

CHAPTER 1:

I opened my eyes. Darkness was all I saw, but I knew someone else was in here too. I sat up in my bed and leaned over, turning on my light. No one was there, but I was sure I could feel something or someone in the room too. I left my light on and snuggled back under my sheets. I closed my eyes and I saw it. I saw my little sister standing there, next to my older sister. I opened my eyes, and it vanished. *What the hell?* I rolled over, burrowing my face into my pillows. I then saw my family there, applauding? Congratulating me on my graduation? I smiled. I believe in ghosts and spirits, so then I figured I was feeling them in the room with me. I was watching them crying and saying “We are so proud of you! We knew you could do it!” I smiled and fell back to sleep. In the morning I would be leaving to school with the others. Our parents joined together on money and got us all first class tickets on the plane.

“What? You think I would pay for it all? They want some credit for their kids too.” Ewan said. Brian laughed and Chris started to spin me around.

“Hell yeah, first class! Hell yeah, first class!” He kept chanting it and I couldn’t keep a straight face. Leave it to Chris to make everyone laugh. My bags were all packed, sitting down by the front door. I was in the co-ed dorm with the guys; hopefully I was near at least one of them. Tomorrow was going to be crazy and hectic, but fun. Our parents were driving us all to the airport and saying good-byes I knew were going to be emotional. I can picture Chris grabbing Joey saying “Good bye man! I’ll miss you!” He is that dramatic. *Leaving is going to be hard but I can’t stay here forever! I’ll come home on holidays and stuff. Man this is going to be great...*

“Jordan, you ready? Come on!” I stared at my room. Brian came jogging up the stairs. “Come on.”

“But I haven’t eaten yet!”

“We’re going out! Come on slowpoke! Your stuff is in the car already.” Ewan smiled from where he was by the door. I grinned and Brian and I ran down the stairs. I sat down in the back and Brian drove. Ewan was grinning.

“What are you grinning for? Glad I’m leaving you after what, seven years?”

“No, I’m just proud of you and I’m sure your family is too.”

“I know they are.” I looked out the window. We soon pulled up in front of the diner and got out of the car. Very big and filling breakfast and an hour car ride later I was at the airport waiting for someone else to show.

“J! Over here!” I turned my head to see Joey running over with Lance behind him. Their families were not far behind.

“Oh... its you.” I sat back in the chair and looked disappointed. Joey huffed.

“Fine, be that way missy.” Joey sat down next to me, out of breath. “Come on Lance. Sit.”

“I can stand if I want. Hey Brian, Hey Ewan.” They waved at him and he waved back. “How was the drive up?”

“Good. Jordan was quiet for once instead of blabbing her mouth off.” I grinned at Ewan, closing my eyes and making an effort to be sarcastic about it. “It was very nice too.”

“I’m glad. My ride, however, was very loud. Stacy kept yapping her head off into my ear about college life and I put my iPod in my luggage.” Lance growled at Stacy who in return hit him on the head with her book.

“Just keep those things in mind bro.” Lance rubbed his head and sat on my right. “Joey seemed to have lots of fun.”

“Of course! Playing with my siblings and beating them, rubbing my perfect life into their faces.” He sighed and leaned back, putting his hands behind his head. “It was the best.”

“Wow you’re a jerk.” I patted his knee and he groaned.

“Here comes-”

“Hey guys!” Chris came skipping over and sat down on my lap. I grunted and patted his head. “Yal have a good trip over?” We all nodded. “Good cause I did too.”

“That’s good Chris. Do you know if Jc and Justin are on their way? We do have about an hour before we have to board the plane.” I said. Chris shrugged.

“Beats me. I know when I drove by Justin’s place his car was still in the driveway. I didn’t exactly see anyone in there either.”

“We saw you drive past dude and we were in the car! Man you do need glasses.” Justin came over and sat next to Joey. “Hey.”

“Hey Juju. Good car ride?” I leaned my head back to see Justin. He looked at me.

“It was okay. Just glad its over.”

“Same here Justin.” Lance said. “Same here.”

“Just try have two little annoying...” Suddenly his little brother jumped into his lap and Justin groaned. “Here’s one of them now.” His brother giggled and Justin held onto him.

“Hi everyone!” He said, waving at us.

“Hey.” We waved back. Justin groaned again.

“This is why I am going to a school WAY out of state.”

“Tee hee-hee.” I put my arms around Chris’s waist and he leaned back into me.

“Your soft.” His head rested on my shoulder and I smiled.

“Where is the last one? Mr. I-am-probably-sleeping-on-the-way-here.” Joey asked.

“I’m *yawn* right here.” Jc walked over and sat on the ground, leaning back onto Justin’s legs. His brother played with his already messy hair.

“Wow you look like the dead C.” He nodded. “Must have had a wonderful morning.” Joey said. Jc closed his eyes.

“Funny now let me sleep.” Jc rubbed his face, slapping at Justin’s brother. He giggled and stopped playing with Jc.

“I love his hair. Its all over the place.” I laughed and Justin put his brother on the ground. He walked over to his mom who picked him up.

“My, I can believe my boys all grown up and going to college!” Lynn Harless said. Justin groaned.

“Mom, come on. You knew this day would come.”

“Oh I’m just going to miss my baby boy. It seems just like yesterday you were running down the street all naked like.” Justin blushed.

“Mom! Please save me my dignity!”

“I remember that!” Chris said. He pointed at Justin. “I was laughing when I saw your mom running after you. You were just smiling. I also remember seeing EVERYTHING bouncing up and down.” Justin groaned and covered his face. I cracked up.

“That is what parents do Juju. They embarrass us and when we leave it’s a victory on both parts.” I then pushed Chris off of me and his sister caught him, but they both fell to the ground. “Ha. I don’t have any siblings to bug me. I’m so lucky.”

“Yours are sort of here but not here.” Jc mumbled. His sister climbed onto his lap and Jc pulled her up, his arms going around her. She smiled. I sat there and watched. Lance was talking with his sister Stacy; Joey was conversing with his brother; Chris was playing with his youngest sister; Justin was talking with his other younger brother; Jc was holding his sister. I was seriously missing out so I closed my eyes. I felt a hand on my back and it started to rub. I opened my eye slightly, seeing Ewan talking with Chris’s mom and rubbing my back. I sighed and closed my eyes again.

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“Oh I’m going to miss you!” That was all I heard coming from the moms. Dads were saying “Good luck son. Don’t do anything stupid.” I was happy my parents wished me luck, knowing that we’ll miss each other they didn’t say it. Neither did I. I had to pull drama-king Chris to the plane because he was making a scene with his sisters. I waved bye to them all and got into the plane, sitting down. I was next to Chris, oh how lucky I was. He ended up sleeping and I was on my laptop listening to my music. I felt a tap on my shoulder not long into the plane ride. I turned to see Jc and Lance sitting across from me. Behind him Justin and Joey were fast asleep. Pure luck we were near each other.

“Hi Lance. What do you want?” I pulled my earphone out and he grinned. He pointed at Jc who was fast asleep. He pulled out a sack from his bag and it was full of candy. “What do you want to do?”

“He’s dead when he sleeps. Come on.” He opened a wrapper and placed a candy in his ear. He didn’t flinch. I laughed and stood up, walking over to Joey’s bag. I pulled out his camera and videotaped it.

“Dude your evil.” I looked over at Joey and Justin, lying in a position very much to ‘snuggling’. “Dude this is more evil!” I zoomed in. Justin sighed and buried his face onto Joey’s shoulder. Joey rested his head on Justin’s. I turned and looked at Chris. He was talking in his sleep and drooling. I zoomed in on him and he yelled out, “No munchies mommy.” I cracked up and turned back to Jc and Lance. Lance had candies all over Jc who was still asleep.

“This is so funny. When he wakes I’m screwed, but I’ll get off the plane before he wakes!” Lance put the bag away. I laughed and showed Lance what I got. “You have to upload that so we can have it without them knowing!” I nodded. Rummaging through Joey’s bag, I pulled out the USB cord and attached it to my laptop. Lance leaned over my shoulder, watching as I downloaded the video. Once saved, I deleted it off the camera and put everything back. Lance sat down in his seat grinning and covering his face. I put my headphones back on and smiled.

“They will kill us when they find out.” I said, looking over at Lance. He nodded and looked back. We high-five and looked at each other. I turned back to my laptop, feeling Lance’s eyes on me. I was about to look back again but Joey woke up. He screamed and threw Justin back. Justin hit his head and woke up. They look at each other and blush.

“Your awake Joe.” Lance grins, looking forward.

“Oh your dead Bass.” Joey was about to stand but a flight attendant walked passed and he smiled at her, sitting back down. “Once we get off this plane.”

“Sure Joe.” Lance leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes. I looked at him. Ever since I said to them I wanted to wait before I started to date again, I can feel them flirting with me. Then again the others do too but then I can feel something there. I smiled and close my eyes, leaning back into my seat. *I still think Ewan was grinning about something else...*

CHAPTER 2:

“Man, I am beat.” I stretched once we walked off the plane. Once away from crowd of people and waiting for our luggage, Joey held his promise and chased Lance through out the airport. He caught him and tackled him. The others watched while I just yawned and grinned. I saw my red bag and pulled it off to the ground. My other bag was near it and I grabbed it as well. “Hey guys come on and get your bags! I’ll call a cab for us.” Joey dragged a giggling Lance back and they waited for their bags. I laughed and walked outside.

“Whoa.” Jc’s jaw dropped when he saw the main lobby of our dorm. It had couches, a big TV, a pool table, and plenty of other stuff too. And we still had to check out the other buildings.

“Hello. I’m your dorm adviser. You can call be Alex.” He walked over and shook our hands. By the looks of it he was gay which made me like him more. “Welcome to Harvard!”

“We’re glad to be here.” I said. He smiled.

“If you need any help my room is the first on the left. Have a great day and I’ll see yal at orientation!” He waved and walked outside. I chuckled.

“Was it me, or did he seem gay to you?” Joey asked. We all nodded. I walked over to the list where rooms were posted and I found I had a single.

“Oh thank god I’m alone.” Justin looked over my shoulder.

“If the rooms are set up like I think they are, I’m across from you with...” He pouted. “Chris.”

“Yay! We’ll be dorm buddies!” He walked over and hugged Justin. Justin groaned. I knew he wouldn’t mind. We all joked about Chris. We always joked about each other.

“Well let me see...” Joey pulled us away and read off the list. “By the looks of it I’m with no one too! Sweetness!” He high-fives me and I look at Jc.

“You and Lance are together. You’re my next-door neighbor.” Jc smiled and so did Lance. They would enjoy this.

“Shit I’m right next to Chris and Justin. God that is not gonna be pleasant.” Chris smiled.

“Hey, you know what that means? We all are together! We aren’t scattered about, now that’s cool.” Chris acted all gangster trying to find the right hand signs and Justin had to help him. I nodded and picked up my bags.

“I’m gonna go find my room. Come on yal.” I walk though the main lobby. Getting to the stairs I walk up them and reach our hallway. I scan the doors, looking for my number.

“Where are the... oh here it is!” I look at the room number. “113. That’s my number.” I knock and open it. Small but cozy: a bed, a desk, and a dresser. “Yep this is mine.” I see two different doors and figure a closet and maybe a bathroom?

“Good cause that means this is ours.” Jc and Lance walk next door. Chris goes across the hall, going into the room and claiming a bed.

“I wanted that one!” Justin yelled.

“Too late baby.” Chris rolled over and Justin tackled him. Joey sighed.

“Don’t worry Joe. If you want you and I can trade?” Joey shook his head.

“I’ll save you the torment.” Joey goes into his room. I turn and head back into mine. I set my bags on my bed and look out the window above my little nightstand. I look out and see a big tree in the way and bushes. I liked it a lot. A little grass view too but it was nice. I started to unpack. An announcement is heard over the intercom.

“Attention Freshman!”

“God I hate being called that!” I said, looking up at the digital clock above my door. It had a speaker above it.

“Don’t worry! We won’t use these things unless necessary. Orientation starts in ten in the main lobby of the co-ed dorm. See yal then! Alex out.” You can hear it hang up and I smile. I can really get to like him.

“Damn I already hate him.” Joey said, leaning against my doorframe. “Come on. Lets walk together. We aren’t that far.” I stand from my bed and look around. I see a little key sitting on my dresser. I grab it, shutting the door and locking it.

“Yay it works.” I put it on my key chain while walking down the hall with Joey. “You ready for college?”

“Yeah. You?” I nod. “It’s going to be so weird being called freshman again but we are in college now. To high-school people, we are the cool ones.” I laugh.

“Very true Joe. But we are the lesser here.”

“Yeah but it will be fun.” We get to the lobby and sit in front of the TV. People start to file into the lobby.

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“So...” I ignored him. He was just going to sit there and tries to make small talk until he realizes I am busy and gives up. “You have three classes? I’m stuck with let’s see...”

“Justin you do realize that no matter how much you try to make small talk you are going to end up leaving in like a few seconds?”

“Yeah I know. It passes the time. I have a History class and some Geography class as well. The next semester...”

“Justin?”

“Um, yeah?”

“Go bug Jc.”

“Great idea! I’ll do that after I finish this sentence.” The sentence was basically a novel without any punctuation. I think Justin has learned to breath through his skin. He finally left after an hour, which I spent most of the time with my headphones in ignoring his babbles and trying to figure out the large campus and my daily schedule; O.C.D. in overdrive.

“Knock, knock.” I groaned. At least it wasn't Justin. But Lance could have his days for sure. “Can I come in? Justin might have talked you into an episode so I just want to...” Lance pushed the door farther open and came in. He lightly closed it and sat on my bed. I peeked out of the corner of my eye. He was scanning my small room. He saw the door to my bathroom that I was sharing with Jc and Lance. Oh how wonderful that was. “You know we aren’t going to do anything stupid with you since we are neighbors. Just be glad Chris and Justin aren't your neighbor. I’ve already seen Joey pulling his hair out once already.”

“Might as well do a buzz cut. Pull a Justin.” Lance chuckled and walked back over to me, leaning his head over my shoulder. “What are you doing here again?”

“O.C.D. in overdrive Jordan?” I nodded. He chuckled and I could feel his breath on my ear. I shoved him away. I sighed.

“I guess I am just going to have to work on this later. Want to walk around the campus? Get some dinner?” Lance shrugged and walked to the door. I sat on my bed, pulling on my shoes. Tying them quickly I walked to the door and Lance opened it. “Let me just grab my sweatshirt that’s back there.” Lance walked out into the hall and I pulled it down. “Got ya.”

“What?” Lance looked at me funny.

“Ladies first.” Lance groaned and walked down the hall. I chuckled to myself, shutting and locking the door and skipping down after Lance.

“So you know where you are going next week?” Lance put his hands into his pockets and nodded, looking at the trees. “That’s good. Don’t want you getting lost now do we?” Lance grinned.

“You would love it if I did though.”

“Well for sure Bass. It would make my day even brighter.” Lance bumped me and I bumped him back. “Race ya.” I picked up my pace and increased into a fast run. Lance wasn’t too far behind me.

“Why is it if we want to go anywhere with you, you want to race?”

“You can easily say no by continuing walking.”

“Too late now.” Lance’s pace quickened and he ran passed me. I picked up mine and caught up rather quickly. It was like that till we got to the Science building. Next door the first level was our destination: food.

“Beat you.” Lance bent over at the door and I slowed to a stop. “Ha, ha, ha.” Lance coughed, sitting up and stretching. His shirt rode up and I stared. All the guys had a hot stomach, but Lance was... well damn it was mouthwatering.

“Well, sometimes you win sometimes you lose.”

“You’re staring at my tummy.” I blinked and looked at his face. He was grinning. “I’ll flash you if you want.” I sarcastically smile and pushed the door open with the last of my strength. Feeling Lance’s hands on mine was hot. Literally my hands were sweating even more than they should. Once we were inside I wiped my hands off and Lance had a little strut in his step.

“What are you doing?”

“I know I’m hot. You don’t have to flatter me by staring and blushing so much.”

“Okay I’ll admit I was staring but I do that to all of you. And I am flushed because of running you dick. The only way I would blush for any guy is if I just broke his dick riding it.” Lance covered his face and I strutted into the cafeteria.

“I am so not letting cowgirl touch me now.” I went to the buffet, grabbed my food, paid and sat down. Lance did the same. We talked through it and walked back. That’s when the sun started to set and the real beauty of the campus started to show.

“Come on Lance lets go up here.” I pulled him up the hill near our dorm.

“God no. We were running not to long ago.”

“Shut it.” We got to the top and he gazed in awe at the sun setting over the trees and buildings. “This is something to remember.

“Oh yeah... sitting down.” He sat on the warm grass and leaned back on his hands. I lie on my stomach and kick my feet up and down. I felt a hand on the back and didn’t see Lance, but Jc sitting down on the left. Soon the others were gathering around us and watching as well.

“You know, this is something that makes you want to be quiet.” Justin said. I chocked a laugh and grinned, looking at him funny. “Its true.”

“Yeah but the fact you said it makes me want to report this to CNN.” The others laughed and Justin gave us the bird. We just sat on the hill, peaceful and happy we are able to be here together and enjoy life’s rich blessings. Until Chris farted and I stood, walking down the hill while the others tackled him to the ground.

“You’ll always be friends, but something can always ruin the mood that brings out the child in us all.” I run back up the hill and sat on the top of the pile. “I’m Queen of the Dorkus’s!”

“Yeah, yeah, yeah.” I heard Chris mumbled from under Jc. You never be the first one to tackle someone, cause your worse off then the guy on the bottom.

“Come on Yurtle, time for the turtles to rest.” I pouted, climbing off of Joey who climbed off of Lance who climbed off of Justin who climbed off of Jc who rolled off of Chris who groaned and had a mouth full of dirt. “Come on Mack.” Joey runs down the hill with Justin behind him. Jc skipped down tripping and running into Justin. You can guess that Justin was right about to jump Joey. Lance laughed and walked around the mess to the dorm. I pulled Chris up.

“I hate yal. Besides, it was Joey who farted.”

“He’s getting his.” Chris pointed and did a ‘The Simpson's Nelson laugh’ at Joey. I clapped at Jc’s graceful fall down the hill. “You know, no matter what happens to us we will always be friends. I just know that in my heart.”

“Yeah. Everyone needs friends and when you have a bond like this, it can never end.”

“Come what may...” Chris stood and sang the chorus to COME WHAT MAY loudly to the whole world and got yells from dogs and people. I joined in silently.

“Come what may... come what may... I will love you, until my dying day.”

CHAPTER 3:

I was ready to throw my alarm against the wall. I sat up and nearly used my fist to turn it off. My favorite song is now the most annoying. I'm planning to change it to radio soon. I wonder into the bathroom and brushed my teeth, straightened my hair, and went back into my room to dress. Right when I was about to walk out the door...

"Shit." I put my bag on my bed and used the toilet. I hurried out to the nearest cafeteria for breakfast. I had an hour before my first class.

"Good morning Jordan. I'm guessing..."

"Hey Joe. This is a better schedule for school so far. I might hate it sooner or later so..." I walked up to the pay counter, handing them my food card. They scanned it and I walked to a seat with Joey close behind. He sits across from me and we enjoy a nice breakfast alone until about a quarter to ten, then Chris came in followed by Lance who basically was pushing the dead weight. "And you say I'm a night owl."

"He had a ruff night you could say." I smiled and sipped my hot chocolate. Chris flopped next to Joey with a cup of coffee and Lance sat next to me with his full breakfast.

"So C and Juju are sleeping in with later classes? Lucky bastards." Chris sipped his coffee and burnt his tongue. I saw him flinch but nothing more. He really was dead. Poor guy.

"How about this Chris, later today you and I will take a big nap together." Chris perked up.

"Seriously? You mean it?" He looked like a little kids whose parents promised him some candy if he did his chores.

"Yeah I'm beat myself and I'll for sure be taking a nap later on." Chris sighed happily and sipped his coffee again.

“That will be nice.” Lance jabbed his elbow into my side. When I looked over he was titling his head to the side and looking at me. His expression read, “Why can’t it be me, and why Chris?”

“Oh Lance quit with the face.” He smiled and looked into his coffee. I stared at his face and he looked out at me from the corner of his eye. It looked really... interesting. I shuddered a little from the sight but then we laughed. Joey and Chris looked at us funny.

“What the fuck?” Joey titled his head to the side. Chris chugged the last of his coffee.

“Don’t ask.” Lance and I said in unison. My hand was on the seat, just lying there. Lance pulled his down and it landed on mine. Lance looked surprised; I was shocked. For a few moments I didn’t want to move my hand. Lance made no move either to move his.

Chris yelled, “Chocolate muffin!” randomly and it made my hand shoot up to cover my muffin. Chris had that look in his eye.

“Just get your own dude.” Chris grumbled and stood up, walking to the buffet. I took out a chunk of my muffin, chewing it and savoring the flavor. I was a spoiled child.

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I groaned. First day and Chris and I already have a paper in Psychology to write. We met up with Jc after class. Him and I have our music class together. “Hey C. You got homework too?”

“A little bit. Not much. I can handle it.” Jc seemed to be off in his own little world.

“Dude the last time I’ve seen you like that was when you were with Jordan.” Chris said, pulling his bag higher up on his shoulder.

“So?” Jc blushed.

“Oh you have a crush? That’s great C. Who is she?” Jc looked at the ground and shook his head. “Come on you can tell us.”

“You’ll find out soon enough.” He was hiding something more, but I didn’t pay much mind to it. I patted his back and walked out the door. Chris and Jc followed soon after.

“Wow I really thought you would be hooked on Jordan for a lot longer than this.” Chris said, bumping Jc playfully. I nodded.

“Well I guess its a lot more complex than anyone thought Chris.” I rubbed Jc’s shoulder. He looks up at me. “Yeah I’m not like completely over you, just figuring out maybe its time to move on.” I could see something in Jc’s eyes that told me enough, not everything but enough.

“I get it C. I feel the same way. Your not faking this, are you?”

“No! Trust me no.” Jc chuckled. “I’m serious this time.”

“Yeah. I could tell the last time you said you were over me you were lying pure and true.” Chris raised an eyebrow.

“So does that mean if you’re over Jc, or almost anyways, are you into Lance?” Chris nudged me and I sort of blushed.

“Ha, she is. Wow.” Jc smiled.

“Oh shut up, both of you. I’ve had feelings for Jc and Lance for a long time so don’t be surprised.”

“Just now you don’t have anything holding you back.” Chris and Jc nodded. I picked up my pace and shook my head.

“Damn no secrets can be hid between friends for long now can they?”

“Nope.” Jc and Chris said in unison. I groaned and hurried to the music building.

“Are you disappointed or something?” Jc asked me. Chris ran off to his dorm. Lucky bugger had an hour.

“No of course not. Just the fact I don’t want to seem like a complete girl who has a huge ass crush on her friend. Uhg.”

“Trust me you aren’t classified as a girl because of that. Just nice to know I’m not hurting you.”

“Nice to know I’m not hurting you.” Jc smiled and patted my back. He held the door open for me and we walked in. “But you have to admit to not being surprised.”

“Not at all. Just making sure.” Jc opened the door to the auditorium and we headed in, sitting down near the front.

“Its not like I want to start to date him now.” Jc put his bag in his lap. I put mine on the floor and we sat back in our comfy seats. “Just that I’ve moved on from what we had and there is a higher chance of Lance and I, ya know...”

“I’m happy for you. Really, but your being stubborn.”

“How the hell-?” Jc held up his hand, cutting me off.

“You still want to wait. I understand that, but don’t you think that even if you are putting school first you can still have someone by your side?”

“That is what friends are for.” I sat back in my seat, putting my feet up on the seat in front of me.

“Man, Lance really likes you and wants to date you but with your stubborn brain he has a low chance of it happening.”

“It will happen! Just I don’t know when.”

“You know Lance said that if you don't try anything or don't want to do anything soon he's just going to move on.”

“Then so be it. I don't need to have a man in my life to make me happy.”

“Yeah ya do Jordan. I know you and what you were like since I met you. Even if you're more independent now, you're going to die alone.” I closed my eyes sighing.

“You don't want that do you?”

“No I don't. But if Lance finds someone else then we aren't meant to be and dating would have been pointless.”

“You and I aren't meant to be but was it pointless for us to date?”

“That's different.”

“How so?” I growled at Jc.

“Just shut up will ya? Worry about this person you are lusting after and not about me.” The class started and I tuned Jc out. I started to think about the girl Jc saw and how she could actually be better than me. Self-centered much Jordan? I had a weird feeling that Jc had something more to this little 'crush' than I was thinking. If it was enough to make him move away from me, since I knew how bad he had it for me, then it was something big.

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“Hey Jordan. How was school so far?” Lance caught up to me and I shrugged.

“Good enough to make me want to stay.” Lance smiled. “Jc has a new crush.”

“Oh really? So he's over you now?”

“Do not get your hopes up Lance. I still ain't dating yet so stop grinning.” Lance didn't though, which made me grin more. “But I think this crush is more than meets the eye.”

“How so?”

“That fact of how Jc seemed to secretive about the crush, I feel he's hiding something that's a little embarrassing. I wouldn't know if Chris notice how he was acting.”

“Why not talk to him about it?”

“I tried. He kept bugging me so I had to shut him up by telling him quit worrying about me and Lance and more about... ah shit.”

“Ah ha!” Lance got in front of me and pointed a finger in my face. “I so knew it. I'm not stupid like you think I am.”

“Ignorance is bliss. Now YOU shut up.”

“Uh-uh. So Jc said probably something about you wanting to hook up with me, then you said that's stupid, and he said yeah right...”

“Lance?” He kept mumbling to himself. “Lance?” He started to grin more. “LANCE!”

“So if I do this,” He leaned over and kissed me lightly on the cheek, then pulled away. “You'll blush like that.” I couldn't hide it. “I am smart. You do love me like that but are being stubborn like you normally are.” Lance put his hands on my face and tilted my head up so I could see him. “Why?”

“Because I don't need a boyfriend to make me happy. I don't need to date or have an eternal companion to make my way through life.”

“Why not give it a chance?” I started to walk and Lance followed.

“What difference will it make? Obviously you and I will break up and that doesn't really help.”

“Your stupid. You really are.” I stopped and faced Lance.

“I'm the one thinking logically! Just don't want you to hurt when I tell you, 'Oh I'm sorry but you and I need to break up. I have this shit to do and you shoving tongue down my throat every other minute doesn't help'.”

“So you think our relationship will be sex, sex, and more sex?”

“Well I think that how much you basically pinned me to my bed two years ago and attacked my body lustfully says a lot.”

“Damn it Jordan I'm asking you if we can try to date! Try to be a couple and maybe we will have something way more than you and Jc.”

“I...” I took a deep breath and stood there in silence. Lance watched me. It felt like I was standing there for hours, but I know it was only about ten minutes until I glare and hugged Lance and kissed his cheek. I walked back to my dorm, quickly getting on my computer and hooked into my homework. It helped take my mind off of things. That is... Lance came in, dropping his bag on my bed and standing over me. I shut my eyes.

“Lance...” I felt his hands on my shoulder and I moan when he starts to gently rub.

“I talked to Chris.” I took a deep breath in and let it out in one long breath. “He says that you are afraid that what you and I might have might end up ending abruptly, like you and C.”

“What does Chris know anyways?” I said it quietly and rolled my neck. His thumbs pressed into the back of my neck. I sigh.

“Plenty. And I believe him because you would say the same thing, if you weren't so stubborn.”

“What else did he say?”

“Your not over Jc quiet yet.” I open my eyes and his hands stop moving. He slid them down my arms and leaned close. I felt his breath on my ear and I groan. “I’m not going to push you into anything, but once you are ready to move on I’ll be here waiting for you.”

“Mkay.” I look at his face and he slightly smiles. He turns his face into my neck and kisses it once, twice, three times before standing.

“I have work to do as well. See ya later?” I nod, just barely. He got the hint and left with his bag on his shoulder.

Am I really that easy to read?

CHAPTER 4:

Joey wasn't even looking at me when he said it. "You are too easy to read at times, yes."

"What the hell are you reading anyways?" I jump onto the seat next to him and he shut the magazine and hid it. "Oh, just show me!" I grab reach for it but Joey sits on it. After a long struggle, I am soon rolling on the ground in hysterical laughter.

"Oh shut up already."

"What's so funny?" Chris skipped in and looked at me rolling on the floor. "What did Joe do this time?" I handed him the magazine and he gasped. "You read Cosmo?"

"It had some stuff in here from girls to guys and..."

"He was taking the personality quiz." I said, sitting up. Chris chuckled.

"Its so I can see what type of girl I'm most into!"

"What are you then?"

"A winter." Chris laughed so hard, he fell next to me on the ground and I was crying from how funny it was. Joey soon stood, grabbing the magazine, and left mumbling something to him self.

"Oh man Joey can surprise us all." I sat up and lie on the couch, sighing.

"Yeah he can." Chris cocked his head to the side and looked at me. I shut my eyes, grinning. "I heard you talked to Lance."

"Figured you would say that." I open my eyes, rolling onto my side propping my head up on my elbow. I stop grinning.

"So, you admit to not being over Jc?"

“Who said that? I just... nodded along.”

“Face it Jordan, you aren’t over him and still want him.”

“So what?” I growled at Chris. “Jc just has a stupid crush on some chick and he says he is completely over me when I wanted to get back with him.”

“What about Lance?”

“What about him?” I look at the ground and take a deep breath.

“You want him as well.”

“And, your point is?”

“Oh my god you haven’t decided on them yet?” Chris sat up and looked me in the face. “Dude, Jc is the past. Lance might be the one ya know.”

“I want Jc Chris. I want to go back with him.”

“Jordan...” Chris sighs. “Jc told me the ‘chick’ he has a crush on... is a guy.” I go wide-eyed. My mouth opens and closes, trying to form words but nothing is coming out. I have a tear in my eye but I ignore it. “Jordan...”

“Jc’s gay? This can’t be! It can’t!” I sit up. “I don’t have problems with gays; I love them! But Jc-”

“Is being himself. He knew for a while he was at least bi, but he just can’t love you the way you wish him to. He wants you to move on.”

“Oh, and he said that?” I’m crying now. Who knew it would hurt so much.

“Yes.” Chris reaches up and wipes my cheeks with his thumbs. “He wants you to hook up with Lance and be happy. You should be happy for Jc, Jordan. Happy that he can finally be himself.”

“I am happy for him. But I just... I didn’t know it would hurt so bad and I love him so much.”

“This is for the best.” I sit up and walk down the hall and up the stairs, still crying. For some reason, I wanted to see Lance. I wanted him to hold me, or at least watch me cry on his bed. Later I would talk to C. I would tell him I love him, want the best for him, and congratulate him. I reach their room and knock. I hear Lance say come in and I open the door. Jc was on his bed and they both looked at me.

“Oh my god, Jordan what’s wrong?” Jc asked, sitting up. I stand there stunned. I really didn’t think he was going to be in here. It is his room; he has every right to be in here. All these emotions messed with my brain. I walk next door and go into my room, quickly shutting and locking the door. I fall on my bed and cry lightly, looking at the ceiling. I’ve gotten so emotional ever since I got on the meds. I guess this is who I am, but then again everything was happening so fast I didn’t have time to take a deep breath and figure it all out.

“You need to learn to lock both doors from now on.” Lance and Jc walk in from the bathroom; I roll over and hide my face with a pillow. Jc grabs it and holds it by his side. I grab the other one and Lance does the same.

“Yal need to learn to knock and not to bug a girl in tears.” The bed muffled my voice.

“You’re a friend. We have exceptions.” Jc sits on the bed. “Now tell me: What the fuck are you crying about?”

“I’m PMS-ing.”

“No your not.” Lance said.

“Cat died.”

“Yeah like two years ago.” Jc said.

“If I tell you Lance might be shocked and Jc might get slightly angry.”

“Spit it out!” Jc and Lance both yelled it. I wince and I can hear Jc sigh and Lance pace the room. I roll onto my side facing the wall away from them and spit it all out. Explain all my feelings and what Chris and I talked about a few minutes earlier.

“Jc, your gay?” That was the first thing I heard Lance say. That’s all it took for me to start tearing up and shove my head into the bed again. I wonder if I’m about to PMS?

“Yeah I am. Have a problem with it Lance?”

“No, not at all. Just... surprised.” The room becomes silent. My face implanted into the bed to soak up my tears; Lance sitting at my desk; Jc sitting next to me. I don’t see their faces, but I could figure they both were surprised.

“I’ll be in our room Jc. You know, you guys obviously need to talk.” Lance said this while walking out of the room through the bathroom. I hear two doors shut and I feel Jc’s hand on my back.

“I’ll start, if you want.”

“That would be nice.” I don’t move my face from the bed. We end up talking about stuff for a few hours (Jc being gay and me still crushing on him, that’s really it). By the end Jc and I have a new relationship that even Lance felt when he came into the room.

“Your turn dude.” Jc patted his back and head out the way he came in. Lance smiles and looks over at me. I’m lying down on the bed, staring up at him. I expected Lance to sit on the bed, ask me what Jc and I talked about (like he didn’t hear in the other room with these thin walls) and wonder what about ‘us’.

He did sit on the bed and look at me. But instead of opening his mouth and talking, he leaned down and kissed me. He didn’t move or anything, just waited for me to respond. I pushed on his chest and he finished the kiss.

I looked him in the face. “Lance, like I said before I’m not ready mkay?” Lance’s heavy sigh made me roll him over and climb onto his body. “Someday, but just give a girl some time. What would you say if you left a girl you still loved dearly because she was gay and I wanted you?”

“Your right.” His voice was soft and I lightly rubbed my nose against his. He lifted his face and kissed me again and I returned it, cutting it off short.

“Just give me a little more time. I’ll come to you, deal?” Lance chuckled and pushed me off of him.

“Okay. You want me as much as I want you?”

“In time maybe, but right now I’m disappointed my ex wants cock instead of pussy.” I grinned and Lance shook his head.

“I still can’t believe that guy. He was so in love with you, but in the end...”

“He was in denial for a while. Guess my psychology skills and my love for him were at war. Couldn’t think straight at all.” Lance runs his hand through my hair and we lied on my bed for a while, until the others came bursting in and we hung out. Jc ended up telling the others he was gay, and they were all surprised. Joey left the room to think about it. Jc followed him out the door with his eyes and looked depressed.

“Don’t worry C.” Chris said. “It’s just a big surprise ya know?”

“Yeah, but still. I’m sorry I have to bring this onto you guys.”

“Don’t be. Your being yourself man.” Justin pats his shoulder. “I’ll go talk with Joe. Maybe he just needs to talk this out with someone.” Justin heads out the door. “Don’t worry men!” He calls from the hallway, waving his hand and shutting the door.

“I won’t.”

*

“Jc?” I look over at him. “I’m afraid to move on for some reason.”

“What do you mean?”

“After what we had, I’m just don’t think I should suddenly jump into a new relationship.”

“But Jordan,” He turns his whole body in his chair, and faces me. “We haven’t been together for over two years!”

“But I felt like we would be together again. There was that hope.”

“But we aren’t. I know you don’t want it all that much, and Lance is more than willing to give you what you want.” I shrugged and play a few keys on the piano.

“Still...”

“Give him a chance babe.” He scoots me over on the bench and plays a song.

“I told him to give me a while.”

“Why not go to the dance that’s coming up?” I arch an eyebrow. “That will give you time.”

“Maybe. Come on. The song?” He stops and smiles.

“Side-tracked. My bad.” I smirk and take the pencil from behind his ear and write a few notes on the paper in front of us.

*

A week later, I realize that college and high school are two different things. A lot more studying than before, though the homework is easier along with the schedule. I can make it the way I want it to be. Also, I had more time in the library were Lance constantly was too. I watched him a lot, wondering if I should ask him. When he

looked my way, I smiled big and bright squeezing my eyes shut. He shakes his head with a grin and goes back to whatever he was doing.

I decided to ask him in the weirdest way possible. Normally the male is the one who asks the girl in the most romantic way. I end up shoving a sticky note on his back that read, "Jordan Glenn's date" so no one else would take him. He didn't find it until that night when he changed.

"No wonder girls kept frowning every time they saw me!" He walked into the room shirt-less. You had to admit he was pretty damn sexy. "When did you do this?"

"Morning. Didn't you feel it?"

"I thought you were just patting my back." He sits on my bed laughing and staring at it. "Nice way to ask someone out. And a girl, nonetheless."

"What, a girl can't ask a guy out?" I cross my arms.

"Not what I'm saying, just it's an interesting way and normally the guy asks the girl out romantically and shit."

"My thoughts exactly. You don't mind do you?" I turn back around to the book I was reading at my desk. He spins me back around and furiously attacks my face with his lips. *Damn...*

"Hell no. Just glad I can actually say you're my date for a dance. Jordan Glenn and Lance Bass one mental picture you won't want to miss."

"Eh." I grab his face and shove my tongue down his throat. He growls and straddles my lap. I run my hand down his chest and around to his back to the back on his neck. He moves his mouth to my earlobe, then to my neck pushing my tank strap to the side. "If you must know Jc said I should ask you to the dance."

"You agreed to it though." Lance sucks on my shoulder.

“No dress. Just normal clothes for this dance.”

“I really don’t give a shit. Just be yourself.” Lance grabs my shirt rim and yanks it over my head. He yanks me to my feet and sucks on my lower lip. I moan and feel his hands roaming my body.

“Mmm... Lance you don’t think your rushing, now do you?” He pushes me to my bed and looks down at me with lust.

“No cause I’ve waited so fucking long to do this I’m not letting anything get in the way.” He straddles my waist and moves down around my neck to my left breast. I pet his head.

“Just know I’m a vaginal virgin.” He looks at me confused. “Meaning I’ve never been fucked or made-love to.”

“You and C never-” I shook my head. “Okay then. Not stopping me.” He moves back to my breast. He licks a circle around my nipple, and flicks his tongue over it. He sucks it into his mouth and kisses my breast. He does the same to my right, and then licks a trail down to my waistline. He dips into my belly button and I arch my back, grabbing his hair tightly. He groans and looks at me. I nod my head.

“Go for it.”

“What do you want me to do?” He slowly un-buttons my jeans. “I want to hear you say it.”

“I want you to suck my pussy hard...” My jeans are suddenly yanked from my body, along with my boxers. I was going boy style that day. He pushes my legs apart and smiles devilishly.

“Oh your so wet for me aren’t you?” Jc was never like this. Lance was all naughty words and doings; Jc just did it. It was nice with Jc, but how Lance was saying I was wet made me pant. I nod and he runs his finger up and down my clit. He shoves his middle finger inside me and I gasp at the sudden penetration. It runs around,

pressing against my walls and I arch my back more, hips going off the bed fully. He pushes me back down and uses his tongue instead. I grab my breasts and rub my hard nipples. He sucked my pussy, shoving his tongue into me. He moved it as fast as he could and I was scared to tell him what I would do if I came.

“Lance... I need to...” He shoves his index and middle finger into me and rubs my walls, fucking me at such a fast pace I had no time to warn him. I arch and scream out in pleasure. “FUCK!” I spray all over him and he laughs, moving his head out of the way. He rubs my juices all over my thighs and pussy, sucking up some of it. My sheets were soaked and I was pleased. He licked me clean and moved up my body, kissing everywhere.

He looks me straight in the eye and says, “You are full of surprises.”

“I tried to warn you, but you didn’t give me a break.” I laugh lightly and put my arms around his neck, shutting my eyes and smiling. Never was such pleasure given to me like he just gave it. Jc just made me squirt a little. I just SPRAYED everywhere! “That was amazing.”

“I never knew you could do that, or any girl for that matter.”

“We can.”

“Can you do it again? Only... with something else?” I open my eyes and look at him. I knew what he was asking, and it was about time for me to do it. I roll on top of him and smile seductively, giving him my answer. I pull off his sweats and lick down his chest, spending some quality time with his nipples, and lick down his cock. He smiles and I move under it to suck his balls for a while. I rub a finger up and down his shaft and take it into my mouth. I swallow a few times, making Lance groan so low I could feel it though his body. I flick at his head a few times with my tongue before moving up and down his cock. He pets my head and I look up at him. His eyes are partly closed and his skin on his chest is flushing. He has a grin on his face and his head is sideways.

“I’m ready when you are.” I sit up, right when he was nice and hard for me. He sits up and kisses me. I reach over him to my nightstand, grabbing out a box of condoms. I pull one out, ripping it open. I help Lance slide it onto his cock and he lies me on the bed, legs spread wide.

“Ready?” He kisses me.

“Yeah. Slowly... bad boy.” I wrap my arms around him and gasp at the slight pain I feel when he enters. He keeps pushing in and I stop him after the pain gets too bad.

“Sorry.” He kisses me again.

“Don’t be. All women’s first times are going to hurt.” After a while of kissing, I buck my hips for him to continue on into me. He soon is in me fully and starts to move in and out. It’s slow at first; him and I make light panting and moaning sounds. He picks up the pace and I move my hands to grasp his arms. He grasps a little more firmly to my waist and I move my body against his. His breathing became huffs every time he pounded into me. Mine became high-pitch moans. He fucks me faster.

“Shit, you’re so tight.” I nod and put my arms above my head, letting him move my body for me. I get closer and closer to my breaking point and my moans get louder and my breathing quickens. I was sure Jc was lying in his bed covering his head with a pillow by now. Or Joey and Chris had their ears pressed to the door. Either way, it didn’t change a thing. I came again; this time I was screaming, “Fuck Lance!” loudly and spray all over my bed and Lance. I blush but Lance had already come and he licked me clean. He rids himself of the full condom and lies on my body, flushed. I rub his back with my small nails. He sighs in pleasure, shutting his eyes. I was lying in my own juices and Lance didn’t let me move to change anything.

“I love you Lance.” I said quietly after a few minutes. Lance lifts off of me and pulls the covers over us, tossing the wet ones on the ground. He looks up at me, chin resting on my chest.

“I love you Jordan. I don’t know what my life would be like if you weren’t here.”

“Same for me.” I pet his head and shut off my lamp, closing my eyes. “Night.”

“Night babe.” I didn’t want to say that right now the love I felt was of a friendship.

*

“You were so loud last night I’m surprised I got sleep. You flabbergast me.” Jc smiles and I shrug.

“Guess I bring the worse out in her.” Lance puts his arm around me and I shrug again.

“Whatever; it was fun, that’s all I care about.”

“Why couldn’t I hear it?” Chris pouts. “You should have told me and Justin!”

“Yeah, no. Their sex life shouldn’t be heard. Even if they are that loud and the walls are that thin.” He chuckles. “But everyone got sleep?”

“Yeah.” Joey leans back in the desk chair. He looks down at Lance’s laptop cover that had a sticker on it that reads, ‘I won’t be held accountable for the porn on my computer.’ He chuckles. “So what do yal want to do today? Its our day off.”

“Why not a movie? It won’t be a scary movie like that one time...” I throw a pillow at Chris’s head, but he ducks and it hits Justin off guard. He falls over and everyone laughs.

“Not funny.” He hugs the pillow. “Why not-?” A knock is heard at the door. Justin looks up as Alex pokes his head in.

“Ahh, I figured you’d be in here Jordan” I look over at him. “You’ve got something waiting outside for you.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, its right out front.” Alex shuts the door and I look at everyone.

“Do you know anything about this?” They shake their heads. I stood and head out of the room down the hall to the stairs. The others are close behind. When I reached the main lobby, Alex points out the main door to a motorcycle with a big bow on it. I scream and run out to it, running into a person or two to get to it. The others find me running my hand along the handles and seat, ripping the bow off and finding a note.

Lets hope this got to where you are. A little 'late' birthday and going away gift. Took a while for us to find the one and to ship it down here. Don't kill yourself & your welcome.

Ewan and Brian

“Oh my god you lucky bitch!” Justin cries, drooling over the new bike. “A Harley!” Its frames were white with a red outline. I was going weak at the knees just picturing myself riding it throughout Nevada. “I want this!”

“Hell no this is my baby.” I swing my leg over and sit down on the seat. I grabbed the handles and searched for a key. I stood and found a hidden compartment under the seat. I put it in the engine and started it up. It roared loud and I groan loudly rolling my eyes back. “Damn, my baby's got a purr!”

“Go ride it around Jordan. See how it feels. Then after let Justin and I have a go.” Chris started to pout. I grabbed the helmet and put it on. I shrugged, kicking the bike stand up and riding off through the parking lot and out onto the busy street. I saw Chris and Justin watching in awe. I laugh more and steer through the busy streets. I get on the highway and just the feel of riding at 60 M.P.H. on a bike made me insanely horny. Lance would become my bitch. I was gone for over two hours, driving through the back roads and enjoying the scenery. I love my rich parents. I was soon pulling back into the parking lot and Justin and Chris were waiting eagerly to have a go. I take

off the helmet and hand it over to Justin. He and Chris reached out but I yank it back, shaking my head.

“If either of you put even a scratch in this bike-”

“We die; we know already. Come on!” Justin reaches out more and I give it to him.

“One hour, then Chris. Make sure you lock it up and give me the key afterwards.” I get off and watch Justin climb on. Chris pouts, waiting another hour to ride my baby. I pop my knuckles. I walk into the building and watch Justin ride off, and Chris yelling after him.

“Seriously, only one hour!” I laugh and go upstairs to where the others were snacking in MY bedroom.

“Who said... oh never mind. I’m in a good mood right now.” I jump onto my bed giggling and snatching a cookie from Lance’s hand. He pouts, but grabs another.

“I’m guessing you enjoyed it?” Jc looks over at me with a mouth full of cookie.

“Hell yeah! I’m giving Justin and Chris an hour on it.” I shove my whole cookie into my mouth and grin, crumbs falling out as I tried to chew it.

“You trust them?”

“I went to school with them to learn how to ride that babe. They are both good at it. But if they put even a scratch on it-”

“Don’t kill my friend please.” Lance pouts at me.

“I won’t. And also, for all you to know, Lance is now my official bitch.” I sit there proudly. Lance’s eyes open wide and he starts to cough up his cookie, blushing. The others fall over laughing. “I knew you’d be happy.”

*

An hour later Lance was standing by me as I locked up my bike. I put the key on my key chain and mock cry.

“I’ll miss you baby. Be safe.” I hug the handlebars.

“For pete-sake Jordan it’s a bike. It’s locked up and no one will steal it.” Lance pulls me away from it. “Come on.”

“By baby! Momma’s going to be inside okay?” Lance yanks me harder and I pretend to dab tears. I was laughing and pretend crying by the time he pushed me into my room for the night. “Ahh... I’m done.” Lance arches an eyebrow. “What?”

“I’m your bitch? Seriously.” I smile.

“My biker chick will be you. Every time you ride with me, since you don’t know how to ride one, people will know you as my bitch.”

“Uh-huh.” He shuts the door and I back up, hitting the back of my knees against the bed. He had my cornered. “I think on the bike people may call me that,” I fall onto the bed and Lance shoves me down, glaring at me. “But in the bedroom... you’re my bitch.” He kisses me and I gasp.

“Okay... I’m YOUR bitch.” After another long and loud night, Lance was on his back staring at the ceiling. I was still coming down, panting and flushed. He was good.

“God Lance what is it with you and the bedroom?” I roll over and face him. He smirks devilishly.

“I guess you bring out the worst in me.” I rub his chest. He cocks his head to the side to face me, and my eyes close. I feel him move closer to me and he wraps his arms around me. His chest is against mine and he puts his face in my neck, lightly breathing. I sigh. “But afterwards I just like being close to whoever it was I just did it with. Most don’t like it though.”

“I do.” I put my arms around him and kiss his head. “I love it very much.”

“Good, cause I’m not moving.” I feel his eyelashes flutter against my skin as his shuts his eyes, and I giggle.

“That tickled.” He kisses my skin, but doesn’t move or do anymore. I try to get some sleep.

CHAPTER 5:

“Joey, why do you want me to come with you?”

“Because.” Joey opens the auditorium door. “I want you to support me as I try out. And you owe me that favor anyway.”

I walk in with Joey behind me. “But I didn’t know you wanted me to help you with your part ON stage!”

“Well, yeah.” Joey runs down the aisle and sits down in the front. I follow slowly, really not wanting to get up in front of people. I got stage fright bad if I was alone, but Joey was there and very few people in the audience. What could happen?

“Joey Fatone and Jordan Glenn?” Joey grins and claps his hands, pulling me up. He runs onto the stage, jumping up and down to hurry me up. The director chuckles and a few girls giggle. I groan loudly and drag myself up onto the stage. He chose the act where he was suppose to talk with this girl, then they were to suddenly go into a random duet. He understood completely, but I didn’t. I just nodded along and memorized the little part for Joey.

“Are you two situated?” Joey nods and looks at me. I sigh and agree. “And... ACTION!” I regretted the whole thing.

“Wonderful!” The director claps and Joey bows. I groan and hurry off the stage after the performance. They were performing some book that got turned into a play. Joey says I can go and he talks with the director before following me.

“You piece of shit!” Joey falls to the ground in laughter. “You didn’t say I was auditioning too!”

“Oops?” He chuckles and starts to run when I growled. I run after him and we skid into the kitchen in our dorm building. “And we got that part!”

“God damn you Joey!”

*

“You’ll do great. You can act, and you can sing.” I grumble something under my breath. “Come here baby.” Lance smiles and hugs me from behind.

“You think its funny!”

“No.” But he was laughing so I elbow him in the gut. “Okay, but a little. You’ll be okay. You and Joey got the main part.”

“That makes it all better.” I say sarcastically. “I get stage fright.”

“Not when you get really into it. The audience will be darkened out and unless you really focus you won’t see us that much.”

“Yeah, THAT much.” Lance starts to kiss and suck my neck and I drop my book onto my desk.

“Come on. Joey needs you up there.”

“He’ll be fine with some other chick.”

“No he won’t. You do owe him, and you’ll enjoy it. Have fun with it k?” I turn around and sigh despairingly. Lance moves down onto his knees and kisses my stomach. “I’ll make it all worth while.” I pull him back to his feet and put my hands on his shoulders.

“I can’t do it.”

“Yes you can. I know you can.” He kisses my nose and goes down to my neck, putting his hands into my back pockets.

“Is our relationship just sex?”

“No.”

“Then why do you keep implying it?” I laugh.

“Because... I don’t know. I just like your body.” He pushes into my body squeezing my ass and moaning it into my neck. I giggle and blush.

“You made me giggle.”

“Can I do it again?” He growls into my neck and pulls his hands from my pockets. He pushes me down onto my desk and gets onto his knees. I slip down my shorts and he plays with my underwear. I giggle more and soon he starts to kiss me there and I moan.

“Alright, I’ll do it; only if you do this to me at least once a week. I love it so much.” I throw my head back and run my hand through his hair. “Without anything in return.”

“Deal.” My underwear comes off and I spread my legs wide. He grins and starts to suck my pussy. I groan. His pants fall and he slips inside me after condom is fully on. I gasp and he kisses me. I dig my heels into his back and push him harder. When I came, my desk gets soaked. At least no important papers were ruined.

*

ONE MONTH LATER (nothing good happened during that, just school and play stuff)

*

“You ruined me, for life...” I walk in and Jc is playing on the piano. His song was coming along very nicely and I was proud to be able to help him along with it. I was working on a song myself, which I kept saying wasn’t the best but Jc loved it.

“I don’t want to be in love, I don’t want to feel this way...” I start to sing along with him and lean against the piano, singing along with him.

“All I want to do is stay. Nights and days go by, and I can’t wait to touch your face... again.” We harmonize and once he finishes, I smile.

“I would rather be in the band instead of up on stage.”

“I’m working on some of the songs for the play. Director asked me personally.” He grins.

“Congrats. Joe tricked me into having the lead chick part. I hate romance and I have to play this pathetic chick who doesn’t have a fucking brain.”

“Bimbo who wants one thing and one thing only and the guy screws it up?”

“Yep. In the end, the guy ‘promises’ not to do it again and then she forgives him just like that. I have to kiss Joe!” I hit my head on the piano and mock cry. Jc pats my shoulder.

“Well, tell Lance that and he’ll make sure if Joe tries anything he’ll get a good ass kickin’ from us all.”

“Mostly me. Trying so hard to screw up but Joey’s pout face makes me want to do it.” I stand up and sit next to Jc on the piano bench. “How’s the song coming?”

“Done. Working on another. Maybe it will end up in the play.”

“Maybe, just maybe.” I run my fingers along the keys and press down a chord. I hit another one, and another one, and then I reach over holding down a cord while moving my fingers in the tune I created so long ago. “I just don’t think I’ll do so good in the play. I’m not an actress, I’m more of a musical singing person.”

“You’ll be doing this in the play right?”

“Yeah but crap stuff. Not real music. I’ll just be singing a sentence instead of speaking it like normal people do. And you wonder why I look at musicals so funny.”

“Your going to add a new twist to this whole thing, aren’t you?”

“You betcha.” I start pounding down the key to my song hearing Jc hum along to bits here and there. “So who’s this guy you have a crush on? What’s his name?”

“You don’t need to know. Its not important.” Jc spit out each syllable and smiles at me. I smiles back.

“Mkay I can wait then.” I finish up the song and suddenly an applauding comes from behind me. Jc and I turn our heads and see a few men and women by the door. They aren’t students, that much I know.

“Wow. Did you write that?” A man on the far right asked me. I look at Jc then back at the man.

“Depends on who’s asking.” The man walks into the room and leans against the piano. Jc gasps.

“I’ve seen you before. You’re that guy... Johnny Write!” I groaned my complaint. I had a weird feeling my life was about to take another sudden twist.

“Let me just clarify this whole conversation already. Your going to say well I think your very talented and want to know if I’m, or we, are willing to do anything career wise with music.”

“Wow she’s a smart girl!” Johnny nods his head. “Your right. We came here today because the music professor here is a good friend of mine. He asked me to come and listen to Mr. Chasez play a little. Is that you?” Jc nods his head. He is completely dumbfounded just like me. “Good. Can you play something for me? I would really like to hear you.” Jc stares at me. I can see the excitement in his eyes. He always wanted something in music and I wanted him to have it.

“Go for it C.” I whisper standing from the piano bench and walking around to lean against it.

“Well my best song you sing with me.” My smiles falls and I start to shake my head.

“Well go ahead! I would love to hear you two together.” I hit my head against the piano. It had to be all a dream. I would wake up naked and in Lance’s arms. Yeah, that’s it. Jc started to play his song and when it got to the part I was supposed to join in on, it came naturally. I really wasn’t paying any attention at all that was probably why I could do it. I could sing and play, just not in front of crowds. Jc has always tried to fix that.

He finished the song, and I heard the same applauds. It kind of snapped me out of my daze and made me realize, ‘Ah crap what are they going to propose next?’

“That was great. Really you two have great talent.” The man and woman who now were sitting next to Johnny smiled at us. I really wished I could get out of there then but fate has its ways...

“I really think we have something here.” Johnny and his two ‘assistants’ started to whisper among themselves. I over heard little bits here and there.

“But they are freshmen here aren’t they?”

“Online college.”

“Record deal.” I could see stars in Jc’s eyes when he said that. He was listening too. I slide down next to Jc and whisper in his ear.

“Do you think they might give you a record deal to start singing and writing your own songs for an album?” He slowly nodded his head up and down. His hand lightly rested on the piano keys. “What about college?”

“Like they said online stuff. And the record deal is for you too.” I shook my head. It wasn’t my dream it was his. I didn’t really know what I wanted to do. I was in psychology here, and a little music for fun.

“Okay, so we talked it over.” No shit Sherlock. “We might be able to make this work for you two.”

“Um, excuse me.” I wave my hand in the air a little. “Not me, him.” Jc looks at me in shock. “It’s his dream to go into music not mine. Work with him.” Johnny looks at the others.

“Actually, the idea of having another type of White Stripes thing going on in pop music is great. But we want both of you, not one. I’m sorry.” Jc holds up a finger and drags me off into a corner.

“Jordan you’ve got to do this. If you don’t I may never have another chance.”

“Jc I can’t perform in front of people. Seriously I’m not crazy. Even if I could it wouldn’t work.”

“Yes it would. I may never have another shot at this again and you care for me don’t you?” I sigh and nod my head a little. “Then do this for me!”

“If I did I would ruin you. Just like the song.”

“Jordan...” Jc says it sternly.

“Excuse us.” The woman stands. “We’ll leave this on the piano and be back in a week. Let you think it over.” They wave and walk from the room right when Lance, Joey, Justin, and Chris walk in. Great, just what I needed.

“Oh my god you guys won’t believe this!” Jc runs over. “Okay, so those people who were just in here? They were from Jive records. The music professor is a friend with Johnny Write himself! He wanted them to come by and listen to me play.” Jc made ecstatic hand motions. I slid down in the corner watching in amusement. He seemed so happy. “I played them my song I wrote and have been working on, which I just finished this morning, and they loved it. I could tell from them whispering that it could work.”

“Wow this is great C.” Chris was grinning. Lance and Justin laugh at Jc jumping up and down. He abruptly stops.

“But there is one catch.” I frown. He picks up the paper from the piano and glances at me then back at the guys. “Jordan has do it with me. We have a week before they come back.” That is when I have five pair of eyes look at me bewildered and amused. I shake my head.

“Oh no, no, no, no, no!” I shake my hand. “Do not use them to make me do it! Its your dream not mine!”

“Jordan he may never get a chance like this and neither will you.” Justin said. I whimper.

“You’re siding with him.” I kick my legs on the ground, pouting. I was beginning to throw a temper-tantrum in the corner.

“Come on Jordan. Don’t make me sick Lance on you.” Chris grabs Lance yanking him onto his lap holding his arms. Lance growls.

“I’m not a weapon for your play Chris.” Jc pulls Lance next to him and whispers something in his ear. Lance’s facial features change and I knew I was going to loose this one. I had two choices: 1) I could give in, or 2) I could run. Running sounded nice. The music room had a door that lead outside. I stood and walked straight out the door... with Lance on my heels. I pick up the pace. I would run if I had to. I moan when I feel his hand on my arm and my body being dragged behind the building where no one else could see us. I saw his grin and I couldn’t hide mine.

“Come on Jordan. Jc really wants this and I know you can do it.” I laugh and fall forward into his body. I put my face into his neck. “You’re laughing.”

“Because this is all a dream and I am going to wake up in your arms naked.” I kiss his neck. “This isn’t happening.”

“I’m sorry but it is. If it was a dream you would think its real.” I put my arms around his waist and kiss his neck more, licking his ear. “Jordan seriously...”

“I am being serious. Can’t you tell?” I whisper into his ear. He shudders.

“Jordan, think about Jc. I know.” He pushes me to the wall. “I know that you’re not comfortable on stage, but you are when someone else is. Jc will be there. I know you want this.” He kisses my cheek. I started to laugh again but it was to try to stop the tears.

“Give me a break! This is all so sudden. I don’t... I don’t know. I... I just want... want to be able to go through college with you guys.” Lance wipes my cheeks. Tears were pouring down. “Everything is changing all over again. I can’t do it.”

“Yes you can.”

“First I find out C’s gay, then I have to be in a play, now I am getting into this huge record singing deal that came from no where!” Lance kisses my neck and kisses along my jaw line.

“You have a week. Think about it. Just think, you take it you don’t have to do that play.” Lance runs his hands along my stomach and I move my head so I could kiss him directly.

“Mkay.” I put my arms around his neck and kiss him hard. He pushes me to the wall and we have a huge make-out scene behind the music building. Inside Jc is talking with the others about the whole deal.

I really didn’t know whether or not I should do it. One side I wanted to go through college and maybe become a psychologist and on the other side I would love to become world famous. I had this huge picture in my head of going to college with my friends and boyfriend. Seeing everyone’s dreams come true once we graduate. Instead this guy might just pull me away from them all except for Jc. I cared for them all and wanted to make the best decision about it. I knew just who to consult on the whole thing, the one person who knew what it was like to be world famous.

I decided to talk to them both. I had my phone on speaker in my room. I had the door locked so I wouldn’t be bugged. After telling them the whole thing that happened, I was surprised I got the response I did.

“Your dating Lance? Took you long enough.” Brain said. I fall backwards on my bed rolling to my side facing the phone that faced me. “Congrats on learning about public decency.”

“Wow your straight forward. That’s not really the reason I called. I just wanted to spice up the story a bit. I’m starting to learn to keep something’s to myself.”

“We are gay so don’t worry about that dear.” Ewan stated. “Besides we have done plenty of that before.”

“Thanks for that. I’ll sleep peacefully now knowing my parents are kinky gays.”

“No problem.” Brain sounded distant. “But with that record deal, you’ve got to take it. I’ve wanted to get into music but was never given such an opportunity. You are very lucky Jordan.”

“It’s a great thing for you. Really.” Ewan leans closer to the phone. “You’ll learn to love it.”

“Everyone wants me to do it for Jc but what about what I wanted to do in college?”

“You can still get the degree online.”

“What about the others? I won’t be with them.”

“You never know. You might be able to go to college while doing this thing. Your not going to start touring off the bat ya know.”

“I understand that.” I sit up on my bed and sigh. A soft knock on my door and I said good-bye to my parents and unlocked it. Lance walks in and I fall back to my bed. “Hey.”

“So you talked with them?” I nod putting his hands under my head. “Are you okay?”

“They say I should do it.” I stare at the ceiling. Lance sits on the edge on my bed looking at the floor. “I take it I will either say here at the college or do online stuff.” I look at Lance. “I totally expect this all to happen.” I utter sarcastically. Lance turns around and straddles my waist. He runs his hand up my stomach over my chest, pulling my hands above my head. He looks down at me.

“It’ll all work out in the end baby.” He kisses my stomach then my neck then my lips. I kiss him back.

“It’d better.” He lays his body on mine and kisses me passionately. I move my legs apart and he pushes his body up so he can start stripping me of my clothes. “Once I become rich you’re moving in with me at my big mansion.”

“Mkay. With a big fluffy bed right?” Lance licks my left breast.

“Yeah.” I run a hand through his hair and softly moan. “I love you.”

“Love you too babe.” I partly meant that.

*

Who knew your life could change so fast? One minute I’m a simple girl in college whom’s friend decided to trick her into a play, then after a month I get an offer to go into music. My life is a fucked-up fairy tale on steroids, or just happy pills.

I’m speeding down the back roads and it begins to rain. Didn’t stop me. I’ve been driving all day trying to get something good out of everything that’s happened. If I accepted it I would get out of the play and maybe I could help with the music, if Jc still wants to do it after all this goes down.

I round a corner and two huge lights blind me and I hear a truck horn. “Ah shit...” *Crash!*

I feel like I’m in heaven when I know for a fact the bright lights were from the hospital. I groan loudly feeling myself strapped down to a bed.

“Hello there. What’s your name?”

“I was wearing a helmet you know that right?”

“Honey we need to know your name.”

“Jordan Glenn.”

“Hi there Jordan. You were in a motorcycle crash. Your leg was damaged pretty badly.” I feel them cutting my clothes off me.

“Is my baby going to be alright?” I meant my bike. The looks on the doctor faces meant I was speaking of fetus. “My bike doorknobs!”

“Oh, um... you’re going to have to ask the people who brought you in.”

“I’ll get right on it.” A shooting pain goes up my back and I scream. “Ow...”

“Stay with us Jordan.” I say screw it then the whole lot goes from white to black.

~

I come through to a feeling of pressure on my stomach. I saw white for a second, then a head, and then a voice. It was my dad.

“Took ya long enough.” Ewan smiles. I try to smile but there is tape on my mouth, and a tube down my throat. He makes shushing sounds. “You have a tube in your mouth for a reason darling.” He sits down in the chair next to me. That feeling was still on my stomach and I look. It’s a sleeping Lance, of course. “Yeah he has been there as long as he could.” I really wanted to say something. I squeak. “What is it?”

“Maybe we should give her this.” Brian handed him a pad and paper. I take it and write down my question.

“So am I in trouble for smashing my new bike?” Brian and Ewan laugh.

“We are just glad you aren't dead. I'm sure Lance will be ecstatic when he wakes.” Brain said.

“How long have I been out of it?”

“A day. He hasn't moved.”

“I feel my hand being held down.”

“He's held onto you the whole time as well.” Lance slightly stirs but doesn't awaken. He was so cute when he did that. I squeeze his hand but don't get a response.

“So how bad is it anyways?” I write it down on the pad and give it back to Ewan. He sighs.

“Well you messed up your leg pretty bad. Not only were you knocked who knows how far by the truck but your bike came with you, landing on your body.”

“Never had I see a man cry till this day.” Brain pats Ewan back and he sighs.

“I thought it was bad okay? I trust her with that bike but from now on, if we can fix it, you aren't driving late at night nor in the rain.” I roll my eyes. Ewan stands up from the chair. “We are going to go back to the hotel. Lance will want to talk to you.” I'm wondering how the hell a sleeping man would talk to me but the way Brain hits Lance across the back of the head on his way out answered it for me.

“What the hell was that for?” Lance groggily moaned. Brain points at me then heads after Ewan. Lance turns his head around and smiles. “Thank God your awake.” He squeezes my hand and I squeeze back. “I was so scared.”

“Yeah I know.” I show him the pad and he kisses my hand.

“Did Ewan explain what happened with your leg?” I shook and nod my head carefully. “You could have lost it.”

“Good thing I didn’t then huh?” He smiles and rubs the back of my hand with his thumb. A doctor comes in.

“Parents said you were awake. Good thing to because you won’t need this feeding tube anymore.” *They had to feed me through a tube? I’m thanking God I’m not paralyzed.* I doc takes the tape off my mouth and pulls the tube out. Not comfy at all. “There we go. You’re going to be in here for week or so. Just letting you know.” She smiles and heads out the door. I rub my throat.

“Don’t need this.” I said raspy. I set the notepad down and lie on the bed. “Man this has been a hell of a day, well technically it was a few days ago because I’ve been out of it for a while.”

“Maybe you shouldn’t be talking much.” Lance leans up and kisses me. “I really thought I wouldn’t do this again.”

“Oh I am fine Lance! You can be such a drama queen.” I pet his face and he smiles into mine. I kiss him then shove my hand into his face pushing him down into the chair. He grunts and laughs. “No kissy while I’m sick.”

“Party pooper.” He kisses my hand instead. He licks my palm and I laugh the best I can without it hurting. I moan and he sucks on each on my fingers individually. Chris and Joey walk in at that moment and I just keeping laughing. Only this time it’s at Lance making a complete fool of his self. When Lance starts to moan a little Chris had to speak up.

“Kinky.” Lance spits out my hand sliding far away from the bed. Joey and Chris clap. Lance blushes and I laugh harder, starting to cough and gasp soon after because my chest hurt and I couldn’t stop laughing. Joey rushes over lifting me up and I start to breath normally.

“Don’t make me laugh, it hurts.”

“Laughter’s the best medicine though.” Chris pulls up a chair. Lance was by my side in an instant, holding my hand.

“You act like I’m in labor Lance.” I take my hand back. I don’t think they gave me my ‘happy pills’ that Chris decided to start calling them. “I think I confused the docs when they brought me in. I wanted to know where my bike was so I said ‘Is my baby okay?’ It was so funny.” Joey and Chris laugh and Lance grins.

“You better not be prego cause I ain’t ready to be a father quite yet.”

“You better not!” Jc says walking into the room with a Justin who has a box of doughnuts. He sets them down on a table and all the guys go straight to them. Even Lance. I pouted when I saw Joey taking a big bite out of my favored: chocolate covered cream filled. I was the past and doughnuts were the future. See how well they love me?

“Excuse me?” I said quietly. When that didn’t work I yelled, “Piglets!” They look over at me with doughnut-filled chops. “Thank you so much for bringing the one thing that is greater than me to a hospital... where I am sick!” I cross my arms.

“But do you come filled with cream? Or covered in glaze?” Chris spits doughnut all over the floor.

“If Lance was kinky enough I’m sure I can be covered in glaze and filled with cream.” All doughnuts were put back in the box (I’m surprised no one was puking over the image) and Lance was left standing there with four men glaring at him. He rubbed the back of his neck chewing his bottom lip.

“Thanks a lot dude.” Justin shuts the box and puts it under his jacket. Lance sits back down next to me.

“Sorry.” He murmurs. I pat his knee and snuggle under the blankets.

“I’m going to nap now. I hope maybe I’ll dream about glazes and cream-filled things.” Lance shudders and the others are turned on and disgusted, except for Jc who is just grossed out.

*

After that week was up I was released in a wheelchair. I had stitches in my right leg, and my left was lucky to have mostly healed. My parents were worried about me though, wondering if my leg was going to be fine. I just let them worry, one less thing for me to worry about. I had that whole week to decide whether or not to do it with Jc. He already talked it over with his parents so it was my call: take it or leave it.

I went to the theater first. I got out of the part because of my leg. I pretended to feel sad but when I saw the real-life airhead who was taking my place and the dreamy look in Joey's eyes, well it was for the bet ya know? The director wanted me to stay and help with the music. I agreed so I would be working with Jc on it. My wheelchair fit under the piano. I just will laugh when I hear the director yell, "Joey for the thousandth time I said no boob grabbing!"

I roll my way over to the music building to see if Jc was there. I found him sitting at the piano talking with Johnny. His assistants weren't in the room. The door shut behind me and I face them both. Johnny's eyes read, "Well?" and Jc's read, "God Jordan please!" After the accident I realized that you really don't always get a second chance at things. I sigh really loudly and roll on over to them.

"Where do I sign?"

CHAPTER 6:

Nothing much happened for a while. Hooked us up with a few gigs but with my leg we spent most of our musical time writing and recording for a record deal. We were working with the play too. Johnny wanted to be our manager and try to get Jive to agree to work with us. If not we would try other places. "Don't worry guys. Jive will love it." He tells us that once a song is done and the twinkle in Jc's eyes was the thing that kept me actually doing it. I pushed myself more through my classes and barley had any time to sleep. Jc thanks me from the bottom of his heart. Not much time for Lance and the guys either. Jc is rushing to the studio every chance he gets. He drags me along and a few times I can get him away but he just talks and talks about music. We all know how big this is for him.

"When are you going to tell him your gay?" Jc stopped. Joey stopped chugging his soda and Justin slid down in his seat. The way Chris was looking at Jc he was serious about it. "I'm not going to let my friend lie about his sexuality just so he can have his dream. Be yourself while doing it."

"I haven't brought that up, and neither has he. Lets see how long I can avoid it."

"Jc there are many celebrity gays and my dad is prime example!" I sigh and stand next to him, well actually lean against my cane. My leg still had stitches, and the doctors said a lot of physical therapy or... I'd be like Dr. House you could say. Both caused by the same thing too!

"I'll talk to him. Do you think though your dad...?"

"I'll call him up." I pull out my cell and dial his number. He once told me his coming out story. Really big deal too but he's the first person I would recommend to talking to about this. He might just say to wait and see where your career will take you but who knows. I've wondered if he wanted to come out in the beginning but was stopped. "Daddy?" I hear a snicker from Justin. I flip him off. "Yeah I was wondering, actually Jc was wondering... yeah... uh-huh? Here he is." I hand the phone over. Jc

sighs and ends up pacing the halls for a while talking with him before handing it back to me, and walking out.

“Should we ask?” I put the phone back to my ear. Justin was a curious fellow.

“Dad?”

“Yeah I talked to him.”

“Thanks.”

“No prob, it’s his choice now and no one should force him to keep quiet or come out; especially Chris.” Chris slunk back. He had good hearing or my dad made that loud for a reason. “I’ve got to go, some photo shoot. By darling.”

“Bye dad.” I flip my phone shut and limp my way down the hall to my room. He was right; it was all in Jc’s hands now. I took a long nap and had the weirdest dream.

Sometimes you just wonder how the hell did that come about? The mind has mysterious ways with working with you; mixes up these entire events into something that’s just... bullshit. When I woke up I was sweating though. The dream was about my family, about me being a huge singer and... it all just gave me the chills. I tried to make sense of the whole thing but Jc comes into the room saying, “I can’t do it. Not yet. I can wait I’m not seeing anyone... yet.” He sits down in the chair and looks over at me funny. “Dude what happened to you?”

“Nothing. Just got hot I guess when I fell asleep.” I wasn’t on my bipolar meds because of the pain pills I was prescribed and no I didn’t get addicted like House either! I just pushed the dream off as on of those things and hoped the sooner I was off the meds and wasn’t so confused about everything, the sooner I could become sane and take control of my life again. “You don’t have to rush into all this ya know.”

“I still need to tell my parents. With how you took it... well they might just ask if that’s why we broke up.”

“Tell them Jordan needed happy pills to quit being so dependent on men and start acting like the independent woman she is!” I shake my fist in the air and he laughs.

“Yeah that will go over well.” Jc leans far back in my desk chair. I pick up my cane off the floor. “I can’t believe I have this chance to become a singer and songwriter. And with the degree in music behind me it will work out great!”

“Yeah and I’m the one letting this all happen. Remember to thank me when you get a Grammy or whatever.”

“You’ll be there too; you’re my partner.”

“That didn’t sound right.” I giggle and he shakes his head. “Blame the kinky Bass man!”

“Wow you are weird. Hey I heard from Johnny you had an idea for our album. He wanted it to be self-titled but we haven’t come up with a name.”

“Its on my computer.” Jc opens the lid run his finger on the mouse. “See the file that says Jc & Jordan Inc.?” Jc nods and clicks on it, then looks at me funny. “Not the name I was just bored and needed to call it something.”

“This it?” He clicks on the one that says album cover.

“Bingo.” It comes up on the screen and Jc fell in love with it. The picture was of us facing each other as silhouettes and divided into two different colors. My side was red; in the background were peace signs and broken hearts dripping blood. Jc’s half was black with blue music staffs and clefs and notes. At the very top of the cover read out names: Jordan Glenn and Jc Chasez. In between our names was a Leo sign. “I was bored when I did it so don’t blame-”

“Perfect.”

*

This was our chance. We could get a huge deal and get an album out by November. Jc was so nervous before hand Joey and Chris wanted to know a number for a gay stripper. I just took a long nap.

“Now here is what you do when you get in there.” Johnny rambled on about how we should be quiet and answer when questioned. Prove to them we can be professional. Also Johnny wanted us to look as nice as possible. I nodded along staring at the ground and leaning on my cane. I was such a House.

Jc pushed the paper across the table to the Jive representatives. They looked over the paper. It was the album cover and our name we came up with. Actually a few because who knew if they liked it or not.

“Do we choose which name we like the best or do you two have a favorite?”

“They are in order from fav to least.” She nods and they start to whisper over for a while. I tap my fingers on the table thinking about the new official cane I wanted to get. I passed a store that had some bitchin’ canes.

“We agree with the first. Have you got the song ideas as well?” Johnny takes this over and plays them our demo. I had a kinky song on there as last and the faces on the executives... priceless. Jc didn’t know and neither did Johnny. They actually liked it.

“That was just for fun!” Jc whispers harshly in my ear. I grin.

“My album too dear.” After about an hour of talking everything over with them they leave and let us sit around and wait. I limp back and forth in the room. After another hour they come back in with some papers.

“Just sign and initial where indicated and you’ll be set.” Jc and I were handed a contract in addition to Johnny. Before Jc signed I scanned it making sure it wasn’t stupid at all. With how smart I was, yes I’m very self-centered, I made my first initial and Jc agreed too. Johnny nodded and we were set.

“You’ll start recording ASAP. You have them set Johnny?” He nods. When we are in the elevator Jc jumps up and down so excited a stumbled and thought he would bust the elevator. I’m a most mellow person. The guys were outside waiting for us.

“Surprise! How’d it go?” Lance kisses my cheek. Jc excitedly explains everything that happened. I tell them how much we get paid but Jc didn’t really care about that. The lockjaw Justin showed, and babbling that Joey shut up with his palm, gave me a look into the real Juju.

We got back and I fall on my bed dropping my cane by the bed. Lance lies down next to me placing his arm around my waist. I sigh. “I’m really happy for you. Maybe someday I’ll be your manager.” I chuckle and roll over and press myself against Lance.

“I am recording an album with Jc. I am playing and working with the music in the play Joey’s doing. I haven’t had a good day of sleep since last weekend. I am moody from the lack of happy pills. I have a cane from huge muscle damage. How the hell did fate give me this?”

“I love you Miss Glenn.” He kisses my nose then my mouth quickly.

“I love you Mr. Bass.” I put my hand on his face and slid my tongue into his warm mouth. It was sweet like Cola. I liked Cola. And I think I really meant it that time.

THE END! ©Jordan Glenn 2009