

Unbreakable

# Unbreakable

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(FINISHED)Summer Waters is afraid to be with her brother's womanizing best friend because her brother is very protective, but she will come to find that they are too attracted to one another to stay away.



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# Unbreakable : Chapter 1

## Chapter 1: Back in town

I looked in the mirror at my outfit. I was wearing a tight black spaghetti strap tank top, a short blue dress that had a thick black belt going around the waist and black wedges.

My best friend, Tara was doing my make-up. She was applying eyeliner to my eyes. Tara knew her shit. She was a beautiful gray-eyed, brunette with a nice figure. Her dark green strapless dress showed it perfectly. A lot of times with her clothes and make-up, and her sexual ways, she reminds me of my aunt Evie.

"This eyeliner looks sexy on you." She said.

"Thanks. I don't think my brother's going to recognize me." I was having a big party at my house in celebration for my brother, Liam coming home from the military. I missed him so much and it's been three years.

"Alright, look in the mirror, see how you like that." She said putting the cap back on the eyeliner. I turn my head and look in my over-sized mirror. I smiled. I *did* look sexy.

I pushed my blonde hair behind my shoulder and observed myself. "You did good, kitty." I glanced at her.

She grinned and put the eyeliner back with my other make-up products. After a second, she said. "Did you hear who was coming here?"

"Who?" I asked.

"Chris."

"Chris who?"

She gave me an *are you stupid* look through the mirror.

I turned my head slowly to look at her. "My brother's best friend?" I asked.

She nods and smiles. "Yes. *That* Chris."

I frown. "Why?"

"His best friend's been gone for three years. What do you expect? You can't say you don't want to see that sexy piece of ass."

I glared at Tara. "Who invited him here?"

"Your mom. You want to be mad at someone, talk to her."

I sighed. Of course. When it comes to Chris, my mother is head over heels. She's much older. She's thirty nine while he's nineteen. It was sad.

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I heard a scream from my window and I walked over and looked out. It had to be hundreds of people in the backyard dancing and drinking. But what caught me was the short haired blonde man that resembled me so closely. My brother was finally fucking home. I grinned. "He's here."

"Who, Chris?"

I shook my head. "No. My brother. Come on." I walked away from my window and Tara followed me down the stairs.

The stairs led to the foyer and we walked out through the front door.

I hurried to the back. It was going to be impossible to find him in this crowd.

I pushed pass people to see if I can recognize him.

"Damn, your mom invited the whole damn city." Tara said as she grabbed my hand.

"You know how she is."

I finally got to the middle of the yard and in the distance, I see my mother, Rodney, hugging Liam.

I smiled and ran pass the people to get to my brother. "Liam?"

Liam let go of my mother to meet my eyes. His was light brown and stood out. That's why he's such a ladys' man. He and Chris just got that attraction about them. They're so tight like brothers and have a habit of being able to pick up a woman from wherever. Their sex appeal was so obvious.

He smiled down at me. "No. You're so fucking grown. What the hell? You're wearing make-up?"

I nod my head and wrap my arms around his neck. I had to stand on my tippy-toes and he wrapped his arms back around me. "God I missed you." He whispered.

I smile. "I missed you more. I bet you were angry they made you cut your long blonde hair."

"Hell yeah, but hey, had to do it." He pulled away and looked to Tara. "Hey, Tara."

She smiles. "Hey, Liam."

"I have a surprise for you."

"What is it?" she asked. He looked to his left and looked back at her.

She looked to the right, and something caught her eyes.

I turned my head to see what she was staring at, and I see its her boyfriend, Chase. Chase is in the military with Liam.

Tara's lips parted in shock.

Chase was handsome with a buzz-cut and blue eyes. He still had his military outfit on.

He smiled at her.

"What are you-" Her voice cracked. It was rare that I ever see Tara get choked up or cry really, because she handles things so calmly all the time, but there were tears in her eyes.

He walked over to her. He took her face between his hands and kissed her lips.

Everybody cheered and clapped.

Oh my god. Tara, for three years, has been a little off and all because Chase left her for the military. Now that he's back, she is going to invest all her time into him. I didn't mind though. She was deeply in love with him.

"Someone's getting pregnant tonight." Liam muttered.

I laughed and slapped his arm.

After spending a few minutes catching up, me, Liam, my mom, Chase, and Tara did a toast to Liam and Chase returning home.

I threw back my drink and then closed my eyes as I raised my cup in the air. "God is good."

Liam chuckled. "Well that didn't take long."

I smiled. "So I hope you don't mind but while you were gone, I turned your room into my closet."

Liam shook his head as if he was ashamed of me. "Damn, just transformed my shit, huh?"

"Well you were gone. But you know we have three guest rooms."

"Yeah, because every guy wants to come to his welcoming home just to sleep in the guest room."

"It's comfortable and there's plenty of porn DVDs' for you to watch in there."

He picked me up. "Oh that's funny."

I giggled as he spun me around.

"Chris!" I hear my mom yell and my happy mood goes south. Liam puts me down on the grass.

Damnit.

Christopher Clark.

He's been best friends with my brother since they were little. He was a tall guy with short, tousled blonde hair and honey brown eyes. One blink and any woman would be on her knees in front of him. It's always been like that.

I won't lie. He *does* look good. He has on a pair of black jeans, with black sneakers. Along with it, he had on a white graphic t-shirt with a gray blazer over it.

Okay he looked *better* than good.

I folded my arms as I watched him hug my mom who looked like she'd climax just from his touch.

Oh mom.

If her boyfriend, Rene, saw her getting flirty with Chris, he'd have a fit.

When Chris pulled away, he looked down at her.

"Where have you been, Chris? It's been years."

He smiles in a sexy way that makes me roll my eyes. "I been traveling with my parents."

He said in a husky way that made me blush a little.

"You're back." She grins. My mom has always considered Chris as her own son, yet she seemed attracted to him at the same time. "And you were missed."

"I missed you too, Rodney."

Chris turns to look to Liam and he smiles. "What's going on?"

Liam grins back and walks over to Chris. "Nothing much. Where'd you go?"

"Berlin." Chris answered.

"Berlin? What the hell were you doing in Germany?"

Chris smirked. "You know the answer to that."

Liam chuckles. "I bet its all kind of German pussy there."

"Liam!" My mom snapped.

Liam holds his hands up. "Sorry, mom. Sorry."

I cleared my throat loudly.

Chris's eyes went to mine.

I was stupid because the second he looked into my eyes, I just froze up.

He was hot, and I *hated* him for it.

"Hi, Summer."

I composed myself. "Hey."

"It's been a while."

"Should have been longer."

"Oh," He smiles. "You're still mad at me."

"As should my brother be."

Liam grabbed my hand. "Summer, it was three years ago."

"So what? You loved Imogene and he fucked her."

Liam sighed. "I dropped it."

"I don't even see why you're still friends with him."

"Listen, I didn't come back for drama, okay? If you want to argue about this shit, argue about it tomorrow. I'm trying to have fun tonight. Okay?" Liam said.

I glared at Chris who just looked amused about my anger.

Liam grabbed my cheeks between his fingers and made me look back at him. "Okay?"

He was serious, and he was right. I slowly nodded.

He smiles. "Thanks." he let go of me and kisses my cheek before going to Chris. They turned and began to walk off. Chris turns his head to glance back at me and I stick up my middle finger. He smirks and turns back around.

Cocky bastard.

I look back to Chase and Tara. Tara has her arms wrapped around his neck and he has his hands on her waist, kissing her.

They were pretty damn sweet together. I know they missed each other really badly. I couldn't imagine having my boyfriend go off to the military. I don't even have a boyfriend. I don't think I want one. I mean guys have asked, but after seeing my mother date guy after guy because they always cross the line, I learned not to trust any guy.

I left Tara with Chase and headed to the kitchen where I found Tara's little brother, Wesley.

"Your sister's dude is back." I said as I poured myself a drink.

He nods. "I saw. Finally she can stop whining about him." He said after taking a sip out of his cup. I leaned against the counter.

"You know who else I saw here? Chris." He said.

I rolled my eyes and leaned my head back against the cabinet. "Why would I care?"

Wesley shrugged. "Because it's a more than a little obvious that you two have a thing for each other."

I grimaced at Wesley. "He betrayed my brother and he's a manipulator. Sure okay, he's hot or whatever, but I won't ever be able to get pass what he did to Liam."

Wesley looked to the floor. He knew I was right. What Chris did was fucked up.

"Speak of the devil." Wesley muttered before burying his face into his cup and walking away.

I turned my head to watch as Chris was walking over to me.

I kept my eyes on his as he stopped beside me. "What do you want?"

"You're still mad after all this time?"

"Please. I haven't thought about you for the longest."

He smirked. "Really?"

"Really. And anyway, Liam was right. This isn't the night to argue on his first night back. So turn around and leave me alone."

He took the drink out of my hand, sat it on the counter and leaned against it, staring at me.

"What?"

"You're justâdifferent."

"Yeah, well, I grew up."

His eyes slowly trailed down my body. "I *see* that." His eyes went back to mine.

"You really shouldn't be here."

"Yes I should. Liam's like a brother to me."

"You fucked his girlfriend."

Chris nodded and took a sip of my drink. "I know I did."

"And you don't even seem sorry about it."

"It was three years ago. He moved on about it. Why can't you?"

"Because he's my brother. And I protect him even from his best friend who hurt him."

Chris stared into my eyes and I could tell that I was getting to him with my words. This I found odd because no one could normally get to Chris. He normally laughs and shrugs everything off.

But not this time. I think I was beginning to piss him off. But I didn't care.

"I didn't mean to hurt him."



"Well you did. And I hate you." I said.

Chris sighed. "I heard all this before, you know."

"Good. Hear it again. Nobody fucks with my brother," I step closer to him so my lips were at his ear. "After this party, don't come back to this house. Ever."

I pull away, but as I do, his arm wraps around my waist, keeping me against him. His eyes look into mine. "Or what?"

I didn't respond, I just kept my eyes on his. Our faces were close, and my breathing matched his, calm, but slowly becoming loud.

"Or nothing. Just don't." I take his hand from my back and step away.

He gives me a smug smile. "I'm not scared of you, princess." He whispered.

"Neither am I scared of you."

"I heard something about you."

I rolled my eyes. "Rumors." I said and took my cup back from him.

He shook his head. "No. This isn't a rumor."

I took a gulp from the drink, and then I looked back to him. "What'd you hear?"

His smug smile disappeared. "I heard about you and some guy at Annie Tyler's party last year.

My eyes grew wide. Oh no. "What?"

"A little birdie told me."

I looked down to the floor and covered my face. oh god. I was hoping no one would find out about it.

"Look at me."

I sighed and took my hands down to look at him.

"I'm not going to tell your brother about whatever guy you lost it to. We both know he'd kick that guy's ass."

"I was drunk." I explained.

Chris nodded. "Maybe you were."

I narrowed my eyes as I gave him a sideways look. "You're going to blackmail me, aren't you?"

He shook his head. "I'm mean, but I'm not *that* mean. I just wanted to let you know that the secret's safe with me."

I leaned against the counter and sighed. I don't know how I felt about that. Chris definitely couldn't be trusted. "Chris. Seriously. Do not tell Liam."

"I won't."

"Promise me."

"I don't make promises, princess, you know that. Just accept my word."

"Your word is probably horse shit."

He shrugged. "Probably is."

"If you don't tell him about the guy, I won't tell him that you've been coming on to me."

He laughs softly and shakes his head. "If that were true, I wouldn't have to exactly come on to you. I'd have you already." He gave me that look that made my face feel warm. I had to look away before I expose my blushing.

"So, we're good? You won't tell?" I asked without looking at him.

"Drop the whole thing about your brother's ex, and I'll keep the secret." He says.

I didn't want to drop that issue because he deserved his ass kicked but I think if Liam find out about me having sex with some random guy, he'd be angry, and he probably won't even look at me the same.

"Fine." I whisper.

"Then we're good. Go ahead and continue acting like the perfect virginal princess. I won't interfere...unless you want me to." He smiles smugly.

I shake my head. "You're a pervert. You know that?"

He nods. "Yeah. But you like that."

"No I don't."

"Then why are you blushing so hard?" He asked.

I glared at him. God, he is so full of himself. "I'm not blushing." I lied.

"Fine. I'll leave you to believe that." He walked over and grabbed my cup from my fingers. "I want to tell you something and you're going to get pissed."

I already knew it. "What?"

"Don't fuck with any guys."

My brows furrow. "Why?"

"Just don't." He whispered.

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**He turned and walked away with my drink. That bastard took my drink. Damn it. And what did he mean by not fucking with any other guys? I mean I didn't plan to, but who was he to tell me I couldn't? Oddly enough, it was because he told me not to, that I didn't want to.**

## Chapter 2: Game on

### *Chapter 2: Game on*

The night went on but I was barely there. I just drunk a whole lot just to get my mind off of things like Annie's party. Ugh.

After about my fourth cup, I was dancing on the table outside and there was a crowd around me, mostly guys grinning and cheering me on.

Yeah, mom invited some pretty awesome people. Not. But I couldn't control myself. The influence of alcohol these days is pretty damn high.

"Okay, show's over." Said a familiar voice.

Chris was pushing some guys aside and he got to the table and his eyes met mine, that cocky smirk on his face. "What are you doing?"

"Having fun." I said still shaking my ass.

"If Liam was out here and saw you doing this, he'd kill you."

"He's not here, though." I said shaking my head and taking a sip out of the bottle that was in my hand.

A guy tried to push Chris out of the way. "Hey, let the girl dance."

Chris glared at him. "This is Liam's little sister. Hell no." He looked back to me. "Come here."

I stepped towards the edge of the table. "Why?" I asked in a drawled voice as the bottle was taken from me from one of the guys.

He just swooped me up and threw me over his shoulder. I squealed. "Oooh! We're going for a ride?" I asked.

I can hear Chris chuckle as he carries me away from the table and pass everyone.

I wave goodnight to everybody, knowing that he'd probably carry me to my bedroom which is so un-Chris-like.

When we make it to the foyer of my house, he carries me up the stairs.

I slap his ass. He has a cute butt.

"You're way too fucking wasted, princess."

When we make it to my room, he kicks the door open and carries me inside, then uses his shoe to kick it closed.

He then carries me to my bed and lays me down.

When I hit the bed, I grin up at him. "You're adorable." I said.

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He smirks. "I find you fucking adorable too." He says as he pulls my heels off.

"Mmh."

He drops my heels onto the floor.

I spread out on my bed, my head and my hands resting on my pillow while my legs were bent and laying down.

Chris looked down at me. "Any less drunk yet?"

I shook my head and laughed.

He smiled. "Then I'll let you sleep. If you gotta puke, I won't be able to help you."

I nodded and shut my droopy eyes. "That's cool. My maid will clean it up in the morning."

He nodded. "I'm sure that'll be fun for her." He said and then he turned.

"No. Wait, Chriss."

He turned back to look at me.

"Pull my skirt down. I never sleep in any type of pants or skirts. I need your help."

He walked back over to my bed and leaned over it, his hand on either side of my legs as he leaned over me. "If I took off your skirt, I'm just going to end up taking everything else off. You're too drunk for that."

I shook my head. "Nope I'm not." I said grinning at him.

He gave me a crooked smile. "Yeah you are. Get some sleep. You're sleeping in a damn skirt tonight." He straightened his posture and turned.

"You're no fun." I pouted as I slowly sat up and then stood up on my bed.

He turned once again. "What are you doing?"

"Taking my skirt off, what do you think?" I unhooked the belt from around my waist and unzipped my blue skirt from the side.

I then pull it down so he can see my blue lacy thong I was wearing beneath my skirt.

My skirt falls onto the bed and I look to him with a confident smirk on my face. I slip my fingers through the waist string. "Like it?" I asked.

Chris leaned against the door. "Why are you teasing me?"

"Because its fun and you're hot so why not?" I said and fell back on the bed. I kicked my skirt off of the bed.

Chris's eyebrow rise in curiosity. "You think I'm hot?"

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"Everybody does!"

"But I'm asking if *you* do."

"Yes! Now let me get some sleep."

He folds his arms, a smug look in his smile. "Night."

I wave him off as I turn to my side and shut my eyes.

\*\*\*\*\*

The moment I woke up, I had an immediate headache.

I ignored it and got out of bed. I must have been completely shit-faced last night. I go to my drawer and pull out a pair of bed shorts. I slip them on and then put my hair into a messy bun. I open the door to my room and hear voices downstairs.

Damn, did the whole party sleep over too?

I walk down the stairs to see my maid, Margaret, serving my mom, Liam, Chase, Tara, and my mother's boyfriend, Reneâ and unfortunately, Chris.

"Look whose awake." Said a voice from behind me.

I recognize that voice anywhere. It's my aunt, Evie.

I turn and hug her tightly.

She chuckles. "Damn, girl. Miss me?"

I nod as I release her. "Yeah, it's been so long."

"I know. I was going to ask you if you wanted to come with me to Paris next weekend."

I squealed. "Yeah, I'd love to."

"I wonder what else makes you squeal like that." Said that voice.

I turn my head to glare at Chris who smirked at me.

I roll my eyes to look back to Evie.

My aunt Evie was one of the most beautiful women I know. Okay, she *was* the most beautiful woman I ever known. She had a sexy figure with huge 38 DD breasts and a pretty nice ass. She had curly blonde hair and always had on her trademark red lipstick. She was the whole damn package.

Evie looked to Chris and smiled before looking at me.

"What?" I asked.

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"Has he hit that yet?"

My eyes grew wide. I looked to Chris who was watching me and then grabbed Evie's hand to lead her deeper into the hallway. "Are you crazy? Liam would go insane if he thought there was something going on between me and Chris."

"But is there?" She asked. Her green eyes told me that I was trapped.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't fucking know. No. There isn't."

"Are you sure? I got condoms, honey, if there is, at least stay protected."

"I'm fine. I'm not having sex." I said looking down at my feet.

"Mmh. Again, you mean."

I met her eyes.

The only person who knows I lost my virginity was my Aunt Evie. She was the only person I could trust. And I knew that she wouldn't tell mom anything or Liam.

"Yeahâ.again." I muttered under my breath.

Someone knocked on the door.

I left my spot to go get it.

My aunt Evie followed me and stood by my side as I opened the door.

When I did, Wesley smiled briefly at me before he met eyes with my aunt, his smile disappeared and he froze.

Yeah, Evie had that effect on a lot of people.

She grinned knowing that she had him in her trap. He was obviously more than a few years younger than her, but Evie doesn't really care where she plants her trap, when she has you, she has you. Part of me wondered if she ever came on to Chris. And I was surprised at how the thought of that made me a little upset.

"Hey, Wesley, why didn't you spend the night like everyone else did?" I asked.

"Yeahâ.Wesley." Evie said slowly.

He slowly tore his eyes from her eyes to go down to her breasts, which are actually very hard to ignore.

I could swear I could see some drool coming out. "Wesley?"

He finally looked back to me. "Oh. Sorry. I had to go home make sure my mom took her pills but I'mâ!" His eyes went back to Evie's tits. "Back now." He said looking dreamy.

I shook my head, snickering.

Evie smoothed her shirt. "Would you like to come in, honey?" She asked.

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Wesley nodded. "Yeah, I would love tit- to! I meanâ I would love *to* come in."

Evie chuckles and walks away from us.

I let Wesley in and as I shut the door, he looks at me. "Did her tits get bigger or am I just imagining?"

"Yep. And they keep growing."

"So is my dick."

I rolled my eyes. "Oddly enough, you may have a chance with her."

Wesley's eyes widened. "Really? But wouldn't that be odd?"

"You're eighteen. Do *you* think its weird?"

"Fuck no." Wesley said.

"Then go for it. Just don't talk about anything technical, it's a turn off."

He nodded. "Alright. Tech is a turn-off." He went into the kitchen and I followed after him.

There was a seat available for me between Liam and Chris.

Great.

I took my seat while Evie sat by my mother, and Wesley sat by Chase.

Margaret sat a plate of food in front of me and I thanked her.

Chris suddenly leaned to my ear. "How'd you sleep?" He whispered.

I turn to look at him. "Okay, I guess. Fine."

"You don't remember anything before you went to bed?"

I shook my head. "Should I remember anything?"

He half smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know. Something you said reallyâ stuck with me. Made me think."

"What could possibly make you think?"

"The blue thong you were wearing definitely made me think."

I gasped and started choking on my food.

"Honey, you alright?" My mom asked.

I grabbed a glass and gulped down the water while Liam patted my back.



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After the whole glass was gone, I slammed the cup down.

"You okay, girl?" Tara asked.

I nodded. "Yeah, I'mâ 'good." I looked to Chris who was smirking down at his food. How did he see my blue thong? That pervert probably lifted my skirt for a peek, knowing him.

"We're talking about this later." I whispered.

He didn't respond, he just chuckled and continued eating his food.

After breakfast, I showered and got dress in a cream colored short strapless sun-dress. I kept my blonde hair down my back and was seeking out to find Chris.

I ended up finding him talking to a few women that stayed after the party.

I walked over and looked to them. "Party was over hours ago, bye-bye." I grabbed his hand and forced him to come with me.

His hand tightened around mine and I stopped to look at him for a moment before dragging him down to this little pathway surrounded by a sort of rock tunnel that led down to the beach. When we got to the very opening of the tunnel, I let his hand go and I folded my arms. "How'd you know what color my thong was? How'd you even know I had one *on*?"

He leaned against the rock wall. "You showed me."

Wow. He really thought I'd buy that? I chuckle. "Waitâ 'waitâ 'I *showed* you my thong?"

He nods. "You told me to take off your skirt, and as fucking tempted as I was, I said no. So you took it off yourself and asked me if I liked your thong."

"This does not sound like me at all."

"You were wasted, princess. The realness comes out of us when we're drunk."

I leaned against the other wall, absorbing this information. I guess it was possible I could have been goofing off if I was wasted. "Oh god. What else did I do?"

"You were dancing on a table while a bunch of assholes watched. I got you off the table. Nothing more than that."

"You sure?"

He hesitated. "Well," He smiles.

"What?" I asked.

"You slapped my ass while I carried you upstairs."

"You're making that shit up."

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He shook his head. "I swear that I'm not. You were just faded. You didn't even care."

My cheeks warmed up. I really did all that? No fucking alcohol for me for a while. "What about what I said? Did I say anything stupid? You said I said something that made you think, what was it?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I'm not telling you."

"Why not?"

"Because you're just going to deny it."

"No I won't." I said.

"Fine. You told me I was hot."

"I doubt that."

"See? I told you."

I hope I didn't really tell him that because that shit will just be embarrassing. "Was I serious?"

I asked.

"I don't know. Were you?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

He chuckles. "I think some part of you wants me. You don't want to because I'm a huge dick but, honestly, baby, I think some part of you can't help it."

"Please. Get over yourself."

"One kiss and I'll get over myself."

"What?" I asked. I think my stomach dropped.

"Scared?" He asked, amused.

"Of you? Yeah, right. I'm not kissing you."

"Oh that's fine, I'll come to you." He pushed off of the wall to walk over to me.

"You're serious?" I asked in a whisper.

He nods his head as he puts both his hands on the rock wall. I was between his arms, staring into his eyes.

"Liam." I said, remembering.

"Now you're making excuses."

"No. I'm not."

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He takes his hands down to slide them down the length of my body to my hips and presses me against the rock. "Yeah you are."

"If he sees us out here, he's going to kick my ass, and yours."

"So you won't kiss me because of your brother? But otherwise you would."

I glared at him. "I'd kiss you if your lips haven't been on so many other women. And I'm just another one and you expect me to open my legs for you."

He smiles in such a way that makes my body tighten down below. He takes his hands off of me and goes to lean back against the banister. "I like this game you're playing with me, princess."

"What game?"

"This *cat and mouse* game. Never played it before."

I smirked. "Never had to chase? I'm not those other girls who put out just because you compliment their eyes or their hair or their personality which god knows you're paying zero attention to."

He chuckles.

"If you want to play the game, play the game, but odds are, you won't get what you want."

"I promise that I will."

I smile at him. "I love your confidence."

"Game is on, baby."

"So it is." I get off of the rock and turn to walk up the path to get to the yard but I stop and turn to look at him. "Want to guess what color I'm wearing today?" I ask.

He takes a second and a half before he stares into my eyes. "Red." He answered.

I smirk and lift my dress to reveal my red thong underneath. "Game on."

## Chapter 3: Unseen

### *Chapter 3: Unseen*

My mother offered me a cigarette but I turned it down by waving my hand. "You need to take your medication."

"I'll take it later. Where are you off to?"

"Me, Liam, Tara, Chase, and Chris are going to see a movie."

She covered her mouth as she coughed hard. "Okay. Can you bring me my bottle of gin? It's in the freezer." She said.

"I'll tell Margaret." I walked out of her room which stunk like cigarettes and coffee. I went to the bathroom to look in the mirror one last time. All I had on was a pair of high rise short jean shorts, a white crop top and red peep toe wedges.

I left my hair down and curly down my back nearly to my behind and put on my white sunglasses.

"Summer!" Liam called from downstairs.

"Here I come." I muttered as I applied red lipstick on my lips. I popped my lips and then walked downstairs. On the way down, Margaret was coming up and I told her to get my mother's gin for her.

When I made it downstairs, we all got into the limo waiting for us outside.

My father allowed me to have my own personal limo, for occasion. He owns his own business and most of his money goes to me and my mother. My dad split from my mother because he didn't have feelings for her anymore, however, he's not with anyone else and still treats us as if we're all family. Minus Liam who punched a hole in a wall once while my dad was leaving my mother. When anything upsets mom, Liam goes insane. When something upsets me, he goes insane. Liam just has a huge fucking heart. Can't help but love him for that.

"So what movie are we seeing again?" Tara asked.

Liam exhaled a puff of smoke and took the cigarette from his lips. "Oculus."

"What in the hell is Oculus?" I asked.

"You agreed to come out and you don't even know what movie we're seeing."

"It's summer. I wanted to get out of the house." I said.

Liam brought his cigarette back to his lips and started talking to Chase about some kind of website he found.

My eyes slowly went to Chris who was sitting beside Tara. I wasn't surprised to find that he was looking at me. It had to be the shorts. They were so damn short, and I wore them just for him. I smirked at him and crossed my legs.

## Unbreakable

No one was really paying attention to me, or to him. Liam and Chase got invested in a conversation that Tara was now into, and me and Chris just stared at one another. My fingers ran up my thighs, slowly, to tease him. He can have me. He knows this. I know this. But he has to be willing to work for it. How far will he go for it? For me?

Chris smirks as he watches my hands move over my body slowly, in a teasing matter. I'm so happy Liam's not seeing this. Then again, something about getting caught teasing him made me feel hot.

But Liam just never looked my way. So I went on being the bad girl that I am, and teased Chris the whole limo ride there.

\*\*\*\*\*

Chase spent so much money on our snacks for the movie.

It was a horror movie so I figured it was going to be stupid.

Normally with me going to the movies with a few people, we don't all sit together. Liam is a loner so he sat all the way in the very front row. Tara and Chase sat at the very top of the last row, and I sat in the middle—next to none other than Chris.

We were out of sight of Liam, and out of sight of Tara and Chase. The way I liked it. Gives me plenty of chances to tease him.

"This movie is going to be stupid." I said pulling my legs onto the seat in front of us and crossing my ankles.

Chris looks to me. "It's fine, princess. Feel free to grab me for comfort when you get scared."

I give him a mocking look. "Shut up. These movies don't scare me."

"I don't think anything scares you except for one thing." He says as he stares back at the screen,

"What?" I asked.

He smiles. "Think about it."

"What are you talking about?"

His eyes meet mine again. "You're scared to fuck."

I grimaced. "What?" I asked louder than I intended.

This was followed by people shushing me.

I ignored them and glared at Chris. What did he mean I was scared to fuck? I already done it, once, and it hurt. I don't really intend on doing it again anytime soon.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Watch the movie." He said.

## Unbreakable

"No, fuck this movie. Tell me why you think that." I lowered my voice. "I'm not even a virgin anymore."

"No, you're not, but whatever that was at Tyler's party, I can tell that it wasâ average."

"How do you know?"

"Because if it was so good, you would have fucked him more than once."

"Just because I had it once doesn't mean I'm going to do it again. I don't *want* to do it again." I said crossing my arms and leaning back in my seat as I turned my attention to the movie.

After a minute of silence, he asked, "How was it?"

I scoffed. "Why would I ever tell you that?"

"Because you know its easier to tell me stuff sometimes, easier than it is to tell your family. You know that. I never judge you."

I sighed. "You actually *do* judge, but whatever. It wasâ okay, I guess." I mumbled.

"Did he make you cum?" He ask.

I exhaled slowly. Why did I get just a little turned on when he asked me that?

I look at him but I don't answer.

His eyes tore from the movie screen to look into mine. "Did he?" He whispered.

I just shrug my shoulders.

Chris chuckled and shook his head. "If you don't know, then he didn't." He looked back to the movie.

"How do you know?" I ask.

"At any point did you feel really, really good, and it made you scream and dig your nails into his back, and make your toes curl?" He asks.

Was he serious?

The look in his eyes said so. I was supposed to be teasing him, but instead we were talking about my sex life. What little one I had. "None of that happened."

"That's what happens when you fuck the wrong people." He said turning his attention back to the movie.

"It was a mistake, and I was drunk. Don't *you* have sex when *you're* drunk?" I asked.

He nods. "All the time. Difference is, whether I'm wasted or not, I still make sure whatever girl that's under me comes for me. Every time."

I blushed and looked to the movie. I have zero clue what's going on. Then I realized something and glanced at him. "Are youâ trying to reverse the game?" I asked.

## Unbreakable

He smirks. "Yes. How am I doing?"

I glare at him.

"You think you're the only one who can tease?" He ask.

"You expect me to chase back?"

He nods his head. "I mean I can't wear short shorts to get you excited, but I have other ways."

I smile. "Did my shorts excite you?" I ask.

"Truth? If they weren't in the limo with us, I would have taken them off of you."

I sigh. The game gets hard when he talks like that. I don't know why his words make me blush so much. I guess because guys don't really talk to me like this. They know who my big brother is. Liam would kick the shit out of anyone that showed any ounce of affection towards me and that's because he says I deserve better than the assholes in this town. "Don't say that."

"Why? You're not use to guys talking dirty to you, princess?"

"No. I'm not."

Chris smiles. "I find that cute."

"What?"

"When you blush like that, because of me."

"I don't blush because of you."

"I find it even sexier whenever you deny it."

I smiled at him. "And I find it sexy whenever you shut up"

He chuckles softly and looks back to the movie.

About twenty minutes into the movie, I was bored. Liam picked this stupid movie. I shouldn't have came.

I look over to Chris who looked just as bored as I felt.

He didn't notice me staring at him. Why did he have to look so good today? It made teasing him even harder.

Maybe I can do something that will entertain the both of us.

I kept my eyes on him, seeing that his attention was completely off of me.

I slowly leaned over and slowly, ran my nose up his neck, smelling his cologne.

My breathing was slow, controlled. I closed my eyes and began to kiss his neck. I never tried to kiss any guy's neck before. Never wanted to. But I was doing this to Chris because its part of the game and a part of me

## Unbreakable

*did* want to.

I can hear Chris's breathing slow down with mine.

I kissed my way up to his earlobe and nibbled on it gently before kissing back down.

Chris slowly takes my hand and places it to the crotch of his jeans.

I immediately feel that he's becoming stiff.

And all this made my body react. I felt my skin growing warm and I was becoming really hot inside of my panties. Even the guy I had sex with never got me this hot.

My hand rubs over his jeans and I feel that he's big. Very big. I gasp and take my hand away as I look at him.

His eyes look into mine. "You're not ready for it, princess. Trust me."

Despite the darkness in the movie theater, I can tell in his eyes, that he was a bit turned on, and I could tell in his breathing.

I wonder if he could tell that I felt the same way.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I just know."

I look down at the front row and I see that Liam is completely invested into the movie, not paying any attention to us. I look back to Chris who was staring at me.

"I didn't know that was an option."

"What?" I asked.

"Kissing."

"I just made it an option."

He bit down on his lip.

It was so sexy, I wanted to bite down on his lip myself.

"So I can kiss you anywhere I want?" He asked.

I felt like my body was running on hot at the moment. "Anywhere." I answer.

Chris smiles. "Good to know."

I narrow my eyes as he turns to look back at the movie.

His smile said that he was planning something. I guess some part of me should be worried. Then again, I can play just as hard as he can. So I will see what he plans to do to me. I may give in right then and there, I may



not.

## Chapter 4: Red is the color of lust

### *Chapter 4: Red is the color of lust*

"Party?" I asked.

Liam nodded as he spread mayo on a piece of bread for his sandwich. "Yeah. You know how it used to be. Chris travels with his parents then he comes back home while they go to another place, and he throws huge fucking parties."

I do remember. Chris throws the most insane parties. Everyone would be there. I was never able to come because I was too young. But I'm eighteen now. "Can I go?"

Liam made a face. "Why would you want to? You hate Chris."

"I like parties though." Minus the one I lost my virginity at.

Liam shook his head. "I don't know, Summer. It's going to be at a strip club."

"Liam, I'm eighteen. I know what breasts and legs look like by now. I *have* them after all."

"Fine. But any guy tries to talk to you, tell me, and I'll kick his ass for you."

I rolled my eyes. "Yeah, yeah. When is it?"

"Tonight at nine."

"When is it over?"

"It's *Chris's* party. I say it's going to run from at least, nine, to four A.M."

"Alright." I say as I hop onto the counter.

Liam puts the box of frosted flakes on top of the refrigerator. "It's mom I'm worried about."

"She's not going to notice I'm gone. She too fucked up on valium to notice."

Liam nods. "True." He walks over to me and leans against the counter. "Hey, listen, when I go back, I'm going to need you to look after her."

"How the hell am I going to look after her, Liam? I'm going to college next year." I said.

"I know. I know that but at least call and check up on her. Make sure she's fine."

"And if she's not, then what? Am I supposed to drag myself from my dorm room and come back here and go into a depressed conversation with her? Come on."

"Stop it, Summer. I'm just saying that she's going to be lonely with both her kids gone and Rene gone most of the time. There's no telling if I'll come back next time I'm gone."

## Unbreakable

I slapped his him and glared at him. "Don't say that, Liam."

He sighed and shrugged his shoulders. "What? I might not."

"Then whoever kills you better watch the fuck out for me."

He smiles. "You're too badass for me, little sis." He kissed my cheek and I smiled and then looked down at my feet as they swung.

"I just wish that our parents were normal, Liam. I want normal parents. Mom is a druggie and you can barely hold a conversation with her half the time. I mean she was okay the night you came back home but other than that, she'sâ€¦ messed up. And then dad, he gives us money, catches up sometimes but I want to see more of him. He's got to be lonely without us."

"Then fuck him."

"Liam-"

"What? He chose to leave us."

"Because mom is an addict. That must have been depressing to stay in a marriage like that."

"Still. He thinks because he gives us millions that we're supposed to love him?"

"I *do* love him."

He scoffed. "Dad doesn't care about us, sis. He's off doing whatever he wants with his money. He probably has another family somewhere else."

"Shut the hell up."

"It's true, Summer. And you know it."

I sighed. "Well, whatever." I hopped off of the counter and walked out of the kitchen. I should hate my dad for walking out but I couldn't help but have more love for him than my druggie mother. Either way, both were hard to deal with.

I made my way down the hall and the second I entered the foyer, Chris was coming down the stairs. He had on a pair of black jeans, a black tee and his hair was messy in that oddly sexy way he always wore it.

I stopped as I watched him walk down the stairs.

As fucking sexy as ever, and he knew it too. He leaned against the rail and smirked at me. "Good morning, princess."

"Morning, asshole."

"I assume you heard of my party."

"I did. Strip club, huh?"

## Unbreakable

He nods. "Trying a new place this year. It won't be as big as my other parties, however. Are you coming?"

"As matter of fact, I *will* be coming."

"I'll make sure of it." He said. I knew he meant something else from that smile now spreading across his face.

"In your dreams." I shot back.

He nods. "Oh, you're in them. Trust me."

I can't help but smile. "You just can't keep me out of your head, can you?" I asked.

"Can you keep me out of yours?" No. I smile it off. "I've went three years without thinking about you, Chris." No I haven't.

He raised his brow. "I can't say the same."

"You're flirting with me to throw me off. It won't work."

He shakes his head. "If I wanted to throw you off, I'd have better ways."

I blushed and walked towards the stairs. He watched me as I stopped on the first stair and placed my hand on the banister he was leaning against. "We'll see at the party tonight."

He smiles softly. "You won't be shy?" He asks.

I shake my head. "No. It's only girls dancing. I might take one home and fuck her. Or fuck her right there in the strip club. Doesn't matter." I say shrugging my shoulders and smiling at him.

His smile disappears, and I'm reveling at how his amused look turned to this dark, sexy look.

I smirked at him. "You wanna watch?"

He didn't answer.

I just chuckle and make my way up the stairs, leaving him down there.

I wouldn't actually fuck with another girl.

I never had the desire to. I mean, I would kiss a girl but it would never go further than that. He has my body. He knows that. And he'll get it when he earns it.

\*\*\*\*\*

I don't know if Liam would approve of this "dress". It was dark red, lacy, easily see through, and very short. It hugged my behind and my 34 C cup breasts snugly and made them almost pop out of the top of my dress.

Liam is going to have something to say. That's why we're going in separate cars.

Tara, me, and my aunt Evie are going in my limo. Evie is only twenty five and she adores strip clubs so I knew she was going to come. I didn't mind though.

## Unbreakable

No one did. She was apart of us younger kids. She was an aunt to us all.

I went to Liam's old bedroom which was now my closet and found a pair of over-the-knee boots. I slipped them on and looked in the mirror. This was going to get everyone's attention tonight. That's what I was going for.

After I combed my hair, I applied a little mascara to bring out my lashes, and then I was ready. I grabbed my black clutch and walked down the stairs.

Tara and my aunt Evie were waiting by the door.

God, Evie's breasts were justâ humongous in her dress.

Tara gave me a surprised look.

Evie grinned. She knew why I was wearing this and who I was wearing it for.

Tara's eyebrows raised high. "Damn, Summer. Are you trying to get laid tonight or what?"

I shrugged my shoulders. I *was* trying to seduce Chris without actually seducing him.

We left out the house and it was now dark outside. We got into the limo and I shut the door. I placed my clutch on the seat and crossed my legs.

My eyes met Tara and she was just staring at me.

"What?" I asked.

"What's up? I mean you're dressed like this. It has to be for *somebody*."

Evie chuckled. "Oh it is. My little niece knows how to work her shit."

Tara's confused expression turned to curiosity. "Question is who are you working it for?"

My eyes went to Evie's who nodded as she lit up a cigarette with her ruby red lighter.

I looked back to Tara. "Chris."

Tara's eyes widened. "What?"

Evie giggles. I don't know why she was completely fine with me doing what I want with whoever I wanted but that was Evie and I loved her for it.

"You hate Chris. Or so I thought."

So I thought too.

"Tara, my baby niece is going through the *hate him but want him* phase. Honey, everybody has had that man in their life they can't stand, but they can't help how much they want to fuck him. Lord knows *I* had my fair share." She rolled the window down as she blew the smoke from her bright red lips.

## Unbreakable

"It's a game, Tara." I said.

"A game?" She asked.

Evie smiled. "Cat and mouse. It's a teasing game."

Tara looked back and forth between me and Evie. "So it's a sex thing."

Evie nods. "For him, yeah, for her, no. You can look and tell she has actual feelings for him."

I crossed my arms. "No I don't."

Tara has a ashamed look on her face. "Everyone can tell. You two argue constantly and that's a sign you two like each other."

I ignore her comment and looked out of the dark tinted windows. Maybe I did like him more than wanting to fuck him, but I didn't want Tara and Evie to start treating me like I had some big crush.

We arrived to the club moments later, and it was packed, as opposed to how it looks on a normal Tuesday night. Chris was very popular obviously, mostly because of who his parents were. They wanted to make sure their son was known, but not because they cared so much and wanted him to be in their social life, but so it'd make them look like the perfect parents. Little known fact about Chris's parents: They are dicks.

The limo couldn't park because so many cars were parked around the club so my driver just let us out in the middle of the street.

Me, Tara, and Evie made our way to the front and a huge Caucasian bald man asked for our names.

We told him and he let us by.

I never been inside of a strip club. I seen enough on tv or whatever but to actually be here in the flesh, literally, I felt a tad bit nervous about it. But they definitely knew what they were doing. Which then brought me to the irritated fact that Chris decided the party here so that he could see half naked women dance around for singles.

I didn't like how that made me feel.

It wasn't hard to spot the guys all the way in the front of the club, gathered around one another as Chris was talking to them.

Evie parted ways with us and went straight to the bar. Me and Tara went to the front with the guys to see what Chris was saying. Tara found Chase and he wrapped his arms around her and kissed her temple. I stayed in the back so Liam wouldn't see my very exposing dress.

Chris was on a small square platform looking down at the guys. "Everybody, thanks for coming. I fucking appreciate it." He said.

The crowd giggled.

"This is my party. All drinks are on me, go crazy, have fun, do whatever the fuck you want, I don't care. Love you all." He said holding up his shot glass.

## Unbreakable

Everyone aside from me and Tara raised theirs and they all took it back at the same time and then cheered, slamming their glasses down, and then spreading out to check out the dancers.

Chris sat his shot glass on the platform and stepped off. When he saw me, full body length in the dress, he stopped.

I smiled at him. "Hey, great place." I said sarcastically.

He nods. "I thought you'd like it. You *are* dressed like you belong here."

"So are you saying I look like a hooker?"

"I'm *saying* that you look sexy. It's too bad you don't know how to take a compliment." He says.

"Thank you." I said in a sweet voice. It was fake, and I was being a bitch.

He shakes his head as his eyes explores my outfit carefully. "And what would Liam say if he saw you dressed like this?" He asked, clearly studying my breasts more than anything. It was meant to capture his attention. I couldn't help but smile and the worry about Liam seeing me disappeared.

"If he sees me, then he does. I'm eighteen. If I'm old enough to want to seduce his best friend, I think I'm old enough to wear what I want." I said.

Chris sends me a cute smirk that just makes me want to come right there in front of him, in front of everyone. I have to lean against the bar keep my knees from buckling.

"You're trying to seduce me?" He asks. That smirk still plastered on his face.

"It's part of the game."

He exhales deeply and leans against the bar beside me. "We never established the rules, did we?"

"No rules makes it better."

"I just want to be sure that I cross no lines, princess."

"If you do, the heel of my boots will let you know." I said smiling in a sarcastic, yet sweet way.

"And you were positive about the kissing thing, right?"

I blushed and nodded my head. "Why? You have some places you want to kiss me?" I asked.

"I have a few."

When he said those words, it sent a shiver down my spine. "Where do you want to start?"

"You think I'm going to do it right here in front of everybody? You *want* to see your brother to kick my ass, princess?"

"That'll be entertaining." I replied.

## Unbreakable

He laughs softly and it makes me feel warm all over.

His eyes met with a few girls who were eyeing him in the corner and giggling like little school girls.

I rolled my eyes. Really?

"Looks like you just found your fuck buddies for the night." I said.

He shakes his head.

"What? You can't say you don't want them. Three girls. I'm sure you've had foursomes before."

He nods. "I have but not with girls who look so-"

"Slutty?" I asked.

"Basic."

"Hmm."

"Besides," He grabs a lock of my hair and twirls it around his fingers as he looks into my eyes. "They're all brunette and I got a thing for blondes."

My entire body starts to feel warm. Why does he do this to me? How does he do it? It's not fair.

After me and him stare at one another for a long moment, one of the women from the corner walked over. She was short, and sweet. If she ended up going home with Chris, she wouldn't be able to handle him.

I study his body. He's so lean, and well built. He's wanted. He's *definitely* wanted.

"Me and my friends were over there checking you out, mister." The girl has a country accent and sound like she's no more than sixteen. Why is she calling him 'mister'?

Chris smiles and crosses his arms. "Is that so?"

She nods her head. "We know that you and your family are loaded. And me and my friends heard about your reputation."

"Yeah well, people lie but tell me what you heard."

"Just thatâ.wellâ.that youâ!"

Chris raised his eyebrow. "That I what?"

"That you have a big cock, and that you know how to fuck really good." She said.

I just stare at her with my jaw on the carpet. She really said that. Wow.

"Is it true?" She asked.

He smiles "Ask me again later tonight while I'm fucking you."



## Unbreakable

She blushed strawberry red.

I turned away from them and ordered a beer from the bar. I hated beer, but I wanted to distract myself and not seem so jealous, which I knew I was.

After exchanging numbers, and his promise to meet back up with her later, she leaves and he turns to the bar and lean against it.

I stare down at my beer bottle feelingâ actually hurt. "I thought we were playing the game." I said not meeting his eyes.

"That *was* part of the game."

My brows furrowed as I looked to him.

"I wanted to see if you'd get jealous."

I glare at him. I wanted to slap the hell out of him. But instead, I just walked away from the bar to go find Tara.

When I found Tara, her and Chase were talking and laughing with guys and I joined in. I got lots of attention because of my dress.

Thank god my brother was already too faded to really notice what I was wearing.

He was talking to a few girls, and I'm sure it was a veryâ interesting conversation.

I went to watch a girl dance and her body was moving so gracefully.

She was beautiful. Too bad she's wasting her life away at a place like this.

After her routine, she slid down the pole, to the floor of the platform she was dancing on. "You're pretty." she commented.

I smiled. "I was going to tell you the same thing." I said.

She grins. "Bi?" She asked.

I shake my head. "Straight butâ!"

"Butâ!"

"I always wanted to kiss a girl."

"Really?" She asked.

I glanced around the room and met eyes with Chris before looking back to her. "Really." I answered.

"Want to kiss me?"

I blushed. "Can I? I wanna see what it's like."

## Unbreakable

She slid off the platform so that she was standing in front of me. We were about the same height.

I didn't know how to start.

She seemed to be waiting for me to make the first move.

I decided to just wing it.

I made sure to look over. Chris was still looking at us, an unreadable expression covering that arrogant, yet beautiful face I became smitten with. Hell, maybe I always been smitten with it. With him.

I slid my hands to her hips, and brought her against me. My hand slides from her hips, up to her neck, to her jaw, back to her hair. I grab it tightly between my fingers to see her reaction. She seemed to like it from her lustful expression.

I place my lips on hers, testing to see how I felt about it. I felt nothing. I mean, the kiss was hot, especially with her letting me dominate her like this, but there were no sparks. Then again, I didn't really expect there to be.

I slowly pulled back and opened my eyes.

She smiled and exhaled. "Wow. You're a good kisser."

"Thank you. It was fun."

She nods. "Sure you're straight?"

I nod my head. "Positive."

"She's straight," Chris's hand went to the small of my back. "And she's *mine*." He said.

When he said that, there they were, the sparks, the warm tingles. All that shit that let me know that he was what I wanted.

He ushered me away from the girl. "What the fuck are you doing?" He asked, clearly irritated.

"What? You get to flirt with a girl and offer to fuck her right in front of me but I can't kiss a girl that I had zero sexual feelings for?" I asked.

"I wasn't seriously going to take her home, Summer."

"I don't know that."

He opened the door to a small room, grabbed my arm and then pulled me inside.

He released me and shut the door closed before turning to me.

I rubbed my arm where he grabbed me too hard.

The room had huge windows in it covered by red curtains.

## Unbreakable

Chris sent me a seething glare and I just stood there.

"Why would you do that? Knowing I was right there watching you? Were you trying to make me jealous?"

"Why would you be jealous?"

He shook his head. "Don't do that. Come on, Summer. Let's not act stupid."

"So what *you* did wasn't wrong?"

"Did I actually fuck the girl? No. All I did was lie and said I would."

"You would."

He sighed heavily and leaned against the door.

Our normal, playful flirting was gone, and things were getting serious now.

I saw that, and it scared me.

"No, I wouldn't, Summer."

"You fuck, and fuck, and fuck. Why wouldn't you? That's your reputation to be a fucking man whore. Why stop now?"

"Because of you, you fucking idiot." He said in a low, yet intense tone that made me stop breathing for a second. Because of me.

I stared at him for a moment too long before looking down to my boots.

I heard his footsteps walking to me and I looked up to meet his eyes.

All humor gone, the both of us were heated, with both anger, and lust. I felt like I could feel what he was feeling.

Chris pressed me to the wall.

I looked into his eyes, so many emotions going through my head.

He slowly leans down and just as he does, as if on reflex, I close the distance between us, but he slides past and kisses me on my jaw instead.

It confused me, until the kisses went lower, and lower, to my neck, to my throat and down further. He left kisses going down my chest. Just before he could get between my breasts, he lifted his head back, grabbed the fabric covering my bra and ripped it open.

It shocked the hell out of me, especially with that hot look in his eyes, but I didn't care. I wasn't going to stop him. The straps of the dress fell over to my arms.

Next, he ripped the bra open, and continued kissing down between my breasts.

## Unbreakable

I shut my eyes, feeling every kiss in my pussy.

I was getting so wet, just from him kissing me like this.

I placed my fingers in his hair as he got on his knees in front of me.

He lifts my dress up past my stomach. He continues to kiss me on my stomach and on my navel, then a little below my navel which drove me insane. I moaned softly, feeling my pussy throb.

My lips parted as my breathing picked up.

Chris meets my eyes as his tongue swirls around my navel. Oh my god. He's so fucking sexy.

I grabbed his hair in a grip as he kisses down over to my legs, avoiding the one place I really needed him to kiss. His lips brushed up to my inner thigh and he kissed me there softly, and licked my arousal that spread everywhere the moment he kissed my neck.

I moaned under my breath, loving the way his tongue felt licking me there.

I stared down into his eyes. Nobody ever had me so hot like this before.

Chris's hands slid up my thighs to my hips as he went to my other inner thigh and kissed me there before licking up my juices. His tongue felt so good, and I wanted nothing more than for him to use it in another place.

I was seconds from giving in. I couldn't take him teasing me anymore.

But I kept myself composed for as long as I could stand it.

My panties were completely wet, and I wanted him to just take me. Take me anywhere in this room, on the floor, against the wall, against the window for people to see. I didn't care.

The door suddenly opens and Chase walks into the room with Liam.

My eyes grew wide, and Chris quickly got to his feet. Ohâshit.

## Chapter 5: What I want

Chapter 5: What I want

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I was relieved when I saw that Liam was extremely fucked up.

His eyes were half closed. He looked sleep with his arm draped around Chase's neck.

Chase looked back and forth between me and Chris.

He didn't look too happy. He looked shocked. Well he had every reason to be.

Chase laid Liam over on the red velvet couch against the wall and then turned to look to us. "How long were you going to keep this from him?" He asked.

Chris sighed.

Chase shook his head in shame. "His sister? Really, Chris? You know how protective he is over her."

"I know."

"So what the fuck are you doing?"

I just watched them as they argued. I was a little curious to why Chase seemed to blame Chris completely and not me. Maybe because Chris was older.

"So what is this? Are you fucking her, or is it serious?" Chase asked.

"I'm standing right here, Chase." I said.

He met my eyes. "He knows how Liam is. And you do too. So is it serious or what?" He asked.

After a long pause, Chris finally answers. "It's becoming serious."

I looked to him.

Chase shook his head. "When are you going to tell him?"

"Soon." Chris answers.

Chase sighs. "You need to. This is his sister. He's serious about her, Chris."

"Don't you think I fucking know that? I took that shit into consideration a long time ago but I just don't care."

After a long moment, Chase turns and walks out of the room, leaving me and Chris, with a passed out Liam.

My breathing was low, calm, despite the situation.

## Unbreakable

I look to Chris. "Were you serious?" I asked.

"What about?" He asked glancing at me.

"Us becoming serious. Were you serious?"

He hesitates and glance at Liam. He probably didn't like talking about this with Liam only a few feet away from us. "If we're becoming jealous, then I'm pretty sure that means its becoming serious."

"So what does it mean?"

"Let me tell you something, princess. Let's finish this party and we'll decide the rest when we get home."

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By the time the party was over, it was around three in the morning. It was dark and raining outside, which is odd considering the fact that its summer. Everyone was leaving. The dancers were leaving. The owner was leaving and most of Chris's friends were on their way out. I wasn't that drunk. I just had maybe a drink or two. Anymore and I knew Liam wouldn't approve, whether he was passed out or not.

Chase had helped him into the backseat of his black BMW and shut the door.

He glanced at me and then looked to something behind me and sent whoever it was a glare. I turned my head and saw Chris standing behind me, waving him off as if he didn't care.

I turned to face him.

His hazel eyes met mine and he let out a sigh. "Still mad at me?"

I shrugged my shoulders, a little lost by the way he was looking at me. "I don't even remember what I was mad about."

"Well, I remember what I was mad about."

"Can you let it go? I made a mistake. I didn't think you cared that much, considering the fact that you've never told me you felt more than just lust."

"How would that make me look? Christopher Clark, A.K.A. 'The man that fucks everything', falls for his best friend's little sister. The same guy who helped his best friend protect his little sister from boys as they were growing up, and now he wants her."

I looked away slightly when he said he wanted me. Regardless of the shit he does to piss me off, I wanted him too.

"Chris," Chase beeped the horn. "Let's go." He said.

Evie walked out of the club and flicked her cigarette onto the ground. "Come on, babe." She said to me.

I nodded. "I'll be right there."

Our driver opens the door for her and she slides into the limo.

## Unbreakable

I look back to Chris. "So now what? Game over?" I asked.

He nods his head. "Game over. Let's justâ.I don't know. Be together."

My brows furrow. "And that's your so called 'romantic' way of asking me to be your girlfriend?"

"I never said I was a romantic. You should know that I'm not by now. Yes or no? It's simple."

"I know you. You're going to play games with me."

"Yes or no?"

I crossed my arms and looked down to my boots.

"Suuuumer." Tara wrapped her arm around my neck as she came up behind me. I held her waist and grimaced at her. "Kitty, what the hell?"

"Too much to drink." She nodded, her eyes low and a lazy smile slapped across her face.

"We'll finish this later." Chris said as he walked away.

I looked after him, watching his every move as he slid into the passenger side of the car.

I got into the limo after helping Tara in. I sat down while she laid in my lap.

I played with her hair in between my fingers, deep in thought as the limo drove off.

"What happened?" Evie asked.

I sighed. "You ever had someone that you wanted really bad but in your head, you knew it wouldn't be a good relationship?"

Evie nodded. "Always. Sweetie, no couple is perfect. I think, personally, mentally, and physically, Chris is all right for you but its up to you."

"Personally, I think he's going to end up bringing out the worst in me."

"I think he's going to bring out the worst, and the best in you. I say you should go for it, honey. And if you're not feeling it, it's not like you're being forced to be in the relationship. You can get out of it if you really want to."

I nodded my head. Evie was right. I still didn't know though. I didn't want to get hurt.

The limo stopped in front of our home behind Chase's BMW a half hour later.

Everyone got out of both cars, minus Tara who I had to drag out and Chase had to do the same with my brother.

I looked over at Chris who was helping Chase with Liam.

He really did care about him, even he does betray him sometimes.

## Unbreakable

I wanted him. I didn't want to want him, but I did. Oh god, now I feel like those cheesy teens in romance stories. Fuck.

Evie shut the door for me and helped me bring Tara into the house.

The main thing I loved about our home was the amount of guestrooms and how everyone had no problem spending the night.

After we were all settled into the house, I changed in a tank top, and a pair of black shorts.

I put my hair into a ponytail and got onto my bed.

Someone knocked at the door.

"Come in." I said, already knowing who it was.

When Chris opened the door, I felt those nervous butterflies in my stomach.

He came into the room and then shut the door closed.

I stared at him, taking in his appearance. He just showered, I can smell his fresh deodorant and the shampoo in his hair. He had on a black t-shirt and a pair of black pajama pants.

Without a word, he walked over to my bed and sat down. "Did you come to a decision or do I have to chase a bit more?"

I placed my clutch on my nightstand. "What do you want to do?"

"If I get more mad, than turned on about you kissing a girl, I think that obviously means I want to claim you as mine and only as mine. I just need your answer. And don't give me that bullshit 'let me think about it' answer. Yes or no, or the opportunity is closed."

"You say that like you're a god or something, like me being your girlfriend is a fucking privilege and I should be thankful."

"You *should* be thankful. It's not everyday that I like a girl enough to want to make her my girlfriend."

I chuckle without humor. "You know what?" I get off of my bed and go to my door and open it. I look to him. "Get the fuck out of my room."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because you're pissing me off. Goodnight."

"Answer the question."

"My answer is no. You have your moments but in general, I cannot stand you. At all. I like you but I hate you and that sort of relationship is not going to work. So that's my answer. Leave my room."

Chris stared at me for a minute before he stood up and walked over to me. He slammed the door shut and glared at me. "I know what you're doing. Don't do that."



## Unbreakable

"Do what?"

"Get all mad at me, and then try to have me chase you. You know how I feel and you feel the same, so don't play that fucking game with me. Yes or no?"

I just stared at him.

"Yes or no?"

I didn't know what to say. Sure I wanted him, but will he be the one for me, honestly? Is he good for me? No. I had a feeling that he wasn't.

Before I could even breath the word 'no', I was slammed up against the wall and his lips were on mine.

And the second they were, I just lost myself.

I think it's because a part of me has always wanted this.

My fingers plunged into his hair as he kissed me. It was unlike that little petty shit you see in teen movies or read in those teeny-bopper romance books. This was way different.

I didn't feel this kind of shit when I kissed that girl earlier.

I didn't feel chills and that warm wet feeling I was feeling now.

His lips were so fucking soft, and they made my whole body feel out of control. His fingers went under my shirt from behind so he was holding my back. It seemed so small but feeling his warmth holding me like that made me feel like I was his. Like he *was* claiming me.

I parted my lips, allowing his tongue to slip into my mouth. I wrapped my arms around his neck and pull him closer to me. I wanted to kiss him everywhere, but this contact was enough for now.

His hands slid down from my back, down to my ass and he squeezed it.

I smiled into the kiss and he pulls back a little and smirks at me. "Can't blame me."

My hands went to his arms, up to his shoulders.

"So are you mine?" He asked.

I blush really hard, my face felt hot and tingly.

Chris kissed the spot just under my ear, and it felt so good. That little kiss was enough to make me explode. I shut my eyes.

"Are you?" He whispered.

I nod my head, yes.

I was his, and at the moment, whether Liam liked it or not, I didn't really care.

## Chapter 6: I really fucking like you

### Chapter 6: I really fucking like you

I had this deep giddy feeling at the bottom of my stomach when I woke up the next day. Because we didn't get into the house until four A.M., I didn't wake up until one in the afternoon. I got up and slipped my robe on before going downstairs. I greeted Margaret who was vacuuming the hallway. I walked down the stairs and came to see Liam sitting on the couch with Chris and they were playing on the playstation 4.

They were both fully dressed and Chris looked really good.

I purposely stepped in the way of the television and walked to the couch beside the one they were sitting on.

"You look like shit ran over twice." Said Chris.

I sent him a glare. "Yeah, thanks a lot." Some boyfriend. "For your information, it's because of your fucking party why I look so messed up right now."

"Ah, so my little shin-dig got you fucked up. Great to know that you like my parties so much."

"Blow me, Chris."

He glanced at me and winked.

I stared at him.

"Did you drink a lot?" Liam asked.

I look to him. "No but *you* did. You were passed out."

He nods and pauses the game. He runs his fingers through his blonde hair. "Yeah, Chase told me."

I narrow my eyes. "What else did he tell you?"

"What do you mean?" he asked looking completely confused.

I shrug my shoulders innocently. "Just curious."

"Well he told me I vomited on a girl I was kissing other than that, nothing else."

Okay. Good. Well not good for whoever he was kissing.

"Why? Is there something I should know?" He asked.

Chris shook his head. "You know your sister, cautiousâparanoid." He said.

Liam stood. "Yeah she is. I'm going to go get some chips. I'll be back." He said before walking out of the room.

I looked to Chris and he patted the seat next to him.

## Unbreakable

I stood up. "You know, you can stop being a dick to me. I already agreed to be your girlfriend."

I sat down next to him.

"Yeah, but if we start being nice to one another, he's going to know something's up."

"I guess you're right." I picked up the playstation controller from the floor and looked to the tv. "Teach me how to play." I said.

Chris chuckled. "You don't know the first thing about video games, princess. Stick to your dresses, your jewelry, and your heels."

I glare at him. "Teach me. How to play." I said slowly.

He sighed. "Fine."

He showed me the correct controls and took the game off pause. Our objective was to shoot the zombies and unlock doors.

"You need to get the pistol first." Chris said.

"I want the damn shot-gun. This pistol won't do anything."

"Trust me. You're gonna need the shotgun later. Just do what I say."

I turned in the game and shot at him.

He grimaced and shot back at me.

"Stop shooting me." I said.

"You shot me, and now because of you, the fucking zombies are coming after us."

"Who cares?" I turned around, pointed my gun to the zombies running near us and both me and Chris cleared them out immediately.

"See? I'm not all dresses." I said smiling at him.

He smirked at me but didn't say anything.

"What?" I asked.

"I just really fucking like you."

Before I could respond, Liam walked back into the room with a bowl of potato chips in his hands. "Damnit. You unpaused the game?" He asked.

"Hey I tried to warn her." Chris said.

"I kicked the zombies' asses." I stood up. "What are we doing today?" I asked.

## Unbreakable

"I have to go see something today." Liam said.

"Something meaning what?"

"Someone." He said. He sat down with the bowl in his lap and took out a pack of cigarettes.

"Someone meaning Imogene?" I asked.

He sighed. "She text me yesterday. I have every right to go see her."

"But she-"

"Don't start with that shit, Summer."

"Okay, I'm sorry to bring this up for the both of you, but are you forgetting that Chris fucked her?"

"Don't bring me into it." He said glaring at me. And I know for a fact it was really bothering him coming from his girlfriend about some girl he once fucked. "That was a long time ago and I never had feelings for her."

"Then why did you fuck her?" I asked. It turned from me defending my brother, to jealousy.

Chris stood up, "Why I fucked her is none of your fucking business."

"You're full of shit. I hope you know that."

"Glad you're aware of that, princess." He dropped the controller and left the room.

I watched him go up the stairs and I felt bad. He was my boyfriend, yet we were arguing like we hated one another. I thought with him making me his girl, things would change, but things seemed to stay pretty much the same.

I looked to Liam.

He stood up and grabbed my chin between his fingers. "You need to stop with this shit, Summer. I'm over it so *you* need to be over it."

I moved his hand off of me. "I just can't believe you give in so easily to that bitch."

"You think it was *easy*? She sent me nothing but letters while I was gone saying she was sorry."

"Yeah, and what's going to stop her from doing it again?"

Liam sighed. "I'm done with this conversation. I'm going to see her and honestly, sis, I don't give a damn about what you say."

"Fine. If you get hurt, that's on you."

I can tell he wants to argue, yell at me, but he says nothing. When it comes to Chris and Liam, they are so similar when it comes to being defensive about something.

I find it both disturbing and odd. Disturbing because my *boyfriend* is so close to my *brother*.

## Unbreakable

I didn't argue any longer and I just let the rest of the day go by.

\*\*\*\*\*

Tara and Chase stayed at her house. Evie was out all day doing whatever Evie does with her time. And my mother was out with her boyfriend Rene, whom I personally don't get along with nor approve of but she does whatever she wants and I can't stop her.

After hours of laying in my bed thinking about how much I hated pissing Chris off, I decided to go talk to him if he's here. I know Liam wouldn't be here because he's off with his cheating skank of an ex-girlfriend, Imogene.

I showered, got dressed and made my way downstairs.

Chris was sitting on the couch and I came down and stopped to stare at him. He was playing the game and he still looked somewhat pissed from earlier.

I walked around the couch and stared down at him.

"What do you want?" He asked without looking at me.

"So is this it? Are we broken up?"

"No."

"So why are you treating me like I'm no one?" I asked.

He paused the game and met my eyes. "I'm mad because you go off on me for something I did in my past and we made a deal that if you don't bring that shit up again, I wouldn't tell Liam about you fucking that guy at that party last year. Do I bring that up to you? No. Because I know you want me, not him. So shut the fuck up about Imogene and act like my fucking girlfriend."

I blinked and looked down to the floor. Something I found odd was that the only two people who I really allowed to talk sense into me was not my parents, but my brother, and my now-boyfriend. Anyone else, I'd be very defensive.

Chris grabbed my hand, bringing me down onto the couch with him.

He laid onto the couch and had his hands around my hips, as he made me straddle him. He stared up into my eyes and tucked my hair behind my ear.

I didn't want to fight with him. Not anymore. It was stupid and I guess it *was* in the past.

"I'm sorry." I whispered.

He nodded. "S'okay, sweetheart. That shit just pisses me off."

"Then I won't talk about it anymore." I said.

"Summer, Imogene is over. Fuck her. I don't *want* her, I don't *need* her."

## Unbreakable

I sigh. I felt the tenseness leave my body. I was relieved to hear those words. All this time I thought after he fucked her, he cared about her but just didn't act on it because he was trying to get back on Liam's good side.

But I guess I was wrong. He had zero feelings for the girl, and he had feelings for me.

"You believe me or do you think I'm talking bullshit?" He asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. "A little bit of both." I answered.

"You don't trust me."

"You just made me your girlfriend yesterday. Trust doesn't develop *that* fast."

"If you don't trust me, why'd you agree to be with me?"

"Because I like you, asshole."

He smirks. "I like you too."

I looked away as I smiled to myself silently.

He sat up so we were nose to nose and made me look at him. "I don't get you, princess. You like to be aggressive however, you shy away from me."

I looked into his eyes. There was lighter gold around the irises, something I never noticed before. We've been close but not *this* close to one another before.

My hands slid into his hair and I grabbed it hard. He was right. I was shy and irritated and aggressive around him. It was a mix of emotions I didn't understand.

Chris hand slid to hold my torso. The look in his eyes was so sexy, it put butterflies in my stomach.

I leaned in first and kissed his lips, giving him little teasing pecks at first. Just to test how good his lips felt. Chris's lips made me feel nothing but want, and longing deep in my groin. I never been kissed like that until him.

Chris refused to let me tease him and he grabbed my ass, and deepened the kiss.

Slowly, his hands slid up from my ass to the arch of my back, and I felt chills running down simultaneously.

I parted my lips for him, allowing him to take over.

His tongue slid against mine, and I sighed softly, loving the taste of it.

His breathing was leveled with mine, but below me, I can feel he was growing a bit.

I parted my lips from his and unbuttoned his jeans.

I wanted to feel how big he was again. I recall that moment in the movie theater when he made me feel him through his jeans, and I was not able to forget it. I slipped my hand into his boxers and felt his hot length, so fucking big in hand.

## Unbreakable

I met his eyes.

"You think it's going to fit in that tiny cunt of yours?" He asked.

I shook my head. No. It wouldn't. It was too big, I could already tell it was going to hurt and it'll feel like me losing my virginity all over again.

"It's too big." I whispered.

He smiles to himself. "If I had a penny for every fucking time I've heard thatâ!"

My thumb caressed the warm feel of his shaft. An excited thrill went through my body, thrill and fear of his size.

Chris laid back on his elbows, watching me as my thumb stroked his shaft.

"Keep doing that." He breathed.

I wanted his pants down so I would be able to feel more of it.

I wasn't surprised that I felt that warmth down below in my panties. Chris always makes that happen to me.

My hand just felt all the way into his boxers and I felt the length all the way down. Jesus.

He groaned.

"Chris,"

He sighed and met my eyes. I think feeling him like this was making him feel good.

I felt the sticky liquid at the tip of him.

"Summer," He grabbed my hand. "I'm going to cum. You gotta stop."

"Already? I barely touched you."

He smirks. "You touched me enough."

I laughed and took my hand out of his boxers. I wanted to explore a little more but I'll save that for another time.

He sat back up and scooted us back so he was leaning against the arm of the couch.

His fingers slid down to my hips. And then he grabs the hem of my shirt.

Any other guy, I would have slapped the hell out of him, but I let Chris pull my t-shirt off of me.

He was still stiff underneath my body and I was wearing a skirt, so I can feel him against my panties, and against my clit. I moved my body a little purposely to feel the friction.

Chris shook his head. "If you don't want me to do it, don't fucking tease me."

## Unbreakable

"Do what?" I asked innocently.

"To fuck you hard on this couch. I want it, but I know your tight little cunt won't be able to take it. So stop teasing me." He said as he dropped my shirt on the floor.

I did as he said and stopped.

I was only in my burgundy lacy bra that held my size c cup breasts in place. He couldn't keep his hands off of me. They slid from my back, to the cups of my bra and he caresses them in his fingers as he takes my lip between his teeth and began to suckling it.

This heightened a thrill inside of me being that no one kissed me like this before.

I moaned as his lips slid in between mine and his fingers returned to my back and he unsnapped my bra.

I wasn't embarrassed to be exposed to him. I never been exposed to anyone before. Not even the guy I had sex with before. We did it with clothes on and there wasn't any touching or kissing like this.

The straps of my bra fell and I slide it off without breaking the kiss.

We're both breathing hard within the kiss and his hands began to feel my breasts.

Oh god. His hands feel so damn good on me.

Jesus, I almost feel like I can cum from this.

His lips leave mine and his eyes go to my breasts.

He smirked as his thumb came up to brush against my nipple.

My eyes fluttered closed.

"My baby's sensitive." He whispered.

I nodded my head.

He dipped his head and kissed around my nipple which made my body go crazy on the inside.

I squirmed in his lap as I moaned.

He groaned as I moved against his stiff erection pushing against my pussy.

I think out of any time I've been turned on, out of any time guys has touched me or I touched myself, this was the one real moment where I wanted to have sex. Well, I wouldn't call what I want Chris to do to me 'having sex'. I want to get fucked by him.

His lips closed around my nipple and I whimpered as I tossed my head back.

I hear moaning and it doesn't sound like me, but I know it is.

Chris is making me feel so good and I don't want him to stop.



## Unbreakable

I hear the back door suddenly slam close and me and Chris both stopped.

Immediately he picks me up as he stands up and sits me down onto my feet. I snatch my shirt from the floor and put it on and pulled the hem of my skirt down while Chris buttoned his jeans back up.

My mother walked into the room, of course high out of her mind. She looked to me, and then to Chris. It was obvious what was going on.

She sighed. "I got nothing to say other than your father's coming over tomorrow. You tell him about this. And as for your brother," she shook her head and chuckled as she pulled a cigarette out of her bra and a lighter from her skirt pocket. She resembled Evie so much. An older, brunette, high version of her. "You know how Liam is. He has anger problems. Something's wrong with him and you know that he loves you." She looked to Chris. "Can you imagine what he'd do to either one of you if he found out about," She waved her hand. "Whatever this is?"

I drove my fingers through my blond hair. "He's gotten better, mommy."

She put the cigarette into her lips and dragged before taking it out and releasing a puff of circular smoke. "You remember what he did to that little boy in sixth grade just from hugging you? He put that boy in the goddamn hospital, Summer. He's a grown man. I can'tâ I won't be able to stop him if he gets out of control. So whatever this is, either don't let him see it, or end it." She turned around and went up the stairs.

I sighed and looked to Chris.

My mother was right. She wasn't able to stop his anger. Only he can, but I didn't want to end this thing with Chris. I liked him. This shit just started and I was really liking it.

Chris shook his head and half smiled. "I don't care about Liam's anger problem. I *honestly* don't give a fuck."

"You should. You been there for eighty percent of his episodes. You know how he is and you're being fucking stupid and taking a risk."

"Yeah well that makes you fucking stupid too. I didn't throw myself at you, did I? You are just as responsible for this shit as I am, princess."

I took a deep breath to calm myself down. "I don't want him to hurt you, Chris. That's the problem. I mean he's acting cool and normal now but you know how he used to get. How he gets about me. Why can't he stand any guy to be around me? I have no clue. But I don't want you hurt because of me. If he walks through that door and he sees us, it's going to drive him crazy and turn him right back into that angry teenager he use to be."

"I don't think he'll turn back."

"You don't know what he did when he found out about you and Imogene, do you?"

"What?"

"He threw the fucking tv against the wall. The tv was fucking huge."

"Yet, I'm still sitting here, wanting you, and I'm not intimidated."

## Unbreakable

I stared at him.

"You know, I know I act conceited and arrogant, and so fucking full of myself, and heartless. I know. But regardless of all that shit that's me, I know that a big part of myself would never stop wanting you because of him. I felt like this for yearsâ even during the time I was gone in Berlin. I don't care. No one, him, your mom, not even your fucking father, will make me stop wanting you. Simple as that."

## Chapter 7: Hidden

### *Chapter 7: Hidden*

Me and dad has always had a complicated relationship. I mean it was weird how even though he's hardly in my life, I still love him. I always have. I probably always will and I don't even know why.

I was dressed in a short yellow sundress outlined with white lace and a pair of white high heel peep toe sandals and I pushed my hair into a blonde pony tail with curly strands dangling over my face.

I decided on the sundress because dad always said he loved my sundresses.

It didn't surprise me he was coming over. He comes over every couple of months.

Liam walked into my bedroom and he looked irritated beyond belief. I know its because dad is about to come here.

He crossed his arms as he leaned against the wall.

"You can at least smile a little." I said applying lip gloss to my lips.

"No need. I'm thinking about leaving the house butâ '!"

"But what?"

"I need to keep an eye on himâ 'around you."

My brows furrowed. "What do you mean?"

He didn't say anything. He just stared down at the floor.

Tara came into the room and smiled at Liam.

He smiled back at her and then looked to me. "Be careful."

My brows furrowed.

He walked out without an explanation.

I looked to Tara. "What's going on, Kitty?"

"I'm wondering what's going on between you and Chris."

I blush at the sound of his name. I leaned against my dresser and held my arm. "I'm dating him."

Tara smiled. "Wow."

"Didn't I tell you that was going to happen?" Wesley asked as he walked into my bedroom. He sat beside his sister.

## Unbreakable

I rolled my eyes. "It's not a big deal."

"It kind of is, Summer." Tara said. "I mean Chris, and you, it's been kind of obvious about you two for a while."

"If its so damn obvious, why haven't my own brother figured it out by now?"

"Maybe he's in denial." Wesley shrugged.

"Denial or not, neither of you can tell him. He'll go crazy and end up killing the both of us so please don't tell Liam anything."

"Secret's safe with me." Wesley said.

"Kitty?" I asked.

Tara nodded her head. "You can trust me."

I smiled and then tightened my ponytail in my head. "You guys are going to have to have to get out of here for like a hour. My dad's coming home."

Wesley stood. "I haven't seen him in years."

"I know. Whenever he's here, he doesn't want company here."

"What about Chris?" Tara asked.

"What about me?" He leaned against the doorframe dressed in a pair of black jeans, and a white graphic t and a black hoody over it.

"Her dad's coming over." Tara said.

"I heard and I'm not leaving."

I smiled. I didn't want him to leave me. Besides, daddy needs to meet him. Of course he couldn't be introduced as my boyfriend. He has to be introduced as Chris's best friend.

Tara stood up. "Call me later, Summer."

I nod my head and hug her before she walks out.

"Yeah me too." Wesley says.

I roll my eyes and Chris pushes him out.

I sigh and Chris shuts my door.

My eyes meet his. I wonder if he can see in my eyes how much I want him right now.

Chris leans against the dresser. "So I was thinking."

## Unbreakable

"About what?" I asked.

"I wanna sleep with you tonight."

"Don't you always."

He shook his head. "You have a dirty mind. I don't mean that as in fuck you, I mean sleep in your bed with you."

I chuckled. "Oh. You can sleep with me then."

He walks to me. "Yeah?"

I nod my head. I never had a guy sleep with me in my bed. I wondered if it would result to more. Knowing Chris, it probably will. But I won't lie to myself, I was scared of how big his cock was.

Chris suddenly lifts me off the floor. It catches me by surprise but at the same time, it made me hot so I grabbed his face between my hands and I kissed him.

He brought me over to the bed and sat me down in the middle. I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him onto the bed with me.

"How long until your dad is here?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know." I said as I stood on my knees.

"Want to explore some more?" He asked.

I chewed on my lip and slipped off the bed. I went to go lock my door and then got back on the bed with Chris.

I pulled my sandals off of my feet and they dropped to the floor.

"Lay down."

I did as he said without hesitation and kept my eyes on him.

He slowly climbed over my body, and unbuttoned his jeans and then placed his hands on either side of my head giving me a chance to do what I pleased.

When he did that, it just made me feel that heat down my body that I felt anytime I was around him.

He grabs my hand and guides me inside of his jeans. He's not wearing boxers, so I immediately felt him.

He shuts his eyes while my hand slides down. He's so long. How the hell will this work when we actually do it? He moves my hand with his to stroke his length as his breathing gets deeper.

Oh my god. He's so fucking hot.

My thumb caressed the tip and Chris moans silently.

## Unbreakable

I'm starting to love that sound.

"I want to suck it."

Chris's hazel eyes opened. "I'm not making you do that."

"I know. I *want* to do it."

"Don't start something you can't finish, princess."

I smirk at him as he stares down at me.

"Summer! Your father's here!" My mother calls from downstairs.

I sigh and close my eyes. "Fuck."

Chris chuckles. "Looks like you gotta try for third base another time, princess."

I open my eyes. "Shut up."

He takes my hand out and get off his hands so he's only sitting on his knees over me.

His hands slowly slides up my thighs and he pulls my dress up to expose my lacy white thong.

He clucked his tongue and met my eyes. "And what would daddy say if he saw you wearing these for me?"

I shake my head. "No telling."

Chris pulls my dress back down and gets off of me. "Want me to stay up here until he leaves?"

I nod. "For now. I don't know how he'll feel about you."

"Why does all of the guys in the family want to protect you from being with someone you want to be with?"

"I've been trying to figure out the same thing." I stood up and went to the door. "I'll be back."

I opened the door and left out.

I walked downstairs and met eyes with my dad. He smiled at me and I walked down the stairs and hugged him.

"I missed you so much." He said.

I smiled and looked up at him. "I missed you too, daddy."

He brushed my hair out of my face. "You grew up."

I nod my head and looked over to my mother who was sucking on her cigarette with a scowl on her face.

I looked back to my dad whose eyes were focused on me like he wanted to tell me something but it wouldn't slip out.

## Unbreakable

I grabbed his hand and led him through the kitchen.

He studied the house before looking to me. "What's been going on?" He asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Usual." I answered as I released his hand and leaned against the counter.

"How have you been?"

"I'm enjoying summer. I'm going to Ohio State next year."

He shook his head. "I prefer for you to come live with me."

I grimaced and chuckled. "What?"

He nods. "I've missed you. I've missed you so much. It's kind of depressing living alone."

"You *decided* to leave, dad. Nobody forced you."

"You see the state your mother is in? How could you expect me to deal with that?"

"If you loved me, if you loved Liam, you'd be able to look pass that and be around more."

"I don't love Liam, Summer. I only love you."

I stopped and just stared at him. I was taken back by his tone. By his words. How can he not love his own son? I shook my head and was about to laugh it off but the look in his eyes matched the seriousness in his tone. "Why would you say that? And to me of all people?"

"I know you love your brother. And he loves you, maybe a little too much."

"What are you talking about?"

He shakes his head. "Nothing. I don't mean anything by it. Umâ" He cleared his throat. "But I think that if you lived with me, you'd be happier."

"I doubt it. My *friends* are here. My *boyfriend* is here." The word slipped out and I regretted it.

"Boyfriend."

I looked down to my sandals.

My dad walked around from the counter to stand next to me. His cologne was always strong. Way too strong for me to bear. I swallowed hard and looked into his eyes that resembled Liam's so perfectly.

"I'm not as protective as Liam is so I approve."

I nodded my head. "Thank you, daddy."

He smiles for a second and then it slowly leaves as he stares down at me. It went from a friendly look to a look that made me uncomfortable.

## Unbreakable

But I know that look.

And it wasn't the first time he's given me that look. His hand slowly came up and brushed down my shoulder, his eyes still holding that look that made me uncomfortable.

I step away, my eyes still on his.

"Why did you do that?" He asked in a soft tone.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I just-"

"Are you scared of me?"

He's asked me that before. It wasn't the first time, and the moment felt like déjà vu.

"Summer?"

My eyes went to the doorway where Chris was standing.

I swallowed hard and my throat felt really tight.

He looked to my dad. "Why the fuck would she be scared of you?"

My dad didn't say anything. He just blinked.

"You did something to her?" He asked.

I walked up to Chris and shook my head and I pushed his chest. "Stop it. Stop. It's okay."

"Summer, look at me." Chris demanded but I couldn't. I felt a twinge of humiliation. Humiliated that he walked in on something I was use to with my dad.

"Who are you, exactly?" My dad asked.

Chris ignored him and looked into my eyes before looking back to my dad. "I'm her fucking boyfriend. If I found out you did something to her, it's over for you. I don't give a fuck if you're her dad or not, bitch." He grabbed my hand and pulled me out of the kitchen.

I just followed him. My body felt like a noodle and bad images just flew pass my mind.

Chris pulled me upstairs back to my room and he closed the door.

He made me sit on the bed before he went to the door and locked it. He turned and looked to me.

I just stared at the carpet. I was shaking, but more than anything, I felt embarrassed that Chris just witnessed that.

Chris walked over to me and got down on his knees in front of me. "Summer,"

I looked into his eyes.



## Unbreakable

"I didn't like the way I saw him touching you."

"It was nothing." I whispered.

"Has he been hurting you?"

I shook my head.

"Did he rape you?"

I shook my head. "No. I just remember a long time ago when he use to touch me."

"Touch you?"

I nod my head. "It wasn't a big deal. It was just little harmless touches. He didn't hurt me."

"Summer, fuck, does Liam know?"

I shook my head. "You can't tell him. Promise me you won't tell him, Chris."

"Summer, we cannot keep hiding shit from Liam just because you're scared of what he's going to do."

"But he can be dangerous. You know that. You've *seen* it. I can't have my boyfriend and my dad hurt because of me."

"Listen to how fucking retarded you sound."

"Get out, Chris."

"No."

"Christopher, get out of my fucking room. You don't understand. You're not in a fucked up family like I am."

He chuckled without humor. "Fucked up family? Are you serious? At least your parents know you fucking exist. At least they talk to you even if the conversations are irrational as fuck. My parents don't give a fuck about anything but the money in their bank account. Your parents are fucked up but at least they *love* you." He was angry. I didn't think if he learned about my dad that it'd be that big of a deal. I mean my dad never raped me. He just touched me a little. Just a little. And would maybe give me looks he shouldn't, but I count that as harmless. I still love him.

"I gotta tell him, Summer. I got to tell Liam or I go down there and take care of the problem myself, pick one."

"What? No. I'm not going to pick one. Stop."

"No. *You* stop. Stop acting like you're not scared and hurt by what he's been doing to you."

"He only ever touched me. He didn't do anything else. Drop it!"

"Summer,"

## Unbreakable

"Get out, Chris."

"No."

My eyes rimmed with tears. "God, don't try to solve any of my problems. Just get out."

"Pushing me away?"

"Yeah. That's what I'm doing. That's what I do. Leave or it's over because I don't want to hear this shit. That's my dad and he's sorry."

"Why are you acting so fucking weak towards him?"

"He's my dad. Goodbye, Chris."

"No."

"God, I don't want to talk about this shit anymore!"

He just stood there.

I stood up, grabbed my sandal from my foot and threw it at him. It hit his chest and he threw it across the room knocking down a glass lamp, making me flinch.

I was so fucking angry, and I could see that he was too.

I didn't care.

He was pressing an issue that had nothing to do with him.

And sure I know he was my boyfriend and he felt like he had to protect me but he didn't. That was my dad and he didn't mean any of the stuff he did.

Chris grabbed the door knob and sighed softly. I could see he was calming down a bit.

"I'm leaving."

"Good." I muttered.

He opens the door and then slams it shut after he leaves out, leaving me alone in my room.

## Chapter 8: All I need

**Author's Note: Oh my god, this chapter was so fucking impossible to write for various reasons. Hey guys! Thanks for being patient with me. Stuff was supposed to happen in this chapter but I decided to push it back to another moment. But I hope you guys enjoy this chapter. Let me know.**

### Chapter 8: All I need

My dad left without me having the chance to say goodbye to him. That was the shortest visit he's ever made but it was obvious why he left. He was caught by Chris. And Chris was mad at me, so he's gone.

My dad has been doing that since I was about six or seven years old.

I can't even recall how it started, all I remember is that he use to take joy in mom dressing me in little sundresses and skirts, and he'd have me sit in his lap so he could feel up and down my legs. But he's never touched me in any of my private parts.

At the back of my head, even as a little girl, I knew that what he was doing was wrong. I knew because whenever mom or Liam was ever around, he wouldn't touch me like that, wouldn't even have me sit on his lap. He acted normal.

But the more and more I grew up, the more I started to realize why I never told on him or stopped him. I believe it was because I was afraid that if I stopped him, or said a word to anyone, he'd stop loving me like he stopped loving Liam.

And with mom being a drunk and druggie for ninety percent of the time, I couldn't have neither of my parents not caring like Chris's parents.

Chris's family is so rich because both his mother and his father are very successful.

His father Christopher Sr. owns three billion dollar corporations while his mother is a lawyer.

So although Chris has all this money, he's missing the one important thing from his parents.

Love.

I couldn't imagine having that kind of life, to have so much money but being so damn lonely at the same time.

I guess Chris was right. I wasn't the only person with the fucked up family. I don't know who had a more messed up life, me or him.

I wanted the day to go on as normal, but I couldn't understand this deep feel of guilt in the pit of my stomach. Chris knows. And now Liam probably knows.

This was never supposed to get out.

I walked out of my room after sitting there for maybe two hours and walked downstairs.

The entire house was silent.

## Unbreakable

And I was a little thankful for it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Liam's POV

I watched a couple dozen girls all over Chris in the corner of the club and of course he was flirting back. That's what he does. No doubt he was going to try to take at least five of those girls home with him as usual.

Too bad I couldn't. Unless the girls wouldn't mind my place being my mother's house and me fucking them in the guest room. Nah, I was cool, besides, I was thinking about Imogene for the tenth time today and that girl always puts the unfaithful thoughts out of my head. She just has a way of chasing them away and making her the center of attention.

I look over to Chris. I still can't believe he fucked her. I should hate him right now. The one thing me and him don't share is our women. I was never into the women he's into. Well, their all hot and bangable but honestly, if he's in them, I don't want them.

Imogene being an exception.

Chris separate himself from the group, wearing that 'cuteboy' smirk those bitches actually fall for and he walks over to me.

He shakes his head and slides onto the stool next to me. "So fucking gullible."

I chuckle. "They always are. Which one you taking home?"

After a small moment, he looked to me. "No one."

Damn. That shocked the hell out of me. "Did I just hear you right?"

He chuckles and looks away from me.

"Christopher Clark is taking no one home to his bed."

"That's right. I don't want them."

"Then who do you want?" I asked.

"Someone whose not them."

"You sound in love."

Chris shakes his head. "I never liked that word."

"Well whomever she is, it's good she's making you into a faithful bastard. Is she here tonight?"

Chris shook his head. "God, I hope not."

"Why?"

## Unbreakable

"Liam, if you knew how fucked up this situation and drama with this girl was, you'd just freak the fuck out. I'm telling you."

"Couldn't be that bad."

"It's pretty fucking bad."

"Then leave her alone."

He sighs. "I can't."

"And why not?"

"Because Iâthat word I hateâher."

This was some shit I never though I'd hear from his mouth.

Either he was high, drunk, or both.

And what made this girl that special to have Christopher of all people feel that way about her?

"Damn, man, you do?"

He sighs deeply and buries his face in his hands. "Fuck yes, I do."

"How long have you known her because if you known her less than a damn month, you don't love her, trust me."

"I knew her my whole damn life. I'm pretty fucking sure that's how I feel. Lets not talk about this shit anymore."

"Fine." I held my hands up in surrender. "You know since I got here, not one girl came to talk to me."

Chris chuckles and takes his hands from his face. "Small town. Word got around that you vomited in a girl's mouth."

"Fuck. I forgot about that."

"I'm sure whatever girl you was sucking down didn't forget."

"Chrissy." Said a girl with a high sing songy voice.

Chris sighed and rolled his eyes.

I turned to see the group of girls eyeing him like candy.

"Jesus, fuck, do they give me a goddamn break?" He asks.

"Let them know you got a girl."

"I don't even know if I have one. She just pissed me off earlier."

## Unbreakable

"What happened?"

"Nothing. I don't wanna talk about it anymore." He said waving me off.

I chuckled. "Then stop bringing the shit up."

"Fine."

Three women walked up to Chris and I already knew where this was going.

"Chrissy, I called you." Said a short red head girl.

Chris sighed and gave me a look that said, *get me the fuck out of here*, before he faked a smile and turned to the women.

I shook my head.

"Whose your friend? Maybe the five of us can leave here together." Said a girl with black hair.

I chuckled.

Chris smiled. "I'm taken, ladies, but if you want to take my best friend home with his mother and his sister, be my guest."

The girls grimaced at me and walked away.

I glared at Chris and slapped the back of his head.

He chuckled and looked to me. "What? Where else were you going to take them?"

I sighed. "I'm about to go try to repair that shit," I got off my stool. "You're a dick."

He nods. "And now you know."

\*\*\*\*\*

### Summer's POV

Tara came over noticing my bad mood and took me out. She wanted to bring me to some club name *Starz*. I heard of the place but I didn't know what to expect. I just wanted to get really drunk and sleep the night away.

It was my dad, and then it was Chris. Both of them were getting to my head and fucking me up.

The limo pulled up in front of the club. I could hear the music from outside.

Tara looked to me. "Please smile." She said.

I just stared at her.

My driver opened the door and Tara grabbed my hand and brought me out.

## Unbreakable

I had to pull my dress back down.

My dress was dark brown and short. Honestly if either Chris or Liam saw me, they'd go crazy.

Then my lacy over-the-knee stockings and bronze stripper heels didn't help the cause.

I didn't care though. I just wanted the rest of the night to be a blur.

Tara pulled me in the building and we walked through the hallway to get to the see-through elevator.

Me, her, and two other people piled in and it took us down.

One of the guys were eyeing my outfit and gave me a grin.

I looked away and to Tara who rolled her eyes.

The elevator took us to the actual underground club. Damn was it nice.

The doors opened and we had to cross some kind of runway type thing to get to where everyone was dancing.

The 'runway' had water on both sides. Normally it'd scare the shit out of me. I didn't care tonight.

I walked across the runaway, Tara right behind me, and stepped down. The place was beautiful and in the ceiling was all black with tiny glittery diamonds in the sky. Stars.

Immediately, I went to the bar. I just wanted to forget the day and that's what I intend to do.

After two drinks, I just started dancing, running my fingers through my hair and doing whatever the hell I felt like.

Guys started dancing on me and at the moment I didn't care. I felt like I was a complete shell. This wasn't the real me. It couldn't have been. The real me wouldn't do this or go that far.

I think at some point, I hear Tara calling my name but I ignore her and just go crazy.

If I could find the guts to tell her, maybe she'd understand why I wanted to just lose control.

I use to think that I was a strong girl. I'm not.

If I was, I wouldn't be acting like this right now. I wouldn't have pushed Chris away. And I would have told Liam and my mom about my dad molesting me.

"Hey,"

A tall guy with big eyes smiled at me.

"Hi." I said still dancing with other guys all over me.

"You're hot."

"Yeah, thanks." I said dryly.

## Unbreakable

I turned away from him and just went about my business, letting a guy with brunette hair feel all over me.

But when I turned, I wished I hadn't because I met eyes with Chris. How in the fuck did he find me in this crowd and what is he even doing here?

He glared at me. He was pissed the fuck off.

He grabbed my arm and pulled me out of the crowd. I tried to pull away but damn was he strong.

He stepped onto the runway and forced me to follow him.

We stepped onto the elevators and he released my arm and glared at me. "What the fuck are you doing here?"

"I can't have fun? I'm single now, aren't I?"

"Stop it." He slammed his hand against the '1' and the doors closed.

I stood in the corner, angry at him for taking me away. Tara was still down there probably thinking I got kidnapped. Basically that's what's happening.

"Why are you even here?" I asked.

He turned to meet my eyes. "I came here to get my mind off my stupid fucking girlfriend but she happens to be in the same fucking club I am, dancing with a fucking group of guys."

"And I'm sure you weren't dancing with a group of girls?"

"No. I wasn't."

The doors opened and he grabbed my arm once again.

He pulls me out with him and starts walking towards the doors.

"Liar." I muttered.

He stopped walking and glared at me. "Let me tell you what I did. After I left, I wanted to go back in but I knew you'd just push me away again, so I sat on the fucking stairs and waited for your dad to leave because I wasn't about to leave you alone with him.

He tried to come upstairs. I stopped him, and he left. Then I went home where there was no one there and I didn't want to be alone with my thoughts so I called Liam, and we came here. I talked to a few girls, but did I offer to fuck them? No! Wanna know why? Because I love you, you fucking idiot." He grabbed me and we continued to walk down the hall.

I couldn't say anything after those words. There was just silence.

He pulled me onto the curb and we crossed the street to where his limo was parked.

His of course was better than mine being that his parents had more money than mine.

His driver opened the door for me and Chris pushed me into the car.



## Unbreakable

I scooted over to the far right and Chris got in and the driver closed the door.

I folded my arms and looked out the window. "Where are we going?"

He didn't answer, he just pressed a button to roll up the glass to give us privacy as the driver got in and the limo started to move.

"All I was doing was dancing, Chris. I wanted to get everything off of my mind and have fun. What's wrong with that?"

"What's wrong with that is that if you saw me in a club with girls feeling on me, you'd have a fucking fit and you know it."

"I'm sorry. I wasn't fucking thinking." I ran my fingers through my hair. "I'm sorry."

"That shit hurts, Summer. Look at me."

I couldn't.

He grabbed my chin, making me look at him. "Look at me. I know I act like I don't give a fuck about anything but that shit is an act. When someone I'm in love with has a bunch of guys touching on her, what the fuck do you expect me to do?"

Tears brimmed my eyes. "I'm sorry." I whispered.

He sighed and released my chin.

He stared at me for a while and before his eyes went to the window.

The silence was deafening. And we were quiet for at least a good ten minutes.

"I love you too." I whispered.

He met my eyes.

I didn't think it was possible to fall in love that fast. But its not like I just met him. I've known the man my whole life and I needed him. He has proven to me that he was going to protect me, and be there for me. He even stood up to my dad, someone I *couldn't* stand up to.

I reposition myself on the seat and get on my hands and knees and crawl over to him on the seat.

He watches me, his hazel eyes still holding anger, but reason, and maybe a hint of understanding. "I love you." I whispered again.

I leaned over and kissed his lips, still on my hands and knees.

He tasted like mint and vodka.

Even with the vodka, he tasted so damn good.

He seemed to surrender to me, and gave me the lead.

## Unbreakable

He wasn't exactly moving. He was still mad and he had every right to be. I pushed him away and then dance with a bunch of guys. What boyfriend wouldn't be pissed off at his girl for that?

After a moment of being too angry to respond. He grabbed me from my hair and parted my lips with his, and his tongue glided into my mouth.

Suddenly he began taking control.

And although it was sudden, I felt my panties getting wet immediately. He has got the craziest effect on my body.

He grabs me and repositions me on his lap.

His grabbed my jaw as he licked the inside of my mouth, caressing and exploring.

There was something sexy about kissing someone you truly loved.

It just felt so good.

I grabbed his hair and moaned under my breath as his hands went down to feel on my thighs.

But his hands were aggressive, touching and slightly digging his nails in and I liked it.

"Chris." I whispered his name against his lips and from nowhere, he had me on the floor of the limo, my back on the floor while he was over me, with my legs wrapped around his waist.

I was panting, panting from nervousness, and from the excitement lurking in my body, ready to explode. I wanted him. I wanted his body. I needed it.

I lean up and pull his blazer from his shoulders and he helps me by shrugging out of it and he throws it onto the seat next to us.

I keep my legs wrapped around him and began to untie his tie he had on. I'm not focused on anything else, just him.

I pulled the tie off and threw it down.

Chris, still looking into my eyes grabs onto my panties with two hands and rips them off of me.

The limo was dark so I could hardly see his face but his eyes and the only sound was our breathing.

Ever felt like your man was the only thing in the world that would keep you sane and safe from the world? That's how I feel right now.

I pulled him down to me by grabbing his shirt. His lips latched onto mine, teasing and licking the inside of my mouth. It made me wetter, and less afraid for the pain.

My hands slid to his neck and through his blonde hair that felt soft as it slipped between my fingers.

His breath was so warm, and every kiss felt more meaningful than before, now that I know how he feels.

## Unbreakable

My hands slid from his hair, to his face and I held his face between my hands.

Everything else was a blur.

The outside traffic, even the limo was a blur.

My breaths were heavy, and fast. I tightened my legs around his waist and parted my lips from his. He sighed. "I don't know if I should be more angry or turned on by you."

"Please don't be mad. I'm really sorry. I didn't know you felt that way." I whispered as my hands slid into his hair, grabbing the blonde tresses through my fingers.

He nods his head. "I do, and I can't prove it to you in a fucking limo, Summer. In other words, I'm going to take you to my house so I can fuck you into insanity."

## Chapter 9: Heat, Desire, and other things

Author's Note: Hey guys, sorry for the long wait but here's chapter nine and it was so fucking hard to write this so I hope you all enjoy and so sorry that's its so damn long. Love ya!

### Chapter 9: Heat, Desire, and other things

The driver let me out, and then Chris and Chris thanked him before pulling me into his five star mansion.

Chris walked in, holding my hand and he closed and locked the French double doors.

He met my eyes. "Come upstairs with me." He said, in a low sexy voice that just made me want to squirm.

I let him lead me to the double circular staircase and we walked up. I didn't really feel nervous about it. In fact, the only thing I kept thinking about was getting him alone.

Obviously no one was home, just him, and its probably always like that.

We made it to the second floor and we walked down the long hall. It was a skinny walkway with glass half walls, and it overlooked the living room downstairs.

At the end of the hall was another set of French double doors. He opened the doors and I walked in.

His room was huge, big king size bed, a huge flat screen and a big circular couch on the other side of the room. A fire place was facing the bed, and the black curtains moved back and forth against the glass walls, due to the patio door being open leading to a beautiful view outside.

Chris closed the door and slipped his shoes off.

"How's Liam going to get home?"

"I saw Tara before I saw you and she said she'll make sure your limo takes him." He answered.

I sat down on the bed and watched him.

Now he only wore his black button down shirt, and his pair of black jeans. He walked over to me, his sexy hazel eyes only focused on mine as he stopped in front of me.

I stared up at him silently, wondering how the hell I got this fucking lucky. He's spent his whole life being a womanizer, fucking girls and then leaving them, and maybe I didn't fully trust he wouldn't do the same to me, but he wouldn't tell me he loved me if he was going to do it. He knew I was his, whether he would have told me he loved me or not.

"Undress me." He said.

I bit on my bottom lip as I unbuttoned his shirt, one button at a time, slowly revealing his muscular abs. When the last button was unbuttoned, his shirt was fully opened. His torso was beautiful, fit, and broad. No wonder girls fall.

My hands slid onto the waist of his torso, pulling him to me.

## Unbreakable

My lips went to kiss his stomach.

My hands slid to his hips as I began licking his navel.

Chris sighed. "Do you know how fucking hard you're making me?"

I never did this to the guy I lost my virginity to, but I fantasized about what I'd do to Chris even before he came back from Berlin.

Chris's fingers glided into my hair. "Baby," He whispers.

I kiss him one last time before looking up to meet his eyes.

He smiles. "You're not done."

I lick my lips and stand up. He's very much taller than me. I'm more of a 5'2" compared his height a little over six feet.

His eyes stay locked on mine as I pull his shirt from his shoulders.

The more skin I reveal, the more want and longing I feel for this man.

His shoulders are packed with his very well defined and toned muscles. I suck in a large breath of air, suddenly feeling shy.

I'm slowly undressing him, and he's going to want to slowly undress me.

"Sit down." He whispered.

I sat back down onto the bed and look up at him.

He leans down so we're completely face-to-face, his hazel eyes looking into mine with an intense heat in them. "Unbutton my jeans, and pull down my boxers, and do it very, very fucking slowly." He said in a low voice.

I hear how shallow my breaths are, and I think about the fact that no one's ever made me this nervous, or this breathless with their words.

My eyes went to the silver button of his dark blue denim jeans.

I meet his eyes and was surprised how well I could see them in a room that is only dim.

He takes my hand and places it to his jeans as he stares into my eyes. "Keep your eyes on me." He whispered.

I nod my head and unbutton the button and pulls down the jeans.

I have to admit that looking into his eyes didn't do anything but make this white hot burning deep in my groin grow hotter for him as I stripped him.

It was becoming hard to keep my composure. But I wanted to fuck Chris for a while now. Boyfriend or not. I didn't want this to be a quick fuck.

## Unbreakable

He pulls the pant leg from one ankle, and then the other from his other ankle and blindly drops the jeans onto the floor.

My lips are parted, and I'm still looking deep in his pupils, scared to face the real problem standing within his boxers.

He smiles. "You're sweating."

I feel it slowly dragging from my temple, to my cheek.

"You're scared of me, of *it*."

I shook my head.

He sighs and pulls back to stand up straight but his eyes never left mine. "You think I'm going to just shove it in you, come and you get no pleasure out of it?"

I stare at him speechless. I didn't know what to say so I kept my mouth shut.

"God, I'm in love with an idiot."

When he said that, I felt those butterflies flapping around blindly in my stomach. I ignored the fact that it was meant as a joking insult.

He leans back down so we're face-to-face once again. "When I said I was going to fuck you into insanity, maybe you didn't exactly get my definition. Fucking you into insanity means, I am going to use my dick to make you scream my fucking name until you lose your voice. You are going to cry and beg to me that you can't cum anymore. But you will, and because I will make you. I am going to make you draw blood with your nails in my back. You are going to wet my fucking bed with your cum, and you're not leaving the room until exactly that happens. So what do you have to say about that?" He asks.

I just stare at him, one, in awe he said all of this with confidence and without breaking eye contact.

Then I wondered if he really wanted an answer. He was so different. I mean he's cocky in the outside world, but in here, he's kinky, and demanding, and sexier than ever. Now I see how he got that whole 'crazy good in bed' reputation.

He grabs me gently from the back of my neck. "I want my cum in you, so much that it starts to spill out."

His words stirred in my abdomen.

He smirked at me as I looked up at him helplessly.

"You look so innocent looking at me like that. And that turns me the fuck on. Lay on your back." He ordered.

I did as he said and laid down, yet I kept my eyes on him, waiting to see what he was going to do.

He brought my legs up from hanging off the bed and folded them so my feet were resting on the foot of his bed.

He rested his hands on my knees and parted them slightly. "Has that other guy ever pleased you?"

## Unbreakable

I shook my head. "No. I was justâ 'bored, slightly in pain."

"Pain and Pleasure works hand in hand but regardless, I know I can bring you to an orgasm, let's make it four maybe?"

My eyes had extended in shock, and surprise. Four?

"What?" I squeaked.

He chuckles. "It's *going* to happen. I'm going to *make* it happen. My goal is to get to know your body and your cunt better than you do."

I knew he wasn't lying or bluffing, because he's already went further than I expected him to go.

I don't really touched myself. Not because I'm too shy to, but I never felt a need to, but now Chris makes me feel otherwise.

His hands slides from off my knees to glide down the sides of my thighs.

His hands were the perfect temperature of warm, but it was nothing compared to the yearning I felt in my body.

His hands slid into the straps of my thong. He looks down at me. "Let me guess, baby, a purple thong?"

I nod my head. How does he do that?

He grins. "Lift your body up."

I do as he says and he slides them up and then off one leg, then the other.

He drops them onto the floor and then meets my eyes again.

I feel the warm air touch my bare cunt and I feel very exposed and nervous once again.

"You're still worried that I'm going to hurt your tiny little cunt, aren't you baby?"

I nod my head.

He smiles. "I will try not to. I'm going to make you wet enough so you can take all of me inside that tight cunt."

I was shaking on the inside. My body wouldn't calm down. My emotions, nervousness, and hunger for him were working against one another.

He climbed onto the bed, on his knees and sat back on his legs. His hands slid beneath both of my legs and pulled me towards him. He placed my legs on either side of his body, and leaned over my body.

He smiled softly. "I love how aggressive you act around everyone but when you're beneath me, you wanna submit to me. You want me in control, and you don't want to admit it but you like it."

He was right. I *did* like it.

## Unbreakable

"Now I want to undress you, slowly," he climbs off of me, much to my dismay. God he's getting me so hot, and saying he wants to fuck me into 'insanity' yet he's not doing that.

He stands back onto the floor. "On your stomach."

I looked at him, confused, but I do as he says and lay on my stomach.

I sigh softly and wait for his next movements.

I feel his fingers lift my dress up to reveal my bare ass to him.

Still a step further than any guy's taken with me.

His hands glide over my behind, slowly, up to my lower back. "How come no other guy has ever had you?"

I sighed. Should I tell him the truth? Maybe. "Because the only guy I've even wanting for four years is you. No other guy is good enough. And that I guy I did it with, that only happened because I was drunk. I didn't know what I was doing. But I would have given my virginity to you." I admitted. Great, now he sees how deep I feel, and he may take advantage of it. Maybe I exposed too much to him too fast.

"If he didn't make you feel good, you haven't had the real thing. I *am* taking your virginity, baby."

Those words spread this warm feeling throughout my body.

His hands ran back down over my ass and he squeezes it the way I like.

I bite my lip.

"Honestly, Summer, I have plans to take you in every way you would allow me too. And I *do* mean in *every* way."

I turn my head slightly.

He climbs over me so he's right above me, resting his hard on against my ass.

"Even like this?" I whisper grinding my ass into him.

"Yes," He groans. "Yes baby, even like this."

I reach back to caress his face. "Please fuck me." I whispered.

"I never thought I'd hear you say those words to me."

He pulled back and sat back on his knees as he slowly unzips my dress from behind.

The air from the room hits my skin and makes me break out in goose bumps.

His hand slides beneath my body, over my breast, and he pulls me back to meet his front.

The dress falls loosely from my body, and now just covered my waist.



## Unbreakable

Chris breathed deeply, his breath, tickled my neck as his hands went up to cup my breasts.

I moaned, and pushed myself in his warm hands.

"So perfect." He whispered as he squeezed and caressed my breasts "And all mine."

"All yours. Take me," I pushed back against him. "Please." Never thought I'd be begging for it, but I needed this. My body craved it.

Chris moved my hair aside to one shoulder and his lips brushed the back of my neck. I moaned as the feeling echoed in my lower back.

"You smell so fucking good." He whispered as his hands slid down underneath my dress to cup my sex. "And I fucking want you."

"I want you too." I whispered.

His finger runs over my slit, feeling how wet it is. I groan deeply. Any touch of his is sensitive, especially down there.

He sighs. "Jesus, you're so fucking wet for me."

He slips that finger in and then immediately adds another finger, slipping them deep in my tight core.

I gasp, surprised by how responsive I was to his fingers.

I clenched around his fingers and he pulls them out before pushing them back into my body.

He groans, as I close around his fingers again. "Can't imagine how my cock is going to fit in. You're so tight, my fingers can barely fit."

I bite on my bottom lip and shut my eyes. His thumb brushes my clit and that sends a shock going down my body.

I moan and arch my back.

"For now on, I want you to touch yourself, and think of me." he whispers.

I feel my breath hitching as his thumb strokes my clit with just the right pressure.

I dropped my head back a little, feeling the build-up full of promise I always heard about.

I moved my body around to match his rhythm, whimpering as his fingers worked on me, bringing a tightness into the pit of my stomach.

"Baby, I need you to cum." He whispered before grabbing my earlobe between his teeth.

That was my breaking point. He stroked his thumb faster, harder, making me gasp. I had the urge to hold on to something but there was nothing I could. I just broke into the pieces as the release hit me like a wrecking ball.

## Unbreakable

A moan fought its way from my lips as I came. I know no one was here, but I wasn't extremely comfortable being too loud.

I shut my eyes and fell onto my hands so I was on all fours. I sighed and tried to understand what the hell that was.

Chris pulls his fingers from me, and brings them towards my mouth, and feeling so damn lustful at the moment, I open my mouth and he slips his fingers in.

I suck his fingers off, and moan as I taste the sweetness and saltiness of myself on him.

He slowly slides his fingers out and then slides them into his mouth.

I turn my head to watch him and he slides them from between his lips. He was so sexy. God.

His eyes meet mine, he grabs me by my hair, pulling head back and his lips are on mine.

I'm in an awkward position with my head pushed back so far, but I don't care, his lips feel so fucking soft and good on mine, I can barely help myself.

I grab onto his blonde hair and pull it as I moan in his mouth.

His tongue tangles with mine as I give him access. Access to everything.

I take his hand and hold it between my legs.

Any minute that he's not touching me, is torture.

His hand grabs me hard, and then he raises his hand to pull the dress all the way down to fall onto the bed around my knees.

He breaks the kiss and brushes his lips against mine. "On your back." He whispers.

I kiss him one last time before obeying his orders.

He pulls the remainder of my dress from off my body and leaves it onto the bed.

He stands from the bed, slips his thumbs into the waistband of his boxers and pulls them down. Once he steps out of them, he looks into my eyes.

But I'm more focused on his erection.

I gasp softly.

He smiles a little. "Relax. I'm not going to make you take it yet. First, I want to have a taste."

He climbs back onto his king size mattress and but stayed down by my feet.

I close my thighs together and he chuckles. "Oh, you're shy again."

"Nobody ever did that to me before, Chris."

## Unbreakable

He climbs back over my body. "I am going to be your first *everything*, Summer." His eyes were intense and watching mine. "I am going to make you forget about that fucking asshole who so called 'fucked you' before. He doesn't even know what 'fucking' is. The fact of the matter is, I'm going to fuck you so hard that the only think you think of for the next fucking week is my dick. Get the picture?"

I gulped and nodded my head.

He pulled back and his eyes went to my thighs.

His fingers slowly glided up my legs, to my thighs. Then they stopped and slowly parted my thighs apart.

His eyes are looking in between my legs and he smirks before they meet mine.

My cheeks grow warm. It was so weird how I was normally the aggressive bitch with a messed up attitude, but with him, I was a nervous, lustful wreck.

"You have the prettiest pussy I ever seen."

My breaths were short and shallow. Oh my god. If he doesn't fuck me in the next minute and a half, I'm going to explode.

"We can still incorporate the game into our sex life. Teasing makes things hotter. Wouldn't you agree?"

I nod my head frantically.

He nods.

"Are you going to take my stockings off?" I asked.

He shakes his head. "No, baby, I think you look sexy in them.

His hand went to the skin that showed just above my over-the-knee stockings. "So damn sexy." He whispered.

My heart raced, and my entire body was becoming impatient with anticipation. I know he was taking so long, perhaps as a punishment for dancing with all of those guys.

He smiled and then laid down beside me, but grabbed my hips to pull me onto him.

It was a sudden move, but I didn't stop him.

I was now on top of him, my clit resting on his shaft.

I moved a bit to release the building tension, begging to be satisfied.

"Come here."

I looked at him confused.

I stood on my knees above him.

He pulls me up so now I was straddling his face.

## Unbreakable

That shocked me, and I suddenly felt a bit of nervousness return.

"Grab onto the headboard." He whispers.

I do as he says and grip it tightly in my fingers.

His tongue glided onto my clit and I gasped. He held my hips with his hands and began rocking my body back forth as his tongue massaged my clit.

Oh fuck. I didn't think I'd like this because it was new but it feels so damn good.

I moved on my own, desperate for another release. "Oh, Chris...*fuck*." I moaned.

I began to move my hips in circles, and dropped my head back. I felt the sweet build-up again, and so fucking soon but I didn't care. I needed it.

I feel his finger slide from my wet slit, to my butt hole, and he slipped a finger in.

I moaned loudly and rode his face faster.

The slight pinch of pain and all that pleasure was too much, and it drove me closer and closer to my orgasm.

Chris moved his finger in and out. The feeling was weird yet at the same time, I liked the way it felt. No one's been there before and I liked knowing he's going to be the only one to go there.

My back arched and I squeezed my eyes. I'm going to cum.

His fingers moved faster, just as I came, and I cried out and gripped the headboard hard until my knuckles turned white.

I let out a relieved sigh and breathed out slowly. Fuck. I don't even know how to register all that and why I liked it so much.

Chris pulled his fingers out and held my hips once again.

He pulled me off of him and pushed me down on the other end of the bed.

I was breathing hard. I was satisfied twice but I wanted more. I wanted him.

He gets back on his knees and moves over my body. "You want to see how fucking good you taste?"

I nod my head.

He leans down and kisses me hard. Our lips move in rhythm for a moment before he fights for access and I give it to him. His tongue glides into my mouth and I taste my juices. I moaned. Tasting him and me, made me about ready to cum again.

I break my lips from his, grab his face between my hands and I lick my cum from his lips.

When I'm done, I lick my own lips.

## Unbreakable

He's breathing hard with me. I think the anticipation is killing him as much as it's torturing me.

He kisses me once more before slipping off the bed.

Once again he puts it off and it's damn frustrating.

I lay back on the bed but look to where he's going.

He opens his drawer and pulls out a condom and a tube of some sorts.

He turns and walks back to me. He climbs onto the bed, onto his knees down by my feet.

"What's that?" I whisper.

"Lube. You're wetter than I ever seen any girl yet I really don't want to hurt you with my size."

The second he gestured towards it, my eyes went back to his cock. Fear was slightly there, but more than anything, I was just damn aroused and relaxed.

"Sit up, I want to watch you do this." He whispered.

I sat up like he said and looked up at him in my best 'innocent' look and he caressed my jaw. "Keep doing that, and it going to make me want to fuck your pretty little mouth."

"Maybe I want you to."

He smiles. "I know you do. But I want *this*. Now." He hands me the condom.

I open it with my thumb and index finger on both hands and pull it out. I meet his eyes.

He nods his head.

I look back to his length and scoot closer. I kiss the head as I look back up at him.

He sighs. "Don't."

My tongue darts out to lick away the pre cum coming out.

He grabs my hair from behind and makes me do more.

I take it into my hands. I'm not very experienced, but I don't think it matters right now.

I lick around the head, loving the face he's making while I'm doing this. Nothing but pleasure.

I suckle on the head as I reach down, between my legs and coat my hand in my juices and start to pump his shaft back and forth.

I hear his breathing going deeper, and harder, and all because of me. It's motivation to keep going and to tighten my grip on him.

"Summer, baby, stop." He breathed. He didn't mean the words. I could tell.

## Unbreakable

I didn't stop.

"I need your cunt. Stop."

I didn't.

And he said nothing else, just moved his hips back and forth to feel more.

I got a thrill out of his pleasure.

"Fuck, *Summer*!"

I take my mouth off of him but continue to pump him.

He just moves in my hand, his grunts, loud, and rough, making the wait for him all the more unbearable.

I put my mouth back onto him. I wasn't able to get the entire thing in my mouth so I just focused on the head.

His head was tilted back and his eyes were shut while his lips were parted.

His fingers were running through my hair, and he suddenly gripped it and began moving his hips faster. I knew this meant that he was about to cum.

I took my mouth off of him and moved my hand back and forth faster while watching his excited reaction.

He grows even more stiff if that was possible and he stills.

I place my mouth back onto the head as he cums.

He groans and push the back of my head more onto him as he spills thickly into my mouth.

He sighs and opens his eyes to look at me.

I pull back and swallow, surprised by the taste. From what I've read in the past, it seemed that boys had shitty diets, therefore I thought he'd taste nasty, but he didn't. It tasted better than I expected.

I look into his eyes and bite my lip.

He has a look of wonder in his eyes. "I didn't think you'd do that."

I lick my lips. "Well I did."

Almost immediately, he's getting stiff again.

"Most girls don't do that shit." He says leaning towards me.

"Did you like it?" I whisper.

He raises his eyebrow. "Did I fucking like it?" He smirks.

"I'm not that experienced in that stuff yet but I'll get better."

## Unbreakable

"Summer, you were fucking perfect. Shut the fuck up." He whispers before kissing me.

His hand goes to grab the back of my neck gently as he sucks my bottom lip.

I moan, amazed at everything he's done to me tonight, and he was serious about what he said. My cum *was* spilling onto his bed.

I noticed it but it didn't bother me.

When he pulls back, I notice he's fully erect again.

Just from me swallowing, and from the kissing, I can make that happen to him.

His eyes go to mine. He picks up the condom I didn't notice that I dropped, and gave it back to me. I figured since he already came, he'd be too sensitive to do it moments afterward. "Aren't you sensitive?" I asked.

He nods his head. "Very, but I want you so I'm ignoring it."

I breathe out a deep breath and take the condom and study it before slipping it onto the head first.

"Slow, don't rip it." He said.

I nod my head but then pause and meet his eyes. "It must be annoying, huh? Being with an inexperienced girl."

"Maybe I like that, and I'm teaching you, baby. And you being as inexperienced as you are, yet making me hard, and swallowing, that's the sexiest shit I ever seen."

I feel a thrill of excitement. I smile to myself and then I moved my hand until the condom fully covered him.

I met his eyes and he smiles and then grabs the lube. He opens the top and grabs my hand.

It squirts into my hand and I rub it over the condom, making sure to get enough on.

There was this feeling at the back of my head that regardless of how wet I am, how much lube is on, this is going to hurt, but I have much more confidence about it than I did before.

When The whole thing is covered, he sits the tube onto the table and meets my eyes.

I knew what this look meant. I lay back without him saying anything and spread my legs for him.

He climbs over my body and lines his head against my entrance.

His hazel eyes somehow reassure me that I was going to be fine.

He fits so perfectly in between my thighs like this. I grab his hair in my fingers.

"Tell me to stop and I will." He promised me.

I nod my head.

## Unbreakable

"Seriously, princess, if I'm hurting you, tell me."

"I will. I just need you."

He smiles softly. "So fucking eager for me, are you?" He whispers as he runs his tip against my clit.

I nod my head as I let out a soft moan.

Chris. Chris Clark of all people has me wanting him.

His tips slides back down to my slit and then he slowly leans in. He pushes in, opening me for him.

I gasp and bite down on my lip as he slides into me. I feel my breathing go harder as I grab his ass, pushing more of him into me. I want it, and I'm scared at the same time.

I am loving the look on Chris's face as I push him into me.

His breaths grow shallow and he slowly slips out, leaving me feel a little empty.

Chris slid a pillow beneath my butt to raise my body up slightly.

"Grab onto me." He whispered as he climbs back over my body.

I did as he said. I wanted Chris to be in control because he was more experienced between the both of us, and I liked being dominated by him.

My hands slid to his shoulders and he filled me again.

I take each inch of him inside me, gasping.

Chris's warm body on mine was enough to keep me from panicking from his intense size. Our eyes stayed locked onto one another.

He holds my hands down and rest his body onto mine. "I'm not sure I'm going to last too long, Summer. Jesus, you're so fucking tight."

I didn't care about getting myself off. He gave me orgasms tonight, and now I wanted him to feel good.

"I don't care," I whispered. "I just want to make you cum."

He groans and stirs his hips. "Fuck, baby, I will soon."

I gasped at a sweet sensation he hit as he moved his hips. I moaned and grabbed onto his hips trying to move them more but he wouldn't let me and he chuckled.

"More, please?" I breathed.

"You want more?"

I nod my head, feeling the aching need in between my legs grow more and more powerful.



## Unbreakable

He leans down and our lips briefly touch. "I'll give you more." He whispers.

I lean up to nibble on his neck as he starts out giving me small strokes.

My hands slide under his arms, to his back so that I'm holding him.

He looks down into my eyes panting with me, as he started moving faster, gathering a rhythm. I caught on, trying my hardest not to go crazy from how good it feels.

He lowers onto his elbows and begins to nibble on my neck, sending these warm sensations through my body, adding to the pleasure he was already giving me. My hands went to his ass as I moaned. He teased and caressed my neck with his tongue and I closed my eyes, absorbing everything he was doing to me.

"Fuck me." I purred in his ear, and it sent an electric jolt through my body as I said the words. I wouldn't normally act this way, but my body was on the verge of something exciting and thrilling that I could feel deep in my gut.

Chris kissed my neck and then pulls back. His hand slips underneath my thigh and he leans forward, and starts slamming in me making me gasp.

He was thrusting at an angle that made me feel like I had to pee really bad and it felt so fucking good.

I grab onto his hips, and push my head back into the bed, crying out with each thrust. This wasn't sex. This was *fucking*. And I love *fucking*.

I could feel my body shaking and that deep excited feeling rising again. I wasn't able to hold that feeling in or stop it.

It just got deeper, and deeper, rising more onto the surface the harder he slammed into me.

My cry was high pitched and unlike anything I ever heard as I grabbed onto his back, digging my nails in, while my toes curled really hard. "Ohâ!Chrisâ!oh fuckâ!I think I'm gonna come!" I cry out.

He angled his pelvis downward, now brushing against my clit while he drilled in me. My body couldn't take it anymore. I grabbed harder onto him, probably hurting him as I used him to hold on to a bit of sanity.

He suddenly begins to hit my g-spot and it sends me flying.

My body squirmed and my eyes watered as I came hard. It paralyzed my body, but at the same time, made me feel *everything*. I could hear my breathless cry as I say his name over, and over.

My vision became stars and black spots as I held onto him.

Chris hisses and kisses me as he slams into me twice more before my name slips out of his mouth in a loud groan and he comes.

He leans his forehead against mine and I close my eyes as I wrap my legs around him, keeping him with me.

I exhale from relief and so does he.

His hand goes to cup my jaw and he pulls back slightly to look into my eyes.

## Unbreakable

His eyes showed that look of wonder and satisfaction and I took joy that I brought him there.

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As I rest on all fours, Chris slides his arm underneath me and pulls me back to thrust into me.

I squeal loudly, the center of me focusing only on his cock buried inside me.

He's over my body and now pulling me back to meet the thrust of his hips.

My body was already extra sensitive and he hardly gave it a chance to calm down from the last orgasm, so it didn't take long for it to build up again deep in my core.

I'm moaning out of control as his long length slams into me over and over again.

"*Summer.*" He moans out as he takes a pull of my hair, while his other hand slides to my hips, guiding me back against him.

My body began to quiver. Fuck, not yet. I don't want this to end. But my body has other plans as I feel that good fucking tingle deep inside of me that I felt before, only this time it was coming faster, and five times harder.

I couldn't take it anymore. I felt the deep pressure rising through my clit and I grabbed hard onto the sheets to balance myself as my body shook violently.

But before I could reach my climax, Chris pulled out of me. I turned my head to look over my shoulder at him.

He smirks.

"No." I moan.

"Still thinking about the guys you were dancing with at the club?"

I shook my head. "No, Chris. Please."

He slid his arm over my torso and pulled me back so my back was to his front.

"What do you want me to do?" He whispered.

"Fuck me."

"That's all?" He asked.

"Make me cum." I whispered.

His hands slid to my breasts and he squeezed them softly.

I was losing it.

Damnit, he was doing this on purpose.

## Unbreakable

"Chris, I need it. Please."

"Mmm, I know you do. But I love teasing you like this." He whispered as he nibbled on my ear.

It sent chills down my spine.

"You want more?"

I nod my head. "Please?"

He bends me back over and flips me onto my back.

Chris makes no hesitations as he pulls my ankles over his shoulders and plunges back into me.

I cried out. The feeling resumed almost immediately from where it left off.

Chris pounded hard into me, hissing while his hips moved.

Oh god, he was in so much deeper, hitting that spot inside of me again that just made me want to lose control.

I grab onto the head board above me, feeling the pressure again.

Oh god, I'm going to cum so fucking hard. I squeeze my eyes shut as I feel my lower body clench.

Chris groaned loudly. "Summer, baby, I'm gonna cum."

I wanted us to cum together, but before I knew it, I was already there, there was an explosion bursting inside of my body. I threw my head back against the bed and screamed out, letting the pleasure consume my whole body.

My knuckles almost turned white as I gripped the headboard, holding on while I rode my orgasm out.

Chris wasn't done with me. He thrusts into me, groaning, picking up his speed.

I squeeze my walls together and he lets out a loud grunt as he holds my arms down onto the bed and finally stills. "*Summerâ fuckâ shit.*" He breathes. The face he made as he came, made my body squirm. He's so fucking hot above me like this.

Chris cums into the condom and lets out a deep, relieved sigh.

He was breathing hard with me and didn't take his eyes from mine.

I slip my fingers through his hair as I chew on my lip, amazed at good it was.

After a few moments of silence, he pulled back and brought my legs down but leaned over me so he was in between them. He sighs softly and releases my arms. "Baby, I know I said four times," He pulls my leg over his hip. "but I want *more.*"

My entire body was still shaking from the tiny reminder of aftershocks, but regardless, it felt like this need for him to keep going would never be satisfied. Jesus Christ, he's gotten me addicted to sexâ already. "Yes," I whimpered. "I want it."

## Unbreakable

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I lay down on my stomach, out of breath and my forehead sweating, drenching my blonde hair.

Chris lays on his back, his eyes on the ceiling.

I sigh deeply and bite my lip.

He slowly looks to me.

I look back at him.

He slowly leans over and caress my cheek with the back of his index fingers while his hazel eyes look into mine. This was something I didn't expect. Not from the player of San Diego. The player who had just made me his girlfriend, and had fucked my brains out twice in once night and made me cum the four times he's promised me.

"I love you." He whispers.

I smile and grab his hand and bring it to my lips. "I love you too."

He smiles and then looks back to the ceiling. After a moment, he pulls the condom off of him and throws it in the waste basket.

"You're so different in here." I say.

He meets my eyes and raises his brow. "By that, you meanâ?"

"So demanding, and dominant and semi sweet, but everywhere else you'reâ cold, and selfish."

He chuckles. "Act to keep my feelings hidden."

"Well I see through it. I know you're hurting because of your parents butâ!"

"But?"

"Well, you got me. And I just want you to know that whether or not your parents love you, who the fuck cares? Both of our parents are fucked up and there's nothing we can do about it. Just know that *I* love you. That's what I care about. I know that stupid act you put on is just to hide yourself but you don't have to do that shit in front of me. So if you're upset about them, about things they did or said, just know that I'm here and I don't plan on letting go soon."

He looks to me. "I never have to say anything. You justâ fucking get it. You're the only person I ever known whose actually got it." He turns on his side to face me and lays on his pillow. "Tell me what you want."

My brows furrow. "What do you mean?"

"Desiresâ fantasies, I want to hear it all right now."

"Why?"

"Because I'm going to give it all to you."

## Chapter 10: Lusting for the bad

### Chapter 10: Lusting for the bad

Me and Chris didn't leave his bed last night or for most of the next day. I knewâ well heard, rather, that sex feels good. The word 'good' is being way fucking downplayed. Unless people who say sex is 'good' has just average partners.

Chris is no average partner.

The shit he doesâ and the shit he says to me is proof he is no average partner.

I slipped into the driver seat of his car. It was a 2014 Aston Martin Vanquish. I didn't know much about cars but it was bronze, sleek, and sexy as hell. Chris got into the passenger seat.

He, for whatever reason, completely trusted me driving his car, well one of his cars. I only been on the road a few times and I didn't even trust *myself* with his car.

I adjusted the mirror to my liking then I looked to Chris.

"Please don't crash this car, I actually like it. It's simple, yet makes a hell of an impact."

I nod my head. "I'll try my hardest." I say as I start the car up and put it into drive.

I drive through the spiral driveway of his mansion and then finally get onto the road.

Damn it's fast. And the wind blowing through my hair, and my heart racing, and the thrill running through my body made me smile.

I look over to Chris whose watching me. He doesn't seem afraid of my driving.

I bite on my lip and accelerate. "What?" I asked as my eyes return on the road.

"For some reason, watching you handle my car like that makes me want to fuck you."

I blush and look to him. We were on the road so I couldn't jump on him at the moment. I just had to distract my thoughts. "Are we going anywhere or are we just driving?" I asked.

My eyes meet his and he has that look on his face that makes my body squirm.

"I know a place we can go. Just keep driving forward."

I nod my head.

"You know, you're damn lucky I feel for you because I wouldn't just let any girl drive my car, especially this one."

I smirk. "So none of your girlfriends ever got to drive your cars?" I asked.

"You're the only one I ever had that I actually have feelings for, so no, none of them drove my cars." He said.

## Unbreakable

It made me feel good that he trusted me so much, especially with something he cared about.

I mean if I wrecked this car, he could easily buy another, but still, the fact that he cared about it so much, showed it wasn't as heartless as he likes to show people. Bastard.

He told me directions to whatever place he had in mind for us, and I drove up in a field of grass.

I put the car in park and turned it off.

He opened the car door and I did too and slipped out.

He reached for my hand and I took it while he led us down a small hill. The ocean was damn close to us. I never been this close to it before. I mean it runs basically in my backyard but physically, I never got close to it like I was now.

I freak out around oceans but with Chris here, I didn't panic as much.

When the sand hit my flip-flops, I just stood there and watched the clear blue water and the waves. I have to admit that it looked clean and gorgeous.

Chris stood behind me, his arms wrapped around my waist with his chin resting on my shoulder.

It was honestly a perfect moment. The air was warm, the grass was green, the sand was warm, the ocean was beautiful, and Chris was acting like a sweetheart which only seems to come out when he's alone with me.

I turned my head slightly and Chris's lips rested onto my temple. Then he sighs. "I'm about to say something really lame." He whispered.

"Then say it."

"You look really fucking beautiful in the sun right now."

I smile. "Really?"

"Just the way it reflects on your skin, and your eyes, and your hair."

I turn to face him. "You're sweet."

He shakes his head. "Sometimes."

I lock my arms around his neck. "Yeah, sometimes."

I give his lips a few peck kisses before my lips go down to kiss on his neck. I know he loves it when I do this. It immediately makes him hard.

He tasted like soap, and the way he smelled definitely ignited desire in my belly.

His hands went to my lower back, and then to my ass.

But I reached back and pushed them down more and then up my skirt.

## Unbreakable

I look into his eyes and smile at the surprised look on his face. I wasn't wearing any panties or any thongs.

"Summer,"

I was shy to ask him for what I wanted, but he was my boyfriend and the only one whose gotten to really *explore* me, so I shouldn't be scared. But still, it was slightly embarrassing.

"Chris, can you do that thing?" I asked.

"Which thing?"

I gave him a look.

He smiles. "Oh. *That.*" He takes his hand from under my skirt and turns my body so that my back is against him. I already knew what to do. I spread my legs and turned my head to look back at Chris and he's taking his finger out of his mouth, wetting it and his hand slides back under my skirt.

I face back forward, and I feel his finger slowly slide into my butthole.

I gasp and moan loudly as I lay my head back onto his shoulder.

My eyes close as he pushes his fingers in and out slowly.

I never in a million years thought I'd enjoy him doing this to me so much. He did it when we first had sex and I didn't know how I felt about it, until it helped me climax.

Now, I liked it a lot, more than I wanted to admit.

But it felt good because he was taking it slow with me, so he didn't fuck me like thisâl.yet.

Oh my god, this was making me so wet. That and the fact that we were out in public for anyone to see us. But we were alone in the moment, and I liked it this way.

"Chris," I moaned.

He increased the movement of his fingers which made me squirm and whimper.

"Fuck me like this." I whispered.

"You really want me to? You will be in a fuck load of pain."

"I don't care." I whisper breathlessly.

He moans. "You want me?"

I nod my head.

"Right here in public? You want me to take you right here?"

I nod my head.



## Unbreakable

He chuckles softly. "You amaze me, princess."

I feel him hard, poking me in my back, and moving his fingers deeper in my buttole.

I know a lot of people aren't exactly into this kind of thing, thinking anything involving anal sex is gross. But me and Chris don't seem to care.

"We will have our moment where I fuck you in public, just not now."

I nod my head. "Okay." I breathed.

\*\*\*\*\*

We arrived to my house and I unlocked the door and we both walked in.

I shut the door, locked it and when I turned, Liam walked into the room. He looked between me and Chris. "Where were you two?" He asked.

My eyes went to Chris.

"I was bored so I was teaching her how to drive my car." He said.

Liam's eyebrow raised. "Thought you two hate one another."

"We *do*." Me and Chris said in unison, then we looked at one another.

"Anyway," My eyes went back to Liam and he stared at me. "Imogene is in the kitchen."

My eyes all but popped out of my head when he said that. "What?"

"I know you hate her but she wants to apologize and make amends."

"Tell her she can make amends with my ass. I don't want to hear what she has to say."

"Give her a chance."

I shook my head but Liam disappeared into the kitchen anyway.

I sighed, irritated with the situation. That slut has a lot of nerve coming here.

I look to Chris who met my eyes. "You even think of holding a conversation with her and its over for you."

His eyes narrowed at me.

"I'm serious."

"What makes you think that just because I fucked her, means I wanna talk to her afterwards?"

I blinked at him. "I don't know but you are getting your dick chopped off if you say one word to her." I threatened.

## Unbreakable

He smirked, showing that everything I was saying, he wasn't taking it serious. "You think I want her? I'm sorry but I believe it was *you* I was inside of earlier today."

"Still."

Imogene walked into the room with Liam behind her following her like he was her lap dog.

Imogene had a bad red dye job, and big blue eyes. She was skinny, scrawny and always held a smile on her face.

Now I see through it.

"Oh my god, Summer? You're so grown up."

I nod my head. "Yeah, I am."

She shook her head in disbelief.

Liam smiled and kissed her cheek. "I'm gonna finish our lunch." He walks back into the kitchen and Imogene looked to Chris. "Hi, Chris."

I know I'm not hallucinating her eyes growing soft and her tone becoming flirtatious as she spoke to Chris.

He nods his head to her.

She grins. "Isn't Summer grown? The last time we all saw each other, she was just fifteen in high heels, and her mom's jewelry."

"Summer doesn't do the little girl shit anymore. She does other things now." I hear in Chris's tone that he meant something else.

My cheeks grow warm as I meet his eyes.

"Well, I assumed so. We all got to grow up, right?" Imogene asked.

I shrugged. "I guess."

Imogene clasped her fingers into her hair. "So what's new? Got a boyfriend?" She asked me.

I cleared my throat, and said nothing.

"I gotta go, my parents are coming home." Chris says. I know he's only leaving to avoid me answering the question. He almost leans in to kiss me, but glances at Imogene and stops himself right in time. He just gives me a look that says it all: *I love you*

Then I watch as his sexy ass walks to the door.

"Bye Chris." Imogene says.

The look she is giving him, and right in front of me, makes me want to tear all of her hair out.

## Unbreakable

He just nods at her, opens the door, and shuts it.

I folded my arms as my eyes went back to her.

"So, what's been going on?"

I sighed. "Nothing much."

"You and Liam are okay?"

I nod my head.

"What about Chris?" She asks.

I almost scowl at her. I feel like a pit bull taking a claim on its territory. "He's very happy with his new girlfriend." I say.

I don't miss the disappointed look on her face. It's almost unbelievable that she'd show it right at me.

"I didn't know he had a girl." She says, her face showed an ounce of disbelief.

"Yeah, and she makes him, very, very happy. You should see them together, nothing but fire." I said, my voice holding a bit of a teasing tone.

"I bet."

Liam walks back into the room.

Imogene looks to him and he wraps his arms around her.

I was sickened by it, especially because she was just eye-fucking Chris not too long ago.

I shook my head. I hope very soon that Liam can see through this girl. I hope one day she does something stupid and he goes crazy and throw her out on her ass.

But that look in his eyes, it was so evident he was in love with her.

He's wrapped around her finger and she is loving that.

"She's staying for a little bit." Liam said.

"Why?" My voice was covered in disgust and I wasn't afraid to show it in front of her.

She looked to me, hearing the disgust and her eyes went to the floor.

"Because I said so. Don't start with that."

"Start with what?"

"That thing you always talk about."

## Unbreakable

"Oh what, about her fucking Chris?" I asked before stomping into the kitchen, with Liam right behind me. I could tell he was angry with me for showing my hate for his girlfriend.

He grabs my arm forcefully and makes me look at him. "You need to stop with this bullshit."

I snatch my hand away. "Why are you with her, Liam? You should have seen the way she was looking at Chris earlier like she still wanted him. She's a slut."

"No she is not. Do not call her that."

"But it's true!"

"Why are you doing this?" He leaned against the counter, a glare on his face. "Would I ever keep you away from someone you loved?"

"Yes!" That's all you do.

He shook his head. "No. You know I wouldn't. If it was someone like Chris for example then okay, but if you truly loved someone who was good and healthy for you, I would never keep them away from you."

"And she's good and healthy for *you*? She's a whore just like Chris isâ *!was*."

He shook his head. "She is nothing like Chris. He is a goddamn womanizer. You don't know him like I know him, Summer. You don't see how he treats girls and toss them aside. Imogene wouldn't do half of the shit that he does. Do me a favor, next time you see him, ask him who Rio is."

My eyebrows furrowed as he walked away from me. I made a mental note to actually ask him later.

"So what, you're taking her side? Are you forgetting she slept with someone you considered your brother since we were all little?"

He stopped in the doorway and sighed. "She apologized."

"So what? Where the hell is my brother? The Liam I know would never let a bitch back into his life after she did some shit like that."

"Don't call her a bitch."

"That's what she is."

"Are you jealous?"

My eyes widened. "Jealous?"

"I spent basically my whole life taking care of you because mom and dad didn't know how, and now that I'm showing someone else a bit more attention, you can't stand it because you're spoiled and you're needy as fuck. That shit was three years ago, Summer. Leave it alone. Jesus fucking Christ."

I stare at him, irritated that he still wanted her. She wasn't good enough for him. His protectiveness over who I was with was the same way I felt about him I guess. But still, Imogene didn't deserve him. "You're my big brother. I just want to protect you like you do me."

## Unbreakable

"And thank you. I'm grateful, sis, I always will be, but I can make my own decisions."

"If I would say those exact words to you about some guy you didn't approve of, you would kick his fucking teeth in, Liam."

He stayed silent, only because he knew I was right.

He turned without a word and left out of the room.

I hated him right now for being so stupid.

My phone rung and I grabbed it from my skirt pocket. I looked at it and it read 'dad'.

My stomach suddenly got that really nervous apprehensive feeling so I just shut it off.

I texted Chris that we needed to talk and put the phone up.

\*\*\*\*\*

When Chris came to pick me up, he drove us to the secluded area we went to earlier today.

The air was still really warm, the full moon was up and the tide was coming in.

Chris sat in the driver's seat, I didn't know what the look on his face meant. "What are we talking about?" He asked as his eyes met mine.

"Rio."

His eyebrow raised.

"Who is she?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Not important."

"It's important to me. I just want to know why I have to hear about one of your girls from Liam's mouth."

He shook his head. "She's not my girl. You *know* who my girl is."

"I just want to know who the fuck she is and why is she so damn important?"

He sighed and looked away from me to the rushing water moving back and forth on the sand. "She was a dare."

"A dare?"

He nods. "Rio was this girl that me and one of my friend's from the UK use to go to school with. Really innocent and she always had a big crush on me. I went to Vegas a month before I went off to Berlin and she was there. My friend, Ron, had dared me to fuck her. And you know how I amâ well, was. I would fuck any girl who I'm attracted to.

## Unbreakable

We both knew how impossible it would be to get her into bed, being that we knew she was celibate until marriage."

My eyes widened. I think I knew where this story was going. "You didn't."

He looked into my eyes. "I'm sorry. It was a stupid Vegas thing. I got with her, married her that night, and then I fucked her. The next morning, I told her that I wanted an annulment. She was upset, thought that I was truly in love with her."

"Why would she be stupid enough to believe that in the first place?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. She was celibate, yet so easy. At least when it came to me she was easy."

I shook my head. "I can't believe you'd actually be heartless enough to do that." I said in a whisper.

"That's how I was back then. I'd break any girl's heart."

I nodded my head. "Even mine. Like Liam said."

He shook his head and made me look at him. "That's not true. That's how I *was*. I don't want anyone else. Those girls, they wereâ I don't know, an antidote for loneliness. That's it. You. You are so much more."

"How do I know you're not just spouting this bullshit to me, just to leave me alone the next night after you got your fill of me?"

"I won't ever get my fill, Summer. Never."

I stared into his eyes for a long moment. "Where is she now?"

"I don't know. I'm pretty sure she's gotten over me by now."

"After you took her virginity, married her and then left her? I doubt if she forgot any of that. I bet she's pissed."

"Yeah, but now she knows that things between me and her would have never worked out. If I would have stayed with that girl, I would have cheated on her. More than once, more than with one girl. I probably would have even made a fucking sex tape of me cheating and would send it to her."

I glared at him.

"I'm not good for anyone. No one. You see how much of a fucking asshole I am? And I don't deserve you either. But I'm so selfish, I don't want to stay away. I *can't* stay away." He sighs and runs his fingers through his hair and leaned back in his seat. "It's something about you, Summer. It's something I'm addicted to."

I looked down to my skirt. I didn't understand my feelings for Chris. He wasn't a bad person. He just did bad things. He's a heartbreaker, an asshole, and a player. He said himself that he would have made a sex tape of himself cheating on his wife and would send it to her. No guy I know would ever be so cruel. He's kind of a sadist. And yet, I was still in love with him. Yet, I was still attracted to him, emotionally, and physically. He was perfect on the outside, but he battles with anger and negligence on the inside. And I blame the negligence from his parents, for his cruelty right now.

## Unbreakable

"What are you thinking about?" He asked.

I took a deep breath and released it slowly. "I'm thinking that I shouldn't be with you, and I should not want you as badly as I do." Liam was right. Chris was not healthy for me and my mind was telling me to leave him, to let him go back being the player he was and protect my heart. But my heart, and my body told me that I needed Chris.

"I don't blame you. I don't want to infect you with my darkness. Sorry if that sounds lame or whatever."

I shook my head. "No. I know what you mean."

We were quiet for a few moments. I didn't want to stop being with him. I loved him, and I felt safe with him regardless of how much he's hurt girls. "I don't want you to stay away from me. I want you, and I need you." I admitted. I was surprised I was able to say those words to him. I wasn't use to being so open.

Chris stares at me. "I need you too." He whispers.

I climb over to him so that I'm straddling his lap.

His hands go around my hips and he leans his forehead against mine as I take his face between my hands and shut my eyes.

He was all bad for me, but I couldn't help but love that.

And he was a jerk, he was everything a woman should hate, but I just couldn't stay away. And I wasn't going to.

## Chapter 11: Vegas

### Chapter 11: Vegas

I shut my window and locked it before pulling the curtains over it. It was going on eleven at night, and the entire day was tiring. I spent it at the lake with Tara, Chase, and Wesley. Chris was off doing whatever Chris does with his own time. And I'm hoping that doesn't mean what I think it meant, but I just tried not to think about. I shut my double doors to my room and shut off the light.

I climbed into my bed and pulled my comforter back before slipping under it.

I laid down on my pillows and dozed off.

A few moments later, my doors open and I hear them close.

I sighed.

I feel my bed dip and lips at my ear. "Wake up, princess."

I smiled as my eyes opened.

Chris was above me, his hazel eyes sexy and dark.

I sit up on my elbows. "Where were you all day?" I whispered.

"I'm opening up a business."

My eyes widened. "What? Really?"

He nods. "Maybe. We'll see how my dad feels about it. Today was the first time we talked in for-fucking-ever."

I caressed his jaw. "I'm happy for you."

He smiled. "So, earlier today, I was talking to my cousin, Heath, and him and his girl, Adriana, are going to Vegas and I want to go with them."

"What, to see if your ex wife is there?"

He rolled his eyes. "No. I go to Vegas once every year, and I'm ready to leave again."

"You have a gambling addiction?" I asked.

He shook his head. "I like to do it but its not an addiction. As far as I'm concerned I only have an addiction to you."

I blushed and bit my lip.

"What are you wearing?" He asked.



## Unbreakable

I pulled the cover off and he moved off me so I can fully pull it from my body to show I only had a tank top and a pair of panties on.

Chris smirked as he studied my sleepwear and then met my eyes. "You don't even have to try, you do the most innocent shit and it turns me on."

I smile and lay back on my pillows. "Come here." I whisper.

Chris came over my body and I spread my legs so he could fit between them and I hooked them around his waist as he crushed his lips against mine.

The main thing I love about kissing Chris was how fucking soft his lips were, and how everytime he kissed me, it would immediatley make me want more.

He was in control, fighting with my tongue while caressing my leg hooked around his waist.

I don't know how I'm going to deal with him being in Vegas and no one to kiss me, or hold me, or fuck me.

He pulls away to look into my eyes.

"I'm going to miss you while you're gone." I whispered to him. He sat up on his knees and shook his head. "No you won't."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you're coming with me."

I grimaced and sat up on my elbows. "What?"

He leaned to me so we were face to face. "Come to Vegas with me." He whispered.

I sat up fully and turned my lamp on and looked back to Chris. "I can't just go there. My mom would neverâ well not her but Liam would never let me go to Vegas with you. He's going to know."

Chris shook his head. "No he won't. We can get Tara and Chase to come along and just make it into a random trip. Besides, that slut that he's with will keep him busy so he won't be focused on us."

"I don't know, Chris. I never been out of San Diego before."

"Which is exactly why you're coming with me, so we can get a hotel and spend time in there doing whatever the fuck we want."

I couldn't hold back a moan.

He nods. "You want it as bad as I do. Come with me, baby."

I wanted to go. I just hoped that Liam wouldn't be too suspisious about it.

I nod my head. "Okay. When?"

"Right now. I have a private jet waiting for us."

## Unbreakable

My eyes grew wide. "What?"

He nods his head. "Get up."

"It's eleven at night." I said.

"So? Get up."

He got off of the bed and disappeared out of my room.

Was he out of his fucking mind?

\*\*\*\*\*

"In the middle of the night?" Liam asked.

Chris nodded leaning against the back of the couch.

I stood by him with two duffel bags and a suit case next to my feet.

Imogene was sitting next to Liam wearing one of his t-shirts.

Her eyes were on Chris.

"Vegas in the middle of the night?" Liam asked.

"I think you already said that." Chris said.

"It's just so random."

"Liam, I always wanted to go." I said.

Liam grimaced at me. "Since when?"

"Since now. Please let me go?" I begged. I know we weren't on the best terms but hopefully he wouldn't stop me from going.

Imogene's fingers were rubbing Liam's biceps as she kept her eyes on Chris.

This girl is weird, yet she definitely is making me angry, staring at my boyfriend like that.

"Why can't *we* go?" Imogene asked.

"Because you can't." Chris said without looking at her. He was still looking at Liam, waiting for him to say something.

Liam sighed. "Honestly, Chris, I don't want her going anywhere alone with you."

"With me? That's the problem?" Chris asked.

## Unbreakable

Liam tilted his head and gave him an 'obvious' look. "We all know how you are. Want me to bring up Rio again?"

"No. Let's not." I said.

Liam met my eyes. "So now you know."

I nod my head. "Okay, I get it, Liam, but Tara and Chase are coming with us so I won't be alone with Chris."

"You called them at going on midnight to ask them to go to Vegas with ya'll?"

Chris nods. "And they agreed. They're on their way to meet my jet. Now we just need your answer."

Liam's expression was thoughtful. After a moment, he stood. "Let me talk to you in the kitchen real quick, Chris."

Chris rolled his eyes but walked in the kitchen.

Liam followed him in.

I sighed and slumped against the back of the couch.

"You're not fooling anyone."

I turned my head to meet Imogene's eyes. "What are you talking about?" I asked.

"I'm just saying."

I furrowed my brows. "What are you saying?"

"Nothing. Go on acting stupid, Summer." She said.

I glared at her. "Just shut the fuck up." I stood up and went to lean against the wall that led to the kitchen to listen in on them.

"I don't know about you taking her there." I heard Liam say. "I mean I trust you'd keep her safe but other than that, I don't know."

"What's there to be scared of?"

"Let's see, everytime you're anywhere alone with a girl, a sex tape ends up coming up."

Chris chuckles. "You think I'm going to make a sex tape of me fucking your sister? Really?"

"Christopher, you deflower any virgin you set your eyes on. You asked me if you could date my sister when she was fifteen. And what was my answer?"

"After you punched the shit out of my jaw for no good reason, you said no." Chris said.

Liam sighs. "All you do is go around having sex with all kinds of girls, and I don't want Summer to be just another one to you before you toss her out on her ass. She's a virgin. She doesn't need to lose it to someone

## Unbreakable

that doesn't have feelings for her."

"What makes you think she's a virgin?" Chris asked and that made Liam go quiet.

I just realized how uncomfortable it is to be hearing this. I don't like my brother and my boyfriend talking about me and my sex life.

"She is. I am hell bent on making sure she meets the right guy to give it to."

"Liam, she's eighteen and old enough to make her own decisions. She's human. Let her make mistakes."

"I'm not trying to hear that. Bottom line, don't touch her, don't try to kiss her, don't try anything and I won't beat the shit out of you. Deal?"

After a long moment, Chris just walked out of the room.

He ignored me as he made his way back to the livingroom.

Liam walked in and glances at me.

I stare back at him.

"If he tries anything, Summer, call me and tell me."

I slowly nod my head, hoping he couldn't see my lie.

He nods. "Okay. You can go."

I smile. "Thanks, Liam."

He walks to the livingroom. "How long are ya'll going to be gone?"

"Just a couple days." Chris says.

Liam sighs. "Fine. Take care of her, Chris. I'm serious."

Chris grabbed my two duffel bags. "I heard you the first time."

I grabbed my suitcase and looked to Liam. "I'll see you."

He nods. "Love you, sis."

I give him a small smile before walking out to the foyer.

Chris follows me silently and I open the door for us and let him walk out first.

I walk out and lock the door before going to the limo where Chris's driver was waiting.

He took the bags from Chris and stuffed them into the limo and then stuffed my suitcase in the limo before allowing us to slip in.

## Unbreakable

Once we were both in, the driver shut the door, got in, and started to drive away from my house.

I look over to Chris and he's quiet. "What's wrong?" I asked.

"He honestly doesn't trust me with you."

"In the sense of you being a womanizer, he doesn't, but who cares? He knows that you can keep my safe. And I know that you can. My trust in you is building and building, and that's pretty much all that matters." I said shrugging my shoulders.

He smirks. "Maybe."

I scoot over and sit into his lap and he wraps his arms around me to almost cradle me.

I closed my eyes and lock my arms around his neck and as I leaned my head against his chest.

I ended up dozing off.

I felt Chris's lips when I woke up. I kissed him back and slowly my eyes opened as he pulled away. "We're here."

"Vegas? That was fast."

He chuckles. "No. My jet."

When he said that, it made me realize something I didn't think of at first. "I'm afraid of heights." I said.

He raised his brow. "Yeah?"

I nod my head.

"Look, I have a bedroom in the back of the plane. We can lay back there and talk to get your mind off of the ride." Talk and do other things. I smiled and nodded my head. "Okay."

His driver opened the door and got our bags while me and him walked to the jet.

I walked up the stairs, him following behind me, and got into the jet. I never been inside of a private jet before, maybe except for my dad's once.

The seats were bronze leather, and held a gold throw pillows on them.

There were two seats in two rows and the floor was covered in bronze carpeting.

Every little detail was perfect.

Behind the seats was a long couch that ran along the wall. It has a glass table in front of it with a glass bowl of strawberries and blueberries on it.

A tv was against the wall opposite of the couch.

I looked to Chris. "Yours or your dad's?"

## Unbreakable

"Mine." He answered.

There was a doorway next to the couch covered by a curtain that suddenly opened.

Tara and Chase came from back there, looking definitely guilty of fucking in the jet.

Tara's lipstick was all smudged across her face. Her dress was wrinkled and her hair was messy, while Chase's fly was down and his shirt seemed to be on backwards.

"Hey guys, how's it going?" I asked them.

Tara snorted. "Awesome. This jet. Oh my god!" She squealed.

I chuckle. "I know. It's beautiful."

A woman cleared her throat.

We all turned to look to her.

"We're about to prepare for take off so I'm going to ask you to be seated until we're fully in the air."

We all agreed and took our seats, Chris sat across from me, and Tara sat behind me, and across from Chase.

I looked to Chris. My fear was rising again.

He gave me a reassuring nod. "It's okay." He mouthed.

I nodded my head and just shut my eyes.

On the PA, the pilot said we were getting ready for take off. So I just braced myself.

I closed my eyes and after about five minutes, the jet started to ride down the runway.

Oh shit.

Oh fuck.

This was a terrible decision.

Fuck, I should have stayed home.

Too late now.

Oh my god, I'm feeling light headed, like I'm about to pass out.

I squeezed my eyes shut as it sped up. I knew we were about to go into the air. Lord, I know I don't call on you often, but please don't let us crash. Don't let us crash. Don't let us crash. I repeated the four words continuously in my head.

The jet then leaves the ground, tilting back, and it made me feel like I was being thrown back into my seat, and the same feeling an elevator gives me when its taking me up. Fuck, I'm going to piss my pants. There's no

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way I'm going to survive this flight.

"Fuck, Chris, I hate you."

He chuckles. "You'll get over it, princess. Give it some time. Just relax."

I took slow and deep breaths.

"You want to have a rich boyfriend, got to get use to travelling in a jet, baby." Chris says.

I flip him off before gripping the arm of the chair hard.

Once we were finally in the air, and the feeling of being light headed had ceased slightly, I lessened the grip on the arm and opened my eyes.

"More relaxed?" Chris asked.

"Hell no." I answered honestly.

He chuckled and shook his head.

Soon, a woman wearing a navy blue flight attendant's uniform served drinks.

I didn't want anything, neither did Chris but Tara and Wesley got champagne.

When she was gone, Chris stood up.

My eyes widened. "Sit down! You're going to fall." I said.

He shook his head. "You're so fucking paranoid, it's almost cute. Get up and come with me."

"Where are we going?"

"Bedroom." He said as he grabbed my hand.

I stood up and Chris looked to Chase. "You didn't do anything in the big bedroom, did you?" He asked.

Chase shook his head. "All yours."

I gave Tara a smile before Chris led me to the back of the jet.

We pushed pass the curtain that led to two rooms.

He pushed open the door of the left room and pulled me in.

The door closed by itself and I got onto the bed.

I crawled into the middle and turned around to face Chris. The comforter was very thick and warm. And the designs on it was black and gold.

The headboard was black iron and designed beautifully.

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And admittedly, it looked like it was the type of bed *made* for sex.

Chris walked around the bed and his eyes stayed on mine.

"What?" I asked.

"I'm curious as to if I fucked you right now, would it get your mind off of flying."

"Maybe."

"Think so?" He asked.

I nodded.

"Meaning, I would have to fuck you until you don't have the ability to think." He said studying me.

That sounds promising.

I reach back and pull my flip-flops off and throw them onto the floor.

I sat on my knees, keeping my eyes on him.

"This is a good moment to tell me a desire of yours."

"I haven't even thought about it." I said running my fingers through my blonde hair out of nervousness. "Why don't you tell me something you wanna do to me?" I asked.

"I wanna tie you up."

"That didn't take much thought."

He smiles. "It's a thought I had for months now."

My eyes went to the bed as I went deep in thought.

"Too much?" He asked.

I shook my head and meet his eyes. "No. I wanna try. Just don't get mad if I freak out or get too nervous."

"Summer, on a scale of one to ten, how much do you trust me? And I don't mean with your heart, I mean with your body."

"Eleven." I answered without hesitation.

"So trust that I won't hurt you."

"I know you won't. I just don't want to screw things up."

He shook his head. "You won't."

"How do you know?"



## Unbreakable

"Because everything you do makes me hard. That's how I know."

I smile, as my cheeks warm up a few degrees.

He stepped to the edge of the bed to the left of me. "Come here, and stay on your knees."

I did as he said and crawled to the edge of the bed and sat on my knees as I looked into his eyes.

"Stand up on your knees." He demanded.

I did as he said.

I loved when he was so dominant towards me.

We challenge one another but when it comes to sex, he seems to overrule me.

His hands lifted my shirt up and pulled it over my head, and off. He threw it on the bed and then pulled off my tank top underneath so now I was only in a pair of jean shorts, and my panties underneath.

His hand slowly stroked the length of my torso, and he slipped his hand into my jean shorts.

"Stand up on the bed and take these off." He demanded.

He took his hand out and I stood up. My eyes remained on his as I unbuttoned my shorts, unzipped them, and pulled them down my legs. I stepped out of them and kicked them off the bed.

Chris's eyes explored my body as I stood there in no more than a pair of purple panties.

"Pull them down." He whispered.

I did as he said, and stood there. By now, I was pretty okay with being naked in front of him.

He stepped closer until he was right against the bed.

"What are you going to tie me up with?" I asked in a whisper.

He took a deep breath before his hand stroked my thigh slowly up, and then down. Then he met my eyes.

I chewed on my lip.

"I'll find something. Just lay down on the bed. I'll be back." He turned and gave me a glance before disappearing out of the room.

I sat down and then laid on the mountain of pillows laying on the bed.

I shut my eyes.

But I tried not think about the fact that I was in the air, because it'll make me panic.

So I just thought about how much desire I felt in the moment,

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The more and more I thought about it, and thought about him, the wetter I got. My hand was suddenly down there, touching and feeling, and caressing my clit.

I felt light headed and butterflies about what I was doing. I never did it before, but now I was curious.

My breathing slowly got heavier with each stroke of my middle finger.

I opened my eyes and started to watch myself which made it even hotter but the second I heard footsteps, I stopped and placed my hand to my side.

Chris walks into the room, shuts the door back. "I don't have rope."

"It's a fantasy of yours and you were too stupid to forget the rope?" I asked.

He smiles and looks to the floor.

I shook my head.

"I have a belt." He said.

"That could work."

He nods and goes to his suit case. He unzips it, opens it, and pulls out a black leather belt.

His eyes slowly meet mine.

I give him a nod to show that I wanted it.

"Have you ever had a girl that wanted this?" I asked as he came over to the bed.

"That wanted me to tie them up? I had my fair share of girls that liked the rough play but I never tied them up. Just fucked them good and never spoke to them again."

"But you're doing it with me."

He nods. "I am. I'm interested in how it'll make us both feel."

He kneels onto the bed and climbs over my body to straddle me.

"Raise your arms over your head and keep your wrists together."

I rose my arms up, and made sure my wrists were touching.

He then wrapped the belt around two bars of the iron headboard, and then around my wrists and began enveloping the straps into the tie.

"Is it too tight?" He asked.

I shook my head.

He nods and then pulls back to admire his work. He smiles and then meets my eyes.

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"God, I never thought in a million years, you'd be tied up and naked in my bed. But I always fantasized. Always." He whispers.

"You always knew we were going to be together?"

He shook his head. "No."

"You asked my brother for me when I was only fifteen?"

I could see his cheeks turn a bit red. "I was stupid for doing that. You were a minor, I was eighteen, and it would have been statutory rape. I wasn't thinking back then. But now you're old enough to really want this with me. I've been into you for three years, thinking it would eventually go away but it hasn't. And now I'm starting to think it never will."

My lips pull up at the corners. "I wanted you since I was fourteen."

"Really?"

I nod my head. "Fifteen is when I *really* started to feel it though. It was just a crush when I was fourteen. But at fifteen, I knew what sex was and I knew I wanted it with you. And then I thought, why would you want it with someone so young? Little did I know, you wanted it as bad as I did."

He lets out a deep breath. "I still do."

He gets off the bed and head back over to his suit case. "And by the way, I did think one thing through." He said.

"What?"

He pulled out something that made me gasp. "Oh, fuck."

He chuckles. "I just wanna try, see how fast it makes you cum." He said opening the packet.

It was a purple vibrator.

"I thought just about every girl had some form of toy."

"I didn't need one." I said.

He opened it and then looked to me. "If you don't wanna, we do have to. I'll just fuck you while you tied up. That's all I wanna do anyway."

"We'll do the vibrator another night. I just want you." I whisper.

He nods and puts it back into the suit case. "And I want you."

I watch him as he starts to undress before my eyes, revealing his hard-on that's been there for a few minutes now.

He grabs a condom from the suit case, pulls it on, and then takes out the lube from the bag. He climbs in between my legs, opens the bottle and spread some onto his finger and rubs it inside of me.

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I was soaked, so I felt maybe we didn't need it and since I handled his size more than once, I'd be okay, but he was just making sure, so I didn't mind.

"I think I want you blindfolded." He said.

"Yeah?" I asked.

He nods and then reaches over to grab my shirt from the floor. He makes it into a blindfold and I lift my head up and he ties it up so I can't see anything.

My sight is off, but when he began touching me, everything else changed. My feel was heightened by excitement, yet anxious of what he was going to do to me.

"Scared?" He whispers.

I nod my head. "But I like it." I whisper back.

I don't have to see him to know he has that smirk on his face.

I bit down on my lip and took deep breaths to calm myself down on the inside.

"Tell me what you want me to do. Right now. Summer, I'll do anything you tell me to."

Oh god. Anything?

There's so much.

But that can all come later once we're settled in Vegas. For right now, I just need to feel him fuck me.

I never thought I'd be this lustful for someone so cocky and arrogant, but I couldn't help it. I want who I want.

"Chris, I wanna feel you. Please?" I whisper.

After a few moments of silence, I felt his lips began to kiss down my stomach slowly.

I would love to just reach out and grab his hair. But I'm not able to.

His lips continue down until it reaches my clit, and he pauses. "Fuck, I love the way you smell." He whispers before his tongue licked around my clit, teasing me.

"Chris." I moan as he focuses on kissing, and licking my folds, going everywhere but where I need him to go.

He then stops. "Summer, I'm going to fuck you. You made me way too hard for me to linger on foreplay."

I nod my head, as a desperate moan left my lips.

Chris climbs back over my body, in between my legs and leaned down to kiss my neck. In the right spot that made this really warm feeling come out of me. I just fucking melt when he kisses my neck.

"Mmmâ need you." I whisper.

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"I fucking need you too, Summer." He whispers back to me before kissing my lips and positioning himself at my entrance.

His arms rested on either side of me and his body was warm on mine.

Without warning, he slams into me, not entering in slowly like before, but actually not holding back.

He slid in so easily, stretching me with his impressive member. My body felt so full, and I was ready to feel him take me like he did that night.

Chris began fucking me, his hips, going in the perfect rhythm as he gave me, long, and deep strokes.

His lips were on mine tasting me, and I tasted and explored his tongue. God, he tastes amazing. He always does.

He groans deep in my mouth and wraps my leg around his waist while he thrusts deeper in me, and it makes me cry out.

"That's it baby, let me hear you." He whispers.

I moan, and hiss as he continues fucking me hard, pinning me to the bed with his hips.

Oh god. I'm gonna cum.

I began panting out of desperation for a release and held onto the belt holding my hands together.

Chris began kissing down the valley between my breasts, before taking my nipple into his mouth and tugging on it with his teeth. My back arched, as I whimpered.

He kissed it and then lapped it up with his tongue.

I couldn't move. All I could do was feel it and it made my body squirm, getting me more and more excited.

Suddenly, I feel Chris unbinding my hands.

I didn't have time to ask why he was doing it. Within seconds, he had me in his lap, and was moving my hips as he slammed into me.

I grabbed onto his shoulders, crying and moaning as he hit my g-spot, making me wild and crazy.

I squeezed his shoulders to hold onto him, while he was pounding me into oblivion. I squeezed around him, making him groan loudly and take my lips between his.

My nails pierced his skin as I came hard around him. I kept my grip on his shoulders, as he tongue kissed me deep, not letting go.

He pumped into my body once more before he stilled, and his breathing became heavier as he came in the condom.

I held his body, massaging his tongue and sucking on it, as Chris pulls the blindfold from my eyes.

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After a moment of us, with our tongues down one another's throat, he began to rise my body up, but just enough to grab his pants and pull out another condom.

He pulled the other one off, slipped on the next one, and slid me back down, making us both groan loudly out of ecstasy.

My body was still sensitive but I think we may spend the entire night fucking.

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The next moment I woke up, I was laying on the bed, with Chris lying his head between my breasts.

I close my eyes before wiping them and opening them back up.

I ran my fingers through Chris's blond hair.

It smelled like fresh shampoo and hair products.

The bed was wet beneath me, but I know its because I came so many times about an hour ago. And I was sore as hell too. Thanks a lot, baby. But it was amazing sex, so I couldn't complain that much.

Over the PA, the pilot announced we'll be landing soon.

I sat up on my elbows and Chris moved his head up to meet my eyes. He looked so sexy when he was sleepy. And his hair was just a mess, but I liked it. "We're landing." I whispered.

He nodded. "Okay." He sat up, and wiped the sleep from his eyes.

He just looked so good, naked, and sleepy, and he smelled like a mixture of me, and himself. Oh my god. It was so damn overwhelming. I couldn't let him out of bed.

I pulled him down on top of me and began to kiss him, and tease him.

He lets out a deep groan. "You're trying to kill me, aren't you?" He whispered.

"I don't care," I said as I moved my fingers through his hair. I kissed his nose, his jaw, then his lips before whispering 'I don't care' to him again.

After spending about seven minutes tongue wrestling with one another, I got dressed in my clothes and Chris did too, and untied the belt from around the headboard, and packed it back up.

I made the bed back up, although those sheets need to be washed. The memory of our sex will never be removed from it regardless.

We brought our luggage to the front, and we were told to sit down in our seats by the flight attendant. So I did and fastened my belt.

"You two were in there for hours." Chase said.

I blushed.

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"So, we keep this a secret from Liam, yeah?" He asked.

Chris slightly turned his head. "Yeah, at least for now. Let that slut make him happy enough so he doesn't mind me dating Summer."

"Okay. I'll keep my mouth shut." He says and fastens his belt also.

Tara was sitting behind me, asleep.

After about three minutes, I feel the plane going in a downward motion which made me feel like I was on a rollercoaster. I was damn happy to be back onto the ground, safe.

But I held onto the arm of the chair, and just waited for the wheels to hit the runway.

And when they did, I was relieved, and more excited to finally be entering Vegas.

## Chapter 12: There couldn't be anyone else

### Chapter 12: There couldn't be anyone else

I watched as Tara did a flip while she jumped into the Luxor Hotel swimming pool.

I giggled.

She came up and wiped the water from her eyes. "Come get in the water, Summer!" she yelled.

I shook my head. "Nope. I'm good where I am." I said before taking a sip of my ice cold lemonade from my glass while sitting in a comfortable lounge chair.

I'm not a water person.

I can't even take baths without assuming something is going to be in the water. That's why I've always been a shower person. I'm just weird like that.

Tara rolled her eyes and looked to Chase who was doing backstrokes.

She got out of the water and came to sit in the lounge chair next to mine.

She held out her hand and I gave her my lemonade.

"I forgot about your whole fear of the water and everything."

"Yeah. So, having a good time?" I asked her.

"A good time? I'm having a blast. We've been here for three days and I'm not tired yet. What about you?"

"My stay here is *orgasmic*." I said leaning my head back with a smile on my face.

She chuckles. "I figured so."

I take my shades off and I hear Tara sigh.

My eyes go to her and she suddenly looks deep in thought.

"What?" I ask.

She shook her head. "Nothing. I just kinda wish Liam can see how happy Chris makes you."

I shrugged. "It's okay."

"No it's not. You're in love with Chris and he's a good boyfriend to you. Really good. I mean what guy carries his girlfriend to Vegas in the middle of the night?"

"Kitty, look, yeah it sucks. The whole thing is really a pain but when I really think about it, I get why Liam is doing this. He is my brother and he loves me a lot. My mother doesn't really show me any love and my dadâlet's not even get into that, but I should be grateful that there is someone who cares that much to want



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to protect me from getting hurt."

"Yeah, I get it. But don't you think it's unfair?"

I looked away from her to the other people playing in the pool and talking on the other side of it.

"You're *changing* Chris, Summer. You are *honestly changing* him. And Liam is too stubborn to see it. I'm thinking about Chris before you, and then him after you and it's just insane and a fucking miracle that he's able to want you and *only* you."

I look back to her. "I guess I really *am* changing him."

She nods. "Yeah, ya think?"

I turn my head as I watch Chris coming outside in no more than a pair of black swimming trunks hanging from his hips.

Oh fuck! Oh my fucking *god*.

I sink down in my seat.

Thank you god for sending me such a sexy and delicious specimen.

"Speak of the devil." Tara says.

I bit down on my lip as I stare at him, making his way towards us.

I notice from the corner of my eye that the girls, and the women were watching him, maybe a little *too* closely. Of course they knew who he was being that his dad was the richest man in California.

And I knew that he was the most good-looking thing they could have possibly ever laid their eyes on, but he was *mine*.

I smirked and took a deep breath and felt my panties become wet. "Oh god."

"Are you okay? You like you're a!" Tara began.

I looked to her. "I can't help it."

She chuckled. "I'll admit, he is sexy as fuck, and he knows it."

"Say it again and I'm telling Chase."

She zipped her lips.

My eyes went to his and he looked at me in my bathing suit, the way I was looking at him in his shorts. I bet that if no one was here, he'd be fucking me in this lounge chair right now.

"Tara, can I have my girl alone?" He asked.

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She nods and stands up as she hands me my lemonade back. "Got it." She turned and jumped back into the water.

Chris came and sat in Tara's seat, his hazel eyes piercing into mine, making me feel somewhat hypnotic.

We just stared at one another for a long while, basically eye-fucking each other.

I smirked at him. "Everyone was looking at you when you came out of the hotel."

He chuckles. "I know."

"You just love that attention, don't you?"

"I love the attention from *you*, princess. I can give a damn what anybody else thinks."

I smile at him. "You look orgasmic."

He chuckles and grabs my shades. "Orgasmic? That's a first I heard that. Normally I hear that I'm sexy, or fucking hot or something simple like that. But orgasmic? That's a whole other level." He puts my shades on, and they make him look even better as he puts his feet up and lays in the lounge chair.

"Hey, you think what we're doing is bad?" I asked.

"What, going behind Liam's back?" He asked.

I nod my head.

He sits up. "Yes, and no. I wanna stop, but I can't. Neither can you. There's nothing we can do about it, Summer. We love each other, we fuck, we do what we want. I told you I'm done worrying about it. Whenever he finds out about it, he just does. So don't feel guilty, just be with me. Okay?" He asked.

I stood up from the chair to climb onto the chair with Chris. He laid down and I laid on top of him while he wrapped his arms around me.

I laid on his chest and shut my eyes.

\*\*\*\*\*

As night time came around, I was dressed in a short red dress with skinny straps, and black pumps, and my black clutch. Yet I had no panties on.

My hair was curly and falling down to my stomach and almost to my waist, while a red clip was pinning some of it back.

Chris had gotten me into the Luxor Casino which was below our Tower premier suite at the top floor.

He was dressed in a pair of dark blue jeans, a navy blue shirt, with a black blazer on top of it, and a loose neck tie around his neck.

We walked into the elevator.

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The elevator doors closed, and it wasn't a moment later when I was pinned to the wall by Chris.

His lips, on mine and I kissed him back hungrily, growing hot and wet for him.

My fingers moved through his hair, tangling the blonde locks through my fingers.

He was right about what he said before.

I should just be with him, unashamed of what Liam says. At least for now.

It's easy to forget everything else when it's just me and him.

\*\*\*\*\*

I leaned over and collected my red chips from the table and squealed. Black jack was really the easiest and only game I knew. But I was definitely planning on learning more games before I leave here. Chris was winning at his poker game, while I lost at, so I just wandered over here to the games that I'm good at.

"Play hard or go home, huh?" Said a voice.

I turned my head and my eyes widened. Oh fuck.

Finn smiled at me. "Go figure I find you here."

"Why are you here?" I asked.

"Just a side trip with my brother. You here alone?"

I shake my head. "I'm here with friends and my boyfriend."

He nods. "Boyfriend, huh? Lucky him to get something soâs sweet." He says closely studying my body.

"She is, isn't she?" Chris asked as he appeared by my side. He leaned against the table. "And she's mine."

Finn stared at Chris. But almost in such a way, as if he knew who he was. His eyes went to mine. "Well, she was mine once. May I remind her of, Annie Tyler's party last year, the bathroom floor?" He asked, now a smug smile on his face.

Chris then looked to me. Now he knew that he was speaking to the guy who took my virginity. He looked to Finn.

"Never forget your first." Finn said.

Chris chuckles and shakes his head in disbelief. "If that's the case, every time she cums, she wouldn't scream my name like she does."

I blushed. Oh my god. I just wanted to be anywhere but here in the moment. Any-fucking-where but here.

"I'm assuming she was pretty silent with you." Chris says.

Finn just looks at me, his cheeks becoming red.

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It was kind of funny because I actually *was* completely silent with him.

"How do you know him?" I asked Chris.

"His dadâworks for my dad. His dad is aâ*thousandnaire*."

Finn looked like he was getting pissed off. "And your dad may make billions, but at least my dad gives a damn about me. You think I don't know the whole relationship? Come on. You and your dad can barely hold a conversation, right?"

Chris's smile disappears, but he doesn't look very effected by Finn's words. "What are you trying to do, make me mad so I can beat the shit out of you and get kicked out?"

Finn looks to me. "Why are you with this guy, Summer?"

"Because she loves me and I make her feel things you couldn't fucking dream of. Next question?" Chris says.

He was being a huge dick, but he wasn't lying.

Finn stares into my eyes, his brown eyes showing concern. "Summer, you know he's Richard's son. You know about his reputation, why are you wasting time with this sleazebag?"

"You have the nerve to call *him* a sleazebag? He wasn't the one who left me on the bathroom floor when he was done with me. He treats me right, and I honestly don't give a damn what you have to say about it."

Finn shakes his head. "He's probably cheating on you right now and you probably don't even know it."

I roll my eyes and grab my chips. "Okay, this conversation is boring, and stupid. Moving on." I walk away from Finn.

A moment later, I go in to cash in my chips, and then stick the money in my clutch.

Chris comes over to me and watches my expression. "You don't believe him, do you?"

I shook my head. "Of course not, but sometimes I do worry that I'm not enough."

He sighs and leans against a column. "If I wanted any other girl in this place, I'd have her. It's that easy. Yet I'm here with *you*. Doesn't that tell you something?"

I meet his eyes.

"There is no one else."

I can hear the truth in his voice and I decide to trust it. "I'm sorry about that. About Finn."

Chris waves me off. "I don't give a fuck about him, Summer. He doesn't even hold a threat, honestly."

He really doesn't have any competition to Chris.

Then again, I don't really think *any* man does.

## Unbreakable

He has so many layers of good and bad in him, and it's hard to not want both.

My phone rung and I pulled it out of my clutch. I looked at the caller ID, and it shows that it was Liam calling. I sighed and slid my thumb across it to unlock it and then answered it. As I put the phone to my ear, I mouthed the word "Liam" to Chris.

He understood and walked away from me.

"Hey." I said.

He cleared his throat. "Hey, what are you doing?"

"I'm at the casino. Just cashed in a thousand dollars in chips."

"Sounds fun."

"It's a bunch of fun and it's so beautiful at the Luxor hotel."

"I'm happy for you."

I nod, and the other line stays silent for about three minutes. "What's wrong, Liam?" I asked as my eyes went across the room. I saw Chris leaning over a table playing what seemed to be *Roulette*. And next to him, rubbing his back, and his arm was a girl with long black hair, grinning like a fucking idiot at him.

"I'm going to propose to her, Summer."

My brows furrowed as a feeling of anger, and confusion comes over me. Seeing this girl all over my man, and hearing these words slip from Liam's mouth made me want to cause hell on the whole damn casino.

I shut my eyes and shook my head as my fist balled up.

"Summer?" Liam asks.

I hang up on him and store my phone back into my clutch before I look back to the *Roulette* table.

Some people had began to gather around the table, cheering Chris on as he played. I guess he was winning.

The inside of me felt almost sick. I'm angry, and maybe a bit embarrassed. He still hasn't taken her hands off of him. I get he's maybe distracted by the game, but he should know that any girl that's not me, touching him, is going to make me mad, and jealous.

"Didn't I tell you?" I hear Finn say.

I'm too irritated to even respond to him.

"He was just talking about how much he cares about you, yet look at him letting that girl feel all over him. Amazing how two-faced some people can be."

"Yeah," I look at him. "It *is* amazing. You started out cool until you got what you wanted."

"It was cruel. I know, and I'm sorry."

## Unbreakable

"I forgive you, but don't ever brag to anybody about what happened between us. Because that shit isn't cute."

He nods. "I'm sorry, and I won't. Even if your boyfriend is a douche bag who doesn't deserve you."

When he said that, Chris looks over at us.

"Finn, please just shut up." I walk away, and leave the casino to go back into the foyer/hall. I take the elevators back upstairs. I wanted to distract myself, and forget Chris being down there, allowing that girl to touch him.

He knows if it was me that a guy or a girl was groping on, he'd get super pissed. I felt like I had every right to feel this way.

I should have maybe went over to stop it, but I knew I would have wanted to fight the bitch.

I'm not a fighter. I never fought anyone in my life, but I would fight her, just because she wanted him.

I place my clutch down in the livingroom area and go to take my heels off in the bedroom. A moment later, I hear our room door open, and then shut.

I ignore it though and continue on unbuckling the strap of my heel.

Chris stops into the doorway of the bedroom and stares at me.

I pull both of my heels off and meet his eyes. "What?"

"You just left."

"I'm surprised you noticed anything while that girl was rubbing all over you." I said as I walked pass him back to the livingroom area.

He followed me. "Wow, just because she was touching me, that means I'm cheating?"

"You're the one that brought up cheating. I just said I didn't like that you wouldn't push her away." I grabbed a bottle of cranberry juice from the mini-fridge.

I opened it and took a gulp of it before setting it down on the counter.

He sighed and leaned against the wall across from the minifridge. "She was just being friendly. I didn't think it'd bother you so much."

"Yeah you did. If Finn was rubbing all over me, you'd see it as sexual and would probably break his face for it."

" Well, yeah. I don't *like* you talking to him, Summer."

"I don't *like* bitches touching and groping all over you."

After a long moment of silence, Chris walks over to me, takes me by my hair and kisses me hard.

## Unbreakable

I moan and lock my arms around his neck, still slightly angry, but more turned on than anything by how heated our kiss was.

His hands go down to lift my dress all the while I'm pushed harshly into the wall, hurting my back, but I didn't care.

Chris got my dress all the way up so it was bunched up around my stomach. I then feel his hands caressed my wet core.

I sigh and kiss him harder, becoming more and more hungry for him by the minute.

Suddenly, the thought of marrying him, right here in Vegas popped into my mind. I don't know why. It would never work. Chris doesn't want to actually get married. He just wants us to be together and to fuck me into next week.

I leaned my head back, my eyes closed as my hands frame his face and I pull him down.

He gets on his knees and I feel his tongue working and stroking my clit in such a way it makes my back arch as I bite back my moans.

I spread my legs wider and this gives his room to explore and lick my sensitive flesh. It was his, and he wanted to show me that no one could have me this way but him.

## Chapter 13: Secret behind the fury

**Author's Note: What's up, guys? I decided to post this chapter because soon, we will reach the rising action, and shit will get real!!!! Very, very soon! Which means this story will end soon L Anyway, I was excited to post this and to tell you all that I just graduated from high school today!! Yay me!! lol. Sorry this chapter is so short, but it will explain something. So pls enjoy.**

### Chapter 13: Secret behind the fury

"Why the hell is he marrying her?" Chris asked me.

We were sitting in a restaurant across from one another. It was around five in the afternoon and this was our last night here in Vegas.

I shrugged my shoulders as I stabbed a piece of salmon in my salad and popped it in my mouth. "Good question. I just hung up on him. He's not seeing sense."

"I know. Fuck, I can't believe this."

"I lost all of my respect for him. I can't even call him my brother. My brother would never stoop so low. I want him to be happy, but she's going to ruin him."

"I know." He said nodding.

"What should we do?"

"Let him make his own mistakes. Just like he should let you make yours."

"I can't let him do that. He's going to get hurt."

"Liam's a grown man."

"A grown man that's acting like a goddamn love-sick teenager."

"Yeah."

"It's just too damn ironic. It's like our situation, only in reverse. The girl is the fuck up."

"Yeah but with us, we're both learning more and more about one another. Liam doesn't know anything about her. She doesn't tell him anything and I doubt if she cares to know anything about him either. They don't love one another. It's probably just a lust thing, which also kinda seems unlikely because she's not that fucking hot in bed anyway."

"Oh I'm just loving this conversation." I said sarcastically.

"Sorry."

After a minute, curiosity got the best of me. "Who *was* your best?" I asked.

He rolls his eyes. "I'm amazed at how naïve you are. Intelligent, sexy as fuck, but very fucking naïve."



## Unbreakable

"But I'm still inexperiencedâsomewhat."

"I don't give a fuck. I'm going to teach you. Regardless, it use to be about me finishing. Sure I make the other girl finish, but I didn't really give a fuck. With you, I want you to finish, and I don't care about me. It's all about the way you grab my hair, and grab my back. It's about the way your toes curl and the way you moan my name. It's all about the dreamy look on your face when you come for me. That's all I care about. That's the shit I think about day after day. I can never get sick of it."

I smile at him while my cheeks grew warm. "I love you."

"Well, aware, Princess, well aware."

\*\*\*\*\*

"I don't wanna go home." Tara whined as we boarded Chris's jet.

I giggled. "It's okay, girl."

"We can visit anytime." Chris said.

Our luggage was already placed into the plane for us.

I sat down in my same seat as before and Chris sat next to me.

Tara and Chase sat in the back, and soon the doors closed, yet I fell asleep before take off.

\*\*\*\*\*

Chris's driver pulled up in front of my house after taking Tara and Chase to her house.

I look to Chris. "Walk me to the door?"

He nods.

It's was going on ten at night and I doubt if Liam was sleeping. I knew it'd be impossible to sneak Chris into my room.

We walk up a few concrete steps that led to my yard. We didn't speak until we got to the door.

I turned to face him and lean against the column next to the door. "Thank you for taking me there."

"I'd take you anywhere you wanna go. You just name it."

I nod my head and smile at him.

He dips his head to kiss me, and I shut my eyes.

This was true danger. Anyone could walk out at any moment.

It both scared me, and excited me, like having sex on an airplane.

## Unbreakable

He pulls back a little to take a breath.

"Thank you, baby." I whisper.

He nods his head.

I slide away from him to unlock the door.

I give him once last look before walking in and closing it.

It takes me a few moments before I realized that I forgot my luggage, but by the time I get to the window, I see him about to get to his limo. That's okay. I'll get it tomorrow.

"Can we talk now?" Liam asked me.

I released the curtain to turn to look at him. I had nothing to say to him. I just walked up the stairs, ignoring his footsteps coming up behind me.

I stomped down the hall, and walked into my room, but before I close the door, he trampled his way in anyway, making the door violently hit the wall behind it.

It was loud, but no one seem to come to see what was going on.

"Get. Out." My good day, my entire good week with Chris, and my good mood vanished from my thoughts as I had to face reality again. He wants to add an undeserving woman into this already fucked up family. Now my orgasmic happiness was replaced with angry fury, and sadness that my brother was being manipulated by a red headed slut that would never appreciate him. It actually made my eyes water a little. And on top of that, this red headed slut knows that me and Chris are dating.

"We need to talk about what I told you."

"No. I don't want to talk about it. You are fucking up everything! You ruin everything. You ruin everything and that's why I can never be honest with you! And then you want to marry this slut who fucked your best friend and would do it again in a millisecond if given the opportunity."

"One, she wouldn't. If that was the case, why would she try so hard to get back with me? And two, be honest with me about what?"

"Yes she will! Your stupid ass can't see it because you're too busy being whipped, to see that she doesn't love you. You have loads of money, and you're the best friend of the man she really wants. Of course she'd use you! Don't you see that?"

"Summer," He grabbed my chin but I snatched away from him.

"Don't *Summer* me. You just don't want to admit it. You *have* to see it. Any time Chris walks into the room, she stares at him."

"Name one girl that doesn't."

Well he had a good point. But he was missing mine entirely. "Fine. I'll get her to admit it on tape. Just give me a chance, and I'll-"

## Unbreakable

"Summer! Stop it! I am done talking about this shit with you. I don't give a fuck about how you feel about her anymore!"

I crossed my arms as a few rogue tears feel down my cheeks.

"And what exactly can't you be honest about?"

"Everything! Relationships. The people I talk to. You find one person that's a guy that talks to me and you are pissed off! But if it's a girl, you're all fine and dandy about it. And now I can't help but wonder, was dad right about you having feelings for me?"

Liam's eyes widened. And aside from that, he almost turned pink from anger.

I swallowed hard, regretting that coming out of my mouth.

"He said that? And even if he did, how the *fuck* could you even ask me that?"

I stayed quiet and looked away from him. "It was just a question."

"So what, you believe every fucking word that comes out of his mouth? Because you're daddy's little girl?"

I met his eyes again. "Get the fuck out."

"Not until it's settled. I am not sick like that man is. I would never do what he's done."

"What are you talking about?"

He shakes his head. "Me and you both know how he is. When I was little you have to know what I'm talking about."

My eyebrows furrowed. We go from talking to Imogene, to him, now to my dad. "What are you saying?"

"I'm overprotective because I don't want any man to do to you, what dad did to me, alright?"

When he said that, it stopped me in my tracks. My anger was replaced with something else now. Remorse, and revelation. Revelation that dad touched Liam too. Or worse.

I shook my head. "What? No. No. He wouldn't do that to you."

"Why do you think I spent my entire life hating him, Summer? Why do you think I was telling you to be careful around him? I know that he is a child molester. And I hoped that the same thing didn't happen to you. But I assumed he'd do the same thing to you, what he did to me."

I wanted to tell Liam that dad *has* touched me. But Liam was heated enough right now.

"I spent years, trying to forget, and Imogene is the only thing that makes me forget. So why can't you let me be happy?"

I stared into his gray eyes for a long while trying to absorb the information I was just told. But the only words that could fall from my mouth were, "I'm sorry."

## Unbreakable

I take a few steps toward him, but he takes a step back. And him taking a step back is a sign that we were breaking apart. We were no longer the best friends/ sister & brother. Now that I knew the truth about what dad did, he probably viewed me as no more than a confidant.

I blinked at him.

"Did he hurt you?" Liam asked.

I shook my head. "No. He didn't hurt me." I whispered.

"Yet you know."

"I had an idea, but I never knew he did stuff to you, Liam. If I would have known, I would have killed him. Or at least die trying."

"If I find out you're lying, and he really *did* fuck you, I'm going to kill him."

My eyes furrowed. "Waitâ the-"

Before I can finish my sentence, Liam left out of the room, leaving me there with my confused thoughts and my intense fury.

My brain just felt like it was full of sparks of revelation.

My dad wasn't good. He was never good. And I thought it was just him touching, and feeling on my thighs, and legs when I was a little girl. But he's done worst to Liam. Way worst. And I didn't know whether to go to him, and have him put in jail, or to just release all contact from him.

This explains Liam's anger over the years, but it doesn't explain why he's bowing down to a slut. Sure, she may make him forget, but she will also make him an even worst of a wreck than he already is. I can't let him marry her. *I* can be his coping source. The person for him to go to when he feels anger about to commence. I can help him forget and convince him to go to therapy. I can try. He may be drifting away from me now because I know his secret, but I, as his sister, will try to help him through his pain.

## Chapter 14: Decisions

### Chapter 14: Decisions

I didn't know who to talk to with this new source of information I had.

My dad raped Liam when he was little.

And when I learned of this, three nights ago, I haven't been able to sleep since.

Liam hasn't spoken a word to me. I barely heard him say anything over the past few days now that I think about it.

It must have been horrible for him to carry the secret for so long and never speak it to anyone but me.

It must have been gut wrenching.

I lay in my bed, staring blankly at the wall.

My dad is a rapist.

My dad is a rapist.

My dad is a rapist.

My dad is a rapist.

The more times I repeat these words in my head, the more that I start to believe them.

My dad, the man who use to take me to the movies, and buy me pretty things like jewelry, and dresses, and dolls, was the exact same man who violated my brother.

I believed it but at the same time, I didn't want to.

I wanted to be comforted, but at the same time, I told Chris to leave me alone. His presence would make me feel loads better, but I didn't want him to just lay up here and be bored while I was in a bad mood.

My phone vibrated.

Speak of the devil. That was probably him. I grabbed it and looked to the screen. It said "dad" calling. And right there, all my anger came back.

I sat up and threw the phone hard against the wall, breaking it, and I lay back in my bed and close my eyes.

The next moment I opened them, I see Chris sitting on my bed, watching me. I hadn't realized I fell asleep.

My brows furrowed. "You're a creep." I said in a groggy voice.

He half smiled, that charming smile that makes me melt.

## Unbreakable

He leans over and use his thumb to wipe my tears. "I would ask you what's wrong but I know you won't tell me." In his other hand, I see he held a red rose.

"Is that for me?" I whispered.

He nods and gives me the rose.

I take it and put it to my nose. It smells really sweet. "Thank you, baby." I whisper.

Chris climbs onto the bed behind me and pulls me against him.

Okay. I was wrong. I really needed to be comforted.

Chris ran his nose up against the nape of my neck, making a shiver run down my back. I shut my eyes.

I shouldn't want it. Especially not at a time like this, but I did. And it would definitely distract me.

"I won't make you do it if you're not in the mood. Just know that I'm here." He whispered before grazing my ear with his teeth. I nodded as I held back a moan.

I opened my eyes and turned my head slightly. "Thank you."

He nodded his head and entwined his fingers through mine and held me to him. A moment later, we both fell asleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

When we woke up, I noticed that I wasn't fully concerned of whether or not Liam would catch us.

I was sitting up, and Chris leaned against the wall, sitting behind me. I shouldn't have told him. Liam never said don't tell anyone but I know this was a secret, a dark secret. I *had* to tell someone. I trusted Chris.

"I didn't know anything about that shit, Summer. He never even told me." Chris said in a low voice.

I nod my head. "He didn't tell anyone. And I don't blame him. That'sâheavy."

"You never told him about your dad touching you either, did you?"

I shake my head. "And I thought the touching was bad enough butâ"

Chris sighed. "This is just so fucked up."

"He just played it off like Liam hated him just because me and his relationship was so close. He pretended like he did nothing to deserve Liam's hate. But this whole time he's been lying. No wonder my mother became a drunk. Being with him, I don't blame her."

"You don't blame yourself for it either, do you?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

## Unbreakable

"Listen to me," he made me turn my head to meet his eyes. "None of the shit your dad did is your fault. What he did to Liam, or what he did to you. None of that is all on you. Because you were too young to understand, and you were confused. Do not blame yourself for that shit, Summer."

I swallowed my tears and nod my head.

"I don't give a fuck what you say. *You* are fucking *perfect* to me." He whispers.

He brings me back to lay on his chest. I close my eyes. I'm no where near close to perfect. But hearing these words coming from Chris. Someone who I feel is just about close to perfect as a person could get, warmed my heart up a bit.

My door suddenly swings open and I don't even have time to move.

But thankfully, it was only Imogene.

She looked between me and Chris and sighed as her eyes stopped on mine. "What did you do to him?"

"What?" I asked.

"Liam. He's so dead to the world. What did you do?"

"What makes you think *I* did anything? Maybe he finally realized he's about to marry a slut and he's become depressed from the revelation."

She bitterly chuckles. "Or maybe he's realized that you're a liar and you're sneaky."

"If I am, then so are you."

"In what way?"

"I'm not in the mood. Oh my god, I'm really not in the fucking mood." I whispered. I just turned my head and continued laying against Chris's chest.

"It's a little sick, Christopher, don't you think?"

"I don't think about anything you say but what are you talking about?" He asked in a dry voice.

"Her. You were lusting after her since she was fifteen. You were lusting over a minor. You don't find it sick?"

"I waited until she grew up. You think I would just do that for any girl?" He chuckles. "For you?"

This comment made her hard expression soften to embarrassment. "I'm going to get Liam right now and I'm going to bring him up here to show him how his best friend and his sister treats him like he's not important."

"Do it. I don't care." Chris says.

My head jotted up. "No! Don't you dare. He is stressed out enough. Don't be a bitch this one time. Don't."

Imogene's nostrils flared.

## Unbreakable

"You don't know what he's going through. Just leave him alone. I'm going to tell him soon. Let him stay isolated right now."

Imogene shook her head. "Tell him soon. He deserves to know. And maybe you should be the one to stay away from him. He didn't become this way until the day you came home. Coincidence?"

I just laid back against Chris's chest.

"And Chris, you're a perv for what you did. She was only fifteen for Christ sake."

He stuck up his middle finger at her.

She rolled her eyes, walked out, and shut the door.

I took a deep breath.

I think keeping her in this house is going to make Liam worst.

"Tell me about the business you invested in."

"What?" Chris asked.

I look up at him. "Before we left to Vegas, you said you were starting a business. What is it?" I asked.

"I don't think that's important."

"It is to me. I want to talk about something else other than Liam for once."

He sat up more, looking a bit uneasy.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I don't want you to be pissed off."

"There is nothing else that could piss me off more than I am already. Lay it on me."

Chris sighed. "Okay. So, I officially own a strip club now."

I raised my eyebrow. I was a little taken back by it. Maybe I shouldn't be pissed off by it, but I guess my emotions had began to get the best of me. "Of all things you can invest in, you choose a strip club? A club full of naked women."

"I knew you would act like that."

"Why that of all things? I don't understand."

"What don't you understand about it? I bought it. It's mine. It's not like I'm going to be fucking every girl in the strip club."

"I don't know that." I said.



## Unbreakable

He chuckles. "Really? Really, Summer?"

"What?"

He moves from behind me to climb off of the bed. "You see what you're doing? You just made a big deal out of the tiniest fucking thing. You're pushing me away again. You *want* to find a reason to argue."

"That's not true. What girl *wants* her boyfriend to run a strip club?"

"I don't feel like it's a big deal. I'm running it, and I don't give a fuck what you have to say about it." He turned, walked to the door and pulled it open.

"Where are you going? I'm not done talking to you."

"Yes you are. You're not even talking, you're trying to argue, and I don't have time for it. But I get that you need the space so I'm going to give it to you."

"Chris, we need to talk about it."

"No the fuck we don't. Because I'm not in the mood to argue about the unnecessary shit, Summer. Love you." He walked out and slammed the door shut.

I glared at the door. "Love you too, asshole."

\*\*\*\*\*

Chris's POV

I walked down the stairs, entering the foyer where the slut was waiting. Like she knew I would be coming down soon. I stopped on the last stair. "Stalking me?" I asked.

She shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe."

"What are you doing? I don't get you."

"What do you mean?"

"One second, you care about Liam, and yelling at his sister and blaming her for him being depressed. The next second, you're all over me and I don't get you. Like I said."

"I care about Liam. He's good to me. He's an amazing person. He's good. He's *too* good."

"Then you don't really know him."

"From what I've seen, he's good. But a girl like me has taste for both good and bad. He's the good, and you're the bad."

"So let me see if I understand. You marry him, but you fuck me?"

She smiles. "You make it sound so unusual, but that's the idea. Yes."

## Unbreakable

"You don't care about him. Not if you're really thinking this shit is going to work. I have no attraction towards you."

"Anymore, you mean."

"Not even when I fucked you. I was drunk off of absinthe, and you just happen to be standing there. Let's not pretend that night was anything other than a fucking mistake. And sweetheart, you're not that fucking irresistible like you think you are."

"So you'd prefer a young girl to me."

"See, that's another thing I don't understand. I've just told you, I waited until she became eighteen to be with her."

"But you had a thing for her since she was fifteen."

"How do you even know that?"

"Liam told me. And he also told me how pissed off it made him. He doesn't want you to lay one finger on her."

I stepped off the last stair and ran my fingers through my hair. "Too late for that. I touched her in every way she wanted me to."

"Not giving a damn about what Liam would say in the process. I notice that you like to hurt him a lot. Fucking his girlfriend, and then fucking his sister. Two blows. What kind of best friend are you?"

"What kind of fiancée are you to accept his proposal, but to want to fuck his best friend?"

"I know I don't deserve him. And neither do you deserve her."

"You tell me shit I'm already aware of. Now I'm just bored." I walk out of foyer to the double doors and walk out of the doors.

I wasn't going to end the club business just because it pissed Summer off. But I know she won't stay mad at me for long. She's just emotional because of this shit with Liam. I wouldn't have guessed that after all these years, he'd hide some shit like that from me. I was wrong. I overlook everything. Now I feel fucked up for always getting involved with the girls that are off limits to me. Getting involved with Summer was way more off limits than Imogene was.

Everything tells me to leave her alone because if I stay with her, I lose my best friend. My best friend who I grew up with, my best friend who always had my back and I had his. Always.

Then there's Summer.

Summer.

She was that *girl*.

There are beautiful girls in the world.

## Unbreakable

Then there's Summer. The most gorgeous thing I ever seen in my life.

When she's in my view, no one else matters.

When we kiss, no one else matters.

There's only her.

So I'm just so damn torn between whether I should leave her and keep my friendship with Liam.

Or should I leave my friendship with Liam and stay with the one, and the only girl I ever really cared about?

## Chapter 15: Fool in Love

### Chapter 15: Fool in love

For the next few days, I kept myself focused on Liam. I wasn't able to actually speak to him. He wouldn't talk to me. He wouldn't talk to Imogene. He wouldn't talk to anyone.

Just walked around the house looking dead. I never seen him so down.

I knocked on the door to my mother's bedroom.

After a minute, it opened and her boyfriend Rene answered the door, completely naked.

I quickly turn my head trying to get the image of him out of my head. "Sorry! Is my mother in there?"

"Yeah. Baby!" He yelled before leaving out of the doorway.

I turned back around and my mother tied her robe up as she walked up to me with drowsy eyes, looking high out of her mind. "What?" She asked.

"You should talk to your son."

"Why? What's wrong with him?"

"He'sâdepressed."

"Why?"

"Because he just is. Can you talk to him? He won't talk to anyone else."

"And what makes you think he'll talk to me?"

"He loves you mom. We all love one another even if we can't show it right but I am begging you to please talk to Liam. Please?" I asked her. I never ask mom for anything. I was just hoping this once that she'd care enough to talk to Liam.

She sighs. "I'll see what I can do, darlin."

I nod my head. "Thank you, Rodney."

She nods and shuts her door.

I hope she does stand by her promise and talk to him.

I didn't know what to do about the situation. I mean do I call the cops? Do I call my dad and cuss him out? I don't know.

It was that, and the fact that me and Chris weren't on the best terms. And then Liam still wants Imogene. It was too much for me to deal with. I felt so alone.

## Unbreakable

All I wanted was the comfort of someone who I understood what I was feeling.

That's when a thought popped into my head. She may not know what I'm feeling, but she *does* know how to cheer me up.

And an hour later, I opened the door for Aunt Evie.

She brought over a box of chocolates, and a case of beer. We sat down on the living room floor while she cracked open a beer.

I grabbed one too and opened it.

"So you invited me over here," She clicked on her red lighter to light her cigarette.

I passed her an ashtray.

"Tell me what's wrong, baby girl."

I leaned my back against the coffee table. "I feel like I don't really know the people around me."

Her eyebrows furrowed. "What do you mean?" She asked.

"I mean everyone say one thing but do another and I feel like no one truly cares. Everyone is fake. I'm beginning to think that I shouldn't trust anyone. In the end, everyone is just going to fuck us over anyway."

"Whose *us*?" Evie asked.

"Me, and Liam."

"Sweetie, I'm really confused. You *have* to be more specific."

I grabbed a chocolate from the box and popped it into my mouth and chased it with a swig of beer.

I didn't want to say the words 'Liam was raped'. I didn't even want to think the words.

I felt his pain.

I put my beer bottle back down.

"Are we talking about Chris whose fake?" she asked.

"He's one of the people."

"Okay, whose the others?"

I took a deep breath. I wanted it to just come out on its own. But it wouldn't. "The others aren't important. I just don't want anyone to take advantage of me or my brother. I don't want him to stay with Imogene."

Evie's nose wrinkled. "He's back with her?"

"He proposed to her."

## Unbreakable

Her eyes grew wide. "Shut the fuck up."

"It's true."

"Where is he? I'm going to go kick his ass."

"He needs to be left alone, Evie. Any other time, sure, kick his ass. But not today."

"Summer, you need to tell me what the hell is going on. I understand that you're disappointed about Imogene, but why are you mad at Chris and what is going on with Liam?"

"Chris and me are dating, and he decided to open a strip club."

Evie raised her eyebrow. "What's wrong with that?"

"You wouldn't be pissed off if your boyfriend owned a club full of naked women dancing on a pole?"

"I'm too secure to be worried about my boyfriend cheating on me. But told from the perspective of someone who has trust issues, sweetie, if he wanted any girl in that strip club, he would get her. But he doesn't want them. He wants you. Everyone sees it. Everyone knows it. He's not playing games with you. He may be a player, but I have witnessed that he really cares about you. You gotta trust him. Not trusting him is going to push him away and you're going to end up losing him. Do you want to lose him?"

I shook my head.

"Then if you really care about him, believe in him. Believe that he would never hurt you."

I nodded my head. "Okay." I whispered.

She smiled and released some ashes from her cigarette and inhaled it.

I relaxed a bit more and ate another chocolate.

"So. Imogene and Liam."

"I hate her. She hates me. She still wants to fuck Chris."

"How do you know?"

"You should see the way she looks at him, Evie."

Evie shook her head. "That bitch is on a road to hell if she keeps on. I should slap the shit out of her."

I sighed. "Can't say I wouldn't let you."

"You don't think Chris would stoop that low again, do you?"

I shook my head. "No. When it comes to her, I'm more than secure. I'm a hundred percent secure. He doesn't want her. But she wants him, and she's taking advantage of how good my brother is. He is a good person whose been apart of fucked up shit," My voice cracked. I could feel myself becoming overwhelmed. "And it's so unfair, the stuff he went through. It's so fucking unfair, Evie."

## Unbreakable

She watched me as warm tears spilled out my eyes, first coming down one by one, but now coming down continuously, soaking my entire face and making my eyeliner burn my eyes.

Evie nodded. "Sweetie, you cry as much as you do. I'm not going to judge you. Hell, I'll cry with you." She said before releasing more ashes in her ashtray.

I nodded my head and cried for as long as I could, before I had no more tears left.

And when I didn't, my face felt so dry and stiff.

"Deep breath." Evie said.

I took a few deep breaths, and shut my eyes.

It definitely felt good to cry. Especially in front of someone who truly loved me.

I opened my eyes and grabbed another chocolate. "Is my makeup messed up?"

She nods. "Yeah, but you're still pretty if that's what you're wondering."

I chuckled and ate the piece of chocolate. And another before chasing it down with the rest of my beer.

I needed this. This little moment with my aunt was what I needed.

I suddenly heard catastrophe in the hall.

I leaned my head back to look at the doorway.

Liam came in looking very disheveled and messy. Like he hasn't been to sleep in a while.

I stood up.

"Where's my shoes?" He asked.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

He didn't answer me. He just began to look around, behind the couch, and under it.

"Liam."

He ignored me.

"Answer her." Evie said.

"I gotta go."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Bar." He answered and he grabbed a shoe from under the chair.

"Can we talk first?" I asked.

## Unbreakable

"No," He glared at me. "You are the last fucking person I want to talk to."

His words cut through me like a butcher knife, and it struck me in my heart.

I walked up to him. "Liam, please." I placed my hand on his shoulder, and within minutes, I was on the floor, my heart beating fast from the sudden attack. He didn't hit me, he just pushed me hard on the floor.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" Evie snapped.

She helped me to my feet and glared at Liam.

Liam shook his head. "Nothing. Everything is fucking perfect." His tone held venom as he turned and left the room.

I watched after him. Liam can lose control, but he has never, ever put his hands on me.

"You okay, baby girl?" Evie asked.

I slowly nod my head. "I'm fine."

"Why would he do that?"

I didn't understand it either. Unless he felt anti about me because I knew about his past. Now he wants to lose all contact with me because he probably feels like I look at him differently. But I don't. I love my big brother. Learning about him, and how he still stays strong regardless of what was done to him makes me just love him more. Instead of becoming violent towards me, I wish he would talk to me about it. But guys get defensive.

"Summer, I'm going to go talk to him and see what's wrong."

"He won't tell you."

"I'll make him tell me."

"Evie, he needs to cool down. Just let him cool down."

Instead of listening, Evie walked out of the room.

Oh god.

I followed the click clack of her heels.

She walked right out of the door, and up to Liam's car.

I waited by the door, hoping Liam wouldn't snap on her. Liam and Evie both had strong personalities so I didn't know who would win if it came to a fight.

Evie banged on the hood of his car.

Liam started it up but got out. "What the fuck are you doing?"



## Unbreakable

"Don't you ever push your sister like that. I don't give a fuck what your goddamn problem is. You don't ever put your hands on her."

Liam walked over to the hood so he was face to face with her. He was a bit taller, and she was normally shorter than him, but she came an inch below him because of her heels.

"What is your problem?" She asked.

"I don't wanna talk. I want you, and I want her to leave me alone."

"Not until you tell me why you're going around having a goddamn mental breakdown."

He just turned around and got back in the car.

Evie began shouting and yelling at him as he reversed the car, and zoomed down the street in a blur, driving way too fast.

When he was already down the street, Evie turned and walked back into the house, a stern look in her face. An expression I rarely see her have on her face.

She sighed and slowly shut the door. "Did you do something?" She finally asked.

I shook my head. "He told me something and I guess memories came coming back and now he's angry."

"What was it?"

"Just some personal stuff. He doesn't want me to tell anyone. And I can't." It was pretty fucked up for me to tell Chris, and not Evie. But I was afraid to tell her. I tell her, everyone will know. Police, mom, everyone. Then dad's gone. I hate him, he deserves to be gone. But I need to talk to him about the situation. I don't know what to possibly say, but I need to hear these words from his mouth to see if its really true.

Because although Liam's change of behavior is evidence, it's still somewhat not sticking in my head.

"Wanna go somewhere to get your mind off of it?"

"Where is there to go?"

She shrugged and grabbed her phone from her jean pocket. "I'll find a place. Go take a shower in the mean time."

I nod my head and decide to take a bubble bath to relieve my stress. It did work to some degree. When I got out, I put on a cream colored lace strapless dress with a skinny black belt going across it. And along with it, I put on a pair of sparkly black pumps.

I placed my hair in a side pony tail so that my golden blonde hair fell on one side, down to my stomach.

I stared at myself in the mirror and moved my side bang from my brown eyes.

My door opened and Evie peeked in my room. "You look beautiful."

"Thank you. So where are we going?"

## Unbreakable

She came in more and leaned against wall next to the doorway and folded her arms. "So, did you know that your baby's strip club is already open?"

I shook my head. He didn't tell me that. Then again, he's pissed off at me so I don't blame him. Plus he probably thought I didn't care for his strip club. I cared that he officially owned his own business, but it being what it was, of course I was against it. "I didn't know."

"Feel like seeing him?" She asked.

I looked back in the mirror. If I told her no, I'd be lying to her. "Let's go."

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The night sky was pitch black and filled with stars.

We've been driving for nearly an hour. It better be worth it.

"What is this place called?" I asked.

"Red Hot." She replied as she spun the wheel to go up a hill.

I rolled my eyes. Leave it for him to pick something so obvious in a double entendre type of way.

"Is it a lot of people there?" I asked.

She nods. "Tara told me it was a bunch of people there."

"So those girls must be damn talented then." I muttered dryly.

"What did I tell you, girl? Don't worry about it."

I nodded and sat back.

Once Evie stopped the car, I thought we were in the wrong area. I think of strip club and I think of shacks with a bar in one spot and strippers dancing for old crusty men.

But this place didn't look like that type. This was more than a strip club.

The place was glass. Pure glass, encased throughout the whole entire place. Everyone was dancing, and the bar was lighting up in different colors of the rainbow. The actual strippers were on stages, and rich looking men were watching them, enjoying them. The music was dubstep and everyone seemed to be feeling it, going wild and crazy, and jumping around like there was no tomorrow. And I could see this all within the car.

Evie chuckles. "Your baby knows what he's doing. Come on. He'll be happy to see you." She says before opening the door and getting out.

I slowly got out of the car and shut the door.

I made sure my dress was in place as I came around to Evie's side.

## Unbreakable

For the entrance, there was a set of glass stairs which led to the concrete ground. And on top of the ground was a huge water fountain that changed colors, and the water would spout out different designs. It was beautiful. This couldn't have all been done within a couple weeks.

Impossible.

We had to go up another pair of glass stairs to get to the door.

And a man guarded it like at every club.

Great.

"Name?" He asked.

"Are you serious? It's a strip club. Let us in." Evie said.

"Know the owner?"

"The owner is my boyfriend." I said.

"Yeah, right. It's too many people in here already. The owner told me not to let anyone else in."

I sighed. I don't believe this.

Evie released my hand and stepped up to the man, and looked up at him. "If I show you a tit, would you let us through?"

"I can't. I can lose my job."

"How is Chris going to even notice we're here? Did he count every single person that showed up tonight?" She asked him.

"No, but-"

"Make a decision, opportunity's closing." She said placing her hands on her hips.

The man looked down into her cleavage and then looked around; although I'm pretty sure regardless, we'll be seen. The club was made out of glass. Of course people will see.

"Quick, ma'am."

She nods and pulls her tube top down to show him.

He grins at her and she rolls her eyes and pulls it back up. "Now move aside. Let my niece talk to her boyfriend."

He nods, the smile still on his face.

Evie probably had the biggest breasts he's ever laid his eyes on. Everyone grinned when they saw her. Her breasts seemed to be gold mines.

## Unbreakable

He stepped aside and opened the door for us.

We slipped into the place and had to descend another pair of glass stairs to get to the club floor. What is it with all the glass?

I shook my head. It doesn't matter though, the place is the nicest strip club I ever seen, on TV or otherwise.

I ordered a drink for me. Nothing to get me too tipsy. I just sat in the corner. A nice touch was that the club was dark but there was lights within the furniture. And the seat I was sitting on was glow in the dark. I loved the hype vibe the place was giving off.

I sipped on my drink, watching the strippers as they danced to the music. I'll admit, they were doing a fantastic job.

But that didn't make me like the idea of the place anymore.

I actually rather be figuring out where Liam was. I wouldn't expect him to be here or to even know that the place exist.

A guy with a suit came over and sat next to me. The suit didn't fit him right.

He smiled at me, his teeth, not the straightest. Oh god.

"Hi, pretty lady."

And approaching me like that was even worst.

But I don't want to be rude, yet I kinda did.

"What's your name?" He asked.

"Sarah." I said, twirling my straw around in my drink and looking everywhere but at the guy.

"My name is Kirk."

"Mmh."

"So, why aren't you dancing?"

"Don't feel like it."

"Come on, I bet you're a great dancer."

"I'm an amazing dancer. I just don't want to dance."

"Fine then. We can talk."

"I'm a lesbian." I blurted out. Then I met his eyes and he raised his brow.

"Are you sure you're not a bi?"

## Unbreakable

"I'm positive."

He nods. "Well, okay then." He stood up and left me alone.

I could have admitted I had a boyfriend but with most guys, boyfriends don't matter to them.

The lesbian thing just works.

My eyes went to the middle of the dance floor and Evie was having fun dancing with a guy behind her, and a girl in the front.

I smiled. I'm glad she's good.

"Summer?" Tara came over to me, and Chase was right behind her.

"Hey guys."

"Hey, isn't this place amazing? Chris did a good job with this. I'm coming here every night. Aren't you having fun?"

I nodded my head and put on a fake smile. "Time of my life. Have you seen him?"

"For a second. He looked all sexy and sophisticated in his suit. But had that sexy bad boy look on him."

"I'm right here." Chase said.

She looks to him and grin. "Stop." She looks back to me. "Why don't you go find him?"

I shook my head. "No. I'll find him later. I just want to sit for now."

Tara nodded. "Okay. You alright?"

I shook my head. "No. But go out. Have fun."

"No. Not if you're upset."

"Trust me, I'll be more upset if you stay. Really, go have fun, kitty."

Tara sighs and leans down to hug me. I hug her back and she kisses my cheek before going off with Chase.

I love how much they seem to really trust one another. Why can't I have that relationship?

I took another sip of my drink and looked around for that beautiful face.

That beautiful blonde hair and those seductive and sexy hazel eyes that just undresses you completely. But I couldn't find him.

I sat back and crossed my legs and looked back to the strippers. The moment I did, that was the moment my heart stopped. Not only that, but I felt the heavy feeling of humiliation, and anger weighing down on me.

Chris was on stage dancing with three half naked girls.

## Unbreakable

I never stood up so fast in heels. I walked to the dance floor that led up to the stage and I glared.

"Summer?" Evie walked to me and then looked in the direction my eyes looked.

Everyone else was a blur.

All I could see was red.

Anger.

Evie sighs. "Fuck. Chrissy boy, you fucked up."

I walked up to the stage and watched him, chugging down a bottle of liquor and continuously dancing with the girls, allowing them to touch him wherever they pleased.

This is what Chris does. This is where he belongs. With these girls, and a million more.

He doesn't belong with me. It is not in Chris's blood to stay with me. I want him. But the real Chris was never meant to have one girl. Sure he's been infatuated with me for years, but that seemed to all go out the window as I lay eyes on him. He was Christopher Clarkson, the player.

His eyes suddenly met mine and he stopped. As if I didn't see him.

My eyes had already watered up. But the tears didn't spill out until the moment his eyes met mine. He dropped the bottle on the floor, breaking it, but his eyes didn't leave mine.

"I hate you." Was all I could say before running off.

I found my way out of the club and onto the street. It's times like this where I wish I had the guts to leave this town. Not have to deal with any bullshit, and just leave. But that can't happen. I'm too young. And I have nowhere else to go. Then again, I could start living with Evie in Paris.

"Summer," Chris came out and stepped in front of me but I turned away from him. "No, I don't want to talk to you."

"I'm sorry."

"No, you're not. You were having fun with those whores up on stage so just keep doing it."

"That's not fucking true."

I turn to face him. "So then explain it to me. I'm going through shit because of my brother and instead of comforting me or showing any bit of remorse, you're dancing on stage with bitches with big tits. I honestly hope it was worth it."

"Summer, stop."

"Stop what? Telling the truth? Now you don't have to tell Liam anything. There's no point."

Chris's limo pulled up. "We're done." I whispered.

Chris didn't say anything. We both watched as his driver opened the door.

Chris shook his head and grabbed my arm. "No we're not." Before I knew it, I was in the limo and he shut the door.

I glared at him. "Did you not just hear me?" I asked.

Chris ignored my words. When his driver got in, he told him to drive around until he said otherwise, and then he rolled up the glass to give us privacy.

## Unbreakable

I was about to pull for the door handle but the limo had begun moving already.

Chris grabbed my hand from the handle. "Stop, and just listen to me."

"No."

"Summer, I was just dancing with those girls. I don't give a fuck about them. Don't you know that?"

I sat back in the seat and folded my arms.

"You let every tiny insecurity get in the way."

"Fuck you, Chris." I muttered underneath my breath.

He sighs. "Tell me what I gotta do."

"Nothing. Don't do anything. You're going to fuck up again and I'm done. I'm done with the drama, Chris. All the fucking girls want you, they can have you."

"No they can't. You are the *only* one whose got me. You will always be the only one, Summer."

I shook my head. "You're lying." I whispered.

"Oh so naïve." He shook his head in shame and unbuttoned his blazer and shrugged it off.

"What are you doing?"

He threw it aside and leaned over me as I sunk down into the seat. My hands went to his chest to stop him.

"Don't. Don't use that as something to get me to come back to you because I won't."

"So I lost you?"

"After seeing you with those girls, absolutely."

"No. No. You got me, and you want me."

I did but fuck it's getting hot in here. I was now laying on the seat, Chris above me, his hazel eyes looking into mine. I could see, and feel how turned on I made him by my rejection. And I had to reject him. He showed that he had no type of respect for our relationship.

"I don't want you." I breathed, yet because of the way my body felt, part of me knew that I did. A big part.

"Yes you do." He whispered, sliding his hand along the side of my thigh and lifting it to hook around his waist. "You want *me*, and you want *it*."

His voice was low and rough, and it made my body react immediately.

I breathed deeply, trying to keep myself from losing control, and just diving my fingers into his blonde hair and kissing him hard.

But when I felt him tear my thong, that's when I knew I was in trouble. And he did it in a way so I couldn't detect it. Because if I had known, I would have stopped it.

It made a snapping noise as he pulled it off of me and threw it to the floor of the limo.

Now my bare behind was laying on the cool leather seat of his limousine, and I was hot for him. No matter what I say, or how hard I try to resist, I just couldn't.

## Unbreakable

Chris pulls my dress up and reaches down to push down his pants, and his boxers.

And I'm not thinking straight at the moment like I should.

I'm just hungry for him.

I'm not thinking about the fact that it's going to hurt, or that I should be so pissed at him right now, all I could stand to think about was how badly I needed him inside of me.

He grabbed onto the handle of the door and slid inside of me, grunting as I cried out in pain. I closed my eyes. God, it hurts, but I don't want him to pull out.

I whimpered and opened my eyes. His looked into mine, only for a moment before he kissed my lips.

He kissed me slow, and passionate, savoring my flavor as I savored his.

And when he pulled away his eyes said the words I needed to hear. *I love you.*

And that was all I needed to reassure me that I loved him back and this was where I wanted to be, in his limo, underneath his body.

I grabbed onto his hair and pulled his mouth back to mine, kissing him aggressively, and entwining my legs around him as he began to move.

His pace was in the middle between slow and fast. Not achingly slow, but not fast as if he was in a rush to get it over with. It was as close to sweet as he's ever gotten with me.

He kept one arm down on the seat to hold him up as his other hand caressed my jaw.

I couldn't take my eyes off of him, neither can I control my heavy breathing.

He's looked into my eyes during sex before but this look meant something entirely different. Deeper.

He was claiming me, and my body as his. No matter how angry I get, how much I say I can't stand him, no matter what everyone else says about him, he knows as well as I know that there is nothing at this point that can keep him from me and vice versa.

The pressure inside me slowly began to build up, and my body was suddenly aching for my climax.

"Chris, faster please." I whispered.

He shifted his weight and grabbed onto me, burying his head into my neck as he pumped faster, and harder into my body, hitting the right spot inside of me. Gasping in shock, I grabbed onto his hair and onto the back of his shirt as he fucked me hard. The back of his shirt was fisted into my hand and I squeezed my eyes shut as my climax rose. Oh god. This was it.

Chris grunted softly in my ear, moving faster in pace.

My breathing grew deeper and my body had begun to reach it's peak.

There was no stopping it.



## Unbreakable

I was tearing at the back of his shirt and squeezing my eyes shut as it hit me hard, deep in my groin.

I tossed my head back, screaming and crying out as I came around him. My back arched and my toes curled. It was like a wave throughout my body, starting from head to toe.

While feeling that euphoric feeling, I felt Chris twitching inside of me. I held him close to me, knowing he was about to reach his climax. He growled, bit down on my neck and he shoved himself in once more and stilled as he came.

I panted softly, gasping for air as my body started to calm down.

I wasn't able to move.

Chris's relieved moan was so sexy, it made me want more.

I relaxed more onto the seat and my fingers played in his hair.

He hasn't moved yet, and allowed me to play in his blonde tresses.

I slowly opened my eyes, and at first I saw stars, but then my vision cleared, and I was staring at the ceiling of the limo.

I sighed and my fingers moved from his hair, to his back.

Chris slowly pulled back enough to look at me, that beautiful, satisfied look in his eyes.

I bit on my lip as I looked at him.

"You should know by now that it will never be over between us." He breathed.

I shook my head and brought his head down to meet my forehead. "Never." I whispered back.

I began to think about the times we had together, even before we ever got together. How much I pretended to hate his guts when really, I wanted to be around him. I had to pretend back then that him showing interest in other, older girls didn't bother me. And then the little petty arguments we got in were me in secret crushing so hard over him, I would just start them just to have his focus on me. And now to think through the years we known one another, we're like this in the limo, and that's when I had to decide I had to choose Chris. I loved my brother. I loved him dearly, but I couldn't let go of Chris. I just couldn't.

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Me and Chris laid across the seat, half naked, holding one another.

"That was a fantasy of mine, you know." I said.

"What was?"

"You fucking me in your limo."

"Really?" He smirks.

## Unbreakable

I nod my head. "Yes."

He kisses my head and then the bridge of my nose.

"I must look like a mess." I sighed.

He shakes his head. "No. I like how you look after sex. Disheveled, worn outâbecause of me."

I grinned but then it slowly disappeared. "We didn't use a condom." I whispered.

He lets out a slow sigh. "I'm sorry. It was a heat of the moment thing."

I nod my head. It was. And I can't blame him for that. I can only blame myself.

I can only think about a future family. Something I know Chris isn't ready for.

I bit my lip and buried my head in his chest.

When the ride was over, we stopped at my house.

I was so tired out from him fucking me, I couldn't stand.

I had my arms locked around his neck and my face was buried in his neck.

"Harry, I'm staying the night with her." I heard Chris say to his driver.

I think his driver nodded in return and Chris carried me up the stairs, through the concrete pathway to my door.

"Key." He said.

I reached into my bra and gave him my key and locked my arm around his neck once more.

He used one hand to unlock the door, and he pushed it in.

And when he did, he stopped.

I looked up at him to see why he stopped.

He was focused on something straight ahead.

I turned my head and met eyes with Liam.

His eyes were red.

He was obviously drunk, yet the look in his eyes said that he knew.

Chris slowly sat me down on my feet.

But he grabbed my hand, refusing to let me go.

## Unbreakable

Liam was glaring at Chris. It was a murderous glare. The kind of glare that should make someone probably take a few steps back. But Chris didn't. He stayed where he was, holding my hand, not backing down to Liam.

## Chapter 16: Future Possibilities

### Chapter 16: Future Possibilities

I stared at Liam, and he had a look on his face like he just had been betrayed. Technically, he was. By the both of us.

He squeezed the liquor bottle that I saw in his hand. I wasn't sure what it was, but it was half gone, and there is no doubt in my mind that it's going to cause him to do something stupid.

I just hoped a part of him was still here, and he wouldn't do anything too bad.

"Liam," I stepped forward but as I did Chris quickly grabbed my hand and pulled me back.

Almost like he knew Liam was going to lash out on me if I got too close to him.

I looked up at Chris and I could feel how tense he was.

He kept me against him, his eyes staying on Liam.

"You lied to me. The both of you." Liam finally spoke.

After a long moment of silence, Chris sighed. "Liam, I'm-" Liam slammed the glass bottle onto the floor making me jump.

"I told you to stay away from her. What part of that didn't you get?" His tone was sharp and ice cold.

My eyes went to the floor as I watched the liquor spill throughout the foyer floor.

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"She was the only one I told you never to touch."

Chris nodded. "I know. I fucked up again."

"Again. If it happened, I shouldn't have to hear it from Imogene. If it's true you slept with her, why couldn't you be man enough to tell me?"

Imogene. I knew she told him.

"I should have told you, but you know how you are. A guy lays one finger on her, it gets cut off. You would have overreacted over a situation you don't understand." Chris said.

"What's there not to understand? You banged my sister. I've literally threatened you over and over again about trying to get close to her. And I told you exactly what was going to happen if you did."

Chris shook his head. "You're taking it out of proportion. And you're too fucking stupid to realize that we're not just fucking. Imogene doesn't know what the fuck she's talking about, because it's more than that. It's way more than that."

## Unbreakable

"What is it?"

"I love him, Liam." I admitted.

Liam chuckled. "Love. You *love* him? You know how many girls tell him this and then he leaves them, heartbroken? You know what we use to do Summer? He'd be with a girl, fuck her, and then leave her. Then he'd come to me and explain everything he hated about her and we'd laugh about it."

Chris squeezed my hand. "She's different. You know she is. You know I wouldn't treat her like I treat those other girls. I don't give a *fuck* about any of those girls."

Liam shook his head. "I don't know that. I stopped trusting you a long time ago."

Chris narrowed his eyes a bit, staring at Liam. "You're going to stand there and tell me you didn't have a clue? Even when I asked her to Vegas with me, you didn't have the slightest idea there was something going on?"

"I had a feeling, but I didn't want to think that two of the most important people in my life would go behind my back like that."

I felt guilty that my brother was hurt because of me, but at the same time, I wish he would just understand. I unfortunately accepted that he was going to be with someone that didn't deserve him, why couldn't he do the same for me?

I was tense and cautious. Liam seemed to be calm enough right now. I don't think it'll escalate to anything physical. But Chris did. He was squeezing my hand hard and had me standing slightly behind him.

If anything was going to happen, he didn't want me to be in the way.

Chris nod his head. "Liam, looking at it from your perspective, yeah, it's completely fucked up. I hurt you not once but twice, and I know I don't deserve her. I'm sorry. But I'm not gonna fuck this shit up. I swear to god, I will not hurt Summer. Ever."

Liam shook his head. "Bullshit." He picked up a shard of glass from the floor and that is when my heart picked up. It was beating harder than I ever felt. And I could feel the tingles of apprehension going through my body. He must have been very drunk. Because there is no way Liam would do anything like this.

Chris didn't seem as afraid as I was. He looked calm but now he had me completely behind his body.

I contemplated what to do. Should I call the police? I don't know.

"Come on, Liam, put that shit down. Stop fucking being dramatic." Chris said.

Liam glared at him. "She doesn't belong to you, and she's not going with you."

"Liam, put the glass down, please." I begged.

I know he was going through it. Having his secret out, and then to find out something he was very specific that he didn't want to happen, happened. And now it's crashing down on him. Hard. Then there's the influence of the alcohol, and that's driving him even more to hurt either me, or Chris.

## Unbreakable

Liam started towards us and that's when reality really hit that he was going to do something. He is *actually* going to hurt Chris, or us.

The shard of glass in his hand was long, thick, and sharp, with jagged edges.

Chris didn't move. I don't think that he really expected Liam to do anything. But the moment he raised the shard of glass, I went to stop him, but it was too late.

He cut Chris in his face. It happened so quick, I didn't have time to register it.

My eyes widened when I saw a deep and bloody slash across his jaw, deep and long.

Chris didn't take the time to think about what Liam did. His anger was now raising to the surface, just like Liam's.

Chris grabbed Liam's arm and attempted to get the glass out of Liam's hand. When he grabbed a hold of the glass, he squeezed it, and it sliced through his palm. But he didn't let go of it.

But Liam being stronger, he refused to release it also, and he slammed Chris into the wall.

I started towards them but Chris shook his head. "Don't." He growled and finally was able to push Liam away from him and force him against the other wall hard, knocking the shard of glass out of his hand.

I quickly grabbed it and threw it into the other room.

Then I looked back between them.

Liam was in the military, so it was pretty unlikely that Chris would win the fight. And that scared me. Liam will seriously hurt Chris if Chris was to stop fighting.

Liam gained his strength back, glaring murderously into Chris's eyes. "I'm gonna fucking kill you." He said in a sharp tone that made chills run over my body. I felt his words.

He pushed Chris off of him, and punched him in his jaw, and made Chris stumble back to the other wall.

Liam got down, grabbed another piece of glass and charged to him again.

Before a single thought could enter my head, I attempted to grab the glass from his hand but he elbowed me in my nose and it made me fall onto the floor of the foyer.

I squeezed my nose and looked up to Liam who now had the glass raised.

Chris ducked out the way just as Liam went to swing it, and then he regained his posture quickly, and grabbed Liam by his neck, slamming him hard against the wall. "Drop it." Chris growled.

My breaths were heavy as I tried to recover from the blow to my nose.

I don't know how Chris was able to say anything. His jaw was bleeding a lot now, and the blood ran down his jaw, to his neck, down to his shirt.

He was hurt badly, but he may have been feeling too much adrenaline to feel it.

## Unbreakable

Liam released the glass onto the floor and it broke into smaller pieces.

"What the hell is going on down here?" Rene walked into the room, and then looked to Liam and Chris. "Hey, hey." He tried to break them up but Chris didn't allow him to. He kept his hand around Liam's neck, squeezing hard. "You're dead if you hurt her again. Fucking dead, you hear me?" He asked.

Liam was breathing hard, trying to pry Chris's hand off of him, yet seeming to give up the fight.

Chris finally forced his hand from Liam's neck and stepped back.

Liam slid down to the floor, helplessly and I just watched him.

I couldn't imagine being where he was. Betrayed by his sister, his best friend, his father. I couldn't imagine how depressed he may have been feeling right now.

My nose was bleeding. I could feel the blood covering over my lips.

When I heard the police siren, my eyes slowly looked to Chris.

He was staring blankly at the floor.

That, I did not see coming.

Who called the cops?

Rene went to the window and pulled the curtain back. He looked out the window and shook his head. "Fuck. Goddamnit, the cops are here. Ya'll are gonna have to fix this mess. I'm not dealing with this immature shit. I don't know what the fuck ya'll are fighting over. Whether it's a bitch, or money, fix it, now." He walked out of the foyer, through the living room and I looked to Chris as a fist banged at the door.

Chris looked to me, and my eyes were suddenly rimmed with tears. They need to take Liam away before he does something worst.

Chris turned around and went to the door. He unlocked it, and then opened it.

A tall Caucasian man with a beard was at the door with a cautious look on his face. His eyes narrowed as he studied the deep and bloody cut on Chris's face.

"We got a call from some neighbors who complained about the noise. Said they heard yelling." The man's eyes then went down to me.

I'm sure I looked just as bad as I felt.

"What happened?" He asked.

Chris opened the door more and then looked to Liam.

The man looked to Liam who had a look on his face that truly scared me.

I never seen him look like this. Ever.

## Unbreakable

"We got in a fight." Chris said.

"He cut you?" The man asked.

Chris nods his head. "Yeah, and then he elbowed his sister." Chris said, then met my eyes.

The man walked more into the house, and studied my face and then looked to Chris. "He assaulted the both of you?"

Chris nods his head.

"Okay, I want to hear the story from start to finish. Then I seriously recommend you get to a hospital."

Chris hesitated, but nodded. He seemed perfectly fine. The cut didn't seem to be hurting himâyet.

"Me and Summer came home."

The man looked to me. "You're Summer? His sister?" He asked, pointing to Liam.

I nodded my head and sniffled.

He nodded. "Okay." He looked back to Chris.

Chris sighed. "So me and his sister have been dating behind his back and he's warned me about this over and over, but I ignored it. And when he found out, he got angry, attacked me with a piece of glass. In the middle of the fight, he hit his sister, but then eventually he calmed down."

"But he did for sure cut you with glass and hit her."

Chris glanced at me and then looked back to the man. "Yes."

He nodded and then looked to Liam. "I'm going to need you to come with me."

I felt someone else's presence and I turned my head to see my mom leaning against the doorway of the foyer. She was wearing a brown nightgown, her hair tucked in a small ponytail to the back and her arms crossed as she stared at Liam.

I turned my head to look at the man. He walked to Liam and stopped in front of him. "Can you get up?"

Liam stared ahead at the floor for a good forty seconds before slowly getting up.

He let the man slide the handcuffs on him without a word.

Rene came downstairs with a pair of sneakers in his hands and handed them to Rodney.

She slipped them on and he had the car keys in his hand.

I think they were going to go follow the officer.

He took Liam out the door and mom and Rene followed.



## Unbreakable

I stood up, walked out the door after them and stood in the yard, watching as Liam was put into the backseat of the cop car.

Liam was not resistant.

The man closed the car door and Liam just stared at anything but me.

Mom and Rene pulled up right behind the cop car, and then the cop car took off with mom and Rene taking off after him.

After a long moment of watching the car lights disappear down the road, I folded my arms and stepped back into the house.

When I stepped into the foyer, Chris was studying his bloody hand.

I shut the door, and locked it.

"Are you cut?" I asked.

He nodded without looking at me.

"I'll clean up your hand and then we can drive over to the hospital." I said.

He didn't answer.

I walked pass him to get to the first floor bathroom. I walked in, and flicked the light on. First I cleaned my nose and I cleaned the blood that ran over my lips. Then, I opened the mirror which was a cabinet, and pulled out the rubbing alcohol, cotton balls, and a bandage. A few moments later, Chris stepped into the bathroom.

He sat down on the lid of the toilet and watched me as I grabbed his hand, turning it palm faced up.

I wet a cotton ball with the alcohol and held his hand as I cleaned the cut. I knew it had to have burned him, but he didn't seem to care.

I couldn't look him in his eyes.

I was afraid that he'd say the words, *We can't do this*.

If he breaks up with me, I don't know what I'll do. But he has every right to. Look at what happened because of me.

After I cleaned the cut, I placed a bandage on it and smoothed it down over his hand.

And then slowly, I finally looked into his hazel eyes.

I looked at the slash across his jaw, and my heart almost hurt, seeing such a deep cut on his face.

He stood up. "I need to go to the hospital alone."

I just stared at him. Why would he want to go alone?

## Unbreakable

"I thought we'd both go."

He shook his head. "No. I wanna be alone right now."

"How will you get there?"

"I'll start walking and then I'll call Harry to pick me up." He stepped around me and exited the bathroom.

"Are we done?" I asked.

He stopped and turned to face me.

"I'm so sorry, Chris. About Liam. About me,"

He walked back to me.

"I'm so sorry." I whispered again.

He stood to me, staring down into my eyes. He shook his head.

"I don't want you to leave me. Please don't leave me."

"Summer, shut up." He whispered before his hands slid to my face and his lips went to mine.

A light gasp escaped my lips as he kissed me.

I was more than sure he was over it. Over me because of what happened, but he seemed not to care.

I wanted to grab his face but I was afraid to touch his cut, so I didn't. I just grabbed his hair as my tongue slid inside of his mouth to explore and taste all of him.

He moaned under his breath and pulled me closer.

He was so warm. I couldn't let go of him. And I couldn't stand the fact that he was hurt because of me, which I'm sure I'm making it worse. I pull away from him and he lets out a deep sigh.

"Does it hurt?" I asked.

Chris nods. "It's starting to."

"Will you be back?"

"Hopefully by later today."

I trace my index finger over his bottom lip.

"I'll be back. Just give me some time alone."

I nod my head. "Be careful."

He nodded and turned away, disappearing down the hall, and down the stairs.

## Unbreakable

I wanted to go after him, but like he said, he needed alone time. I couldn't really blame him. After what he went through, I understood him needing space. For him to take the slash across his jaw, and the slash across the palm of his hand, for me, I'm sure it was something unusual for him. He's so use to being a narcissist, and then he took those blows for me. A lot has to be spinning in his mind, and I'll just have to do what he says, and leave him alone.

\*\*\*\*\*

I wasn't able to sleep at all, so I pretty much just stayed up until the sun came up. I didn't hear not a peep downstairs so I don't think Imogene was here. Nor did I care. She did tell Liam the truth but I guess it needed to come out.

When the sun was high enough, I went out to the drugstore and bought a box of plan B pills. I knew the drama of last night covered most of my thoughts today, but I didn't forget about what happened before last night's drama.

Me and Chris didn't use a condom. And I was not prepared to be a mother.

After buying the pills, and a bottle of water, I made my way back home.

When my limo pulled up to my house, I saw Tara's car out in the front.

I, like Chris, wanted to be alone, yet apart of me needed the comfort of my best friend.

I walked into my house, and as soon as I did, Tara all but jumped into my arms.

"Oh my god. I heard. Are you okay?"

I nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine. Who told you?"

She pulled back to look at me. "Evie. Rodney called her and she's up at the station with her."

"They're still there?" I asked.

"I guess so. But I didn't really talk to her in the last hour so I don't know. Are you okay?"

"I'm okay."

"What about Chris?"

"Hospital." I answered.

She shook her head. "Heard anything?"

"No. He hasn't called me. He said he wanted to be alone."

Tara heavily sighed. "Figures. It's going to be okay, though. Just give him space."

"Yeah, I plan to."

Her eyes went to my bag. "What'd you buy?"

## Unbreakable

I reached into my bag and pulled out the plan B pills.

Her eyes widened.

\*\*\*\*\*

Me and Tara went to the bathroom and she sat on the sink and watched me take the pill.

"How many are you supposed to take?" She asked.

I washed down the pill and then grabbed the box as I sat my water down. "Um, it says take one within 72 hours after unprotected sex and then another 12 hours later."

"Why did you have unprotected sex with him?" Tara asked.

I put the box down and gulped down some more water to get the taste of the pill out of my mouth. "We were in his limo, and I was angry, and horny, and we just did it. I wasn't thinking. But," I take a deep relieved breath. "It's fine now. I'm not pregnant."

"Well that makes one of us." Tara muttered.

My eyes bulged from shock. "Waitâwhat?"

She hopped off of the sink and played with her fingers nervously. Her gray eyes looking suddenly concerned. "The night he first came back, I think that was when it happened."

"You were in the strip club just last night."

She nodded. "Yeah, but I didn't drink. And Chase was wondering what the hell was wrong with me."

"You didn't tell him?" I asked folding my arms. This was hitting me like a wrecking ball.

She shook her head. "Chase is in the military, Summer. He's going to have to go back. And he may not see me as someone he wants to spend the rest of his life with. So I'm debating on whether I should tell him, orâ!"

"Abort it?"

She slowly nods.

"Damn, kitty. I can't tell you what would be best, only you know that, but I know you'll do what you want. Whatever is it, I'm behind it 100%"

She smiles at me. "I know. You always are."

"Does your mom and dad know?"

"Well my mom knows, and she's happy. Dad's the aggressor in the house so I didn't tell him yet but I will tonight."

"I'm wishing you all the luck in the world, kitty."

She grins. "Thanks."

I actually smile at her and rub her stomach.

She chuckled and stepped away.

"Make sure you tell Chase soon. Okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, got it. You hungry?"

I nod my head, just now realizing that I don't think I ate a whole twenty four hours.

"What do you want me to make?"

"Doesn't matter. Anything." I answered.

She nods and walks out of the bathroom.

As I stand there alone, I started to think about Liam. About what happened. About what *could* happen. He could get into serious trouble forâwhat would that be considered? Attempted murder? Aggravated assault? I don't know. But I was afraid. I loved him with all my heart, but he *needed* to be taken away. The look in his eyes was loud and clear. Either he was going to hurt someone tonight, or he was going to hurt himself. So much had to have been weighing on him.

I think if he wouldn't have told me about what dad did, then the pain wouldn't have come crashing back down on him as hard as it did.

I shouldn't have said anything. I shouldn't have assumed that Liam had life easier because he didn't. My father raped him and he became a broken man. But he was damn good at hiding his pain until he just snapped. I felt bad. I should have been there for him, but instead, he's in jail, and I failed him.

\*\*\*\*\*

After I ate, me and Tara spent some time watching tv that I wasn't really watching. I just ended up falling asleep.

I didn't dream. Or if I did, it was all black.

"Summer?" I was shaken awake.

I opened my eyes, and when I did, it was the afternoon. The sun was lowering down. My eyes tore from the window, to Tara who had her phone held out.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Chris. He said you weren't picking up your phone."

Oh yeah. I broke it. I forgot about that.

I sat up in my bed and grabbed the phone from her.

## Unbreakable

She left out of my room and shut the door.

I yawned. "Hello?" I asked.

"Move in with me."

My brows furrowed. Did I hear him right?

"What?"

"You heard me. I know you want to get away from this shit at your house. You're grown, and you can decide where you want to be. So can I. I want you to live with me."

"At your house?"

"No. I'll buy us a house."

What the fuck? This, I really didn't expect. Not from Chris. Not from *the* Christopher Clark. "Chris, what are you talking about? You went out to clear your head and now you call me saying we should live together?"

"I know what I want. I just need your answer."

"Are you serious?"

"Dead serious, princess. Yes or no."

"I can't believe you're doing this right now."

"Believe it. Yes or no?"

I sat up. "Well, can the house at least be close to home?"

I don't have to see him face-to-face to be able to tell that he's smiling. "Of course. Whatever you want, it's yours."

"Even you?" I asked.

"Even me."

"I have to think about it and are you sure?"

"I'm damn sure. Why not? I mean we're growing up. You love me. So move in with me."

I had those butterflies going through my stomach again. "Fuck, Chris, you brought me in a situation that I can't even—"

"Even what? Say no to?"

I nod my head. "Exactly."

"Then don't say no to me."

## Unbreakable

I needed to think about it. About us. I look at the future and I see him. But were we really ready? I guess we'll see.

"Come see me after the hospital and we'll talk about it then."

"I'll go up to check on Liam before I come there."

"Don't."

"I know it'sâ probably not a good idea but I got to."

I didn't want them to see one another. They hate each other. But a friendship for years like that, I know Chris couldn't let it go that easily, and he wanted to make sure Liam was okay.

"Tell him I love him."

"I will."

"I love you, Chris."

"Love you more." He hung up before I did and I sat the phone down on my bed.

I don't know how that moment between him and Liam will go. I just hope neither hurt one another again.

## Chapter 17: Threats

### Chapter 17: Don't fuck with us

I was lying in my bed, talking on Tara's phone to Evie. It was at least eleven at night.

"So how is he?" I asked her.

She sighs. "I don't know how bad it is yet. Your mom won't say anything to me. You know how she is. But hon, as soon as I figure it out, I'll let you know. Okay? Just do you. Don't worry about Liam tonight. Okay? He's going to be fine. I promise."

"I know and thank you, Evie."

"Your welcome, hon. Love you."

"Love you more. Goodnight."

"Night." Just as I hung up, my door opened.

Chris walked in and then turned to shut the door.

When he turn to face back to me, I saw that he had stitches going up his jaw. But I didn't see it as something to be afraid of, I saw it something to be fascinated by. He got that scar by protecting me.

"Come here." I whisper.

Chris didn't hesitate to walk over to me and stand over my bed looking down into my eyes.

I turn so that I'm facing him, and I placed my legs on either side of him.

Evie said forget about Liam for tonight and just do what I want. She was right. I just wanted my mind to be on Chris.

I unbutton the button to his jeans, unzip the zipper and pull them down to his ankles. I look up into his eyes, and he's biting on his lip in a sexy way that makes a ball of desire burst in my body.

I brought my legs back up onto the bed and stood on my knees on the edge of the bed, grabbed the back of his neck, and pulled his lips to mine.

Chris's hand went to my lower back, and pulled me against his body.

He felt so good, and warm. My hands slid from his neck, to his shoulders, over his chest.

I could smell his cologne, and there was something so sexual about it, that made my desire for him stronger. I wanted to please him, and make him grab for my hair while I was going down on him.

My hand slid down to the bulge in his boxers and I massaged it.

I feel his breathing getting deeper and heavier as he began to grow.



## Unbreakable

I was hungry for him, hungry to touch him. Hungry to taste him.

My fingers dipped into the waistline of his boxers and pulled them down letting him spring free.

Chris's tongue was demanding and he gained control. I wanted him to have control over me, over this moment.

"Chris." I whisper.

He pulls back only an inch to meet my eyes.

I don't say anything, I just move off of the bed. I turn him around to face me and I get down onto my knees onto the floor as I look up into his eyes.

Chris's lips were parted, and his hazel eyes held anxiousness, calm excitement.

I release his length to pull his shirt off since it was going to get in the way.

When I pulled it off of his body, it revealed his ripped and built torso.

My hands ran up his body, his hard and warm abs beneath my fingers.

I meet his eyes again as I trail my nails down, to his hotspot just below his abdomen.

"*Summer.*" He hisses quietly.

"I wanna please you, Chris." I whispered looking up into his eyes.

Chris sighed slowly and nodded his head.

I take his member in my hands and lick from the tip down to the base.

He was so hard, so firm, yet so smooth at the same time.

My tongue twirled and caressed the firm flesh as I moved back up to the tip.

My mouth went over his tip and I gave it a few light sucks before allowing my tongue to glide and massage it.

I hear Chris's sharp intake of breath, and it makes my body become hot from making him feel this way.

I take him into my mouth, as deep as I'm able to until he hits the back of my throat.

I let my hand twists around his shaft as I began to move my mouth back and forth over him starting off gentle.

Then gradually, I began suckling as hard as I can.

Chris began panting, and I looked up at him to see his head tilted back and his eyes closed.

Oh god. This is turning me on so much. I want to touch myself, but this moment is about Chris and how good I wanted to make him feel.

## Unbreakable

I take my mouth off of him but continue to pump his shaft as I go below and lick his balls.

Chris's fingers tangled through my hair as he gasps.

I moaned and suckled them a bit before kissing my way back to his shaft. I released one hand and licked my way back up to his tip and took him in my mouth once more. I resumed the rhythm I was going before, allowing him to hit back of my throat. I released his shaft and grabbed his hips, allowing him to do what he wanted.

He began moving my head back and forth gently, moaning, as I tighten my lips around him.

As he thrusts in my mouth, his eyes met mine, an almost pained expression on his face as he moved.

His pace then sped up and his grab on my hair became tighter, harder. "Fuck, Summer, I love you." He breathed.

My body felt hot and tingly everywhere and my heart was beating hard in my chest.

He moved faster, not holding back, and moaned out my name as he kept on his rhythm.

My hand slid from his hip down to his balls, and I massaged and stroked them gently.

Chris grunted and tossed his head back as he stilled and came in my mouth.

That set him off. I was more than pleased to try something new that worked.

I swallowed as much as I could of him.

My eyes met his as I kept licking up the leftover and swallowing.

His grip on my hair lessened, and instead he stroked it soothingly, watching me.

When I was done, I stayed on my knees and looked up at him.

After just a minute of staring at one another, he exhales shakily. "I'm sorry if I got too rough."

I shook my head. "No. I wanted you to." I whispered.

He ran his fingers through my hair. "God, you are justâ !" He didn't finish. Instead, he picked me up and placed me on my bed and he climbed over my body, in between my legs. "I never wanted to fuck somebody so fucking badly in my life." He whispered.

I smirk at him. "I wanted to please you tonight. It's only about you."

"Why?"

"It just is. Accept it." I said.

"I love you, did you fucking know that?"

I smile and nod my head. "I love you too."

## Unbreakable

\*\*\*\*\*

When I woke up, I was on top of Chris.

I must have fell asleep on his chest.

I looked at him, my eyes going to his scar. Regardless, he was still the most beautiful bastard I ever seen in my life. My thumb brushes against his stitches. My trust for him, and my look on who he is, and how's he changed, made me actually realize that I am deeply in love with him. I knew I loved him before, but now it was more realistic, and deeper than it was before. I was going to move in with him. I knew I was too young to move in with someone, and yeah, people may call it young love. No. This was something way fucking deeper than people are making it seem. Everyone thinks I have a 'thing' for Chris. No. I am *obsessed* with this man who changed for me. He gave up his girls for me. He gave up his best friendâ for me. How can I *not* love him?

I leaned over and kissed his scar, just giving small, lingering pecks.

Chris sighs and his hand slides to my ass as his eyes open.

I pull back to look into his eyes.

"Hi." I say smiling at him.

"Morning, princess." He whispers.

"Good morning. Did you sleep okay?"

He chuckles. "Show me a guy who *doesn't* sleep good after a BJ."

I grin.

"What brought that on?"

"I wanted to. You know how you just want to have sex with someone really bad?"

He nods. "Don't I know it."

"Well it was more than that. It was like every bit of me wanted to please you. It was like master and a willing sex slave."

"Wow."

"Wow what?"

"The thought of you being my sex slave."

"Like it?" I asked.

"Can't you feel how much I like it?" He asked, pressing my body against him hard, and sure enough, I did feel that he was getting hard. This man is never not hard when he's around me.

## Unbreakable

The door opened and I quickly scrambled off of Chris and fell beside him.

Evie looked between us, a smile on her face. "Sorry, should have knocked. I'm pretty sure I've interrupted."

"It's fine." I say, holding my heart. I don't know why I thought she'd be Liam.

My heart was racing.

"I'm gonna cook us some breakfast or at least help Margaret cook. Then, we should talk about this situation."

I nod. "Okay."

She nods and looked to Chris. "Hey, Chris."

"Evie."

She chuckles. "To be a teenager again." She shook her head and closed the door.

I looked over to him and he sat up.

"I don't want to get out of bed." I said as my fingers combed through my tangled hair. I know it's tangled because Chris was grabbing it so hard when I was going down on him and the thought made me hungry for him again.

Chris studied my face for a second as if he was looking for something.

Fuck.

Chris got on his knees and pushed me back onto my pillows.

My body was already excited. I was in the mood to play.

Chris's hand slide up, rising up my nighty, and revealing my white panties.

He chuckled. "Me and you both know you're so innocent anymore, princess. Especially not with the way I've been fucking you. So why the white panties?"

I blush. "Iâ" ;"

"You don't even know," he shakes his head as his finger traces a design on them. "White cotton."

"Take them off." I whisper.

His eyes meet mine and he smirks. "You really want me to?"

I want to nod, but Evie may just come in randomly to 'check in' on us. "Maybe not. Evie might come in."

Chris shook his head. "I don't care. Lift your body up."

I lift up my lower body and he pulls my panties down my legs and off.

## Unbreakable

He throws them onto the floor and then his eyes go to the part that only he knows well.

His eyes meet mine. "You look so damn innocent."

I bite on my lip. I may look it, but he's made me the complete opposite of an innocent girl.

"We should do this in the shower, kill two birds with one stone." I said smirking at him.

He stands up on my bed and steps off, then he grabs me, hoists me over his shoulder, and takes me to my bathroom, all the while I'm giggling wildly.

\*\*\*\*\*

After our shower, me and Chris came out of my room, with the guilty look of satisfaction on our faces.

I had my hand in his as we walked down the stairs and made our way to the dining room.

Our food was set out for us.

Evie was sitting at the table and Chase was sitting with her.

"Hey, Chase." I said.

He nodded and then looked to Chris.

Chris sat down beside me and looked to Chase. "What?"

Chase looked to Evie.

She cleared her throat. "We were just wondering if you had planned on pressing charges on Liam."

Chris shook his head. "No."

"He could have killed you." Evie said.

I glared at her.

"Look, that's my nephew, love him to death. But he did what he did and there's nothing he can do to take that back."

"I'm not pressing charges. I wanna forget the whole damn thing, honestly."

Chase sighed. "This may fuck things up for us. I don't want to have to choose sides between being friends with you, and with him."

Chris shook his head. "This is not grade school. I don't care. You know him longer, be friends with him."

"Still, Chris. We knew each other for some years."

He rolled his eyes. "Then do what you want. But I'm not going to say, if you're friends with him, don't be friends with me. I'm just saying that I can't be his friend ever again, I'm just going to be civil. But choose what

## Unbreakable

you want. I honestly don't give a fuck."

Evie nodded. "That's what I was hoping for. Hopefully, Liam can come home soon, and then it's just a done deal. Yet it will be kind of awkward. I mean I'm more than damn sure that when he comes back, you two aren't going to stop seeing one another."

"You don't have to worry about that, Evie." I said grabbing a slice of toast from a plate in the middle of the table.

"Why is that?" She asked.

I looked to Chris who was just quiet as he poured himself a glass of orange juice.

Damnit. I got to tell her. "UhâI'm kindaâmoving in with Chris."

Evie dropped her fork.

Chase looked down to his food.

Evie looked to Chris and then back to me. "When did you decide that?"

"Earlier today. It makes sense. I'm going to enroll into the university of San Diego, and I'm going to be living with him. I gotta get out of this house, Evie."

After a moment, she nods. "Yeah, I guess you're right. Then again, you *can* come to Paris with me and attend school there, and live with your extremely sexy famous fashion designer aunt."

I smile. "I'd love to butâCalifornia is my baby, regardless of how much I hate it sometimes. And plus I can't leave my other baby either."

Chris's hand slid up my leg under the table, and it took everything in me, not to make him go down between my legs.

Instead, I tried to distract myself. "Where's Tara?" I asked Chase.

His face turned grim. "She stayed home. Said she wasn't feeling well. She threw up this morning." He said.

Chris chuckled. "You're going to be a father."

My eyes widened.

Chase grimaced. "How do you know?"

"Morning sickness. It's obvious."

I scratched the back of my head and tried to look everywhere but directly at Chase.

I checked my nails to make sure they looked alright.

"That'sâimpossible." Chase said slowly.

## Unbreakable

"Is it?" Chris asked.

Chase paused. "Summer?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know anything. Don't ask me." She was supposed to tell him. Why didn't she?

"Chase, handle your business. That's all I'm going to say." Evie said, taking a bite of her cheesy scrambled eggs.

"Fuck. Fuck. Maybe she is," He suddenly looked far away as he stared at the table.

I didn't want him to find out this way.

Chris's loud ass mouth.

He just guessed but he got it right.

"Goddamnit." Chase scooted back from the table and walked out of the room.

Evie shook her head. "I saw it coming," She looked to me. "You knew that whole time too, didn't you?" She asked.

I sigh. "Maybe she *did* tell me."

She nodded. "Knew it."

Chris dug his nails in slightly and his hand slid to my inner thigh, close, but not at the place I wanted.

I looked to him. He obviously wasn't done with me.

"So," Evie clapped her hands together. "Imogene."

I roll my eyes, and all my desire for Chris is replaced by anger by that girl. "I'm going to go talk to her."

"Need back up?" Evie asked.

I shook my head. "No. I can handle her. She's nothing."

"Alright, I'm just saying, call me if anything happen. I always wanted to get my hand around that slut's neck. Only a fucking pig would fuck that slut. No offense, Chris."

He shakes his head. "None taken. I don't even remember it."

"Good answer." I said.

\*\*\*\*\*

Chris let me drive his new car, a black 2014 Hennessey venom GT, over to Imogene's house.

I stopped in front of her yard and turned the car off.

## Unbreakable

I got out of the car and moved over to walk across the grass that was in need of a mowing.

It was a one floor home. I've been inside once but I remember she didn't have a lot in her house.

I banged my fist against the door, then stood back and waited,

After a few moments, the door opened and Imogene was standing there, her hair tangled, and her eyes tired.

She did not look happy to see me. Not that I could blame her. I wouldn't be happy to see me either at this point.

"What do you want?"

"You ratted me out to Liam after I told you not to."

"Yeah, and?"

"You have a lot of damn nerve, you know that? He almost killed Chris. I told you he was in a bad state of mind right now and I'd tell him soon."

"Oh come on. No you weren't. You're terrified of Liam, and he deserved to know."

"Bitch, admit it. You don't care about him. You just did this because you thought it was going to break me and Chris up, but it didn't."

"Whatever, the two of you won't last long anyway. He's not going to waste his time with someone who's no more than a little girl."

"If it's going to end so soon, why did he ask me to move in with him?"

That cocky look on her face changed to bemusement. I bet she didn't expect that, and the look on her face was priceless.

"You're moving in with him? You dumbass bitch."

"No. You're the dumbass bitch who thinks she has a chance with someone who couldn't remember even touching you."

"Oh shut up. You don't know what you're talking about."

I sighed. "I'm not going to waste my time listening to you, Imogene. I'm just going to tell you what's going on. I don't care about what you have to say. Have my brother. Have him. I don't care. I won't stand in your way of being a fucking gold digger anymore. If he wants to deal with that, then he can. But," I step closer to her so that we're nose to nose. "If you speak to my boyfriend ever again, or even look at him, I will come after you, and that shit is a promise."

She didn't say anything.

"All the times I held back from kicking your ass, I will not hold back this time. Stay away from Chris. Understand?"



## Unbreakable

She looked defeated, but at the same time, tried to hide it. She *should* feel defeated. He doesn't want her, and she's pathetic for even thinking that he did. He grew tired of her, not even remembering his night with her.

He's chosen me over her.

Chosen to make *me* his girl.

Chosen *me* over a man that he considered his brother since they were kids.

He chosen *me* to live with. Why would she ever think she was ever able to compete? She told Liam out of rage, and jealousy, and it backfired on her.

"Anything you wanna say?" I asked.

After a moment of hesitation, she nodded. "Yeah, get the fuck out of my face."

I shrugged. "Leaving. But remember what I said, and I was dead serious about it. One way, or another, I'm am *going* to kick your ass if you come around me and Chris again."

It was then that she slammed her door shut, and I let out a fresh breath. I told her what was going to happen, and if she was smart, she'd listen. But I had a gut feeling, she was going to do something to piss me off. And I may have to fight her anyway.

## Chapter 18: Actions speak louder than words

### Chapter 18: Actions speaks louder than words

I had boxed up all of my makeup and taped it with a tape gun.

When I was done, I slumped to the floor. "I'm tired."

Chris raised his brow. "You only taped up one box."

"So? Still tired."

"And lazy. I told you I could pay someone to do this for you."

"And I told you I prefer to touch my own stuff." I said.

"Can I have some of these clothes?" Tara asked carrying a pile of my clothes on hangers.

"Sit them on the bed and go through, see what you like and I'll see if I still want them or not."

She nodded and laid my clothes across my bed.

I looked to Chris. "Can you at least help me a little?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Fuck me." I said.

Chris smirked at me.

Tara grimaced. "Eww, can you two *not* do this while I'm in here?"

I chuckled at her. "Kidding."

"I'm not." Chris said.

I rolled my eyes. "Up. Get to work."

Chris shook his head. "I don't do what you say, princess."

"Fine. Can you please help me, baby?" I asked.

He rolled his eyes and stood up.

"Just find anything and throw it in a box." I said.

Chris nodded and Tara held up a black miniskirt.

"No." I said.

## Unbreakable

She looked to me. "It's sexy. Please can I have it?" She asked.

I shook my head. "Choose another, kitty."

She sighed. "Fine." She placed the skirt onto my pillows.

I grabbed another empty box and placed it on top of the taped box.

Okay. Let's see. I guess I can use this box to put my shoes in.

I went to Liam's old room, and I grabbed my shoe boxes, and placed them in. I'm not going to lie, I had over fifty pairs of shoes, 2/3 of them were heels.

The others were boots, ballet flats, and one pair of sneakers.

I placed some into the box, some in another box, and more in another box before I taped them up with the gun. Then I grabbed a black sharpie from my dresser and wrote 'shoes' on all three boxes and 'Accessories' in the previous box I packed.

"Tara, there's more clothes in Liam's room, can you go get the rest?"

She nodded and walked out of the room.

I placed the sharpie down on the dresser, and looked to Chris who seemed deeply interested in a red journal.

"Are you reading my journal?" I asked.

Chris nodded, but didn't look at me.

"Are you crazy? That's private property." I stomped over to him but as soon as I tried to take it from him, he moved right in time, and made his way across the room and finally tore his eyes from the journal to look at me.

I sighed.

He half smiled. "So, you was upset when I brought that girl over here that time, huh?"

I folded my arms and glared down at the floor.

I remember some time, about four years ago, he brought a girl here. She was from Hawaii. She was beautiful. She had long black hair and big brown eyes. I believe her name was Lulu. I was rude to her the whole time she was here, only because she was with Chris.

Then I recall Chris whispering something to Liam.

I didn't know what it was. But Liam grinned and nodded, and Chris made Lulu get up and go with him somewhere.

They were gone for a good five minutes before I decided to go follow them. I had feared the worse.

I remember the sounds I heard her making. They were coming from Liam's bedroom.

## Unbreakable

I knew what was happening. But I was still full of curiosity. I grabbed the door knob and slowly, quietly opened the door.

I saw Chris fucking Lulu while she was sitting on Liam's dresser.

She clawed violently at his back, screaming to the top of her lungs for him not to stop.

And the sight did two things at once. It turned me on, and it made me angry at the same time.

I shut the door and stepped away from it to lean against the wall across from it.

That's when I knew that I liked him, and I didn't want any bitch to have him. Not Lulu, Not Rio, Not Imogene.

"Read below." I told him.

I put that whole day in the journal. Because that day really hurt me, and I couldn't talk to anyone about it. So I just wrote it out, and still, it didn't really help.

I looked to Chris and watched his amused expression turn to seriousness.

I suddenly felt shy, letting him be exposed to my deepest thoughts.

After a moment of reading, he met my eyes.

"It was wrong to spy on you. I'm sorry." I whispered.

He closed the journal.

"Are you mad?" I asked.

"At myself." He answered.

"You shouldn't be. You were just doing what you wanted." I didn't mean for it to sound like a double entendre. But I couldn't help but to think about it that way.

Chris dropped the book onto the dresser and met my eyes as he walked over to me.

When he's right in front of me, he shook his head. "Please tell me you're not thinking about her."

"I'm not."

"God, you are such a bad liar."

"She was just so pretty. And you seemed into her."

Chris's eyebrows furrowed. "I wasn't into her. She was an airhead. I couldn't really hold a conversation with her. The girl just didn't make sense. It was just physical with me and her. With us come on, no fucking competition."

A smile spread across my face.

## Unbreakable

I had to learn to stop doubting.

I trusted Chris fully now. If he really did want Rio, Lulu, or Imogene, he would have been with them. He didn't want them. He wanted me. I had to get it through my head.

Then a thought popped into my head. Where's Tara? "Can you finish packing my stuff while I go check on Tara?"

Chris nods and kisses my lips before I walked out of the room. I peek into Liam's old room and she's not there.

But down the hall, I hear gagging.

Oh shit. She's probably throwing up.

I walk to the bathroom and push the door open to see Tara on her knees, hunched over the toilet, puking violently.

She spit out the taste and met my eyes. Her eyes were watery, and now red.

"Oh, kitty." I step in and grab her brunette hair to hold so no puke would get in it.

She nodded. "Thank you." She sniffled before puking more and grabbing the seat.

Oh god. I felt so bad for her stomach. I couldn't imagine how she felt right now. I stroked her hair, trying to calm her down a bit.

A few minutes later, she was fully done and she lifted her head up and sighed.

I released her hair and gave her some tissue to wipe her eyes.

She wiped her tears away and then threw the tissue away.

I opened a new toothbrush for her. I keep a couple extras around.

She took it, and brushed her teeth, and then washed her mouth out.

When she was done, she dried her mouth on a towel and then looked to me. After a moment of silence, she let out a huge breath. "This sucks." She said.

I bust out in laughter. Only because she pointed but the obvious. "I can tell. At least you made it to the toilet in time."

She nodded. "Yeah, at least that."

"You need to rest?"

She shook her head. "No. I feel fine now."

I nodded. "Okay."

## Unbreakable

When I walked back to my room, a lot of my stuff was gone. Damn he works fast.

He taped up another box and labeled it with the sharpie. He looked to me. "Gotta go, princess."

"Where?"

"Red Hot. Apparently there's some kind of criminal activity going on around there and I gotta make sure no one is fucking with my shit."

I nodded. "Okay." I locked my arms around his neck. I hated being away from him. But we'll have each other tonight. "So, what's the plan?" I asked.

Chris twirled a piece of my blonde hair around in his finger.

"The plan is, I go to my club, you pack as much as you can. I'll come back," He turned me around and held me back against him. "Then," His voice lowered. His hand slowly went between my legs. "I'll fuck you...*hard*." He whispered, thrusting his hips into me from behind.

I moaned softly.

He smiles. "Then we'll finish packing together, and then tomorrow morning, we can move in."

I was so happy that we got a house, and so quickly. It was a beautiful glass beach house right off the water. It was big, more than the perfect amount of space for about five people. I fell in love with it the moment I saw it. Chris picked it perfectly for us.

"Perfect." I whispered.

"Tell me about it."

He kissed the back of my neck as he moved my hair. My eyes closed, as I felt his lips go down to my shoulder.

"Keep at it and I'm going to make you stay here with me." I said.

He chuckled and stopped. "Fuck. I forgot that easily."

I opened my eyes and turned my head to look at him.

His hands grabbed mine and he entwined his fingers through mine.

"You're everything to me." He whispered in my ear. "There will never be anyone who fits me like you do."

I shook my head, wanting to cry. "No one."

"I love you."

"I love you more."

He kissed just under my ear, and it made my whole body feel tingles.

## Unbreakable

He released me and walked out of my room.

In that same second, I decided that I'll be visiting *Red Hot* later tonight. Not because I didn't trust him, but because the moment he mentioned 'criminal activity', it scared me a little. I'm sure he'll have it handled but I worried. I just needed to make sure he was alright. Chris gets hurt, the whole fucking state of California gets hurt.

Tara walked back in, a pile of clothes in her arms. "We got a lot more to go through and pack."

I groaned. "I hate this shit."

\*\*\*\*\*

### Chris's POV

When I got to Red Hot, I sat in my office way in the back of the club, watching the monitors.

Three TVs sat across from my desk, showing the activity going on in the club. I watched the three of them, watching out to see if there was anything unusual. I heard from a friend of mine that his club was broken into and he had to pay at least a hundred grand in damages. A hundred grand is nothing but regardless, I don't want anybody fucking with this club.

There was a knock on my door.

"Come in." I said, I continued to look at the screen. I didn't want to miss a thing.

The door opened and one of my security guards walked in.

"Yeah?"

"Caught some creep trying to sneak into the club."

"Did he look suspicious?"

"He had a ski mask on, I call that pretty damn suspicious."

I looked at him then. "Well where is he now?"

"The others are taking care of them."

I nodded. "You sure he was alone?"

"We don't know. But we're keeping a close eye out."

"Anyone else tries to sneak in and they look suspicious like that, come and get me."

"Yes, sir." He turned to leave.

"One more thing."

He turned back.

## Unbreakable

"Did he have any weapons? Gunsâ€¦knives?"

"He was carrying a smoke bomb."

What the hell? "What did he think he was about to do?"

He shrugged. "Beats me. Don't worry, sir, we're taking care of the little twit."

I nodded my head. "Thank you."

He turned and walked out of the door and closed it shut.

I sat back in my chair, my eyes going back to the monitors. This is my first business and I just hope no one is stupid enough to do something that will set me off.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Summer's POV

After packing up just about everything, it was around eleven P.M.

I showered, got dress in a dress that showed off close to everything. But I wasn't wearing it for other guys to see. It was for Chris. I wanted to give him something good to look at while he was at work.

The dress was really short, and it hugged my body. It was white with skinny straps, and a plunging neckline, and along with it, I wore a silver, infinity necklace, silver heels, and carried with me a silver clutch.

I left my hair down as usual but instead of it being naturally curly, I straightened it.

Tara agreed to drive me there. I keep forgetting how long it takes to get there.

"So, you think of any names?" I ask her.

She shrugged. "I was thinking about only girl names. I got a feeling it'll be a girl. But if I had to choose, it's betweenâ€¦Nikita, Samantha, Mari, Lily, or Amber Michelle."

"Damn, you really thought about this, huh?"

She nods. "Chase seems actually happy about it."

"Good. Why didn't you tell him? I mean, why did Chris have to guess out loud for him to know?"

"Because I was scared. I mean finding out in the first place scared the living shit out of me. I was going to but I chickened out. We had an argument, then we made up, and now we're good. But he's going to have to go back in the force soon. And I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Hey, I'm going to be here to help you until he gets back. Promise."

She nodded and grinned. "I know. And when will you and Chris-"



## Unbreakable

"Don't even ask that question. My next step after moving in with him is college. And I have plenty of plan B pills so we won't make any mistakes."

"I'm happy with that decision. With you two. Especially with Liam."

"They're letting him go. Did I tell you that?" I asked her.

She shook her head. "No."

"Evie called me yesterday, told me they're letting him out but that he may need to check into the mental hospital for some time to get himself together. I think he was planning on hurting himself that night."

"Jesus. All because of you and Chris."

I shook my head. "No. No, it was more than that. And it's my fault why shit came up to the surface."

"I'm like mad confused right now. What the hell happened?"

"My dad raped Liam when he was younger."

Tara slammed her foot on the brake really hard, making me jerk forward hard, and then back against my seat.

She stopped the car completely and looked at me, her gray eyes bulging out.

I looked down at my heels.

"What? What? *WHAT?*"

"He told me like a week and a half ago."

"And you didn't tell anyone?"

I looked to her and shrugged innocently. "Just Chris."

"No one else?"

"Who else can I tell? I was scared. Still am. And what can anyone do about it?"

"Lock up that sick fuck."

"Just drive, kitty. Come on."

"Fine, but we're talking about this."

"Since when did you get so aggressive?" I asked.

She sighed and pressed down on the gas, making us move again. "I just can't believe it. That's all. Why did he keep that in?"

"I don't know. I mean the odds are he was embarrassed. Embarrassed that dad would be!" I shook my head trying to shake the disturbing images in my head away. "do that to him and to us." I whispered.

## Unbreakable

Tara stopped the car again, and once again, it threw me forward, then back.

She glared at me. "Us? What the hell do you mean 'us'?"

I might as well say. "Well," I played with a lock of my hair. "He didn't do to me what he did to Liam. He just touched me was all."

"Where?"

"Just on my legs and arms when I was younger andâsome time as I got older."

"And that's supposed to be *nothing*? Summer are you *crazy*?!"

"Don't yell at me. It's not about me right now. *I'm* the one who's fine. Liam isn't. He's going through far more than I am."

"Why didn't you tell me?" She asked.

"Becauseâ I'm very stupid. And it was my fault, because I let him do that to me."

"If your dad is doing all this, we shouldn't be going to the club, we need to go to the police."

"No. I need to talk to my dad. And I will once all this shit is over."

Tara shook her head and sat back in her seat staring at the dark road.

She stayed silent for a long while, not moving.

I couldn't really blame her. It was a lot to absorb.

Normally you hear of a case where the father would touch his son or his daughter. But you never hear the case where, the father rapes his son *and* touches his daughter.

She looked at me. "Promise me, Summer, that you will go to the police with this. Please." Her gray eyes were pleading with me.

I nod. "I promise you that I will."

She lets out a relieved breath and looks back to the road, and starts down the road once again.

\*\*\*\*\*

### Chris's POV

I poured myself a shot of tequila and sat down the bottle as my eyes went back to the monitor. No problems yet.

The me from before, would have ignored the fact that the club might be in danger, and I would probably have a girl bent over my desk right now.

But that shit was from *before*.

## Unbreakable

Now, I get that I have a responsibility. I chose to invest in this, I got to take care of it.

And anyway, the me from now wouldn't want anyone other than Summer bent over my desk.

I smile to myself. I can imagine her moaning my name while I pound in her.

I hope she comes tonight, but at the same time, she probably shouldn't. Not until this shit is cleared up.

I placed my drink down, but too close to the edge of my desk and it tipped over onto the carpet.

Fuck.

Someone knocked on the door.

"Come in." I said as I picked my glass up.

I looked to the door and Imogene was standing there dressed in a beige trench coat.

Oh fuck. Here we go. I slowly sat my glass down. "How'd you get back here?"

"Told them I was a new dancer." She said smiling as she shut the door.

"What the fuck are you doing here?"

She walked closer to my desk and stopped in front of it.

"What's with the trench coat? I swear to god, you better have some fucking clothes on under there."

She chuckled. "What if I don't?" She asked, leaning over my desk.

"I'm dead serious." I said.

She untied the belt and pulled it open showing that she had on nothing but a bra and a pair of see-through panties.

I stood up and walked over to her. I grabbed her by her hair. "Get the fuck out."

She looked up at me, her face coated in desire. "Chris, you can do whatever you want to me. I won't stop you. I want you to touch me like you touch her. Please." She whispered.

"I do not *want* you. There is no part of me that wants you."

"But-"

"Shut the fuck up, and listen to me. I don't want to see you here ever again. Summer already told you off, and you come here trying to be sneaky. It didn't work. Tie your coat back up, and get out."

"Why don't you want me?"

"Because," I released her hair and stepped back from her. "Summer. And I'm not attracted to you. When will you get it in your fucking head that it's always been her?"

## Unbreakable

Imogene tied up her coat, her eyes watering.

"I can't believe Liam still wants you. After this. You look pathetic," I leaned against the desk. "You know that?"

She sniffed and looked into my eyes. "You and her, it'll never last long. Either you're going to knock her up and leave her, or you'll just find someone hotter and leave. Either way, you *will* eventually leave her."

I chuckled. "You wish, sweetheart. You wish you were her."

She just glared at me.

"Get out, Imogene. And you're banned, not just from the club. Anywhere I am, you're banned."

"You can't do that!"

"Why can't I? You come into my office, begging me to fuck you. You know I have a fucking girlfriend yet you won't give up. You're obsessed, and you make me fucking sick. So get the fuck out."

She blinked as a tear came down slowly dropping down her cheek.

My god. Maybe her and Liam *should* be together. They're both so fucking dramatic. "Out."

She scowled and then turned. Just as she reached for the door knob, it opened, and Summer stepped in.

The moment she saw Imogene, she glared at her. She met my eyes for a moment before looking back to Imogene.

Imogene stepped back.

Summer dropped her clutch, and closed the door, and then removed her heels.

She wasn't hesitating as she moved. It was almost like she had planned this. Like she knew this moment was coming.

I watched her, and I became oddly turned on as she glared at Imogene.

There was fire, and hate in her eyes. And I knew that one way or another, she was going to hurt Imogene.

### **Summer's POV**

I warned her. I mean I didn't expect her to actually listen to me. But I thought the girl maybe had a bit of damn sense.

She didn't seem to want to fight. She seemed upset, but hey, whatever happened, I'm pretty sure she deserved it. And I'm more than positive that Chris rejected her, and did the right thing.

But she had this coming for a long time.

She knows that.

## Unbreakable

I didn't care whether or not she wanted to fight. I did. And I would feel no remorse.

I kick my heels to the side and then as soon as she tried find her way around me, I grab her hair, pulling it down hard and started to repeatedly punch her hard in her face. The blows were hard, relentless but she didn't move. She didn't block. I don't know why she wasn't fighting back. She could have. The girl was stronger, older, she could have stopped me. She had every opportunity to fight me back, yet she chose not to.

But it didn't make me stop. I hated this bitch. I hated her for setting off Liam. I hated her for trying to be with Chris. She's just fucking destruction, and now I wanted to ruin her.

I never thought I was physically strong, but soon my fist felt wet, soaked with her blood. Maybe I underestimated my strength.

All I could hear was her crying and the wet slap of my fist against her face. Nothing else.

I expected Chris to stop me, but he didn't. He hated her. And I did too. I felt like we were both doing evil.

The door opened and I didn't know who it was, but all I felt was huge arms picking me up and taking me away from Imogene.

"No. Keep her here." Chris said.

The man hesitated.

"Put her down, take this other one out of here." He said glaring down at Imogene.

I was so calm.

I expected to go out of control and go Jackie Chan on the bitch, instead, everything was calm.

My knuckles hurt like hell.

The man put me down, and he picked Imogene up bridal style. "Should I take her to the hospital?" He asked.

Chris looked at her and then nodded. "Yes."

Imogene was still whimpering, and crying. And I don't know why, but a part of me felt like she wanted me to beat her to death because Chris didn't want her. This was my theory only because she didn't stop me.

The man nodded.

"And, Joshua, don't let anyone see her. Leave out the back and get someone else to replace you." Chris said.

Joshua nodded. "Yes, sir." He hurried out of the room, and the door shut on its own.

I breathed deeply in relief. Yeah, maybe I was slightly okay with not killing her, yet, I still didn't want to be done with her. But I had to be. As long as I got the message across.

I turned my head slowly to look to Chris.

## Unbreakable

He had that look in his eyes, that look that meant desire, but instead of just flat out lying me on his desk, he grabbed a plastic bag, and grabbed some ice from the cooler in the corner, and some tissue. He placed the ice in the bag and tied it up.

I walked over to him and watched him as he used the tissue to wipe the blood from my knuckles. I don't know if it was mine and hers or just hers.

They were badly bruised.

I watched Chris as he took the tissue away and held the ice against my hand.

I sighed in relief and closed my eyes. It calmed down the pain a little.

We didn't say anything. There wasn't anything to say.

Maybe it was wrong, what I did. Maybe I should be in trouble, but this was Chris's place. And in Chris's territory, nobody could fuck with me. Nobody could fuck with *us*.

I know that this may be odd, or surprising coming from me, but she just irritated the hell out of me. She doesn't listen, she lies, and she cheats. Honestly, I don't regret what I did to her tonight.

## Chapter 19: Am I strong enough?

**Author's Note: Hey guys, just want to let you all know that this story will be ending very soon, perhaps in the next three or four chapters but it won't have an epilogue to it for personal reasons. Anyway, enjoy and thank you all for reading my work. I will always love you all for it. Always.**

### Chapter 19: Am I strong enough?

Chris had brought out a first aid kit and wrapped my hand up. He did it so gently, and expertly.

I studied every facial feature of his as he worked on my hand.

I was so calm with him right now. I was breathing in and out normally. I felt no anger. Maybe just calm euphoria for doing something I wanted to do for such a long time.

When he was finished, he studied his work. "Ball up your fist." He said.

I was able to ball it up but it hurt a lot.

"It's not broke." He met my eyes.

"Thank you."

"It's nothing." He said.

I tried to ball up my fist again but it came with a sharp, ache. I winced, and stopped trying.

"Do you need painkillers?" He asked.

I shook my head. "No. Umâ ;I justâ !" I looked down to the floor and closed my eyes. How will I be able to express my gratefulness for him not falling for her. I think this was meant to happen. A true test of faith and loyalty.

"You just what?" He picks up my chin to make me look into his eyes.

"Thank you for notâ 'being with her. For pushing her away. Justâ 'thank you."

Chris dropped his hand. He sighed and leaned against his desk, his eyes on mine. "Did you doubt me?"

I shook my head. "Maybe a week ago I would have but not anymore." I whispered.

He tucks my blonde hair behind my ear and smirks at me. "You wanna know something fucked up?" He asked.

I nod my head.

"In that moment, with you so mad at her, and you fighting over me, it made me want to fuck you. Know how sick that is?"

"Because I beat her ass, it made you want to do stuff to me?"

## Unbreakable

He chuckles and looks down to the carpet.

"Well, no one's stopping you." I said.

Chris blinked back to me and sighed. "That's the one reason why I don't want you here. You are the biggest fucking distraction I know."

"Sorry." I said leaning against the desk.

He stares at me for a long time, his eyes becoming low, seductive. I can feel his breathing slow down. At the same time, mine picks up. I have a strong need for him, right now, right in the middle of his club. For him, he's turned on because I beat the hell out of a girl, for him.

And I'm turned on because he's so turned on about it.

Me and Chris are a weird couple.

Suddenly there was a violent bang against the door and it made me jump in surprise and fear.

What the hell?

Chris looked to the monitor and then went to the door and opened it.

A man, tall with ginger red hair and a beard stepped in, looking panicked. "We got to evacuate."

"What the fuck is going on?" Chris asked.

"Three men dressed in black threw some bottles of liquor stuffed with rags in the place with the rags set on fire. Then they ran off before anyone could get a hold to them."

Chris grimaced.

"We have to go!" I said. The moment I hear the word 'fire', I was in no position to hesitate to evacuate like the redhead said.

"Shit, Vince, take her, get her the fuck outta here." Chris said to him.

Vince came over but I snatched my hand away, my eyes on Chris. "What the fuck do you mean?"

Chris stepped into my face. "You're going to go with him. Do not argue with me. We don't have time for that shit. I'll be right behind you, I fucking promise."

"Chris,"

He looked to Vince. "Take her."

Vince didn't hesitate to scoop me up. "No! Put me down!" I screamed.

"Get her out!" Chris raised his voice in a matter I never heard, and it motivated Vince to follow his instructions. Vince me rushed me out the office, all the while I tried to fight for control. I couldn't just leave Chris. But Vince refused to let me go. He was strong, and thickly built. I wasn't able to break lose from his



## Unbreakable

hold.

As Vince carried me, I could hear the flames, feel the heat, and just about smell the smoke.

Then the fight sparked back into my body. I started hitting and squirming out of his hold again, praying that it was enough to get him to release me.

But he continued carrying me down the narrow hallway and through the actual front room where the club was. It was cleared out, but I saw the orange and yellow flames flooding the place.

I shook my head. They're going to spread. They were already blocking the front door. And the next place will be the hall, then his office which wasn't too far away.

"Shit. The back door." He turned and ran back up the narrow hallway.

Oh god, I can't do this. I can't let Vince take me out of here.

"Put me down! I can't leave him in here!" I said, as tears began to fill up my eyes.

"I *have* to follow his instructions, ma'am." I tried wiggling away from him again but he effortlessly carried me to the back door of the club and out where it was now raining.

He put me down, and the second he did, I tried to go back and open the back door back but it wouldn't open from the outside. "NO!" I screamed, tears now streaming down my cheeks.

I banged on the door, my anger, my frustration exploding to the surface. "CHRIS! *PLEASE!*" I hollered and shouted his name.

When there was no answer, I turned to face Vince. He looked remorseful. "You piece of shit. You piece of fucking shit!" I ran up to him and pushed him with all my might. He took only a step back. "I'm sorry, I was just following his orders."

"FUCK his orders!" I cried at him.

Vince held his hands up. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

I had to do something. Anything. I can probably get in through the front. It was blocked, but maybe I can find a small opening. I stomped past Vince but turned as I walked backwards away from the building. "If anything happens to him, I'm going to kill you." I said before turning and making my way to the front of the building.

At the front stood two girls that were obviously dancers, three guys dressed casually, and one security guard.

I ran over to them. "Did Chris come out?" I asked. I was afraid I already knew the answer.

The man shook his head. "But three of our guys went in to look for him. Don't worry."

Don't worry? Don't worry? The fucking place is basically up in flames and he says not to worry.

My fingers dove through my hair. I felt like I was going to lose it.

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There was a manic feeling inside of me of wanting to go in regardless of the flames and get Chris and bring him out safely. And then there was this depressing feeling weighing down that I may never see him again.

Life throws so many curveballs and there was no way I would ever be able to dodge them all.

"I have to go in."

"Are you crazy?" One of the girls asked.

I ignored her, but the security guard shook his head. "No. You can't! There's too many flames!"

"I don't care! That's my fucking boyfriend in there!" I reached for the broken glass door, but security guard grabbed my hand and pulled me away. "You *cannot* go in there." he said grabbing me back from the building.

"Let me in. *NOW!*" I hollered as loud as I could.

"Summer."

That voice.

I immediately turned my head.

There he was. He was there in one piece. His white button down was dirty with dust and grime, but he was fine. He was fine.

I pushed the security guard off of me and ran to him at the same time he was walking towards me.

I didn't give a fuck about anything else then. Just him. Only him.

I ran into his arms, at the same time I jumped on him, and it ended up knocking the both of us down, but not in a humorous way. Not a moment later, our lips were locked in a deep intense kiss. I clutched my fingers in his hair, holding it in a tight grip while his fingers held my hair by the roots.

I could hear the sirens in the distance, I could hear the relieved sighs coming from everyone at the front of the club.

But none of that mattered.

I was in too much joy to be embarrassed of whether or not the others were watching us.

I had grabbed hard onto his jacket as the tears continuously came down.

Our tongues tangled, and our bodies crushed together as our hands violently groped and pulled and one another. We were so damn close and it still wasn't enough. There was deep pain, and relief and joy, and desire all in one floating through my body. I grabbed for Chris's hair again as he broke the kiss, but had his forehead against mine, panting hard.

The thought of him actually getting hurt in that club brought forth a desperate need inside me. I should have realized it before, but now it was more clear than ever. I couldn't live without him.

I sniffed. "Don't ever do that to me again."

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"I'm sorry," He whispered before he kissed my lips. "I'm here."

Moments later when the fire trucks arrived, I sat on the bench a few yards away from the scene and watched as they worked on the place, putting out the flames. Chris didn't even have the place for a long time, and already it was fucked up. I knew when he told me earlier tonight about the 'Criminal Activity' that there was something that would happen. I had a gut feeling.

I knew that me coming here wouldn't stop it or anything, but if Chris was going to go through it, I wanted to go through it with him.

This was just so random. And according to Vince, it was arson. Who would do this to Chris's club? It wouldn't be Imogene, she just left here crying.

Another name comes to mind that I don't want to think about. No. He wouldn't go this far. Sure he tried to kill Chris with a shard of glass from a liquor bottle but to do this, he wouldn't. Besides, he's being supervised by my mother, Rene and Aunt Evie right now. I doubt he got away to do this.

So who would that leave?

I could see Chris walking over to the bench from far away.

I watched him, relief and euphoria flooded through my body. I never thought I'd never ever thought that something could happen to separate us or put one of us in danger. Fire. This will be infecting my thoughts for a long time, maybe even forever. Fire would have killed him and separated us. Then where would I be?

Living in a beach house with no one. It would be empty, and so would I.

Chris finally made it to me and he looked down into my eyes.

I looked back up to him and the moment I did, my eyes watered again. I was so afraid. He was perfectly fine, right here, standing in the flesh but I was so scared that I would lose him. Any fight that we ever had before. Those strippers, the whole strip club thing, the thing about my dad, all of it was down the drain now. Every single thing. Those things were the stupidest shit to get into an argument about and they weren't worth it.

I grab both of his hands. "Chris!" I could barely get a word out. It felt like there was an ice pick stuck in my heart. Long, and deep.

Chris got down on his knees in front of me and released one of my hands to wipe my tears away.

They wouldn't stop.

"Shhh. I'm here," He whispered.

I nodded my head, hiccupping as I cried. My throat was dry and sore, and my mascara was burning my eyes. I just wanted to curl up and go to sleep with Chris holding me to him.

"Can we go home to our house?" I whispered.

He nodded. "Yes. I'll get Harry to come pick you up and I'll join you in a moment."

"Okay."

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"I know you're scared," He grabbed the back of my head and rested my forehead against his. "I'm so sorry you had to see this."

"Stop it. Stop crying." He whispered as he brushed his lips against mine.

I couldn't. I was just a mess, my face fully coated in tears, and sweat, and I bet I looked really disgusting but I didn't care, and Chris didn't seem to care either.

I was too messed up to stop crying. Things could have been so different. He could have died.

\*\*\*\*\*

I had to wait twenty minutes before Chris joined me in his limo. My face was mostly dried by then, but my need for him and my fear for losing him didn't change.

The limo began to drive away and Chris had pressed the button to raise the privacy glass up.

I watched him as he sat back, seeming a bit perturbed.

He sighed heavily and closed his eyes.

I just watched him, waiting for him to speak.

He grabbed a glass and poured himself a drink, but he didn't put it up to his lips, he just rested it on his thigh. He looked over to me, not saying anything, just staring at me.

I didn't know what to say. Imogene, then this fire. Was it karma? I don't want to think about it.

"I was scared," Chris said. "I'm not going to lie, I was scared shitless, Summer."

"I was too." I whispered.

"I was afraid that you didn't get out in time, that Vince maybe went the wrong way and it was too late. I didn't know." He finally took a sip and then offered it to me.

I took it and took a long drink before handing it back.

"I was going to kill Vince if he had got out but you didn't."

I chuckle, and it felt wrong to but at the same time, it made the depressing feeling let up a bit.

Chris looked at me like I was insane.

"I told him that if *you* didn't get out safe, that I'd kill him too." I said.

Chris smirked. "Sad we'd put it all on him."

I nodded and leaned my head back against the window. The atmosphere turned from slightly humorous, back to seriousness.

"Will it be okay?" I asked.

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"What, me and you or the club?"

"The club." I already knew we were secure. I had no worries about that.

Chris nodded. "It did damage to the front room. It will take a bit of repairing but it *will* get fixed."

"You're going to continue with it?" I asked.

"What kind a man would I be if I said no?" He asked.

I didn't want him to. But I knew I couldn't stop him. I just had to let him do this. He invested time and money into it, and all I could do was support it.

We arrived to our beach house and I stare at it in wonder. It was more and more beautiful each time I saw it.

It was a crazy design on the outside, but so complicated and beautiful, surrounded by palm trees, and exotic looking plants. It calmed me down at the moment, and it really did felt like home.

Harry opened the door for me, and for Chris.

He took my hand in his and led us up a set of stairs. The stairs were up high and led to the front door of our home.

When we got there, Chris dug the key from his pocket.

I was surprised he even had the key. We didn't plan to come here until an hour ago, but maybe he just carried it around just in case.

He opened the door and we stepped in.

Like the club, glass was everywhere. I'm beginning to think that Chris has a thing for glass.

The kitchen was all white and had the most gorgeous view of the ocean. I'm going to have to get use to learning how to cook. Margaret has cooked for my family for a good part of my life before mom got all bad with the drugs.

The kitchen and living room weren't separated. They led to one another. We didn't get much furniture for the living room yet. Just a pool table. The carpet was the color of light cream, and it had a white fireplace facing the kitchen.

There was a dining room, a bathroom down here, a room that held a bar, and a room that led out to the patio that wrapped around the entire place.

Chris kept his hand in mine and led us up a staircase that twirled up, and had narrows walls hugging it on either side. And those walls held glass windows that showed the dark sky and the white waves in the sea.

Upstairs, there were five bedrooms including our master bedroom. The other four were already being passed off as guest bedrooms and were already made up and decorated.

Each bedroom had it's own bathroom and it's own way out to the top patio which wrapped around the top of the house.

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In our master bedroom was our king size bed with a huge canopy over it with black curtains hanging down from it.

With the rest of the room there was shiny hardwood floors, and windows surrounded the room, covered with black curtains.

There was a walk-in closet, and on another side of the room was a big flat screen and a black couch facing it.

Chris walked to the bed and sat down on it.

I shut our bedroom door and walked over to the bed. I was exhausted and as I looked into Chris's eyes, I can tell he was too.

He looked up at me and his hands glided to my hips. The look in his eyes told me that he was still worried, but they also said that he was glad that I was safe.

The place was silent and I was happy that it was. I needed silence right now.

Chris leaned his head against my stomach.

My fingers drove through his hair, soothing him. I can tell he was still a little freaked out. I'll admit that I still am.

But I just tried to forget about. Dwelling on it too long will just depress me. But I couldn't help but wonder... "Who do you think did it?" I asked.

Chris shrugged his shoulders. "I couldn't tell you."

"Somebody that has a grudge against you?"

"Most likely."

That could be anyone. Chris is an asshole to women, and the men that envy his money, his looks. Who would actually have the balls to do it though?

"I don't wanna talk about this anymore." He said.

I honestly didn't want to either.

His phone rung from inside of his pocket and he released me and grabbed it. He checked the caller ID and then handed it to me. "Tara."

I answered it and put it to my ear. "Hello?"

"Hey, I'm at your house."

"At my mother's house you mean?"

"Yeah. Where are you?"

"At my house. Tara, somebody set Chris's club on fire."

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"What?"

"I don't know. The security guard said three men. So I'm guessing somebody with money hired them. I have no fucking clue."

"Okay, I'm very pissed for Chris's club, but Summer, your dad is sitting in front of your house."

My eyes bulged out. "He is?"

"Yes. He's in his car, just sitting here. I'm sitting in my car across the street, and I don't think he can see me."

I closed my eyes. There is no break. Another karma for what I did to Imogene I bet.

"I can't escape this shit, can I?"

Chris looked up at me, his eyebrows furrowed in confusion.

"I think he's looking for you, orâ maybe your momâ or maybeâ Liam."

"Get out of there, Tara."

"So just leave him here? I do have a bat in my trunk, you know, just in case."

"Tara, you are pregnant and the last thing you need is to get in any shit with my dad."

The moment I mentioned my dad, that sparked Chris's interest. "Where is he?" He asked.

"My mother's house." I answered.

"Are you sure, Summer?" Tara asked.

"Trust me. I can't let you get into this shit. Okay? Go home, get some rest and I'll...I'll try to deal with it tomorrow."

Tara sighed. "Okay."

"But before you leave, can you see his face clearly?"

After a short pause, she says, "Yeah."

"What's his expression?"

"Umâ normal. Maybeâ a little frustrated."

I nod. "Okay. Thank you. Go home."

"Okay. I'll come over tomorrow so we can figure this out about Red Hot."

"Thanks, kitty. Goodnight."

"Night." She hangs up and I hang up.

## Unbreakable

I hand the phone to Chris who takes it and throws it onto the bed. "You dad's at your mother's house?"

I nod my head.

"We should go over there, Summer."

"And deal with the police again? We had enough bullshit for the night, don't you think?"

His hazel eyes looked down to the floor.

I was so irritated. It's like things become good, and then get back bad, and then go from bad, to worst. I can handle Imogene, I can handle Liam's anger, I can handle my mother's drug problem. But I don't think I'm strong enough to fully happen what happened to Chris's club and what may happen afterwards. And I may not be strong enough to handle my father.



## Chapter 20: Surface

Author's Note: Those of you who read my sister, Nikkibeth's, stories, she will be updating soon. She hasn't been doing too well lately so just be patient. :)

### Chapter 20: Surface

Flames and all that heat. That's all I saw. That's all I felt. My eyes flashed open and I sat up, panting softly.

I reached over because I needed to feel Chris. But he wasn't there. The bedside felt cold. "Chris?" I whimpered.

The door closed as he entered the room with his cell phone in his hand. "I'm here."

"You left?" I felt so young, being scared to be alone.

"I had to call my father to see what else to do about the situation. I might have to go in for questioning tomorrow."

I stare at him through the darkness, his words completely going over my head. "Please get in bed with me." I whispered.

He frowned and placed his phone on the arm of the couch, and slid into bed with me. He looked into my eyes and his thumb wiped my tears away. "Don't let this worry you. I'm fine. I'm here, and I'm yours." He whispered.

I nod my head and Chris kisses my cheek softly, and then his lips trail up to my temple, slowly over to my forehead, down to the bridge of my nose and to my lips again.

I sigh softly as my eyes close. This is what I wanted to feel.

I part my lips as he kissed me, while his hand slid up my thigh, rising my over-sized t-shirt up.

I relaxed more, savoring the feel of his fingers, and his lips on me.

Chris's hand gently went to hold the back of my neck. He tilted it to the side as his lips went to kiss and lick my neck, teasing me.

My hand reaches up to grab his hair as I let out a soft moan.

His hand slides down into my panties and his fingers begin to move over my clit, giving it soft strokes.

I gasp and push against his fingers, begging for more pressure.

Chris realized my need and applied more pressure as his tongue moved against mine.

My nipples began to harden against my shirt, and my walls began to squeeze as he moved his fingers faster against me.

## Unbreakable

Heat poured out of me, and the tingles of my orgasm rose, and rose, but just as it did, Chris took his hand out of my panties.

I breathed out of frustration and bit on his lip for doing that to me.

He recovered pretty quickly and continued with the sensual motion our tongues were going.

He moved over me all the while I leaned back, and laid onto the pillows.

His hands moved my shirt up over my panties, over my stomach. His lips moved from mine down to my stomach, leaving soft, lingering kisses that made my core contract in desire.

I closed my eyes, looping my hand into his hair as he kissed in all the right places that made desire swarm through my body.

His fingers dipped into the waistband of my panties and I moved my body around so he could get them down. He pulled them from my legs and threw them some place I couldn't see before he's kissing between my thighs, making me moan out my need for him.

He teasing, kissing everywhere except for where I needed. I bet he gets off on teasing me like this.

I pulled harder on his hair. "Chris," I whisper as I look down at him. His eyes meet mine for a moment, before his tongue is on me, and I'm crying for his name.

He moaned as he tasted my clit, kissing and suckling it.

I released his hair to grab onto the sheets as my head pushed back into the bed.

I panted, and shook as I pushed his head down more and close my eyes. Oh god. He's the only one who can make me feel this way.

Moans escaped my lips as he brought me closer and closer to my climax with every stroke of his tongue. My body squirmed and arched to his mouth. I couldn't help it. I was going to come. He can't stop it this time. I don't want him to. I squeezed my eyes shut as my release hit me hard.

My body quivered, and I felt warm heat pouring from my core as I grabbed for his hair again, pulling at it, tangling it as I rode out my orgasm.

When my body had calmed down, I opened my eyes and looked down to Chris who met my eyes, still in between my legs. I stroked his jaw softly, still panting.

"Feel better?" He asked.

I nod my head and sigh.

He kissed the inside of my thigh before his tongue darts out and ran down to my inner thigh.

"Mmmm, I love you, Chris." I moaned.

"I know." he whispered and his lips went to my stomach.

## Unbreakable

I watched every move he made.

His fingers snaked over to my hips, and then down my legs as his tongue played and prodded around my slit, and down a little lower down to my buttohole. It made me clench his hair as my breath picked up again.

Oh god I needed more.

"Chris, make love to me."

He kissed back up to my clit, making my body squirm before he covered my body and filled me with ecstasy.

\*\*\*\*\*

When I woke up the next morning, I felt lips against mine.

I moaned but kept my eyes closed.

"I have to meet my father and the police. They want to question me."

I didn't want him to leave, but I couldn't hang onto his neck twenty four seven because of what happened.

"You're leaving right now?" I asked.

"Yeah. Love you."

"I love you too." I said sleepily.

"Mmh. I know you do." He kissed my lips again before traveling to my jaw, waking up my desire. I smile. He gets so sidetracked, wanting to do things to me while he has more important matters.

He pulled away. "Oh, and by the way, Tara called and said she's on her way over. So get your ass up." He slapped my ass really hard, making me yelp and open my eyes.

Chris chuckled and walked out of the room.

I shake my head. God. I am dating an asshole. He's damn lucky that I love him so much.

I pulled the comforter from my body and my feet touched the hardwood floor.

I raised my hands up in the air and stretched my body. I rested my arms to my side and moved my head around in circles to get the ache out of my neck before I stood.

I grabbed my panties from the floor and pull them on before going into the bathroom.

I slid the mirror to the side and grabbed my plan B pills and headed downstairs.

Chris was checking something on his phone with a coke sitting by him on the counter.

"Thought you were leaving." I said.

"Yeah, I was waiting for you to get up so you'd be able to let Tara in."

## Unbreakable

"No."

"No what?"

"No you weren't."

His eyes tore from his phone to look at me. He sighs and puts his phone down next to him. "Fine. I'm worried, okay? I don't wanna leave you here alone. And when it comes to you, I freak out over everything."

"You don't have to worry about me. It wasâ an accident that happened."

Chris shook his head. "No it wasn't. It wasn't an accident."

"We have to figure out who did it." I said.

"I will. Don't worry, baby. Don't ever worry about me."

"This is a pretty shitty time to say that considering you could have died last night."

"Yeah well you could have also. But you didn't, and neither did I, so cut that shit out. I'm going to be fine."

"You're telling *me* to cut it out while *you're* still standing here because *you're* scared?"

"Yeah, well I'm a hypocrite." He shrugged and walked over to me. "I love you. Stay safe, you hear me?"

I nod my head. "I hear you and you fucked my back up when you slammed me against the wall last night."

He smirked. "But you liked it."

He had me there.

I rolled my eyes and pushed him back. "Get out, dick." I said.

He chuckles lightly before grabbing his phone, his coke, and his keys and leaving out of the house.

I put the plan B pills on the counter, grabbed a glass and filled it with water.

I took the pill and rinsed it down just as moments later, someone tapped on the door.

I turned my head and Tara was dressed in a blue, pink, and yellow sundress smiling from the other side of the door.

"It's open." I said.

She opened the door and stepped into the house. Her eyes explored the place before looking to me. "Holy fucking shit, Summer. This place is so nice. I love it. How fucking awesome is this? Eighteen and you already have your own place."

"Yep, lucky me, aside from the fucked up brother, mother, and father." I said.

## Unbreakable

Her smile disappeared. "Yeah well, there's that. Speaking of your father, what's the whole plan with that? I think we should go to the police."

"Yeah, it would be smart butâ"

"But? But what? No but. He has to go to prison for what he did to Liam, and for what he did to you. And whose to say he only did this to *his* kids? Maybe there's-"

"Tara, stop it. Okay? I get it. He deserves to be in jail with those other butt-fucking sick freaks. But what about proof?"

"Liam's the proof. He'd have no reason to lie about his dad."

"My dad can afford to get a lawyer, and he's going to twist the truth. I know he will. He'll say something like Liam is after money or something. And if we go to Liam, which god knows where the fuck *he* is, he's not going to want to tell the police anything. He'll never admit to anyone what happened."

"Except for you."

"Because I'm his sister. If Liam wanted to tell, he would have told by now, don't you think?"

"Well maybe he's embarrassed, Summer. Maybe we have to do the work for him."

"Yeah, I don't know about you but *my* plan is to grab the bat from out of the truck of your car, head over my dad's house and crack his fucking skull in for touching my brother."

"You sound so crazy right now."

"No, crazy is my dad going around and parading like he's the world's greatest fucking dad when the whole time, it was an act and he's really a sick fucking rapist. *That's* crazy."

Tara sighed. "I can't let you do this."

I frowned. Who was she to tell me that this was wrong? How is it wrong? It's justice. I wanted to see all the blood on his face that I saw on Imogene's. I want him whimpering and crying like she was. I want him to stay away from my family. I wanted him to stay away from me and to never touch me like that or at all whatsoever ever again.

"Either you're in, or you're out. I love you, Tara. I do. But this is my decision. I took care of Imogene, she was the main bitch in my life that I had to get rid of, now I have to do this for Liam." I walked upstairs and Tara was following behind me.

When we made it to my bedroom, she sat on the bed while I pulled my t-shirt off.

"You can't justâ fight your father." She said in a quiet voice.

"You do it everyday, don't you?" I asked raising my eyebrow at her.

She glared at me. Her dad was verbally abusive and was a touchy subject for her. "That's different, and where do you get off talking about my father when yours is the one whose the rapist?"

## Unbreakable

"Fuck you."

"Yeah well, fuck you too." She said and glared down at the floor.

I can tell she was about to cry.

I pulled another shirt from the dresser and sighed as I threw it on.

I can hear her whimpering and crying silently. It could be from the pregnancy though. I forgot how emotional she would get.

I turned and walked over to her. I stood over her and she slowly met my eyes. Her eyes were watery and sad.

"Look, kitty, I'm sorry."

She nods. "I am too." She wiped her eyes and exhaled. "I just don't want to see you get hurt. I mean, you can understand my concern, right?"

"I won't. I'll have the bat, and I'll be careful."

I went back to the dresser and pulled down my panties and put on another pair. Yeah, it was kind of gross to put on clean clothes without showering, but hey, I didn't give a flying fuck. Not today. I grabbed some sweats from the closet. "Shit, all my shoes are back at the house. And my heels from last night are still at the club."

"I'll take you to Rodney's house."

I nod. "Thank you." I say. Before we leave, I pull my hair into a messy bun. I knew that this was a bad idea. Everything in my gut said that I was insane for wanting to kill my father. If I do, there's not a doubt in my mind that I'm going to prison. And then what will happen to me and Chris? I didn't have to dwell onto that question too long. There's not a doubt in my mind that he won't still love me while I'm there, if I'm there. He'd understand why I had to do what I did. We would never break because of my bullshit. Actually, I don't think anything could really break us. We would never let anything break us.

In the car, I began to think about how I should approach my dad. Should I scream and yell or just go in swinging?

I had no clue.

"What am I going to say to him? What the hell can I possibly say to him?" I asked myself out loud.

"I wish I could tell you." Tara said.

I looked over to her. "My god, he is actuallyâ I can't believe this."

"Hey, Summer, you're not really thinking of killing your dadâ are you?"

I glanced out of the window and shrugged my shoulders. I know I wouldn't be able to do it. But I wanted to. I could dream about it. I'll just damage his face a bit. This time, it will be let out to the public. But I didn't care.

"I just know you, and I know you would never actually kill someone."

## Unbreakable

"Fine. I won't kill him, but I can break his face. That's not murdering someone."

"If you crack his skull, you can possibly put him in a coma."

"Good." I said abruptly. I know I was sounding insane. I could have been going insane. Maybe I was traumatized from the fire. Maybe the fact that my dad's been molesting me is finally sticking in my head. Maybe it's the fact that my entire family is full of crazy fucking freaks. It could have been all three reasons.

We arrived to my house moments later, and I looked to Tara. "I'll just get my shoes and I'll be right out." I said.

She nods. "Kay. I'll be waiting."

"And thank you for taking me up here andâ everything else you ever did for me."

She giggles. "You say that like you'll never see me again."

I sigh. "Just thought you should know. I love your pregnant ass, kitty."

"I love you too. Now hurry up so we can get this thing settled."

I nod and hop out of the car.

I don't see any extra cars out here so I know that Evie isn't here.

Then again, I don't think anyone's here.

Doesn't matter anyway. I opened the door with my key and walked in. The house was completely silent. Thank god.

I walked upstairs and opened the door to my room. I stopped, my heart beating hard and my head begin to tingle as I met eyes with my dad.

He looked caught.

What the fuckâ what the fuckâ What. The. Fuck?

"Summer, I've been looking for you."

"In my room in the house alone? I don't live here anymore. Don't you see all of my stuff boxed up?"

"Honey, I don't know what's going on. Your mother won't pick up, neither will your aunt."

"What do you think is going on?"

"I don't know."

"I kinda think you do."

He looked around my room for a moment before looking back at me, a confused glint in his eyes. "Honey, tell me what's going on. I've tried calling you over and over again. No one's picking up."

## Unbreakable

God, I should have grabbed that bat just in case. But his car wasn't outside so I couldn't have known he was here.

"Boe, Liam." I said.

At the mention of his name, I notice a change in expression. A disgusted scowl appeared on his aging face. "What about him?"

In the back of my head, I can imagine that little blonde boy, crying and screaming, scared of my father. He couldn't defend himself. He couldn't fight back. All he could do is grow up, ignoring his past. And to have it finally come to the surface, it didn't make him any better. Only worse. And this whole thing, Liam's over protectiveness, his anger, his breakdown is all because of this man standing in front of me who I call "dad". He was not my dad. I don't know what the hell he was. He wanted to know what was going on? He wanted the truth? Fine. I will let him know the truth. "You raped Liam."



## Chapter 21: Saved

### Chapter 21: Saved

Chris's POV

"Have you made enemies within the last couple of weeks?" Some guy named Detective Brown or whatever, asked me.

"I've had enemies since the day I was born. It's nothing new. But enemies to the point of where they'd burn down something I own? I don't know about that."

"No scorned women?"

My eyes went to the table in front of me.

"We did our research on you, Mr. Clark, you have a wife by the name of Rionna."

"*Had. Ex.*"

"You got married?" My dad, Richard glared at me as his eyebrows rose.

I don't tell him anything. Shit, I forgot he didn't know. "This was like three years ago, dad. And it's not important. Rio did not do this. There were three men dressed in black. I doubt she has the money to hire men to assassinate my club. And anyway, it was a long time ago. I was with her for literally a few hours."

"Okay," The detective leaned against the table across from me and sighed. "Liam Waters."

I sighed.

"Isn't it true you two got into a fight and he cut you?"

"What?" Richard looked to the detective and then back to me.

"Yeah, what'd you think happened to your son's face?"

Richard looked to me. "You tell me nothing."

"Only because you just now started paying attention to me," I looked back to the detective. "Yeah, true. But he was taken away by the cops."

"And then released because you refused to press charges."

"He cut your face? With what?" Richard's voice rose.

I rolled my eyes.

"A piece of glass according to a report." The detective said.

"A piece of glass? Isn't that attempted murder or something?"

## Unbreakable

"Dad,"

He looked at me, with an angry crease in between his eyes.

I appreciate his anger. Weeks ago, he wouldn't have given a damn. "It's not that serious. I'm alive. Okay? I'm alive."

"Why do you still hang with him?"

"I don't. I'm with Summer."

"Since when?"

"Can we please get back to subject?" The detective asked.

I nodded. "Right. Sorry. My point was that it wasn't Liam."

"Who else have you came in contact with that you pissed off?"

"I don't know." I thought for a long moment. I've pissed off plenty of people in the last couple of months. All that was left was Summer's dad, and stupid ass Finn. But Finn couldn't afford to hire people to commit arson. And all I did was threaten Summer's dad. That wouldn't cause him to do this. "I don't know." I said.

The detective sighed.

My phone vibrated in my pocket. I took it out and looked at it. It was a text message from Tara.

I opened it and read it.

"I think you need to come to Summer's mother's house, Chris."

I looked to the detective. I didn't know what the hell was going on, but I didn't have a good feeling. Fuck. I knew I shouldn't have left her.

I stood to my feet. "Are we done? This is an emergency. We can finish this tomorrow."

"Chris, it's not going to take that long." Richard said.

I leaned over into his ear. "Summer might be in trouble. I have to go."

Richard pulled back. "Are you kidding me? I'm sure she's fine."

"Dad, seriously. I'm leaving." I patted his shoulder and walked out of the office.

Summer's POV

I haven't had the moment to run, or to even think. The moment I brought up the truth to Boe, I was on my bed with him on top of me, holding my hands hostage with his. He was no longer the worried dad who spoiled me to no end. He was a whole new person. Someone I never knew.

## Unbreakable

He was straddling over my body with so much hate and disgust on his face as he squeezed my wrists hard to make me whimper.

When I did, he smiled a little bit. It was bitter, and evil. Overall, it made me feel those tingles of fear I always get in the pit of my stomach. What if I wasn't able to break away from him?

"Dad," My voice cracked on the word.

His gray eyes were piercing, and intense as they stared down into mine. His eyes were on mine for a long moment before he finally spoke.

"I don't know where or who you got that information from. But don't you *EVER* say those words to me ever again. Do you understand me?" His face leaned down so it was almost on mine. I could feel his breath against my face.

The close proximity not only made me uncomfortable, but it scared me.

There was nothing I could say. I couldn't move. His grip on my hands was too tight, and his body was too heavy for me to squirm from under him.

When I didn't answer him, he pulled my two hands together with one of his and his other hand went around my neck, his grip wasn't tight, but it was just there as if it was a threat.

"Summer,"

Tears poured out, going down my temple, pooling into my ear.

"Do you understand me?" He said slowly, as if he was talking to an ignorant child.

"Dadâ!" My voice was rough and silent. I didn't know how to make him see reason. What could I say?

He sighed. "You're not answering me. I said you do not know what you're talking about, and you will never say that to me. Do you understand me?"

"Iâ!" I couldn't speak. I was afraid to agree, and afraid to say the wrong thing. I began to feel dizzy.

He exhaled and looked toward the window, his face dipped in malice.

"Dadâ!Dad please."

He glared back down at me, raised his fist and punched me hard in my mouth.

I grunted as the sting began to settle in from the blow. I squeezed my eyes shut as the tears came faster, harder, and my cries grew audible.

He leaned down so we were close again. I didn't have to open my eyes to see it. I could just feel it. "

I felt him kiss and bathe my bottom lip with his tongue and I began to squirm under his body and pull from his hands.

## Unbreakable

My eyes opened and he had that sick look in his eyes. He pulled back and looked to my lips before looking back into my eyes. "Listen. Stop squirming, and listen to me."

I didn't stop. I kicked and wiggled and pulled.

He held his fist back. "Stop it."

Seeing the threat of his fist, I stopped.

"Listen, and listen closely. If I hear those words come from your mouth to me, or to anyone. I will hurt Liam. I might even kill him. And I will do the same to your cocky fucking boyfriend. You hear me?" He asked.

I hear footsteps approaching the bed, and the second Boe turns his head, he's knocked onto his back, and slid off of the bed and made a hard thump on the floor.

Chris stared down at him, his eyes full of irate.

Boe held his head, his face contorted in pain.

Chris stepped over him. "Still wanna play?" He asked.

Boe looked up at Chris.

Chris sighed, swinging the bat in his hand.

"Summer?" Tara asked from the doorway.

I sat up, and looked away from her.

She should have known something was going on in the house for me to be in here for so long. Why didn't she come to check anything out?

My eyes were focused on Chris.

"Tara called the police, you don't have anywhere to go." Chris said.

Boe glared to the floor. "Listen, kid, let me go, and I'll get out of her life. I have a business to run. I cannot go to jail right now," He looked up at Chris. "Alright?"

Chris grimaced. "Are you serious? I just saw you about to rape your daughter. You think I'm gonna let you go that fucking easy?"

Boe snarled at Chris.

Chris raised the bat and cracked it against Boe's head who fell back onto the floor hard.

My lips parted in shock as I laid my eyes on him. He was laid out on the floor, blood spilling from his temple. I don't think he was dead. I could see his chest rise and fall, and he was moving. His eyes were squeezed shut as he held his hand against the wound.

## Unbreakable

Chris was breathing hard, fueled by his anger as he stared at Boe.

When he saw Boe was not going to get up, his eyes met mine. His anger was erased when he looked at me. All I saw in those hazel eyes was love.

My fear was gone the moment I seen Chris. I knew that he was willing to do whatever for me. Including hurting my dad.

"Are you okay?" He asked.

I nodded my head.

"You're bleeding." He said.

"I know. I'm good."

"I'll go get some tissue." Tara said before disappearing down the hall.

"How did you know I was here?" I asked.

"Tara." he said abruptly before looking back down at Boe.

Moments later, Tara walked back into the room and gave me the wet tissue. I snatched it from her hand and held it to my lip.

I knew she was wondering why I had such an attitude towards her, but I wasn't focused on her.

I heard those fucking sirens in the distance, and I began to wonder if Chris would be taken in for what he did to Boe. I had hoped not, but I didn't know. But him being who he is, and his dad being close friends with people in the Bureau he may have to go in, but he may get out of it easily.

"Shit." Chris kicked Boe's leg and he stirred a bit, still holding his head.

"Tara, go downstairs to let them in once they get here." Chris said.

Tara nodded and gave me a glance before leaving the room.

Chris looked back to me. "I'm sorry I left you."

"Just shut up." I said.

And that was the last thing I said to him before two men, one Caucasian, the other African American walked into the room and looked down at Boe.

"Well, I'm obviously going to need a fucking lawyer." Chris said.

The Caucasian man looked to Chris. "You're Richard's son right? Weren't you just down at the station?"

Chris sighs. "Yes."

"What happened?"

## Unbreakable

"He tried to rape his daughter."

"Did you hit him?"

Chris rolled his eyes, becoming irritated. "Obviously. His daughter is my girlfriend. And let me guess, you gotta take me in for assault and battery or something like that?" He said.

"Yeah, but don't worry. Your dad is still down there. I'm sure we can get it all cleared up."

"I still have to go though right?"

The other cop nodded.

Chris looked to me and then nodded. "Okay. So go wait in the car orâ€"!"

"We're going to get him up and put him in the backseat of the car. You should follow us."

"You really trust me to do that?" Chris asked raising his eyebrow.

"You're not stupid, Christopher," The Caucasian cop then looked to me. "We'll need you to come down to the station with us, and your friend down there."

"Fuck, why does she have to come?" Chris asked.

"We need both of their statements, Chris. Don't make this hard."

"You find out who burn up my club?"

"No but we'll find out. Your club is not the most important thing in the world, Christopher. I suggest you go down to the station now. And if we find that you're not there, you'll be arrested."

"Whatever, I got you." Chris looked to me. "Come on."

I rose from the bed and followed him out of the door. I'm more than sure that these cops are fuck-tarded. I just don't think we're supposed to be driving down to the police station on our own free will. How do they know we'll actually go there?

Chris was silent as we walked down the hall.

I wasn't mad at him.

He wasn't mad at me.

We just had nothing to say about whatever the hell that was that just happened.

We walked down the stairs and Tara was waiting by the stairs.

"What's going on?" She asked.

I ignored her.

## Unbreakable

"We gotta go down to make a witness statement. Or at least the two of you do. We have to go now. They're going to get him take them in their car. We can go in mine." Chris said before he opened the door and walked out of it.

I was about to follow out behind him, when Tara grabbed my arm. I turned and glared at her.

"Are you okay, Summer?"

I snatched my arm away from her. "Go fuck yourself." I said before walking out of the house.

\*\*\*\*\*

When we got there, we made our statements and I was forced to tell what happened. I told them everything I knew. Everything he did, including the whole thing with Liam. Who of course they would have to bring in to be sure I was telling the truth. I don't know if Liam would tell them, and my entire story sounds like shit, but I had hope he'd fess up to the truth to put Boe in prison.

When we were done, it was around five in the afternoon. Chris had to stay there with his father, but me and Tara were free to go, at least until they can get a hold of Liam and listen to his story, and history with Boe.

Chris gave me his keys to drive his car back over my mother's house to Tara's car.

Once we got in, I closed the door, and Tara slipped in the front seat of the car, closed her door and leaned back, silent.

As I got onto the road, I turned the music all the way up, trying to block everything that happened the last couple of hours. It didn't seem like it was over. But that was all on Liam.

They'll get a hold of my mom and she'll learn the truth about me, about Liam. I don't know how she'll react, or if she'll even care.

Halfway on the road to the house, Tara turned the music off.

I turned it back on without looking at her.

I rested my hand back onto the wheel and remained my sight on the road ahead of us.

Tara slammed the music back off. "Will you talk to me?"

"What is there to talk about?"

"What did I do to you? I called your boyfriend and he saved you."

I nod. "Yeah. He did. But where the fuck were *you*?" I asked as I looked over to her.

"I was going to come in. I wasn't sure whether or not you were in trouble. It was shitty. I'm sorry. I couldn't get hurt."

I chuckle humorlessly. "You didn't want to get hurt?" I asked, staring at her. She looked pathetic.

## Unbreakable

Tara glared at me. "I had a fucking baby to think about. I knew I wouldn't be strong enough to help you so I texted Chris in case something was going on. I could have hurt my baby."

"I'm not saying for you to choose between your baby or me, but the slightest fucking help would have changed everything. I got hurt, and it could have been worst. He could have fucking raped me. Don't you get that?"

"Yeah. I got it." She said turning her head to look out of the passenger window.

She was quiet for a long time, so that gave me the signal to turn the music back on and turn it all the way up. If my dad had gotten further than he was going, I probably wouldn't have ever spoken to Tara again.

I pulled up to my mother's house where Evie's car was out in the driveway.

She was sitting on top of it, her legs crossed, a cigarette in her hand.

Thank god she was here. I felt like it's been a while since I last seen her.

I look to Tara. "Get out of the car."

"Do not talk to me like that. I'm leaving."

"Good."

She slipped out of the car and slammed the door shut before walking over to hers.

I looked over and Evie was walking over to me. She stomped down onto her cigarette before she got to the car.

I rolled the window down, shut the car off and looked up at her.

She grabbed the roof of the door and peeked in. "Baby girl,"

I sighed.

"Exhausted?"

"Boe tried to rape me."

"I heard. Some guy called your mother and told the situation and then requesting to bring Liam down."

I gripped the steering wheel.

"You look like you can use a break."

I closed my eyes and laid my head back against the seat. "I think I should go away for a little while. Does your offer still stand of coming to live with you in Paris?"

"Live? Baby, I said visit."

"You changed your mind?"



## Unbreakable

She shook her head. "No, sweetie. It's just why in the hell would you want to move away from your boyfriend who you just moved in with?"

I wouldn't want to. I loved him with all my heart. But I didn't know what to do.

I covered my eyes. "I don't know what I'm doing. I just want everything to go back to normal before I ever got involved with Chris."

"Listen to what you are saying. Chris isâhe's everything you want. You cannot leave him behind because you're going through stuff. Everyone's going through something. You can't run away from it. All you can do is deal with it and move on. You're an adult now, Summer. Adults have problems. Sometimes serious. You'll get through it. Don't run away. Not from him."

I took my hands down and opened my eyes to look up at her. "I don't know."

Evie sighed. "Please tell me you're not honestly thinking of leaving him. What, you don't love him?"

"No, I *do* love him. Aside from you, he's the only thing left in this world that I *do* love. I'm sorry if it pisses you off but I'm not strong like you. You know that."

"This man would fight for you, Summer. You're being a fucking idiot if you don't do the same for him."

"I *have* fought for him. I fought Imogene for him."

"She's not what I'm talking about. I'm talking about yourself."

I looked away from her, to the road. "I'm going to go home and take a shower and thenâ!"

"Then what?"

"I don't know."

"Sweetie. I know it's a lot with Liam freaking out, and the fire, and then your dad. But it's over. The hard part is over."

I shake my head. "We'll decide once he gets home."

"You think he's going to just let you go? Sweetie, are you high?"

"I'm going to go home, go to bed and forget this fucking day. That's all I want to do."

She nods and leans more into the open window. "Summer, don't do anything stupid, okay? I know you two belong together. You know that, he knows that. Okay, sweetie?"

I nod my head. "I hear you."

"Okay. I love you."

"Love you too, Evie." I said as I started the car.

She took a step back and I drove off.

## Unbreakable

I knew it was stupid to think I could leave town to get away from the drama. Guess I couldn't do that. I couldn't leave Chris behind, but we'd have to talk about this. About the future. About what other obstacles will be in our way. I don't think I could handle anything else. I didn't have the strength.

## Chapter 22: Breakable

**Author's Note: Guys, this is the last chapter. I hope you all...find it interesting.**

### Chapter 22: Breakable

When I got home, I went over me and Evie's conversation in my head. Could she really blame me for being fucked up in the head for the moment? Can she blame me for wanting to get away from drama for a little bit? I found it pretty reasonable. I mean it wasn't like I was planning on leaving Chris— at least not permanently. Just until I can wrap my head around what happened. No one understood what it was like to be in the position I was just in. They can't judge my decision.

Without thinking, I had packed a suitcase and my feet now rested on it as I sat on the bed.

I sat there for hours, thinking, trying to decide what I should do.

It wasn't smart to leave my problems behind but a break couldn't really hurt. A break without Chris, my mom, Liam, Chase, Tara and Evie.

I looked down to my suitcase and tried to go over my head every last memory I had with them.

When I thought of mom, I use to think of how she was before she got on drugs. She had her moments where she was okay sometimes but she was never warm and fuzzy. She never cuddled me. Well at least not a time I could remember.

Then Liam. He was always the big over protective brother that always told me the truth no matter how disappointing it was. He made me smile, made me laugh. And now all those memories were dimmed down due to the fact that he wouldn't let me grow up.

Next was Tara. My best friend since— forever. We had the craziest and wildest sleepovers and she was always there when I needed her. Especially when I needed to tell off the sluts in high school.

I smile for a moment.

Chase, we didn't know one another that well but he was a cool guy, and in my opinion, the right guy for Tara. He made her smile and was more than happy to be having a baby with her. He was a great guy.

Evie, the world's most kick-ass and amazing aunt. Beautiful and truthful, confident and perfect in every way I could imagine. She was the one person in the world whose been in my situations and understood me from a girl's perspective. Even more than my own best friend did.

Chris.

Chris was— in every way as perfect for me as a guy could get. Chris was the beautiful specimen I was born to be with. He was the blunt, cocky, other side to me who knows when and how to shut me up. He was the only one who could. I had changed him, made him love me and only me, and he has done the same to me. We loved one another.

I sigh. I don't know what to do.

## Unbreakable

The door opened and Chris walked in but paused when he saw my feet resting on the suitcase lying on the floor.

His relieved expression quickly changed to confusion, and then to anger.

I knew what it must look like.

It looked like I was giving up, and giving in.

The door closed and Chris placed his hands in his pants pocket as he slowly walked towards me.

I watched the stern look on his face, and for a moment, it intimidated me.

His eyes darted between me, and the suitcase below me, back and forth, as if he was trying to make sense out of the two.

"You're fucking kidding me, right?" He asked, his eyes resting on mine.

I just blinked at him, his anger made me feel a bit smaller than I am. Oddly, like I was getting a lecture from an adult.

"What?" I asked.

He looked back to the suitcase beneath my feet. "What the hell is that?"

I looked down to the suitcase, feeling the tingles of guilt. You come home and find that the person you're in love with has a suitcase packed. Of course you'd be angry.

"Chris,"

"Why the *fuck* do you have a suit case packed, Summer?"

I lowered my head, my blonde hair covered my face as I kept my face hidden in shame.

I hear his footsteps and a finger lifts my chin up so that I'm looking into those hazel eyes.

I melt at the sight of them.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Iâ" ;"

"You what?"

"I don't know." I whispered.

He took his finger away and looked up to the ceiling and sighed.

I looked to anything that would distract me from him. I notice the careful golden swirl designs printed on the black pillow case.

## Unbreakable

"Are you the stupidest fucking girl in the world, or what?"

My eyes snapped up to him, my guilt now morphing into irritation. "What?"

"What reason do you possibly have for leaving me, Summer?"

"For your information, Mr. Dramatic, I wasn't thinking of leaving you permanently. I was just going to take a side trip."

Chris shook his head. "You're not taking a side trip." He leaned down, grabbed my suit case, opened it and let all of the clothes fall from it before he dropped it and kicked it over to the side.

I was seething. I stood up and scowled at him. He took it too far, and right now, I couldn't stand him. "What did you do?"

"Stop fucking running away. I'm sick of you doing that shit. You can't run away from every fucking problem you come across. You want to get away, fine. Go. I'll buy you a fucking ticket to fucking Russia if you want. But don't you dare run because shit is getting to be too tough. You're going to stay your ass here until we work it out. Because that's what an engaged couple does. We work shit out."

I rolled my eyes. "I'm not-" I stopped and furrowed my brows. Did he just say engaged? "What the fuck do you mean *engaged*?"

He shook his head, a bitter smile making its way to his face. "No. Fuck it now."

Revelation hit me. I narrowed my eyes, suspiciously. "Were you going to-?"

He sighed. "That's not important. I'm focused on my *fuck-tarded* girlfriend about leave." God. He even uses my words. He really *is* the other side to me.

I close my eyes and rests my head in my hands. "God, what do you want from me?"

"I want you to grow the fuck up and face your problems. That's the only thing I want from you, besides for you to say yes to me."

I pick my head up to meet his eyes. "You think I'm going to say yes after you're yelling at me?"

"I'm not yelling at you. I'm trying to make you see sense and reason. You understand? I know you're not a child. So stop acting like it. I love you, okay? I love you enough to tell you how fucking stupid you're being. So suck it up and move the fuck on." He said.

My eyes went to the clothes spread onto the floor. I slowly sat back down and took a look at the situation.

He was right.

I was stupid. I was beyond fucking stupid.

Chris stepped closer to me and lifted my chin . He looked into my eyes for a long moment and sighed. "God, you're so fucking beautiful it hurts my heart."

I shied away and closed my eyes.

## Unbreakable

"I could have killed him." He whispered.

I opened my eyes to meet his. He was serious. The most serious I'd ever seen him.

I nod my head. "I know."

"Fuck, princess, it's to that point where I'd do anything for you," He shook his head. "You just don't understand."

I grab his hair, delving my fingers in. "No, I do." I whisper, my breaths were quick and ragged. "I'd do anything for you too."

"So will you drop this 'wanting to leave' thing and make up with Tara, whom in my opinion, did the right thing?"

"Things could have been worst, though. And she would have been sitting in her car. It would've been her fault."

Chris sighs. "It's not her fault your dad is goddamn psychopath. And the girl *does* have a baby to think about. If the situation reversed, what would you have done?"

"Saved her. She's basically my sister. I would do all in my fucking power to save her life. You know that."

Chris shrugged. "Regardless, talk to her and stop being such a big baby."

I sighed. He was right. Damn it, I hate when he's right. Maybe I did overreact. But still, me being who I am, I would have helped Tara, pregnant or not. But I guess that's just me.

"I'm sorry." I whispered.

He nods his head and strokes my cheek. "I know you are."

"I love you."

"Love you more."

"So, what's going on with your club? Find anything yet?"

He shakes his head. "No, but who gives a fuck anymore? I just want the damn thing fixed now. But let's not worry about that."

I nodded my head and kept my eyes on his.

He stared back down at me, curiosity playing on his face. "Before I completely fucking embarrass myself, I need to know whether or not you want to spend the rest of your life with a fucking asshole like me."

I smirk. "You know I do."

"You're going to put up with my bullshit?"

"Always." I say, grinning.

## Unbreakable

He sighs and reaches into his pocket and withdraws a black velvet ring box and my smile disappears.

Actually seeing, and realizing what he was about to do made my entire body feel chills. I don't know if they were good chills or bad chills.

Chris got down on one knee and looked into my eyes.

Without even realizing it, a tear trailed down my cheek, down to my chin.

We were quiet for a long moment.

He seemed nervous which is very unlike him. Nothing makes Christopher Clark nervous.

He opened the box, revealing a ring with two golden bands connect by a big teardrop diamond. It was honestly the most breathtaking thing I ever seen.

My eyes met his.

"You are the most beautiful, up-tight, annoying woman I know," He smirks and shakes his head.

I half smile before my eyes go back to the ring.

"Be my wife." He whispers.

I nod. "You're full of shit but I will."

He chuckles. "Ditto, princess."

He takes the ring out and drops the box on the floor.

I slide off the bed, to get on the floor with Chris, on my knees.

He takes my hand and slides the ring onto my finger. Then he kisses it as he meets my eyes.

"You're so sweet."

"Yeah, only around you."

I wrapped my arms around his neck and kiss his lips before burying my face in his neck, smelling his soap, his shampoo, and his cologne.

It smelled so intoxicating. So erotic.

I pull back to look into his hazel eyes.

I could see the dark desire in them as they looked back into mine. He whisked me up into his hold and placed me onto the bed as we started tearing one another's clothes off.

This was right. Despite all the shit that's happened, the one thing that I *did* know was that me and Chris belonged together.

## Unbreakable

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After three weeks, me and Tara made up. Mainly because Chris had forced us to. But I understood her point of view better. I was stupid, selfish. I got that the baby was more important.

But I still would have helped if I was in her position. Just saying.

I was walking up to the receptionist desk, Chris right behind me.

The red head receptionist looked up and met my eyes. Then her eyes fell to Chris who she grinned at. "Hi."

I cleared my throat and her eyes went back to mine. "Hi. Um, we're here to see my brother. Liam Waters."

She grabbed a clip board and placed it on the desk. "Sign in and I'll get you a visitors pass."

I signed my name, and Chris signed his.

The woman gave us our passes and told us what room he was in.

I personally didn't think he had to go to the mental institution for what he did to Chris. Anger management and therapy would have sufficed.

Me and Chris walked down the quiet, all white hallways, the only sound was my heels clicking as I walked.

The room we were looking for was 315. But all I was seeing were even numbers.

"Nervous?" Chris squeezed my hand.

I nod. "Yeah." I responded quietly.

I looked onto the other side and saw 315 three doors ahead.

I stopped and looked to Chris.

He dropped my hand. "If you want, I'll go talk to him first."

I shook my head. That wasn't apart of the plan. I didn't want Liam to see Chris.

"Yeah." He kissed my forehead before going up to the door and knocking.

### **Chris's POV**

I looked over at Summer who seemed afraid for me to be alone with Liam after the last time but she had nothing to worry about. If he gets out of line again, I'll handle him.

I knocked on the door again.

After a moment, a low grumble came from the other side of the door. "Come in."

I gave Summer one last glance before opening the door and stepping in.



## Unbreakable

Liam was sitting at a table, playing solitaire. His eyes looked up to me and he froze.

He looked like his dad. His hair was longer, scruffy, and he actually had a bit of a beard.

I leaned against the wall and folded my arms. "Happy to see me?" I asked.

Liam put the cards down and furrowed his brows. "What the hell are you doing here?"

I sighed. "Just hanging out." I shrugged.

Liam shakes his head. "I don't have time for your bullshit."

He was all business.

Guess I shouldn't have expected anything less from him.

"Fine. Me and Summer wanted to see how you were doing."

"I'm doing fucking fantastic now that my business is out there."

"With reason. He's in prison now, about to serve twenty years."

Liam nodded and flipped a card. "I heard."

I nodded. "So, can I sit?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No."

I walk over to his bed and sit down anyways and stare at him.

He leans back in his chair and clears his throat. "Are you still screwing my sister?" He asked.

I glance at the window. "You know, I know that you're pissed, and maybe you even had every right to do what you did."

"You lied to me. The both of you."

I shake my head and look back to him. "Not because we wanted to."

"That doesn't matter."

"Liam, come on. If you would have known, you would have shut it down. Immediately. Without caring how me or Summer felt."

His thumbnail scraped at the wooden table in front of him.

"I fucked up. I have done in so many girls."

"I know. Which is why you don't deserve her. Nobody does."

"I know. But I love her. I asked her to marry me, Liam."

## Unbreakable

His eyes grew from irritated to astonished. He narrowed his eyes as if contemplating whether or not I was lying to him.

"When?" He asked, his gruff voice growing slightly softer.

"Three weeks ago." I said.

Liam looked back to the table.

"Since she was fifteen, Liam. I told you that."

Liam stayed silent.

"I just wanted to come to say that I'm sorry. I'm very fucking sorry I did that to you. It was never meant to hurt you."

"I don't know if I can forgive you or not, let alone be your friend again."

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't really give a fuck. But, I felt that I owed you an apology anyway. I'm not as fucking heartless as people think."

Liam looked back to me.

I stood up. "I'll send Summer in." I turn to go to the door.

"Chris,"

I turn my head to look at him.

"You hurt my sister, I'll kill you."

I nod and smirk. "If you ever hurt her *again*, I'll fucking hang you. Are we okay?"

Liam shrugged as stared at me.

A shrug was good enough.

He'll come aroundâ maybe.

### **Summer's POV**

Chris walked out of the room. He was unharmed. That was a good thing. But his face was unreadable.

The door closed behind him and he walked to me.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Nothing. We talked. He hates my fucking guts. But who cares? He's waiting for you."

"He knows I'm here?"

## Unbreakable

Chris nods and kisses my ring. "I'm going to be right by the door. You'll be fine. I promise."

I nod my head and slowly walk over to the door.

I pull it open and step into the room. It's white walls, and equally white floor tiles really made you feel like you were in the hospital. It immediately gave off a depressing vibe that I couldn't stand.

My eyes fell to Liam who was studying me carefully.

God, he looked so different. Older.

I blinked and played with my fingers, unsure of what I should do.

I just stared at him.

I felt like I was looking at a stranger.

I bit down on my lip and looked down to my shoes.

"*Summer*," His voice was hoarse as he said my name in a way he's never said before.

I meet his eyes.

I can't tell what he's thinking. Or what he's feeling.

"Hi, Liam."

He stood up, his face suddenly filled with pity. "I'm so sorry. I'm sorry I hit you. I can't believe I did that to you. I was just so mad." He walked over until he was standing in front of me, towering over me.

"I know. I'm sorry too, Liam. I didn't want you to have to have to find out that way. I should have told you."

He held my jaw. "Why didn't you?" He whispered.

"Because I'm an idiot." I admitted.

He smiles. "That you are."

I rested my hand in his jaw. "How do you feel?"

"Seeing you, I'm better. I feel better now that you don't hate me after what I did."

"I couldn't hate you. Well I did for a moment, but, what happened was my fault."

"No. I think I had something to do with it to."

"You think?" I asked playfully hitting his arm.

He chuckles softly then. sighs in relief while his fingers go through my hair.

"When do you think you can come home?" I ask.

## Unbreakable

"Until they decide that I'm stable. In their eyes, I'm insane for wanting to murder my best friend for being with my sister."

"Please don't blame Chris for it. I wanted him. He didn't force himself on me. This thing just happened."

"Can I ask a question?" He asks.

I nod my head.

"Did you too want him when you were fifteen?" His fingers twist in my hair which is something he doesn't usually do. In fact, the only person who touches my hair like this is Chris. It was odd to have Liam do it too. But I ignored it and just accepted that he hasn't seen me in a while and he missed me.

"I was younger. Fourteen." I admitted to him.

Liam nods. "That's a hell of a fairy tale. Don't you think?"

I nod. "A dysfunctional fucked up one, yeah."

Liam's hand went from my hair down to my hand. He brought it up to study the ring around my finger and smiled. "Are you happy with him?"

"More than I could ever be with anyone."

Liam raised his eyebrow. He parted his lips to say something, but stopped himself.

"When will you ship out again?" I asked him.

"A month."

"Do you think, you'll be able to come to the wedding?" I asked.

Liam hesitated.

"Please?" I ask.

He exhales deeply. "I'll come for you, and for *only* you." His words, for some reason, sounded like a lie.

I looked at him skeptical for a moment, but he said he'd do it for me, so I had to believe that he actually will. "That's good enough for me."

Liam grabs my hair again and looks into my eyes.

"Are you okay?" I ask.

Liam nods. "I'm going to be fine." He takes his fingers from my hair. "Thank you for coming here. I needed to see you, baby sis."

I smile warmly at him. "I needed to see you too, Liam."

"You should have visited me more often."

## Unbreakable

"I shouldn't *have* to visit. You don't belong here. You're not crazy."

"I don't know," He steps closer to me. "Being in this place kinda makes me feel like I am."

I take an invisible step back. "You do seem a bit off. Butâ you sure you feel okay?"

He nods and grabs my hand to put against his heart. It was beating fast, and hard. "I feel fine. I love you."

I nod my head. "I love you too." I whispered.

He smiles warmly and backs up. "I wanna show you something."

"What is it?"

He turns and reaches into a little drawer beneath the table. I peeked over to see what it was, and I seen it was some kind of knife object.

My brows furrowed as he turned around.

"Liam?"

Without another word, he stuck it in his throat.

My eyes widened, as nervous shivers ran over my body, numbing me as I watched the scene in front of me.

I was stuck.

Liam fell to the floor, his body heavy as it dropped while blood gushed out of his neck. He wheezed and choked and coughed while his face was contorted in agony.

The door burst open and Chris ran to Liam. He gasped at the scene and pulled the knife from Liam's neck, forcing more blood to gush out. "Fuck. FUCK!" He ran out of the room calling for help while I stood there, Liam's blood spreading slowly across the floor.

My breathing grew heavy, vicious as I broke into an anxiety attack. I fell to my knees, my eyes remaining on Liam's body that jerked as he looked up at the ceiling with the deadest look in his eyes.

He said he was fine.

He just said he was fine.

He was fine.

He was fine.

His body finally stilled as a line of dark blood spilled from his bloodstained lips.

I blinked, trying to decipher what I was seeing.

I was caught between the mental state of believing this just happened in front of me, and then trying to shake away the imagination that set up the scene.

## Unbreakable

I hear running footsteps coming towards the room. More than one person. It sounded more like three people.

Two men, and Chris hurried into the room, and the two men didn't hesitate.

Chris got on the phone with the ambulance as I sat there while Liam's blood spread towards and then under me, staining my jeans.

He wanted me to watch this. He wanted me to watch him do this to himself.

I'll never know if it was because of me and Chris, or my dad, or maybe he lost Imogene, or maybe the image of his rape wouldn't leave his head, or maybe stress, or mom, or him perhaps turning out to have feelings for me was the reason he did this.

I didn't care.

I was being asked to remove myself from the room. I couldn't.

His blood spreads underneath my body as I stare at his lifeless eyes, so lost.

I am unbreakable.

But it was obvious that Liam was not.

Unbreakable

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