

# Steal His Heart

By : Chienne

Kaitlin Martinelli finds herself flying from one state to another just to spend some quality time with her Aunt Hanna. It's just one month in her summer, but a lot can happen in one month, especially because her Aunt has a hot young boyfriend her age named Josh.



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Chienne](http://booksie.com/Chienne)

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# Steal His Heart : Chapter 1

**WARNING : If you're reading 'Skinny Love.' in my other account Skinny Love or reading 'A Love Worth Fighting' on wattpad and you don't want any spoilers, this is a sequel, so reading this is a complete spoiler! I find this more interesting than Skinny Love./A Love Worth Fighting though and this might be my best work so far, so please, let me know what you think, likes and comments will be appreciated very much!**

*Thank you,*

*Ally xx*

## CHAPTER ONE - QUALITY TIME

I cannot believe I'm doing this. Flying from one state to another just to spend some quality time with my Aunt Hanna. It's like my parents didn't want me around anymore.

Okay, I'm over-reacting. It's just one month in my summer. And, my parents will be away in Las Vegas for that whole month. Ugh, those horny bastards. I know what they're up to.

I grunt as I chase my suitcase down the luggage carousel. This is always a problem for me, I inherited it from my mom. I can never get my luggage right away, there's always a chase.

So, an hour and a luggage chase later, I exit LAX and into the beating sun. Oh wow, someone throw a bucket of ice-cold water over me because this heat is way too hot. Definitely a big change in climate.

Alaska never gets this hot.

I don't know why my parents nor I never get picked up in the arrivals area, but were usually picked up outside the airport. Strange, I know. So here I stand, waiting outside, in the heat. Some business men are getting into flashy cars & some teenagers are hugging their hearts out by a big soccer mom van.

"Oh my darling niece!" I hear in an overly-familiar voice coming from behind me. I spin around and catch sight of a familiar top of the head. Strawberry-Blonde and silky. No one else has hair that beautiful, aside from my mom of course. That's Aunt Hanna alright.

I push my way through the throng of busy people, muttering excuse me and I'm sorry when I push too hard. Finally, I see my aunts familiar, beautiful face.

"Aunt Hanna!" I say in delight. She's my favourite Aunt, if you haven't noticed. She used to live back in Alaska but when I was fifteen she decided to move back to Santa Monica, it was her home after all.

"Well, well little duckling, you've turned into a beautiful swan" She winks "Josh!" She calls over her shoulder.

I furrow my brows. Josh? My confusion is swept away when a tall boy, about my age comes into sight, pushing his way through the throng of people with a frown on his face.

"Jesus, these people are bloody crazy!" He exclaims when he reaches us. I almost pee myself when I see him. Bloody gorgeous. Tall and tan. He was the complete package. His lips were lusciously pink and they looked extremely kissable. And his eyes were just those deep blue ones that are...oh my.

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He runs a hand through his perfectly mussed, bronze hair in obvious frustration, "Hanna, Can we just get the fuck out of here. Where's your fucking niece?!"

I clear my throat and his eyes flit over to me. He starts scanning me, sizing me up and I shift uncomfortably with the pressure of his stare. "Hi, I'm Kaitlin" I mutter shyly.

"Well, Kaitlin, what the fuck are you waiting for, lets get the fuck out of here!" He roars and I flinch. Christ, I'm going to get a bloody heart-attack with this boy.

"Josh!" Aunt Hanna chastises, glaring at him hotly.

Josh sighs and runs his hand through his hair again. "Han, babe, I'm sorry" he mutters, staring at her softly. "But these people are driving me mad!"

Aunt Hanna blushes and rolls her eyes, "I know how impatient you can get" She nudges him with her shoulder and he nudges right back.

My eyes widen at the exchange. Did Josh just call my Aunt, babe?! What in the fuck is going on here?! Are they teasing each other?!

Hanna grins at me nervously when she sees my wide eyes and gaping mouth. "Grab her bags, will you?" She tells Josh and he obliges, grabbing my bag.

"Lets go then" He says, a little less aggressively, grabbing my Aunts hand in his other one and walking towards what I suppose is the car.

Aunt Hanna turns around and beckons me to follow. "You better explain" I mouth to her as I follow them through the throng, she nods and turns back around to face her way.

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The car-ride to Santa Monica is too lengthy for my tastes. Here I am, sat in the backseat like a third wheel.

I plug my ear-buds in, but much to my dismay, it dies in the middle of the first song that I play. Oh how lucky.

I clear my throat softly and say the first thing that comes to my mind in an attempt to make things a little less awkward, "I have this exact same car, back in Alaska."

This surprises Josh and I see him do a little take before glancing at me through the rearview mirror and grinning, "An A4? Really?"

"Yeah" I grin back enthusiastically, this is better, were getting along, "It's a hand-me down, my Grandpa can't drive anymore so it was given to me"

"And I thought I was the only one who still drove this model" He chuckled, shaking his head.

"It still runs fine, mine, like brand new actually. My Gramps knew how to take care of a car. Where'd you get yours?" I ask.

"Second hand shop near the pier. It took me awhile to fix it up, but it's running excellently now and the paints

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new" He smiled excitedly, I smile back. It was the kind of smile that made you want to smile too. I could see that he liked to talk cars, makes, and models. The typical guy.

"I figured. Yours is a bit glossier than mine. Has an extra shine"

"Hey, I clean it every weekend. This things my baby" He nods proudly, his eyes still focused on the road. But through the rearview mirror , I could see them glimmering.

Aunt Hanna clears her throat a little too loudly and Josh glances at her, "Sorry. This things my second baby"

I almost gag. This is the oddest, strangest thing ever and I cannot wait for Aunt Hanna's explanation.

"Jesus" Aunt Hanna groans, "I told your father to buy you a brand new. What are you going to do with that old bucket of bolts?!"

I do a little take at her choice of words to describe my beloved car, and I could see Josh was hurt by her comment.

"You look at my car as an old bucket of bolts?" He takes his eyes off the road for a second to glare at her hotly.

"Is it not an old bucket of bolts?" She retorts, glaring back at him, equally as hot. Christ, their glares are hotter than the sun right now, and that's saying a lot.

"Sooo" I start, all I want to do is relieve the tension.

"Not now, Kaitlin" Aunt Hanna spits, and I recoil. My favourite Aunt, talking to me that way, it actually hurts.

I bite my lip uncomfortably and start praying for a miracle.

"No, no Kaitlin, do go on" Josh says, smiling at me encouragingly and I shake my head as my cheeks burn.

Crap, red alert, red alert, this is not good.

"Are you defying me?!" Aunt Hanna demands of him and he blatantly ignores her.

Shit. I start praying to God that they don't completely start arguing in front of me. Especially not while one of them is driving.

I don't plan on spending my summer in hospital, or worse, dead.

I start racking my brain for ways to make this situation a little less hostile. Light bulb moment! "Lets play the silence game" I offer. It's a classic.

Josh nods enthusiastically and Aunt Hanna quirks a brow, "Lets!" He exclaims, "Hanna should start, starting now"

Okay...what's going on? I don't think that's a part of the game. The games goal is just to make things quiet. Make sure that nobody talks, no one exactly has to start.

Aunt Hanna huffs and folds her arms over her chest, "I'm not going to--"

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"And you're out!" Josh exclaims a little crazily, he swerves off the road and stops in the side, "Get out of my old bucket of bolts"

Oh this is so not good. This is not good at all. I shouldn't have offered that stupid game. Stupid, stupid me. I've just made things worse.

"Excuse me?!" Aunt Hanna exclaims, narrowing her eyes at the crazy-eyed gorgeous boy in the drivers seat.

"You heard me!" He glares at her.

"Okay then," She says self-righteously, unstrapping herself from the seatbelt and clambering out of the car, grabbing her purse and slamming the door shut.

Oh no.

Before I could even react, or even register that my Aunt was walking away from the car, Josh speeds off, down the road, leaving my Aunt behind.

The car is moving like a panther. Racing down the road like its adamant on winning first place. It isn't until a few seconds have passed that I decide to speak.

"Um, Josh" I start, quite uncertainly. Unlike my mother, I couldn't just say exactly what I want to all the time, most times I can but now is not one of those times.

He raises a brow, frustration still clearly on his face. But I'm thankful he isn't as hostile as he was to me earlier.

"Maybe we should go back to Aunt Hanna" I offer. "We wouldn't want anything bad to happen to her"

He snorts, "To her? Nothing bad will happen to her. If something bad happens, it will be because of her."

That does not sound like the Aunt Hanna I know, but then again, she has been slightly different since she left three years ago and a while back at LAX. She's not as nice and happy and optimistic as she used to be.

I clear my throat, this is the awkward part, "Um, well, these days aren't as safe as the old days, there are a lot of sexual predators..."

Josh looks incredulous, he scoffs, "She herself is a sexual predator, so I'm sure if she meets one, they'll get along just fine"

Ok gross. That is not something I want to hear about my aunt. That's just...just gross.

I still don't know where they stand, what they're relationship is, but whatever it is, she must be pretty important to him if he puts her before his precious Audi A4.

"Just go back Josh, please, you'll regret it later if you don't. Aunt Han-" I curse internally as I stutter, "Aunt Hanna must mean something to you" I grimace. He's my age! I think. This is so odd! "So you wouldn't want her to be angry at you for long"

I don't even know if we're close to Santa Monica. How on earths crust will she get back there?

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He mutters a string of profanities before turning and zooming back down the road to get Aunt Hanna. I sigh in relief. Problem solved.

Except, it turns out to be, Problem not solved because Aunt Hanna seems to have decided to be extremely proud, and self-righteous today.

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We're driving along the sidewalk, following Aunt Hanna as she huffs and walks with her arms crossed. The passenger seat window is rolled down and Josh is apologising, though he doesn't seem too fond of doing it.

Finally, having had enough of all this drama, I climb into the passenger seat, "Aunt Hanna, I'm dead tired from my flight, could you please just get into the car?"

She stares at me but huffs again and treads along. "You both go on then, I'll find my way back"

Josh throws his hands down on the horn in frustration and Aunt Hanna almost jumps out of her skin, it's a pitying sight, really. But nobody wants pity.

"Lets just go, alright?" Josh mutters, "She has too much pride to get back in my bucket of bolts."

Oh for gods sakes! Are we not over that situation already?! Bucket of bolts or not it's a form of transportation, and she needs to get home somehow.

"What is that supposed to mean?!" Aunt Hanna glares at him, leaning against the car, stooping down to look past me, towards him.

I interrupt, before it turns into another heated argument, "Aunt Hanna! If you do not get in this car, we'll leave without you"

She stares at me, "My own niece" she mutters before pushing herself off the car and starting to walk again.

"Look, Kaitlin, it's her choice--" Josh says frustratedly but I cut him off.

"Floor it" I mutter, strapping myself in with the seatbelt, "She can find her own way home"

He nods, stepping on the gas pedal furiously and accelerating down the road. I catch sight of Aunt Hanna, stood on the sidewalk, throwing her purse onto the ground.

I bite my lip, maybe we've been too harsh. And this isn't a good way to start a one-month bonding stay. And it isn't a very good reunion either. But it was her choice, and we couldn't keep at it forever.

So now she'd have to walk until she finds a way home. I'm not sure what I pity more though, her feet, or the god-damned expensive manolos she was wearing.

## Chapter 2

### CHAPTER TWO - PEDOPHILIC & COUGARIFIC

Josh was speeding down the road like a race-car driver, and he didn't slow his speed until five minutes after.

"You know your Aunt..." He started, shaking his head, "She can be too much to handle, even more so lately"

I nodded, with lack of anything to reply. I feel like I don't know my Aunt anymore. I haven't seen her in three years, after all. And I've only heard from her through the occasional e-mail.

"I try to understand her" He goes on, "But I just can't anymore, there's always a problem, there's always something wrong"

Okay, I'm open to conversation, always am, but I'm no psychotherapist or a shrink, I don't know if I can help him with his problem. Especially when his problem is so damn complicated.

"Can I ask you something?" I ask nervously, this is a big question. I'm not even sure if it would be right to ask, but my curiosity always gets the best of me.

"Sure" He sighs.

"Are you..." I shake my head, what am I thinking?! Of course it isn't right to ask, it's probably rude. And I don't want anything to get awkward.

Josh glanced at me, then back at the road, "Go on"

My cheeks start to burn, I don't know how to not make this sound too nosy or malicious, but hell! I've gotta find out sooner or later and it's going to be awkward either way, "Are you and my aunt...you know..."

Josh grunted a 'yeah' and ran a hand through his hair, glancing at me to see my reaction.

I'm trying to make my face neutral. Not show any telltale signs of horror, disgust, or incredulity. But good lord, this guy is dating someone more than twice his age.

I mean, I love my aunt, and I want her to be happy, and I'm all for age doesn't matter when it comes to love, but doesn't that only count for when one of them is only ten years older or less?

Dating someone twice your age or more is like dating your mother or father. And dating someone half your age or more is like dating your own child.

Josh chuckles from beside me, surprising the hell out of me, "Don't worry, you're not being obvious, but I know what you're thinking"

I blush. Christ, really? So he's aware of the situation? Aware of how wrong it is on so many levels?

"Everyone thinks that way" He mutters.

Well, duh. No person in their right mind wouldn't think that way. It's just wrong, it's pedophilic. Or in my

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Aunt's case, cougarific?

"Can I ask you why?" I ask him, staring at him as he drove. I mean there's gotta be a good reason why, you don't just up and decide to start dating someone old enough to be your parent.

"What do you mean why?" He scoffs "We're dating, she's my girlfriend, it's as simple as that"

But it's not as simple as that, why would he take her into consideration in the first place? I mean, I don't doubt my Aunt's beauty or personality but you don't just simply date or take an interest in someone that much older than you. Does anyone else even see my point here?

"How old are you?" I ask boldly.

He glances at me. If I got a dollar for every time he glanced at me, I wouldn't be a millionaire, but I'm sure I could buy myself some Ben & Jerry's.

Which speaking of, I'd very much love right now. I adjust the vent of the air cooler so more air hits me. Fucking hot here.

"Nineteen" He states firmly. Damn, he's only a year older than me, I knew it.

Aunt Hanna's forty-three. Twenty-four years older than him. Old enough to be his mother. Does he not see what's wrong in the picture?

I mean, I'm not exactly trying to make him see what's wrong, because that could hurt My Aunt. She might really like him...or I could think of other things she could like him just for.

I mean come on, I'm not stupid. I know how those things work. Usually, it's an old man and a young girl, but who says old women can't do it to, eh? Gross

Okay, I can't exactly call my Aunt old, so lets just go with older.

I can't jump to conclusions, but there's gotta be a reason for this relationship of theirs. Aunt Hanna looks young, but not young enough to be mistaken for a teenager or in her mid-twenties.

I just don't understand.

There had got to be a reason.

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The rest of the ride was spent in silence. The ride from the airport to Santa Monica turned out not to be too long. Eight miles or so isn't much of a distance to drive.

We drove into a beautiful neighbourhood. All palm trees, backyard pools, big houses, and well manicured lawns with automatic sprinklers.

We stopped in front of a big white house with huge glass windows. It was well-kept. This is where my mom spent her senior year. This used to be Gramps house.

My mom offered it to Aunt Hanna since it was unoccupied and most likely will be forever if she didn't take it.

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I was so mad at my mom that time. I knew Aunt Hanna was going to leave, and I wasn't too pleased about it but my mom didn't have to encourage her.

"This is it" Josh mutters, hopping out of the car and moving to get my luggage from the trunk. I sit in the car for a little while, the lack of air-conditioning making me sweat.

It's so hot I could just jump into a pool, fully clothed.

Josh, walks up the steps to the house. I wait for him to unlock the door before hurriedly unstrapping myself, running out of the car and rushing into the house.

Praise the lord! They've left the air-cooler on!

"Wow" I mutter as I look around, the house is so well-kept it looks so new. My gramps really did know how to take care of things.

"Amazing, right?" Josh grins, dropping my suitcase by the staircase. It was amazing, it was like a beach dream except without the beach.

I know there's a pool out back, mom said she threw a pool party the day after gramps had it placed.

"Your Aunt set up your moms room for you, she had it cleaned" He stretched his arms out and before I knew it, his shirt was off.

I tried, okay? I tried not to gape at his glorious abs, but you can't blame me! What girl could resist staring at that.

"What're you doing?" I ask cautiously. Dear lord, I'm staring at my Aunts boyfriends abs. I'm such a bad person.

"Going out for a swim" Josh says in a 'duh' manner. He walks out of the foyer and down the hall to the back door. He goes out, but pops his head back in after awhile, "You can join me if you wish"

Well, I do really want to go for a swim. But I think I'll pass, I've just caught myself staring at his abs. A swim with him will catch me drooling.

So, instead of going out back and cooling off in refreshing water, I stay in here. It's actually cool in here and the sweat I had worked up earlier is gone.

Sighing, I walk over to my suitcase and pull out my laptop. I bring it over to the kitchen and sit on the breakfast bar and open up face time. Hopefully, my best friend Ciara is available.

But, as unlucky as this day has proven to be so far; she isn't.

So, I just open up tumblr and just start to mindlessly Reblog anything that catches my eye.

When I've reached my daily post limit, I decide to send mom and dad a quick e-mail. Just to let them know that I'm fine and I arrived safely.

My stomach growls at me and I realise that the only food I ate was half a cookie and that was an hour before

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my flight.

I walk out back, "Josh!" I call, walking over to the pool. Unfortunately for me and my fetish for sexy backs, he was doing laps, and his back was bunched up, facing me.

Don't stare, don't stare, don't stare. I chanted to myself. Aunts boyfriend, aunts boyfriend, aunts boyfriend.

"You okay?" Josh's worried voice snaps me out of it. He's standing in front of me now, staring at me with a worried expression.

I blink, my eyes still a bit frosty from staring at one thing without blinking for too long. "Er-yeah" I mutter.

Josh bends over, using a towel to dry up his hair. Oh sweet Jesus, I think I have a fetish for shoulders too.

Those shoulders are just... AUNTS BOYFRIEND! I remind myself. It is not right to drool over or think about my aunts boyfriend this way.

Not right at all.

"So what'd you need?" Josh asks, causally throwing the towel onto his shoulder.

I was originally going to ask him if there was any food in here, but now I think I'll just visit the pier that my mom and dad love so much. They've talked about it so much during dinner discussions that I'm pretty sure I won't get lost if I take a trip there.

I need to get away from Josh for a while. I shouldn't be drooling over him like I just was. I mean, it's not that I like him or anything. No, definitely not. But the way I've been staring at parts of his body is making me uncomfortable. So, leave it is.

"I was wondering, could I borrow your car?" I ask.

He snorts, "My baby?"

"Your second baby" I correct him.

He snorts again, "No"

What?! "Why not?!"

"I can't trust you with my car, you're like sixteen" He snorted again.

I fold my arms over my chest, "I'm eighteen, idiot, now can I borrow your car?"

He raises a brow, "No"

"But I'm not sixteen!" I protest, I mean, that was the reason he didn't want to lend it to me, right?

"Doesn't matter, I don't let anybody else ever drive my car, my baby" He smirks.

I narrow my eyes at him and correct him again, "Your second baby"

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He shrugs, "My baby either way"

"Please, Josh!" I start to beg, pouting and widening my eyes. Nobody's ever been able to resist this pout before!

Josh glances at me uncertainly, staring and narrowing his eyes at my quivering pout and finally he heaves a big sigh; "Where do you plan on going, anyway? You've never been here before, right?"

"The pier, no, I haven't been here before but my parents have talked about it enough for me to practically know this place well" I pout again.

"And how exactly will you drive yourself to the pier?" He asks.

"Easy," I shrug, "GPS"

"Your Aunt will kill me if I let you leave on your own, I'll just drive you" He says, but that completely defeats the purpose.

"I'm trying to be alone" I mutter.

"I can't let you drive my car, alone" He sighs exasperatedly. Jeesh, I know he loves his car but come on, I'm not going to drive it into the water or anything.

"Why not just take your Aunts car?" He offers.

Bingo! That would work perfectly. I nod excitedly, "Where is it?"

"Driveway" He mutters, going into the kitchen and fishing a set of keys from a cupboard. I didn't notice another car in the driveway earlier, but then again, I had been too busy trying to get away from the heat.

"Take good care of her car, I don't need her blaming me for anything else today" He says firmly and I nod. "Here," he hands me the keys and I grab them, "Hand me your phone"

What? Wait! My phone? No! "No"

"I need to put my number in idiot" He says dryly, "Call me if you get lost"

"Fine," I mutter, fishing my phone out of my pocket and handing it to him. He typed his number in, saves it and hands it back to me.

"Keep this with you at all times, if you see anything suspicious or wrong, call me right away" He says slowly, as if to make me understand better.

I roll my eyes, he's only a year older than me but he's acting like he's twice my age, hmm, maybe that's why Aunt Hanna's dating him. "Sure, Uncle Josh" I tease and leave for the door before he can say anything.

"See you later!" I tell over my shoulder, shutting the door and walking down the drive. And then I see Aunt Hanna's car. How could I have missed it earlier?

Sleek, and cherry red, "Porsche, figures" I mutter under my breath before glancing down at the fancy set of keys in my hands.

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I guess it runs in the family then.

My dad uses a Ferrari, whilst my mom, who doesn't really care about brands and price tags uses a simple Audi, like me.

I hop in and type my destination in before driving to this lovely pier that my parents love so bloody much.

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