned you." I said stepping back for her to come in.

She came in and smiled. "She never knew about me. And I recently found out about her. Me and her were separated at birth."

"Really? Why?"

"Who knows? Your grandmother is long gone. We'll never get an explanation."

She sat down on the couch and smiled as she looked around. "Nice home."

"Thanks. It's not really mine. The ex-husband's."

"Well, he certainly likes to spend money."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"He's dead." I said. She raised her eyebrow and her smile slightly disappeared. "Oh. That's sad to hear." Her voice sounded like she was mocking me. Or I was just paranoid.

The door opened and Nate walked in. He smiled at me, closed the door and then looked to the woman.

"Oh, hi. I didn't know we had company."

"My mom's sister." I explained.

"Haley had a sister?"

"My thoughts exactly." He kissed me and sat his suitcase down on the chair.

"Thought you said the husband was dead." The woman said scowling slightly. Ummâ !.why?

"This is my boyfriend and father of my kids. Nate Hamilton."

The woman smiled.

"Oh! The twins! They're are just two tons of adorable."

"Thank you." I said. Nate shook her hand and then smiled at me before disappearing upstairs.

"He's a looker and a keeper." She said.

"I think so." I smile.

I sit down across from the woman and look around awkwardly.

"So, uhh, why are you here?" I asked.

"I wanted to get to know my family. I only have a daughter. But I wanted to meet my sister and her family."

"Got here four years late."

The woman frowns and sighs. "Shane told me. He didn't say what happened though. Can you tell me?"

Hesitating, I nodded and explained to her about my life with the infamous Tristan Niles.

The woman sat back and placed her hand on her forehead. "Jesus, he sounded soâ !..vicious."

He was.

I nodded.

"Well we all have our stories." She bit her lip and looked down to the floor.

Hey, wait a minute.

"I don't have your name." I said.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"Balie Boyer. Ugh, my husband's-well ex-husband's last name was the worst."

I laughed and she smiled warmly.

"Where've you been all this time?" I asked.

"Georgia. That's where I help a friend run a business. It's been really fun."

"I'm glad."

"What do you do?" She asked crossing her legs.

"Housewife. Without the actual wife label. I stay home and take care of the twins while Nate works."

"I see it'll be more than twins soon." Her eyes fall on my stomach.

I place my hand on my stomach and smile. "Yep. Five months. Ana Leigh Robinson."

"So beautiful."

"Thank you." I liked my â launty. "Tell me about your daughter." I said.

Balie smiled and sighed. "Well, she's very â l.different. She has a multiple personality disorder."

"Oh that's so sad."

"She doesn't seem to notice it so much. All her young life, mental institutions."

"Oh my god, are you serious?"

Balie nodded.

"Yes. She's had some tough times. Along with this, she has schizophrenia. She's a really poor thing but she can keep herself in line as long as she takes her meds."

"Is she okay?"

"Yes. I contacted her two days ago. She lives here. Have for a while now. But she's told me she has a problem with some woman." Balie dug through her purse and pulled out a picture. She smiled as she hands it over to me.

I stare at the picture and my jaw drops. I gulp and my heart beat quickens in shock, in fear, and in anger. It was a picture of Clementine.

"C-Clementine?" I whisper.

Balie cocked her head to the side. "Yeah. How did you know?"

"Umm. My ex was with her."

"The man who killed my sister was with my daughter?"

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

I nodded slowly.

She bites her lip and goes to talking about her.

I'm completely distracted.

If Clementine is Balie's daughter, that would make Clementine my cousin. My cousin. My fucking cousin wants to kill me.

How would Balie take it if I told her this?

"Did you hear me?" She asked breaking me from my reverie.

"I'm sorry, what did you say?" My voice cracked.

"I said you two should get together. Have lunch or something." Oh man. I felt a little odd.

Balie raised her eyebrow. "Are you okay, Jenna?"

I shook my head. "I just feel a little nauseous. I'm sorry."

"It's okay. I should go anyway. I just wanted to meet my niece." She stood up smiling and I put on my best fake smile.

She hugged me and I hugged her back. Nate came back downstairs and waved goodbye to Balie. She waved goodbye back to him and walked outside. I shut the door and locked it.

"That was random." Nate said.

I was staring at the door unable to move. That bitch is related to me. She's related to the twins. She related to my dad.

Oh fuck.

"Jenna?" Nate asked.

I slowly turned to him. "She's my cousin." I said breathlessly.

"What?"

"Clementine is her daughter and that makes her my cousin."

Nate's eyes widen and he leans against the couch and sighs. "Small world."

"Fucked up world is what it is, Nate. What are we going to do?"

"We're not going to worry about it, Jenna."

"Not worry about it? She is my cousin and she tried to kill you, and the twins. She's not going to get away with that shit."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"It's been two months since we've last seen her, baby."

"She's fucking insane. She's been in mental institutions. Before, I wasn't scared of her, now, I'm fucking scared she's going to put a mine on our front yard and you or I step on it and boom, we go up in flames!"

Nate chuckled.

"It's not funny." I whined.

"Jenna, baby, it's not Iraq. No one is going to put a land mine in front of the yard."

He kissed the top of my head. "All we have to do is relax."

"No, I'm sick of relaxing, Nate. She's going to come after me and when she does, I want to be ready."

"Jenna, you heard what she said. She has better things to do than-"

"Her mother just said she has multiple personality disorder."

"Maybe she does. But that doesn't mean-"

"I understand where you're coming from Nate but all it takes is for her to hurt you or one of my kids, and I'll deal with her myself."

## Chapter 11: Coincidence?

**Author's Note: Shortest chapter ever. I'm sorry.**

### Chapter 11: Coincidence?

Nate was laying in bed and I was laying in between his legs. "You woke?" He asked. I nodded. He placed his hand on my stomach. I have to go to New York in two months."

"Why?" I asked.

"Apparently some guys want to move the company there instead of Florida."

"So we bought a house in Florida for no reason."

"No. That's my job. I have to try to talk them out of it."

"Hmm....I'm tired." I whispered.

"Sleep."

"I can't. I keep having so many nightmares."

"About what?"

"Tristan. Clementine, and Balie."

"You do know that none of them will hurt you right?"

"Yes, but as soon as she showed me that picture, Nate, I was justâspeechless." Then I turned to him halfway. "Balie's hair is brunette. You thinkâ!?"

"Jenna, she's your aunt. Why would she burn the house up?"

"All that stuff she said about Clementine, Clementine's crazy had to come from somewhere. I think Balie is a liable suspect."

"And I think this pregnancy is making you crazier than you were before."

"I disagree. Balie just so happens to come in my life around this time. That's not coincidental."

"She wanted to meet her niece. There's nothing wrong with that, Jenna."

"Great, now you're defending her too. Defend all the evil bitches."

Nate sighed.

"Not defending anyone but you, Jenna."

"I can't tell."

The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"Jenna, everything you're saying makes no sense."

"Leave it to you to be the voice of reason."

Nate blushes and then looks back to me. "I want you to be on my side, Nate."

"I am."

"You sure?"

"I'm positive."

My phone rang and I sighed and grabbed it off of the night stand.

I looked at the caller ID and I saw that it was my dad.

"Hello?" I asked.

"The fucking twins are missing."

## Chapter 12: Missing

### chapter 12: Missing

My dad paced around me and Nate's bedroom glaring at everything he looked at as he held the phone to his ear. "No, I want the whole goddamn state searched."

Lindsey looked to me while she rubbed my back. I couldn't cry anymore. My tears were all dried up and mascara ran down my cheeks down to my chin.

Nate and Sean were out searching while Carl was also on the phone.

Leah was on the other side of me holding my left hand and was in tears also.

"The whole goddamn state, Leonard!" My dad yelled.

I just stared straight to the wall. I couldn't move. Couldn't speak. Couldn't say a word. But I knew who did it. But would she really go this far?

She burned down my house, fucked up my car but would she really kidnap my babies just because she's pissed at me?

Dad put his phone in his pocket and sighed as his eyes slowly met mine. "We'll fucking find them. I promise, baby." He said and I looked to him.

I nodded slowly.

"What happened again?" Lindsey asked. Her eyes were red from tears and her voice shook.

"I had them sleeping with me in my room. Bought cribs the day they arrived, and then I heard a big bang. I woke up, I looked in the cribs. They were gone. I grabbed my gun from under my pillow, went searching for them, not a sign. But there were drops of blood throughout the goddamn place."

Blood? Oh no. I buried my head into my hands and cried quietly to myself.

Carl snapped his phone shut. "I have people looking for them also. We'll find them, Jenna."

How could this happen? How could she go this goddamn far? These are my fucking kids! The bitch is really asking for it now.

I hear a phone vibrates and Lindsey answers it.

"Here she go." She taps the phone against my hand and I get up and take the phone. I walk through the hallway, then downstairs to the living room. "Hello?" I asked sniffing.

"Any sign?" Nate's voice broke and it made me even more emotional. I shook my head. "No." I squeaked.

"Fuck." He whispered.

"You didn't find anything? Not even a trace?" I asked.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"Nothing, but I'll never stop looking."

Balie. I need to call Balie.

"I'm going to call, Balie and ask her where her whore of a daughter is."

"Jenna, she might-"

"Don't. Don't you dare fucking defend either one of them. You know that bitch had something to do with this shit."

Nate was quiet.

"Just let me call her."

"Call her." He hung up and I did too. I got her number from dad and dialed it.

She didn't pick up.

I tried again and again and again and again and Balie still wouldn't pick up. I swear to god if she has some shit to do with thisâ lâ !..

I suddenly feel the urge to set Clementine's retarded fucking bridal store on fire. We should have been just went to Florida. We'd all be happy and safe if we would have just been fucking went there.

I went back upstairs into the room and sat down. "Balie isn't answering."

"Neither is Clementine." Shane said.

"You have her number?" I asked.

He nodded. "I have everything of hers. Imagine what information you can get just from a name."

"Address?"

He nodded. "Sent six guys over there, she isn't home."

"What's her number and her address?" I asked.

Shane stared at me. "What are you going to do, Jenna?" He asked.

"What do you think? I'm going to blow that bitch's house up."

Shane shook his head. "No you won't."

"What the hell do you mean? She fucked with the family."

"I know she did. And don't worry. I'll handle her once we find her."

"The same way you handled Tristan?" I asked.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Shane glared at me. "Are you going to really blame me for what I did to him?"

He raped you. Why the hell wouldn't I kill him?"

"I didn't say he didn't deserve it. I asked if you were going to kill her."

He didn't answer.

He looked down to the floor and then glanced at Lindsey, Carl, and then to me.

"They're my grandkids. I don't have a fucking choice."

"Number. I'm going to leave her a voicemail."

"Don't threaten her. The FBI can track that shit."

"You have the police in your back pocket."

"Not everybody."

I dialed Clementine's number and she didn't pick up. I left her a voicemail.

"You are a sorry ass bitch. You know that? You and your mother. I know she helped you. I'm not fucking stupid. You brought my babies into this shit. If you hurt them, I'm going to shoot you and your mother in your fucking head. I don't give a fuck if you two are related to me or not. Fuck both of you.

Come out here and face me like a woman. Don't bring my motherfucking kids into the shit. Face my like a fucking woman, bitch." I hung up the phone and threw it on the bed.

"That wasâ harsh." Carl said. I glared at him letting him know I was not in the mood to fuck around.

"I hope the bitch goes to Jail." Leah whispered.

"Nope. That won't happen. Her mother said she's sick. She has schizophrenia or some shit like that. At the most, she'll go to the mental institution." I said.

"Damn. You think Balie is involved?"

"She has to be. DNA says it was a woman and they found brunette hairs In the house."

"You have brunette hair." Carl pointed out. I scowled at him. "And why the hell would I blow up my own house that I loved? That's like me kidnapping my own kids."

"I wasn't saying that you burned down the house. I meant that she's a brunette, so are you, and a shit load of other bitches."

"You're calling my daughter a bitch?" Shane asked.

Leave it to dad to overreact.

"No he isn't. He means that there are other suspects. However, its not every day that your babies disappear."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"We're looking. And we won't stop lookingâever." Shane said. I nodded and leaned against Lindsey's shoulder.

She held me close and I shut my eyes. I did not realize that I fell asleep. Not until I woke up. The room was dark but the sun was up. I was the only person in the room.

I grabbed my phone and checked to see if there were any missed calls. There wasn't.

I called Nate. No answer.

I called Sean. No answer.

I called Lindsey, Leah, Carl. No answer anywhere.

I get out of bed and walk down the hallway. It's so quiet downstairs. I walk down the stairs and I see no one. I felt so empty at the moment.

I walk through the kitchen, bathroom, dining room.

No one is home but me.

I try to call everyone again but no one answers.

I lay down on the couch and use the back of my hand to wipe my tears away.

I just wanted things to go back to normal.

I was scared, angry and agitated, aggravated and at the moment, all I saw was red.

The door opened and I sat up as Nate, my dad, and Sean came through the door.

The tears really poured down as I flew into Nate's arms and cried into his chest.

He laid his head on top of mine and I can hear him sniffing. I look up at him. His eyes are red and puffy. I use the palm of my hand to wipe his tears away.

"Find anything?" I asked.

He didn't answer. He just bit his lip and pulled me closer to him.

"We won't stop. You have no idea how many people is out looking for the twins, that bitch, and her mother. Leah had to go home to her kids and so did Lindsey but they said they'll be over later." Sean said

I sit back on the couch and looked up at the ceiling.

"Dad, can you take me to the mall?" I asked.

He looked at me, bewildered. "What?"

"Take me to the mall."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"Why?"

"I need to see something."

My dad shrugged. "Okay."

"Jenna," Nate said. His voice firm.

I shook my head. "It's over." I got up and went upstairs and into the back of the closet. I grabbed the baseball bat in the corner and ran downstairs. My dad stared at me. "What the hell?"

"Still have her address?"

"Yes."

"The mall, then the house."

I forced the front door opened and stomped to my dad's car and he soon got in with me.

He drove me over to the mall. It was still closed.

I used the bat and broke the glass doors and then walked in. My dad, staying silent while stepping over the glass.

"She owns a bridal store in here." I said.

"Where?" Shane asked.

I led him to her store and used the bat to crack the glass on the doors. When I broke through, I walked in and dad followed behind me. "This is where I got my dress when I got married to Tristan."

I whispered.

"He's brought so my problems into your life."

"Yeah. His psycho ex girlfriend for one." I swing the bat and bang the cash register knocking off the keys and knocking it down onto the floor. I swing the bat through the walls, busting them in and through the dressing room doors and through the mirrors.

I had too much rage but it didn't end when the whole room was destroyed.

I was out of breath, angry and I still wanted more. I wanted to take everything from her.

My dad stared at me the whole time and just watched me.

"I'm sorry, dad. I didn't want you to witness that."

"The bitch deserves it. Lets get to that house." He turned, walked over the glass and I followed him out.

It may have been too dramatic to do this but I just wanted to destroy some shit she cared about.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"I'm not mad at you for what you just did." He said as we got back in the car.

"It was stupid." I placed my hand on my stomach and sighed.

"She burned down the house. You smashed up her store. I call it fifty fucking fifty.

She kidnaps the fucking twins, we go over her house and fuck shit up. Simple as that." He began driving and speeds up the car until we stop at a brick house with a small yard and a red car in front.

"Park in the driveway."

He shook his head. "Down the street." He said as he drove down a little further and parked the car.

"Jenna," I looked at him.

"We'll find them." I nodded and got out of the car.

Dad got out of the car and we walked side by side to the brick house.

I knocked on the door.

The door doesn't open. Dad looked to me and sighed. He took a gun out of his back pocket and shot at the lock and then kicked the door opened.

I thank god that he blessed me with a dad who knows no limits.

We both walk in. It's cold and looks like the house haven't been touched in months. "You sure this is the right address?" I asked.

"My people don't make any mistakes. They checked this place over and over last night. Found nothing here."

"Then this is pointless."

"No it isn't." Said a low voice. Me and Shane turned and there Clementine was. Her hair stringy. She looked dirty. In a small pale white short dress.

What the hell? She looked all normal last time I seen her now she looks crazy. Oh right, the bitch is crazy.

Shane pointed the gun at her. "Where are the twins?" He asked.

"The twins?" She asked in the same dead tone.

"Yes. My kids. Give them to me." I demanded.

Clementine looked behind me and I looked behind me and saw no one.

I looked back to her and she kicked a small tiny medicine bottle towards me. A bunch of tiny white pills fell out. I looked at her.

"Your twinsâ !.." She hisses and then smirks.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"See this?" I asked showing her the bat. She eyes me with disinterest.

I swing the bat into the wall and she doesn't as much as jump. She looks lost.

"Give me Haylie and Kaylie. Now."

Clementine walks closer to me. "I'm sick." She whispered and then twirls her finger in my hair and laughs. "Your babiesâ!..They. Are. Gone." She smiled wider and I pushed her hard into the wall and she fell against it.

Shane fired a shot and it missed her head by a centimeter. "I'll put a goddamn bullet in your motherfucking brain if you don't tell me where they are, bitch." He growled.

She looked up at him completely out of it. Why was she acting so odd?

Clumsily getting up, she glared at Shane. "They. Are. Gone." She whispered and the sound of another shot was fired as it echoed in my ears. My eyes flew to my dad who dropped the gun and fell to the floor.

"Dad!" Before I could get to him, Clementine pulled me back by my hair and I screamed, cried and kicked as she dragged me down the hallway. At the end of it, I watch as Balie stares at me as I'm being dragged.

Clementine opens the door while she still has a tight grip on my hair and she brings me down the stairs. She brought me in the corner and punched me hard in my eye and that's when everything went dark.

## Chapter 13: Almost the end to both of us

### Chapter 13: Almost the end to both of us

When I woke up, Clementine was sitting in a chair two or three feet from me. The chair was faced the other way but she was facing me. She had a beer bottle and a pack of cigarettes right next to her feet. She had a lit one in between her middle and index finger. She stared at me as she rested her chin on the back of the chair.

"Clementine," I whispered. "Please I need my kids."

"You're not miss shit talker now are you?" She asked in that same dead voice.

I hate having to reason with her but I need my kids. I live for them just like I'd die for them.

"Where's my dad?" I asked.

"My mom is taking care of him."

Whoa what the hell does that mean?

"Please let us go."

"You were going to come here to kill me. Weren't you?"

"No! I was going to scare you into giving me my kids back. Clementine, they are only two. I have Ana inside of me. Please do not do this."

Clementine ran her fingers through her hair and sighed. "It's been two months since I've had my meds. For my sickness. I've never felt more alive. More bold. Since I heard that Tristan died, you have no idea what I've wanted to do to you since. And I'm going to do it. Because you deserve it."

"I deserve it?"

"Yeah, you do. You're the reason Tristan is dead. And then you start fucking his best friend and you have kids by him. You don't see anything wrong with that?"

"Yes! When I started doing it, it was awkward as hell. But I had to move on. Tristan has done bad shit to me. You can't even imagine. I'm not the reason he's dead. He's the reason he's dead."

Clementine scoffed. "What has he done that was so bad?"

"He tried to get me pregnant against my will. He took my birth control pills out of my suit case on our honeymoon.

He raped me.

He killed my mom and he put me in a coma. I was pregnant at the time so he took that away from me also. All of that happens and you still defend him. A dead guy.

I always knew he was bad."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"If you knew he was bad, why the fuck would you stay with him?"

"I loved him."

"I love him too but I still left."

"You were going to come back." I said. Clementine sighed and rubbed her forehead, tears swelling up in her eyes. "I know that you and your dad and Tristan's friends think I'm crazy for being all over him even after four years butâ!" She shuts her eyes. "I was so messed up. Him hitting me wasn't the only reason I left him."

She opened her eyes, mascara ran down her cheeks.

"I miscarried his baby." She whispered.

"Youâ!"

"I was scared to tell him about the baby. That I was pregnant because he seemed to like me but he also seemed disgusted with me. I never told him about the baby. But I was happy to have his child because I love him. He made me happier than I've ever been. One day we were arguing about something stupid. I think I said something wrong and he got so mad at me. I begged him not to hit meâ!..and he didn't. He pushed me down my wooden stairs instead." She scoffed and laughed softly even as the tears poured more profusely. She took another hit of the cigarette and shut her eyes as the smoke surrounded her tiny figure. "And till this dayâ!â!till this dayâ!..I fucking love him. I don't want to live without him. I can't. I refuse to. I was so jealous when you came into my store. That ringâ!..that dressâ!..you. It was all too perfect and I knew that it was what Tristan had wanted."

"What did he want?"

"Someone tough. A challenge. You were just a challenge. He saw you coming a mile away, Jenna. And him toying with you as he did costed him his life."

"I didn't shoot him." I said shaking my head.

Clementine sniffed. "It doesn't fucking matter anymore. It's so cold." I think at first she's talking about the room until she looks down at the floor. "Without him, I've feltâ!..nothing. Even when he was alive, I always felt somewhat warm and now that feelings gone and I have nothing left to live for."

"How could you say that? You're living."

"Living? This is what you call living? I've been depressed for months, Jennacia. Its been years he's been dead but it still hurts like a fresh wound that never heals. He was the only thing that kept me sane. I hardly needed my meds when I was around him."

"Are you taking them now?"

"The day I heard about what happened, I stopped." She whispered.

"That's dangerous." I said.

She nodded. "So am I."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

I attempt to crawl over to her. "Clementine, please. I need my dad and my kids. I need themâ please."

"If I can do to you what you did to Tristan," She put the cigarette out on the wooden chair. "I'd let them go."

"I didn't kill him."

"Who did then? Huh? Who the fuck killed him?"

"It wasn't me." I whispered.

Clementine stared at me. "It was your dad wasn't it?" She asked. I shook my head.

"No. Don't lie to me."

"I'm n-"

"Don't."

"Clementine, Tristan controlled you when he was alive. Why are you letting him effect you when he's dead?"

"I love him. If I can dig up his grave and apologize in person, I would because I owe him that. If I would have never left him, he would still be alive."

"If he wouldn't have ever pushed you down the stairs, then he'd still be alive."

She shook her head and wiped her tears.

"Where are my kids?" I whispered.

"They're gone." She whispered back crying again.

"What the hell does that mean?" I asked.

Clementine cried out loudly. "I'm sorryâ!" She cried.

"What did you do? What the fuck did you do?!" I asked. Tears burst out of my eyes.

Clementine buried her face in her hands. "I'm sorry." She whispered.

"Where are they?"

"In my car. In the trunk." She whispered. I stared at her. Calm down. Calm down. I shut my eyes and try to gather myself. "D.O.A?" I asked.

She shrugged. "I'm scared to look."

"You're scared to look? You fucking bitch." I get up and I charge at her knocking her and the chair down. I land on her and a sharp pain rips through me from my abdomen. I cried out and she pushed me off of her. I place my hand on my stomach and began breathing hard. Oh what the hell is happening?

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

She grabs her robe, reaches in the pockets and bring out a gun.. Panic shoots through me as I try to slide away on my back. And as I'm sliding back, look down on the floor and I'm leaving a trail of blood. I stopped and looked up at Clementine.

She's staring down at the blood. "Another baby dead." She whispered.

My heart crushed at the very thought. "Please don't." I whispered.

Clementine leaned against the wall. "It won't make me feel better. I thought it would butâ!" She began sobbing hard. Until she turned red and her sobbing turned to screaming.

She slid to the floor and curled up in a ball.

She said something indistinctively.

"What?" I asked.

She looked at me. "I rather let you live and you live with the fact that just about everyone you love is dead than kill you myself." She whispered.

Another sharp pain rips through my abdomen and I gasped and rocked to my side holding my stomach.

"Your mom, your dad, your kidsâ!.Then what will you have left? People who is apart of your blood and are all gone. And it's all your fault."

Squeezing my eyes tight, I whispered her name.

I open my eyes to look at her face.

"I'm glad to go. I can be with Tristan while you stay here with Nate and your miserable fucking life." She whispered.

"Please.."

"Shut up. I can't think when you talk." The squeezed the handle of the gun.

"Put the gun down." I whispered.

"Shut up!" She aimed it at me and pulled the trigger. It hit my arm and I cried out and held it with my hand. Gasping and sobbing, I try to scoot away.

"There." She whispers and lean her head against the wall. "There." She whispers again.

She shuts her eyes and bang her back against the wall.

She put the gun to her forehead, her eyes still closed, her head still banging against the wall. "There." She whispers again. And suddenly, too fast, it happened.

I didn't hear the shot nor did I see it, all I can see now was her laying on the floor and a puddle of blood spilling out. Pooling around me.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

I try to slide away but I stopped when a gush of water spilled out of me.

Oh shit. Oh no.

"Dad!!!" I cry out.

There's no answer.

"Dad!!!!" I call out again.

Another sharp pain. I gasp and tense up. I'm so scared to move. Okayâ what do I do? What do I do?

I couldn't think straight. There was pain in my arm and my abdomen. I hoped my baby was okay. I hoped all my babies were okay.

I slid over to Clementine and tore a piece of fabric from her dress and wrapped it around my arm. Wellâ I tried. It kept falling and I just left it alone. I slid against a wall and began crying as I felt a sharper pain and I cried out.

I think I have to do this. I don't think I have a choice. Gasping from the pain, I pulled my shorts down as far as I could. I can't believe this is happening. I'm only seven months. This is too soon.

Sniffing, I pulled my panties down and used my feet to get them all the way down and off. More blood spilled out and I covered my face with my hands. It was too painful to look at.

I breathed and looked around the room.

Above me was a sharp large piece of wood. There were two on both sides of me and they were high.

I gasp as another wave of pain hit me almost making me want to pass out. I placed my hand on my stomach.

"Mommy's sorry." I whispered.

I had the urge to push but I was scared. I knew there was something wrong with the baby.

I'm just scared Ana may be dead.

## Chapter 14: Safe

### Chapter 14: Safe

I placed both my hands on the blocks of wood and squeezed them and then brought my knees up slightly and spread them apart.

I shut my eyes.

I reluctantly push and I let out a painful screech. I couldn't do it. I was in too much pain. But I needed my Ana. I loved my Ana.

I manage to push again. I felt like I was being torn apart and I couldn't take it.

I take a few deep breaths and push some more. This could be dangerous. I'm so scared.

The door suddenly opens and my dad comes in. "Daddy." I sound so young as I say it.

He has blood all over his jacket and he runs to me and kisses my forehead. "You'll be okay, baby."

He looks at me and then down at the blood all over me.

"I can't get you to a hospital."

"The twins." I breathe.

"I got them. They're safe. I called the others. They're on their way here."

I nodded and I shut my eyes.

"Fuck, you're losing too much blood." He said. That was the last thing I heard before I slipped under unconsciousness.

When I woke up, there was pain. Commotion but pain and crying.

The sound of babies crying. I recognize it. That's how my little Haylie cries.

I open my eyes slightly and I gasp. I felt like something was just pulled out of me.

I opened my eyes and I felt warm hands on my face. I'm face to face with Nate and I see tears in his eyes.

"Jenna." He whispers.

I smile sleepily at him.

He kisses me and sighs as he leans his forehead against mine.

"Haylie and Kaylie-"

"They're fine. They're in the car with Lindsey. And Ana is fine." He speaks softly. Ana.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Ana Leigh Robinson.

I smile softly. "Ana." I whisper.

A sudden beeping noise distracts me.

"Where am I?"

"The hospital, baby." Nate said. I sat up and looked to him and then my dad. "She fucked your eye up." He said.

I shrugged. "I don't care."

"I'll get the nurse to bring you some food."

"Can I see her? Ana?"

Dad nodded once as he walked out of the room.

Nate came over and sat on the bed beside me. "How is she?" I asked.

"She's beautiful. Really small but beautiful none the less." He said. I smiled.

"Two months premature. It's my fault." I said.

"How?"

"I charged Clementine. I landed on the floor. I-"

"It's not your fault, baby. You were right. She was crazy."

"Now you believe me." I say. He nods. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, Jenna." He hugs me and I lay on his shoulder and hugged him hard.

"I love you." I whispered.

"I love you more." He whispered.

I smile.

"You know what you should do?" He asked.

"What?"

"You should marry me." He said. I pull out of his arms and look up into his gray eyes and smile.

"Please?" He asked.

Tears ran out of my eyes as I nodded. "Yes." I whispered.

He smiled and bit his lip as he reached into his pocket and took out a little black box.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

He opened it to revealed a ring. It had a gold band and a big diamond in the middle.

I looked back up at him. Looking at me, he slid it onto my ring finger.

I smiled down as I looked at it. It was beautiful. I looked back up at him. "I love you." I hugged him again.

He wraps his arms around me.

"It took all this to get you to propose to me." I whispered.

Nate chuckled.

Soon, the nurse came in, asked me did I feel any pain. Asked me other questions and then she asked me was if I was hungry.

"Yeah but I would actually like to see my baby first." I said.

"I recommend you eat first, dear." She said.

Damnit. I ate a small meal and just when I finished, Sean walked in. "Hey, Kipser." I said.

"Robinson,"

"Future Hamilton." I corrected.

Sean grinned as he looked to Nate. "It's about damn time, Hamilton. I've been waiting for a couple years."

"Where's Carl?" I asked.

"On his way up here. Leah and Ronnie too. You're well loved, future Hamilton."

I smiled as the nurse came back in. "You can see her now."

I get up way too fast and I get a head rush.

"You okay?" Nate asked. I nodded.

The nurse led us out of the room and we stopped in at the window of a small room.

Ana was in a little incubator. She was small but beautiful. "My god." I whispered.

"I know." Nate whispered.

She was a princess. "I want Haylie and Kaylie." I said.

Sean nodded. "I'll call Lindsey and tell her to get her ass back up here."

"Thanks." I said and turned back to Ana.

Leah, Carl and Ronnie soon came in and smiled as they all saw Ana.

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"She's so pretty." Leah whispered. I nodded.

"Geez, you and Nate have the good looking genes." Sean said shaking his head.

I laugh and hug Nate.

Lindsey brought my babies up to me and I hugged them so hard. They just didn't realize how much I need them. They sat on my bed with me and played while me, Nate and the doctor talked.

"When can I take her home?"

"She has to be at least six ounces before you can take her home. She's three right now. Serious risk."

I nodded. "A lot of drama." I said.

"The early delivery wasn't just because of you knocking down that woman. It was most likely also because of what you told me happened four years ago. There was probably some damaged tissues still in your system and it caused you to have the baby early."

"Was she at risk of dying?"

"Most likely because of the bullet, any other baby you have will be born earlier than expected and may also be in risk."

I nod and sighed.

"I see you're tired. I'll leave you alone and let you get some rest but when you wake up, we need to take some blood, run some test, and you'll be free to go if we don't find anything."

"Okay, thank you." I said smiling at him.

He nodded once then turned to walk out but he stopped in the doorway. He turned. "Ms. Robinson?"

"Yeah?" I asked.

He smiled. "Nice engagement ring."

I smile back. "Thanks." I said. He nodded and walked out and then I looked to Nate. "If we have anymore, they can die." I said.

He nodded. "I was kind of hoping for a boy after Ana but if it'll put him and you in danger, fuck it."

"We can find a way." I said. Nate sat on the bed and kept his eyes on mine.

"Adoption?"

I nodded.

Lindsey came into the room. "Dean is on his way up here."

"Wow, I haven't seen him in so long."

## The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"He's no different. Still the same pretentious ass he always was."

I giggle and she laughs with me. "Ana is very pretty. I think I want to kidnap her." Lindsey said. I rolled my eyes.

"You can once she becomes two. That's when they become bad as hell."

"Hell no, keep her at two." Lindsey said surrendering. I laugh at her and snuggle into Nate's arms.

I went to go check up on dad who was sitting on a hospital bed. "Hey." I said as I walked in. He looked to me and smiled. "Hey baby."

He had his shirt off and had a huge bandage going over his chest.

"Did they get the bullet out?" I asked.

He nodded. "Yep, thank the fucking lord. Did they get yours out?"

"They told me it went straight through." I said.

He placed his hand on my cheek. "I knew we'd make it out. I never had a doubt in my mind. There is nothing I wouldn't do to save you, Jenna."

I smile as tears pooled my eyes. "I love you, dad." I whisper.

I hugged him and he hugged me back.

Her name didn't come up since I woke up and I was thankful.

I never wanted to see her or think about her again. Waitâ "Where's Balie?" I asked.

"A little place called Prison."

"Really? For how long?" I asked.

"Who gives a fuck?" He asked. I smiled. He had a point.

I hug him again.

I could have lost a great deal of my family. And my life would have been over. But I'm glad we all stayed as strong as we did.

I loved my family.

Nothing can break us apart.

## Chapter 15: Epilogue-Christmas

### Epilogue-Christmas

"You made these cookies, Jenna?" Dean asked sitting on the floor beside Lindsey. I nodded.

He smiled. "They're great."

"Thanks."

It was Christmas morning and me, dad, Nate, Haylie and Kaylie, Ana, Lindsey, Dean, Sean, Svetlana, Carl, Katie, Rodney, Alicia, Jonathan, RJ, Ronnie, and Kellan were all over my house for Christmas. We didn't move to Florida. But Lindsey and Dean moved closer to me and Nate and me and Nate moved out of Tristan's house and into our own. One just as beautiful.

Kellan smiled as he crawled over to Nate. Nate picked him up and kissed his cheek. Kellan was the new addition to our family. He was so much like Nate. Snoring away at night time.

Ana walked over to me with a little box in her tiny fingers. I took it from her. "Is this from you?" I asked bringing her into my lap.

"It fom me and daddy." She said clearly. I look to Nate and he winks at me. I blush.

"Really? Lets see what it is."

I open the box and it's a diamond necklace. I kiss Ana on her head. "I love it baby." I said.

She giggle. "Mommy, I wan- to go pay with my new dow house."

"Go play, baby." I said. She got out of my lap and went to go sit by Haylie and Kaylie who were squealing in excitement. I loved those girls and I knew what they wanted. I bought them a Barbie doll house, beach house, hummer, convertible, camper, clothes. All the Barbie stuff wanted. They deserved the best.

"Lindsey and Leah your presents are upstairs." I said. They both got up, ran upstairs like little teenagers.

"And Ronnie," I reached under the tree and gave him a present.

"For me?"

"You're the only Ronnie in here." I said.

He smiled but then frowned when we all heard screaming upstairs. Then the sound of someone running. Lindsey screamed again. As she came downstairs, she was holding the new ipad in her hands. She hugged me.

I hugged her back. "Thank you." She whispered.

"Your welcome." I whispered back.

The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Sean brought over a gift to me. "Hamilton, this is for you." He gave it to me.

I sat it in my lap and gave him a gift.

"You didn't have to." He said.

"I did. You helped me out a lot." I said. Sean smiled.

I opened the box and stayed frozen.

A gasp got caught in my throat. What?

I look up at him and he's smiling.

I look back down.

It's a book. My book that I was supposed to publish years ago but it never happened.

"Oh my god." I whispered. I traced the cover with my finger.

"SeanâI!" He shook his head. "You deserve it. Some people want to meet with you soon."

I nodded and looked back down at the book. Nate came over with Kellan.

"Thanks man." He looked at Sean. Sean shrugged.

He opened his little box and looked bewildered. He pulled out a set of keys and studied them intently before smiling. "You didn't."

"Oh I did."

"There is no fucking way you bought me a car, Jennacia."

"I did."

"Your whole name is Jennacia?" Dean asked. I rolled my eyes.

"A fucking Bugatti veyron." Sean said.

"Damn." Carl said.

"I'm letting you have my old Audi, Ronnie." I said. His eyes widened. "Are you serious?"

"I have to upgrade."

Dad came over and sat by the tree with Ana in his arms. She was playing with a Barbie. Her ears were now pierced with little diamond earrings.

"They fit her nice, dad."

"Yeah they do. Yours do also." He said. And I smiled.

The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

Leah came downstairs. She went to Ronnie. "We have a plasma screen." She said. Ronnie looked to me and Nate. "I love you guys." He got up and ran upstairs with Leah.

Me and Nate giggled.

Rj climbed into my lap.

"Thanks for the laptop, aunt Jenna." Katie said. I nodded. "Your welcome baby." I said.

I bought my dad the one thing I knew he'd appreciate the most, a gun. He's my dad and that's his style.

I bought Nate the new Iphone and custom made his play list all containing Blink 182 songs.

Kellan got a toy car set, some clothes he couldn't care less about. A set of books and a playpen.

Carl thanked me when I got him a set of red wine, which he loves. And along with that, I got him a bunch of porno DVDs. He actually hugged me.

I bought Svetlana a diamond bracelet and she thanked me. I loved having everyone around for Christmas and have everybody talking, playing, laughing.

Me and Lindsey, and Leah, and Svetlana all stayed in the kitchen and made dinner.

I had the ham in the oven, Svetlana was cooking the macaroni.

Leah was making the stuffing.

Lindsey was eating cereal. Prego again. But afterwards, she got started on the salad.

Katie walked in, saw that we were cooking and walked back out but we brought her back inside and forced her to help us.

The men stayed in the living room watching the game while the kids played upstairs in the playroom.

Svetlana sighed as she mixed the macaroni.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

She looked to me and gave me a weak smile. "I justâ I want Sean to propose." She said in a thick French accent.

"I stayed here in Illinois with him."

"He'll propose to you. And if he doesn't, I'll kill him." I said. Svetlana giggled. "Thank you."

After dinner was done, we all sat around, shared stories. Talked about the future.

The kids sat and ate and played.

Sean stood up. "So I know this isn't fucking thanksgiving butâ I am thankful to have Mrs. Jennacia Hamilton as my friend because I needed a new car." He said raising his glass.

The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

We all laughed.

Nate stood up raising his glass. "The second I met Jenna, I wasâin awe. She was the most beautiful, complicated woman I've ever seen. I know she wasâunavailable at the moment but I seriously fell in love the second I saw her." He said.

Everyone playfully clapped as I stood up and Nate kissed me.

"Well, as you all know, I had a rough past. But in a way, I thank Tristan. Because if it wasn't for him, I wouldn't have ever got to this moment with my family. I love you all. Every last one of you."

"We love you too, Hamilton." Sean said raising his glass. We all took a drink. Everyone except for Lindsey. No doubt was she pissed off about it.

After cleaning up everything, Me and Nate hugged everybody goodbye and put Haylie and Kaylie asleep.

I put Ana to sleep while Nate put Kellan to sleep and afterwards, I went into the bedroom while Nate took a shower.

What he doesn't know, is that I brought myself a Christmas gift. Hopefully he likes it.

I get under the covers and wait for him. I hear the water stop and I smile to myself and bite my lip.

The door opens and Nate comes out of the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist.

Oh god.

I think I'm about to come just from looking at him.

"Hi." He says smiling. He knows the effect he has on me.

"I got something for you." I said.

"What?" He asked.

"Two things." I said. Then I pulled the covers back to show him my lace corset set I was wearing and he gets a hungry look in his eyes.

"Like it?" I asked.

He doesn't answer, he grabs my ankle and pull me towards the edge of the bed, put both of my legs up to his waist and then lean down to kiss me.

My fingers go through his hair. I've been hungry for him all day. And now he's naked. Well he has on a towel but I know what's underneath and I want it.

"What's the second thing?" He asked pulling back a little. I lifted the corset top and took it off. Nate stared at my body and his eyes widened.

I had his name tattooed on the top of my left boob.

The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

**I bite my lip measuring his reaction.**

**"My name?"**

**"I'm with you permanently. Forever. No matter what you say, do, or go, you're stuck with meâ..forever." I said.**

**Nate leans down, presses his lips against my hip bone and it drives me crazy. Then up to my stomach, between my breasts and on the tattoo.**

**Then my neck, and my lips.**

**I unwrap the towel from his body and throw it somewhere and he takes my panties off and throws them on the floor.**

**He kisses the tattoo over and over again and then back down to my hip bone and then lowerâoh fuck. There. He kisses me there.**

**I shut my eyes and pull his hair.**

**His tongue tortures me over and over and I can't stop it.**

**He explores me with his tongue, not letting up for even a second and I unleash on his tongue crying out as I did.**

**Catching me in the middle of my cries, He smashes his lips against mine and enter me.**

**I hold onto his shoulders and shut my eyes. We open our mouths at the same time and deepen the kiss more.**

**I'm already on the brink of an orgasm and he's driving me there and he thrusts harder and faster.**

**I look up in to his eyes and he leans down to kiss me again. Our lush lips touch and I put my fingers through his hair.**

**I could hear him growling.**

**I could feel me about to come.**

**I want us to come together. As one.**

**Keeping my lips on his, I bite his lip and began to suck on it and he stops me and began sucking on my lip and using his mouth to devour mine.**

**One hard push and I was there. I held him to me and he muffled my cries with his lips as I came hard around his member.**

**He came with me and laid his head in the crook of my neck.**

**I shut my eyes as he breathes on my neck.**

The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

"I love you." I say in a weak voice.

"I love you." He says back. He slowly lifts his head up and kisses me. "I love you. I love you." He kisses me again and again until we roll over so I'm on top.

"I'm not done with you yet."

I smile a wicked smile and we continued showing our love for each other for the rest of the night.

I lost my mother.

Almost my dad.

Almost my kids.

Maybe almost Nate but I had them now.

And they're all I need.

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The second time around (Sequel to its not love)

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