

# Sing You Away

By : **Jezemaya**

Cara Melle is Hollywood's famous single rockstar who enchants the hearts of listeners with her amazing songs like "Just Leave" and "Gone" worldwide. She has an amazing career full of success, but she doesn't trust a living soul except for her 2 best friends long before the stardom arrived- Makayla Jackson and Shaunee West. All she wants is for people to stay away from her so she could heal the hurt that her ex- Davante Redson, left behind. Davante Redson had used Cara Melle to gain stardom by showing up in the tabloids many times over the period of their relationship that guaranteed him a spot in 5 movies. Now that he's broken everything off with Cara, his career is falling apart. Every movie he plays in fails and he wants Cara back to make sure he is always successful in Hollywood. Hollywood's Princess can do that. Nate Perch is trying to find his way, fresh out of highschool, after being hurt by his inability to get the girl he loved in highschool because of his own mistakes and her ability to fail for sweet guys (AKA his old best friend). Now he's set on becoming the world's newest and best actor and singer. If he does both great, the whole world will love him. . . and then he won't feel so alone. Cara and Nate are both trying to escape from the pain of having their first loves leave them behind for other things or people, but they don't know how to do it. Should they fall out of love with that person, find things they don't love in that person, fall in love with someone else or just. . . Sing them Away?

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# Sing You Away : Chapter 1

## Chapter One: Cara M.

*"Now can you see me, baby?"*

*Standing here, all alone."*

*-Alone by Cara Melle*

People, all over the world, fall in love every day. They can either truly, honestly believe they are in love, lie and say they are in love or even just deny the fact that they are in love while really being in love. They all fall in love for reasons they think are unique, but really they can just be categorized. Right this second, people are "falling in love" somewhere for those very reasons. Right this minute, two people are getting married or getting ready to get married because of those reasons. This day, two people are celebrating their marriage's anniversary. But, at the same time, two people are breaking up, getting divorced or just plain old crying because, no matter the reasons for falling in love, it just didn't work out.

Now, here come the classifications of reasons for falling in love (as far as I know). You can fall in love because you see qualities you like in someone else, you can fall in love because of lust, you can fall in love because of money. Revenge, anger or sorrow can cause you to fall in love. When you know someone fondly long enough, you can fall in love. Many people fall in love because of their desire to make sure they don't live the remainder of their life alone while others fall in love with themselves to make sure that they stay alone for as long as possible, if not forever. The majority of people really just fall in love because of stupidity combined with the last ones eagerness to guarantee that they are never alone.

I've met people who pretend that they love someone so they can gain something after making that other person fall in love with them. They want to gain things like sex or friends, fame or fortune. My first "love", my only "love", was one of those peoples. Davante Redson. Now he's an actor in this lovely town of Hollywood. I'm just the famous, rich rockstar that was played by him.

You may think you are in love, but you aren't. Not really. I can tell you why. It's easy. 3 reasons.

1. You Don't Know Everything About the Person You're With
2. The Reasons for Your Love Are NORMAL and Classified, even if it ISN'T Classified by ME.
3. One Way or Other, Your Relationship is Irrevocably Going to End. Without a doubt.

So do you still feel the love? I don't. Not at all.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Two: Nate P.

"And You Think. . .

It's so easy to forget me."

-Forgotten by Nate Perch

"Nate, you're going to miss your plane!" my mum screamed, slapping the back of my head as I sat- staring blankly out the window to where Chris lived. Him and his girlfriend, Teresa, were just sitting outside again. At 18, they were my old high school's cutest new couple. For at least the hundredth time, tears smarted my eyes. That should be me sitting next to Teddy Teresa. Nicknames weren't acceptable anymore. Not after her falling in love with my old best friend, Chris, who I just couldn't bear to talk to anymore. It was too much now.

"Sorry, mum." I sighed, standing up and rubbing the back of my head. She was all edgy since. . .uh, forever. As long as I've remembered her, she's been up my ass with how she wants me to act. She doesn't approve of me going to Hollywood, California, to become a singer and an actor, but that wasn't her choice. I was going to make the world love me again.

I needed someone to love me at the very least. I don't love me anymore. I've screwed up everything, you know? But, whatever, I tried my best. It just wasn't enough. It never was. It didn't keep Dad around.

"Yah, whatever; get lost and don't come back until you decide to go to college!" she snapped, running a hand through her dark blond hair. It was the same as mine except slightly wavy where mine was straight. Her pale blue eyes were furious and her hands were on her hips again. My little sister, Annie, was at her side. Annie had dad's curly, black hair and dark brown eyes. She looked nothing like my mum and I. I shrugged, sighing.

"This is my dream, mum. I'm not just going to give it up." I whispered to her. She shook her head angrily. "I'm sorry for disappointing you, but I won't change it for the world. College won't happen."

"Then you're an idiot like your damn father. Trust me to bring another Greg into the world." she snarled. "At least Annie will have the brains to go to college and make a life for herself. She'll actually live her dreams instead of poking around the world!"

"She'll be whatever she wants to be because Annie's my strong little sister. I'll become what I'm meant to be, but don't give up on me, Mum."

"Oh, can you just leave, you pest? I can't bear to look at that damned face of yours!" my mom screamed. I leaned over kissed my mum's cheek and then hugged Annie tightly. I had nothing left to say to Mum. She wouldn't change her mind set for the world. I'll just have to deal with the consequences of my choices. "No wonder Teresa fell for Chris. He's going to Yale, that boy is!" That was a low blow, but I ignored it. Mum knew I had been distraught by their relationship. I just gave her a look before returning to look in Annie's eyes as I hugged her.

"I'll miss you, Annie Perch." I whispered before putting her down with a wink and little smile and hurrying out to the car. I was quick so that Teresa and Chris wouldn't see me. I didn't want them to ask me where I was going. If I was good, they'd know soon enough. Everyone would know then.

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My plane experience was quite a weird experience, seeing as I had never been on a plane. Being alone, I had no idea what to expect and was nervous as hell. Usually I didn't get nervous for any reason besides . . . um Teresa. She made me nervous as shit, but it was better to think of something else before getting on the plane. I was going to be jittery as is.

Boarding the plane was fairly easy. I was about 20 minutes early to the gate so I really had nothing to worry about except the actual plane ride. I talked to some nice motherly looking middle-aged woman to calm my nerves. She told me if her babies could manage a plane ride, I could and that there was nothing to be worried about. But then I got stuck next to some weird old man who kept asking for Orange-Muffins. I didn't want to hear him ask again. It was driving me hay-wire, the nut-case was.

"Excuse me, miss?" he called to a stewardess. Oh, god! I knew he was going to ask again, but there weren't any! Could he shut up? I shot him an aggravated look. She came over, smiling politely. Her eyes were just as annoyed as mine though. She could've been an actress or maybe the old guy was just blind or something because he didn't seem to notice her annoyance.

"Yes, sir?"

"Well, I know I've asked before, but I really just wish you'd go and check and make sure that there are absolutely no orange muffins. I just love them so much and I couldn't find any at the shop." He smiled meekly. "Usually planes have them to settle old people's stomach and I fear I have the worst ache ever. I'm so sorry for bothering you." She kept smiling.

"Well, ok, Sir." She growled through her teeth. I chuckled. Maybe she wasn't such a great actress."

"Would you mind bringing me a Pepsi, please?" I asked, smiling. I was parched and wanted a drink to concentrate on. Maybe the taste would rid my head of "would you please get me some orange muffins?".

"They're usually on the bottom of the food cart, miss." The old man told her quite seriously. She nodded and hurried off to the cart at the end of the aisle. The old man looked at me with a grin on his face.

"Hey, kid, watch this." He ordered and I looked in the aisle of the plane as she bent over, her back to us. He was totally checking her out and I couldn't help, but aid his wandering eyes.

"Damn," I whispered. She was hot.

"And that made me being annoying worth it, eh?" the old man cackled. We both roared with laughter. He wasn't half bad.

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A whole plane ride, many more pains from the thought of losing Teresa and a total of 3 days later, I was finally in front of Ms. Byrd, the famous Hollywood producer of movies like Too Bad, The Thing Is. . . , Break-Ups and so many other amazing movies. I had scheduled an audition with her using my Uncle Charlie, some big-wig classical musician or something who had dated her once upon a time. He usually dated blond bimbos so she wasn't anything like I was expecting.

She was short and very young for someone so well-known. At her oldest, she could only be around 35. She was very pretty, in a fairy-like way with her lithe, short stature. Her face was very childish with huge,

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innocent brown eyes and pink lips. Her dark brown hair swung in little curls around her face. She shook my hand firmly with a huge grin on her face. Something about her made her look extremely happy.

"You must be Mr. Perch," she smiled kindly at me. "I'm Lucie Byrd." She gestured for me to sit in one of her elaborate chairs. This wasn't what I was expecting for a casting, but I did expect the nervousness I felt deep in my stomach. I knew I wouldn't escape the nervousness. My Uncle told me he still felt it when he presented a new song.

"Please, it's Nate, Ms. Byrd."

"Oh, alright then, Nathaniel." She chirped, looking over some papers she had in a pile on the coffee table. "So . . . you haven't been to college or have had any experience with acting?" The question made me blush with embarrassment.

"No, ma'am, I haven't. I've been accepted into a couple colleges, but I honestly don't have the desire to go." I shrugged. "But I do promise that I'll work hard and show up early. A bonus is the tabs don't know who I am yet so I won't be caught for being out or whatever unless I'm with someone famous. If I do happen to go out; which is a rare event seeing as I don't know any people around here. Plus, I'm not old enough to drink at 20 years of age."

"And you just graduated at 20?" Ms. Byrd asked, shocked by how old I was to be graduating. I was use to this question.

"I was sick as a child so I entered school later than expected."

"Well, those things are beneficial yes, but when do you turn 21?" she asked.

"Well, in a few months actually." I grin. "The 7th of January."

"More like half a year, Nathaniel." Ms. Byrd laughs. "Well, anyway, just explain to me why you're auditioning for the part of Samuel Bodnar." I thought for a minute, trying to formulate the response I was looking for.

"Well, Samuel is a good man." I began hesitantly. "He tries his hardest with what he has and wants to change society for the better with his already famous paintings of tulips and roses, the reason the name of the movie is Tulips & Roses. He makes the tulips and roses stand out while also melding together in a completely humane way to signify unity and trust and so many other needed things in human society. He loves people, plain and simple. That is his greatest strength and his greatest weakness."

"Explain." Ms. Byrd orders.

"Well, his girlfriend- Dee- is addicted to some type of drug. I apologize, but I forget the correct name for it. She is only dating him because of his money and he doesn't realize that. He loves her too much and gives her the money, even though he knows what it's really going to be used for. He's given many people he shouldn't trust money because of that trust he thinks should be in society. He's become naïve to things happening right before his nose." I sighed and shrugged. "But he's strong and smart and caring and creative so I admire him. People should really try to be more like him." Ms. Byrd smiles approvingly and makes a note on the pages before her.

"Okay, let's act out the scene on the page I gave you. I'll be Dee and you'll be Sam."

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I looked at the page, giving the scene a quick scan to recall which one it was. I breathed in and out slowly, I could do this.

"Honey, sweetheart, I can't give you the money today." I whispered as if exhausted, running my hand through my hair. Ms. Byrd gave me a desperate, hollow look. I swear to god she could've been an actress with how realistic she made herself sound.

"But . . . Samuel! I need the money!" she whined. I looked away, as if saying 'no' to her was killing me inside.

"I'm sorry, but I can't. I know what you use it for." I shook my head.

"Shoes! I was going to buy a brand-new pair of shoes, baby!" Ms. Byrd protested quickly. I look at her as if choked by the lie, desperate.

"Don't you dare lie to me, Dee." I croak. "Don't you dare 'cause I'll find out if you do- I swear to God I will. This is- this is my money and I work for it, Dee." Ms. Byrd smiled at me. I could feel how much Samuel wanted to refuse to give her the money, but, at a simple look from her, his defenses would shatter. He loved her, he did.

"I swear to you, Samuel, that I just want a brand new pair of shoes. I swear it- you can even look straight at them when I get home, baby."

"Oh, take it and be gone with you." I sighed, shutting my eyes and resting my forehead on my hand.

"Oh, really? Thank you so much, baby-cakes!"

"Dee just leave. I'm sick and tired of company. I need to work." I whispered, not looking at her to save my life. Ms. Byrd started to clap at the end of the scene when it was all through and we had gone through 2 more that consisted of arguments and the showing of a painting.

"Bravo! Brava!" she cheered merrily. "Wonderful, Nathaniel, just wonderful! I applaud your amazing performance!" She kept clapping and every time I tried to say something for about 5 minutes, she'd say 'bravo' or 'bravo' or just plain old 'let your audience applaud you, God-damn-it, Nathaniel!' I didn't think I was that great, but I did know I was good. I'm Nate Perch- I'm good at everything, eh? J

"Well, thank you, Ms. Byrd." I mumbled, blushing slightly.

"Thank you, Nathaniel! That amazing performance was just stunning!" Ms. Byrd chirped happily. "And you're the best I've seen so far and all I have is one more audition. If you don't get this part, I can almost guarantee your position in another role. I'll call you later today to let you know, doll. After my last audition with Davante Redson, a devilishly handsome fellow that man is. Now goodbye and I'll talk to you later, doll!" She chattered before pushing me out the door and ushering in a handsome, older man who was around 27.

"Good luck," I murmured as I passed him, breathing in his strong cologne. God, the guy must be more arrogant than even me with how strong his cologne is. He's handsome, yah. But not my type- I prefer girls. He has thick black hair that falls around his face in wavy locks and what Angel, my ex-girlfriend who I dated to try and make Teresa jealous, would say was "sexy five-o'clock man-shadow". He had thin lips and tanned skin, standing a full head taller than I do. His chin had a dimple and his eyes were a stern shade of light gray. He chuckled, a deep sound.

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"I don't need luck, kid." He snapped. "That's for beginners like yourself." Asshole, I thought as I walked outside, happily grinning and whooping in excitement.

*Here comes Nate, Hollywood! Better watch out!*

## Chapter 3

### Chapter Three: Cara M.

*"They May Be Screwed Up,*

*But They're Always There."*

*-Friends of Mine by Cara Melle*

The first few months of our relationship, Davante and I got along very well. He'd take me out on romantic dates, buy me flowers and chocolate, tell me cutesy things, compliment me and do all the other couple things people do for each other. He even bought me a necklace that had two halves of a ring on it one night. He took the other half.

"Cara," he had said in that deep, silken voice of his- his cool gray eyes staring down at me as he admired the necklace. His voice was so very soft. I had looked up on him with a goofy smile on my face. "You keep this half of the ring on your necklace and I'll keep the other half on my necklace so we'll always have half of the other person with us. It'll be like a promise ring, I promise my faith to you and you promise yours to me. It doesn't have to mean more than that, but. . . It could." He had blushed and I had reached up to kiss him, pouring my answer into that kiss. As we kissed, cameras went off as the public learned of my first, and only, romantic interest, my ex-boyfriend. I still wore the necklace today.

After the picture taken of our lovely kiss over the ring, the tabloids were roaring with their nosey "happiness" about our relationship. Their headlines got worse and worse:

***SWEET CARAMEL'S LOVER?***

***ROMANCE IN THE AIR- CARA MEL HAS A GUY***

***WE THOUGHT SHE WAS A LESBIAN!!! GUESS NOT!!!!***

***Cara Melle is Engaged to Davante Redson!!!!***

***Mr. Davante Redson & Mrs. Cara Redson (AKA CARA MELLE!)***

Davante just ate it up. He enjoyed having his picture taken and put in newspapers so much that he'd purposely call the reporters and tell them where we were going out and when. He'd trap me in situations I didn't like, kissing me or talking sweet to me in front of reporters when I thought that there was a better time and place for it. When he got a movie deal with a couple directors, I knew he'd take them. What I didn't realize was that he would leave me behind, making me realize that he was using me for my fame and fortune.

Of course, that made me naÃve. Worse, it made me just plain old used.

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I was at lunch at one of only "private" restaurants near my apartment/condo building type thing. "Private" meant that the public wasn't allowed in unless they were brought in by a celebrity with reservations made an hour before the meal-time. I knew a few restaurants that were labeled "private" in the phone book. They offered varied, delicious foods because there were so few and what if we wanted fancy Chinese food or Italian

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food or Indian food, but couldn't go out in public?

Shaunee and Makayla were with me right now. They had been my 2 best friends since . . . forever. I remember memories of laughing with them way before I reached stardom. They were opposites, but they fit together perfectly. They complimented each other to a tee.

Shaunee was an African-American girl with the sweetest cocoa skin and the most athletic, tall and graceful stance. She was feminine in a warrior-woman way, fearless and bold. Her hair was long, falling to her shoulders in black, wavy locks. Shaunee's eyes were light hazel and framed by the longest, most perfectly curled black eyelashes. She had a fiery temper and a quick wit to match. She was fiercely loyal to her friends, would fight for what she believed in and she was very smart, knowing her music. She was my manager and knew how to run everything that is required in the job description. I would be nothing much without her.

Makayla was different from loud Shaunee. She was a fair-skinned girl with dark brown, curly hair to her shoulders. She was short and a bit clumsy, but very pretty. She had a good heart, the best heart. Makayla cared for everyone, unless they were terrible to a person she cared about. Like Shaunee, she was loyal to her friends, would fight what she believed and in was smart enough to get into Harvard Law School. To help pay for the part of Harvard Law School that she, for some reason, didn't get a scholarship to go through, she waitressed every night at a local pub. I had offered to pay, but she didn't think she could spend my well-earned money on it.

I loved them both as if they were my sisters. I had grown up close to them and I trusted them, the only 2 people left that I could possibly trust. With fame, came hurt. Even my own family would try and use me to get fame and fortune beyond imagining. If you couldn't understand how much that hurt, you wouldn't understand how much I relied on Shaunee and Makayla. They were closer to me than even my band, something usually extremely close to every musician.

"So . . . um . . ." Makayla whispered, failing to quickly say what she was thinking because of her all-consuming quiet shyness. She finally mustered up enough courage to finish. "How's Cole?" I grinned at her.

Oh, *Cole*. Cole was a member of my band- the Unnamed Whatever. He was a goofy, sweet type of guy who was always ready for a good joke and long laugh. He fell easily to smiles and it was hard to upset him. I hated myself if I upset him and always tried not to. He had a boyish quality about him that showed in his smile. He stood tall and was very muscular. His head was topped with a mop of curly brown hair and his eyes were chocolate brown. His chin was covered with dark brown stubble, quite sexy looking even if he was sexy in a boyish way. Cole Smith was the best guitarist I had ever met, including me (although he did insist I was equal to him). He sang back-up to me and that's where I surpassed him. My voice was better and my guitar skills were good but not amazing while he had a good voice that didn't reach my voice and he had guitar skills like I had never seen before.

"Why are you asking, M-Kay?" I ask with a sly little smile. I swear to God she was seriously smitten with Cole. Her sweet kindness and his goofiness went well together. Shaunee muffles a few giggles. Makayla blushed a shade of fair-rosy pink and she looked downward.

"Well, I haven't spoken to him in ages, Cara, and I think of him as one of my good friends. I was just asking after him."

"Oh, of course you were, Kay." Shaunee snorted in disbelief. "Just like Fletch is gay."

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Fletch was my band's player. He was handsome in a dark way. His eyes were a shadowy brown color that made them look smoldering. His lashes brushed his cheeks whenever he blinked. His dark-brown, almost black hair was casually styled atop his tanned face. He occasionally smoked cigarettes, but only when he was stressed, upset, etc. He played drums extremely well, but his moods swung around. At 21, he already knew how to drink and drink well. There was nothing care free about him, but his past was enough reason for that. Fletch Cross didn't speak of it still today. He took out his issues on girls. Not a few girls, but so many girls that even he couldn't count.

I laughed at Shaunee. He was in *no* way gay. Makayla blushed a deeper shade of rosy pink as I laughed.

"Whatever. He's dating Nichole and that's alright. Plus, he's not my type. You should know that you should know by now." Makayla murmured. I rolled my eyes.

Cole was so her type. He was exactly what her type was.

"Nichole's a bitch." Shaunee said after chewing a bite of her chicken salad.

"Hey, hey, to each their own- he may like bitches . . ." I grinned at Shaunee. "Or sweet little things like our Ma-Kay-Kay." I stuffed a bite of my pasta salad in my mouth, chewing slowly as Makayla huffed an exasperated sigh.

"Oh, you guys are silly. So how's the band, anyways?"

"Oh, they're all good. Fletch is depressed as always, but I know you were talking about Cole so I'll just tell you that he's hunky-dory. He always is." I replied.

"Oh, well, that's good. Except for the fact that Fletch is depressed, it's good, I mean. That boy needs some help or something." Makayla tsk'ed.

"That boy prefers getting fucked by three girls a night in a five star hotel, you know that. Therapy won't crack that pattern and why should it?" Shaunee shrugged.

"Because it hurts people, Nee! It's not right!"

"Hey, if it keeps him away from suicide, it's working." I sigh. "He's been through enough to be able to go through a whole life of one-night stands. He deserves it."

"They don't deserve that!" Makayla snorted indigently.

"Oh, for Christ's sake, Makayla; they want it as bad, or more than as bad, as he does!" Shaunee snapped. Makayla gave her a wounded look.

"What about the girls who think it is more, Nee?" She whispered.

"No one ever does."

"Can you guys stop? We could always talk about something else." I said, glaring at the both of them. They gave each other a look that I couldn't read before nodding.

"Whatever, they all wanted to sleep with him, but we can change the subject." Shaunee said. Makayla glared at her, but didn't say anything else on the topic.

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"So . . . what's going on in the fabulous life of Cara Melle?" Makayla asked, taking a sip of her cherry coke. I was serious when I said these restaurants had everything- I was drinking a Pepsi and she was drinking a coke. Shaunee was having a classy glass of champagne. I gave Makayla a dazed look.

"Band practices, concerts and meeting dramatic stars who act like high-school students when it comes to anything remotely close to real life." I sighed, being honest. The celebs of Earth were really just cliques of dramatics who made a big deal over *everything*, even clothes. Actually it was more like 'especially clothes'. They were all bitches or assholes (or bitches and assholes) like Davante. I've only met a few actually ok ones and those are rare and in between. Maybe there were lots, but I didn't know them. At least my band started before stardom reached our little town.

Thankfully, I had known a lot of talented people. Makayla laughed and Shaunee nodded sympathetically. At least Shaunee knew what it was like. She was a manager after all.

"I'm sure they're at least a *little* more mature than that." Makayla giggled. I rolled my eyes. She probably only knew a band-sized amount of stars well enough to say that and we were as real as it got as rockers who came from small-towns. It was different when you had to deal with them as one of them.

"Then you're insane!" Shaunee laughed. "These people are immature rich brats who have everything they could ever want so they decide to spend their time bitching about their lives." I nodded, ignoring Makayla's shocked expression.

"She's right, M-Kay. They're really awful."

"I'm *positive* that they are just like normal people. You are, after all, Cara." She whispered, stubborn about the goodness of people.

"She grew up a normal person, unlike these . . . celebrities. A lot of them are bred from the best of the best and trained so well that they can't even be called human." Shaunee replied quickly.

"The ones from the younger centuries weren't half-bad, but now we're dealing with the children of the old stars and big-wigs of the world. Musicians are best, I suppose, because they aren't seen in the tabs as much." I pondered aloud. "The fame gets to a lot of people's heads. It corrupts them." Before the tears could start, I changed my mindset from '*Davante Redson is one of those stars*' to '*Mmmm this is a good Pepsi*'.

"May I take this?" a waitress asked with a charming smile as our table grew silent. They were trained to notice when to interrupt a celebrity's conversation so they didn't create any feud between the restaurant and some actor or actress. I smiled and nodded, paying the bill. We left soon afterward, chatting about idle things that didn't really matter much.

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When I turned on the news- E!- later that night, most of the news was just stupid gossip until a huge red title split through the scene and the words on that title were announced by the female person, whatever her name was.

***'Davante Redson Has a New Lady!'***

It had been around a year and a half since our break-up, but I felt sick instantly. How could he do this to me? Use me and throw me away as if I were nothing . . . It was gross. I hurried to the bathroom, vomit rising in my throat and tears smarting in my eyes.

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He had been my first love and he hadn't given a shit about me.

## Chapter 4

*\*OMG Amy Winehouse died yesterday (well two days ago) so a moment of silence for her. She may have been into some bad stuff, but no one should die at the age of 27. She created some really good music and the industry will probably miss her. \*Silence\**

*And thanks to all the people who read this! I really appreciate the read and/or any feedback! Enjoy =D*

### Chapter Four: Cara M.

*'Roses are Red, Violets are Blue.*

*I'm a Liar,*

*But so are you.'*

*-Broken Promises by Cara Melle*

Band practice tends to be the highlight of my day and it is even more of a highlight for today; after I devour a carton of Ben & Jerry's half-baked ice cream that is. I swear to God, that ice cream makes every single issue in the world so better- even if it doesn't fix them. If the world's leaders had a carton of ice cream every day, they'd be really fat probably, but they'd also be in very, very, very good moods. It could solve all world-wide peace issues.

Cole is leaning against the wall of our practice room, which is really just a basement of Roxanne's house. We have tried practicing other places, but we didn't reach the same height of musical excellences. His hair is hanging in his face as he grins at something Fletch says as Fletch sets up his drums.

Roxanne is plugging in her bass guitar. It's a really neat black guitar with a front that changes colors from neon pink to neon green to neon blue to bright red and then to night black. She's a really pretty girl around 22 with tanned skin and short, shaggy dark brown hair that makes her look very rocker. Her eyes are a nice shade of dark brown and always shadowed by black mascara and eyeliner. Roxanne is a bit on the short side and she's the most serious of our group about practicing. . . and complaining. She's the best bass guitar player I've met, even if she doesn't come close to Cole's skills.

"Are we ever gonna practice, man?" she complains loudly as she clicks in. "We've been here five minutes total. We could've at least run through warm-ups by now, if not done that and started to practice *Broken Promises*."

"Shush your mouth, miss snippy!" Cole calls. "I'm talking to Fletch." Roxanne glares at him and Fletch. They're so different, Fletch and Cole, but they get along great. They've been best friends since around 5th grade. I laugh.

"She's thinking about killing you right now, Cole." Fletch whispers just loud enough for us to hear. I laugh. Roxanne probably is too. "I can so tell by how her eyes are tracking you. She will kill you right. . . now." Cole rolls his eyes.

"Do you *want* to make millions of dollars, Cole?" Roxanne puts her hand on her hips in classic don't-sass-me mode. "And do you want to make it doing something you love?" Cole sticks his tongue out at her.

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"I told you to SHUSH, Roxy. Don't make me come over there and bite that cute little ass of yours." Cole puts his hand on his hips, copying her stance perfectly. He even cocks his head to enhance the effect. Roxanne crosses her arms as Fletch and I laugh quietly.

"Oh, you won't get any of this sweetness, Cole. You aren't. . ." Roxanne hesitates, giving his body a disapproving once-over. "You aren't my type and I *know* I'm not yours seeing as I don't have the proper equipment." Cole grins, deciding to go with her snide comment instead of against it, giving Fletch a huge kiss on the cheek. Fletch responds accordingly and winks up at him suggestively. Though Fletch plays along, his eyes remain darkened.

"Oh, baby, you don't need to be my type when I got this handsome devil!" Cole makes kissy faces at Roxanne. "But seeing as my baby has side jobs, if you need anything, just ask. I do have . . . certain friends for lonely people like you." Roxanne snorts and begins to laugh.

"I can get some on my own." She winks and smiles. "I don't need your little buddy downstairs." Cole makes a horrified expression.

"My gods, *ew*, as if I'd even *consider* letting you near Timmy!" he gasps at her. Fletch and I roar with laughter. "I save him for people I *like*, you weirdo!"

"Timmy?" I struggle for breath. "What the hell? *Timmy*?" Cole huffs and glares at the wall.

"You know what; you all can kiss my ass. His name is Timmy Cole Smith. He's a perfect gentleman!"

"We should really start practicing, guys!" Roxanne grumbles loudly. I nod and we get to it quickly.

Soon, after warm-ups and the slow guitar intro to *Broken Promises*, I'm singing slowly. I feel the warmth flood my cheeks with joy as I sing- I've always gotten a rush from it and that hasn't changed one bit. *Roses are red, violets are blue*. The words I've mesmerized so long ago, right after Davante was leaving to go to movies and hadn't been paying me much mind. We weren't getting along. *I'm a liar, but so are you*. We both lied to each other so much . . . Most of arguments started because he lied and then I lied because I was too angry for the truth. That's all forgotten in the rush of singing and I find that that actually makes more of my pain at this situation ebb slowly away.

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Band practice always ends before I think it should because of multitudes of reasons.

1. Fletch and Cole will start fooling around. They're so distracting that we don't get anything done sometimes. Boys.
2. Roxanne has a date (or Fletch, but he's more of a "I'll meet some chick at the bar later" type of a guy)
3. They get exhausted and so do I, but I could go on singing and playing my guitar or my piano until I dropped dead to the floor from malnutrition.

Either way, it ends way too soon for me, this time because Fletch and Cole are laughing about something every 2 seconds as I sing the words to *Friends of Mine*. Roxanne and I don't even bother to yell at them at this stage because they'll just wait five minutes before starting to laugh more obnoxiously. Well, Cole will laugh. Fletch kind of just chuckles, half-amused.

"Do you guys want . . . pizza?" Cole suggests happily, sticking his head between Roxanne and I as we put our instruments back in their cases. I shrug.

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"Sure," I reply. Roxanne shakes her head.

"No, sorry, I have a date in an hour so I can't eat. We're going to some really fancy restaurant." Roxanne smiles dreamily. "This guy is really loaded and quite kind, actually." I shrug her off. That's how most of her dates to anything are, rich and sweet enough by her standards.

"Cool, have fun." I wave to her as she skips off merrily. "Can I invite Makayla? She's getting off of work soon and I bet she's starving." Cole smiles while nodding eagerly at the suggestion. Fletch shrugs in an "I don't care"-Fletch fashion.

Meet C, F & meh at the Pizzeria, near Roxy's house! We're heading there now. -Cara

"Let's go!" Cole chirps excitedly, pulling Fletch and us out the door and racing to the pizza place. I swear that that boy went nuts over pizza. It was his favorite thing in the world. He was smiling that boyish smile that made almost everyone I knew (who was female) want to laugh or giggle; just to join in the fun he was obviously always having.

"*They had one thing in common!*" I sang along with the words to the Eagle's *Life in the Fast Lane* (I was a major Eagle's junky) until our pizza was served by a wide-eyed teenage girl that Fletch told off quite rudely, I didn't listen because then I'd have to bother to chastise him. He was sitting next to me and would mess with me if I scolded him.

This place was usually quite empty so I didn't have to worry about the paparazzi. Plus, it was like 11pm. No one went to pizza places then except the workers and the strange guy- George. I think he's a hobo or something because he's always in the Pizzeria. Right now he was sleeping, snoring from behind his giant Pepsi that he always has.

"Oh my god, I love this pizza so much!" Cole moans, chewing on the greasy piece of pizza he has in his hands. I swear, his eyes roll to the back of his head in pleasure. He's so weird!

"Oh, we know, Cole!" the lady from behind the counter shouts, laughing. "The only reason we're still in business is because you buy a pie every night!" Cole grins sheepishly.

"Oh, you know me too well, Jenny!"

"I should by now, silly goose!" She snorts and goes back to work. I laugh.

"So . . . um . . . you've heard, right?" Fletch asks me, his eyes very dark yet worried as he gestures to the TV screen in the corner of the room. I flush, not looking at it and knowing what it meant. The screen obviously read the infamous words I wouldn't dare to mention. I nod.

"Y-yah, I did." I stutter, willing the thoughts of D- He Who Will Not Be Named. (Voldemort, anyone? He wasn't as bad, but . . . he was close.) Cole looks at the screen, biting his lower lip as to muffle his swear words. He didn't like Davante one bit. He thought he was an asshole, a fact that I do not dispute at all.

"Ok, just didn't want you to hear from, like, Andrew or even like Nichole. Because I'm sure she's nice and all, but she wouldn't tell you correctly." Fletch shrugged, hiding the fact that he thought Cole's God-awful girlfriend was Queen Bitch expertly. Cole shrugs nonchalantly while grinning.

"She's a perfect lady, my Nicky, but I don't think she'd be able to tell you as gracefully as our Fletchy, dear." Cole smiles and, on that "excellent" note, Makayla walks in, hurrying into the only available seat at our table-

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next to Cole. Her hair is messy in her ponytail and she's flushed. Jeez, hurry much?

"Oh, we're talking about Nichole." She scrunches up her nose in distaste. Cole rolls his eyes. He knows she doesn't like her at all. Nichole was really rude to her and, even if though she DEFINITELY DOES NOT LIKE COLE, she seemed to act a bit jealous around her. Weird, right? As if.

"She's really nice, Makayla." I laugh. "She's a perfect lady, just like Cole's perfect little gentleman- Timmy." Fletch and I guffaw with laughter as Makayla stares blankly at Cole.

"Your perfect little gentlemen, what?" she asks slowly and then after a few seconds she realizes (wow). She swats Cole's arm and he winces. "You pervert!!!" He blushes and takes a huge bite out of his third (holy cow!) piece of pizza.

"Hurtful, that was. You hurt me, you big o. . ." Cole is interrupted by a huge crash of the door and the entrance of, well, one of the most handsome men I have ever seen (and that does include Davante Redson!)

He has dark golden hair on his head that brings out the, well, the electric blue of his eyes. They're so bright, but I swear to god, I could see the darkness in them, a dark midnight blue, that you would see if you looked into his eyes closely. They were framed by long, black eyelashes on his regal, handsome face. He was tall and lean, but so obviously muscular and so sexy. He wore a simple cardigan that was tight enough to leave me breathless. He was so . . . amazing.

"Uh, hey, can I have 2 slices of bacon and sausage pizza, please?" he asks the lady with a smooth voice and a little smile. She nods, checking him out way too obviously. Her eyes trail his body slowly and she winks when she gets back to his eyes.

"I'll bring them over when they're ready, sir." She purrs. I roll my eyes and half pay attention to Makayla and Cole's bantering about Cole's perverted behavior tonight, but my eyes seemed to have other intentions because they were trailing him all over the room. When he sat, he opened his phone and dialed in a number. I could hear the beeps.

"Hey, mum, can I talk to Annie?" he asks quietly. Fletch nudges my shoulder to try and get my attention before leaning close to my ear.

"You can't make the fact that you're watching him any more noticeable, honey-buns." He chuckles, playing with a strand of my hair. I kick him with one of my combat boots. He winces, cursing.

"Yeah, mum, I know it's late, but I had to check into the hotel and I'm just having dinner! Please, I promised to call her when I ate dinner. She'll *kill* me, you know she will."

"Oh, go nail a board." I whisper half-heartedly to Fletch. He just rolls his eyes.

"Creep," he mutters, winking at me. Makayla and Cole are still flirting. Wait, no, they call it bickering. Cole is dating someone, ha.

"Hey, sis, I'm sorry for waking you up." He smiles as he talks in the phone as he listens to her response. "Oh, don't chew me up! I know I'm eating late, but-" I don't hear the rest of the statement because, at that exact moment, his eyes meet mine and I'm caught in the whirlwind of blue light. My heart thuds gently, but I think he hears every beat. He doesn't look away.

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