

Chapter 1:

I lie in bed, the sun peeking through the curtains. *Why me? Why me?* The alarm clock sounds, screaming into my consciousness: *Wake up! Don't lie around. You've got things to do!* I slowly stand up, rubbing my swollen eyes with the palm of my hand. I turn to shut off the alarm when I stop. I'm alone. I pick up the photo I keep next to my bed. In it lie my mother and father sitting at a picnic table. At their feet are my sisters. I was taking the picture. *I should have died with them*, I think as I gently place the photo back on the shelf. I pick up the alarm clock and throw it against the far wall, breaking it into several pieces. *I should have died with them*. The tears come pouring down my face as I rise to go look out the window. *No car in the driveway, just gravel and cats*. I walk back to my bed, throwing myself down. I block out everything around me as I sob into my pillow. *Everyone is gone and it's my entire fault. Stupid ass concert...*

"Hurry dad! We'll be late." I rant from the backseat.

"We're already late, so SHUT UP!" Claire says from next to me.

"You shut up. You're not the one in it." I scream.

"I was the one forced into coming."

"Both of you shut up. We don't want your father to crash." My mom says from the passenger's seat. *"You'll get there, don't worry."*

"How can I not worry? If I don't make it on time..."

"I'll excuse you, alright?"

"No alright. If it wasn't for Isabel..."

"I was asleep." Isabel whines from next to me.

"You knew we were going, so no excuse." I glare at her, shoving her into the door.

"Ow! She shoved me!"

“Both of you knock it off!” Claire yells. She shoved up against me, jabbing Izzy’s armrest into my side.

“Ouch. Why you little...” I growl, shoving back at her.

“BOTH OF YOU KNOCK IT OFF NOW!!!” My dad screams from the driver’s seat, turning around to face us. “If you don’t stop...”

“WATCH OUT!” My mom screams, but its too late. The car swerves into the other lane, colliding into a speeding truck. The last I here is the high-pitched screams coming from my mother, Isabel, and Claire. I see the fear and shock in my father’s eyes as he tries to swerve out of the way, but it’s useless...

That was 2 weeks ago. My mother and Isabel died instantly. Claire’s head collided with the seat in front of her, causing brain trauma, which she died from a day later. My father had internal bleeding, and died on the operation table. I was the only one who survived the crash, and only suffered a broken arm and whiplash. My whole family was in the car, and the crash was my fault. If I weren’t freaking out over “being late”, we would be one big happy family, (scratch out happy).

“Jordan, wake up!” I hear someone yell from downstairs.

God, just let me die. Please?

“Come on! We’ll be late, and we can’t afford to be late.”

“Please, just let me die already.” I cry as I roll over onto my back. The person who was yelling came up the stairs and entered my room.

“I know this is hard, but you need to get ready and get your stuff together.”

“Who may I ask are you?” I say, sitting up to stare at the person. She had blonde hair, with blue eyes. I could see she was concerned but also very aggravated. She had on a business suit, like the ones people wear in the movies. She looked young, like maybe about her mid-20’s, maybe even her 30’s if she used that special make-up all

those old people wear to look 30 when there really 80-something. She had on a pair of glasses, resting atop her nose like they were reading glasses.

“I’m your lawyer, Ms. Peterson. I’m taking you to your new home; the one the court assigned to you a few days ago, remember?”

“Sadly.” I throw off the blankets, rubbing my broken arm that hurt, since I kept rolling on it all night. I stand, wiping my nose with my good hand. Ms. Peterson handed me a tissue from her pocket and headed out the door.

“Have your stuff ready by the time I am back, which will be in a half an hour. Don’t forget to clean up yourself. You want to look presentable when you meet your new family.” I listen to her feet go down the stairs, and across the hard wood floor. I heard the front door open and shut. I took a shuddering breath in, letting it all out in a deep cough. They will never be my family, I think as walk to my dresser and slowly and effortlessly get ready.

Chapter 2:

“Were here.” Ms. Peterson said once we pull into a foreign driveway in Oregon. I sat up from where I was in the backseat. After the accident, I was scared to ride in a car. Once I learned, though, of what happened to my family (since they refused to tell me anything for a week) I wanted to ride in a car every chance I got. I hoped it might crash so I can die like the rest of my family did, and suffer like they did.

I open the door and step out, only to land on gravel. I look and saw a forest of trees across a green-grass lawn. A tall grass field is covering the area around the forest, and a hill is set in the middle of the perfect grass. The house itself is a crimson-red, and is built across the hill. A deck stretches around the house, going onto the other side of the house. Next to the drive way is fence with a gate leading to the backyard. The forest seems to stretch out to the other side of the house, and seems never ending.

“Jordan?” I continue to stare out into the vastness of the property. I’ve never been to such a large home, and never dreamed in living in one. The grass was so green that it nearly blinded me. It was so perfectly cut, except for the field separating this property from the next. It was so...

“Jordan!” I whip my head around to see a man standing next to Ms. Peterson. He looked strangely familiar, like I’ve seen him from somewhere or something.

“Jordan, this is Mr. McGregor. He is your new guardian.”

Ewan McGregor? The guy who’s in all of those movies? He’s going to be my dad personage? Isn’t he gay? So many questions ran through my head as I walked over and shook his hand.

“Hi. You can call me Ewan if you like.” *God, this is so amazing. I heard he wanted to adopt.* He was just as beautiful as he was in the movies. Any girl would love to be here at this moment. As I stared at him (it’s not like I have a crush on him, I just think he’s hot). Ms. Peterson pulled my bags out of the car, placing them in the grass next to me.

“Well, I must be off. I believe all the affairs are in order. I will be checking in now and then to see how you are doing. You have a good day.” She gave Ewan a quick handshake and gave me a gentle hug. “Take care, Jordan.” She said it like we knew each other for several years and one of us were leaving for a very long time. I hugged her back, and she turned and got back into her car. We watched as she backed up, driving down the driveway and out of sight.

“So, would you like to stand outside all day or come inside?” Ewan asked, looking at me. I wasn’t as shocked as most teenaged girls would be if someone told them Ewan McGregor just adopted them, even though I was quite shocked. That’s how I was able to muster up a “That would be nice, after a however long drive that was.” He smiled at me as he picked up my bags and led the way inside, me following soon after.

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“This is your bedroom.” Ewan placed the bags on the floor of my new bedroom. It was what made up the upstairs, other than the attic. In the middle of the room was the bed. To its left was a nightstand with an alarm clock set on top. On the left wall was a desk. A chair was placed at it, as well as a laptop. On the far wall was a bookshelf with various items on it. A tea green sofa chair was set in the corner with a tall lamp next to it. Two little windows near the ground were on either side of the bed. A dresser was set against the wall parallel to the bed. The bed sheets matched the chair, but the walls were a beautiful crimson, not like the color the house outside was painted.

“I’ve never seen such a beautiful bedroom before. Are you sure it’s mine?”

“Yes. This is your bedroom. Everything in it is yours and will always be yours.” He walked over to the desk and opened the laptop, turning it on. “You can use this computer for school work, and doing whatever you like. Well, not everything but I have no reason not to trust you. Or do I?”

I shook my head. “I’m a pretty trusted person back home. You have no reason to worry.” I sat down on the bed, bouncing it. “This bed feels nice. A lot better than mine.” I stopped bouncing. “Everything here is better than what I had at my home.”

Ewan turned to look at me. I was staring off into space, considering everything that has just happened over the past weeks. My family was killed, I was injured and left an orphan, and I lived by myself for a week before I was taken here. I blinked away the tears that started to form. I was taken away from my friends, the family that obviously doesn't care enough for me to take me in, and everything I else care about, like my pets. "I miss everything so much." I wiped away the tears that started to fall. *Don't cry, Jordan. Not in front of Ewan.* But then Ewan sat down next to me on the bed and pulled me into a sweet and loving hug. I just let it all out. All the sorrow and pain that built up over time and the feelings of loss and loneliness came up to the surface as the tears continued to flow overboard. "You just cry Jordan. You've had to go through so much in so little time. Don't hold it in. I'm here, and you cry until you can't cry anymore." Ewan said as he held me. *He doesn't even know me, and he's being so kind. I can get use to this.* I cried, just like he told me to.

Once all the tears stopped and I was breathing normally, Ewan let go of me and looked me in the eyes. "Are you okay now?" He asked. I nodded my head, though it was pounding from the hysterical sobs. "Do you want to rest for a bit? Like you said, you had a long car ride and after this, I think a nap would be good for you." He smiled at me as I smiled back. Sniffing, I crawled under the covers, were Ewan handed me a box of tissues and fixed the sheets.

"Once you wake, I'll give you the grand tour of your new home. Sound nice?" I nodded my head, choking a laugh. He smiled at me, and gave me a peak on the head. As he left, he turned off the light and I soon fell into a peaceful sleep, one that I haven't had for months; one with happy family memories and friends laughter. Everything happy that I could remember from my past came back into my dream. When I woke, I felt like a new person. I was asleep for several hours; for I arrived at 11:30am, fell asleep at noon, at now its 6:30pm. My arm didn't hurt, thank god, and I appeared to have not tossed and turned. The mattress was magical to me and I didn't want to get up, but the sight of my laptop, the new and beautiful Mac laptop, made me stand and get on it to play. That took about another hour in a half.

I walked out of my room and looked over the banister and saw some unfamiliar people, other than Ewan who was on the love seat with his arm around another man, a blond man with a scruff. He looked pretty hot from up here. They continued to talk, so they apparently didn't notice me yet. I kneeled down by my doorway. I might just recognize some of these people.

"Listen Ewan, I still don't think this was a good idea." A woman sitting on the couch against the window said. "She is and you don't know anything about her."

"I told you this already Diane." *Okay, maybe I don't know anyone here...*

"It's confusing that you would get so attached to a girl you read about."

"She needs someone in her life since her family isn't doing anything, and I think that person can be me." He took a sip of his drink that was on the coffee table and set it back down.

"Well, if she's a problem and you can't handle her, you just know that you made the choice to get her. I still think you should have adopted a cute baby girl instead." She took a sip of her drink. I could see Ewan roll his eyes. Diane scooted over on the couch when a man came from the other room and sat next to her, putting his arm around her. "What I miss?" He asked.

"Nothing, Jim." The man next to Ewan said. "It's not that important."

"Brian, I think this matter is very important." Diane said. "We were talking about Jordan."

"Oh. How is she anyways?" Jim asked.

"She hasn't come down yet." They looked upward, so I fell down out of sight. *Bad idea*, I thought when I started to rub my sore arm. "She had a long day. She needs the rest."

“Well, from what you told us, she’s had a long couple of weeks.” Brian said, finishing the last of his drink. “Anyone want a refill?”

“I’ll take one babe.” Ewan said, handing his glass over. Brian took it and headed to the kitchen. I sat on the inside of my doorway. I waited a few minutes, listening to their murmuring before poking my head out. I felt like a spy, and like a complete dork, but I was bored and in pain. When I looked out again, Brian came from the kitchen with both Ewan and his drinks. He sat down and handed the drink over. “Thanks, baby.” Ewan said, kissing him sweetly on the lips, both grinning. *Well, either they are very close friends, or I’m going to say their dating. Oh boy,* I thought when I saw how close Brian’s hand was to Ewan’s crotch. *There totally not just close friends.*

“So, where’s Lance at?” Brian asked.

“He’s over at Joey’s house tonight. We wouldn’t leave him home after what happened last time.” Jim said.

“Oh, I remember that. Young love.” Brian said, Ewan grinning along with him. He crossed his legs, forcing Brian’s hand to be in between his legs. *I think he did that on purpose,* I thought when I saw them hide grins. *I just hope I never walk in on those two...ewe!* I thought with a shiver. *Don’t want that in my head.* I stood up and went back in my room, making sure the door was the way Ewan left it and sat on the bed. *This is so confusing and cool at the same time.* I felt like I stepped out of my world and entered a dream I would never awaken from. Ever.

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“Jordan, you’re awake! You’ve been asleep for hours.” Ewan said once I leaned over the banister so they would notice me. “You feel better?”

I nodded.

“Come on down. I want you to meet some people.” He said, using his hand to usher me downstairs. I walked down the stairs and walked into the living room. The

people who were here early were on the couch, but two other people were there as well, with a boy that didn't seem to happy to be here.

"Jordan, this is Diane and Jim Bass." He said, pointing to the couple on the couch perpendicular to Ewan (I like math, if you need to know). "And this is Roy and Karen Chasez, and their son Joshua." He said, pointing to the couch parallel to him. Joshua looked at me and said, "Call me Jc, please."

"And this," He said gesturing to Brian, "Is my boyfriend, Brian Littrell." He grinned when he saw Brian blush a little.

"For your information, I'm not a 'this'." Brian said, poking Ewan in the stomach. Ewan's giggle was high pitched, and sounded like a girls. It made me grin and giggle a bit.

When they looked at me, I said with a smile, "It's nice to meet you all."

They all looked a little surprised when I said that, and I couldn't blame them. Even Ewan was a bit surprised. "Come sit with us!" Jim said. I walked over to the empty chair and sat. I felt like I was being interrogated when all there eyes were on me. I was the new-bee.

Jc broke the silence. "Mom, why do I have to be here? I wanted to go over to Joey's with Lance."

"We told you, your grounded and we don't trust you at home. This is also part of your punishment." Roy said. Jc rolled his eyes obviously pissed he couldn't go.

"So," Karen said, "Do you like it here so far?" I pulled my knees up to my chest and hugged my legs.

"Yes. It's very nice." I said as politely as possible. Don't want to make a bad first impression. "It's different not to have annoying sisters around."

"How old were they?" Jc asked.

“Josh!” Karen said, glaring at her son.

“My older sister was 18 and my little sister was 6.” I said. They nodded their heads. “We were all very close. I don’t know what it would be like if I was an only child.”

“Well, I have a brother and a sister. Don’t like either of them much.”

“Josh.” Roy warned.

“Try to picture your life if you were an only child, then tell me if you’d like them or not.” I said.

Jc stared at the wall for a moment, then replied, “Nope, still don’t like them.”

Karen sighed and took a long drink.

“I sometimes felt that too.” Everyone was silent. Jc nodded his head. I think he was bored of me.

“Yah.” He said with a yawn. He got slapped on the arm and I grinned into my knees. He stuck out his tongue.

“So, any one want refills?” Ewan asked with hope.

All the adults said in unison. “Please!”

Chapter 3:

“Jordan, can you take this over to the Bass’s house? I borrowed it last week, and forgot to take it back yesterday.” Ewan handed me a CD about who knows what.

“Sure, but where do they live?” I ask, taking the CD and study it closely.

“Right across the field, at the house over there. See?” He points out the window towards the house.

“Okay. I’ll be back, unless a pack of wolves pick me up for dinner.” I say with a grin as I head out the door. “I’ll then be sure to return home by ten.”

“Funny, Jordan!” Ewan says as I shut the door. “Tee he-he.”

I walk across the yard and into the field. It’s been 3 weeks since I’ve arrived here. After the little get together Ewan had, JC has been calling a lot to talk to me. He wants me to meet his friends; some kids named Chris, Joey, Justin, and Lance. I’m still trying to cope with not seeing my friends from back home. I just don’t want to forget about them. He wants me to do a lot with him. ,I>Okay dude, you just met me. Let’s take it one step at a time. I think he’s cute, a little needy and dorky though.

Once I got out of the tall grass, I look to see a lovely house with a big yard. I walk over to the back porch and knock. I waited a while, and then knock again. Are they home? I was about to head back, but then the door opened. A boy about my age was standing there. He had blonde hair, and bright green eyes.

“Hi. Can I help you?” He said, with a hint of a southern accent.

“Hi. Is this the Bass residence?” *God, I am a dork.*

“Yes, it is. Who are you?” He asked.

“I’m Jordan. Ewan wanted me to return this to your parents.” I handed over the CD. “He borrowed it last week.”

The boy took the CD and looked at it. He smiled. "My parents have been looking for this. They thought he returned it already." He looked at me and smiled. "Thanks."

"No problem." I was turning to go when he asked, "You want to come in?"

I thought for a second, and then replied "Sure."

He moved over in the doorway to let me pass. It was a nice kitchen, but not as nice as Ewan's. The boy placed the CD on the table and walked to the fridge. "Do you want some water?" He asked.

"Sure. It was a long walk across the field." I sat down at the table and smiled. He turned to look at me, a little confused. Then he got it, and grinned back. God, he's cute.

"I'm Lance by the way." He said as he handed me a glass full of ice cold water. He sat down across from me, looking at me. I looked back at him and asked, "Do you know a Jc Chalez?" I took a sip of my water.

It was a few seconds before he responded. "Yes, he's one of my friends. You know him?" He also took a sip of water.

"Yes. I met him a few weeks ago, and he hasn't stopped calling me since." I grinned.

"So you're the one he hasn't stopped talking about. The girl whose family died in a car crash about a month ago."

I look down at the table. *How the hell did he find out? It was either his parents or Jc, who I don't like very much right now.* I kept looking at the table, avoiding Lance's eyes.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you or anything. It's just that Jc wouldn't stop talking about you. He's told us all about your past and other stuff you probably told him. We think he has a crush on you."

“We?” I looked up.

“Me and my other friends. Jc probably mentioned them. Chris, Justin, and Joey?” He looked concerned, like he wanted to make up for what he did.

“Yah, he told me about them. He wants me to meet all of you.” I smiled at him to reassure him I was fine.

“Well, maybe we can get together sometime so you can meet the rest of the guys.” He finished the rest of his water and looked back at me.

“That sounds nice.” I finished the rest of my water as well and stood up. “Well, I need to head back. I don’t want to worry Ewan any.” I put the glass on the table and headed to the door. “It was nice meeting you.”

“It was nice meeting you.” Lance said, taking the glasses to the sink. “I’ll see you again?”

“Yah, I’m sure you will.” I opened the door and walked out, shutting it behind me. I ran down the steps and walked over to the field. I turned to see Lance at the window. He waved to me, and I waved back. He’s nice and deadly hot for 13.

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*“Hmm, yeah, yeah Baby, please try to forgive me
Stay here don't put out the glow
Hold me now don't bother if every minute it makes me weaker
You can save me from the man that I've become, oh yeah*

*Lookin' back on the things I've done
I was tryin' to be someone
I played my part, kept you in the dark
Now let me show you the shape of my heart.”*

“Jordan?” Brian knocked on my door. He opened my door to find me at my laptop.

*“Sadness is beautiful loneliness that's tragical
so help me I can't win this war, oh no
Touch me now don't bother if every second it makes me weaker
you can save me from the man I've become*

*”Lookin' back on the things I've done
I was tryin' to be someone
I played my part, kept you in the dark
Now let me show you the shape of my heart.”*

He tapped on my head. I took out one of my headphones, looking up at him.

“What are you listening to?” He asked. I handed him an earpiece and he put it in.

*“I'm here with my confession
Got nothing to hide no more
I don't know where to start
But to show you the shape of my heart.”*

“Backstreet Boys? You listen to this boy band?” He handed the earpiece back, sitting on my bed.

“They have good songs, okay. I'm more into 'N Sync. Anyways they're a pop group, not a boy band Brian. They aren't anymore at least.” I said, putting my earpiece back in and pausing the music. “What do you want?” I turned to face him.

“Your little friend is here. He brought along some dwarf, an Italian, and two other people.”

I looked at him funny, like he just said something in Chinese. He might be speaking in tongue.

“Jc is here, and he brought along some of his friends.” He said, standing.

“Why didn’t you just tell me that?” I said, taking off my headphones and shutting my laptop.

“I did. Didn’t you hear me?” He walked out the door and I heard him run down the stairs. I headed out and looked over the banister. There was Jc, Lance, and three others. *Wow, he did tell me.* I ran down the stairs and spun around the corner, skidding on the hard floor and nearly crashing into the bookshelf that was right there. I heard someone crack up, and turned and saw Ewan and Brian at the dinner table, laughing. I stuck my tongue out at them and walked into the living room. They all were staring at me.

“What? I’m in socks and they don’t have any traction on hard wood. You do know that, right?”

“Yah, I know that but these boys might not.” The little dwarf (that Brian mentioned) said to me, pointing at the others.

“Very funny Chris. I think you’re the one who doesn’t know that.” Lance said.

“Hi, Jordan.” Jc said, walking over. “These are, sadly, my friends: Chris, Joey, Justin, and Lance who you’ve already met.” He pointed at each one as he named them off. The Italian looking one is Joey, Chris is the dwarf, and the other boy was Justin. They all looked about my age.

“Hi.” Joey said. He was sitting on the couch next to Lance. Chris was on the love seat next to Justin, who looked uncomfortable. Chris’s arm was wrapped around him.

“Hi.” I said, sitting on the couch next to Jc. “So you’re the friends...”

“Chris! Will you let go of me?” Justin grabbed Chris’s arm and tried to pull it off of himself, but Chris held on tighter. He was grinning as he pulled Justin up against him. “Ah, my baby.” He said, kissing Justin on the head. Justin pushed against Chris so

hard that he fell off the couch, knocking Chris over as well. Justin crawled over to Jc and sat next to him. "You freak, Kirkpatrick." He said, brushing himself off.

"I was just playing." He said, sitting up. Joey sat next to him and slapped him across the head. "Ouch!" Joey wrapped his arm around Chris, just like he did to Justin. "Do you like it Chris? Because I'm not letting go." Joey held on tight as Chris struggled, but it was no use. He had a firm grip on him. "So, what were you saying Jordan?" Joey asked.

I just stared. "Um... I was just saying that you guys must be the people Jc was telling me about." I said, standing. I walked over to the chair and sat down, scooting it back so I could get away from Justin and Chris.

"Yah, we are. And you must be the girl Jc wouldn't shut up about." Justin said, grinning at a very red Jc. "I can't remember the last time he talked about something other than you."

I giggled as Jc shoved Justin and turned his gaze from me. "Lance already told me yesterday when I met him." I said. Jc just blushed harder. Justin patted him on the back, while they all smiled at his embarrassment.

"So, did you have any friends back home?" Chris asked, still struggling away from Joey's grip. Jc looked relieved that the subject was changed. I thought for a moment, and then replied. "Yah, I had a couple of really good friends."

"Were they hot?" Justin asked, getting a swift smack on the head from Jc.

"Well..." I thought for a moment longer. *Were they hot? I had guy friend, and I didn't think he was hot per say, but...* "I guess you have to look at them and judge them for yourself. I think they look okay, since I only had one guy friend."

"Give us a picture of them, then... I'm free!" Chris cried, as he broke from Joey's grasp. He ran around the room, cheering, "I defeated the mighty Joey Fatone!" Lance grabbed the back of Chris's shirt and pulled him down to the seat next to him. "You

dork.” Lance said, shaking his head while grinning. I laughed at his theatrics. Joey shook his head as Chris mocked him. “You are weak Fatone! Nobody can defeat me, because I’m invincible. I’m...”

“What are you all screaming about in here?” Ewan asked, walking in. His hair was ruffled, and his lips were red. “Do you have to be so loud?” He ran his hand through his hair to fix it.

“Well, if we weren’t loud, we would probably hear you instead.” I told him, looking at him over the back of my chair upside down. He blushed and ran a hand through his hair to fix it some more. I giggled as the other guys caught on and looked disgusted.

“You were doing that in the other room?” Justin looked like he was going to be sick.

“Jordan’s being the only mature one about it.” Ewan said.

“But why couldn’t you have been in your room instead of in the kitchen.” Chris said, exaggerating a shudder. “Buhh!”

“Oh, forget it.” Ewan walked out of the room. We heard some whispering, then giggling, and then saw Ewan drag a half naked Brian down the hall. We heard the door shut, and I broke out laughing. All the guys looked a little disgusted as they looked at me.

“What?” I said after the fit of giggles, “Am I the only one not having a problem with this?”

“We don’t have a problem with the whole gay-and-with-another thing, but making out in the kitchen when we’re in the other room?” Justin shuddered at the thought, followed by Chris, and then the rest of them shuddered.

I rolled my eyes. "I think its sweet they care for each other like that. Just think of it as love making, and not making out. Many straight couples do it. What's wrong with them?"

"Nothing, but still." Joey shifted in his seat. "They could have been nicer about it and done it some where else. Any couple, straight or gay, should do that stuff as far away from us as possible"

"You didn't even know they were in there!" I stated, folding my arms across my chest.

"Oh, forget it. It's over and done with. They are locked in their room and we won't hear anything, hopefully." Lance shifted in his seat and grinned as he saw the others glare at him.

"We didn't need that picture Bass!" Chris cried, attempting to sit on him.

"Ewan is right. I am the only mature one here." I stood up and walked upstairs as the others joined in and tackled Lance to the couch. Jc followed me up the stairs. I walk in and sat at my desk. Jc sat on my bed and stared at me as I opened my laptop and put my headphones on.

"What are you listening to?" He asks, walking up behind me. The other guys run up the stairs and charge into my room. I pull out the jack to my headphones and play the music. Backstreet Boys come blaring through the speakers. The guys listen closely as the song played on:

"Show me the meaning of being lonely

So many words for the broken heart

It's hard to see in a crimson love

So hard to breathe

Walk with me, and maybe

"Nights of light so soon become

Wild and free I could feel the sun

Your every wish will be done

They tell me

*”Show me the meaning of being lonely
Is this the feeling I need to walk with
Tell me why I can't be there where you are
There's something missing in my heart*

*”Life goes on as it never ends
Eyes of stone observe the trends
They never say forever gaze upon me
Guilty roads to an endless love (endless love)
There's no control
Are you with me now?
Your every wish will be done
they tell me*

*“Show me the meaning of being lonely
is this the feeling I need to walk with
Tell me why I can't be there where you are
There's something missing in my heart*

*“There's nowhere to run
I have no place to go
Surrender my heart, body, and soul
How can it be
You're asking me
To feel the things you never show*

*”You are missing in my heart
Tell me why I can't be there where you are*

*”Show me the meaning of being lonely
Is this the feeling I need to walk with*

*Tell me why I can't be there where you are
There's something missing in my heart*

“Well?” I ask, stopping the music and going back to what I was doing earlier.

“Was that the Backstreet Boys?” Lance asked. I nodded my head. “My older sister Stacy went to see them in concert. She plays their songs all the time. I must admit they do have good songs.” I looked at him funny.

“They do.” I turn my head to see Jc looking back at me. The guys also looked at him. “What? They are good. Is it a crime for guys to like boy bands music?”

“Pop group.” I say, turning back to the laptop.

“Pop group, boy band. Whatever.” Jc said, sitting next to Lance on the bed. “My sister has all their albums and listens to them all the time, just like Stacy.” Jc looked at Lance. “We can’t help but enjoy some of the songs.” Lance nodded.

“You are very strange.” Chris said. “My sisters do the same thing with ‘N Sync, but you don’t see me enjoying some of their songs.”

“You went to one of their concerts.” Justin said, “And lost your voice.”

“I had a sore throat and I had to take my sisters, alright?” Chris pouted and walked to the other side of the room. “I was yelling at my sisters who wouldn’t stop screaming themselves.”

“Sure Chris.” Joey said. “We’ll believe that.”

“I like ‘N Sync.” I said, turning around. “They’re the best. The bass singer is the hottest.” I smiled at the thought of him. “He’s to die for.” I sighed, putting my knees in my lap and resting my head on my hands.

“Wow, you’re worse than my sisters.” Chris said, playing with the things on my bookshelf. “My sister thinks the lead guy, that’s dating Brittany Spears, is the hottest.” He shuddered. “Brittany Spears needs to dump his ass and get with someone else.”

“Like you?” Justin asked.

“Yeah, like me.” He smiled, staring off into space with a dreamy look in his eyes. “Now she’s to die for.”

“I think that Christina is hot.” Justin said, sitting in the chair. “She’s...”

“Okay! You’ve made your point.” I turned around in my seat and shuddered at the thought of Brittany and Christina. “You’re such boys.”

“You’re such a girl.” Joey said, sitting next to Lance and tackling him for no reason. He screeched in protest, “Fatone! What are you...?” He couldn’t finish because his face came into contact with the bed. They wrestled, knocking Jc off the bed that was focusing more on me than on anything else. I looked at him sprawled out on his back, and turned back to the computer.

“Dorks.”

Chapter 4:

Later, they told me they came over to see if I wanted to go to the movies with them. I asked Ewan, who agreed. I got myself ready and we walked over to Lance's house where his dad was going to drive us.

"Call when you're ready to be picked up." He yelled out the window when he dropped us off at the theater. Lance gave him a thumbs-up and he drove off.

"So, what movie does you wants to see?" Chris asked, pulling off a hick's accent. I shook my head and replied, "I don't care."

"Sweet." He jogged inside, followed by Justin and Joey. I laugh. Chris can be so childish. He is mature, though, and that's what surprises me.

"Jordan?" I turn to see Jc staring back at me. "You ok? You were staring off into space there."

"I'm fine Jc. Just thinking of how nice it was for you guys to invite me." I replied, smiling and shoving my hands deep into my pockets.

"Oh, Jc was the one who wanted you to come. We're just tagging along." Lance laughed when Jc shook his head and blushed yet again. I patted his back and ran inside the theater; them both close on my tail.

When I got in, I found the rest of the other three at the snack bar. When Jc and Lance got in, they followed me to the snack bar. "Here." Joey handed us each a ticket to one of the scary films being shown. I just stared at the ticket.

I saw Joey wink at Jc and turned back to Chris, who was talking to the girl at the counter. I shook my head.

"Do you have a problem with the movie Jordan?" Lance asked me. I looked up to see him and Jc both looking concerned.

“Nope. The movies ok. I was hoping to see it anyway.” I half-heartedly laughed. They didn’t look convinced, so I smiled at them. “Its okay, I promise.” They looked at each other, and Lance shrugged. “Alright.” He said. “I got to go to the bathroom.” As he walked off, Chris came up and shoved a drink into my hands. “I got you a Dr. Pepper. Is that ok?”

“It’s my favorite.” I said suspiciously, looking at Jc. He was looking at a movie poster on the wall. I looked back at Chris, who confirmed my suspicions. I smiled as a box of milk duds were also handed to me. “What didn’t Jc tell you guys about me?”

They all shrugged. Jc walked over and grabbed his snacks. “Where’s Poofu?” Joey asked, looking around. I confusingly looked at Joey. “I’ll tell you later.” He whispered into my ear as Lance came walking up. “There he his.” Joey handed Lance his snacks (I still wonder where the money came from) and we all headed down into the theater, sitting down in the back.

Chris was the farthest down, me next to him. Jc was next, followed by Lance, Justin, and Joey. How did I know Jc would sit next to me? I thought as Jc sat down. He turned to look at me and smiled. I smiled back. The lights started to dim and the screen went black. “We got here just in time.” Chris said, taking a sip of his drink. “Ah, an R-rated film in a dark theater. Isn’t it great?” Chris looked at me, smiling.

“Yah.” I said, looking away.

Later...

“Tell me when it’s over!” I buried my face into my knees and covered my ears.

“Ok.” Chris said a minute after. I lifted my head to see bugs attacking the people in the tunnels still. I scream and bury my face into my knees again. He started to laugh. “You’re such a wimp.” I feel a hand on my back and I look over. Jc is looking down at me, and I could see Lance glaring off next to me at Chris. Jc smiled at me and rubbed my back. I buried my face back into my knees, hoping it would end soon.

After the movie was over, I ran into the bathroom. I sat in one of the stalls and cried. *God, Chris is a jerk! It wasn't funny. That stupid bastard was laughing at me along with Joey. Stupid, stupid! I just had to see it. I should have left when I had the chance.*

A while later after I gathered myself up, I walked out of the stall and washed my face. When I walked out of the bathroom, the guys were standing by the door with Lance talking on his cell phone. I walked over, refusing to look at any of them.

Lance flipped the phone off. "He's on his way." He turned to look at me. "Are you ok?" I walked past him and stood outside. It was dark, and cold.

"Jordan?" I turn to see Jc walk out of the theater. I turn back around, refusing to talk to him. "Look Jordan, I'm sorry. I thought you wouldn't be so scared. I told Chris earlier no scary movies cause some of us doesn't like them, but he doesn't listen."

"I can tell." I pulled my hood over my head and wrapped my arms around myself.

"I'm really sorry. Please forgive me." He walked up next to me. "Please?"

I sighed. "Don't apologize; it's not your fault. It's Chris's. I don't like Joey right now either." I turned around to face him. "I'm ok. I'll live. Maybe." I forced a smile. Jc stared off into the parking lot and I too looked out.

"When I watch scary movies like that, my anxiety kicks in and I can't be alone or in the dark by myself. It freaks me out."

"Then why do you watch them?" He asked.

"I can't help it. I know the consequences, but I'm so curious." I looked up at him. "It's just who I am, and I can't help it. It sucks and I don't know how to fix it."

"Can you watch the movies in the daylight?" He asked. I shook my head. He sighed, not looking away from the parking lot. "Well, next time we go see a movie, we'll see something with less graphics." I glared at him. "Ok, a lot less graphics." I smile.

“Thanks.” I said, looking at the ground.

“No problem. That’s what friends are for.” He smiled back. “We are friends, right?”

“If you want to be. I don’t have a problem with it.” I smiled at him and he walked over and hugged me. I hugged him back. I heard someone crying and looked and saw Chris and Joey hugging each other, faking a dramatic show. I growl and walk over to them. Joey and Chris broke away from each other, looking at me. “How sweet!” Chris said. They both started to sing, “Jordan and Jc sitting in a tree...” But before they could finish, I slapped them both. “You two are so dead.” They rubbed their cheeks and took off. I ran after them, but Lance’s dad showed up before I could catch them. “I will get you!” I tell them when we get in the car. “Mark my word, you jerks.”

“Oh, come on. We were just joking.” Chris said. I ignored him as I sat down in between Justin and Jc. Lance sat down in the front.

“Did you guys have a good time?” Jim asked us. We mumbled our answers. I looked at Jc and we smiled at each other. *Yah, he’s my friend. All of them are. Well, except for Joey and Chris. At least until I get them back...*

*

“I can’t believe you got us back.” Chris said. “It was a pathetic comes back, if you ask me.”

“She got you and I good, Chris. Admit it.” Joey said from across the table. I grinned.

“It was three years ago, so will you just face the fact you were defeated and drop it?” Lance came from the kitchen, sitting down next to me. I felt a hand on my knee, knowing it was Jc. I looked to see Jc grinning into his textbook. I put my hand on his and squeezed it.

“Fine. I got math to do. Jordan, your good at this stuff; how the hell do you do this?”

“I did those two years ago. How do I remember?” I said. “Ask Lance. He has the highest grade in that class.” I went back to my math. “Besides, I got to do my math. I don’t want an overload.”

“Lance?” Chris pushed his book over. “Help, please.” Lance sighed, but complied. “How could Jordan Glenn have an overload in math? You have to cram so much in there anyways. Your thick skull keeps it all safe and sound.” I chucked my eraser at Chris’s head. It bounced off and hit Justin, who was coming from the bathroom. “Ouch!” Chris said. “What the hell?” Justin picked up the eraser. “Sweet! I needed a new one.” He sat down next to Chris and Joey and went back to his art. I shook my head, trying to hold in a laugh. “You are still dorks.”

“And so are you, babe.” Jc leaned over and pecked my cheek. I smiled and pecked him back. Then he kissed me on the lips, and I returned the favor.

“Get a room.”

“Chris!”

“Sorry, Lance. What did you say?”

I pulled away from Jc, only to find Joey and Justin staring at us. “What?” I said, turning back to my book. “Can’t a couple kiss without everyone having a fit over it.”

“Its not that,” Justin said.

“It’s the fact you all have someone, and we don’t.” Joey finished for him.

“Why don’t you two hook up?” Jc asked, hand returning to rest on my knee.

“What?” They said in unison, both scooting away from the other.

“Just saying. If you’re going to complain, you might as well hook up.” I nodded; stopping Jc hand that was now on my thigh and moving it back onto my knee.

“I’d rather wait for the right girl.” Justin said, going back to his art. Joey nodded and went back to his history report.

Jc’s hand kept moving up, so I grabbed it and put it on his own knee. “Now you can move up all you want, babe.” I whispered into his ear. He growled silently at the thought and went back to his English paper.

It’s been about three years since I arrived to this place. I still can’t forget that fateful day. Ms. Peterson, my lawyer, call a few months after the accident and said one of my cats didn’t find a home and wanted to know if I wanted him. I begged Ewan, and told him I would take complete care of him. He smiled and agreed. The cat was Archie. He’s a gray and white cat with a pink nose and orange eyes. I still have him today.

The guys and me became really good friends. Jc asked me out a year later, and we’ve been dating since. The guys are jealous that we’ve been together for so long, since they haven’t been able to keep a girl for more than a year. I wonder why...

The guys and me are juniors. It’s November, and Thanksgiving is coming up. The guys are all having thanksgiving outside of Oregon, except me. Ewan and I are going to Brian’s parent’s house. They got engaged a month ago, and are getting married in February. I’m so excited! Brian’s going to be one of my legal guardians, and I’m so happy. The guys and I are working on some major projects that are due right before Thanksgiving. That’s what we’re doing now in my kitchen.

“Jordan! Phone call!” Brain yelled from the living room. He thinks he’s funny when he does that. I’m only in the other room. I pushed my seat out and ran into the living room.

“You don’t have to yell.” I yelled. “I’m not deaf yet.”

“Sorry!” He yells back, grinning. I smile and take the phone. “Hello?” I say quickly and politely, like we didn’t just yell into the phone.

“I think I’m deaf.”

“Gabby!” I run up the stairs and shut the door behind me. “How are you? I haven’t talked to you in a week.”

“Oh yah. That’s like for ever.” I can hear her grinning.

“I know.” I laugh. Gabby is one of my friends from back home. We tried are best to stay in contact, but we are always busy. We just emailed and talked on the phone whenever we could.

“So...” I say.

“I’m good. Virginia’s ok too.”

“That’s good.”

“What are you doing over there?”

“Working on my math homework with the guys.”

“Oh. Did you mention me at all?”

“No. We were talking about other things.”

“Oh, you suck.”

“Not yet anyway.” Both of us crack up.

“So, how is your boyfriend?”

“He’s fine. He couldn’t keep his hands off me at the table.”

“How far did he get?”

“He got to my thigh.”

“Why didn’t you let him go farther?”

“I was trying to get work done, and your not helping any.”

“How am I not helping?”

“You’re talking to me right now! I have to go back to my work.”

“Well, I have to go back to mine too. I’m not supposed to be on the phone right now.”

“Naughty.” I try to pull off a British accent, which makes her laugh.

“Your weird.”

“I know. I have to go. Ok?”

“Alright. Let Jc go a little farther Jordan!”

“I’ll think about it. Talk to you later?”

“Yah. Bye.”

“Bye, bye, bye.”

“Ha, ha, ha.” I hear a dial tone. I chuckle as I turn off the phone. I head back downstairs and put the phone on the base. I head back to the kitchen table. Lance is doing his work, as well as the other guys. I sit back down and immediately feel a hand on my knee. I smile and lean over and kiss Jc and the lips. “How did I know you were going to do that?”

He shrugged and went back to his work. The others looked at me. “What?” They mumble incoherent responses and go back to their work. I smiled as I felt Jc’s

hand go up my thigh and go back to my work. *I'll let him have his fun. I'll be too engrossed in my work to notice.* I turn the page in my notebook and start the next problem.

Chapter 5:

“Jordan? Jc?” Brian knocked on my door. Jc shot up.

“It’s Brian. Shit!” Jc scrambled off the bed, grabbing his shirt. I fixed my shirt and unlocked the door as Jc zipped up his pants. When Brian opened the door, I was on the bed and Jc was at the laptop. “Hi, Brian.” Jc said. I tried to hold back a grin.

“Jc, you have a phone call.” Brian walked in and handed the phone to him. “Take it downstairs. I want to talk to Jordan.”

“Alright.” He stood up and jogged down the stairs. Brian shut the door and sat next to me.

“What do you want to talk to me about?” I asked, looking at him. He sighed, and looked back.

“I know you probably already know this. But Ewan isn’t here and he wants me to talk to you about this.”

“Um...Am I in trouble?”

“No. It’s about you and Jc.”

“Uh-oh.”

He grinned. “No, uh-oh.” He sighed again “How far have you two gone.”

“What do you mean?”

“Like, um...” He sifted uncomfortably. “Like, you know.” He gestured his hands around and I got it.

“We, um, haven’t gone all they way. Just, why do you want to know?”

“Ewan wants to talk to you about it, but he’s not here. So I have to do it for him.” He looked at me, and I could tell he didn’t want to have this conversation either.

“We aren’t having sex, if that is what you are trying to get at.”

“Well, that’s good. Saves me some time and dignity.” He laughed half-heartedly. “But, if you do decide to have,” He gestured again, “You know if you need anything you can come to us. We have supplies.”

“Um...”

“Yell at Ewan, ok? He wanted me to talk to you about it. Since I will be your ‘guardian’ in a few months, I need to get use to the parenting thing.” He smiled. “You know I’ve been like a dad to you for the past three years, and this won’t change anything. Right?”

“I know.” I smiled and hugged him. “You and Ewan have done a great job for the past few years and I love you for it.”

“You love us?” Brian looked at me and I smiled again.

“Yes. You’re my parents.” I hugged him, and he hugged me back.

“We love you too, Jordan.” We hugged each other until there was a knock on the door. Brian broke the hug. “Come in.” Jc walked in and Brian headed back to the door. “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.” He winked and walked down the stairs. Jc looked at me confusingly as he shut the door and locked it.

“Don’t ask.” I said, grinning. He walked over and leaned over me.

“Are you sure? Does he know something I don’t?” He grinned as he kissed me.

“Nope.” I said, kissing him. “Don’t worry.” I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him down on top of me, laughing as he licked my neck and nibbled on my ear. He moved so he could kiss my mouth and suck my tongue.

“God, I love you.” He said as I lifted his shirt off and tossed it to the ground.

“I know you love god, but what about me?” I asked, pouting.

He kissed the side of my mouth. “I was talking about you.”

“Oh.” I slid my hands up his back. “My bad.”

“I love you so much.” He slips his hands up my shirt, kissing my forehead.

“I love you too.” I pulled his head down so I could take his mouth for my own and moaned as I felt his hand on my breast.

“Oh, don’t tease me.” He said into my mouth as I felt along his treasure trail and slowly pulled down his zipper and popped the button on his jeans.

“Let the games begin.” I whisper into his ear as I roll on top of him and suck on his Adams apple. His hips went up as my hand slips down his pants. It didn’t take long for him to orgasm, which he blushed at. “Sorry. I couldn’t...” I kissed him before he could finish.

“Don’t be sorry.” I kissed him again. “Never be sorry for something that I caused. Now, shut up and kiss me.”

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“Were here.” Brian said once we pulled into the driveway. I got out, looking around the yard.

“Nice place. When is Ewan supposed to be here? I miss him.” I walked around to where Brian was.

“I know. I miss him too. He should be here any time. Hopefully.” He looked around and took off his sunglasses. “Lets go in. It’s cold.” I followed him up the steps to the front door. He knocked, and we waited a few seconds before someone opened the door.

“Brian!” A man came out and hugged him. “How’s my baby brother?”

“Good, Harold. How are you?” They broke the hug and they looked at each other.

“I’m good. Now who’s this?” Harold turned and looked at me. “She looks a little young to be your girlfriend.”

“This is Jordan. Ewan adopted her. Remember I told you this on the phone?”

“I remember. I was just playing.” He smiled at me and held out his hand. “I’m Harold, Brian’s older brother.”

I shook his hand as Brian shook his head. “Dork.”

“Well, are you going to come in?” Harold opened the door wider and let us walk pass. The house was very nice, and smelled wonderful. The aromas wafted from the kitchen; the mix of different foods like pies and turkey and mash potatoes. My mouth watered once I entered the house. Brian’s mouth watered too.

“I did the same thing.” Harold said, taking our coats and hanging them up. I thanked him, and he smiled. “So, you’re going to be my niece.”

“I guess.” I scanned the area, looking for any other people. I didn’t see any one at first, but then an elderly woman came out of the kitchen. “I guess we’ll need a bigger table, or we can eat here in the living room.” She said when she saw us.

“Hi mom.” Brian said, walking over to her and hugging her. “How are you?”

“Tired, but fine.” She patted his back and pulled away. “So, where’s my future granddaughter and son in-law?”

“Ewan will be here soon.” Brian walked over and put an arm around me. “And this is Jordan, your future granddaughter.” The woman walked over and looked at me

closely. "You can call me Jackie if you want." She opened her arms and I walked into them, hugging her.

"Nice to meet you, Jackie."

"Well, your family now so you have to get use to it. Now, come into the kitchen and help me with dinner. Brian, you help Harold finish what he was doing" She walked into the kitchen and I followed.

"Yah, Brian. Come help me."

"Oh, shut up."

Jackie shook her head. "Brothers. They love each other but never get along." She looked at me and smiled. "Why don't you start peeling those yams for me?"

"Okay." I grabbed the peeler and started to peel the yams that were in the sink. A while later, I was draining the yams when I heard a car pull up. I stopped what I was doing and walked out of the kitchen to see who it was. An older looking man came through the door, talking about something. I then saw that he was talking to Ewan when he walked through the door, removing his sunglasses. When he saw me, he smiled.

"That's who I was telling you about Harold." He pointed at me and the elderly man looked over. "So that's my future granddaughter." I smiled and walked out of the kitchen.

"Ewan told me plenty about you when I picked him up from the airport." He walked over to me and gave me a quick hug. "You can call me grandpa, or if you want you can call me Harold. What ever works?"

I shrugged and smiled. "I don't want to get you and Uncle Harold mixed up. Would gramps be okay or are you too young to be called that?"

He laughed. "She's got humor. I like that. Sure, gramps is fine." He walked around me and headed over to Jackie and Brian. I walked over to Ewan and he hugged me, picking me up and squeezing me tight. "How's my baby girl?"

"I'm good, dad." I kissed him on the cheek and smiled at his surprised face. "What? I can't call you dad?"

"I never thought you would actually call me dad." He smiled and hugged me again. Then he walked around me and embraced Brian, both kissing each other sweetly. The only disgusted were Harold, both of them. I grinned when I walked past them and went back into the kitchen. I heard Ewan say hi to everyone else. Then he went to help gramps with other things that needed to be done.

Later...

"That was delicious." I said, leaning my head back onto the couch seat. "I can't eat another bite."

"Anyone ready for pie?" Jackie said from the kitchen.

"Me!" I said, shooting up. They all laughed at me, making me blush. Jackie came in with plates for all of us. Pumpkin pie with whipped cream. "This reminds me of when I had thanksgiving at my-" My voice lowered and my smile faded. *God, its always at the worst times.* I knew they were looking at me, and passing glances back and forth between each other. "I'm sorry. Can you excuse me for a moment?" I stood up, placing my food next to me. "I have to use the bathroom." I strained out as I walked into the bathroom and shut the door. I slowly slid down the wall. *I'm going too fast. Yes, it's been two years, but I can't forget years and years of being with my grandparents.* I stood and used the toilet. I washed my hands and left, sighing with relief. Harold was on the floor. Behind him was his parents, holding hands and looking concerned. Brian and Ewan were the same on the other couch. I sat back at my spot and picked up my pie, taking a big bite. They still stared at me and with a mouthful I said, "What? Can't I use the latrine and then eat pie? I washed." Harold chuckled and ate his too. Everyone else

continued to eat and talk and soon I was in between Brian and Ewan on our way home, falling asleep.

“So, do you like them?” Brian asked.

“Yah, they’re cool.” I leaned over and placed my head on Ewan’s shoulder since he wasn’t driving. He wrapped an arm around me and I soon fell asleep.

Chapter 6:

“Oh, Jc.” I moaned as I felt his hand slip down my pants. He grinned into my neck. The front door opened and Lance came running into the living room.

“Hey, Jordan! I... Whoa!” Lance covered his eyes once he saw us both half-naked. Jc’s hand came out of my pants. He doesn’t move from his spot on top of me.

“Lance, learn to knock!” Jc said, turning his head so he directed it towards Lance. I covered my face with my hands, blushing furiously.

“Sorry! I didn’t know you two did stuff like this. I’ll be in the kitchen.” He uncovered his eyes so he could leave without hitting anything. Jc screamed, “Lance!” and he covered his eyes again, darting from the room.

Jc turned back to me. “I should have locked the door.” He put his hands on my waist and kissed my arm that now covered my face. “I thought it was locked. I should have checked.”

“Can I have my shirt you tossed across the room?” I said in a small voice. I was completely embarrassed. I uncovered my face to see Jc looking at me. “Please?” He nodded his head and slowly rose from my naked body. As he uncovered my dap chest, I covered it with my arms. I sat up once he got up and crossed the room. He tossed me my bra and shirt to me and I smiled at him, catching them in mid-air. He grinned at me, then. I looked down and realized I uncovered my chest. I covered it quickly, glaring at him.

“I’ve seen them before Jordan.” He said, walking over and kneeling in front of me.

I gesture my head over towards the kitchen. “Lance is here, dorkus.”

“He’s not in here though.” He smiled, kissing my stomach. I closed my eyes, leaning my head back as he kissed down my stomach. He rose, pushing me against the

couch. He straddled my legs and kissed my lips. I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him against me.

“Jordan! Jc! I can hear you.” Lance yelled from the kitchen. I rolled my eyes into my head as Jc groaned. He got off me and grabbed his clothes. I put mine on and walked after Jc into the kitchen.

“Took you long enough.” Lance said when he saw us. I blushed and sat down at the table. Jc walked up behind Lance and smacked his head.

“You’re a dick Poofu.” I grinned. They were good friends, always joking around. What surprised me... was when I could see Lance’s anger boil when he turned to face him.

“Look who can’t keep his in his pants.” He said. I gasped as Jc brought his hand up and aimed at Lance. He ducked in time, though. “You dick!” Lance screamed. He threw a punch at Jc, who ducked as well. I shot up and stepped in between them.

“What the hell?” I could see the anger in their eyes as I put my hands on their chests. “What the hell? Are you two PMS-ing or something?” I screamed. “Where did this come from Lance?”

“I don’t like to be called Poofu. He knows that.” Lance’s anger began to rise again and I shoved him. He continued to glare at Jc.

“I don’t like to be teased about my dating life. He’s been on my back ever since I asked you out.” He glared at Lance and I could see they were hiding something, something from me.

“What’s going on? I’ve never seen you two do this.” I said loudly, dropping my hands and I took a step back. “Why are you all of a sudden throwing punches at each other and freaking out? You’ve never done this before.”

“Tell her Lance.” Jc crossed his arms and leaned against the counter.

I looked at Lance. "Tell me what?" He looked at me and I took another step back from them.

"I'm in love with you." He said silently, looking at the ground. My chest tightened but I let my anger still show. "When I met you, there was something about you that I instantly fell for." My heart pounded in my ears as I looked back and forth between Lance and Jc. "When you and Jc hooked up, I felt betrayed that my best friend would do something like that when he knew that I liked you. I confronted him about it, and we got into a fight."

My mind went back to that week when they refused to talk to each other. I asked them what was wrong, but they said nothing. The guys knew, of course they knew. They just didn't tell me, though. I never paid much attention to it and I forgot all about it.

"The guys told us to tell you about our feelings and let you decide who you wanted." Jc said, looking at me. "I didn't want to, and nor did Lance." I looked at the ground, staring at my twitching toes. They were suddenly very fascinating. "So Lance let me have you." I heard Lance sigh and hoped he wouldn't say anything. My luck was short, though.

"But I can't take it any more." I looked up as Lance walked over to me. "I can't take it anymore. I want you, and every single fucking day has been murder to see you two together for the past two years. I love you and I've waited long enough."

"No! Lance, she chose me two years ago." Jc walked over too. "If she wanted you, she would've gone to you." He put his arm around my waist and pulled me against him.

I looked into Lance eyes, then looked into Jc's and growled. "Neither."

Jc and Lance looked at me. I pushed away from Jc and stepped back. "If I'm going to get in the way of your friendship, then I don't want either of you." Tears were

forming in my eyes as they looked at me. "I am not worth fighting for. Until you can settle this, I'm staying out of it."

"But-" I cut off Jc with a wave of my hand.

"I can't deal with this, okay?" I walk through the back door. Jc and Lance followed and one of them grabbed my shoulder. "Just leave me alone!" I shoved the hand off of me and jogged through the back yard, and they were yelling at me to stop. I paid no attention to it and speed up once I reached the trees.

I got behind a tree and collapsed on the ground. *Why? Why do I have to do this? Why are they making me choose? For fucks sake, if I said one the other would be hurt.* I cried for what it seemed hours. My heart was breaking and I felt lost. I lie on the ground and stare at the trees. The sun was setting and many stars were coming into view.

"Jordan?" I heard a voice ask. I choose not to look at who it was. "Jordan? I know you're here."

"I'm dead." I said quietly.

"I didn't know the dead could talk." Chris said as he turned around the tree I was hiding behind.

"Go away then. Is that better?" I looked up into his brown eyes that were staring down at me with compassion. He sat down next to me.

"Well, aren't we in a wonderful mood tonight?" He lies down next to me, settling in the same position I was in. I moved my arm to my side and he did the same. I tuned my head to look at him, and he did the same. I stuck my tongue out at him, and he leaned forward and licked it. I shot up and started to spit. He started to chuckle, not able to hold back a grin. He started to crack up, finally stopping a while later.

"I think, maybe, I should ask you now..." Chris started. I turned to look at him and he looked back. "You and Jc broke up, huh?" I sighed, but nodded. "Why?"

“Because my relationship with him was getting in the way with his friendship with Lance. They have known each other all their lives and I’m getting in the way of that. And I can’t help but be an emotional girl that no one understands.”

“And you just realized this?” He sat up and looked at me. “You totally aren’t like other girls.” I nodded, agreeing 100%.

He sighed. “This has been going on for the past two years. We all thought you knew.”

I shook my head. “No clue.”

“Wow.” He stood up, pacing around me. “So, what your trying to say is that you love them both, and you know they are like brothers to each other and you don’t want to get in the way of that and you know its going to hurt you the most but you don’t care as long as they are happy?” He took a deep breath and looked at me.

“Wow. Never thought you could be so smart Chris.” I said sarcastically, standing up.

“Who are you in love with anyways? Lance or Jc?” He looked at me straight in the eye, and I couldn’t help but look down at his toes.

“You are barefoot.” I said.

“You didn’t answer my question.” He said. I shook my head. “What’s that suppose to mean?”

“It means that I know the answer but it’s going to hurt the one I care for the most.” I think Chris understood because he took a step back from me. I looked up and he was shaking his head. “You aren’t joking, are you?”

“No. And it’s killing me. Strange, they say that lies will eat you alive, but the truth is what’s killing me.” I looked at the ground. “And I sound like a fuckin’ poet.”

“I know.” He laughed a short laugh. “I don’t know how to help you. I feel that...”

“I don’t expect anyone to help me. I just... I just wish my family were here, because they’d know what to do.”

“Your dad is just a phone call away, and Brian is inside, wondering where the hell you are.”

“You are SO stupid Chris.” He looked at me confusingly. “I meant those people that died in a car crash that I wish had taken me too.” He looked shocked. “Yah. I still wish that I died cause I can’t handle this. I can’t stand the pain I go through every day because there are some things that I can’t get back and will never be replaced.” I walked towards him. “I tell myself this all happened for a reason, but I don’t know the reason.” I put my hands on my chest. “I don’t think there is a reason and I will have to go through life trying to replace the irreplaceable.” Tears rolled down my face as I continued to walk towards Chris. “I want my parents here so they can tell me it will all work out, I want my sister here so she can tell me how lucky I am, and to have my little sister tell me to stop crying and give me a hug.” Chris gave me a hug as I cried onto his shoulder.

“It’s okay, Jordan. You don’t need them to reassure something that you already know is true.” I continued to cry as he held me. I told him something that I never told anyone before. I don’t even know why I told him first anyways.

“I’m bipolar Chris.”

Chapter 7: GOD'S VIEW

"She is WHAT?" Justin exclaimed. He and Chris were in Justin's living room.
"When did she tell you this?"

"When I was talking to her in the woods."

"Wow. I never knew. What's bipolar?" Chris glared at him. "What?"

"Its when you go from really hyper to really depressed. She got it from her mom. She thought her older sister would have it but she has it instead."

"Wow." That's all he could say. That's all either could have said. There was a knock at the front door, breaking the silence. It was Joey.

"Jc is a nervous wreck. So is Lance." He walked past Justin and sat down across from Chris like a dead weight. "What's up with Jordan?"

Chris explained it all to him, Justin adding in parts here and there. Once they were finished, there was a silence that chilled them all to the bone.

"Should we each choose one and side with them, or what?" Joey asked.

"I'll talk with Jc. We know each other well, and I feel bad for him." Justin mumbled, playing with a couch pillow.

"You should take Lance, Joe. You are practically brothers. I talk more with Jordan. She's suffering the most, you know." Chris sighed. This was hard. He didn't want to turn on his friends. This wasn't like that. They were just choosing whom they were going to help. Who's going to help us though? He thought.

"Okay." Joey said.

*

Joey knocked on the Bass's front door. Stacy answered. "Hi Stacy. Is Lance..." She cut him off and nodded. She motioned up the stairs and Joey pecked her cheek. "Thanks doll." He's had a little crush on her since he met Lance, but Stacy found out not long afterwards. Joey ran up the stairs and tap lightly on Lance's door.

"Come in." Lance mumbled. He was lying on his bed, staring up at the ceiling in the dark. Joey pushed the door open, turning the light on. Lance winced but didn't make a move to hide his self.

"How you doing?" Joey sat at the foot of his bed.

"You know perfectly well how I'm doing Joe." Lance put his arms under his head but didn't move his eyes from the ceiling.

"You know if you give Jordan some time-"

"And what Joey?" Lance sat up. "What will she do? Hate me? Despise me for doing this to her and Jc's perfect relationship?"

"You and I know well that their relationship is not perfect."

"Better than me for sure." Lance lies back down. Joey sighs and rubs his face.

"Lance you need to face it; what's going on in Jordan's head..."

"Joey, what the hell are you talking about?" Lance looked at him, tilting his head to his left.

"Jordan... well she's a little sick you could say and what you and Jc are doing is really stupid!" Lance sat up again.

"How sick?" Joey explained what Chris and Justin told him. Lance rose from the bed and went to his laptop to Google the disorder. He put his head in his hands once he was done. "For how long?"

“Beats me, probably as long as we have known her. Don’t beat yourself up over it Lance, No one knew.”

“Its so obvious though! All these symptoms that anyone could see! God I’ve probably made everything worse.”

“Ya think?” Joey stands and walked over to Lance. “Like I said, don’t beat yourself up over it. I’ll talk to you later.” Joey patted his shoulder and left.

*

“Damn Jc.” Justin shook his head at Jc who was in his kitchen eating ice cream. “Never knew you were like this when depressed.”

“Want some?” Justin shrugged and sat next to him. He grabbed a spoon and dug into the bucket.

“How you feeling? Joey told me you were a wreck.”

“Thanks Justin, you’d make anyone feel better.” Jc licked his spoon. “I’ve been worse.”

“God, I really don’t want to see you when you are. What do you do, take a bubble bath?” Justin chuckled and Jc shoved him playfully. “But seriously, how are you?”

“I feel horrible and hate Lance’s guts. Can I kill him?”

“Some other time dude.” Justin took another spoon full of ice cream. “You know Jordan’s even worse than you right now.”

“How would you know?”

“Chris talked to her and for once he saw her cry.” Jc looked at the ground and ate some more ice cream. “She’s bipolar.” Jc stopped at looked up at Justin with his spoon half way out of his mouth. “Do you know what that is?”

Jc swallowed. "Of course I do!" Justin pouted.

"I'm the only one who doesn't know what it means! Well, Chris gave me a brief over view but..."

"When did she get diagnosed with it? Is she on medication for it?"

"Um... apparently she told no one she had it and she isn't on anything as far as I know." Jc slammed his spoon to the table and put his head in his hands. "Don't blame yourself Jc."

"How can I not? I probably hurt her so bad..." Jc shook his head. "God I'm an idiot."

"We all are C. I have to go. It's almost dinner time and we're having pizza." Justin stood and rubbed Jc's back. "Don't beat yourself up." Justin walked out of the kitchen and went outside to his car.

*

Chris paced the living room of the McGregor's home. Brian was on the phone with the police and Ewan was calling all of his nearby relatives to see if they've heard anything. Chris called the guys a few minutes ago and soon Jc and Lance were coming through the front door talking at the same time.

"Oh my god have you heard anything?" "I can't believe she would run away." "She can't have gone far." Chris shut up Jc and Lance, taking them upstairs to Jordan's room. They found her laptop gone and her dresser drawers raided.

"Not even a note. Do you guys know anything that would give us a hint to where she is?" They both shook their heads. Chris sighed. "Then we just wait."

"What about her cell?"

“She’s not answering. We’ve left plenty of messages, trust me.” Chris leaned against her desk.

“This is all my fault.” Lance said.

“You’re damn right it is! If you just kept your freaking mouth shut, she would still be here!” Jc and Lance argued while Chris rubbed his face and went downstairs to get Joey and Justin who just pulled up. He took them upstairs. To keep them from arguing, Joey sat Lance on the bed. Justin put Jc in the chair and stood by him.

“Alright, now everyone just button it!” Chris yelled. “Arguing and blaming each other about this is not going to magically have Jordan walk through that door!” He pointed at the closed bedroom door. Suddenly, it opened and Brian stood there. They all sighed.

“Yeah, I know boys. Have you gotten any ideas?”

“Well, we just shut those two up so no.” Chris pointed at Lance and Jc.

“Look boys,” Brian walked into the room and stood by the dresser. “I know what happened earlier and may I say something man to man?” They all nodded. “How selfish can you get? You want her to yourself; don’t want her to be with anyone else but you. I’ve heard this all before, and have you ever thought that maybe Jordan has a say in this whole thing too?” They stared at Brian. “Yeah I shock everyone.” He walked out into the hall by the stairs. “You guys can stay here overnight if your parents say its okay. I’m heading down to the basement.” They all sat in silence once the door shut.

“Wow. I’m calling Jordan’s cell again.”

“Let me.” Justin dialed her number. It rang and he put it on speaker, hand quickly covering Jc’s mouth to keep it shut. Joey did the same to Lance who licked it.

Chapter 8: *JORDAN'S VIEW*

“God, this is pissing me off even more now!” I picked up my cell. I really wanted to throw it across the room then, but I really needed it. I read Justin’s name on the caller ID and growled. I know my family; they blab badly.

“God if you call me one more time I will jump off a building!” I yelled into the phone when I answered it. “What do you guys want?”

“Its just me. “ Justin said. “We’ve been calling?”

“I’m not stupid Justin.” I walked over to my laptop and turned the volume up. I mouthed the lyrics. “Tell me what you want so I can hang up.” I pulled the phone from my ear when I heard several voices yelling at me. I knew it was on speaker then, hearing all the guys including Lance, Jc, and my parents. “One at a time!” I scream.

“Jordan, where the hell are you?” Ewan yelled. “You are so grounded when we find you.”

“Great parenting skills.” I mumble, lying on the bed.

“Jordan we just want you safe.” Brian said. I stare at the ceiling. I heard the guys also yelling at me. Like they have the right.

“Jordan where did you go and why didn’t you take me?” Chris said.

“Man, you better bring us all back something!” Justin said.

“Jordan?” Suddenly the background noise faded and I shut my eyes at Jc’s voice. “As long as you’re safe I’m happy. Why did you run?”

“I need help and I didn’t run. I’m safe and I know a few people where I am.”

“Where are you and what are you doing there?” He didn’t have any pushiness in his voice. That’s what I really like about Jc; even in the hardest situations he doesn’t

force anything. I must have been silent for a while because I heard he speak again with worry. “Baby?”

“I’m staying up here where I am for this week. I have money, you can thank Ewan for that, and it’s a family doctor.”

“You’re seeing a shrink?”

“I need... wait. How would you know I need a shrink?” I could just see Jc looking over at Chris and grinning.

“Chris can’t keep his mouth shut.” I groaned.

“I need medication for this. I know this man from when I was first diagnosed. I need someone to talk to so he can give me happy meds.” I chuckled and Jc chuckled too. “I’ve set up the appointment and have everything I need with me.”

“I just want to see you.”

“Not now Jc. You and Lance were the cause of this you know!” I heard him sigh. “I shouldn’t even be talking to you now. I have to go.” I quickly shut the phone and broke down crying again. At least “Tearin’ Up My Heart” muffled it.

*

Two days later I came back from the pharmacy. I was driving back to my hotel and glad the doctor remembers me. I felt a lot better now I could talk about everything that has happened and I have some pills that I take daily so I can be sane again. I would keep seeing him for the rest of the week so he could ‘monitor’ me then I could return home. He knows a woman down there he went to school with that I could set up appointments with for at least two times a month. I was happy when I pulled into the hotel parking lot. In the elevator I took out the prescription and read it over. I walked down the hall, opening the door and dropping everything when I saw the guys and my parents standing there.

“Shit! Don’t do that!” I bent over and picked up the meds. “How the hell-”

“We aren’t as stupid as we seem.” Ewan walked over to me. “What the hell were you thinking that you could just drive up here and talk with a shrink and get these meds?” He grabbed them from my hand and read them over. “And without my approval.” His voice softened.

“Ewan,” Brian walked over and read them over too. “She needs these. She’s a very intelligent young girl that wouldn’t do something this drastic if she didn’t know what she was doing.”

“I have to stay the rest of the week. He wants to monitor how the drugs are working, then once I head home I’ll see a friend of his.” I handed them a slip of paper. “At least twice a month.” Brian and Ewan took the paper and read it over. They looked at me and Ewan sighed. “I guess I’m pretty crazy to have to take such drugs huh?” They let me pass and I walked into the room. I passed the guys and grabbed water from the fridge. “I need to take my first dose.” I grabbed the meds and opened it, shaking two pills into my hand. “I hate pink with a passion.” I threw them into my mouth, chugging the water and staring at the floor.

“You just go for it; no stopping you, huh?” Brian said. I nodded.

“I’ve needed these for a long time but denial will get to you.” I turned and Brian hugged me and I hugged him back. Then Ewan joined and I was scared Chris would think its funny to join in too but they didn’t move from where they were by the window. I think that was best. They pulled away and Brian sighed.

“Okay. Now we know your alive we’ll let you guys be alone. Come on Ewan.” He pulled him from the room and shut the door. I fell on the bed with a slight smile and put my arms under my head.

“Okay. Chris, you go first.” I looked over and they looked disappointed. My smile faded and I sat up. “What?” The guys left the room except for Jc and Lance. I

guessed they wanted the fighting to be resolved. “Until you guys can work this all out I’m not saying anything to you.”

“We did. We’re friends again.” Lance said. Jc nodded and they smiled. “See?” I didn’t smile, instead leaning forward and rested my arms in my lap and leaning on them. “We’re just waiting to hear from you about it.”

“Well, what will happen once I say something? Will you two flip out again?”

“No!” Jc walked over. “We’ve settled this and we want to know who you want. We aren’t going to be selfish any more. We want what’s best for you because we both love you.” I groaned. I just wasn’t in that mood for them to put all of this on me. I was angry and sad and wanted to hide. I still wished they could have waited for me to return but no, they had to find me now.

“Please,” I stood and leaned against the wall looking at them both. “Let me have this week to myself. Let the drugs run through my system and clean me up.” I sighed. “I still don’t know where my feelings lie and I just don’t want any confusion now. Please just give me time.”

“Okay.” Lance said. “We’ll wait.” I nodded and walked into the bathroom to throw up.

*

I was sitting on my bed two weeks later. I was studying for finals and I wasn’t as stressed out as I use to be. The medication was really working and I felt like my normal self, but that wasn’t too normal but who’s normal? If everyone’s different, then there is no normal. If there is no normal, where did the different come into play? There was a knock on my door.

“Come.” I turned the page in my book and Jc came in. “Hey C just hold on a second.” I quickly jotted down a note and looked up at him. “What’s up?” He sat down next to me on the bed and well you could have guessed what he was going to ask.

“I need to know, Jordan. I’ve given you time and this involves not just you.”

“I know. I’ve have been thinking and now I know what I want.”

“What is it?” I sigh and put my books to the side and look at Jc.

“Its time we moved on. It really was great but I just...” Jc sighs.

“I really feel the same way.” I smile and peck Jc quickly on the lips. “We aren’t the same as we started.” He said quietly.

“Yeah. I’m sorry.” I hug him and he rubs my back.

“Don’t be. So is it Lance?”

“I don’t know. Maybe we could date but I don’t really have feelings for anyone right now.”

“The drugs?” I shrugged.

“They’re making me be myself.”

“So was it yourself who was dating me?” I nodded. “Good cause it was fun.”

“It was.” I chuckle and go back to my books. Jc stands and kisses my head, leaving the room happy. I guess they really did work it out. I pulled my books back into my lap and soon enough Chris came into the room. He seemed paranoid.

“Okay, Chris. What is it?” He sat next to me.

“I heard you're single.”

“And?”

“Nothing. Just wanted to make sure when I started to flirt there wasn't man around to get pummeled by.” I shut my eyes and sighed. Chris is a complete dorkus.

“I’ll pummel you. Now, can you leave? I need to study.” Chris kissed my cheek, licking it and walked out. I chuckled and went back to my studies, wiping off my cheek. The door opened not long after and I threw my pencil down.

“Who the hell is it this time?” I looked up and Lance was leaning against the door. “Let me guess? Jc told you we’re over and now you want to take a stab at hitting on me?”

“Um... I didn’t know you talked with Jc. I just came by to get my book.” He walked next to the bed and grabbed his book. He let me borrow it for English. “I’m sorry to hear that you guys broke up though.” He walked back over to the door and grabbed the handle. “Who’s been hitting on you?”

“Chris was just joking around.” I said quietly, looking over at him. Lance was quite calm to my surprise. I thought he’d jump me, or something like that.

“Okay. I’ll see you later. I’ve got my own studding to do.” He shut the door and I heard him go down the stairs. I put my face into my math textbook and took a deep breath. I’d deal with him later, for sure.

Chapter 9:

I was in basement when I heard it. There was this loud growling sound, and then hissing. I turned my head to look out the back door. I could hear my heartbeat and everything around me became extremely silent. Again I heard it, and then I could tell whatever was making that noise was being attacked. I saw something running through the back yard fast and I stood and opened the back door. It was cold but I pulled my sweatshirt down tighter. I grabbed a flashlight from the desk my parents use and walked into the back yard. I walked out into the back yard and called my cat's name. "Archie! Come to mama!" I heard the hissing again and growling, shining the light into the tall grasses. I saw it rustle and ran out. "Archie!" I scream. I heard hissing and crying and then nothing. I freaked and ran into the grass. I had tears in my eyes and I knew I should have one of my parents do this but it was my cat and they were sleeping, or doing something I didn't want to disturbed.

"Oh my god!" I yelled. I shined the flashlight on the ground, seeing blood here and there. I started to panic and followed the trail, soon finding a coyote and the bottom half of a cat hanging from his mouth. I screamed so loud the animal flips and dropped my cat. It ran into the woods. I screamed even louder dropping the light so I didn't have to see his mangled body. I covered my face trying to shake the image but I just screamed even louder running through the grass away from my house and what was left of my cat. I hit a person and I screamed louder and tried to get away but they wouldn't let me go. I heard his voice telling me to be calm and I clung to his chest.

"Jordan, oh my god! Are you okay?" I heard Lance say into me ear. He held a flashlight and he looked over to where mine was glowing. "What is it?"

"Its... its... oh god I can't..." I clung to his chest and shook. He rubbed my back and tried to calm me but I was traumatized. Soon I felt myself being passed to Ewan and Lance walking over to where my light was.

"Oh my god." I could hear Brian say and I heard Lance gasp. "What did this?"

"Brian? What is it?" Ewan called over my shoulder.

“No wonder Jordan’s so traumatized. I loved this cat so much.” Lance said. Ewan gasped and held me tighter.

I took a deep breath and said slowly and quietly, “A coyote had him in his mouth and when he dropped him I couldn’t tell he was my cat. Just so much blood on the grass and on him I...”

“Shh. It’s going to be alright Jordan. Just breath.” I was wheezing but I tried to calm myself down. Lance came back over and he looked like he was going to be sick. Ewan pulled away and rubbed Lance’s back. He fell to his knees and puked in the grass. I rocked back and forth with my arms around my legs. Lance spit and Ewan walked over to Brian. Lance came over and held me.

“God, I’m sorry. It’s just... I’m sorry. He was a great cat.”

“Take me inside Lance.” He helped me stand and guided the way around the scene to the house. We went through the back screen door into the basement and Lance shut it behind him. I sat on the couch and stared at the TV screen. “I can’t believe he’s gone. My baby boy’s gone.” Lance sat next to me and rubbed my back.

“You’ll see him again some day. Don’t worry.” I shook from the cold and Lance wrapped his arms around me, holding me close. We stayed like that, even when Brian came down and said Archie was wrapped and in a box in the garage. We were to bury him in the morning. That way they could get rid of the mess outside and see if they could find the animal who did this so no one else around would suffer the same fate.

“I should head home.” Lance said, pulling away. I clung to him though, pushing him on the couch and snuggling against his chest. I had a few new tears and I rubbed at my eyes. “Um...”

“It’s okay Lance. You can stay. I’ll call your mom.” Ewan said, going up the stairs with Brian following. Lance sighed.

“Are you just going to keep me here like this?” I leaned up and kissed him. He put his hand on my damp face and I pulled away. I put my head back on his chest and closed my eyes. “I think I can stay here like this. Its not all bad.” Lance petted my head and we soon fell asleep.

In the morning I woke up to see Lance gone. I heard the toilet flush in the bathroom and he came out soon after. He smiled and walked back over.

“I didn’t leave if that’s what you were thinking.” He sat next to me and I climbed into his lap, resting the side of my head on his shoulder. “Are you okay?”

“I’ve been better. I’m just glad someone’s here with me. I’d probably still be crying if you weren’t here.” He put his arms around me. “I miss him so much.”

“I know. Like I said last night you will see him again someday.” I closed my eyes.

“Jordan?” I hummed a response. “I know this really isn’t the best time, but...” I opened my eyes and looked at him. “I need to know why you broke up with Jc. If you want to tell me later you can, but...”

“Don’t worry. We broke up because e we both felt our relationship wasn’t the same anymore. He felt it was time, and so did I.”

“I’m glad you guys are on the same terms.” I nodded my head. “So where are you and I?” Lance asked quietly. I sighed.

“I talk to you after breakfast.” I stood and walked up the stairs to the kitchen. Lance followed. We both fixed a bowl of cereal and ate silently. When Brian and Ewan came in later they could tell there was tension between us. They didn’t say anything about it though, just saying good morning and fixing there own breakfasts. Afterwards I went upstairs to get dressed. Lance headed home to shower and change. I was sitting on my bed when he came back over. His hair was a little damp from the shower.

“You took a shower? That was quick.” I said, standing and walking over to my dresser.

“Why are you wearing that?” I looked down at my clothes. It was a black button up, with jeans and a tie.

“Because I wanted to?”

“It looks a little formal.” He walked into the room. “And guy-ish for a girl.”

“I want to wear it okay? Want me to change?” Lance shrugged and dug through my dresser. I put my hands on my hips. He pulled out a tight t-shirt that was very flashy of my cleavage. I took it out of his hands.

“Come on, put that on instead.” I growled and took the tie off, throwing it into his face. He chuckled and watched me unbutton.

“You act like I’m stripping for you.”

“Aren’t you?” I swayed my hips back and forth and slowly turned around. He laughed and walked up behind me, placing his hands on my hips. “There we go.” I smiled and shook my hips more, slowly sliding the shirt off of my shoulders. He breathed on my neck and I turned my head to face him.

“You trying to get me naked?” I whispered. I had only a bra underneath my shirt, which now rested on the side of my shoulders.

“Its working isn’t it?” The shirt fell to the floor and I felt Lance’s hands on my stomach. They were warm and smooth against my skin. He tipped his head forward and kissed my shoulder, licking lightly then looking at me. “You taste good.” There was a tap on the door.

“Shit!” Ewan and Brian had their arms crossed and Lance pushed me out of his arms. I stumbled and covered myself. “We weren’t doing anything, it was just... um...”

“We were here for quite a while and we know you were doing something.” Brian chuckled. I bent over and picked up the shirt Lance wanted me to wear. It was a black slip that followed my curves and was slightly see-through. As long as my bra was black it worked as a shirt. I pulled it over my head and stared at the floor, adjusting myself.

“How long have you two been an item?” Ewan asked. Lance shook his head. “Oh your not an item? Then why were you touching her when she’s dating someone else?”

“Dad.” They looked over at me. “Jc and I haven’t been dating for a while now. We both ended it.” Ewan looked at Brian who gestured over to us.

“Oh. Thanks for telling us. But still, you shouldn’t be trying to get my daughter naked Lance.” Lance blushed and I folded my arms across my chest. “When you two aren’t even dating, it can lead to a lot of problems okay?”

“Yes we understand. Right Lance?” I asked, looking at him. He nodded. “Can we be alone?” Brian nodded and pulled Ewan downstairs. I leaned against the wall.

“Now, is this shirt better Lance?” He looked over. I put my arms out to the side and looked at him. He smiled.

“Its a lot better than the button up. Now you can see you boobs and everything else.” I glared at him and looked down.

“What? This is why I go shopping by myself and not with my boyfriend.” Lance walked over and shoved me against he wall. “Lance, what are you-”

“You are damn sexy and I’m not letting this opportunity be wasted.” He kissed me and I gasped. His hands were on my stomach and I put mine on top. He pulled away and attacked my neck with his lips. I groaned.

“Lance, my parents are right. We aren’t dating and this can become a bigger problem than it is.” He pulled away from my neck, pulling me to the bed. He shoved me down onto it and I fell on my back. He walked to the door.

“We will be dating, that’s for sure. Now,” He shut the door and locked it. “We have our fun.” He walked over and I scramble up the bed. Lance climbed on me and kissed me again. I didn’t stop him. He ran his hand under my shirt and moved down to kiss my stomach. I gasped and he soon got my shirt above my breasts. He didn’t waste time with getting them free. He was licking my nipples and I panted. There was a rapping at the door and I heard all the guys outside, banging and yelling at us to open the damn door. I pushed Lance off of me quickly and ran to the door, fixing my top. I unlocked it and jerked it open. Justin and Chris fell to the floor. Joey chuckled. I looked over at Lance and he was flushed.

“Oh man, Lance you are so flushed.” Jc said walking in. “I didn't know you got over me that quickly.” I patted his back.

“You wish C.” I pulled my shirt down and adjusted my breasts. “I still can't believe you got this for my birthday.” Jc shrugged.

“Then I was able to rip it off of you.”

“Not any more.” Lance said.

“Damn...” Chris whistled. “I thought you and I had something.” He said, walking up behind me and hugging me tightly. His arms were over my chest and I threw my elbow into his chest.

“Yeah right.” He fell back laughing.

“You pack a punch girl.” Chris looked up at me.

“Duh. I have to if I'm going to keep your hands off of me.” I looked back over at the door. Lance walked over and put his arms around me from behind.

“Yeah Chris. I'm the only one who can hold her like this.” I glared at Joey and Justin who chuckled. Jc didn't pay attention and I felt bad. He didn't want me to move on so fast, I could tell. I didn't want to move on so fast either and I could also tell Lance was rubbing this into his face. I pushed Lance off of me and walked up to Jc.

“We aren't dating. He's just trying to get into my pants.” I kissed his cheek and went downstairs. I reached the kitchen and got a glass of water, staring into the side and watching the condensation build. I chugged the whole thing and put it into the sink. The others came down and Justin came over and hugged me. “Um... Justin?”

“Sorry about your cat.” I nodded my head. I forgot all about Archie. I hugged him back and he let go. “Really, I am. He was very strange, but lovable.” Joey and Chris hugged me too and I shrugged.

“He couldn't last forever. But I wanted him to live longer and not die in so much pain...” I rubbed my face and sniffed. Jc patted my back. “Are yal gonna help me bury him?” They nodded. “Because there's only half.” They all nearly threw up and started crying themselves. I'm like that; I can cry then talk about the harshest parts of a death without tearing up again. “Sorry....” They glare and we go into the living room. Jc holds me back from leaving though.

“Look... if you want to date Lance I'm fine with it. Really.”

“No you aren't. Besides, I don't want to date him. Yeah, he's hot but I don't want a relationship right now. With anyone.” Jc looked at the ground and hugged me.

“I love you and I really want you back. I know I said I wanted to end it too but you don't want me and...”

“It wasn't going to work out.” I hug him back. He lightly kissed my neck.

“Do you think... maybe in the future you and I might have a chance? Or are we over for good?” I sigh.

“Maybe, just maybe C. I...” I turn my head to look at his face. He looks so hurt and lonely. I don’t know why I did that then, but it felt good. I kissed him and he held me close, not letting me go. “Jc...” I pull away from his lips. “Please. Right now I... I need time. For what it is, I really don’t know but the thought of dating anyone scares me. I think it’s the medicine.”

“Get off of it then.” He kissed me and I pulled away again.

“No. I was so dependent I needed all of you so close to me. Especially you and when Lance said he wanted me too and couldn’t take it and knew I needed to get help. I sort of snapped, in a good way.” Jc kissed my shoulder and neck. “Now, I don’t want to date anyone. School and being able to get a great job as a Physiatrist is the greatest thing I can hope for. Do you understand?” Jc looked at me, nodding. “Someday, but now lets be friends and fix that.”

“Can I just have one last kiss?” Jc kissed me again, licking at my lips but I didn’t respond. Though it was very nice, I just didn’t want to pull myself into that. Jc pulled away and hugged me. Kissing my forehead, he pulled away and nodded. “Okay, we do need to fix stuff because before if I did that you’d push me to the floor so fast.” I smiled and bit my lip. “Friends.” He shook my hand and we turned around.

“Dude when not everyone walks out of the kitchen, we usually listen in. And in some cases watch.” I smacked my forehead. The kitchen was right next to the living room, no door there to stop sound and stuff. Lance looked confused. Chris just smirked. “What is it that you do Jc to have her push you to the ground?” Jc grinned and quickly growled with a frown, making Chris screech and run from the room with him right next to him. I saw him jump on his back laughing. *Best buds no matter what...*

“I’ll go pry him off before something gets hurt.” Joey went over and saved them before they fell off the little step into the living room. Justin looks at Lance and leaves too, getting the message. I buttoned up my shirt so my cleavage wasn’t showing. I felt better that way.

“So, I don’t love me?” Lance asked. I shook my head.

“I do love you but not that way. I don’t feel that way towards anyone right now. Maybe Jc and I will have something again, and maybe you and I but...”

“Do I get a kiss or am I off limits to that?”

“I didn’t kiss Jc. He kissed me. I let him.” Lance walked over.

“Do I get to kiss you?” I looked at the ground. “Or because of the fact Jc once had you he can do that?”

“Lance, don’t be pissed. Please...” I looked up at him. He kissed me anyways, but instead his was light and he pulled away quickly. I still didn’t respond in anyway.

“I won’t be. Just, damn women can be confusing.”

“I can’t help it. I just can’t get my point across to men whose hormones have the IQ of rocks.” He blushed and I cracked up. “I have communication issues, you know that. I’m not confusing, you just don’t get it.” He nodded, and we both laughed loudly.

“What’s so funny?” Chris yelled. I walked out and smiled.

“Oh, I was telling Lance how men’s dicks have IQ’s equal to that of rocks.” They looked at me confusingly and then they got it. I fell to the side laughing at their looks.

“You are so bad! I’m telling your daddy. BRIAN! EWAN!” Justin yells. They come walking upstairs. “You kid’s teasing us.”

“How?” I told them both what I said with a straight face and they grinned. “We were the same.”

“You still are.” I mumbled. I felt a pillow hit my head and I cracked up again. “I’d say that same about myself but I don’t have a penis.”

“I’m sure we could think of something.” The guys huddle and talk, Ewan and Brian walking downstairs. I lean against the wall, deciding to play with them a little. “Got it!” They turned and all jaws drop. My belly was showing; pants were undone

showing lacy underwear; my whole bra showing and some. My hair was ruffled too and I licked my lips.

“What is it?” I run my hand slowly down my chest and Chris stutters trying to get it out. My point is proven instantly. “See? When your hormones start to awaken,” I walk over to them and strut my stuff. “Your IQ lowers and lowers till you can’t even say a simple word but a groan or a whimper to show how you feel. Women, though, can be so horny and hot but still say intelligent things.” I feel my breast and smile. They groan and whimper. “That’s why men are so easily trained. All they want is one thing...” I lick my finger and slip it into my belly button. “Sex and sex and more sex with a hot babe.” I take a deep breath and they go wide-eyed. “So, what is it you were going to say?”

“When,” Justin swallows. “When your hormones awaken,” Justin rubs his face. “You... um...”

“Get so sexy!” Chris said. “I just want to lick you everywhere.”

“Nope. Not interested.” I quickly button my pants and my shirt, fixing my hair and smiling. “Thanks for the offer though.” I walk out the front door so I can take care of Archie. The others ‘adjust’ themselves and follow. I love to tease.

Epilogue:

I sat in the front row. Who knew I would be sitting as 2nd in my class? Lance was 7th, Jc was 12th, Justin was 13th, and Joey and Chris were tied at 20th. Surprisingly we all had straight A's. They called up the first row and I stood, walking up. Under my gown was a dress my parents forced me into, while the others were in suits. I was wearing converse to the school colors, red and green, which Chris wanted to steal. The guy in front of me was handed his diploma and scholarship he accepted. I was next, full name being announced: Jordan Glenn Beatrice Southern. I looked out into the crowd, seeing Ewan and Brian and grandparents and some other peoples. *I wish they were here.* I took my diploma and my scholarship to Nevada I accepted. The guys were heading there too, which was the plan all along since junior year. I walked to the side and smiled at Lance who smiled back. When we headed back to our seats, we smiled at the others when they accepted their diplomas and scholarships. Afterward, when all speeches were given and all special awards were handed out, we all stood and threw off our hats. I quickly ran over to the others.

“Oh my god. We are finally out of high school!” Chris cried, spinning me around. I laughed. “And we are going to the same college too!”

“I know.” Chris put me down and I laughed. “I can't believe I'm 2nd smartest. I thought I was way worse than Chris and Joey!”

“Hell no! Your way smarter than us all combined.” Jc said, pecking my cheek. Lance grabbed me and kissed me too, followed by the others. Chris played funny and kissed Lance on the lips and he spit on the ground. We all laughed.

“I just had to do that dude.” Lance growled, but smiled anyways.

“I love yal so much. I still wish my family was here.” I stopped jumping up and down.

“But they were... oh.” Justin stopped his jumping and looked at me. “They were watching for sure.”

“Yeah.” They all said in unison. I looked up at the sunny sky. I smiled and hugged all the guys.

“Your right.” I kissed them all and ran over to my family. My new family. “Your right.” I hugged my dads, my grandparents, and everyone else.

Come what may. No matter what I will make it through knowing I have Ewan and Brian. Yeah they didn't start out raising me and aren't biologically related to me, but they are family. Family = the people you care about and who care about you. That's what they are. Those people watching me from the sky are the ones I will be with when I die, but so will the others. All of my family will be there by my side... till the end of time.

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