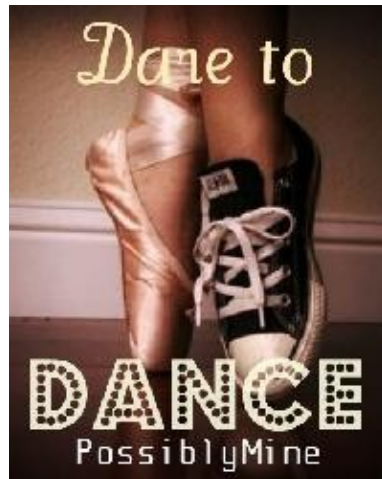


Dare To Dance

By : PossiblyMine

Brielle is a struggling dancer. Between school and dance, she has little time to herself. As the only girl in her family, life isn't easy. Things get even more mixed up when she meets Alex Cross. Alex has lied to every girl he has ever met. He has lied about his last name, his age and his mom. Not many girls want to date a guy dancer, except for Brielle Carson. Dancing is their passion, but can they deny their attraction enough to dance? **This is for Future Author's "New Year, New Contest".**



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Author's Note: This is my new novel. I know writing 6 novels at one time that's crazy, but whatever! This story is for future author's "New Year, New Contest". You should all check it out! Thanks for reading! xoxo PossiblyMine

Brielle's POV

I wake up to a banging on my door. "What?" I scream at the door.

"Shut your damn alarm off!" Shouts back, my brother Dean.

"Fine, go make me a cup of coffee!"

"Why the hell would I make you coffee?" Dean screams back at me, as he descends the stairs.

I wander down the stairs a few minutes later and there is my mustache mug filled with coffee. Mmmm, black, just the way I like it.

"Thanks Dean." I look at him and smirk as I sit down at the breakfast table with my three brothers.

In my family I am the youngest and the only girl. The next youngest is Dean, he just turned seventeen and is Junior in high school. Then comes Chase, he's nineteen and a Senior in high school. Lastly there is Lucas. He is my oldest brother, he is nineteen and also a senior. Him and Chase are fraternal twins and Lucas is the older by about two minutes. The last member of my family is my dad. Andrew Carson, a lawyer for a well known firm. So, yea, when I said only girl I wasn't kidding. A few months after I was born my mother was diagnosed with a very rare form of blood cancer and they said there was no treatment and that she would only have a few more years to live. We buried her when I was three. That left my dad to raise four children under the age of seven, on his own.

In my opinion I think he did a pretty good job. We all turned out alright, except for maybe Dean, I think he was dropped as a baby. But everyone has flaws, so you can't blame my dad for everything.

Life isn't easy for us, being a single income family, but we make it work. All the boys work part-time, and they all chip in to pay for my dance classes. Dance is the reason I don't work. I take a lot of classes and when I am not in class, I'm practicing on the street with a hat on the ground so I can help pay a little bit, too. We make it by and many would say we are well off, but once we set our mind to it, it will get done. That's how we get things done in the Carson household.

Alexander's POV

"Mom, I'm heading off to school!" I shout up the stairs.

"Love you darling! Don't forget your new class starts after school." My mother hollers back down at me."

"Love you too! Bye, mom!" I walk out the door to my new Zenvo st1.

Being only child has its benefits, but it also gets lonely with it being just me and my mom in our mansion. My mom is the superintendent at Chrysler Dance Academy. She wanted to be a dancer, but during one of her shows she sprained her ankle severely and was out for the rest of the airtime of her show. When she came back to audition for another one she was out of practice. So, Chrysler having heard of her injury and her having graduated from there. They invited her a position and she slowly worked her way up to being the superintendent.

My dad left shortly after he found out my mother was pregnant with me and her dancing career was finished. He was a talent manager and when my mom's career died, so did his "love" for her.

After he left my mom chose to have me and raise me by herself, with help from my grandma. My mother has never married and I don't think she plans on having anymore kids, which leaves me an only child.

I guess I don't mind, because my mom gives me a lot of stuff and is always there for me. I just think it would be nice to have a brother or sister to talk to sometimes.

Brielle's POV

"Dean, get your ass down here or we are going to be late!"

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"I'm coming!" Dean hollers down the stairs at me. I saunter out to our Dodge Durango, where Chase and Luke are already in the front seats. I climb in back, as Dean comes running out side, his backpack in tow. As soon as he hops into the car, we speed off towards school. We end up being 5 minutes late. All the Carson kids have detention after school, except for me. Due to my dance class after school, they agree that I can make it up during my study hall today. Class is normal and so is lunch, until we come to my last class, study hall. I show the slip to my study hall teacher and head off to the detention room. I walk in and I'm the only one there, except for the teacher. I take a seat at the very back of the room. I am sitting there for about 5 minutes when he saunters in. I have never seen him in school before, but that happens with a lot of people, considering we have a high school of 2,000 students. He was short, but had the most gorgeous green eyes I have ever seen. He walked back towards me, he dropped his books on the desk next to mine, and asked "Is this seat taken?" I replied a casual no, and went back to doodling in my notebook.

"I'm Alex." He stuck his hand out for a handshake. "Brielle." I took his fingers and curled them up to his palm. "Are you new? Because here we don't do handshakes."

He looked down at his palm and went back to reading his textbook.

"Hey, You never answered my question, about being new." Just as I ask the bell signaling the end of class rings and he gathers his stuff and walks out. I quickly grab my stuff and run after him. I follow him into the parking lot, as he pulls by me he throws a piece of paper out the window at me. I snatch it from the air and open it. Yes.

Word Count: 1025 words

Chapter 2

Brielle's POV

"What cha got there, Bri?" My brother Chase asks as he takes the slip of paper out of my hand. "What the hell does "yes" mean?"

"Nothing, Chase. Now give it back." I shout at Chase.

"Chase, what did you take from her?" My oldest brother, Luke, asks, as he give Chase a let it go look.

"A slip of paper. All it says is "yes". It's nothing important." Chase says as he rips the paper to pieces and lets them fly with the New York wind.

"Chase!" I scream at him, as I drop my stuff and barrel towards him. Instead of hitting Chase, Luke sticks his arm out and stops me.

"He's not worth it Bri." Luke reassures me.

"Wait, aren't you supposed to be in detention?" I ask the accusingly, as I rub my now sore ribs.

"Yeah, but we told the teacher we had to work. Since it was nothing major that we got in trouble for, the teacher let us go."

"Great, so a teacher let you out of detention and now your bothering me."

"Pretty much. Now go get in the car, you have dance in 10 minutes."

"Shit!" I yell as I sprint to the Durango.

We are on our way to the studio and I am in the back of the Durango, having a panic attack. I take off my denim shorts and my tank top and throw on my mesh shorts over my leotard and tights.

We pull up to the studio and I sprint inside. I come in just a few seconds before the teacher. "You know being late on your first day is not a good way to start off a new year Brielle." My teacher, Madame Baras said, scolding me.

"Sorry, I had to talk to the principal about scheduling." I lie through my teeth.

"It better not happen again, I do not tolerate tardiness in this class. That goes for all of you!" As madame Baras turns and addresses the class. I quickly strip off my mesh shorts and run to my place on the bar. We start stretching out and class begins.

Alex's POV

I get into my class fairly early. Only a few students are there and I'm pretty sure they were Chrysler students. Not many people can bend the way they do. I take my place in the front and center of the floor as more students begin filing in. The teacher calls off names and then walks sternly to the front and stops when he sees me. "Who are you?" My teachers says distain dripping from his voice.

"Your new star student." I sass back.

"I do not believe I called your name. Now leave my classroom!" He says as he points to the door.

"My mother would not enjoy to hear that I got kicked out of class."

"Well your mother can suck my dick. I don't take attitude from my students!" He says yelling now.

A grin spreads across my face, as my mother's face turns from a smile into a deep frown. "Mr. Alender? Am I interrupting something?"

"Oh, No! Not at all Mrs. Cross." Mr. Alender says blushing.

I walk over and stand next to my mom and put on a smug grin. "Mr. Alender. You better start looking for a new job, because I would like you to meet my mother."

Brielle's POV

Class gets over and I feel great. I am spinning and twirling down the hall, when I run flat into someone. I look up at this tall, handsome guy. By the way he looked I would say a senior in high school if not older. He was hot. He had dirty blonde hair, pretty brown eyes and a very muscular build. I just stood and stared at his beautiful body for a few seconds, before I realized what I was doing. He smiled at me as he walked off down the hall.

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When I turned back around Dean picked me up and threw me over his shoulder and began to carry me outside. I am play kicking and screaming as he carries me out. When he sets me down outside I look up across the street at the Chrysler School of Dance and see Alex standing there staring at me. I wave, but he turns and walks off. I take off across the street as my brother's yell for me to come back and get my ass in the car. I stop when I know he has seen me sprinting across the street. Next thing I know I am on the ground in the middle of the sidewalk. I look up and see Alex's face above me. "What just happened?" I ask slightly dazed.

"You just about got hit by a bus." Alex said plainly.

"And I take it you saved my sorry ass?" I ask my voice dripping sarcasm.

"Yea, your sorry ass would be flattened on the road right now, if I hadn't saved it." He said sounding pissed off and he got up off of me.

Dean grabbed my arm and helped me up. "We have to go." Dean said tugging me into our Durango. I waved as we pulled away from Alex.

Alex's POV

What the hell just happened? I saved her ass, to let her get pulled into her car with her boyfriend. Ugh, should've known a girl like her was too good to be true.

I get into my Zenvo and speed off down the street. I head over to what we call the Crips. I needed to blow off some steam. I get there, shut off my car, step out and just scream. Some guys walk out of the shed and see me standing there screaming. "What the hell is wrong with you man?" The owner of the Crips, Slade, asks.

"Nothing, just girls." I say walking over to him.

"Haha, gonna dance it out or just scream about it?" Slade says tossing me a steel pole. I start tapping it on the concrete as we slowly move away from my car. They join in on my tapping, and next thing we have a wicked beat going, people beating trash cans, the poles on the concrete and then people snapping and clapping. I begin to scrape the end of my pole on the ground, sending sparks flying. We all begin to scrape them in unison and begin flipping them into the air.

We finish our dance and put the poles back. We are all exhausted and head inside for a drink. We are just hanging out at the bar having a few beers when in walks Stark. Well James is his real name, but everyone calls him by his last name, Stark. He is tall, bulky and almost looks too old to be a senior in high school. He is greeted by a chorus of "hey", "Sup Stark?s" and so on. He takes a seat next to me and says "Was she your girlfriend?"

I looked at him confused.

"The girl you saved from that bus?"

"Oh, no she's not my girlfriend." I said in a distant voice.

"Damn, that's a shame, because she was hot."

"Yeah, I think she has a boyfriend though. He came and picked her up from her classes." I stated plainly.

"Oh, that must have been the guy that picked her up and threw her on his shoulder." He said unfazed.

"Yeah, that was probably her boyfriend." I say kinda pissed off as I get off my stool and head out the door to my car.

~Word Count: 1,266~

Chapter 3

Brielle's POV

I couldn't stop my mind from wandering to Alex. When I thought of him I didn't think of the cute, mysterious boy from detention, I thought about the look of hurt that crossed his face when Dean pushed me into the Durango. I don't understand why he would be hurt, but it kept me replaying that day in my head.

I was walking to the bathroom in between classes, when something knocked me down as a shot rang out. I scream and begin to kick, thinking the shooter knocked me down. I hear a familiar voice telling me to calm down. I stop kicking and screaming recognizing the voice as belonging to Alex. He helps me off the ground. "Sorry about that we are shooting a scene for drama and you kinda walked into it." Alex said guilt dripping from his voice. "What the hell? They let you use a gun in school?" I scream seeing another kid come down the hall holding a small pistol. I start to back up, "You keep that thing away from me." I manage to stutter out. I trip and fall on my ass, trying to get away from the gun and its holder. The gunman holds the gun up and point it at my head, Alex just stands watching. I am hurt by him, knowing he is going to let the kid shoot me. He pulls the trigger.

Alex's POV

Her scream was the most terrifying thing I have ever heard and was pretty scary to some teachers too, considering three of them can running into the hall. They saw her on the ground and came running over, especially considering there was a kid holding a gun towards her. They grab the kid and I and push us up against a wall. "We were shooting a scene, she's completely ok. It was a fake gun." I say pleading with the teachers. They release us after making sure it was true.

After the teachers returned to their rooms, I turned around to check on Brielle and ended up getting a nice hard hit to the jaw. I re-adjust my jaw and look at her. "If you're wondering what that was for, there's a few things. One, letting him fucking shoot me! Two, not giving me your number. Three, again for letting him fucking shoot me, even if its fake!"

I stifle a laugh "Well I didn't feel like saving your ass for 2 days in a row."

"You're an ass." She says as she marches off angrily. I run up behind her and hug her, stealing her phone from her pocket. "Hey! That's mine!" She yelps chasing me around the hall trying to get it. I stop and hand it back to her. "Now all your reasons to be mad are invalid." I state walking away. My phone dings, I pull it out and an unknown number is calling me. I answer with a hesitant "hello?".

"You still let him shoot me." And then the line went dead.

She is such a joker. She is one of those girls who can play some amazing mind tricks and you just don't care. Wait, what am I saying? Am I really falling in love with her. No, I can't be. Alex Cross doesn't fall in love. Not after what my mom went through, love doesn't even exist.

Brielle's POV

I have never felt better than I did coming home that day. I was floating. Unfortunately my brothers and dad noticed too... Before I knew there was a family meeting in the living room, to discuss me and Alex. "So this boy?" My father asked wanting to know as much as possible. He was going to squeeze every drop of information out of me. "Well he's a dancer like me, he's smart a 3.9 almost 4.0, he's funny and very much a practical joker. He's just," I sigh and let out softly "amazing."

My family gave me the weirdest look, which brought me back to reality. "Sorry, he's just so perfect... It's unreal."

"Honey, we all love you and want you to be happy, but don't rush into something even you think might be to good to be true."

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