

Here in Heaven

By : **HalleEllen**

Life for Kaylee was miserable. She was in a very dark place after her beloved father had passed away. To make things worse, she is bullied mercilessly by the popular kids at school. Everyday she goes through the same thing, embarrassment, pain, and torment until one of the popular kids stand up for her. Never in her life has she had a knight in shining armor that would save her from this horrible life. She soon begins to trust him, and soon enough love him. But just as the sun seems to be shining down on her dark life problems at school become far worse than ever before. Will their love last?



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Chapter one

I awoke to the static sounds that exploded from my radio alarm clock. I could feel the cold air of the fan hitting my face making it feel numb. As i lay there I felt the overwhelming sense of drowsiness and anger kick in. Suddenly a bright light flickered on and in my response I buried my head in the covers. "Letâs go Kaylee you need get up and get ready for school." she screeched, I wrinkled my nose and moaned. The anxiety of awaking from yet another dreamless sleep shook the very frame of my body. "Ugh, I don't want to go back to that hell hole you call a school!" I protested. Carter High School was not the place i wanted to be going to today, its halls are filled with hatred and disgust whenever i seem to come in the room. Alec Varner always had a small comment that had to be shouted at me like I was too far away to hear his nasty criticism. "Hey Kaylee, don't break the chair with your fat ass!" I felt like they had drawn a big red target at my chest and they somehow manage to hit it every time. Every word spoken felt like another boulder crushing me and i was slowly slipping away. I was in complete darkness, drowning in the spiteful words that drag me under deeper and deeper every time i try to escape." Kaylee, you have just got to ignore those people at school, they want you to react. That's how they get their enjoyment out of it." I shuddered away from the horrors that might elude me today and thought of my reaction to my motherâs comment. "Yeah right. School is not the same as it was in your time mom. That phrase sticks and stone may break my bones doesn't help! Words will always hurt me no matter what you say!" I snapped. I turned my head and saw the grimace on my motherâs face; she stared at the floor as she spoke. " Just please try one more day, you need to be better than them. I know it's hard for you but if you can just go two more weeks for me Iâll let you do school here." I pondered at the offer and slowly shuffled out of bed, to get ready for yet another day of hell.

As I drove to school, I pondered the thought about a plan to prevent my attendance at that horrible school. Maybe I could get into an accident, the downside; I would ruin my brand new Kia Soul. I grimaced as I pulled up to the gates of Carter High School. After I found a parking place I killed the engine and slowly got myself out of the car. I didn't bother to look around for I knew if I did I would be tortured worse than was to be expected. I shuffled my way into the school beginning the torture. When I entered the commons I jogged my way to my usual spot, my sanctuary to be more exact. I sat down and reached for my laptop to read my e-mails if there were any. While I sat there my sanctuary was interrupted by a very tall and muscular boy. He stared at me in curiosity and began to smile, revealing his bright glistening teeth. âCan I help you?" I said through my clenched teeth. He looked to the floor and then back to me. His baby blue eyes watching me, âdo you mind if I sit here with you?" he said in a low but yet silky smooth voice. I hesitated for a moment before I answered. What if he is one of Alec Varner's henchmen? I thought darkly to myself. I felt curiosity wash over me, his hands slid into his pockets patiently waiting my approval to sit. "Um, I guess so." I shrugged as I replied. I then dove my face into the computer screen just so i could feel like nobody was watching me. I opened my first e-mail from my sister Gina.

Gina was a petite girl with jet black hair that was as soft as satin. She was the only sister that I was actually close to, when she graduated she promised me she would talk to me every chance she could get, I promised her the same. She is in Africa now, helping the Red Cross. I don't like it though; she has gotten sick so many times that she almost died. Thankfully a native nursed her back to health. I began to type furiously; I could feel his eyes on me watching my every move like a predator did with its prey. My eyes then darted in his direction, why is he staring at me? I thought to myself âdo you need something or are you just here to annoy me for Alec's amusement?" I snapped furiously. His smile then slowly turned into a slightly more serious look. "First of all, I despise Alec Varner, so I'm not here to amuse him like a show monkey, and secondly, I am just curious why you sit here all alone every day. Isn't there anyone in this school you talk to?" His face showed curiosity and a caring heart, but my mind screamed danger. I grimaced twisting my hair

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around my finger as I thought about my response. "I don't talk to anyone here, I keep to myself to avoid conflict I guess." his smooth complexion reassured me that this boy was different, not the ordinary jock that you would see roaming the halls of Carter High School. "What's your name?" I asked calmly. He smiled at me his face was so amazingly innocent, "I'm Derrick Kinderson." he said cheerfully. The bell rang then and I snapped my laptop shut and stuffed it in my bag. Derrick then blocked my way out in a casual manner "may I sit with you at lunch?" he asked. I was dumbfounded at that moment, what is wrong with this boy that makes him so interested in sitting with me? "Uh sure I guess." I shrugged shyly. His seriousness then became light and happy again, he smiled at me and in response I smiled back. My smile compared to his is a little discomfoting. Derrick then moved away from my exit and left, my head was spinning so much I began to feel dizzy. "What just happened?" I said under my breath. I then staggered to my locker trying not to crash onto the wall or a student, my thoughts were racing and my heart beat was beating louder than a drum. I had never felt this way before in my life; I was confused and a little anxious for lunch. Today felt like it was a dream so I played along hoping I would never wake up.

The classes seemed to stretch on forever. My mind raced with the possibilities that could have made this dream into a reality. I stared off into space my mind full of wonder and curiosity. As I sat there in Mr. Brockette's American Literature class the thought of actually being "happy" made a grin stretch across my broad face all the voices that filled the room seemed to fade away along with everyone in it. The sound of his voice echoed in my head, making it spin out of control. While in my trans I heard a murmur that sounded like my name. "Miss Thompson!" the loud boom of his voice dissolved my hallucination. My head came up too fast making everything spin, "Huh wha-? I'm sorry Mr. Brockette I guess I'm just a little distracted, sorry." He crossed his arms and then sighed "I guess I can let this one slide because you were taking notes, but the next time this happens there will be consequences." I sighed a grateful and relieved sigh. Mr. Brockette is not the one you would expect second chances with. The bell rang before he could finish his lecture; his angry expression sent a shiver down my spine. I slowly gathered my books and shuffled out the door. Finally, lunch time is here! My heart felt as if it were ready to explode with excitement as I made my way to my usual spot. I repeatedly looked over my shoulder to see if he was behind me, but every time there was no one there that interested me. I was just a few steps away from my sanctuary when my foot caught the leg of a chair, I felt my body tense up ready for the impact of the cold, and hard cement floor. I waited; but to my surprise, there was no pain-- yet. I felt someone's arm around my waist and I looked up and saw Derrick's eyes wide with worry. My heart must have been racing because the tempo of it thudded in my ears.

"Are you alright Kaylee?" His head snapped in the direction of Alec's table. His eyes then fell to me all fury that was in them had disappeared. I felt the blood rushing to my cheeks I nodded in my response because I thought my voice might break if I spoke. He lifted me up with one fluid movement, like he was lifting air. He walked me to the table holding my waist with one arm. He pulled the chair out for me to sit "er thanks Derrick, for uh saving me." I watched his emotionless face light up with a smile "well, you are welcome, how do you put up with it? All the crap Alec and his friends give you and you never tried to punch his face in? What's up with that?" I pursed my lips before I could answer "oh believe me I do want to punch him, but he is looking for a dramatic reaction. Ignoring him is what really gives me the satisfaction and he reacts pretty bad to that." I chuckled darkly. I looked at him then, I never really saw just how perfect his features really were. His face was chiseled, his cheek bones rested gently under his olive-colored skin. His face then looked distorted and confused. Did I say something that didn't make sense? I racked my brain for the words I said to him. Nope. It sounded perfectly clear to me. Before I could think of another reason his expression became light, and exuberant. "Hah, well that's one way to get back at him. But I think I'll have coach make him run a few miles around the track to think about how he treats women." My heart skipped a beat then, Alec liked to see me in pain, but when it came to Karma biting him in the butt, well he liked to take his revenge out on me instead of the actual person that got him in trouble. "NO! Alec will kill me if you do that! Please, please don't do that-" He raised his hand to silence me and I did "relax Kaylee, I'm not gonna let anything happen to you. They know that I like you and they also know that I can, and will give them a beating if they hurt you."

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What? Did he just say he likes me? I shook my head in disbelief, how could someone so attractive as Derrick Kinderson be attracted to dull as me? "Did you just say you like me?" I couldn't help but smile as I asked him. He looked down and then back to me, a smile slowly growing on his face. "Yeah, I guess I did didn't I? I have liked you for a while now, I have just been kind of nervous to ask you on a date." He slowly reached for my hand and I automatically took it, a lump began to form in my throat. "So are you asking me out now?" I whispered, afraid of my nervousness showing in my voice. "Not very creative is it? But yeah, would you want to go out on a date with me?" I was breathless. I had to keep telling my lungs to expand so I could breathe and not pass out. "It's not creative, but it will do. I would love to go out with you." I smiled at him sheepishly. I watched his smile reach his eyes revealing his perfect, white, glistening teeth. My stomach was filled with butterflies and they seemed to multiply with every gentle squeeze of my hand. His skin was very warm, and soft like a baby's. At that moment everything felt perfect, like I was floating and everyone and everything dissolved around us. Life was getting better. I watched him as he moved closer to me; I could feel the hot blood coursing through my veins and gathering in my cheeks. He then ruffled his dark brown hair to remove it from his face. "I hope I'm not being sudden, I just couldn't wait anymore. I'm a senior now, and I want to spend as much time with you as I possibly can before I graduate."

"Would you want to come over after school? You know just to hangout?" My butterflies grew from the anticipation that haunted me now. I held my breath for the answer. Derrick hesitated; a quiet chuckle came out from his firm, yet slender lips. "Sure, in fact I think that would be a great idea." I could breathe again, the butterflies shrunk to a size that was more tolerable. Before I knew it, half of the lunchroom was desolate. "Holy crap! I'm going to be late for calculus! Mrs. Franklin is gonna bite my head off if I'm late again!" I yelled, I then scrambled for my books. Before I could run for the door Derrick's hand caught my arm. "Wait just a minute Speedy Gonzales." He said in a calm voice, I was belligerent of what was going on right now, my thoughts were too loud to concentrate on anything. He pulled me closer to his body, he wrapped his arms around my body and gently squeezed. His body was very warm, almost as hot as a shirt that you just pulled out of the dryer warm. He smelled amazing too, like Axe or some other kind of male cologne. I inhaled his scent with every long breath I took. As much as I hated being late for class, I think being late for one class won't hurt. I mean, I have never been absent, or tardy before in my life except for when I was locked in the bathroom by Maria. So how much trouble can I get into? "You better head to class; I wouldn't want to get you in any trouble."

He let me go then, but I didn't want him to let go; this felt way too good. But I did let go, and I had to walk away, I waved goodbye to him and headed to my locker. My head was spinning so much I began to see double. I kept my distance from everyone that passed me, and the others that were in front of me. I felt like I was in a dream, a wonderful dream that felt real, I couldn't help but smile. Why not show everyone just how happy I am? They can't possibly ruin this good mood, or maybe this whole thing is just an illusion? A mirage, a dirty trick that my mind was making up just to see me crumble, but only time can tell. I finally got to my locker, Dazed and confused, I tried to remember my combination. "What was it? Oh! Now I remember! 45- 23- 12" I said to myself silently. I bit my lip as I came to the last number. I looked up to the clock on the wall when I opened my locker. I had less than a minute to get to class. "Crap!" I grabbed my books, slammed the door, and raced to class. Mrs. Franklin's classroom was all the way on the other side of the school. I wasn't going to make it! I ran as fast as I could, my lungs burned for air, and my sides ached. I was less than 100 feet away, maybe I can make it. I pushed my legs to move faster, but I was too slow, the bell rang and I was now late. I reached for the door, sweaty and gasping for air. "You're late, Ms. Thompson." Mrs. Franklin growled. "I'm sorry Mrs. Franklin." I huffed. I was so tired, didn't look at me or accept my apology. I didn't bother to stand there and look like an idiot, so I dragged my weak and worn out legs to my desk and plopped down in the chair. I was ready to pass out, but Mrs. Franklin was glaring at me in a way that made me shudder. I forced myself to stay awake. I felt so tired, my eyes felt like they had 100 pound weights pushing them down, I wanted to tape them open, but then I wouldn't be able to blink. The drowsiness affected my handwriting too; it was like trying to write with a wet noodle, my arm flopped and never wanted to cooperate. I couldn't even concentrate because I was so

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tired! My mind didn't want to take in the information I needed, instead it just kept telling my body that it was time to take a nap. I fought against the drowsiness for what could have felt like forever, but the class was only forty-five minutes long. I really didn't want to move right now, my body felt limp and my head felt like a boulder, heavy and a major nuisance. I used my hand to lift up my heavy head; ugh it's only been twenty-one minutes! If I didn't get out of here soon I was going to fall asleep, and I knew Mrs. Franklin was out to get me. She has never liked me, I really don't know why I was always getting my work done, and I have only been late twice.

I guess she didn't like me for any certain reason. Mrs. Franklin always liked to get kids in trouble; all she would have to do is push them to their limit until they would blow up, which for some people that didn't take much. She has had more people sent to the office than any teacher I have ever seen, and that is saying a lot about the teachers around here. Maybe she just doesn't like kids, or she has just gotten sick of them. I think she just has a bad day and because she has such a big target on her back, she becomes the teacher from the black lagoon or something. Then in the middle of my reverie a small tap on my back made me jump out of my seat, but not enough to get the teachers attention. I turned around to face Kyle McNealy. I didn't really know him that well; he was a sophomore that was very smart for his age. He never really spoke much, but when he did he was correcting the teacher. I looked at him for a while, I studied his face. He seemed nervous now that I was looking at him; his facial features reminded me of a cartoon character. Everything on him was disproportional, His eyes were small and beady, and he was a tall and skinny boy but his face was nice and round. "What?" I whispered. He didn't look at me; he just sat there silently and twiddled his oversized thumbs. "Is it true? That you and Derrick Kinderson are dating?" he said in a silent murmur. Damn, its spreading, I hesitated before I could answer. "We aren't technically dating, but we are going out on a date." "Oh, ok I was just wondering." I turned around and began to write some of the notes that were written on the board.

Before I could get one bullet point on the paper, the bell rang. I got up slowly gathering my books as I went. "Don't forget there is a pop quiz tomorrow on the notes we took today." Mrs. Franklin yelled, she looked at me as she said this. She knew I couldn't stay awake in class, so she had to pull this one on me. I kept my eyes on the floor as I passed her, I could feel her ice cold stare on me. It made me shiver a little. Can this day get any worse?

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