

What If This Ends?

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This will be about a young girl names Amber and she will undergo a tragic heartbreak a terrible loss and the best love she will ever have all in just one year. You will enter her story at the loss, just one month after her boyfriend Jess Breaks her heart. Will Scott show her how to love again, or will she be too afraid to wait and see?



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What If This Ends? : Chapter 1

The room smelled weird, like someone peed in the floor and just walked away. The beeping from the machines was giving Amber a head ache, and the vibe was putting her over the edge.

Amber sat in a had hospital chair looking at her brother, Chris. She had never seen him so helpless, not even when they were kids, and he broke his arm. Even then Chris stood up and walked to their mother, Elise, and calmly let her know what happened. He was older now, 18, and stronger than he used to be, but still not strong enough to fight off his cancer. He sat three times a week in the same chair with the same tubes hooked up to him, taking Khemo like a man. Not once did he cry, not once did he flinch, the only thing he did that showed weakness was tell Amber not to cry at the funeral.

Amber did cry though. After six months of Khemo, Chris' body had just had enough and on February 6th he gave up. Amber stood at the foot of the grave pushing tears off her face as the minister spoke. She had never been so devastated in her life. Her brother was always there for her, but now, she would never have the same connection with him. He was gone now. Amber held the necklace that hung from her neck. It was a locket with a small heartshaped picture inside it. Chris gave it to her.

Out of the corner of her eye Amber saw someone in the distance. It was a guy and he was standing under a tree looking at the funeral. Amber admired him until the priest was finished and everyone began hugging. Once people were in motion Amber approached the guy. His eyes were glistening blue and his hair was brown and curly. "Nice jeans." Amber's voice, sarcastic, seemed to awaken something in the young man and he grinned. "Did you know Chris?" She stood a foot away from the boy, safe distance she thought.

"Um, yes, I suppose I did." Amber was amused by the angelic sound leaving his mouth. Never had she heard anything so beautiful. "He saved my life. What about you did you know him?"

Amber puzzled by the remark stammered, "Yeah, I ... er...He was my...uh...brother." The look on the guy's face went from a slight smirk to an ice cold grimace. Amber shook the thoughts out of the air and turned to face back at the funeral. "It's ok, he told me not to cry."

"Well..." The young man's voice seemed to hold some thrill, "Why don't I take you for some ice cream to keep those tears away?" Amber thought about Jess, standing in her doorway, only a month before. He was everything she thought she wanted, but he needed more than Amber could be for him.

Amber smirked, "I think it's better that I don't. Maybe I'll see you around though."

"What if I want to see you again though?... And what's your name?" The young man was still talking as Amber began to walk away.

Amber turned back to him, "I guess you'll have to figure that out." She knew she would never see him again. She slowly walked over to where her mother stood crying.

Chapter 2: don't laugh, just tell me your name you goof.

Amber opened her eyes to see the room spinning around her. She was still adjusting to life with out Chris. It had been a week since the funeral and she was being forced to go back to school. Amber whiped the sleepies from her eyes and sat up. The sun was still steeping do why wasn't she? A shower was just what she needed.

Amber let the warm water roll of her body in beads. She lathered her hair in shampoo and scrubbed her scalp. Bubbles flew around in the stone shower and for the first time since her brother died, Amber smiled. She rinsed her hair and put conditioner in it for a moment but quickly rinsed it out too. As she stepped out of the shower and onto the rug she dried her body with the towel. Once she had on a pair of jeans and a shirt, she slipped on some convers and walked out her front door.

The air was musky, it had rained. There was dew on the grass and the sun was coming up. Amber walked slowly so that she could let the wind dry her hair. A car drove past her and honked. Amber jumped in her skin and looked up. "Hey, You need a ride?" The voice was angelic, perfect.

Amber tried to gather her whits, "How did you find me?" She giggled. He said nothing and just grinned. "I'm going to school. I have to go."

"Is that where you want to be going?" What was with this guy? He didn't even know her, so why was he so determined? Amber shot him a look that even she couldn't explain. "Why don't you just get in the car, and then we can decide where we are going...What do ya say?"

Amber stood there for a moment, and then reluctantly got in the car. there was no way she could say no, not when he was looking at her that way. His eyes beamin right through her. no, she just slid into the front seat.

He smiled a crooked smile, like all sexy guys do in the movies. He was satisfied. "Ok, mister, where are we going?" Amber's voice seemed to fit the setting perfectly.

"Well, tell me your name and I'll pick a place that matches it, how about that?" He was trying so hard to woo her that she had to laugh. "Don't laugh, just tell me your name you goof." He grinned back at her.

"Jennaveav." Amber tried as hard as she could to keep a streight face and did well untill he actually called her that. "I'm just kidding! It's Amber."

He looked her deep in the eyes as they stopped at the stop light, "I love it. I'm Scott." He turned back to the road as the light turned green.

"So, where to?" Scott ignored her. The car stopped in front of a huge building and Amber's mouth dropped open at two things...the sight of her location, and the fact that she was kinda smiling.

Chapter 3: Snap shot...

Amber stood in shock. She couldn't believe her eyes, there in front of her, painted on the building....was her and her brother. She felt her heart race. The Brown of their hair was perfect with the hints of gold. And her brother's smile was almost identical to the one he wore so well. "How did you do this?" Amber's voice was quite yet still audible.

Scott didn't answer her right away, in stead, he got out of the car and opened the door on her side. He took Amber's hand and helped her out. "When I saw you at the hospital with Chris a couple months ago i snapped this photo." Scott pulled a polaroid out of his pocket and handed it to her. "Then when i knew Chris didn't have much longer, i paid a friend to do the work. I hope you like it." Amber couldn't speak she only shook her head yes. Tears swelled up in her eyes. Never had anyone done something like this for her. Especially not a stranger. She barely knew Scott. She had only just met him.

Amber sat peering out the window on the ride home. She kept thinking about the image of her and her brother, there on that wall forever. (or until someone paints over it) "Why did you even take the picture of me anyway? You didn't know me....and.....You didn't know Scott either did you? all of the things you have been saying has been a lie." Amber was suddenly creeped out by the fact that this guy had taken pictures of her in such an intimate moment, without even knowing who she was. Scott changed lanes and expressed embarrassment.

"You're right..." Amber started to speak..."Amber just wait." Scott was pleading and she knew that. "I wasn't being a freak or anything. I am a photographer. I snapped that image on accident. As you can tell by the angle i didn't even have the lens up to my eye. When i was at home looking through my photos from the day i saw it, and fell in love. . . . not with you or anything...but with the photo." Amber was starting to calm down. "I got the room number of the photo and went to see your brother in the Hospital...and then i saw you in person. I went to the funeral to see you."

Amber didn't even know what to say...This guy was really into her all because of a picture?

Chapter 4: Lunch.

The cafeteria at school was so loud on Mondays, Amber could barely hear herself think. She sat waiting on Scott. He had begged her to let him come have lunch with her. That meant she would be sitting across from Scott in only moments. Just as the thought crossed her mind Scott pulled open the lunch doors and stood looking around. All the girls turned to look at him. After all he was gorgeous, about two years older than Amber, kinda short for a guy, but Amber didn't mind after all she was 5'0" and he was at least three inches taller than her. He also had the most stunning pale green eyes. They were almost blue looking because they were so light, but she had noticed the green tint at the funeral. He saw her and his eyes pierced hers, and a grim spread across his face as he walked towards her. He had on a greenish sweater jacket that zipped in the front, and some baggie jeans with converse. His camera in his hand.

Scott quickly smiled, "Hey beautiful." And snapped a polaroid of Amber's blushing face. She giggled and smirked at him as he waved the image in the air as it developed into an actually decent picture. He glanced down once the picture was completely visible. "Stunning, see?" He placed it on the table and pulled the shoulder bag off and set it on the table opening it. "I'm glad you haven't gotten a lunch yet. I brought you something." He pulled out a brown paper bag. "I hope they are still warm." He pulled out two perfectly wrapped homemade burgers. "I didn't know what you wanted on yours so..." He smiled shamelessly and began pulling out baggies with onions and tomatoes and pickles. Then pulled out bottles of ketchup and mayo and mustard, and Amber started to laugh.

"So you just brought everything?" She smiled and giggled as he nodded his head saying something about being prepared. Neither of them noticed that everyone was staring at them. Amber put an onion and some pickles on her burger, "They are still pretty warm did you make them?" She squirted mayo and mustard on her bun and closed the burger squishing it down a bit. Scott shook his head 'yes' and put everything on his burger, even tomatoes. Amber took the first bite and let out a slight moan, "This is so good!" Her mouth was bulging as she tried to talk, and she started to laugh.

"I'm glad you like it darlin." He smiled at her, and she smiled back. "Thanks for letting me come, Amber."

She didn't know what to say, so she just gave him her smile. The smile that says it all. The smile that she has given so many people, the one that says 'of course'. But in such a happy way. They sat and ate, not talking about her brother at all. Amber was ok with that though. She was so sick of everyone wanting to talk about Chris. It was nice to just be enjoying time with him. They laughed and talked about pointless topics for the rest of lunch and as the bell rang, Scott stood up throwing away all the trash, and putting the various toppings back into his bag. "Again, Amber, thanks for letting me come." He smiled a wide smile, and Amber knew that he wasn't just doing this out of pity. He was just as happy to be seeing her as she was to see him. For the first time she felt like it was ok to just be happy.

"I'm glad too" She smiled.

Chapter 5: Jess...

After lunch with Scott, Amber stood at her locker gathering her books for math class. Amber was still grinning from ear to ear as she heard a voice from behind her. "How are you?" Her face changed at that very second. It was a voice she knew all too well, a voice that had been her comfort many times before, a voice that had also broken her heart only months ago. It was Jess. His hand reached out and landed on her shoulder and she cringed. She hadn't talked to him since they broke up. Why was he talking to her now?

Amber sat on her couch with tears in her eyes. Jess tried to hold her hand, but she pulled away, "Don't touch me," Amber's voice was harsh and sharp. Jess' face was pale.

"Amber, I'm not doing this to hurt you." His words lingered in the air. "It's just not the same anymore. We never see each other. We never talk..." He trailed off.

Amber's face grew hot, and the anger boiled in her, "Because Chris has cancer, you prick! I'm sorry that my dying brother is first on my list. I'm sorry I can't just blow him off and spend time with you!" Tears were streaming down her face now, and her voice was shaking out of control.

"You don't have to spend every second with him Amber. You can't fix him. He is going to die whether you are there or not!"

Amber was shocked. Jess had never spoken to her this way before she couldn't believe the things she was hearing. "You are obviously not who I thought you were. And your right this is for the best. You need to leave right now." Amber tried to stay calm, it wasn't like her to yell or scream, but she had the urge to scream as loud as her voice would let her.

"Amber, please..." He was backtracking now, "I didn't mean it like that, can we still be friends?"

"Can we still be friends?" Amber bit her tongue with every ounce of power in her body, "No Jess, We can't. You need to leave. Now."

Amber turned to look at him standing behind her, "I'm fine, Jess."

Jess looked at her hoping she would say more. "I'm sorry about Chris..." His voice sounded ashamed.

Amber grinned at the irony of the moment, and bowed her head. Trying with all her might to stay polite, as she always did. "It was bound to happen, right?"

Jess looked at the ground, "Amber, I'm sorry. I know that I hu..."

Amber cut him off, "It's fine. No worries." She smiled the best smile she could, as thoughts of her brother ran through her mind. She fought back the tears. "The bell's going to ring soon, though, so, I'm going to go to class."

Jess shook his head, "I'll see you around, right?"

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"Sure" Amber said over her shoulder as she walked down the hall.

"Ill text you," Jess yelled as loud as he could after her. Amber sighed, shook her head and just kept on walking.

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