



It all started one night when she appeared on the television, her new music video. I was thinking "We are going to have *her* as an opening act?"

"You have a problem Bass?" *I said that out loud?*

"I don't have a problem *Fatone*. It's just... why her?"

"Cause we couldn't think of anyone else, and she needs the help." Chris sat down hard next to me on the couch. "Have any objections?"

"Nope." I looked at my hands in my lap. *This will be a great tour.*

Chapter 1-

"Sweet!" Justin stood up and did some sort of victory dance before I grabbed him and pulled him back into his seat. "Don't act so surprised." I was getting tired of this.

"Lance, do you have a problem with these songs? She can perform others." I could tell Johnny was a little irritated. Not as much as me though.

"I would like it if she didn't perform at all, but I'd be a self-centered bitch, wouldn't I?"

"Yes." The guys just *had* to agree with my sarcasm, didn't they?

"Sorry, Lance. It's final. She's the opening act for the whole tour. Now, are these songs okay?"

"Yes, they are perfectly *fine*, right Lance?" Joey was in my face, literally, ever since I said she was a whore and was going to ruin our tour. It doesn't mean he's one too, just her.

"Yah, yah, yah; can we hurry up please? I need to meet someone in an hour and have to get ready."

"Oh, is it your *girlfriend*?" I sometimes wished that Jc were on my side, instead of siding with his *boyfriend*.

"She isn't my girlfriend. She's my friend." I was getting pissed off. We all got along so great before this all started. I just wish I could take it all back, but I can't because it's the truth. What was that little thing Joey said when he hit Chris's dog? *Mother Fucker Ass Wipe!*

Chapter 2-

"She's here!" Justin shouted from the door. "How do I look?"

"Justin, why are you freaking out over this?" I should be asleep right now but I had to come over here and meet her. Why don't I fuck her for 50 bucks? Or should I pay more?

"Because she thinks I'm the hottest out of ya'll. Sorry Jc."

"Well, Joey thinks I'm the hottest in the world so I'm good." Jc was sitting on the couch next to Chris whose leg wouldn't stop bouncing, pissing me off even more.

"She thinks I'm the coolest, though." Chris said. "That's better than being the hottest."

"Who gives a..." Right then, the front door opened and Joey came walking in. He looked at Justin and motioned with his hands "calm down". Right after him was *she*. The long red hair with blond highlights, WHICH ISN'T EVEN HER NATURAL HAIR COLOR!!! And is Justin drooling? Gag me. Who would like someone with perfect hips, a nice chest, and the best stomach any man has seen? Gag me!!!

"Hi." And that voice! It makes me want to vomit when I hear this beautiful and shy voice. And I think Justin just had her kid.

"I'm Jordan. I guess you all already know that. Thanks for giving me this chance... uh... to, you know. Being your opening act, it's very cool."

"No, it's our honor." Justin walked over and shook her hand. "Thanks for accepting." Chris started coughing, Jc patting his back while I started to grin. I had to bit my tongue so I didn't start cracking up right there. Joey did it for me.

"Justin, dude. Quit it before I die of laughter!" Chris and I joined in. We couldn't help it. Who says that to a girl that is publicly lower than us? Dork!

"Here, Jordan. I'll show you to your room." Justin picked up her bags and walked up the stairs, Jordan following.

"Now," I started to breath again. "Can someone tell me if it's only me, or does Justin have a crush on her?" We all started laughing again, even Jc. I heard Justin yell, "Shut Up!" We laughed harder.

Chapter 3-

Jordan followed Justin into a big red room with a bed that had black sheets. It made the room seem dark and evil to Jordan. "So, Joey didn't have room at his mansion. This is my house, and you will be staying in here until the tour starts. Hope you like it." Justin put the bags on the bed and turned to face Jordan. He nearly started to drool again because she was looking right back at him, with those bright hazel eyes and that white smile. He didn't expect her to walk up and peck him on the lips. But she did anyways.

"Thanks. Its like hell became heaven." He lifted his fingers to his lips, feeling the heat. He licked his lips, nearly dropping onto the floor. He takes a deep breath.

"Yah, Joey said you liked this stuff so..."

"Wait." She turned to face him. "You decorated this room?" Justin nodded. "This room wasn't always like this, and you decorated it just for me?"

"So you can feel at home." Justin could feel his face heat up.

"Joey also let it slip that you had a big ass crush on me." Jordan grinned as Justin went wide-eyed and blushed harder. *Crap*, he thought. *What else did Joey say?*

"Don't worry. Your secret is safe with me, unless your show downstairs blew it. Chris and Lance must have over reacted, I'm sure." Justin blushed harder and looked down at his feet.

"Nice bathroom." He looked up and saw Jordan was in looking around the bathroom. "This is so cool!"

Justin walked into the bathroom after her. "So... you know I, uh... like you?"

"Yah... why? Did you want to tell me yourself?" She walked up to him and grinned.

Justin couldn't help but laugh. "You're weird."

"And I want to kiss you, but I avoid stating the obvious." Jordan stopped grinning and leaned up close, almost pressing her lips against his, and whispered, "I just do them and get it over with." Before Justin could do anything, Jordan pressed her lips up against his.

It was gentle. Justin was able to put his hands on her waist, and she was able to put her hands on his face. Before Justin knew it, her tongue was in his mouth, battling with his. He groaned, and too soon after it started it ended.

"Wow." Jordan wrapped her arms around his neck and nodded.

"I agree with you, Ju-Ju." She removed herself from him and walked into the bedroom and sat on the bed. She motioned him over with her finger and he came willingly. She pulled him down on top of her and laughed as he stumbled to climb on top. Just then, the door opened. "So Justin, I'm heading out and... what the fuck?" Justin and Jordan looked and saw Lance glaring at them. "I so knew it. You are a whore. How much did you pay for her J?"

"What the hell?" Jordan pushed Justin off and walked up to Lance. "I'm not a whore, unlike you."

"Oh, you didn't" Lance continued to walk forward, and so did Jordan until they were in each other's faces.

"Do you have a problem with me?"

"Yes! I don't want you to be opening our show with your fucking song."

"It's a *kissing* song, you dick. You should be happy I am opening it up with it! It will make you not seem so bad."

"God, you little..." Before he could continue, Joey pulled him back.

"Don't even think it, Bass. Leave before *I* kick your ass." Lance ran down the stairs without another word and opened the door. He looked back and saw Jc and Chris with disappointed faces. He slammed the door behind himself.

Chapter 4-

"Wow. She's good." The guys watched her perform before their first show, and even Lance was surprised. She wowed the crowd and was perfectly confident in herself.

"Now we go on."

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"So I did ok?" Jordan was lying on the couch in the back of the bus, looking back up at Justin.

"Totally, you blew everyone away, especially me." He grinned as he climbed onto her lap. He slipped his hands up her shirt and drew circles on her stomach. She rolled her head back and closed her eyes. Justin lowered his head down to Jordan's neck and licked at her collarbone and up her neck. Jordan's hands went up and down his back, moaning silently as he continued to tease her.

There was a loud pounding on the door. "Hey, lovebirds!" It was Chris. "You want to get your butts out here? You need to see this."

Justin and Jordan exchanged confused glances. Justin pulled Jordan up and out of the room. They walked to the front of the bus where the news was on, talking about the concert.

"Jordan Glenn was there opening act tonight. It is said that she will be doing that for the whole tour. Many of her fans bought tickets just to see her. It is also said that if Jordan weren't performing, there would be less sold out concerts. 'N Sync should be thanking her. She is making them more popular in the minute..." They didn't hear the rest of it because Lance shut off the TV.

"Do we have to watch this?" Lance asked. He turned around to face them, sitting on the couch. "Who ever wrote that script, needs to be fired."

"He said we have to thank her. Thank you Jordan." Jc said, pecking her on the cheek. The other guys followed, except for Lance. He walked up to Justin and put his hand on his shoulder.

"You can kiss her for me Ju-Ju." He walked to his bunk and shut the curtain. Lance stared at the wall and listened as Justin thanked Jordan in a way that Lance only dreamed about. He wished he could be like Justin, but when she said she thought Lance was the goofy, shy one he shoved his feelings down where they couldn't hurt anybody. "I'm pathetic." He whispered before falling into a deep sleep.

Chapter 5-

I woke up and stumbled into the bathroom. Last night's show was great. Jordan congratulated us all, except for me who she just ignored. Like I care. The worst thing, though, is the fact that I got stuck sharing a room with her! I thought she would get her own room or share with Justin, but nope. She didn't even leave. I did though. I switched with Justin who had the single. Now here I am looking at my tear stained face.

"Yah, I have a crush on her. Yah, she hates my guts. So what? I hate her too." I told my reflection. I sighed. "Who am I kidding? I don't hate her. I envy her. I love her." I started the shower and got in. I masturbated, thinking of her as I came. Pathetic, but I've heard Joey and Jc do worse.

"Lance? Do you have a razor I can borrow?" I heard Jordan say from the bathroom door.

"Why would I have a razor?" I yelled, staring at the razor next to my shampoo.

"I'm not stupid." If only I had some disease I would chuck it at her and hope she got it too. I'm safe though.

"How are you not stupid?" I started to wash my hair, thinking about the razor.

"I saw the scars on your chest the other day, when your shirt rode up. They're old, so I hoped you still had a razor."

"Are you saying I cut myself?" I yelled.

"I'm saying you use to. I could tell because I always cut myself on the stomach so no one would notice." I stopped. She was lying. Jordan Glenn cutting herself? Why would the most perfect girl cut herself?

"Why did you cut your self?" I asked quietly. The door opened and she entered the bathroom, sitting on the toilet.

"Because I was depressed and thought I was fat. I just needed to exercise more. I wasn't fat, but cutting myself felt really well until it started to hurt me even more than I intended so I stopped. I told my mom, went on pills that I'm off of now and became healthy." I could see through the glass she had her head against the wall staring at me.

"I cut myself after the day I saw you and Justin. The fact that I screwed up my friendship with my band mate over you... I hated myself. When Joey told me to leave, I felt hurt. When I saw the disappointed faces of Jc and Chris, I felt lost. When I saw you and Justin, I felt angry." I sighed as I washed out the shampoo. "I keep the razor to remind me of what I did, and what I'm doing. Why do you want it?"

"Need to shave my legs. It's not bad but Justin says it was like making out with a man with breasts." I laughed, not noticing a tear roll down her face. "I left my Nair® at his house and haven't got a chance to buy some. I stay away from razors so I don't start cutting myself again, but I like Justin. I remembered your scars, so here I am."

"Justin can be a dick sometimes. He says things without thinking." I turned the water off and thought *how can I get my towel and keep Jordan in here so we can keep talking?* "Can you hand me my towel?" Wait, she would have to...

"Here." Suddenly, the door opened and she handed me my towel, staring at my face. I think I turned red because she chuckled, tossing the towel in my face. I quickly pulled it down and saw her sitting on the toilet. I wrapped the towel around my waist and stepped out.

"Do you want the razor?" I asked, walking over to the mirror to brush my teeth.

"Nah. I'll see if Jc has some Nair®." I cracked up laughing at the sight of Jc without hairy legs. She was laughing too.

"If you want, I can go with you to a store to get some?" I said with a mouth full of toothpaste. I was getting dumber and dumber by the minute because I just spit all over the mirror. I saw her reflection smile.

"If you want to, sure. We need to get along any ways." She stood up as I rinsed out my mouth. I turned to face her and she was holding out her hand. "Forget about everything bad that has happened between us and become friends? I don't want to get in the way of you and the guys." I smiled and shook her hand.

"Friends."

Chapter 6-

So, Jordan and I went shopping after breakfast. The guys were pretty shocked. Joey and Justin cornered me, threatening to kill me if I hurt her. I promised I wouldn't hurt her unless she tried to kill me. They didn't laugh.

It was pretty weird, walking into a beauty supply shop. Everyone wanted our autographs, and I was surprised Jordan acted so professional around everyone. I felt embarrassed when she asked me which Nair® product she should buy.

"You should get the moisturizing one. So your legs don't dry out." She laughed, and I blushed. She bought some special shaving product too, but I was a little confused about that. *Why would she buy Nair® and a special razor?*

"If you're wondering, it's for a bikini wax. This stuff really works down there." She looked at me once we left the store. My eyes went wide and I looked at the ground.

"How did you know...?"

"You looked really funny when I bought it." She chuckled at my embarrassment and I had to laugh too.

"I wonder how Justin would have acted in there." She stopped walking and pondered the question.

"He would probably ask me what everything in there was for and be disgusted at the same time." She lowered her voice. "You girls do *what?*" I laughed. It was true. Justin didn't know much about girls, but since I have a sister I know too much.

"Yah. I have a sister who was all about her looks. You, though, don't really do that. The only girlish thing you do is shaving your legs."

"I wear some make-up, but you guys do too. If I had a choice I wouldn't. It's not all bad, though."

"Did you wear make-up in school?"

"Nope. Everyone said I didn't need it. My face was almost perfect. I didn't really think so and never had the time to do anything."

"My sister was always wearing make-up. I didn't really understand the concept of make-up. I still don't. Why can't we just look like ourselves and not mess with how God made us?"

"My same thought exactly. Make-up helps people accept their appearance. Hide what they really are and make up a mask of what could be."

"It also helps hide a hicky and zits." We both laughed. We kept talking and we realized, well I did at least, that we had a lot in common. We're still two different people, but we could become really good friends. Maybe more.

"Oh, now that's cool." Jordan pointed at a store window where a necklace hung from a manikin. It was a ring, with green stones placed all around and hung from a golden chain.

"What kind of stone is it?" I asked, walking up behind her as she gazed at the ring.

"I think its Peridot, the August birthstone. Let's go ask." We walked in and the lady who owned the store said it was her mothers. The woman herself was old, and I could tell Jordan was interested.

"She bought it during the war, and gave it to me. I know no one who is an August birth, so I'm selling it. Do you want to see it up close?" Jordan agreed and soon was holding it in her hand with awe.

"Its only \$100. It worth much more, though." Jordan shook her head and handed it back.

"I don't have that kind of money right now." I could tell she was disappointed, so I decided to buy it for her. We left the store and once we

got back to the hotel, I said I needed to get something and will be back. I ran to that store and asked if the necklace was still there.

"It is. Weren't you just here with that young girl?"

"Yes. I want to buy it, for her that is." She smiled and retrieved the necklace.

"Oh! What are her initials?"

"Um... JGS. Why?"

"My mother had this engraved with her own initials. It's a rare set of initials. This is your lucky day son." I, too, thought I was lucky. Jordan would be so thrilled. The woman put the necklace into a green box and handed it to me.

"Thank you." I put the box in my pocket and turned to leave.

"Your welcome, son. Good luck!"

Chapter 7-

"You got her a necklace?" Justin said, annoyed. I nodded my head.

"What the fuck? I'm her boyfriend, I should be the one buying her this stuff."

"Justin, it's just a sign of friendship. She really wanted it, so I bought it. I'm going to leave it for her with a note."

"I hope you don't steal her from me." Justin said, walking from the room.

"I won't." *I hope I do.*

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I opened the door. Inside, Jordan and Justin were asleep on their bed. I took a deep breath and snuck in. I felt jealous, but they were happy together. Yah, Justin could be a basterd but he was in love. Yah, I want to be the one in the bed with her but I'll wait. I set the box down on the nightstand near Jordan's head. I looked at Justin who was passed out and kissed Jordan on the head. She rolled over and snuggled into Justin, who wrapped his arms around her. *Damn.* I snuck out of the room, and went to bed alone.

The next morning, I walked into Chris's room for breakfast. Jordan and Justin weren't in yet, but when I sat down she came bounding in with the necklace on.

"Look what Justin bought me yesterday! I found it on the night stand this morning." I smiled. She fell for it. I heard her tell Justin about the necklace, and he looked disappointed that he couldn't give it to her so I wrote on the note:

"You wouldn't quit bragging about it, so I bought it for you. The owner was very kind about it, too and it has your initials so it's all yours. Love, your Ju-Ju."

"That's beautiful. Is it Peridot?" Jc asked, studying it.

"Yah. Lance and I saw it there yesterday, but I couldn't buy it. I told Justin about it, and I guess I seemed so disappointed that he bought it for me." Justin then walked into the room, grinning like an idiot. Jordan hugged him and kissed him on the cheek. Justin looked at me and mouthed, "Thank You!"

I mouthed back, "Your welcome bro."

After breakfast when we got on the buses, Justin pulled me aside.

"Why did you do it?"

"Because I know you love her, and you seemed disappointed when she talked about it. It was best that she thought it was from you." He hugged me then, and I felt really good.

"I'm glad you're getting to like her." He looked me in the eye and I could see a mini Justin jumping for joy. I laughed and pushed him towards the busses.

"I can't help but like her."

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"You bought the necklace." Chris said. I looked up from my laptop. Chris and I were sharing a bus since the other two were "couple's only". Chris liked to joke that we should date each other so we don't feel left out but I always shoved him when he mentioned it. He was a complete dork.

"I don't know what you are talking about." I went back to my laptop. I was emailing some people I didn't really know.

"I went to that store before we left and she said a nice young man with spiky blonde hair bought it for a young girl he was with."

"No, Justin bought it. She might have gotten me and him confused cause I bought a cross necklace." I held it up. It was true. I got it when we were in there the first time, but this one was \$10.

"Did you buy it with her there?"

"Yes. You can ask her."

"I specifically asked about the Peridot ring necklace and she said it was you. She also said you bought that cross when you were in there with Jordan."

"How can you trust an old woman over your best friend?" I was getting annoyed.

"Because I saw you sneaking into her room with the box."

"Justin asked me to do that. So Jordan wouldn't know."

"Justin said he put the box there in the morning before Jordan woke up."

"Um..." Damn. He got me cornered. Justin should have told Chris he asked me to put it there. Damn it!

"Lance, why did you lie about getting the necklace?" I looked up to see Chris looking back at me with questioning eyes.

"Um... I did it because Justin was really disappointed that he couldn't give Jordan the necklace. It was best that she thought Justin gave it to her cause they love each other."

"You love her, don't you?" I didn't answer.

"I can tell because you want the best for her, and Justin's it. Not you."

"Yah." I said quietly. Why did Chris have to be a Psychology major?

"You're a good man Lance. That's real love right there. To give the other person the best, even if it's not what you want." He sat next to me and patted my knee. I leaned my head onto his shoulder and pondered what Chris said. This was real love. Would Justin do the same?

Chapter 8-

"Are you okay Jordan?" I walked into our dressing room and saw her breathing heavily. I sat next to her and she nodded her head.

"Just out of breath from dancing. I get it some times."

"But you're not out shape. This shouldn't happen."

"I have asthma. I'm fine." I heard a squeaking noise coming from her throat. I leaned my head near her mouth and heard a wheezy noise.

"Do you need a glass of water, or something? You're wheezing." She shook her head.

"I said I'm fine. It will wear off." Well, it didn't. Normally, Jordan would be backstage when we did a costume change but she wasn't today. We asked people while we quickly changed and they said they didn't know. While Justin was doing his beat boxing number, I hurried to change and ran to the dressing room. People yelled I had to stay but I still ran. I opened the door to see her lying on the couch, struggling to breathe.

"Jordan!" I ran to her side and she was pointing to her bag. I opened it and saw meds. I handed it to her and she pulled out an Epee-pen.

"I said you weren't fine. We could have avoided this." I was worried and she pointed to her leg. She was trying to take deep breaths but she was obviously not getting air. She was going pale so I pulled the cap on the pen and the door opened and the guys came bursting in.

"Lance, we have to be on stage in... oh my god!" I didn't hesitate at Chris's remake. I stabbed Jordan where she was pointing and immediately she started to breath.

"If I stayed with you guys, Jordan would have died. She couldn't get to her bag because she couldn't breathe since she didn't want my help earlier." I was breathing hard from the adrenalin rushing through my veins. "Now are you glad I left?" They numbly nodded their heads and I helped

Jordan sit up. She hugged me hard, whispering, "Thank You Lance." I hugged her back and helped her to the back of the stage. We sat her down and watched Justin run backstage. He looked happy to see her as he changed his pants then was worried when he saw our faces.

"What happened?" He asked. I pointed to Jordan then ran on stage with the guys. I found out later that she told Justin the whole truth and Justin crushed her with a hug and kiss before heading out. The next costume change was when Justin and the guys thanked me for saving her life. I was just happy she was walking around and helping like usual. She pulled me aside and thanked me again.

"Quit thanking me. I'm just glad your okay." She smiled and kissed me. No one saw, except Justin. I didn't kiss her back since it was quick, but Justin was still mad at her and me.

"Justin, it was a quick peck. I was thanking him. He saved my life." I heard them talking after the show while I was changing into normal clothes.

"You could have hugged him." He sounded angry. I didn't blame him.

"Adrenalin from the meds made me wants to kiss him. It meant nothing. I want you and only you, Justin." I saw her hug him from behind and he sighed.

"Just... just don't do it again. Please?" He turned in her arms.

"Deal." They kissed passionately and I think my heart fell to my feet. "You are a jealous person, you know that?"

"It's just your mine and I'm yours. I don't go kissing people who help me."

"You kissed that girl over there for giving you water." She chuckled as he looked down.

"Okay. But it was on the cheek. It wasn't even close to..." He couldn't finish since Jordan's lips were covering his.

"God, get a room." I said. They turned and I grinned. They laughed and let go of each other.

"You heard?" Justin asked.

"Who didn't?" Joey said while walking up behind him and giving him a gentle shove into Jordan who caught him, laughing while doing so. I grinned and turned. Chris was right in my face, and he looked concerned. I looked at the ground, shaking my head as I walked around him and headed to our bus. God, Chris could read me like a book. Good thing it was only he.

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Well, five weeks later: "God, Lance. You can keep going on like this." Chris was in his bunk and I was in mine, staring at the curtain. "Tell her."

"No!" I said loudly. I was lucky we were alone or someone would have woken up. "It won't help anyone if she finds out. It will just hurt more people."

"It's hurting you. Be selfish for once and tell her." I rolled over and faced the wall. I pretended to be asleep and wished I didn't hear what he said next.

"If you don't, I will."

Chapter 9-

"Chris, you tell her you die." I chased Chris down the hall to her room. The asthma incident was about two months ago and Chris was keeping his word. If I didn't tell her, Chris was going to. I refused to let her know and Chris was now walking into her room.

"Jordan, can we talk?" He asked, shutting the door. I reached the door right when he locked it. I banged on the door.

"Chris, don't! This isn't any of your business!" The rest of the guys came from their rooms and stared at me as I banged harder. "Chris!"

"Then you tell her you are in love with her!" He yelled. I stopped pounding and everyone froze.

"Damn it Chris!" I said. I wasn't yelling because Justin looked angry, Joey and Jc looked surprised. The door opened. I was leaning against the door and fell down, landing at Jordan's feet. Chris walks over me and pushed Joey and Jc into their room. I stayed on the ground until someone grabbed me and pulled me to my feet. It was Justin. He wasn't angry.

"Its true, isn't it?" He asked quietly. I nodded, looking at the wall across from me. It was a beautiful shade of green. A green tea color, I believe. I saw Jordan pull Justin into her room and she shut the door, pushing me into the hallway. I sat by the door for a few hours. Well, it was only ten minutes, but it felt like hours. Chris just told Jordan my secret, actually all the guys, and sticks me with everything. Now Justin was going to hate me, Jordan would ignore me for the rest of my life because she wants Justin, and I'll feel even worse.

"Thanks a lot Chris!" I yell.

"You're welcome!" He yells joyfully. Does he think this is a joke? It isn't even close. I might lose two great friendships because of Chris. This whole thing is Chris's fault, but they will just say, "He was trying to help." And he'll get off the hook. Damn you, Chris. Damn you to hell.

"Lance?" I look up to see Justin. He sits next to me.

"Yah?" I mumble, staring at my hands.

"You know Jordan and I have been dating for several months. Since she came here for the tour." I nodded. He took a deep breath and continues. "Well, we learned a lot about each other and about our relationship."

"What are you getting at Justin?" I ask, irritated.

"Are relationship is at its best when we are friends." I think that was an epiphany, or sort of. Jordan and Justin were meant to date so they could be good friends. Chris was meant to tell her so they could talk about this. Justin was meant to talk to me so...

"Talk to her, Stealth." He stood up and helped me stand. I looked at him as he walked into the other room. "Well?" He said from the doorway. "Are you waiting for something? Get your ass in there." He walked into the room, shutting the door. I smiled and entered Jordan's room. She was on the laptop Justin gave her for her birthday. I started to have regrets. What if she didn't want to be with me? What if she's going to yell at me for breaking up her and Justin? What ifs ran through me head as I sat on her bed and watched her type. She just typed and didn't recognize my presence at all.

"You're acting cool about this. I'm sweating like a pig here." I chuckled but she didn't stir from her laptop. I chewed on my bottom lip and fiddled with my hands in my lap. God, this was killing me. "Jordan?" I looked at her. She stopped typing and shut the laptop. She took a deep breath and turned around.

"You know what's weird? We start out hating each other. All because I said you were goofy." She leaned forward. "Did it ever occur to you that when I say you're goofy means I like you the most? Yah, I said Justin was hot but I wanted you more. You freak out about it and I start to hate you for hurting me."

"I didn't..." She raised her hand and I shut my mouth.

"I wanted to become your friend so I find something we have in common. The cutting thing worked and we find out we have a lot in common." So I wasn't the only one thinking that. "You buy me this necklace, saying it was Justin. That was so sweet of you. That's a true act of love. If I had known before, we would be doing this then." I grinned. She was happy I did that for her, so it wasn't a mistake. "You saved my life, and I kissed you because I wanted an excuse to see what it was like." I chuckle and she grins.

She stood up and sat next to me on the bed. I smile at her as she continued. "And when Chris said you were in love with me, I had to tell Justin my feelings. It was hard but he said to go for it."

"He said that to me too." I scooted closer to her because I wanted to kiss her. I didn't know how to start, but she did it for me. It was sweet. She tasted like Cola. I saw her buy it earlier. It tasted sweeter on her lips than from the can.

"Does that mean we're dating now?" I asked. She nodded, and I pushed her on the bed, kissing her again. I waited too long for this and I finally had it. Damn, it was sweet.

Epilogue-

"Lance?" Jordan called. She came into Lance's office and stood over him. "What are you writing?" He pushed away from the desk and she sat on his lap. Looking at the screen, he explained.

"I'm writing a story."

"About what?" She looked at him and he was grinning.

"Us." Jordan looked at the screen and scrolled through. "Our love story." She smiled and wraps her arms around him and kissed him.

"How are you going to end it? Explain how we dated all through out No Strings Attached? How I went on my own tour after *Celebrity* was released? How you became my manager? Or how I'm going to be on another tour while you guys are on hiatus?" Lance chuckled.

"I could end it that way, but I thought of something better."

"What's that?" Jordan stood up as the phone rang. She answered the phone. Once she got off the phone with Justin, she turned to see Lance hold a box out to her. She took it and opened it. Inside was a fancy ring, with no jewels on it at all. Engraved into the inside was, "Will you be my forever?" Jordan grinned and slipped the ring on her ring finger. Lance stood up and wrapped his arms around her and whispered onto her lips...

"And they lived happily ever after."