

A romantic scene featuring a man and a woman in silhouette, embracing on a beach. The man is on the left, wearing a suit, and the woman is on the right, wearing a long dress. They are positioned in the foreground, with the ocean and a sunset in the background. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a warm, golden glow that reflects on the water. The sky transitions from a deep blue at the top to a bright orange near the horizon. The overall mood is intimate and serene.

Arranged

A novel

By:
Katy Wong

Katy Wong

Arranged

(Completed)

Prologue

~~

I stared down at my daughter that lay asleep in my arm.

I blinked several times, trying to make the tears go away.

"I have some news regarding your daughter, Mrs. Halt. A group of doctors at this hospital ran multitudes of testes on your daughter and we still haven't figured out what is wrong with your daughter's body." the doctor said.

"Is there anyway to find out what's wrong?" I cried.

He shook his head and said, "No, I'm afraid you have to let her go. There's no way of saving her now. She only has a few days left."

My heart squeezed and the more I tried to hold in the tears, the more my eyes burned.

Let my child go? I thought.

The doctor quietly stepped away and existed the room.

Let my first child go? And only a few days? I thought.

I squeezed the only daughter that I have in my arms and kissed her forehead as tears rolled down my face.

The door of the hospital room quietly opened. I looked up and it took me a few seconds to see clearly that it was the most famous pediatrician, Edward Cohen, who was standing in front of me.

Doctor Cohen's quiet steps approached me.

"Doctor Cohen," I whispered as I grabbed his arm, "Doctor Cohen! Please help me!"

"She must be the one." Doctor Cohen said to himself.

"Please help me.... please! I will do anything, I'll do anything! I can give you all of my money! I can give you my house! I do anything, just help my daughter! I know I'll own you, but please help me!."

"I'll tell you what, I'll take her with me and I'll see what I can do about this because I think I know the problem here." Doctor Cohen said calmly.

My eyes widened.

"Please remember to hand in your family record to the nurses at the front desk under my name."

Tears began to form again. "What can I do for you in return?" I asked.

He thought about it for a second before he leaned in and whispered it. I quickly agreed, because in that moment, all I'd about cared about was saving my daughter.

My one and only daughter.

There's no other way of saving her. He was the best doctor and her life meant everything to me.

I handed my daughter over and he carried her gently in his arm. He existed the room before I could say any more.

"Honey, everything's going to be alright." My husband whispered and squeezed me in his my arms. I nodded as the tears started to pour down.

It took a few hours before Doctor Cohen returns back into the room with Vanessa in his arm.

He walks in and closes the door behind him.

"Ok, I have the results and I know what's the problem, but I can't tell you." Doctor Cohen whispers and looks over his shoulder.

"What I can tell you is that you gave birth to a special baby... She is different from everyone else. She is not stabled, yet -"

"What do you mean 'not stable yet'?" My husband asks.

"She has power that not everybody in the world has. From this day on, she is different. She will need time to control her power. Right now, she is not stabled because her power is controlling her. To make sure that in the future this doesn't happen again, she's going to have to take these medicines... Trust me, it will help." Doctor Cohen says.

"What do you mean by power? This doesn't make any sense!" I say.

"This doesn't need to make any sense to you, but remember the deal."

I looked at him in disbelief. Should I even have trust this doctor? Is he really the best pediatrician?

"I got to go. I have another patient waiting for me. And like I said, I can't say much about it." Doctor Cohen says. He gets up and exits. He left the medicine on the table next to me.

I look down at Vanessa in my arms.

You Got To Be Kidding Me!

17 years later . . .

~~

"Umm, Vanessa, please come home right now. I have something important to say to you." Mom says on the phone.

"Mom? Are you alright? Is everything alright?" I asked concernedly.

"Yeah, yeah. Everything is fine ... Just come home, ok?" she asks.

"Ok, I will, but why are you whispering?"

"Don't worry about that, just come home, ok?" She continues.

"Yeah mom, but really –" My mom cuts me off, "Vanessa Halt!"

"Oh, I'll be right there then. Bye, mom, see you later." I sang.

"Wait!!! Actually, I will be waiting for you in the office...."

"Alright."

"Ok, bye honey." Mom says before she hang up. I gave the phone back to the secretary, Ms. Song.

She put down the phone and with her Southern accent she said, "Oh pumpkin pie, I think your mama is going to pick you up soon! You better hurry and get your things packed!!"

"Ok," I said, "I'll come right back."

"Alright darling, gallop along!" she said and turns back to do her thing.

I ran down the hall to Composition Class and packed all of my things.

I went back to the office again, this time, my mom was there filling out some form.

"Hey, mom!" I said, relieved that she is ok.

She quickly looks up and shoved the papers that she was filling out in her little brown bag that she carries everywhere.

"Hi, honey." She said, smiling as she pushed some of her hair to the side of her face.

"What was that paper about?" I asked, looking down at her bag.

Her smile dropped, and I could see that she was trying to put the smile back on.

She put one hand on her bag to make sure it was closed.

"Oh, that's nothing, really. Let's go home now." She said and guide my shoulders towards the back door that led to the parking lot.

"Okayyy." I said stiffly, but I could feel that my mom was hiding something from me.

When we stepped outside, I shield my eyes from the blazing sun. I blinked several times before my eyes adjust to the brightness.

We got into the car and mom started the car. It was silent all the way from the school to our house. The atmosphere in the car was extremely awkward and tense.

My mom drove around a corner and I could saw our house. It was just another ordinary house that anyone could be passing by. But today, it was different. Outside of our house, there were 2 long limos.

My mom stopped the car a few blocks away from our house. I heard my mom sigh softly before I turned to her.

"I knew that from the very beginning you were hiding something from me. Tell me now, mom! What is THIS?" I said, pointed at the very rich - looking people outside of our house.

"Honey," mom said softly, getting out of the car. She paused, deciding whether she wanted to break it to me now or later. "We'll talk about it in the house, ok?"

She slammed the car door shut and started walking towards the house. I quickly followed her.

"Hi, Mrs. Halt, how are you and Vanessa doing?" the teen dad asked.

I raised my eyebrow at him.

How does he know my name? Mom better have a damn good explanation about this WHOLE crap! I thought, crossing my arms.

"I am doing very good. How about you, Mr. Cohen?" My mom said, smiling at him, before shaking his hand. But there was something in her eyes that told me that something bad is about to happen.

I looked at the teen mom.

Damn she looks like a model straight from the Bloomingdale's magazine cover, so thin and beautiful. Who is she? Is she a supermodel? I thought.

"I am also doing very well," Mr. Cohen said.

I looked at the son.

Woah! Is he gorgeous!? He also looked like a male model straight from the runaway!

I thought, staring at him for 5 more second. I can tell that his type, girls just take a look at him and they would fall for him madly.

I rolled my eyes.

I squinted my eyes at the sun. My head started to feel light and dizzy.

I looked at the boy again to see that his mother is whispering something in his ear. I only caught a word; love.

"Sorry to keep you all waiting, but let's go inside." My mom said and took out the keys to open the door.

As we walked in, I can feel that boy's eyes at me.

"Please sit here." My mom said and they sat down in silence.

That boy's eyes are still on me, eyeing my body like seeing if my body was a type of body that he likes. I didn't dare to look at him and I didn't like him already.

After a moment, my father came home.

"Hello, Mrs. and Mr. Cohen." My father said. Again, I sense something between them. They have a connection.

Strange!

Father settled down and looked at me and then looked at mom.

Mom looked at him back, nudge him a little.

This was awkward and I can't take it anymore.

"Ok, what is going on?" I asked, interrupting the silence.

My parent froze, I feel foolish in front of the guest - whoever they are, I still feel

foolish.

My parent turned and faces me.

"How should I say this, honey?" Mom said and clasped her hand together.

I know when she says how should I say this, honey? phase, it means there's bad news ahead.

I gulped.

I crossed my fingers, behind my back, hoping it not something really bad.

Please!

I said a silence prayer. Please, don't make it really bad.

"Umm, how should I say it?" Mom said again.

I waited patiently and sit back, I was trying to act patient.

I looked at my father and he was rubbing the soft spot between his index finger and thumb finger. He always does that when he is nervous.

"Ummmm, you are proposed to Jason Cohen? Should I say?" my mom questioned herself. And by the name Jason Cohen, I know exactly who he was - the super sexy guy in my living room. But I didn't look at him; I was too confused to look at him.

"You got to be kidding, right?" I asked her. I stared at my mom for a moment to make sure she is not joking. My mom has a funny personality, but this got to be a joke. This shouldn't be a type of thing that she should be joking about.

My mom didn't say anything; instead father started speaking, "Yep, you heard your mother."

"Why are doing this? This is so sudden and random. What is this about?" I asked, and was about to throw more question at them, but I didn't.

"Well, remember when you were 8 years - old, you asked us why you have to keep on eating these medicine and why you can't miss taking the medicine, even a day -?" dad asked softly.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah." I said impatiently this time. I can't hold my patients in anymore.

I wish I could just wake up from this terrible nightmare.

"Well . . ." mom said, "you know the story when you were born, you – "

"I know, I was weak, I was different, and the doctor cured me by giving me the medicine and now I am beyond healthy and – " I said.

"Yeah, you know that doctor is Doctor Cohen. And, ummmm, you know, you were really weak, you could have passed away, but this special doctor decided to help us. He . . . said that he would help us, if only you would marry his son – "

"NOW, you got to be kidding me!" I said.

"I am sorry honey, but this is the truth." Mom said quickly.

"How come you didn't tell me about the deal a long time ago?! Why are you telling me now?! Why didn't you explain this when I asked you about the medicine, when I was 8?!" I said, getting up. My anger was boiling in my blood and I feel like screaming any moment.

"I'm sorry, honey. I should have, but I thought that you were too young to understand - " Mom explained, getting up to settle me down. She put a hand on my shoulder. I stepped away from her hand, to let her hand fall.

"YOU ALWAYS THINK I AM TOO YOUNG FOR EVERYTHING! YOU KEPT EVERYTHING FROM ME! YOU LIED TO ME SAYING THAT YOU TOLD ME EVERYTHING WHEN I ASKED YOU DID YOU TELL ME EVERYTHING! YOU DIDN'T TELL ME THE TRUTH ABOUT MY LIFE! YOU KEPT IT ALL A SECRET!" I shouted.

"Honey, I am so sorry, it was my fault. I should have told you, but it was only for your goods. I - " mom said and stepped closer to me, but I was too angry to listen. I didn't care and it was too much.

"I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT! I HAD ENOUGH!" I screamed, "THIS IS TOO MUCH! I DON'T CARE ANYMORE!"

I shoved everyone away and ran for the door.

It was too much, I have to get away! my mind screamed to me.

I threw the door open and ran outside. I could feel my eyes burned, not only from the sun's blazing rays. I continued running and running and running, not know where I was going, but I know I have to get away from that house.

She lied to me all along! She kept it all a secret. She did everything for me . . . every bad thing for me! She doesn't care about my feeling! She never cares! I thought and my tears fell one by one.

I blinked through tears and looked around - the park.

I heard running footsteps behind me. I turned around and regretted.

I wished I continued running, but I see him instead - Jason.

Stupid Jason! I wanted to shout at him.

He ran up to me and I quickly wiped my tears away.

"Where are you going?" he panted out.

I walked away, going to the swing and sit down.

He caught up to me and said again, "Where are you going to go?"

"Why do you care, asshole?" I said to him.

He froze, but snapped back to reality.

"Because I . . . we are going to get married soon." he smirked and gently brushed his index finger under my chin.

I slapped his finger away.

"Please don't touch me, asshole." I said and sent him dagger looks, but only his smirk got bigger.

I am going to hate him so much! I thought.

"Move, I am going to swing." I commended.

"I don't obey commends." he said, trying to be a wise guy.

"Than, learn how to!" I said and started swinging. I kicked him several time and he moved every time. He eventually gave up and sat on the swing next to me.

It was silence for a moment and I feel peace.

Finally, I am away from the problem I thought and inhaled a deep breath.

When I was starting to feel really bored, I got up and walked home. I want to walk home, so I looked behind my shoulders and saw that he was following me.

I looked ahead and stopped. He walked up besides me.

"May I helpyou?" I asked him.

"I don't need any help." he said.

"Maybe you stop following me than, stalker!" I said to him.

"I have to make sure you are ok," he said.

"At least don't follow right behind my tail. And I want to walk home ALONE!" I shouted at him, "Do you need the definition of alone? Or do you want me to spell the word alone for you. And you could at least walk on that street and still watch me."

I didn't wait for him to answer and I continue to walk. I walked along the tree. I extend my hand to touch the bark of the tree. I walked all of the way home. I walked up to the house, but I stayed on the outside. I could hear their conversation.

"Yeah - " I heard my father said.

"It would be better off if they lived together, don't you agree?" a woman's voice said. I figure it was Jason's mom.

"Yeah, whatever's the better for them." my mom agreed sadly.

"We have to focus them to get as close to each other as possible - "

I couldn't take it anymore, so I threw the door open and their conversation stopped. They stared at me.

"I sorry honey, now -" mom said.

"I know, I hear you guys. You want me to go. I am going to go now. You want to focus me to do something that I never wanted. I understand mom and dad." I said bitterly, looking at Jason, behind me.

"Sweetheart, I -" mom started.

"I don't want to hear it! Mom, you know I wanted to be a single for the rest of my life. I told you that . . . that I don't want to marry anyone when I grow older. I have told you, why are you forcing me now?" I asked her.

She responded, but I didn't have the heart to listen. I stomped up the stairs and into the room. I locked the door and cried in silence by the door.

Someone knocked at the door and I screamed, "Go away! I don't want to see you!" and throw my brush at the door. I don't care if it was my mom or dad, or is it the guest. I certainly don't care if it was Jason the bastard.

I sat by the door for maybe an hour, or maybe it felt like an hour.

I grabbed my suitcase, I knew that they were still down there, I could hear they voice. I knew if I go down there again, we would have an argument again.

There was no point, talking to them I thought. They have planned everything out already and I bet there would not change their mind no matter what happens

I opened the suitcase and throw everything in; I didn't care how messy it was.

When everything was packed, I make sure the door was locked. I threw myself on the bed and fall sleep.

Separations and TOTALLY Confused

~~

The next time I woke up, I was on an airplane.

I looked around.

Why am I on the plane? I asked.

I looked next to me and saw Jason, I sighed. I looked on my other side and nobody was there. Just me and Jason.

"Good, you are wake." Jason said suddenly, causing me to jump.

I turned to him.

"Why am I on the plane?" I asked.

"Because you are moving to my house." he explained.

"Wasn't I in my room?" I asked him.

"Your mother has the key so she unlocked the door and I carried you to the plane." he said that last part louder and smirked. I rolled my eyes.

"I didn't need you to carry me, you know," I said.

"Yes, I do need to carry you." he said and brushed his index finger under my chin.

I slapped it away and murmured, "Whatever. You are so annoying." I got up and sat on the seat next to me, away from Jason.

I ordered water and drank it down with one gulp. I was thirsty.

I looked at my side and Jason was on the seat next to me.

"Why do you always follow, stalker?" I asked him, narrowly my eyes.

He turned towards me and smirked. He slowly leaned in, enough for me to smell him. He smelled like cologne and shampoo mixed together and said "Because I like you."

His hot breath brushed against my ear was he spoke. I shivered a little.

He leaned back and I stared at him blankly. I blinked several time to snap back to reality. His smirked grew bigger when he notices. I scowled at him.

Yep, he is TOTALLY the type of guy who thinks he can take anybody's heart. . . But not mine I thought.

~~

When the ride end, we got off and headed for the exist, along with Mr. and Mrs. Cohen. A guard led us to a limo.

And I notice that we were the only ones on the plane and walking out in the airport lane. I raised my eyebrow.

"Are we famous? Or are we royalty? Or are we rich or your family is just like that?" I asked him.

He chuckled, "We are all of them."

"All?" I asked and rolled my eyes.

He wish! I thought.

We got into the limo and the driver started driving right away.

In the car, Mrs. and Mr. Cohen talked about the wedding all of the way. I didn't listen

most of the time. All I know is that the wedding is an early autumn wedding and it will be hold 2 week after the full moon.

It was a full 6 hour car ride before we arrived to the "house".

The maids quickly came out and grab the luggage, ok, let's say about 9 maids.

Ok, they might be rich, but they are not royalty I thought.

I got out of the car and looked at the house more carefully.

It was a strange area where the mansion is located.

The mansion was big and beautiful, but the strange thing about the mansion was that it is next to the forest. The mansion was totally different from the forest setting. I stared at the mansion and the forest for a moment.

I wonder why they choose this location? I thought.

Mrs. Cohen put on her brilliant smile and clapped her hands, "VANESSA, WELCOME TO THE FAMILY!! Now you are consider one of the Cohen's!"

I gave her a weak smile and thanked her.

"Ok, now hurry along." Mrs. Cohen said and everyone got out.

We went inside the house and I think I heard myself gasped a little.

Jason smirked.

I didn't know why he smirked, it's not like he built the mansion himself.

"Jason, please show Vanessa your room." Mrs. Cohen said and Jason took my hand and pulled me.

When our hands met for the first time, I slapped it away, sending him death glare. His hand was warm, soft and welcoming, but every part of him was forbidden to me.

"Like I said, please don't touch me." I told him.

He led me to his room and I looked around. I notice that my suitcase was on the floor already.

This room is about 10 time the size of my room!! Man, how rich can they be? I thought.

He closed the door and leaned towards me and whispered, "We are sharing this room."

"STOP INVADING MY PERSONAL SPACE, ASSHOLE!!!" I shouted and shoved him away from me. I shoved him weaker than I thought, because he only took one step back.

He laughed and brushed his index finger under my chin. Again I slapped it away.

Jeez, what part of 'don't touch me' do you not understand?

I want to shout at his face.

"Geez, can't even touch you a little?" He said.

"Yeah you can't." I said, "And stay away from me."

He chuckled.

I walked over to my suitcase and started unpacking.

"The closet is over there and the drawers are over there." Jason said pointed in all sort of direction. I rolled my eyes.

I walked over to the closet and push all of his clothes to one side and grabbed my clothes and hanged everything up on the other side.

I walked over to the drawers and grabbed his things and put it in the lower two

drawers. The top two drawers are for me.

I put my bras, panties and swimming suits on the top drawer and the lower drawer for personal things.

"What are you doing???" Jason asked by my side, leaning on the wall.

"Separation," I explained, "Your side of the closet, my side and your drawers, my drawers."

"Are you serious??" He asked.

"What do you think???" I asked him back and crossed my arms.

"This is so stupid." He said.

"No, it is not. I told you, 'stay away from me'. And you clearly don't know the definition to that, so I decided to have a separation." I said back and he just shook his head in disbelief.

Then, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" Jason shouted.

The door opened and Mr. Cohen stepped in.

"How's everything going?" Mr. Cohen asked.

"Everything is going -" I started, but was interrupted by that a\$\$ face Jason.

"Everything is going perfectly, father." he said and smiled.

Shut up, I'm talking, bitch! I want to say to his face, but Mr. Cohen was there.

"Well, that's great!" Mr. Cohen said and clapped his hand together.

"How many I help you, father?" Jason asked.

"I just want to talk to Vanessa about something. May I speak to her alone?" he asked.

Jason nodded and looked at me before walking out of the door.

Mr. Cohen sat down. I got a closer good at him. He was handsome and charming. His looks reminds me of the asshole Jason - blond hair with leafy green eyes.

"I'm sorry, Vanessa that we have rushed everything here." Mr. Cohen apologized.

I nodded and say everything that comes to the top of my head.

"Ohhhh, it's nothing and everything is perfect right now." I said.

He nodded and asked, "I was just wondering, if you brought your medicine with you."

I nodded my head.

"Good, can you show them to me?????" He asked.

"Sure, but why??" I asked and realized that I was rude, "I'm sorry if I'm -"

"No, it is ok if you ask. I was planning on tell you anyways. I am planning to prescribe you a new medicine." Mr. Cohen explained.

Unlike Jason, Mr. Cohen understands people's feelings. I thought.

I got up and go get my medicine that I ate my whole life. I handed to him.

He took it and poured one out. A pill with red liquid on one side. He shook it for a moment and studied it.

"I will take it and study it in my laboratory." Mr. Cohen said, "In the mean time, you take this pill."

He hand me a bottle of pill. It was different. Instead of liquid on one end, the whole pill was silver. Just plain old silver.

"This pill will get you sick. You'll understand later. We are going to have meetings if

you want to." Mr. Cohen said, but I just shook my head, even though I have thousands of questions.

"Ok, I will take these medicines in my laboratory and examine these. Meanwhile, you take this pill, every other day for every meal." Mr. Cohen explained, still looking at the old medicine, "If you need anything or have any problem, just look for me in my laboratory."

Again, I nodded.

"Great, now I have to go. Bye and welcome to the family." he said smiling.

"You have a good day." He said before walking out.

I stared at the new medicine.

Why do I need medicines??? The old one was perfectly fine I thought.

The doorknob turned and Jason came in.

"What happened?" He asked.

"Nothing, it is none of your business." I said and shove the medicine behind my back. I guess I haven't done it fast enough, because Jason turned pale.

"No." He whispered.

I looked at him.

"What?" I asked him.

"Let me see that!!" He said louder.

"No!!!" I shouted.

He jumped on me and wrestled me.

He is heavy!! I swear I could be crushed under his weight

"GET OFF OF ME!!!" I screamed, wrestling him back to break free. But he was so much stronger than me.

He quickly snatched the medicine from my hand and held it too high for me to reach. He got off of my and I tried tippy - toeing, but I still could reach the medicine.

"GIVE IT BACK YOU ASSWIPE!!!!!" I screamed. Jason continued to hold it high up. He studied the bottle and he turned even paler.

"No, it can't be that one." He whispered.

"What?" I asked angrily. I stared at him and blinked for a moment. I froze.

Was that my imagination??? But did his eyes turned **sliver**???? Like the color of the medicine???

I thought for a moment.

I stood here speechless.

He stomped towards the door and headed out.

I shook my head. That can't be, maybe it was just my super eyes

I have super eyes and that cause me to see things that no one can see.

I swore it was not an imagination my other side said.

I shook my head and ran out of the door trying to find Jason. I ran down the hall until I heard shouting.

"FATHER YOU CAN'T DO THIS -" I heard Jason shouting. I walked towards the door and leaned on it.

"Shhhh, keep it down son." I heard Mr. Cohen whispered.

"DAD!!! IT IS TOO EARLY. SHE IS GOING TO FREAK OUT!" Jason exclaimed and I can

infer that the word 'she' means me.

"No, honey. It is not too early. She has to know about it." Another voice said. By the high pitch voice, I know it is Mrs. Cohen.

"SHE IS GOING TO THINK THAT WE ARE MONSTERS!!!" Jason said.

What in the world are they talking about??? I thought, completely confused.

"NO! I AM NOT GOING TO LET HER TAKE THE MEDICINE YET! I AM GOING TO -" Jason said, but was cut off.

"JASON! Listen!" Mr. Cohen exclaimed, "Listen to me! I will decide when I want to tell her and I decide when she should eat the medicine - which is today. And I don't think it is too early."

I have never heard Mr. Cohen's voice sound that mad.

Then, the next time I know is that the door swung open and I was falling sideways. The fall seem slow, like it was on purpose for me to see everything. And this time, I swear I am seeing what I am seeing. And this time I was believe what I saw.

Jason's eyes were silver, instead of deep green and when I was fall, Jason made one swift move and he caught me with one arm.

My eyes widen to stare into his eyes, but just like one swift of movement, the eyes changed back to green. I peeled my eyes away from his 'so called green eyes' and looked at the arm that was hold me. Everything seem so slow. Everything, so slow for me to see all of the details, until I broke it.

I got off of Jason's arm and straighten myself up. I saw at him. He was holding my old medicine in my hand. Than I looked at him eyes again and took a step back.

"You know half of what you need to know." Jason said staring into my eyes. My mouth was dry, hard for me to speak with my voice is stuck in my throat. I continue staring at him, not saying anything.

"Let's have a conversation." Mr. Cohen spoke, but I don't dare tear my eyes off Jason, in case I see another thing.

Jason walked towards me and tried to take my hand, but I snatched it away.

I turned around and looked at his whole family.

"We can talk about it, Vanessa." Jason said.

I slowly sat down on a seat, making sure my legs could still hold me up.

Everyone took a seat and I could feel my heart beating quickly in my ears. I clenched my jaw.

"Ok, let's talk about it before it is too late." Mr. Cohen said.

Everyone stared at me. Than there was a long uncomfortable silence in the room.

"You know the medicine that I have gave you?" Mr. Cohen asked. I nodded slowly.

He took in a sharp breath.

"You know what dad, let's not talk about this." Jason said and he turned towards me, "Let's drop this and pretend nothing happened."

I stared at him. I have a feeling it has something to do with my birth and who I am. I got a feeling they were keeping a secret from me. As much as I want to say 'yes', I said, "No."

Jason stared at me and has gone pale.

"I don't think you will drop this until I find out. If it is something about my birth or who I am, I am going to find out. I want to know it, that's me!" I said.

Then there was silence.

I just want to scream at them to tell me, because this was taking forever, until Mr. Cohen started talking, "I guess we have to tell her."

"You know, honey, that medicine is to wake your inner you, up." Mrs. Cohen said and I turned towards her, who has stayed quiet for a while.

I stared at her, Inner me????

"What do you mean inner me? I am wake." I said, feeling stupid.

"How should we say this? You have power and you -"

"What?!" I said, "Power?!"

This was ridiculous!!

I am feeling like I am back to being a child, believing that there was magic powers and mythical creatures in the world.

"Yes, you do have a power and what I want to say next is that you are truly a . . . werewolf." Mrs. Cohen continued.

Ok, they are rich and everything, but they seriously having problems telling me that I am a werewolf?! RIDICULOUS!!! I thought.

"Werewolf?" I asked.

"Remember your mother told you that you were born weak?" Mr. Cohen said.

I turned to him and nodded.

"You were weak when you were born. You have problems and I don't mean mental problems, but inner - self problems." he said.

My mouth hung.

They seriously want me to believe them? And inner - self problem, what is that?

"What do you mean?" I asked. I was trying to flow with this 'cool' story that I was listening to.

"You know how we said that you have power? When you were born, your power was too strong, causing your body to be tired. Your power was so strong that you couldn't control it yourself, the power was wild. You lose a lot of energy like that and you soon became weak." Mr. Cohen explained.

I nodded my head.

"We are not joking. You are a werewolf and we all are." Mrs. Cohen said and stared at me. I stared into her eyes.

And the next thing that happen, scared me so much, I nearly lost my breath. I stared into Mrs. Cohen's electrical blue eyes and it turned to silver that next second I blink. I gasped, but as fast as it came, it went away in left them a blink of an eye. I froze; my heart was doing no good on slowing down. My heart pounded twice as loud in my ears as before.

This time, I knew they were not just talking, but they are saying the truth.

"The old pill that we have prescribed for you before was it slow down your inner pressure. Now your power is well - control." Mrs. Cohen continued talking like she has never showed me, "The new silver pill is a pill that wakes your inner self up."

I stared at her.

I couldn't believe how scary it is to find out the truth about you.

"This pill will make you sick for a while." Mr. Cohen explained.

I finally turned my head, surprised to feel that I can still move. I nodded in response.

"You will start taking the pill starting now. Any questions?" Mr. Cohen explained.

I shook my head.

"You are now dismissed." he said. I shakily got up and Jason held my arm, but I shake it to tell him to let go.

I was confused and scared about this whole thing.

I walked back to the room, not talking to Jason or even make eye contacts.

"Vanessa, I -" Jason said, but I interrupted him.

"I don't want to hear it, I am tired." I said, "Just leave me alone."

"Ok, just one thing, you don't have to take the new medicine if you don't want to. I am talking to dad about this." he said and held my arms.

I hate how he always touches me and I hate how he is being so kind like he don't notice my coldness.

"STOP BOTHERING ME!" I said, "And I am going to take the medicine."

He looked at me. I looked at him and walked to the sit on the window.

My life is so messed up right now I thought and frowned.

My eyes skimmed over the forest.

I wonder What is in that forest? It seems so mysterious

Different Lifestyle

~~

The sun was shine and I decided that I need a shower.

I got up and went to grab a shirt and pant.

I headed towards the bathroom, but the moment I was about to close the door, the door flew open. There was loud giggling and I was nearly knocked over.

There were maidens in the bathroom, giggling or setting up something. I raised my eyebrow.

"Umm," I said and everyone turned to me, but they were still giggling and talking, "excuse me, this is the bathroom and I'm planning to take - AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!" I screamed.

I swear this is the craziest thing that happened to me. One of the maiden stepped forward and started undressing me.

"WHAT THE F*CK ARE YOU DOING?" I screamed, but this time everything stop. The bathroom was silence and you could hear a pin drop from the basket that a maid was holding.

"What do you mean, sweetheart?" one of the maid asked.

"What are you doing in the bathroom? I am trying to take a shower." I said.

This is totally weird. The weirdest moment in my whole life I thought.

"What do you mean? We help you, we -" another one of the maid said, but I interrupted.

"I can take a shower on my own. I don't need any help." I told them.

"We were hired to help you. We can't just sit around and do nothing. We get paid for this. We are your personal make - up artist, personal spa worker, make - over agent, personal cloth maker, dress preparer . . ." they went on and on and on, about what they do. I rolled my eyes.

Does this family suffer this every day? I thought. I sighed.

I guess I have to deal with it

"So??? What is all this about???" I asked and sat on the side of the bath tub.

"Well," said another maid, "we are supposed to make you look perfect tonight. The first dinner with the king, queen and prince.

I stared at them.

"Who?" I asked them.

"The king, queen and prince." said the maid. She makes it sound like I am stupid.

"Ok, I know, but who are they??" I asked them.

"You know Mr. Cohen??? He is the king. Mrs. Cohen, the queen and Jason, the prince." They said.

I gasped, this was weird.

We are all of them. Jason's voice echo in my head. Now I get what Jason means.

Maybe he is a royalty.

I am starting to have a feeling this is coming more and more true.

The ugly truth.

I knew from these days on, my life will never be consider as normal.

"King and queen of what?" I asked, "And is it true that they are werewolf?" I asked quietly. I really want to find out the true and I don't want to pretend like I am listening to a fantasy story. I just want them to tell me that this whole thing is not true.

"Don't be silly, of course they are," one of the maid said.

"Ok, sweetheart, let's not worry about these things. We have to get you ready for the big night." another maid said.

Everything was set up; the bathtub was filled and full of bubbles. The make - up was set up on the sink, the towel, bathrobe and slipper were ready.

"Did you pick this outfit?" one of the maiden said. I looked at her and nodded.

"I can't believe - I mean, I am going to help you pick another outfit," said the said and I can tell she was my dress preparer or personal cloth maker.

This is so richy I thought, I can't believe this was all happening.

I told the maid to go out and come back later when I am finished with my bath.

The maid went out and I got in the tub.

I was starting to relax, letting all of the stress out, but again, the maid came in giggling. I sighed.

Are they always like this? So teen. I said and rolled my eyes.

The maid gather around me and started there job. They were taking my hair and washing it with this green thing and rubbing it with these green leaves. Another started messaging my shoulders and putting these long, black oval stones on my shoulders. My muscular was starting to relax a little, it was good. Than another maid, grabbed my hand and started messaging my arms, hand and finger. Another maid was messaging my feet and using these cool, ooze that makes your feet feels good. I was glad I am not ticklish there, I really like this whole thing, but I don't know their names.

"Hey, guys, I really like this whole thing, but can I know your names?" I asked, it was awkward, because I was interrupting there giggling and gossips.

"I'm Valerie, I am your make - up artist." said the one working with my hair.

"I am Sunny," said the maid that complained about the outfit, "I am your dress preparer."

"I am Vicky, I am your personal spa worker," said the one messaging my shoulders.

"I am Beth, I am your massager and personal clothes designer," said the one messaging my arms, hands and fingers.

I nodded. Than at the next second, they started chatting again. They act like I have never asked for their names.

These girls could probably talk all day long. At some point of the conversation, I would catch a few words.

"Oh my god, James would be coming over in a few days! Well, that is what I've heard." said Sunny.

"Who's James?" I asked them.

"Oh, he is Jason's brother, but he moved out of the house." said Sunny.

I nodded. The next second, they started talking and working again.

"I heard that he found his girl." said Valerie.

"Where did he met her?" Beth asked.

"Well, he meet her at work. She is new to the work place and he was her tour guide.

That must be so romantic." Valerie said dreamily.

All the girl sighed at the same time. I frowned and rolled my eyes.

Are they always like this? I thought.

"I heard that they make - out on the first day." Valerie said and everyone giggled.

"Is she human??" Vicky asked. I frowned, I felt like it was an insult, like they must separate human and werewolves. They also act like I am not here, even though I am not fully human.

"Oh, I heard that she is a human." said Valerie.

"What are the king and queen going to do about it??" asked Sunny.

"Well, they tried to convince James to break up with her. But he doesn't agree with it." Valerie said.

I was listening to their whole conversation. Maybe I can learn something about their family.

"That's bad." said Vicky.

"Yeah, I know right." said Valerie, "the king is planning to invent something that could change her into a werewolf."

I gasped.

Everyone stopped talking and look at me like I never exist in their world.

"Really??" I asked, "That is a pretty big thing to do and she doesn't know that werewolves exist in the world."

"Yeah, we know, but James loves her enough to marry her. And in the world of werewolf, it is forbidden for werewolves to marry human." Beth said, "So that's the only way for them to be together."

My eyes widen.

"Don't worry, Mr. Cohen could take care of everything." Beth said, "He is good at inventing medicines."

"Inventing???" I asked.

"Yeah, Mr. Cohen is a scientist. He always invents medicines like these." Vicky said.

Wow!! I met a scientist that is rich and a royalty I thought.

"I also heard that the girl's ancestor are werewolves, but her parents not." Valerie continued to talk.

These girls do know awfully a lot of gossips.

Sunny quickly glanced at her watch and gasped.

"Oh no!!! We have to hurry!!! The dinner is almost starting!!! We only have 1 hour and a half to get ready!!!" Sunny exclaimed.

"We don't need to hurry. We have plenty of time left." I said, "I take only 20 minutes to dress!"

Everything stopped and they gasped like I said the worse thing in the whole world.

"What?!" I said, "I do."

"Oh no, you did not just - I mean, really??" Sunny said.

"Yeah, what's the problem with that?" I asked her.

"Nothing, I didn't know there was people that takes only 20 minutes to - "

"No time, we have to hurry." Vicky said.

They quickly wrapped everything up and walked out the door to let me wear my bathrobe.

I opened the door and they quickly took my hand to set me down in front of the mirror.

I looked in the mirror. I looked different, instead of just night black hair, my hair was shiny and it looks soft. I even looked more relaxed than usual. I felt like it was magic that washed over me, making me beautiful in just a second. I smiled at the girl in front of me. It was hard to believe that girl was me.

The maid didn't even have the time for them to look at me in the mirror; they just worked and worked and worked - still talking. I didn't even listen to what they were saying this time. I was just staring at the mirror, who become more and more beautiful each second. They helped me put on a light dress that aren't too fancy. Than they helped me put on my make - up.

"You're done!" exclaimed Valerie. She beamed at all of her hard work on the make - up.

"Oh, thank you, I never - how can I thank you?" I asked.

"Oh, it's nothing, I could do this everyday." said Valerie.

"No, you don't have to. That's a lot of work." I said, feeling like I am asking too much.

"Oh, no! We have 10 more minutes left." exclaimed Vicky.

"I've got the shoe!" exclaimed Sunny, who rushed in the room, holding my shoe high up in the air.

"High heels?" I asked.

They nodded.

"No, I can't," I said, "I can't walk on high heels."

"I'll try to find another pair, ok?" Sunny said and ran out the room. I really don't walk on heels. There was this one time when I was trying to walk on heel, but I end up twisting my ankle.

She ran back in with a pair of flats. "Here."

I quickly slipped it on and they lead my down the stair, down to the dining room.

Everyone was there waiting for me.

"Sorry for the delay." I said looking at Mr. and Mrs. Cohen.

"It's ok," Jason said and my eyes drifted over to meet his. I stared at him for a few second, before he got up and helped me to my seat.

I felt weird. I felt like I don't belong here with everyone. I never felt so elegant and fancy in my life.

My eyes drifted over everyone, I have to shake my head a little to stop the staring.

"Everything is ready to eat!" said Mrs. Cohen. She snapped her finger's and all of the maidens came in with trays of food in their hand.

"Let's eat as much as you can, welcome yourself," Mrs. Cohen said and clasped her hands.

I smiled and nodded. I don't want to be disrespectful anymore.

The maiden laid the trays down and I took a good look at the food. They were beautifully arranged and my mouth watered a little. I realized how hungry I was and my memories of this afternoon were forgotten.

"Vanessa, honey, welcome yourself to eat," said Mrs. Cohen, "You didn't even touch the food yet and 2 minutes passed."

I nodded.

"Is not your kind of appetite?" asked Mr. Cohen and frowned.

"No, no, no, it is, I just don't know what to eat first. Everything seems so delicious." I said.

Everyone laughed.

"Just get everything if you like. You have to eat something before eating your medicine." Mr. Cohen said and I started eating.

"Oh, honey, we forgot to tell you," Mrs. Cohen said, "Jason's brother is coming over, 3 days from now. His name is James."

I looked at her.

"Yeah, he is coming to stay for a few days, right?" Jason asked. Mr. Cohen nodded.

We talked about James and about his girlfriend.

By the time the dinner was over, I was extremely tired. I bet it was past midnight.

"Don't forget to take your medicine." said Mr. Cohen as he walked up the stairs.

I went to the kitchen and grabbed a cup of water before taking the medicine.

"How was it?" Jason asked me in the kitchen.

"Great, just so tired," I said, "Now get out of my way, I want to sleep." I dragged my feet which hurt like crazy and force my eyes open, which was hardly opened.

"Need help?" Jason asked and chuckled at me.

"Hey, stop laughing at me, I am extremely tired." I said and slapped him on the arms.

"Fine, just tell me something, how do I look?" he asked, while climbing up the stairs.

I turned at him and looked at him. He was still wake away. I bet he was always up this late at night.

"They need a lot of help, whoever picked your clothes." I said and dragged along; the stairs seem "Fine, just tell me something, how do I look?" he asked, while climbing up the stairs. long right now.

"Really?" he asked, sounding as if it was an unexpected answer. I really didn't mean what I said, but I didn't care.

I threw the door open and threw myself on the bed.

I could hear Jason undress, but I dare not to open my eyes. But when I feel the bed sink a little, my eyes flew open.

"What are you doing here?" I asked, turning to face him.

"Going to sleep on the bed." He whispered.

"No, you can't. You can't sleep on the bed."

"What?" He said.

"You can't sleep on the bed with me." I said and shifted myself to the farther end on the bed.

"Than where will I sleep?" Jason said, sounding more awake.

"On the sofa." I said.

"No way!!!!" He said, "I will never sleep on the sofa. Not in a million years!!!"

"Well, sleep on the floor than." I said.

"Never." He said.

"We can't sleep together. I will never fall asleep. I never slept with someone in my life and I never will." I said. Remember when I was younger, saying I will stay a single forever.

"Well, I can't sleep on the floor or the sofa." He said.

"You have to. Fine than, I am moving to another room." I said and got up. I grabbed a pillow when there was a knock on the door.

"Come in." said Jason.

"What's going on in here?" asked Mrs. Cohen in a quiet voice, who was in her night rode.

"Nothing, everything is fine, we give getting ready to sleep." Jason said.

"Why's there a pillow in your hand, Vanessa?" asked Mrs. Cohen.

"Oh, I was planning to sleep on the sofa." I said.

"The sofa?" she asked with disbelief.

"Yes."

"Jason?" she said, "How can you let her do that?"

"I was the one who planned it, I am feeling uncomfortable." I said quickly and Jason looked at me.

Mrs. Cohen chuckled, "Vanessa, you will get used to it. Just sleep together for one night and I am sure you will get over it."

I didn't say anything.

"Now, sleep together for tonight and Vanessa, do you need me to call them to come in and help you take off the dress?" asked Mrs. Cohen. By the them, I knew right away it was the girls.

I quickly shook my head and blushed.

"Alright now, let's go to sleep. And did you take the pills?" she asked.

I nodded, "Good night."

She left the room. I grabbed my clothes that Sunny was complaining about and throw it on. The dress was hard to take off.

I put the dress on the hanger and got into bed. A few minutes later, Jason lay down next to me. I moved as far as I can to get away from him. I clutched the blanket in my hand and my heart beat fast.

"You really feel this nervous about me next to you, right?" he asked and I jumped a little. I didn't say anything.

He silently got up and left the bed. I watched him at the corner of my eyes, as he went to the closet and grabbed another blanket and pillow out. He went to the sofa and lay down.

Then, there was a long silent. I guess he fell asleep. I couldn't sleep even when I was sleepy before.

I got up and walked over to the window. I sat at the window seat and opened the window a little.

I can smell that leafy smell like trees were just cut down. I stare at the moon.

The wedding will be held, two weeks after the full moon I thought, that's so close from now.

I leaned on the wall and stare at the forest out there for a long time, before I fell asleep.

Vampire and the Ring

~~

The next morning, I woke up on the bed, with the blanket on top of me.

Weird how I end up here. Hope I didn't sleep walk.

I slowly got up and I went to the bathroom to get ready for the day.

I went down stairs to the kitchen, because I was hungry.

"Vanessa, aren't you suppose to be in bed right now?" Mrs. Cohen asked.

"No, why?" I asked.

"Don't you feel sick?" Mr. Cohen asked.

"No." I said, "What's the matter?" All of those worry faces were around me.

"Let's talk about this after breakfast." Mr. Cohen said. Jason looked at me and I looked away.

The maiden made a heavy breakfast for me, I don't even think I could finish it. I quickly ate it anyways, shoving it in my face.

"Vanessa, are you sure you are feeling ok?" Mr. Cohen asked.

"Yes, I am positive." I said and sat down on the couch when I was done.

"That's unusual," Mrs. Cohen said and Mr. Cohen nodded.

"What's unusual?" I asked.

The looked at me and said, "You are suppose to be sick after you eat the medicine. It is a pill to wake your inner self up." they explained.

"Wait, you mean the 'inner - self' is a werewolf inside me?" I asked.

"Yes, but I don't know why it is not working." they said.-

"Maybe if she eats it long enough, it will work." Mrs. Cohen said, "The werewolf is probably deep asleep."

"Sure you took the pills?" Mrs. Cohen asked.

"110 % sure." I said.

"I have to investigate on this case. This never happen before." Mr. Cohen said and rubbed his chin.

"Is it possible that my wolf would never wake up?" I blurted it out by accident.

"Never, that never happens before. I don't think it is possible that it could happen, because it has to wake up. But in your case, the pill before the new one that I have prescribe, it for your wolf to calm down. We have to make the wolf fall asleep, because you don't know how to control it. The inner you is very wild and you can't control it. But the silver pill wakes the wolf up. Now that you are grown up, you are able to control it." Mrs. Cohen explained.

My head spun.

"May I be excuse?" I asked.

They nodded, "I know this is a lot to sink in, but soon you will deal with it. Now go up stairs and rest for a wait."

I got up and headed for the stairs.

I walked into the room and threw myself on the bed.

I lay there on the bed thinking to myself. What happens if my wolf wakes up, but I still don't know how to control it?

And what will happen when I can't control it, will I become weak like before?

The door opened and Jason walked in. He went to the computer and turned it on. I was still lying on the bed. I turned on my head to face him.

"What are you doing? I am bored." I said and got up, walking up next to him.

"Nothing, just the wedding." he said and I looked at the screen.

I walked over to sit on the window seat.

"Can at least a day pass without the wedding being mention?" I asked and looked out the window.

The forest looked different in the daylight. Instead of the creepy and dark one, it was full of green and I could hear the animals, since the window was open.

"I am sorry. You're right, the wedding is far away and it is uncomfortable for it to be mentioning every second of the day." he said and got up.

I looked at him, "Tell me," I said, "Do you want this wedding, anyways?"

He stared at me for a while, "Well, this wedding is a big part of my life. It is something that I want to remember for the rest of my life." Than he looked away, "I want to marry someone that I love and that person will . . . love me back."

There was a moment of silence in the room, an uncomfortable silence.

"What happens if the person you're marrying to doesn't . . . love you back?" I asked. It was weird asking this question and it felt weird when it came out of my mouth. The atmosphere shifted, it was awfully silence and I feel it was uncomfortable to ask a person that, but I have to know.

It was quiet for a whole minute. I thought he forgot the question, when he finally spoke, "Can we drop this subject?"

I looked out the window.

I wondered to myself, How am I going to survive?

"Jason," I said, "I have a lot of questions about - "

"I said don't bring the topic up." Jason said.

"I'm not," I said.

"Than what is it?" He asked and sat down on the sofa and run his hand through his hair.

"Is there such things as mates in werewolf world?"

"Yeah."

"I was wondering is it true that you could only love your mate and you can't pick who your mate is." I asked. I felt silly.

"Where did you hear that?"

"Stories? Fairy tale? Fantasy?" I questioned myself.

"Well, it is true because your mate is chosen by your soul. And you have to love your mate no matter what. You are not force to love your mate, but you just naturally love your mate. Your mate is your other half. If your mate dies, than you can never love someone and you will die along with your mate. Even if you did love someone, you don't have that type of feelings that you get from your mate. In some rare cases, a female

werewolf could have more than 1 mate. But in that case, the werewolf happens to get angry and fight. They would fight for the female and the last one standing is proven to be the real mate."

I nodded.

"Is it true that werewolf eat raw meat?" That question disguised me, but I have to find out.

He chuckled, "Unfortunately, yes."

I gasped and said, "Ewww!"

He laughed.

"Oh, let's move on to the next question."

"Wait, so you are saying that after I am not sick, I can really eat raw meat and think it is the best thing in the whole world?" I asked.

"Yeah," Jason chuckled.

Then I paused, I left a thought wonder.

"And you are also saying that we are . . . mates?" I asked really quietly.

I almost think that he didn't hear me and let that question leaves, but he answered me instead.

"I guess, because my mom and dad won't make me marry someone that I can't love." Jason whispered, and I didn't think I would hear that, but I did.

"Oh," I said and then there were silence in the air. I looked out of the window and leaned on the wall.

Then there was a knock on the door.

"Come in." Jason said.

All of my stylist came in and all of their faces had a big and goofy grin.

"Vanessa, come here!" Sunny squealed and I blushed. It felt embarrassing, especially in front of Jason.

"Yes?" I asked and they pointed out the door.

"So?" Valerie asked, "How was the first family dinner?"

"Family?" I asked, "Yeah, family." I have to get used to calling them family.

"Well, it is a really good night. I really like them and thanks to you guys, I look like a princess from a fairy tale! I don't know how I can thank you." I said and hugged them.

"Awww!" Vicky said and hugged me so tightly, I felt dizzy when she left go.

"Well, have a good day, sweetie." Beth told me and hugged me.

"Bye," I said and walked inside. I went straight to the closet and stared at the clothes.

"SUNNY!!! COME HERE!" I shouted and Sunny quickly ran into the room.

"Sunny, where are all of my clothes? These are not my clothes." I said and picked up a sweater on the hanger.

"Well . . ." Sunny said, "Well . . . I umm . . . threw all of your other clothes away and I kinda replace the old clothes with the new ones that I have brought."

I opened my mouth to speak.

"Wait! But the new clothes are like a whole lot more fashionable." Sunny said and grinned.

I gasped, "What?! When did you do that?" I asked.

"Yesterday, when you were eating dinner. I was bored and I thought your closet needed a TOTAL make - over, so yeah." Sunny said.

"Ok, so you basically threw away ALL of my old clothes." I asked.

"Yeah and I spent hours and hours in the mall, just to buy you designers'. By the way, they are all your size." Sunny said and grinned.

I sighed, "Thanks, though."

She nodded and headed out of the room. I quickly grabbed an outfit and changed. I grabbed a coat and a shoe and walked out of the closet.

"Where you are going?" Jason asked, looking up from the computer.

"Somewhere, I don't want to be stuck here."

"Where?"

"Outside, taking a walk."

"But there's no place to walk here."

"Yeah, there is the forest." I pointed out.

"NO, you can't go there." Jason said and widened his eyes.

"Yes, I can!" I said and ran out the bedroom.

"Hey, wait up!" Jason shouted, but I ignored him. I wanted to explore the forest, it seem interesting and full of mysteries.

I ran to the front door and threw the door open. The forest air felt me on the face. It was calming and I like it.

"Follow me." Jason said and walked ahead of me.

He is fast! I thought.

Jason walked quickly and I walked slowly behind him. I want to get away from him; I walked even slower, until I couldn't see him.

YES!! I CAN FINALLY EXPLORE ON MY OWN! I thought and grin.

I walked on a different direction from him and walked deeper into the forest. I walked up to the part of the forest where I almost can't see.

"Wow!" I said, "Never knew how dark this could be."

I grinned and smiled.

I gotta do this more often I thought.

I kept on walking and walking into the forest and who knows how deep I been in there?

I looked around, until I heard a swoosh.

I froze and my eyes widened.

Than I heard it again. My heart beats.

"Ahh, someone is here." someone behind me said. I swear, you could hear my heart beat. It was pounding on my chest I think it's about to break my rib cage.

"A tasty treat, that's what." Its low voice whispered. I slowly took a step forward and slowly turn around. The man has dark features, but has pale white skin and his canines are extended. There were bloods dripping down of them.

My eyes widened in horror.

The wind picked up and it was getting colder.

He closed his eyes and gave the air a great big sniff.

"Ahh, you are a werewolf, I see." he said and walked closer to me. My hand clenched.

He put one of his pale hands on my cheek and I jumped up from the coldness that came off of his hands.

Vampire I thought and my eyes widened.

He leaned in and sniffed me again. I froze; I didn't know what to do. He leaned in even closer and one of his canines brushed against my skin.

I shoved him away and screamed. I started running away from him as far as possible, before he could stand up. I knew vampire has sonic speed.

I run for the sake of my life and didn't dare to turn back. I did a quick prayer in my head.

By a sound of swoosh, he caught up to me and grabbed me by the neck. He tightened his hold around my neck. I screamed in panic and tried to wiggle free.

"Bitch, you're not going anywhere. I am going to eat you!" the vampire sneered at me.

"LET GO!" I screamed and tried to kick him.

He threw me on the tree and I hit the tree hard, on the head. I gave a loud scream of pain.

The pain in my head was bursting in my head, the pain exploded everywhere.

The vampire laughed and knelt down next to me.

"Uh," he said softly, "Your blood is . . . strong. I smell it and it is beautiful."

I gasped from the pain in my head. It felt worst every second that passed. I was breathing quickly.

He placed a freezing, cold hand on my neck and I shivered.

"Don't . . . TOUCH ME!!!" I screamed put my hand by the side of my head.

My head was vibrating in pain.

He chuckled and leaned in. I squeezed my eyes shut and the pounding of my heart was beating a mile per second.

His canines touched my skin and quickly and greedily chopped into my skin. I screamed from all of the pain - my head, my shoulder and my neck. I could feel my blood being taken out of me - quickly, greedily - and I knew I was very close to die. My hand dropped from the side of my head.

I couldn't stop screaming.

"VANESSA!!!" Jason's voice shouted and I heard him running.

I opened my eyes and my world spun quickly.

The vampire took one last big gulp and ripped his head from my neck. I breathed hard, the oxygen from my lungs felt thin and my body was moving up and down unconscious. The pain in my head, shoulder and neck was unbearably painful. I cried out in pain.

I turned my head with my last bit of energy to look at Jason. I have never seen Jason like this, his eyes were silver, his nails were extended and canines were a bit long.

"WHAT DO YOU DO TO HER, YOU SON OF A BITCH?" Jason said and lunged from the vampire. The vampire charged full speed at him and they fought. Jason grabbed his head and yanked his head apart in front of my eyes.

My stomach twisted, starting to feel nauseated.

He threw the head and the body on the floor and ran to me.

"Vanessa," he said softly. He lifted my body and held it in his arm. He squeezed me closer to him. I didn't realize that

I was shivering like crazy.

He brushed my spray hair away from my sweaty face.

My head felt like it was stabbed from his quick touch.

He held me closer to him and I realized how cold I felt.

He put his - now - bloody - hands gently on my head and started exclaiming my opened, oozing split. I cried of pain.

My tears spilled out.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry." he whispered quickly.

"Jason," I whispered with creaks in between, "I . . . I -"

Than, I passed out in his arms.

~~

I woke up from the pain in my head. I felt like someone threw a hammer on my head and someone is spinning the bed. I opened my eyes and everything was blurry around me.

I heard beeping and small chattering.

When everything was clear, I looked around me.

Where am I? I thought.

"Vanessa, you are awake!" a lady said. I stared at her before I remember who she was. Mrs. Cohen.

Than, a hand squeezed my hand. I looked at the person who squeezed my hand. Jason.

"How do you feel?" Mrs. Cohen asked me. I turned back to her and opened my mouth to speak, but nothing came out.

She snapped her finger and a maiden came in, bring a cup of water. She pushed it on my lips and I hungrily drank it.

Than, she asked again, "How do you feel now, honey?"

I forced my voice out and said, "My head hurts." I put my hands on my head and it hurts like crazy. I was feeling dizzy too.

"Oh, you got stitches on your head, do you remember?" Mrs. Cohen said. I pushed my eyebrows together.

"Do you remember anything from last week?" Jason asked and squeezed my hand.

I pulled my hands away said, "Last week?"

"Yeah,"

"No, what happen?" I asked.

I thought hard and tried to remember what happen last week.

Jason looked at Mrs. Cohen.

I tilted my head and thought even harder, trying to ignore the hammering pain. Than, everything came - what happened. I shivered.

"That was last week?" I asked.

"Yeah."

Then I asked, "Where am I?"

"We are in the city's best hospital." Mrs. Cohen said and grinned.

"Does my family know about this?" I blurted.

Mrs. Cohen frowned and said, "No,"

My parents probably think I am perfectly fine, right now.

I shook my head, Why would I be thinking about them, when they made me do this?

"Can I be excused, I am very tired and I want to rest." I asked.

"Sure honey," Mrs. Cohen said right away and she walked to the door.

"Sleep tight. Ring the bell if you need me." she said and walked out the door.

I stared at the ceiling and blinked for a few moment.

Why wouldn't the pain go away?

I asked. I massaged my temple, but it hard every second I touched it. I laid there on the bed, just staring at the ceiling before my eyelids dropped.

~~

The next time I woke up feeling like my head was bang on the wall a thousand of times.

I could feel the world spinning and my heart beat fast for no reason.

Beep, beep . . . beep, beep . . . beep, beep . . . beep, beep

I focused my eyes to open, but the brightness of the world was too bright, so I closed my eyes again. I opened them again, trying to let my eyes adjust. It was bright, morning. I squinted at the window, which I could hardly see, because my head hurts everytime I move.

Beep, beep . . . beep, beep . . . beep, beep

I angled my eye so I could look around the room. The room had a lot more machine than last time.

My head spun again. I felt like I want to pull out all of the wires to stop the beep's. It was annoying and it was making my head spin more.

Then I heard footsteps coming and soft whispering outside in the hallway.

I angled my eyes to look at the door and it was 100% closed. I didn't know how I could hear all of the whispering, but

I just could. It just came to me like it was natural.

"- was weird. Honey, she was acting up 3 days ago. She started growing her long nails." a high pitched voice said and I knew it was Mrs. Cohen's voice.

"Did you locked the door and kept this room safe? You know other people can't see this, especially the nurses." another voice said, I knew it was Jason's.

"Yes, everything is under control, let's check on her." said Mrs. Cohen. The door clicked open and it review Mrs. Cohen and Jason.

Jason looked like he had never slept for ages. He got big bags under his eyes and his eyes looked dull and it looks like it wants to sleep. Mrs. Cohen on the other hand, looked like Miss Sunshine.

"Ahh, Vanessa, how's everything?" Mrs. Cohen said and sat beside to grab a cup of

water for me. She pushed it to my lips and I drank thirstily. I pulled away when I was done and she put it down. She made the bed to a sitting pose.

I looked at down at my finger nails and knew that they were talking about me.

Did I acted up and my nails grew longer???? I thought and swallowed.

"Vanessa, what's wrong? Why are you looking at your nail like full of disgust? Your nails are beautiful." Mrs. Cohen asked and gently took my hand and patted it.

"Was I the one that you guys were talking about?" I asked. Mrs. Cohen stared at me for a moment.

"What do you mean, honey?" Mrs. Cohen asked and put a smile on her face. I could tell it is a fake smile.

"You were talking about me in the hallway, didn't you?" I asked.

Mrs. Cohen turned pale and said, "You heard everything?"

I nodded and asked, "I was the one acting up??? And I was the one growing long nails?"

" . . . Yes." Mrs. Cohen said, "Because right now you are a full werewolf. You have gone through the steps; acting up, growing longer nails, growing you canines and having silver eyes."

"Silver eyes?" I asked.

Mrs. Cohen nodded and she quickly rambled through her purse and grabbed a mirror. She showed me her mirror and I stared at my reflection. She wasn't lying, I do have silver eyes, but they quickly went away.

"And because of the result, you concussion is healed. It wasn't major, good thing we could save you just in time before anything serious happens." Mrs. Cohen said.

"Dad also said that you could be leaving soon. You could spend one more day in the hospital or you could leave in an hour, ones they did all of the extra check - up." Jason said and looked like he was about to yawn.

"Wait, before you do anything, here. Here, eat these medicines. I know your head still hurts right now. Just eat it and it would be fine." Mrs. Cohen said. I shoved the pill in my mouth; I would do anything to get rid of the pain. I threw a bucket of water in my mouth and I instantly felt better.

I deeply breath in and my mind clearly. I never felt so good in a long time.

"One question, how long was I in the hospital?"

"For about 1 month and a half." Mrs. Cohen said.

I was about to make a reaction, but instead I asked, "Can I leave today?"

I wanted to get away from all of the ping's and beep's.

"Sure, I would tell them to do your leaving check - up." Mrs. Cohen said.

"I'll do." Jason said and walked out of the room.

Mrs. Cohen giggled, "You don't know how much he wants you wake and snuggle next to up."

I blushed like the reddest tomatoes on Earth. I wanted to protest that we don't sleep together, when she interrupted me.

"Boy, you should see him. When we told him to go home, he couldn't stand to leave the building. What he did all day was drink coffee and staring at you."

I blushed even harder. This lady wouldn't stop making me blush.

"He hardly even slept, he only slept for -"

"Mom, the doctor is here for the check - up." Jason came back and I studied him for a while. His does look super tired. He looked like an old man this week.

The doctor did all of the check - up and in the next hour, we were in the limo.

I sat in the car, just thinking.

It's good to have someone always by your side when you don't know what's going on . . . even if you don't love him

Was that selfish? I asked myself.

The next thing I knew, a head plopped on my shoulder. I looked down and saw Jason. I was about to shove his head off of my shoulder, When I thought of everything he did for me. I decided to do something in return and I let him stay.

I studied him for a moment; since I have never seemed him sleep before.

I can see his blonde hair was a little out of place and my nose was so close to his hair that I could smell the faintest shampoo and the faintest hint of cologne from him. I blushed and being so close to him was making me dizzy. I wanted to look away, but my brain wouldn't follow. My eyes could see his golden eyelashes, so long and beautiful, from here. I could see them tangled up and I blushed even harder. His nose was perfectly straight and his tan skin was like a kiss from the sun. He was flawless even when he has bags under his eyes. His mouth was slightly opened and I could hear his heavy breaths. His fingertips slipped from his side and dropped onto my bare arm.

My chest muscle tightened and my breath quickened as I feel the tingling sensation from his skin.

When we pulled in front of the house, I shoved him lightly, but he wouldn't wake up so I slapped him. He immediately woke up and rubbed his eyes.

"We're there." I said, looking away and got out the car without waiting for him.

I ran inside the house and looked around.

"Is there anything I can get you Ms. Cohen?" one of the maids asked.

"Ms. Cohen?" I asked. The maid nodded and I sighed.

"Do you want a meal?" The maid asked and I realized how hungry I would. I nodded and the maid quickly scurried away. I walked to the second floor - to my bedroom - and changed outfit. I went down the stairs to see if my meal is ready and it is. I dug into my food hungrily.

I LOVE FOOD!!! I said and smiled to myself.

When I finished eating, I ate the silver pill and I immediately felt sleepily. I went upstairs and changed into my PJ, when I saw Jason was already asleep on the couch. I threw myself on the bed and when I was warm, I fell asleep instantly.

~~

The next day, I woke up and the sun was in my face. I felt so much better from last night. I stretched and noticed that Jason was not in the room. I shrugged and got out of bed. I got ready for the morning and headed for the breakfast table. Everyone is there, except for Jason.

"Where's Jason?" I asked and a breakfast plate was set in front of me.

"He said that he is doing something really important today." Mrs. Cohen said and grinned.

"Oh." I said and continued eating.

"Vanessa, I have some news for you." Mr. Cohen said, "I've seen your health result and it is very good so far. I was thinking that you don't have to take the medicine anymore. But you have any problem, come tell me immediately."

I nodded. When I finished breakfast, I was about to go upstairs when Mrs. Cohen stopped me.

"Vanessa, honey, don't you want to go outside instead of being stuck in the room?" Mrs. Cohen asked and pushed a strand of hair out of my eye.

I nodded, "Yes,"

"Well, let's get dressed and we could head into the city." Mrs. Cohen said and smiled.

I walked to the room and opened the door to the walk-in closet. I sighed.

How can I choose with so many clothes?

I walked over to a sundress and stare at it for a moment. I am usually not a type of girl who wears sundress, but today I felt like it. I grabbed it and thanks Sunny so much for having a matching shoe underneath the dress.

I quickly got dressed and headed down the stairs to the open front door. The maidens quickly hand me a very cute umbrella. The limo was outside of the house, already waiting for me. The door man opened the door for me to get in and Mrs. Cohen followed in behind me. When we settled in the car, Mrs. Cohen started talking.

"How's everything going?" she asked.

I paused and started saying, "It'ssss, ummmmm -"

"Vanessa, honey, you don't need to lie in front of me. Just tell me how you feel and be honest. I know, we rushed everything and push you guys together, but just tell me how you really feel."

I leaned back on the leather seat and Mrs. Cohen patted my hand.

"I don't know. All I know is that I don't have any feels for me and I don't think I will ever have."

There was a awkward silence in the car and I could hear the car engine's hum.

"Well, honey, let's see what you really don't like about him. And be honest." Mrs. Cohen asked.

I paused and thought about that, what do I not like from him a lot?

"I don't know. I really don't know. It's just that I don't want to be in love with anyone right now." I said, "I want to be a single and not get married."

Mrs. Cohen nodded her head a little, can't tell if she is thinking or not.

"Honey, why don't you give him a little chance and see how it goes."

I nodded, but I know I don't really mean it. The car stopped in front of a restaurant. It was beautiful and it looks like a 5 star restaurant.

"This is Jason's favorite eating place." Mrs. Cohen said and beamed at me. The smell that was coming from the restaurant was making my mouth water a little.

We went inside and we instantly got a seat by the window.

"This is Jason's favorite table." Mrs. Cohen. I have to admit, I like this restaurant too. I grabbed a menu and look for something to eat. I ordered a number 7, even when I don't know what that is - 7 is my favorite number. Mrs. Cohen ordered a number 29 and a salad. The meal came in no time and I dug it. Damn it's good. I smiled on the inside.

"The full moon is coming up, Vanessa." Mrs. Cohen said.

I nodded and a few question popped up, "So, do we turn to a werewolf on the full moon?"

Mrs. Cohen nodded and grinned, "It will be fun, just watch. There will be a lot more other wolf and we could do anything on that day. We can hunt, wrestle and a lot more." My eyes widened and my eyebrow lifted.

"Like on the full moon, everyone would become furry??"

"Yeah."

"But I don't know how to turn to a wolf."

"Oh, you will, it is very easy." Mrs. Cohen makes it sound so easy, because she was a wolf all her life.

She continued, "You just have to think about your wolf and your wolf would wake up. Than you have to give your wolf a name, so, on the full moon, you call your wolf's name and you would turn to a wolf. When you turn to a wolf, you could talk to your mate."

"But don't you have -"

"No you don't, when you become a wolf, he could only hear you only at that time. But when you fully bond, he could hear your thoughts forever."

"Ohhh,"

I thought, At least someone can hear me when I become a wolf, so I don't have to be so confused.

Than I started wondering, What would my wolf look like?? Will my wolf would just wake up by a call 'wolf'?

I decided to give it was try, Wolf!

Hi!!!! said a voice and I jumped, almost fell off my seat.

"Vanessa, are you ok?" Mrs. Cohen asked.

"Yeah, just you know, my wolf woke up." I said feeling embarrassed. Mrs. Cohen giggled and patted my hand. I blushed.

That's embarrassing! I told my wolf.

I hear my wolf laugh and said, **What do you want to name me?**

Will I try to a hairy wolf, when I say the name?

My wolf laughed again and said, **No**

Ok, your name is . . . let's see . . . Layla!

Ohh, the name for dark beauty! said Layla.

Mrs. Cohen interrupted my thoughts and said, "Oh, yeah, Jason's brother, James is coming over today. Let's go now so you can meet him."

We paid and we headed for the car. The driver started driving.

"I think you're going to like Jennifer McCoy." Mrs. Cohen said.

"Jennifer McCoy?" I asked.

"James's girlfriend."

"Oh,"

"Mrs. Cohen, is she a human?"

"Where did you hear that?" she sound concerned.

I didn't want to get my helpers in trouble so I said, "I just heard it from somewhere."

"Well, she is a human, but now she's a wolf. She went through the process to become a wolf."

I nodded.

"Oh, yeah, I forgot to mention, we're going to have a Night of Engagement party for you and Jason." Mrs. Cohen said and clapped her hands together.

I smiled, half - heart.

Don't worry, you'll like it

How do you know?

Because he is your mate! I ignored Layla.

"I have everything picked out and don't worry, everything is going to be FAB!!!" Mrs. Cohen said and grinned.

The car stopped in front of the house and outside the house, there is another car.

"Oh, just in time!" Mrs. Cohen said and quickly got out of the car. I followed her and the doorman opened the door for James and Jennifer. Jennifer came out first and she stared at me for a moment before grinning, and than James.

I stared at James for a moment. He was so handsome; of course he could have a girl like Jennifer.

I walked up to them and extended my hand.

"Hi, you must be Jennifer McCoy, I'm Vanessa." I said and shook her hand. I walked over to James and studied him for a moment. He has Jason's blonde hair and his mother's friendly electrical blue eyes.

"Hi, James, I'm Vanessa." I said and he shook my hand, grinning. I knew right away I'm going to like him.

"Ok, darling, let's go inside and have some tea." Mrs. Cohen said and we walked in the dining room. There was tea, coffee, water and cookies all set up on the table.

I sat across from Jennifer.

She's a wolf now said Layla.

Who?

Jennifer

She went through the process?

Yeah, but her was more different from yours and she just got well before she got here

"Where's Jason?" asked James, snapping me out of my 'conversation'.

"Oh, he went out for a second, he said he's doing something important." Mrs. Cohen said and sipped on her tea.

"How's is it here, Vanessa?" Jennifer said.

"It's perfect here."

"And how's Jason? How's it going with him?"

"It's perfect!" I said and put on a fake smile.

"Oh, that's great. I've heard a lot about you guys."

"Really?" I asked and she nodded.

"Oh, by the way, call me Jen, I don't really like my full first name." she said and smiled.

"Oh, girls, sorry to interrupt, but I have some news!" said Mrs. Cohen and smiled. She always smile that there's no mistake in her life. She makes life sound so easy.

"I was planning that we have ballroom dancing lesson." Mrs. Cohen said.

"But -!" Jan and I started.

"Oh, don't worry; I'm going to hire a tutor to help you, guys." She said quickly.

"I - !" I started.

"Honey, don't sorry, leave it all up to me! And I'm going to hire the best dancing tutor in the world!!!!" she beamed and grabbed her phone, call a tutor.

"I can't dance!" I whispered to Jen.

She smiled and said, "So can't I!"

I grinned; I know I'm going to like this girl too.

Than, Mrs. Cohen slammed her phone down on the table and squealed. My eyes widen. Out of the corner of my eyes, I saw James put his forehead in his arm and blushed from the embarrassment from his mom.

"SHE HIRED, SHE HIRED! YEAH! DANCING LESSON STARTING TOMORROW!" she squealed and got up, "I got to dash, see ya!" She walked out of the room.

"What -" I started.

"Uhh, don't mention it, that's who my mother is." James said, lifting his head and I laughed.

"She always like that when she gets excited." James said.

I laughed even more.

The door bell rung and a maid quickly went to get the door.

"That's probably Jason." Jen said.

Jason walked into the dining door and saw James.

"Oh, brother, how great to see you." James said.

"How long were you here?"

"Just a wait."

"Hi, Jason, I'm Jennifer McCoy, call me Jen." Jen said, standing to shake his hand.

"Hi, well, I have to go." Jason said and was about to walk out, when he signaled me to come along.

"Well, can I be excused too?" I asked.

They nodded and I followed Jason up the stairs. We got to the room.

"Guess what?" I asked and at the same time he said, "I have something for you."

There was silence.

"Uhh, you go first." I said.

"No, you go." he said, sitting down on the chair.

"Ok, your mom is planning to have dancing class for us. She wants us to learn Ballroom dancing." I said, I didn't know why I was telling him that.

"And yeah, what do you want to say again?" I asked.

There was a pause between us, "Ummm, well, never mind."

"Tell me." I said.

"No, I'll tell you next time." Jason said.

"Fine, than you have to tell me what's in that bag." I said, standing in front of him.

"Next time." he said and put the bag in one of the drawers of his's. I rolled my eyes and walked away. I took a shower and come out the bathroom. I looked around the room.

He's not here! I thought, Time to find out what's in that bag!

I threw the towel back to the bathroom hamper and tip - toed to the drawer that he put the bag in. I slide it open - it was his boxer drawer. I blushed. On top of his boxers was the bag that he was holding.

I opened the bag slowly and there was a beautiful box inside. I grinned and opened the box. I gasped. Inside the box was the biggest diamond ring I have ever seen in my whole life.

"Wow, that's beautiful." I said and grinned.

I never knew Jason was such a good person to buy his mother a present! I thought.

Yeah, isn't he great? asked Layla.

Yeah, something he could be really sweet and caring, but something he just so -

"Vanessa?" Jason asked. I jumped and the beautiful ring flew out of my hand and on the carpet.

I quickly straightened myself out and said, "I'm sorry, I really don't mean to drop your mother's present on the floor!"

I scrambled to find the lost ring among the carpet floor, "I'm so sorry, I didn't mean to dirty the beautiful ring and I just want to take a look at it. I'm so sorry - "

He chuckled and took the found - ring out my hand.

"It's ok and that ring isn't for my mother, it's for you. And I'm glad you think it's beautiful." Jason said and smirked.

I blushed really hard and quietly said, "Oh,"

He chuckled, "It's the first time I've seen you blush." I blushed harder and slapped him a little bit playfully.

"Oh, well, you've saw the ring. I thought it would be a surprise, but you were too curious." He took my hand and right away, my skin felt warm. He gently slipped the ring on my finger. He brought my hand up to his lips and he planted a small kiss. I could feel how his lips felt like on my skin - full, plumped and soft. I shivered a little and blushed.

I studied my hand for a little and I have to admit; It is so beautiful and it totally suits my hand. Long, thin fingers with a beautiful, flashy ring!

I thought and I could feel my inside do a mini dance.

I smiled.

"The first time I've seen you smile too. And it's sexy to have two dimples when you smile." Jason teased in my ear and his hot breath warmed my ears. I blushed and shivered.

"Hey!! Stop that would you!?" I asked.

"No, I won't!" Jason teased and squeezed my hand that he was still holding. Than,

there was a silence in the room. It wasn't an awkward silence; it was just a happy silence. I could feel myself grin wider and I notice how close we were. Our toes were touching each other and I notice how much taller Jason was than me. He was probably a 6 feet something. He bent over and I could see his lashes, how thick and heavy they look. His eyes were a beautiful shade of green and it looks dreamy. I could hear his breathing and feel his hot breath leaning really closer to me. I could smell him, his shampoo and cologne. His hair was slightly covering his eye and he moved in a little closer. I could see his lips slightly apart.

Then I started blushing, Is he going to kiss me? I thought.

I blushed even harder and my heart started hammering in my chest. My breath quickened slightly and I hoped he doesn't notice. Our lips were almost an inch apart and I did the first thing that came into my mind - push him away. I pushed him a little and I started feeling dazed.

I unconsciously stepped back and his hand slipped away from my hand. My face heat up even more.

I looked away, I didn't want to see Jason's face, but I could feel him looking at me.

I really regret it, but I really didn't know what to do, if he really kissed me.

"Ummmm, I have a question. I, ummm, I was wondering what type of ring this is." I asked awkwardly, trying not to create a weird and silence atmosphere, but knowing that I am. I forced myself to look at Jason and when our eyes met, he quickly looked away. I blinked at him, but he quickly recovered.

He moved in closer and he took my hand.

"Umm, let's say that this is a promise ring." Jason said.

I looked up at me and smile, "What do you promise?"

"I promise you that . . . I will make you happy and that you'll love me." Jason said cockily. I laughed at him.

"Fine, you promise?" I asked and stuck my pinky finger out.

"Yeah, I promise, even the last part." he said, "You will fall in love with me one day." He hooked his pinky around my pinky and we shook it.

"Deal." he said and I grinned.

I remember what pinky promises were like back when I was child. I would do that all the time when there was something big. But now I am almost 18 and I still pinky promise because this was important and big. Sometimes, I wonder about the promise that other people make with me, I always wonder if they will come true or they are just lying. And some promises I forget, but this one I know that I never forget this and this promise will keep me thinking if it will happen.

Prince Charming

~~

"Ok, the dance movement is lady inside, gentlemen outside, lady inside, gentlemen outside!!!!!" Our dancing teacher, Bex, screamed directly at me. I winced a little. I hated it so far. I had 3 hours of ballroom dancing and I've never got one step move right. I groaned on the inside.

This is so dumb and stupid!!!!

I guess dancing is not one of your favorite Layla said. I sighed.

"Move your right leg first." Jason whispered.

"I did!" I whispered back. These past few hours I have been tangled up with Jason and tripped over his and MY OWN legs.

"Let me give you tips; when you dance you focus on what your feet do and you keep a beat in your head!!!!" Bex screamed again, looking right at me.

I looked away and rolled my eyes.

She is not helping at all. All I hear is screaming, screaming, and more screaming. And all I know is that she hates me and she likes screaming.

"Just do what I say and you'll get it." Jason offered some help. I nodded. The slow music started again.

"A 5, a 6, a 5, 6, 7, 8!!!!" Bex screamed.

"Inside - right foot, outside - left foo -"

I tripped on my own 2 feet.

"Woah!" I said and fall. I squeezed my eyes shut, expecting to land on my face, but instead I landed on Jason's hard chest.

I groaned.

"Oh my God, Jason are you all right???" Bex rushed to his side and try to help him up. I rolled my eyes.

Oh, of course she going to help him, first, because he is a royal prince I thought.

Well, you're going to be a royalist soon Layla said.

Yeah, soon

I rolled my eyes and try to get up, but I realized that there was a pain in my leg.

"Ouch!" I whispered to myself. Jason looked over at me.

"Oh, I'm fine, let's just see what's wrong with Vanessa." Jason said and looked worried. Bex slowly got up.

"Oh, just a tiny bruise." She said, "It's really nothing -"

"Go get a pack of ice!" Jason said.

"Are you ok?" Jen asked. I nodded. I stood up leaning on one side.

"Sit here." James said patting a seat by his side.

I sighed and said, "That was a terrible lesson."

James grinned, "Not really."

I looked at him, "HEY!!! ARE YOU TEASING ME???"

He grinned, "Yeah! Well, catch me if you can!"

"HEY!!! AGAIN, YOU'RE TEASING ME!!! Jen go catch James for me and hit him." I said to Jen. James quickly ran out of the ballroom dancing hall with Jen right behind.

"I don't blame him if he wants to tease your dancing." Jason said smirking. I frowned.

"AND NOW YOU'RE TEASING ME TOO?????" I grabbed a pillow from the seat and threw it at him. He dodged it with a swift slide and grinned.

"Catch me, if you can." Jason whispered in my ear. I flushed and grabbed another pillow to hit him. Even though I was blushing, I have to admit it was fun, until Bex came in with an ice pack.

She almost threw the ice pack at me. I swear she hates me for no reason. She walked out the room without saying anything. I groaned.

"What's the matter?" Jason asked.

"She hates me." I sighed.

"No, she doesn't." Jason said.

"Yes, she does, look at the way she looks at me." I said, "I bet nobody likes me."

"That's not true!!" Jason said and brought me in his arm. I blushed; I really like this feeling - his warmth near me.

I really wanted stay like this forever, but I ended up clearing my throat.

"Ummm, I uummm, I need to get a bandage." I said awkwardly and got up.

I walked out the door without another word. I went to a supply closet and got a bandage. I taped it on my leg. It looked weird, but who cares.

I was finished and I decided that I want to go out for a walk. I grabbed my coat and headed for the door.

"Wait, Vanessa." Jen shouted hurrying to catch up with me.

"Hey, Jen." I said.

"Where are you going? I want to go too." She said. I grinned. I looked closer at Jen, she was all red.

"I want to walk into the forest again. And why are you so red??" I asked. We walked out the door and the maiden locked it.

"Ohh," she said quietly, "We kissed." I grinned. I felt good for them.

There was a long silent in the air, "Why do you guys seem so pretty?? So flawless and happy??"

"Us???? What do you mean???"

"I mean, you and James seem like a prefect couple, never seem to argue or get mad at each other. I've been jealous the first time I saw you guys. So close to each other like that was nothing in the world that could separate you two apart." I said. A few leaves were falling from trees all around us. I breathed in the cold, fresh air.

"Jealous???" Jen said, "How?? You have a great guy like Jason and how can it be?? You guys seem like a prefect couple too."

I snorted a little.

Prefect??? Nowhere near prefect couple and of course Jen would say it is easy, she was beautiful. Her beautiful and curly orange hair were lose and free and those cute freckles that dotted her nose. And she was free to love whomever she love;, she was never forced to marry someone like I had to.

"What!!!???" She exclaimed, "You do look prefect with Jason." I looked away. I didn't want to say anything, but I forced it out.

"But we're not going to be together like you guys are." I whispered.

"What?! You have feelings for Jason? Right??"

I shrugged.

"Well, you can at least pretend to like him and trust me; you're going to like him afterwards." She said.

I shrugged, "I can't do that, my heart just doesn't - I mean, my heart just can't do that for me."

Jen raised her eyebrow, "Force yourself, try and you will like him one day."

I shrugged.

"Come on and he is really sweet, he got you a ring!" Jen said. I thought nobody notice the ring, but Jen did.

"I guess." I said and frowned.

"And it's really beautiful, you're lucky!" She said and picked my hand and examined it.

"WOW! The rocks are big!" She whispered, "You really should be glad you have a guy like him."

~~

"START ALL OVER AGAIN!" Bex screamed, "SOMEONE IS NOT DOING IT RIGHT!"

I rolled my eyes. Obviously, everyone knows it's me because she was staring at me.

I got into the ballroom dancing frame.

"Arms higher!" Bex shouted in my ear, while slapping my left arm. I tried not to whimper from her hard slap.

"Feet together!" Bex shouted again. I swear I'm going to go deaf.

"Stand straighter!" She said and poked my back. That is something that hugged the hell out of me.

I got out of position and crossed my arms.

I gave her a look, "I can't take it anymore! I am standing straight already. I am already holding my arm high enough. My feet are already apart! If you're going to teach, would you mind keep you hands to yourself? And find someone else who would let you bitch slap them!" I said to her, loudly.

If smoke could come out of her ears, they would.

"And by the way, I QUIT YOUR STUPID CLASS!" I said and stomped out of the room. Great, I'm probably going to be in trouble and I got a slap, a poke and a bruise on my knee already. I'm surprised why I didn't quit earlier.

"Vanessa!" someone shouted. I didn't look back until someone touched my arm - James.

"Oh, hi?" I asked. He grinned.

"Hi," he said.

"Don't you just hate ballroom dancing class?" I blurted out. I covered my mouth and blushed.

He chuckled, "The teacher? Sorta?"

I rolled my eyes.

"But ballroom dancing, the dance is a lot if fun!" He said.

"I doubted!" I said and rolled my eyes again.

"No, I'm not kidding!" He said and smiled, "Let me show you."

Before I could say anything, he pulled my hand and led me down the hall. He tugged me to another ballroom dance room.

I gasped; this room was so big, and beautiful.

"How much ballroom dance room do you guys have?"

"Two."

"Ok, ready? I'm going to teach you have to dance and how to love it."

I have to smile, at least someone kinder can teach me.

"Lets get into position." I got into position.

"You know you remind me of when I was younger. I used to trip all over myself." He said and laughed at himself.

I laughed, "I'm probably worst."

"Not really." He said and laughed again.

"Ok, so what dance do you want to learn first?"

"Tango."

"Ok, the dance moves are back, back, back, side, together. Give it a try." he said.

"Back," I moved one feet back, "Back," I moved the other leg back, "Back," I moved my other foot back "Now, side, together." I moved my second leg to my left and brought my right feet together.

"Correct?" I asked, eager. There was a part of me that said I did it right.

"Correct!"

I squealed, "I DID IT!! I DID IT, I DID IT!" I absently threw myself onto James and hugged him.

"I'm so proud of myself!" I said and grinned like crazy. Wow, it feels good to do something right.

"Thanks!"

"You're welcome." he said. I pulled myself away from him and blushed a little.

"Ok, now try to do it faster, but without tripping over yourself."

I punched him lightly on the chest and got back to position.

"Back, back, back, side, together!" I said aloud and I did a little happy dance.

"Ok, let me teach you the rest of it. Ok, you do it twice and on the third one, you do, back, back, take a step and rock your body, another step rock your body, and then side together." he said.

"Back, back, take a step rock, rock, take a step rock, rock, and side together." I said.

"You did it."

Feels good to do something right

Yeah, enjoy it and REMEMBER it

"Ok, since you know the steps, the beat is, T – A – (N - G – O). You're still moving on the 'O', if you don't then you did something wrong." he said.

I nodded eagerly.

"Ready to practice?" he said.

"Yeah!" I squealed.

"May you dance with me for the night, my lady?" he said with a thick British accent. I giggled, it remind me of those romance and classic movie. He bowed and extended his hand for me to accept him.

"Yes," I said, grinning. He took my hand and gave it a light kiss before we got into position. I blushed.

We got into the dance frame and the music started.

"A 1, a 2, a 1, 2, ready 3." he said.

Back, back, back, side, together, pause, back, back, back, side, together, pause, back, back, take a step rock, rock, take a step rock, rock, side together, pause, back, back, take a step rock, rock, take a step rock, rock, side together. . .

The music came to an end and I grinned.

I like this!

He continued to teach me the dance move until we got the whole thing correct.

I grinned skipping down the hall into the kitchen.

"I'm starving!" I grinned, looking behind me.

"Let's grab something." he said and we looking around the kitchen.

"Wait, there's going to be not rats or insects in her, right?" I asked looking around.

"No, you won't EVER see a single one of them." he said.

"Can I have a parfait?" James asked one of the chief.

"What do you want?" James asked me.

I grinned, "I LOVE PARFAITS! MAKE THAT TWO, PLEASE." I said shouted over James's shoulder.

I walked out of the kitchen and sat down at the dining table.

"So which dance you like best?" I asked him.

The maiden passed out the forks and spoon.

"The rumba!" he said.

"Well, my is the tango."

"Are you just saying that because you don't know the other dances?" he said, smirking.

I laughed and said, "Yeah,"

He shook his hand and smiled.

"Which of the dances did you learn first?" I asked.

"The merengue."

"You got to teach me those dance moves next time." I said.

"Sure." he said and smirked.

Then, there was an awkward silence, until, he broke the silence.

"Oh, I forgot something!" James said jumping up from his seat, "How can I forget!"

"What?!" I asked, raising my eyebrow.

"Wait, just hold on, I will be right back, ok?" he said and running out of the dining room.

A moment he return hiding his hand behind his back.

"Is it a surprise?" I giggled.

"Yeah," he said, "Ok, close your eyes. No peeking."

I closed my eyes and can't help, but grin a little.

I heard a bag rustling and a bow opening.

"Done?" I asked, impatiently.

"Almost and don't peek." he said.

I could feel someone behind me and leaning forward. The heat of James' heat near my body was making my heart beat. I could feel something cool and smooth going around my neck. I could hear a little clasp from a clasp.

"Open your eyes now." he said. My hand flew to my neck and I looked down. I gasped, it was simple and beautiful necklace, it has the letter V on it.

"It's really simple and I didn't really know what to get you, like, you know." James said and scratched his neck.

I grinned and said, "I love the necklace, it's beautiful."

"Oh," he said and blushed a little.

The parfaits came and James took a seat.

"Let's dig in!" I said and started eating.

"Mmmh," It's really good.

"Oh, yeah, James, you're hired as my ballroom dancing teacher and Bex is FIRED!" I said, smiling.

James chuckled, "\$100 for an hour!"

I gasped, "An hour? Then, I quit!" We both laughed.

"GIRLS AND BOYS!" Mrs. Cohen said, walking into the dining room with Jason and Jen behind her. The 4 inch high heel created a high pitch click, click on the marble floor.

Jason and Jen took a seat and groaned a little. I looked at Jason to see what was wrong and right away, he looked at my neck. His eyes looked like they were about to pop out of his socket and his eye looked at my finger quickly.

Mrs. Cohen clapped her hand loudly and smiled her thousand dollar smile.

"Ok, I got good news." she said in her super high pitch voice, "I thought that the Night of Engagement for Jason and Vanessa should be pushed to an early day."

All of the eyes flew to Jason and me.

Still eating my parfait, I can feel the piece of fruit that I was chewing in my mouth getting stuck in the middle of throat and my eyes widened. I choked on the fruit and coughed, while Jason cleared his throat, sounding very uncertain.

"It's everything ok?" Mrs. Cohen asked, like she doesn't see the problem. She looked at me and sighed, "I know I am pushing you to the limit, - arrange marriage, ballroom dancing and making the Night of the Engagement early - but everything is going to be perfectly fine, ok darling?"

I reluctantly nodded and smiled like everything was perfectly fine too.

She turned to Jason and said, "And Jason, it's not that bad, ok? Just trust me, ok?"

Jason just raised both of his eyebrows and shrugged.

"And as for Jennifer and James, I will start thinking about your wedding." Mrs. Cohen said dreamily and smiled. She sighed, clasping her hand.

"Ok, now darling, go back to what you were doing, ok? Oh, by the way, that was the good news." she said.

Before she walking out, she turned and looked at me.

"Vanessa, come to my room, please."

I sighed.

Oh, boy!

It's not going to be bad . . . I think Layla said.

Yeeep I said sarcastically.

And pushing the Night of the Engagement is not going to be that bad

It will be pretty bad I sighed.

No, he is your mate and your going to love him, I promise Layla promised.

I got up and followed Mrs. Cohen upstairs.

"Sit, darling." Mrs. Cohen said, when I was in her office. I sat on one of the chairs and I fold my hands together, I squeezed them really tight together.

"Vanessa, I know you are having some difficulties with Jason, so I decided that I am going to push you and Jason together, like, more together." Mrs. Cohen said. I stared at her, really confused, how did she know about me and Jason not being so close together? I have to give her credit for knowing it.

"So how are you going to do that?" I asked. I squeezed my hands tighter.

Mrs. Cohen giggled and sighed, "Like what they do in modern days. Go on a date."

"A date?" I asked.

"Yeah, a date."

"Where?"

"Anywhere you and him want to go. I am going to let you decide." Mrs. Cohen said.

I hold in a sigh and an eye - roll.

"And don't worry, you're going to love him." she grinned.

That's what EVERYONE says

"Ok, that's it for today." Mrs. Cohen said, "Oh, yeah, the date is tomorrow, so wear something nice and don't worry, Valerie, Sunny, Vicky and Beth is going to help you. Ok, bye darling."

I got up and rolled my eyes when my back is to her. I got out of the office and I sighed.

OH, GREAT!!! A DATE COMING RIGHT UP!!! I thought.

Oh Great, A Date Coming Right Up!

~~

"Pss, pss, wake up!!" someone whispered in my ear.

I groaned and tried to shoo it away.

"Wake up, Vanessa!"

"Shut up, Jason!" I whispered sleepily.

"It's me, Beth! Now wake up!! Hurry up!!"

I groaned, Who is Beth??

I got up and looked around me, Valerie, Vicky, Sunny and Beth, Ohhh, that Beth.

"What's the matter?" I asked rubbing my eyes. Valerie gasped and rushed to my side and started clawing through my hair with her hand.

"Your date is today!" Beth explained and everything flow through me.

"What's time is it right now?" I asked.

"3:00."

"3:00!! THAT'S CRA -!!"

"SHHH!! Jason is still sleeping!!" Vicky said, covered my mouth and jerking her thumb behind her. She removed her mouth and I sighed.

"I don't need to wake up that early to be preparing, right?"

"Yes you do, you need all of that time, now get out of bed!" Beth whispered.

Great, a bad start so far.

Men have everything easier, they don't have to care about their look, they don't have to wax, shave, pluck or thread, they don't have to be forced to wear something uncomfortable like heels, and they don't have to do anything that girls have to do.

When they was finished with making my hair softer, skin more shinier, legs shaved and muscle relaxed, Sunny came in the bathroom with the outfit.

"No, no, no, dress please." I pleaded.

"Oh hell yeah you are gonna wear this!" Sunny said.

I pouted a little and asked, "What about now? No, please?"

"No faces, you have to wear it!"

"But it's fall outside and it's going to be cold!"

"Well, that's why you have a Burberry coat." Sunny said.

I sighed; this is hopeless arguing with them.

They helped me put on the dress, while Sunny went to get the shoe.

"Watch, I'm gonna come home freezing my ass off." I said.

"No, you won't, we love you, kk?" Vicky said and kissed me on the cheeks.

"I got the shoe!!" Sunny said, hiding it behind her back.

"Dear Jesus Christ, let's just take a moment to pray that the shoe Sunny was talking about is not a high heel. I have already suffer enough - being waken up, not even seeing the sun yet, wearing a dress on a freezing - a\$\$ day and being forced to have a date with Jason. Please God, HELP ME!!!!" I took a deep breath and said the last part, "Amen."

Sunny laughed and said, "Well, guess what, IT IS A HIGH HEEL!"

I nearly died.

"Please, no heel, I am already wearing a dress." I pleaded and made a puppy face.

"No faces! The final answer are high heels." Sunny said, hands on her hips.

"There's always another shoe among the 200 pairs of shoe that would look better than high heels. Like . . . um, like . . . my favorite purple SNEAKERS!!!!" I said brilliantly.

"NO!!! WAY!! Sneakers, no, no, no. Now hurry up, we need to do the make - up. And we are wasting time arguing!" Valerie said, clapping her hand to hurry everyone up.

I sighed and slipped my feet into the 100 inch heel.

"How much inch is this? 'Cause I don't think I can step up to bring my other feet in my other heel." I said.

"Relax, it's not that tall, it's only a 3 inch heel." Sunny said and helped me put on the other shoe.

I stood up and I swear I felt like I was 100 feet above ground. Yep, this is the first time I EVER wore high heels.

Valerie lead me to the make - up table, I lean on her in case I fall. I slowly sat down and Valerie worked her magic on me. At the end, I looked in the mirror and I looked like a live Barbie.

"Beautiful," Mrs. Cohen said, making me jump.

I turned around; this is the first time I saw Mrs. Cohen in her bathrobe.

"She is good to go." Beth said.

Sunny came in with the Burberry coat. She helped me put on the coat. Valerie helped fix my hair that was tucked in the coat.

"Ok, time to go, the limo is outside and Jason is there waiting." Mrs. Cohen said, grinning like crazy.

I walked down the stair, mostly leaning on Vicky.

"Good luck." Vicky whispered.

"She doesn't need luck, she's FAB!!" Beth said, winking.

We headed to the front door and before we opened the door, Beth said, "I like that V necklace. And it looks good on you."

I blushed and said, "James got it as a welcome gift."

"Well, ok, have fun with your date." She opened the door and the sunlight stabbed my eyes.

"Here's your sunglass." Vicky handed it over and I put it on.

"Ok, have fun and get into the car!" Vicky said and giggled, "And Jason looks hot."

I looked at him. Alright, I admit it, he does look hot. He wore a casual, white bottom down and a pair of dark jean with his hair gel. He waved at me and I took baby steps walking over to him, not wanting to trip and hoped that I didn't look like an idiot who doesn't know how to walk.

"Hi," I breathed.

"Hi, you look beautiful." he said.

I blushed and said, "You look handsome."

He flashed me his billion dollar smile.

"Let's go." Jason said, opening the car door. I turned around and waved, when Jason

wasn't looking, Beth winked and Vicky made a heart with both of her hands. I smiled like an idiot and got inside the car.

"So where do you want to go?" Jason asked.

I shrugged.

"Let's go eat something first." Jason said.

I nodded.

"You know you look really good." Jason said.

I blushed.

"And I see that James got you a necklace." Jason said, leaning in to hold the necklace in his hand. As he reached, his finger brushed the bare skin on my chest and it sent a small shock through my body. I shivered a little.

"Yeah." I said, trying to stay as still as possible.

Then his hand pulled away and went to my fingers. Again, it sent shock through my body.

"And you're still wearing my ring?" he asked.

I blushed and said, "Yeah,"

I looked at my feet. Jason pulled his hand away and he tucked a strand of hair behind my ear. I swear Jason is in his flirt mode.

"So, um, where are we going to be eating?" I asked, looking up.

"At my favorite breakfast place."

"Uhhmmm," I said, "It's really good!"

He chuckled and put a piece of blueberry pancake with maple syrup and ice cream in his mouth.

I grabbed the glass of water and drank half of it. I grinned.

We quickly finished and Jason threw a hundred dollar bill on the table and grabbed my hand, running out.

"You gave them 100 for just 2 things?" I asked, laughing.

"Yeah, I guess, kinda worth it." he shrugged, grinning.

We jumped into the car and the limo started.

"Where are we going next?" I asked, not realizing that I was still holding Jason's hand. I was about to pull away when Jason held it tighter. I blushed.

"We are going to the amusement park." he said.

"I haven't been to one in a long time." I said.

"Yeah, me too. Old times." he said shaking his head. I laughed.

"I love the bumper cars." I said.

"No matter how old you get you can never get over bumper cars." he said. I smiled. Hard to believe, but Jason and I have a lot of similarities.

In no time we arrived to the amusement park.

"Is this a new amusement park?" I asked.

"Yeah,"

"Let's go!!!" I said excitedly, tugging his hands to hurry up.

We bought two 50 dollar tickets.

"Bumper cars first!" I said and ran to the bumper cars. We got in the car and the men

shouted the instructions.

"Ok, ready to have some fun?" the men asked.

"Yes!" everyone screamed.

"Ok, ready, set, go!!!!!!!" he shouted and everyone started their bumper car.

I charge my car full - speed to Jason and bumped him really hard.

"I'm gonna get you!" Jason said and raced after me.

"No, I am not an experience driver!" I shouted and I accidentally bumped into the wall, following from the bump from Jason's cart.

I drove backwards and hit the opposite wall. Jason started laughing like crazy. I blushed from embarrassment.

"Hey, I don't know which pedal is forward and backward!" I shouted at Jason with a fist in the air.

"Hey you over there, move your goddamn bumper car! You are blocking me!" a fat kid behind me shouted.

Jason laughed harder.

I hit myself mentally.

I'm gonna show him who will be laughing at the end!

I drove forward and bumped him again. This whole time we continued to bump each other, but I kept on bumping him and the walls.

"Ok, ten more second before this around ends." the men shouted. I decided that this was the time to get Jason back.

The men started counting backward and I charged to Jason. I smirked, I'm gonna like this!!!!

I found Jason and I quickly charged towards him. It took him back, he was about to get me back when the alaram rung and the bumper cars froze.

"I'm gonna get you, watch!!!" Jason shouted. I squealed, quickly unbuckling my seatbelt to run away. I would have run faster if I wasn't wearing a 3 inch high heel. I quickly run to the high swings where they would raise you high above ground and you would spin round and round. I grinned.

"Gotcha!" Jason shouted, wrapping an arm around me. It startled me and I jumped, but when I turned around, I squealed.

Than, he started tickling me in my stomach, my ticklish spot. I was laughing so hard I could hardly breathe and my head started hurting.

" . . . My stomach hurts!" I said in between breaths. I leaned on him for support, trying to catch my breath.

When I finally caught my breath I said, "Let's ride the high swings." Pointing to them.

"Sure."

We got on to the swing seat and I took off my shoe.

"What are you doing?" Jason asked laughing.

"Just in case the shoe will fall from my feet when we are high up in the sky." I said.

He chuckled.

"You know, Sunny is going to scream her head off if I lose these 4 inch Jimmy Choo shoes." I joked.

He laughed.

"OK!! LISTEN EVERYONE, BUCKLE YOUR SEAT BELT AND I WILL COME AROUND TO SEE. AFTER THAT THE RIDE WILL START!!!" shouted the men in charge. I put on my seat belt and I waited for it to start.

Soon, I could feel the swing being raised into the air. I squealed and looked at Jason. He grinned back. I daggled my shoe at him and smiled. The swing stopped rising when it was about 50 feet above ground.

I looked down and grinned. I see that a few people were looking at us. "Jason!!! WE ARE SO HIGH!!!" I shouted to him, "IT'S BEAUTIFUL UP HERE!"

He nodded.

"Ready, people?" the speaker went on and I looked down. I could see more people come to see our ride.

"YEAH!!" everyone shouted. The music started playing and the swing started swinging.

"WHOOOOOO!" I cheered along with everyone else.

We were so high up and I love it. I looked down and I think we were about 70 feet above ground.

"JASON, IT'S SO MUCH FUN UP HERE!" I shouted to him, putting my hand up in the air (along with my shoe). I looked at him and his hand was in the air too.

"Whooo!" everyone shouted.

The ride lasted for a while, before our feet touched the ground. I reluctantly slip on my shoe and walked over to Jason.

The day continued and when we felt tired, we headed towards the car. I had a stickful of cotton candy in my hand and Jason had a can of soda in his hand.

"Are we going to go home now?" I asked in the car.

"No," he said.

"Then, where are we going to go?" I asked, looking up at him.

"We going to the beach to take a walk, then we are going to sit on the cliff to watch the sun set."

"How far is the beach?" I asked.

"Not very far. Wait, its right around that corner." Jason said, pointing out at the front window.

The car stopped and I opened the car door to step onto the beach boardwalk. I took off my shoe and threw it back into the car. Jason held my hand and we walked into the cool sand.

"You know that the Full Moon is coming up right?" Jason asked.

I nodded.

"So, what do I do when it is the Full Moon?" I asked, feeling a little dumb, ok, ok, I feel really dumb asking.

He chuckled, "You run, hunt - "

I stopped walking.

"HUNT?!" I squeaked.

He chuckled, "Yeah,"

"Like, eating the animal skin and - "

He laughed and said, "Yeah, but you'll like it."

I gagged, "I'm going to throw up."

He chuckled.

"And I turn hairy and stuff??" I asked, continued to walk.

"Yeah, I guess."

"And what happens when I get lost hunting?"

"Don't worry, you can always talk to me in your mind and you can always howl. It's call the Mate Howl."

"Oh and - "

"You ask a lot of questions you know."

"Yeah, I know, and . . . do we - never mind." I whispered, blushing.

"What, tell me." Jason said, tugging my hand a little.

"No, it's embarrassing." I whispered, keeping my head down.

"Just say it."

"Fine, do we . . . you know . . . go naked when we turn to a werewolf?" I asked, keeping my head down.

He chuckled, "Yeah. You become naked."

"Oh." I said quietly. Jason chuckled.

"Oh, and when can a werewolf hear each other entirely?" I asked.

"When they're officially mated."

"Like when they bite each other?" I asked.

"Yeah, you want me to demonstration?" he asked, smirking.

Before I could respond, he dipped his head to the crook of my neck and started kissing my neck. He nibbled my neck and collar bone.

I blushed. I could feel my breath quicken.

"Jason! Stop!" I said trying to push him off of me, "I don't want to be mated yet and especially not on the beach!"

He kissed my jaw and my throat one last time before he backed away.

He grinned, "That was only the demonstration, but mating is more deep then that. And you smell like peach and orange."

I blushed hard.

He leaned down to smell me one more time.

I blushed even harder.

"Whoa, you are very red." he said laughing. He grabbed my hand and continued walking. He put a finger on my cheeks.

"And your cheeks are warm." he laughed.

I hit him playfully.

"I'm seriously, you smell like peach and orange." he said, "Every wolf has a different smell and only their mates can smell their scent strongly."

"I know, but you don't have to sniff me!" I exclaimed.

"What do I smell like?" Jason asked, laughing.

"I don't know."

"You do know, just say it."

"I don't."

Jason stopped walking and hugged me tightly.

"Now you do."

I laughed. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. The smell of him makes me dizzy and boosts my ego.

I opened my eyes and said, "Fine, you smell like shampoo and cologne."

We started to walk uphill.

"Are we there, yet?" I asked.

"Very near, just reach the end of this cliff."

We continued to climb until we got to the end of the cliff.

I smiled, "It's beautiful up here." I said.

Jason pulled me to sit down next to him.

"Beautiful, huh?" Jason asked and I sit down next to him.

"Yes, when did you discover this place?" I asked, placing my head onto his shoulders.

"I don't know, just celebrating here with my friends when we graduated from middle school. We BBQ here. After that I realized how beautiful this place was."

"I like this place." I said, "I've always wanted to watch the sun set with someone."

"I can always watch the sun set with you." Jason offered.

I lifted my head up and smiled, "Thanks. We should visit this place more often."

Jason smiled and put his right arm around my shoulder. He leaned his head closer to me. I could smell his cologne and shampoo. I could see what Jason was like in the sun set. His green has a hint of gold and gray, his hair looks golden and his lashes looks golden, his skin looks like it's glowing and I looked at his lips. They were full and light pink. They look very kissable. My heart beat just knowing what was about to come up and I could hear my blood rush by my ear. I could feel my wolf smiling and my cheeks flushed a little. This time I felt like I want to kiss him.

I leaned in a little, until our lips was just an inch away. I looked at the edge of his jaw a little and I could feel my wolf jumping on the inside. This time Jason closed the inch and our lips met.

I didn't know what I felt . . . and I don't know exactly how to describe it . . . but it felt like a flower finally bloomed and a bird finally could fly. I could feel the sparks from my lips and the tingling feeling from his touch on my shoulder and my waist. He opened his lips a little and I just move my lips along with his.

This is my first kiss. My very first kiss. With Jason.

Jason.

I never knew what a kiss was and I knew that even if I did, I probably think it is gross, but now that I've . . . kissed someone, I understand why everyone want their first kiss at a young age.

This is my perfect first kiss.

Kissing someone while the sun is setting and kissing someone at the end of a full – of – memories – day.

This is the kiss that I've never thought would exist and this is the kiss that exactly

exist.

That perfect feeling is just unforgettable.

School

~~

"Pss, pss, wake up!!" someone whispered in my ear.

I groaned and tried to shoo it away.

"Wake up, Vanessa!"

"Shut up, I want to sleep." I whispered.

"You got enough of your beauty sleep. You have to wake up now." someone said in my ear.

I groaned again.

"You slept for 2 days already."

I sighed and sat up, rubbing my eye.

"2 days?" I said slowly.

"Yeah." I opened my eyes and I saw Vicky, "Hey Vicky."

"Morning."

"Why did you wake me up so early?"

"Oh, Mrs. Cohen wants to talk to you." Vicky said, fixing my hair, "She is waiting in her office. And you better hurry; she is going to leave for work soon."

I nodded.

"Go get dressed. You don't want to see her like this." Vicky said.

"Ok, what time is it?" I asked.

"About 5:30."

"Hey and where is Jason?" I asked.

"Oh, he is preparing for school. He has school today."

School

I thought. It seems like it was a billion years ago that I went to school. I have to admit, even though I have no friends or boyfriends, I still miss school, I missed the education part.

I hurry to the bathroom and Sunny brought the clothes. I changed and headed to her office.

I knocked on her door.

"Come in!" Mrs. Cohen called.

I opened the door and I put on a smile.

"Morning, Mrs. Cohen." I said, politely.

"Morning, Vanessa." Mrs. Cohen said, smiling, "Please sit here."

I quietly sat down.

"So, Mrs. Cohen I was wondering what am I doing here."

"Well, I want to speak with you."

I nodded.

"So how was the date?" she asked.

"Yeah, it was ok, it wasn't bad and we, you know, you know, ummmm . . . yeah." I said, blushing. I don't know, but I can't say the word 'kiss' in front of Mrs. Cohen.

I bit my lips.

Mrs. Cohen laughed and you could see her left side dimple.

"Oh, you are so cute, I am so glad that you and Jason are mates and I'm glad I picked up."

I blushed.

"Well, since the date went well, I have to reward you with something." Mrs. Cohen said.

I stayed quiet for a few minute, thinking what I want.

I have almost everything. They have money, they have food; they have almost everything.

I was about to answer her question when she said, "Maybe I should do this more often."

"No, no - I mean," I said, covering my mouth, blushing, "I mean, we good. I mean, we could date some more, but . . . you know, you don't have to waste you time on us. We're fine." I said, trying to make an excuse.

Mrs. Cohen laughed again.

"Waste my time?" she said, shaking her head, "I'll do everything to make you guys closer to each other."

I chewed the inside of my cheeks.

"Ok, let's go back to the deal. What do you want honey?" Mrs. Cohen said, smiling.

"School."

"You want a school brought named after you?" Mrs. Cohen asked, grinning.

"No, no, I mean, I want to go to school." I explained quickly.

"Oh, school. But why that? There's so many thing out there and you want to go to school?" Mrs. Cohen asked, using hand gestures.

"Well, I really miss school and I really want to continue on my education." I said.

"Oh, you are a smart girl." Mrs. Cohen said, chuckling.

"Thanks."

"Well, you could attend Berson College."

"Berson College?" I gasped. Berson High School is the richest school in the world and only the richest and smartest student in the world could attend the high school.

"Yeah, you will fit perfect there. And don't worry, you would get in right away because we support the school and without us, the name of the school would not be its name. And anyways, we made the school." Mrs. Cohen said.

"Are you sure I should go there?" I asked.

"Yes and it a school for werewolves so you don't have to worry. Also, Jason will be there with you and you guys will have every class together."

"Every class together?" I asked.

Mrs. Cohen nodded brilliantly.

"Oh, honey and you better hurry along to get to school on time. I will have a talk with the principal and you will be accepted before you arrive to school, ok? No worries. All on me."

Mrs. Cohen said, smiling.

I was about to head for the door when Mrs. Cohen stopped me.

"Oh, nearly forgot. You have a dress code." she added. She clapped her hand and 6 maidens came in, carry each piece of uniform separately.

One maiden was holding my black, high top, Dr. Martens shoes, knee high socks, mid - thigh skirt, my tie and my cute school jacket.

I gasped, the uniform was beautiful. It was like those uniforms you see in movies or in animation books. Those super cute uniform that every girl in the world dies to try on.

"Oh, honey, you don't like the uniforms? Oh, it's ok, I will make them redesign - "

"No, Mrs. Cohen, I mean, they are really cute, like those uniform in books, those really cute uniforms." I said, smiling.

Mrs. Cohen chuckled and said, "Hurry darling, Jason is going to leave any minute from now."

"Thank you, thank you!" I said excitedly.

Mrs. Cohen chuckled, "Hurry now and I got to make a phone call with the principal."

I quickly shut the door and bounced to my room. The maiden followed and Valerie and Sunny came to help me put it on and work on my make - up.

I was finished and I was even wearing a pair of earring.

I feel happier than ever.

"Jason, Jason!?" I shouted.

"Yes?" Jason voice rung and I spun around, just as he walked out of the breakfast room.

We stared at each other for a moment.

"What are you doing in my school's uniform?" Jason asked.

I glared at him, "Because I am going to school with you."

"You are?" he asked.

"You don't want me to? You want me to be stupid?" I asked, rolling my eyes.

"No, but - "

"Well, than, let's go." I said, impatiently. I have never been this impatient for school, but I really want to see what Berson High School is like.

"You're forgetting your iPad."

"iPad?" I asked.

"We don't us books, we use iPad. Hello, we are the new generation, no hand written books anymore." Jason said, waving the air.

I rolled my eyes, "Are you going to give me the iPad?"

He snapped and the iPad came, carried by the maiden. Another maiden handed me a iPhone.

"Thanks," I said and they walked away.

I walked outside and this time we didn't use a limo, Jason was planning to drive his own car to school.

I started bouncing around in the car seat.

"It's not that exciting." Jason explained.

"Says you." I said, can't helping, but grin, "Oh and what is the iPhone for?"

"Call? Texting? Whatever you want to do."

"Cool," I said and he started the car to drive to school.

The whole way to school, I rubbed my thumb, chewing the inside of my cheeks.

When I got bored, I turned on the iPad and studied the things that were downloaded in the iPad.

I gasped when I saw the school map. The school was HUGE!

I blinked before I took a deep breath and sighed. I turned the iPad to sleep and start rubbing my thumb.

I turned to Jason and I looked at him.

"You promise that you wouldn't lose me in the school?" I asked, sticking out my pinkie finger.

He looked away from the road.

"You're not going to get lose. There is a map build in and this iPad track were you are - "

"Promise?" I asked over his voice, sticking my pinkie even more out.

He sighed and took my pinkie.

"Fine, promise."

Second promise

I shook his pinkie and smiled.

"We are almost there." Jason said, "I'm going to introduce you to some of my friends."

I started chewing on my cheeks again.

"You don't have to be nervous, just school, regular school." Jason said, taking my hand and giving it a rub. I pulled away.

I stared at out of the empty, until I started seeing some mansion increasing as we pass.

"We are here." Jason said, looking at me.

I swallowed and unbuckled my seatbelt.

I opened the door and all I could hear was.

"JASON, JASON, JASON, JASON, JASON, JASON!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

I glared around.

You got to be kidding, right? This is not a school!

I thought.

I stared at the school.

The school was mostly made of glass. You could see the students from the inside of the building, walking and hugging their friends. The school has a gold gate with fashion designs on the bars. The school even has a lawn that stretched a mile long. You could see a garden near the front and that a couple of staffs were fixing the flowerbed. There was a couple of bench.

"Jason, are you sure this is a school and not a landmark?" I asked, still looking at the school.

He pointed to the school sign.

"It says Berson College." Jason said, "Now come on."

We walked to my side and put an arm around my waist.

I froze, "Ehh, what are you doing?"

I stared at his arm around my waist.

"You said you don't want to get lost, right?" he said, smirking.

"Umm, yeah." I said.

"Than, let's go."

He pulled me out of the parking lot and I saw a group of boys and girls headed towards us.

"Hey, whose chick is that?" said a boy with golden hair and blue eyes.

"She's is my chick." Jason said, chuckling, looking at my face.

I blushed and looked away, taking a baby step away from his.

I wasn't used to all of these attentions.

"Uhh, she is blushing!" said another guy with light brown hair and brown eyes. He put his arms around me.

Jason pulled me out of the crowd and put his arms around my neck.

"Guys, this is Vanessa, my future wife and Vanessa this is my crew." Jason said, smirking to everyone. Everyone gasped.

I looked into all of the girls eyes. They are all twinkling, staring at Jason. I looked at Jason. He makes it seems like he doesn't notice the girls staring at him like they want to eat him.

"I'm Brian Crews," said the guy with golden hair and blue eyes.

"Jordan Smith," said the guy with light brown hair with brown eyes.

"Nate Merced," said a guy with blonde hair with gray eyes.

"Kimberly Taylor, just call me Kim," said a girl with dark hair and light brown eyes.

"I'm Lucy Merced, I am twin with Nate!" said a girl with the same blonde hair and gray eyes as Nate.

I notice that every girl was wearing the same uniform as me and every boy was wearing the same uniform as Jason.

"Hi," I said, waving a little.

Kim ran and grabbed me and pulled me into the crowd.

"OMG! You are really going to marry Jason?" Kim exclaimed.

I blushed and shrugged, "Like I have a choice."

"YOU'RE SO LUCKY! You know that every girl in the school is dying to go out with him."

Lucy exclaimed - whispered.

I made a face, "What?! Why?!"

Lucy gave a goofy grin and exclaimed, "Are you CRAZY?! HE IS 150% SEXY!"

"Sexy?!" I snorted a little and laughed.

"What is wrong with you?!" Kim asked, grinning. She started pulling me towards the school's front gate.

"TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER! DON'T LOSE HER OR ELSE BOTH OF YOU ARE DEAD!" Jason shouted from the parking lot.

"He is sweet you know." Lucy said, nudging me.

I grinned, "Ok, all you guys ever say is good stuff about him. Is there any bad stuff in his life that you consider bad?"

"Well," Kim said, walking on the edge of the sidewalk board that separated the dirt and the concrete.

"There is a few, like he always kiss girl and than next talk to them again. And also he is a player, date for one week and dump, next girl - that is his love cycle."

"Love cycle?" I asked.

"Yeah, I guess. And also he really knows how to flirt. He flirt with you once, you will die from loving him too much." Lucy said giggling.

I nodded, "So that is why all of the girl wants to go out with him?"

"Maybe."

We walked through the front door.

I stopped walking.

It's true, the school is mostly made of glass and you can see the outside. I see that the school has an outdoor swimming pool, outdoor garden, a soccer field, tennis court, an outdoor café and a big area for outdoor lunch. And the lobby was crowded with students that are rushing past me to go somewhere.

I blinked.

"So . . . ummm . . ." I said, trying to bring back the topic.

"So, do you

want to go out with Jason?" I asked Kim and Lucy.

They looked at me and raised their eyebrows.

"Well, a long, long and I mean loooooong time ago, but not anymore. I got over him like two years ago." Kim said, blushing.

I giggled.

"Well, Jason and I actually went out before, like two year ago, a month after Kim stopped liking him. You know, we went out for a week and we broke up." Lucy said.

I nodded.

"Hey, come here!" Lucy said, grabbing my arm.

"This is the announcement center." she said, pointing at a bench.

Kim pulled me up on the bench and Lucy smiled.

"Attention, everyone!!!!!! Excuse me, attention." Kim spoke loudly. She pointed to a group of girls who were by the locker, who's skirt were too up and their shirt too tight.

"EXCUSE ME, MISS S. LOOK, DIDN'T I SAY ATTENTION?" Kim said, rolling her eyes.

"She is the school slut, the one in the center, fake brown hair and green eyes." Lucy whispered at me side, "Her name is Brittany Stalling, but everyone call her Miss S. - S for SLUT!!!"

Brittany rolled her eyes and "cat - walked" to the forming crowd.

I bit the inside of my cheeks, trying hard not to laugh at how she walks.

"Ok, EVERYONE PLEASE WELCOME VANESSA HALT-COHEN!!" and everyone started clapping, "She is a new student here and please treat her with love and care!!!"

The boys whistled and the girls grinned.

Good, now I need to make some friends!

And start away from Brittany, look at her. She look like she was turn into a wolf any moment and kill

Layla warned.

I looked at Brittany. Yep, she's about to kill. Those eyes looked like they were on fire and her fist was balled up.

What's her problem?

I asked.

Jealous that you are getting all of the boys attention

Layla said and I could see her rolling her eye.

I rolled my eyes.

Weirdos

"Oh and feel free to hang out with Vanessa!! Talk to her, introduce yourself, just do your friendly stuff. KK?" Lucy said.

"Ok, dismiss, we're going to be late." Kim said, shooing away everyone and everyone walked away, everyone except Brittany. She stood for minute, looking at me up and down and up and down. She made a disgusted face and walked swayed her butt, walking away.

We bursted into giggles and clutched our stomach, from all of the laughing.

"Oh my God, what is her problem? She looks like she can't walk properly." I said, laughing all over again.

"Oh, she thinks she's all that." Lucy said, grinning.

"Oh my God, she is FUNNY!" I said, grinning.

"NO! When she is angry or mad, she is a total freak. She is a wild child. And do you know how she takes away her stress?" Kim said, her eyes all widened.

"How?"

"Sex."

"I think I'm going to puke." I said, holding my throat.

"And why is that?" a honey - melting voice asked. He grabbed my waist and kissed my lips.

I punched Jason's shoulders, but my arms were locked, I could barely move.

His friends cheered and I could feel a crowd forming.

My cheeks burned and I did the only thing I could think of, pinch him on the neck.

He instantly let me go and cried, "Ouch!"

"That's what you get." I said, grinning.

He walked up to me and put his arms around my shoulders.

"Hey!" I said, "Let me go!! Hey!! I said, let me go!" I said, trying to break his hold, but he was too strong.

"You are coming with me." Jason said, smirking.

"KIM, LUCY, HELP ME!!! HELP!!!" I shouted.

"Ahhh, what a cute couple." Kim and Lucy said at the same time.

"REALLY??!! THIS IS WHAT YOUR THINKING WHEN YOUR FRIEND IS BEING TAKEN AWAY BY A GUY?!" I shouted.

They giggled and ran up to me.

"Yes, help me." I whispered.

They giggled, covering their mouth and grinning.

"Bye! Have fun!!" they said, waving.

"NO! Ahhh - "

Jason picked me up and smirked, carrying me.

"Stop screaming, I am taking you somewhere." Jason said.

"And you can put me down now." I said, blushing like crazy.

"Ok, but you have to promise not to scream and you have to close your eyes." Jason said.

"Close me eyes?" I asked, "You want me to die or something?"

He chuckled. He put me down and said, "Close your eyes, I will lead you to somewhere, ok? Just trust me."

I narrowed my eyes and rolled my eyes.

"Come on, just truth me once and you will learn that you can truth me." Jason said, smirking.

I sighed and said, "Fine, but you have to promise me to never and I mean NEVER let go of my hand."

"I will never let you go." Jason said, smirking.

I blushed.

"And you promise to never look or peek?"

"Fine." I said.

I closed my eyes.

"Jason?" I asked, holding my hand out.

"Yeah?"

"Where are you going to take me?"

"Somewhere."

"Just gave me a clue."

"Fine, it is up there."

I was about to open my eyes to see where he was pointing, but quickly added, "Don't look!"

I sighed.

"Are you ready to walk?"

" . . . Yeah?" I questioned.

"Ok." he started to walk.

"Not that fast. NOT THAT FAST. NOTTHATFAST!" I panicked.

"Oh my god, we are ready walking baby step and we didn't even walk a feet yet." Jason said, chuckling.

"I'm sorry; I've never done this before, ok?" I said, feeling my cheeks get heated.

He chuckled, walking slowly.

I held his hands tighter, afraid that I would fall.

We stopped walking and I was dying to open my eyes.

Than I heard a bing

.

I jumped, holding onto Jason's arm.

He started walking and we turned around, and stopped walking.

The ground started moving.

"Jason?!" I asked, sounding panicked.

"Relax. We're on an elevator."

I could feel my breathing slow down.

"Are we there yet?" I asked.

"No, but close."

The elevator stopped and I could hear the door opening. We started walking.

"Are we there now?" I asked, sounding impatient.

"No and whatever you do, never open your eyes, until I say so."

I held his arm tighter.

We stopped and I could hear a door sliding.

We continued to walk and our foot step sounds different. The floor sound like it's made of wood.

"There yet?" I asked.

"Very close."

We walked and stopped shortly afterward.

"Wait, stand here."

I could hear some things being moved.

"Here." he said, "Don't open them yet."

He took my hand and very slowly walked me over and I took a little turn before he turn my shoulders.

He pushed my shoulders down and I squeaked.

"No, I'm gonna - "

My butt hit the bottom of something soft. My hands explored the object - a chair.

"Ok, now open your eyes."

I slowly opened them and I gasped.

"WOW!" I said.

I was that a garden top and it was beautiful, the flowers were bright and looks like it was spring time. In front of me was a table, full of food.

"Where am I?" I asked.

"School's rooftop garden."

"And what is this?" I asked, pointing at the food.

"You didn't eat breakfast, yet, right?" Jason said, frowning.

I grinned, "No, I didn't and I forgot about it."

"Do you like it?"

"No, I LOVE it."

He chuckled, sitting down on the seat in front of me.

"Start eating."

"Wait, are we skipping class?" I asked, standing up.

I can't afford to miss class in Berson High.

"No, I am your tour guide and you don't learn anything on the first day, anyways." he said, shrugging.

"And are you going to sit down and eat?" he said.

I grinned and plopped down on my seat.

I started eating and it was the best breakfast ever. Everything was delicious.

Could it be true that being with the person you love, make everything tastier.

But am I in love?
I thought and blushed.

"I'm full!" I complained.

"That little?" he asked.

"I am not fat like you, fatty." I said, grinning, "I bet you weight a ton."

"Hey! Take back what you say."

"Never!" I exclaimed, getting up and ran away from him without looking back.

Soon, the next thing I know, I am lost and I left my iPad on the rooftop.

"Shoot. I'm gonna be stuck here for millions of years." I whispered.

I punched myself mentally.

I continued to walk.

"Hello? Anybody?" I asked.

"I'm lost. I don't want to be stuck here for the rest of my life. You know I have a life out there." I said out loud.

"Hello? Anyone?" I asked.

"Oh great, I'm stuck here - Ahhhh - "

"Haha, gotcha." Jason said, holding me to the ground.

"What are you doing?"

"Putting you to the ground." he said, smirking. He sat on top of me and all of my air in my lungs when out.

"Ahh - " I whispered from the lack of air, "I'm squished!"

"I will get off if you take back with you said about me."

"Get off - off of me, I will never take back what I said." I whispered, trying hard to breath in, but can't, "Wha - What I said is what I said. And a fact is a fact, be - because you are a big - big fatty. Look at you - you're bigger than an elephant and - and you're heavier than a - a whale!"

He laughed and that puts more weight on me.

"You - you fat fatty, oh my god, I don't know people this heav - heavy exist." I whispered, laughing at myself.

Jason laughed harder.

"And I - I think my ribs are about to break from your - your heavy weight." I huffed.

He laughed harder.

"So - so can you get off of me? And is - is this how you treat me? Treat me - me special and than sit on me like - like a chair? Do you see that I'm not - not your chair?" I asked.

He laughed and I put my head on the cool floor and try to breath.

"Is this how pregnant women feel like when they have - have a baby?" I asked, laughing at myself.

"In, out, in, out, in, out." I whispered.

Jason continued to laugh and I waited for him to stop.

"All you have to do is to take back what you said." he said.

My head started to feel light.

"O - Ok, ok, I got it. I - I'll take back what I said about your weight." I breathed, "I can't

take it. But - but you're fat on the inside." I laughed at myself.

He got off of me and chuckled.

I breathed in a lungful of air and felt like a mountain had been left off of my back.

"Ahhh, I thought I was about to die." I said, rolling over, so my stomach feels better.

I looked at the grinning Jason.

"What the hell is your problem?! You know you're fat and you have to admit it yourself.

You fat fatty." I said, smiling at myself.

"Fine you want me to sit on your stomach this time?"

"No, nononono." I said, lifting my arm, surrendering.

"But still fat."

"It's not fat, it's called muscle." he said, lifting up his shirt and I blushed, looking at his perfectly sculpted abs.

He pulled his shirt down and smirked.

"So what were you say again?" he said, smirking more.

My cheeks heated up and I slowly got up from the floor.

I swear my stomach and lower back was still squished.

"Where're you going?"

"Getting my iPad."

"Here." he said, holding out my iPad.

Lifesaver!

I thought.

"Where are we going to go next?" I asked, taking the iPad.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked.

"I don't know, where is your favorite place in the school?"

"The school's play field." he said.

I rolled my eyes, "Really?"

"Yeah, come, let me show you something." he said, grabbing my arm.

We walked over to the display case.

"Look, you see the best silver and golden trophy?"

I nodded.

"I won that for our football team. You have to win the silver before you go to the Football National Finale. And I also won the golden one. We won last years' finale. And I am going for football again." he said, looking at the trophy, grinning.

I looked at him.

"How do you play football?" I asked.

He looked at me, "Do you want me to teach you?"

"Are you going to crush me if I am holding the football?" I asked, crossing my arm.

He chuckled, "Not crush, I'll tackle you."

"Than no thanks, I got flattened enough." I said.

"Oh well, come one." he said, smirking, grabbing my hand and dragged me to the uniform closet.

He grabbed a sport uniform for me.

"You wouldn't want to be playing in that dress." he said, laughing.

I hit his head lightly.

"Did you grab a medium?" I asked. He nodded.

"Change in the locker and put the uniform in the recycling bin on the wall. And grab a new uniform in the uniform closet." he said and shoved me inside the girls' changing room.

I quickly changed and threw my uniform in the bin on the build in wall. I wore my knee - high tight and the sport t - shirt with the school's name and the school's animal. I threw my Dr. Martens

and my iPad in a locker and grabbed a shoe from the new shoes closets.
Damn, this school is rich!

I walked out of the locker room and Jason was already dressed, not in his uniform suit.

"Ready?" he asked, smirking.

"No tackling, please?" I asked.

He shrugged, "Then how are we supposed to play?"

I rolled my eyes.

"Hey!!! Get off, my chest hurt. Oh my god, the elephant is on top of me, AGAIN. Here, here, here, take the football, I GIVE UP! YOU KEEP ON TACKLING ME!" I said, getting up when he got off of me.

He chuckled.

"I win!" he said, making a touchdown.

I stomped my feet, "I didn't even make a single touchdown and we played for about 2 hours and 45 minutes."

"Come on, play again. If I played like this against the other schools, we would lose. This is already easy mode."

"Easy my butt. This is hard mode; you are playing like your mad or something." I said.

"No, I would've been wearing my gears and pads." he said.

"I give up and you win, ok? Happy?!" I asked.

"No, 1 more game, please?" he asked, holding my shoulders.

"No, I need to shower, I smell." I said.

"No you don't, you smell perfectly fine and you didn't even sweat because you didn't even do anything."

"I did, I chased you and tried to tackle you, I tried to tuck my football; I did everything." I said.

"Please, one more, please?" he said.

I rolled my eyes.

"Fine, but I thought you said that playing with me is like playing with nobody." I said.

"Shut up." he said.

"Well, you did say that."

"Come on, play." he begged.

"Fine and I get the football first." I said.

"Ok," he started running to my side of the field, giving me a chance to run to his side.

I started running, looking behind me as I ran.

Damn he is running fast!

I thought, starting to panicked.

Before I knew it, I fell on my face, tripping over my feet.

"Owww," I said weakly, just as Jason appeared by my side.

Jason kneeled next to me, laughing his head off.

I rubbed my forehead, "Shut up, it hurts."

"Wow that was funny!"

I rolled over, closing my eye, still rubbing my forehead.

"Come on, let's finish the game." Jason said, shaking my shoulder.

"I can't, you won already. You're gonna tackle me and I'm going to have more busies. I have 7 busies already." I said, opening my eye.

"Fine, let's make it super simple. Come." He said, holding out his hand. I took his hand and got up.

He made me stand 8 feet away from my touchdown line.

"Ok, if you could throw it pass the touchdown line, you win the whole game and if you don't, you lose." he said.

"Oh, I'm gonna win, watch me. I'm gonna win in front of your face." I said, smirking.

"Oh yeah, let's see you try." he said, smirking too.

I rolled my eyes.

"Ready?" I asked. He nodded.

"ARE YOU READY FOR MY SKILLS?" I exclaimed. Jason, smiled, rolling his eyes.

"I am going to prove to you that I am better at football than YOU!" I said.

Jason smirked.

I threw the football and threw it with all my might.

The next thing I know, the football landed right on my shoe.

Jason bursted out laughing. I blushed until I think I can't get anymore red.

"Oh my god, that was hilarious!" Jason said, rolling on the ground laughing.

I blushed, but thinking, I've never made someone laugh that hard at me before!! Oh my god!!

"Oh, let's go. I said this was the last game." I said, walking, still blushing.

Jason ran up to me and touched my cheeks.

"Yep, you're really heated when you blush." He said and laughed again.

I blushed.

"Stop!" I said, kicking him in the shin.

"That's ok, you're just not a football girl." Jason and pulled me into a hug, hiding my blush.

I actually like the hug. It was warm in a . . . weird way.

"Got to go." I said, pushing him away. I turned around, walking to the girls' shower room, still blushing.

I quickly showered and grab a new uniform to change into.

I'm liking this school so far.

I thought and smiled.

I walked out and Jason was waiting for me.

"Where are we going next?" I asked, looking at the school map on the iPad.

"Do you want to eat lunch?" he asked, walking.

"Yeah." I said. "I am hungry from all of the football practice."

"You call that practice?" he said, laughing.

"Hey, that was tough, men. I was half squished by the elephant and I didn't even win once. But don't worry, I got some muscle." I said, pushing up my sleeves, showing my bicep. I flexed it and Jason gave it a squeeze.

"You call that muscle. If you play with that muscle, I could win you in no time." he said, laughing.

"Yeah, by crushing people." I said, laughing at my joke.

He rolled his eyes.

"What? It's true and you know it. The truth hurts, I know." I said, acting out my sympathy. I patted his shoulders.

"You want me to sit on you again?" he said.

My widened my eyes, "I pass, but you can do that to the football team."

"I'm gonna crush you." he warned and I quickly ran. Before I can go any further, Jason pinned my stomach onto the bench and sat on me.

The air in me quickly went out.

"Yep, when I get home, I - I'm gonna make sure your mother get you a personal - personal coach to help you, the elephant - elephant lose some serious weight." I said, breathing heavily.

"Take it back." Jason said.

I grinned, breathing heavily.

"Never." I whispered.

"JASON! JASON, WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING?" someone's voice said. The voice was familiar.

"You're squishing the poor girl!" she said, again this time I knew who it was - Lucy.

"She said I'm an elephant." Jason said.

"Get off of her!" Kim ran up to us and pulled Jason.

He get off of me and I rolled over.

"Ha - Thanks Lucy and Kim. Lifesaver." I whispered, trying to catch my breath.

I slowly sat up and pointed at Jason, "Bad guy."

They laughed.

"Oh, come one, let's eat lunch." Kim said.

"Hope your stomach is not squished." Lucy said, laughing.

"Hey!" I pouted, crossing my arm.

"Oh, come on." Lucy said, grinning. She pulled me to the lunchroom and I nearly fainted.

The lunchroom was like your personal kitchen. There rows and rows of delicious food that you can pick from.

WOW!!!

"Nah, I'm not eating from here. I want to go to the outdoor cafe." Lucy said.

They started walking to the outdoor cafe was right next to the lunchroom.

Outside was very sunny and not too chilly.

"What do you want?" Jason asked, bring me to the front of the line.

I looked at the menu.

"A bottle of Smartwater, salad and a big chocolate chip, please." I said, smiling.

He gave the order and we want to sit on the table. The others were still ordering.

"So, how's school."

"Very unique. I like school." I said, squinted at him, due to the sun.

"Glad you like it. Wait, here I am gonna get the order."

I nodded and went to pick up the order.

"Hey," some random girls came up to me.

I blinked.

"Hi, I'm Vanes - "

"Yeah we know." a girl said, giggled, "I'm Katie and this is my best friend Cindy."

"Hi," I said.

"So you are new?" Cindy asked.

I nodded.

"I saw that you were really close to Jason, who are you to Jason?" Katie asked.

I stared at her.

I paused before I answered.

"We're just very, very close friends." I lied.

That sounds wrong, like a big, fat that you could tell right away.

I smacked myself mentally.

"Oh, that's nice, hey do you want to - " Katie asked, but was cut off when a tray was sat down on the table.

"We'll catch you later." Cindy said quickly, and both of hurried away.

"Here's your lunch." Jason said, taking my lunch out of my tray.

"Thanks." I said, not meeting his eyes.

"So, what were they talking about?" Jason asked.

I froze.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I really didn't mean to call you my friend, I'm sorry for thinking you as my friend.

I thought, apologizing mentally to him.

Tell him the truth!!!

Layla urged.

I can't

You should be glad he can't hear you

"Well," I said, rubbing my index finger with my thumb, "We were, um, talking about school, you know . . ."

"You're lying, tell me the truth." he said.
I duck my head, hiding behind my hair.
"We're back!" Kim exclaimed and I looked up.
Oh my god, lifesaver!!!
I thought.
"Hey Vanessa, we never really heard from you." Kim said, opening her sandwich wrapper when everyone sat down.
"So, why did you come to this school?" she asked.
I opened my salad.
"Well, it's beautiful, I moved into Jason's house, you know, we are going married." I said.
Lucy and Kim squealed, "Ahhhh, that's cute."
Brian, Jordan and Nate just patted Jason on the back, chuckling.
I blushed.
"When is it?" Lucy asked.
"Somewhere this month, two weeks after the full moon."
"That's close!" Kim said, squealing.
I nodded and ate my salad.
"And a Night of Engagement is coming up." I said.
"When?"
I shrugged, "That I'm not really sure."
"2 days from today." Jason said and I gulped.
"OH. MY. GOD." Kim and Lucy squealed.
"I wish the best luck for you guys." Kim said.
"Oh and I need your number." Lucy said, giving me her phone.
"Me too." everyone said and I typed in my number.
The bell rung and everyone quickly finished up.
"What do I do after lunch?" I asked Jason.
"In the afternoon, you have class." Jason said.
I walked inside the school and just then the announcements came on.
"Good afternoon students of Berson College, this is Principal Rose. I hope I am not interrupting, but could Jason Cohen and Vanessa Halt-Cohen please come to my office. Jason Cohen and Vanessa Halt-Cohen please come to my office. Thanks you."
Everyone looked at me, I blushed.
"Bye, see you late." Kim and Lucy said.
We headed to the office and knocked.
"Come in." Principal Rose said.
She looked up from her work, "Well, hello Jason and Vanessa, your mother call and asked you to come home immediately."
We nodded and existed.
Jason quickly drove home and parked in the parking lot when the mansion was in sight.

The Fight

"Welcome home, Jason and Vanessa. Take a seat." Mrs. Cohen said, pointing to the two seats.

We both sat down. I looked at Jason and he shrugged.

"So, you might be wondering why you are home from school." Mrs. Cohen said.

I nodded.

"Well, I thought everyone that the Night of Engagement was pushed forward, right?" she asked.

I nodded, knowing actually where this is going to be going.

"Well, it's going to be in 2 days and sorry Vanessa I didn't tell me. I am starting to forget.

But anyways, I thought that we could start preparing for the Engagement." Mrs. Cohen said, clapping at her brilliant idea.

My stomach twist. I know enough of Mrs. Cohen that when she claps, it's a bad thing.

"So, I was thinking that Jason," she said, turning to him, "You should follow your father.

You should buy some suits with him and try it on. I want you to look FAB!!!"

She grinned and closed her eye, inhaling deeply.

"As for you Vanessa, you would be following me and Jen. We can go shopping, do facial and everything that a girl dreams of in one day." she said, flashing me her million dollar smile.

"Your father and I would be taking days off just to make your Night of Engagement picture perfect."

I smiled.

"Oh and how is Ballroom Dancing going?" Mrs. Cohen asked.

"Oh, it's fine. I am learning a lot." I said, hoping my voice doesn't sound as sarcastic as I hear it.

"Great. I want you guys to know all of the move. You guys will be dancing in the spotlight like a happy couple."

My jaw hung.

I ONLY KNOW ONE OF THE DANCE MOVES!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

If I look calm on the outside, trust me, I am really screaming on the inside.

"But - "

"No buts, it is firm and you guys will dance. If you guys haven't learned everything yet, I will make sure Bex is fired." Mrs. Cohen said firmly.

I quickly nodded.

"Starting tomorrow, we will be shopping all day." Mrs. Cohen.

I groaned on the inside. One thing about me is that I hate shopping and when I mean hate, I mean it with a capital H.

"Ok, dismiss." Mrs. Cohen said, standing up to leave.

"Wait!" I said. I got up and walked up to her.

"Mrs. Cohen - "

"Please, call me Maria, we are all in a family and soon your going to be my daughter - in - law." Mrs. Cohen said.

"Maria, yes Maria, is James home?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, he is probably in the library."

I nodded, "Thanks."

I ran up the stairs.

"Wait, excuse me?" I asked one of the many maidens that were cleaning the spacious house.

"Yes, Mrs. Cohen?" she answers.

"It's Vanessa Halt. And call me Vanessa." I said.

"Yes, um, Vanessa?" she asked.

"Where is the library? Can you bring me to the library?" I asked.

She quickly nodded and led me to the library.

"James, James, EMERGENCY!!!" I said, bursting in the library.

"Yes?" he asked, looking up from the book.

I ran over to him and grabbed his arms.

"James!!!! You got to teach me the rest of the dance moves!!!! Hurry, I don't have time and the Night of Engagement is coming up!" I said, panicking. I squeezed his hand.

"Well, come on." he said, walking me the ballroom dancing room.

"James, James, what if I don't learn everything?? What if in the middle of the night, I forgot everything? And what if Mrs. Cohe - I mean Maria gets mad at me? And what if I embarrass myself by falling on my butt? I would be - "

James chuckled.

"A fact is that you're nervous." James said, chuckling again.

I blushed, "Of course I am nervous. I am going to die if anything bad happens."

"Well, then let's make it perfect." James said opening the door to the ballroom dancing room.

"Ahh!" I screamed a little as I fell into James's chest.

"Nooooo!!" James said, laughing.

"What? That's what you say. Back, side, side, back, back." I repeated.

"No, I said, back, back,
side, together, back, back." he said.

I groaned.

"I always get them mess up!!" I said, murmuring in frustration.

We have been in this room for as long as I could remember, rehearsing the ballroom dancing steps over and over again. Nobody came to distract us and the only sound in the room was the soft background music, James and me.

"Ok, then I will say them out loud." he said.

"A 1, a 2, a 1, 2, 3, 4, Back, back, side, together, back, back." James said.

I squealed and clapped my hands.

"I DID IT!!!" I said, jumping up and down.

"I did it, I did it, I did it, yay, I did it!" I said.

James laughed.

"Ok, now let's try it if I don't say the words."

I breath.

"I got it, I got it, don't worry." I said.

James laughed.

"Ok, a 1, a 2, a 1, 2, 3, 4."

Back, back, side, bac -

"Nooo, wro - "

"Ahh - "

"Vanessa?"

I jumped as a door flew open and banged on the white, marble wall. I fell on James and used him as my support, but the bad news was that James lost his balance too.

. . . And the super bad news was that I kissed James when I landed, just as Jason saw us on the floor.

My heart pounded and my throat felt dry. My used my very last muscle to push me away from James's lips.

My stomach dropped and I felt like I was about to throat up. I looked up at Jason.

His face was full of disbelief, anger and annoyance. Without another word, he left.

I slapped myself mentally.

I turned back to James, not looking up.

"James, listen, I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I am sooo sorry, please forgive me. I know I am very clumsy, I'm sorry. Sorry, really. I'msoosorry, I'msoosorry, I'msoosorry, I'msoosorr - " I started.

James chuckled, shaking his head.

"It's ok, I get it. Now go see Jason, he doesn't seem happy." Jason said, smiling.

I let out a big breath that I was holding.

"I'm sorry, thank you." I murmured, blushing as I walked out of the room.

I walked to our room and found him sitting on a chair.

"Listen, Jason, it's not really want it looks like. It was an accident - "

"Are you trying to do that to piss me off? What's your problem?" he shouted, standing up.

Instantly, my blood boiled and I clenched my fist.

"What the fuck is wrong with you? Why are you yelling? And I said 'listen'. Why can't you just let me explain?!" I shouted back at him.

"Because I don't want to hear your stupid excuse on why that happen! You always try to come up with an excuse!" he said.

Now I was furious.

"Excuse me!? This is the only time this ever happened and it's not an excuse. You don't even fucking know me, so you can stop talking for me! That's the reason why I don't want to be married! And why are you so freaking jealous, it was an accident!" I shouted.

"It - "

"Well, I don't want to hear your excuse too! And you know that stupid, ugly promise ring you gave me?" I rip the ring out of my finger and showed him, "I don't want it! You know why? Because I know that you will never make me happy and I WILL NEVER give a fuck about that fucking ring."

I walked over to the window seat and I did the only thing that made me satisfied; I threw the promise ring into the forest and turned around before it fell onto the wet Earth ground.

I smirked. That made me feel a whole lot better.

Jason mouth hanged, but I didn't care.

"You know how much - "

"Ask me if I give a fuck about it!" I said, "And let me ask you, do you know how much my love costs? More than you can afford and I don't like you because of your money, your royalty or any of your shit! You're mad, right? Well, good, I want you to be."

"You heartless bitch."

This was the very first time I've ever heard Jason cursed before. But I was too busy fighting with him that I didn't care.

"You jealous bastard. I don't even know why all of the girls like you. You know nothing but to buy girl's heart with your money." I said, coldly.

"I can't believe that I'm mate with a heartless, selfish bitch like you. It makes me regret my life." he said and left the room before saying anything.

I can't believe that I mate to a heartless, selfish bitch like you. It makes me regret my life. . . It makes me regret my life. . . It makes me regret my life.

Those words repeated in my mind and my heart felt like it was being stabbed and twisted everytime my mind repeats it.

Before I knew it, one of my tears fell.

I spent all night in bed, crying until I feel like no more tears could come out.

That cold and empty atmosphere in the room, knowing that Jason is not in the room sleeping. That whole night he didn't ever enter to the room.

One part of me wants to run into Jason's arms and apologize for everything I said. But another part of me tells me that I was right and that he was being an asshole.

Am I In . . . Love?

~~

"Vanessa . . ."

I didn't move, I didn't care, all I know was that I didn't want to be woken up.

"Vanessa?!" the voice whispered - shouted in my ear.

I groaned.

"Wake up!"

I threw my arm at the voice, but it didn't go away.

"I said, wake up!" the voice said, "Before I make you get up."

I groaned again.

"Fine," she said.

Instantly I shoot up and just as I did, a bucket of cold water was dumped on me.

I squeaked.

I shivered, grabbing my blanket, wiping my eyes, but realize it was wet too.

I wiped my eyes with my bare hand and pushed back my hair.

Valerie.

"Oh, you are so fired after this!" I said, making my hands into a fist.

"No if I get you ready." Valerie said, pulling me out of bed, "We are shopping today for the Night of Engagement Party."

I groaned and followed her to the bathroom.

Everything was prepared already.

"Do you really have to doll me up, just for shopping?" I asked, scratching my head.

"Yes! You have to look perfect everytime! 24/7!" Valerie said.

I got into the bathtub and Beth started messaging, Vicky started putting facial cream on my face and Valerie started setting up the make - up kit.

I groaned.

"Beauty has to be perfection," Valerie continues, adjusting the make - ups.

I rolled my eyes.

"Really?"

"Yes."

"So how is everything going?" Sunny asked.

"You mean Jason?" I whispered, feeling my stomach tighten.

She nodded.

I shrugged.

"What is that suppose to mean?" Beth asked, shrugging just like me.

"It means I don't really know if you could call our relationship good or bad." I said.

"Are you kidding me, girl?" Valerie asked, turning around to face me and crossed her arm.

"What?!" I frowned.

Valerie sighed, rolling her eyes. "You were SOOOO close to be falling for him."

Vicky sighed and groaned.

"Really?!"

She started squeezing my muscle harder.

"Ouch! That hurts." I winced.

"You were so close!" Valerie exclaimed, throwing her arms in the air, "And now you messed it all up!"

I sunk a little lower in the bathtub.

Valerie sighed and hopped onto the sink table.

I sat up, "Hey, wait, how did you guys know I was falling for him?"

I flushed, but I was glad that the facial cream is covering my face.

"It's pretty obvious. And also, it's pretty obvious you guys kissed." Sunny said.

Beth chuckled and continued messaging.

"Hey! You were spying!" I exclaimed, flushing more.

"No, but rumor goes around very quickly." Sunny said.

I sighed, sinking lower into the bubbled bathtub.

"Oh, come on, we need to hurry up." Vicky said.

"Do I have to?" I said, twisting my aching feet from a 4 - inch high heel, and shoving the Louis Vuitton Neverfull GM bag back to Sunny.

"Yes!" she said, pushing the bag back to my hand, "It 100% matches your dress!"

"No, please, I lose bag so easily." I said, trying to come up with a good excuse.

"No, its ok, we can always order more. It's almost like it's for free." Sunny said, smiling.

I sighed, "But this bag is super expensive, I can't afford to lose it."

"Ok, than take very good care of it." Sunny said, pushing me to the door with the bag in my hand.

"Fine, if I take the bag, I have to the change shoes." I said, trying to make a deal.

"No, now let's go. We are almost late." Sunny said, leading me down the steps and to the front door.

The door was opened and surprisingly, the sun was out, strong.

I squeezed my hands together with my bag between my wrist and my elbow.

I pray, I pray, please don't let Jason be there! I really don't want to see him right now!! I said, rubbing my thumb with my index finger.

Grow up and be tough women! You have to apologize and I can't believe you guys are fighting 2 days before the Night of Engagement! Layla scold.

I sighed and frowned at myself.

But . . . I am really sorry . . . and I feel scared, what is going to say to me? I thought, walking slower.

Just apologize to him and he is going to forgive you Layla said.

But - . . .

"Vanessa, honey, looking beautiful today and, god, do I love that bag!" Maria exclaimed, throwing herself at me.

I just stood there awkwardly, blinking at her.

Sunny disappeared.

Great!

"We're going to have a wonderful time shopping! We are going to find you the picture - prefect dress." Maria said, linking her arm into mine and dragging me towards the front door.

I crossed my fingers.

Don't let him be there!

Oh. My. God. We just agreed that you would apologize!

I'm sorry, but I am really not ready and I am really scared

Than when you are going to apologize to him?

I don't know, but next time? I questioned myself.

It's not that bad, just apologize and it will be the end of it

I breathed in deeply and held my head up high, while my heart is pounding 100 mph.

"Oh, Vanessa, I almost forgot!" Maria exclaimed, laughing at herself.

We stepped out the house and the breath that I realized I've been holding was let out.

He's not here I thought, feeling my heart slow down a little bit.

I gulped.

Just my luck today!

But I felt more terrible about how happy I felt when I didn't see him. I knew I should have run back to him and apologize for what I said.

I looked back at the house and he wasn't coming down the steps; he was nowhere in sight.

"I decided that the day after the Night of Engagement, you and Jason, are going to take your wedding pictures!" Maria exclaimed, clapping her hands in delight.

I looked around some more.

He wasn't outside the house, either.

"So, what do you think about it?" Maria asked, eyes widened, impatient to hear my answer.

I nodded, half - heartedly.

The door men opened the car door and I looked inside.

He isn't there.

I got inside, feeling my heart sink a little and relieve washed over me.

"Oh, I knew you were going to agree to it!" Maria said, getting in.

I nodded, not really caring about what she is saying.

"Oh, just don't worry, I got everything ready. The dress . . . the photographer . . . the make - up artist . . . the hair - dos . . . EVERYTHING!!"

I nodded.

She continued on and on about the wedding.

Maybe, he is at the mall waiting for us I thought.

And this time, you are no allowed to chicken out

I sighed, Ok, I got it

What are you going to say to him?

Umm, hi, Jason, I just - no, this makes it sound like he is a stranger. Look, Jason,

about - no, I can't speak like that. Jason, I have something to tell you - no, it sounds like I am a mother. Ummm, I am sorry Jason - no, it's too straight forward. I -

Make up your mind!

I sighed, Why so stringy?

Am not!!!! You're just taking forever!

Well, than, why don't you find something for me to say, than???

Fine . . . you could say . . . Jason, I am sorry for what I said yesterday. I was just very mad and I don't want you to be mad at me . . . And I don't want you to have a misunderstanding too. What really happened that night was that - it was all an accident -

Hell no, I am not saying that. It sounds weird and that is so not me, if I say it

Than, what are we going to do?

I don't know and it make it sound like it was entirely my fault!

Well, it was mostly your fault

My jaws dropped.

I can't believe you are also going against me! I thought we were on the same boat! And it wasn't all my fault, ok?! I tried to explain to him about what happen and all of the sudden, he was mad at me. He's just f*cking piss for no reason and it's too bad, he has a f*cking temper! And also, I didn't say anything wrong. He was the one that said, 'You make me regret living!' And why should I be apologizing when he is just sitting around relaxing? I told a deep breath from my long rant.

Than there was silent. Layla wasn't talking back.

I realize that the limo slowly came to a halt.

"Are you ready?" Maria asked, "This is the best mall in the world - it sells all real designers."

I nodded.

The driver quickly ran out and opens the door for us.

Maria and I got out.

I notice that we were the only car in the parking lot.

Strange.

We walked through the double, glass, front door.

"I haven't been here for a century!" Maria said.

I looked around; there was nobody, but us.

"Mrs. Cohe - I mean Maria?" I asked her.

"Yes, darling." she said, grinning.

"Are we the only person in the mall?" I asked, looking around.

Maria continued walking.

"Yes, I told everyone to evaluate this mall at once, so we could have the mall all to ourselves. Isn't it better like this? There's no fighting and no people taking the item that you got your eyes on. I just love it like this." Maria said.

"I know, but where is . . . Jason?" I whispered, as we got on to the golden escalator. As we got higher above the lobby, I notice how big the mall really was and that there is not a single human being - or wolf being - , except for us.

"Oh, he can't come. He came home this morning . . . He was drinking." Maria whispered.

"Drinking?" I asked, my heart and stomach muscle clutched.

"Yeah . . . and he said something really . . . strange?" Maria said, questioning herself. She looked at me with here electrical blue eye.

We got off the escalator.

I swallowed, "What did he say?"

"I don't know . . . he said that he was really . . . sorry." Maria said.

My throat felt dry.

"About what?"

"I don't know. I didn't really understand what he was saying."

"Did he say anything else?" I asked, as we entered a jewelry store.

"How many we help you, Mrs. Cohen?" a lady from the jewelry store asked.

Maria waved her hand to dismiss her.

She scurried away.

We walked the perimeter of the store, looking at the big, rocks on rings, necklaces, bracelets and earrings.

"Yeah, he did. This morning when he woke up, he asked me if the Night of Engagement could be pushed back a day or two back."

I looked at my high heels.

"And of course, I said no, because that is ridiculous. And everyone is planning and clearing their schedule to come to see you guys, so it's too late to cancel it."

I gulped.

"But, Vanessa honey, why would he say that? - Excuse, can I please see this earring for a moment?" Maria said, waving a staff to come over.

"Oh, Mrs. Cohen, you have good eyes! This earring is very catchy and it is totally something you would like to wear to catch someone's attention!" the lady said and carefully took the earring out.

I narrowed my eyes. Her name is Maxina.

"Oh, I am not wearing it; my daughter - in - law is going to wear it for the Night of Engagement."

"Oh, that is fabulous! This earring only comes in one pair and no more!" Maxina said.

"How much?" Maria asked.

"\$8,955"

My jaws dropped.

"But . . . Maria, I don't have an ear hole." I said, feeling my ear.

"Don't worry, they are going to help you. They are specialist in ear piercing." Maria said.

I walked out of the jewelry store, my ears numb.

"How does your ear feel?" Maria asked, grinning.

"Oh . . . it feels . . . wonderful!" I said, hoping that my act convinced her.

"Oh goodies, let me call someone to hold our bags." Maria asked, dialing on her iPhone.

"Wonderful, now we don't have to hold onto the bags." Maria said.

Behind us was a lady called, Stella, our personal bag carrier.

"Ok, so back to the question; why would he say that? Why does he want to the Night of Engagement to be pushed back?" Maria asked, making a crinkled forehead.

I really don't want to disappoint her after everything, after everything she had done for us.

"Oh, it's really nothing." I said, patting her shoulder, again, hoping that my acting skill had wakened.

I smiled my innocent smile.

"Oh, I'm so great to hear that!" Maria said.

I frowned.

"Oh, but if you guys need anything or have any trouble, please, I beg you, please come to me and I will solve anything for my sweet darlings." Maria said.

I nodded, feeling terrible, but hoped that my smile is still strong on my face.

"I am so glad you guys are getting along, it's a wonder to see how you guys work together so fast." Maria said.

I looked at my feet and nodded.

"Come on, we don't have all day, we need to shop more." Maria said.

"Lets shop like the world is going to end tomorrow!" I said, grinning.

Maria laughed and linked my arms.

Maybe this is the time when I could relax and not get so caught up about tomorrow, Jason and our almost coming wedding. Like they say, it's not ok if I stress over everything, it will be better of I relax a little bit.

We got home late, very late.

We ate dinner at a 5 star restaurant and brought 8 dresses, 4 pairs of earring, 6 necklace, 7 pairs of shoes, 4 bags and 6 bracelets.

I walked up the stairs with the maidens behind me, carrying my bag.

I heart beat as I reached Jason and me bedroom door.

I put my hand on the handle and knew that if I walk through this door, I would have to apologize to Jason.

I took a deep breath and opened the door slowly.

"Jason?" I asked, as I walked in.

The maidens put the bags in our closet.

I looked around the room.

It was empty, he is not here.

I let out the breath that I realized I was holding.

"He's really not here, right?" I whispered to myself.

I could feel Layla's disappointment and that dull pain in my heart.

I lay on the bed and stared at the ceiling, wondering to myself.

If I never apologize, will he apologize? Will we be like this forever? What will I say when I apologize? And why do I feel like I really want to apologize to him?

Am I in . . . love?

The Night of Engagement

(Hey, guys, this chapter is gonna be Jason's POV, kk? Happy? Sad? Angry? Excited? I HOPE Y'ALL LIKE IT!! XOXOXOXOXO

I LUV FOOD

~KW)

~~

"Jason, honey," mom said, "How could you?"

"I don't want to and I told you that the Night of Engagement should be held back!" I said, rolling over on the itchy, quest room, bed.

"Jason, please, I beg you." She said.

I ignored her.

Than, there was a pause.

"Is this what you want to do to me?" she asked me, "And why do you want the Night of Engagement to be held back? It's too late already; everyone is coming to see the sweet, cute – looking couple that they have been hearing about."

I threw the quit over my head.

"This is the moment where they could finally see you and Vanessa together."

My stomach twisted as my mom said Vanessa's name.

"You can always talk to me if there is a problem."

Memories of the fight flashed through my mind and anger rose through me.

Why would you say that?

Alex, my wolf asked me.

I don't know,

I said.

I bet she will never forgive you

I didn't answer him.

"No, everything is fine." I said, running my hand through my hair.

"Than, why did you drink last night? And you didn't come home until 4:47 in the morning!"

"Oh, it's nothing, I just haven't been drinking for a while." I said, like it was no big deal. But, last night I almost end up hooking up with someone. I run my hand through my hair one more time; my life had really changed since I've met Vanessa. I use to party every other Saturday and drink every Friday and possibly hook up with someone.

"Honey, that's not an excuse, how can you explain about coming home at nearly 5 in the morning? You couldn't have been drinking that long."

I sat up in annoyance.

"Look, mom, stop questioning me. I know what I am doing and I said I want the Night of Engagement too early. Anyways, we need more time together." I said.

"No, you don't, you were perfectly fine, until yesterday you just left out of nowhere."

She walked passed the door fame.

I sighed in annoyance again.

"Just tell me what is happening and I will try to solve it."

I hesitated.

"I don't know, we just fought last night."

"Well, what you can do is apologize to her, even though it was entirely your fault."

"But she kissed James." I said, holding my fist. I don't know why I was complaining about a girl, I never did in my life. I never really care who I was with, unless they don't bother me. But Vanessa was different, I keep on noticing the little things that she does and everytime when she talk to a guy, I feel overpotective, like she can't talk to anyone but me. And every move that she makes, makes me more attracted to her.

"Than do you want to be mad at her forever?"

I didn't reply.

"Well, maybe, you could apologize to her tonight at the Night of Engagement and she will forgive you, trust me."

She walked out of the room and closed the door behind her.

I picked up the pillow and threw it on the floor.

I don't know what I should really do, my feelings are really confused.

I got out and throw on my suit.

**

"Oh, honey, you look handsome!" mom exclaimed, adjusting my tie.

I checked my reflection.

"Oh, good, you're ready. I think Vanessa is ready too!" mom exclaimed.

She patted my hair and said, "I am so glad you made the right decision!"

She smiled and kissed my cheeks.

I adjusted my tie and combed my hair again.

Mom grabbed my arm and dragged me out of the guest room and to my bedroom.

She threw the door open and immediately everyone in the room stopped moving.

Mom snapped her finger and all of the maiden rushed out of the door.

Vanessa was sitting on the chair. She was beautiful in that white dress. The dress holds her figure perfectly and showed off her long legs.

I want to just seduce her right here.

Our eyes met for a moment before she looked away from me.

"Here, sit down." Mom said, pointing at a spot next to Vanessa.

I sat down and mom grabbed one of my hand and one of Vanessa's hand, holding our hand together.

I could feel the tingling sensation coming from her hand.

I wanted to leave the world behind and hold her. I want to whisper in her ears that I was really sorry and I want to ask if we could start over again.

"Look, I know that something is wrong, but its ok, sometimes we all fight. But tonight, I beg you guys; please don't make it look like you guys are fighting. I need you guys to look like you love each other, ok? Let's just forget about the fight for tonight, ok?" mom said, squeezing my hand.

I looked at Vanessa.

There was a knock on the door and dad came in.

"I think that both of you should go downstairs, there are a lot of people who wants to see you." Dad said.

"Don't forget what I said!" mom said.

I stood up and hold out a hand to Vanessa. She took it and we linked arms before we walked out of the room.

We walked down the stairs and immediately everyone started saying praises to us.

"Look at that cute couple!"

"They look so lovely together!"

"Oh, they are beautiful!"

"Gosh, just look at them!"

"They were definity made for each other!"

We took a seat at a table at the front of the room.

Mom gets onto the stage with a microphone in her hand.

"Welcome everyone, welcome, thank you for coming to the Night of Engagement Party!" mom said and everyone cheered, "As you all know, I am Maria Cohen."

"This has been a fantastic year having Vanessa and Jason together. Vanessa is such a darling, she is so lovable, I want all of you to met her! Vanessa and Jason, please stand up so everyone could see you."

I took Vanessa's hand and stood up with her.

I can feel Vanessa squeeze my hands and that made me smile, knowing that she needs me when she feels nervous.

Everyone ohhhhh and ahhhhh.

I smirked.

"Don't they just look fantastic together?"

The audiences agreed.

"Jason and Vanessa, darlings, please come up here."

We linked arms and walked up on the stage. Vanessa squeezed my arm this time.

I smiled, again, at that.

"Vanessa, I would like to have a few words from you." Mom said, smiling her billion dollar smile, while putting the microphone in front of her.

Vanessa laughed nervously and said, "I - I don't know. . ."

The audiences laughed. They quiet down before she said something.

"Hi, I'm Vanessa. I am really graceful to be here. Well, I also want to say some thanks for certain people. Umm, I would like to start off by thanking Mrs. Cohen for everything, for, ummm . . . bring us, Jason and I, together and helping us through everything. I wouldn't be here with Jason, wearing this dress, feeling this if it wasn't for you. Umm, I also want to thank Mr. Cohen for helping me through all of the health problems. I

wouldn't be standing here right now. I - I also want to thank Jason . . ." she said, turning to me.

Her eyes drifted from my eyes to her feet. I wanted to hold her chin so that she could look in my eyes forever. She nervously rubbed her thumb with her index finger.

"For being there for me when I needed him and creating many great memories with me. . . Yeah, and also, I want to thank everyone that I know and I meet. Thank you." She said, turning back to the audience.

Everyone clapped and Vanessa passed the microphone without looking up.

"What about you, Jason?" mom asked.

I told the microphone and smirked, feeling everyone's attention on me.

"I want to thank everyone for everything they have done for me. I am very grateful for having all of you by my side. I want you guys have a have a great time here."

Everyone clapped.

We got off the stage.

I looked at Vanessa from the corner of my eyes.

We took a seat and mom made the final speech.

Vanessa fidget with the dress.

"Vanessa," I said, breaking the silence between us.

She didn't enough.

"Umm, listen, about yesterday's night, I just want to say that I - I, ummmm, - "

"Look, Jason, I want to tell you along that I am sorry, I really didn't mean it and now I want to take back all of the words that I said to you. Jason I really don't want to fight anymore. But . . . But I get it. I am just not your type of girl. It's ok if you don't feel the same way. I get it if you don't want to apologize." she said, looking in my eyes. There was sadness in her eyes. I want to wipe away the tear that was about to come out and kiss her. I want to do whatever it take to make her happy.

"Vanessa, I -"

"Jason can you just leave it like that? I really don't want to talk about it. - "

"Vanessa!" one of her designers exclaimed.

I made a fist.

How dare she interrupt my conversation when I am talking to Vanessa?

"Come here!" she exclaimed, dragging Vanessa away.

When she was out of sight, I sighed and rubbed my temple.

Most of the night passed by and Vanessa was being introduced to many people.

I walked over to the drink table and grabbed a whiskey.

I poured the whole thing in my mouth. I grabbed 2 more cups.

"Is there any water?" Vanessa asked, suddenly appearing by my side.

I looked at her, before realizing that it was her. I smiled, before chuckling.

"Water?" I asked, "When have you ever heard of water at a Night of Engagement party?"

"Hey! I never drank wine or beer or whatever there is before." She said, blushing.

I grinned, "There is beer, wine, whiskey and liquor here."

"What am I suppose to drink?"

"Whatever you want to drink from this table."

"Fine, is there any juice here?" she asked, peeking at all of the cups.

I smirked, "No, but there's alcohol."

"What is this?" she asked, pointing at the liquors.

"Liquors."

She took a cup and took a sip.

She made a face and her face became to have a light shade of pink.

I smiled.

"What about this?" she asked, pointing to the wine.

"Wine,"

Again, she grabbed a cup and took a sip.

"Gross! It taste FAKE! It tastes like metal!" she said, when the cup was put down.

I laughed. "That why you don't drink wine, you drink other things."

She smiled a little.

"What is this?" She pointed to sakes.

"Japanese sakes,"

She grabbed it and drinks it.

"It taste weird," she said.

I studied her carefully.

"Are you sure you want to continue drinking?" I asked her.

"Yeah, I like it; all of the weird taste and unique type in my mouth – I like it." She said, while nodding.

I raised my eyebrows.

"What is this?" she said, pointing at the Vodka.

"Vodka,"

She smiled.

"I've always wanted to try a Vodka!" she said.

She grabbed it and took a sip before she pours the whole thing in her mouth.

I chuckled, "Damn, you drink a lot."

She laughed, "But I am not an alcohol addict and this is my first time."

"You drink a lot for a beginner." I said.

"That's 'cause I like it!" she said, grabbing for another cup of Vodka.

I raised my eyebrows.

She put one of her hand on my shoulder and drank the whole thing.

I chuckled.

"What's this?" she asked, pointing to a glass cup.

"Cocktail,"

"Ooooh, cocktail, I've always dreamt of drinking cocktails too!" she said, grabbing it and pour the whole thing in her mouth.

"That tastes really good!" she said, grabbing another cup and drank everything.

"You don't know how to drink alcohols." I laughing, shaking my head.

"Than how do you drink it?" she said.

"You don't need to pour the whole thing in your mouth - it makes you dizzy faster." I

said.

"Who cares?" she said, waving her hand, grabbed a Vodka and drank everything.

I grinned.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Spirits," I said.

"Spirits?" she asked. She grabbed the cup and poured everything in her mouth.

She knitted her eyebrow and made a face.

She grabbed another cup of Vodka and drank everything.

"So, how was the night?" I asked, trying to get her attention from drinking too much.

"Boring! It was so boring!" she said.

I chuckled and then, there was an awkward silence.

She grabbed her 5th cup of Vodka and drank the whole thing.

"Vanessa I think you are drinking too much." I said.

She shrugged.

I shoved my hands in my pocket and looked around.

"Look, Vanessa," I said and she nodded, looking into my eyes. I notice that she was trying a bit pink.

"I wanted to tell you this, but you know . . . we were interrupted . . . so what I want to say is that I am – " Vanessa unconsciously fell into my arms and I sighed.

"Vanessa?" I asked.

She groaned.

Someone gasped and I looked up; mom.

"Quickly, take her upstairs – I knew it, I should have gotten water too!" she said, started getting mad at herself.

I lifted Vanessa and carried her bride style up the stairs and I could hear the guest downstairs cheering.

I rolled my eyes.

I opened the door and laid Vanessa down.

I was about to pull away when an arm went around my neck.

"Jason," Vanessa whispered. I could smell the alcohol in her breath, but her smell was faint.

"I . . . want you to stay with me tonight." She whispered.

"Vanessa, sorry, I can't. I have to go back down stairs/" I said, untangling her arm from my neck.

She quickly fastened her arms and said, "But I want you . . . I want you to sleep with me, for once."

I sighed, " . . . Fine,"

She smiled.

I pulled away and took off everything except for my boxers.

I lay down next to her. The bed felt weird. It wasn't like the couch or the guest room bed.

Vanessa turned her face to face me. She slowly found my hand and hold my hand.

I smiled. The sparks of course was coming crazy. I really want to do it with her, but I

know I couldn't.

A few moments later, she quickly let go of my hand and sat up and said, "My head hurts like crazy."

I got up.

"You want a pill?" I asked her.

She stared at my chest.

"Shut up." she whispered, ". . . Are you still mad at me?"

"I don't want you to be mad at me . . ." Vanessa said. She wrapped an arm around my neck and started to play with the hair on my back of my neck.

I smirked.

"Jason?" Vanessa whispered. Vanessa ran her hand over my 8 packs. Her fingers were cool and it felt beautiful when she touches me like that.

"Yeah?" I asked, smirking.

"Be honest with me, ok?" she said.

I waited for her to speak.

"Than, tell me . . . Tell me, how much girls have you slept with . . . in you whole life?" she asked.

I hesitated.

"Tell me." She said.

"Three." I lied.

". . . Lair. Fat Lair." she said, whispered, smirking, "I said, 'tell me the truth.'"

"Fine . . . I'm going to be honest this time, I slept with eleven." I said.

She studied me for a second, "Would you sleep with me?"

My eyes widened, not expecting her to ask that, "Yes."

She leaned in and rested her head on the crook of my neck.

I smirked when I notice that she was inhaling my scent.

Having her being this close to me made my wolf go wild. If she does anything more, my wolf would take over control and would do things that I don't dare do, yet.

"You know I really like your eyes; they are so beautiful – that shade of green." She said, lifting her head and putting her hand on the side of my neck.

I smirked at her as she took her other hand and run her hand over my cheekbone.

She leaned in - she was so close to me, my wolf went crazier. I pushed the uncontrolling feeling down, hoping that it could last a little longer.

"And I love your hair. The way they fall over your eyes when you sleep . . . Remember once you sleep on my shoulders in the car, when we were coming home from the hospital?" she asked, grinning.

She took her hand off of my neck and played with my hair.

My smirked grew just by hearing Vanessa admire what she thinks is perfect about me. I knew that when she isn't drunk, she would never say all of this.

"And you know what I love the most about you?" she asked, rhetorically.

I waited for her answer.

"I really like . . . your lips." She said, smiling, before her eyes closed a little, leaning in closer to me.

I could feel my heart tug from her words.

She put an arm around my neck and my heart started to pick up.

She leaned in and kissed me. My stomach twist feeling her lips against mine. I mined her lips along with mine. I can feel my wolf taking control of me. I couldn't stop myself from what I was doing. What Vanessa was hypnotizing. My arm went around her neck and my hand ran up her thigh. I can feel her smile on my lips. My wolf was about to be let free until my mind snapped back to reality and I gently pushed Vanessa away from me.

I didn't know who was more shocked, me or Vanessa.

"Ummm, Vanessa . . . why don't you sleep for now, you're probably – "

She pulled back and she opened her eyes.

What is your fucking problem? I was so close to marking her as ours! My wolf exclaimed, getting furious.

She studied me before she leaned in again, about to kiss me.

I turned my head so she kissed my cheeks.

She pulled away an inch, before reluctantly sit on the bed.

"Why didn't you want to kiss me?" she said, turning my head to look at her in the eye. I can see that she was hurt, but I can't do it or else I would lose it.

"Vanessa, why don't you sleep – "

"Jason . . . Kiss me, don't you?"

I shook my head, "Look, Vanesa, I can do this - "

"Am I not pretty enough?" Vanessa asked, loudly.

"No, Vanessa you are beautiful -"

"Than why can't you love me like you love those girls on your bed?" she said even louder.

"Vanessa, listen, that was not - "

"Or is it because you didn't sleep with me before? Well, now I want to sleep with you. I want to do it with you! . . . Am I not as sexy as . . . what's her face, oh yeah, Brittany?" she asked and she pulled down the zipper from the side of her dress and let it fall to the bed.

I could feel my crotch grow in my boxers as my eyes roamed over her whole body. She was just in her black strapless bra with a black lacy panties – this was the first time I have seen Vanessa half naked.

She moved closer to me, but I held her back. She wasn't even naked and I already feel hard.

"Do you want me to be like a slut? Everyone says that she is a slut and a lot of boys like her . . . I bet you like her . . . But I don't want you to, I want you to be with me, sleep with me - Have you ever slept with her before?" she asked and instantly memories fasted back to me about Brittany.

I didn't answer her.

"I hate you, you fat, jerkface." She said, hitting my chest.

"Vanessa, we can talk tomorrow, why don't - "

"Jason, Jason, I feel sick . . . I feel like I want to throw up!" she said.

I widened my eyes and helped her out of bed. I led her to our bathroom and she threw up.

I handed her the tissue and she wiped her mouth.

She threw away the tissue and turned around to walk out of the bathroom.

"Are you feeling - "

She collapsed on me.

I carried her to the bed.

I laid her down and pull the cover over her body.

"Jason . . . do you really want to get married?" she whispered faintly.

I turned to her.

"Well, it's really not an option if we are married or not." I said, scratching my head.

"I - I really don't want to get marry." she murmured, holding out her hand to search for my hand to hold.

"Why is that?" I asked her as I laid down. She held my hand up to her chest. I got to feel her heartbeat. I smiled at that.

She paused for a moment before answering.

"Because . . . what happens if we are really not made for each other?" she said, turning her body side ways to face me, "What happens if we fight and we start hating each other forever?"

She squeezed my hand.

"Do you hate me?" I asked.

My heart beated as I waited for the answer, but she didn't answer.

"Do you hate me?" she asked instead.

I stared at her for a minute.

This is the first time I could really study Vanessa close up (not counting the time that we kissed).

Her dark hair covered the side of her face and her dark eyelashes were long. Her nose is tall and straight and her mouth parted a little. Her light pink, slender fingers were tucked under her face and I could hear her soft breathing.

I almost didn't want to answer her, but I did.

"To be honest . . . I really don't . . . hate you." I said, uneasily. I never confessed my feelings about any girl before, because I never liked a girl this much before. I never truly fell in love before. But, with Vanessa, I never had these emotions before and she kills me with her love.

I looked away from her face.

There was a moment of silence and I thought that she fell asleep.

"I don't think I like you. I hate you from the very beginning and I still hate you. You're fat . . . heavy, you're an elephant, and you are cocky, snotty and bitchy. . . I hate you for that . . . and we are from two different worlds and we are two different worlds. I don't understand how we are meant to be together, weird, don't you think? Yeah, I don't like you and I still don't . . . but . . . I . . . " she said trailing off.

I looked at her one last time and I got up and got dressed.

Maybe it's better off if I sleep in another room

I headed towards the door and headed towards the guest room.

I notice that outside was quieter, but I guess the guest left or I had spent a long time in that room with Vanessa. But whatever it is, I don't care.

I sighed and slammed the door behind me and sat on the bed.

I rubbed my temples and said out loud, "Why does it has to be so damn complicated? Damn it!"

I closed my eyes and took several deep breaths.

I guess from now on I will go my own way and she will go on her own way. I guess we just can't love each other properly . . .

But I think I'm falling for you . . .

Getting It Back

(Hey, guys, this is Katy, AGAIN! >.< I personally don't like writing author notes so I will keep it short. This chapter is Vanessa's chapter agin, sorry, one chapter for Jason only! How did you feel about his chapter? SAD? HAPPY? ANGRY? DUMB? BEAUTIFUL? . . . And sorry if the format changed, it was Bookrix's fault, don't blame me, but I will try my best to fix it when I have time,kk? Bye, hope you enjoy this chapter just as much as the rest of the book ;***

XOXO

~KW)

~~

I woke up really early the next morning. I tried going back to sleep, but I just couldn't and that pounding in my head made me groaned.

I am a hangover. Why did I do this to myself.

I sat up and right away I notice that Jason wasn't in the room. This was just like every morning, realizing that he doesn't sleep here anymore.

I groaned again as a headache kicked in.

I am one dead meat.

I sighed, slowly heading for the door. I wanted to grab something to drink.

I held onto the stair case railing, praying that I couldn't fall.

I notice that nobody was out here - not even the maidens that wake up so early everyday.

10 minutes later, I found the kitchen and turned on the lights.

I opened all of the cabinets because I couldn't find any cups on the counter.

Finally, finally a glass cup, I grinned. I washed it and was about to pour my water when the kitchen door slid open.

I jumped, dropping the glass cup in my head.

The glass cup shattered into a million of pieces.

I gasped.

Soon realized that it was Mrs. Cohen's property and it might be her that's here.

I slowly looked up praying that it wasn't here.

Instead it was James - thank the Lord.

"James?" I said, "want are you doing here?" I asked.

He shrugged, "Woke up and couldn't sleep. I saw that the kitchen light was opened so I decided to stop by."

He stared at the glass.

I blushed.

"I'll clean it up." I said, quickly, "Do you know where the towels are?"

"No . . ."

"But don't you live in this house longer than me? How do you not know?"

"I do live in this house longer than you, but I don't know where the towels are. The maiden shifted everything. I know everything so well here that when I was little, I would just walk in here with the lights shut and I would still know where the food are." he said.

I smirked, "You eat at night?"

He shrugged, smiling a little.

"Naughty boy!" I said, shaking my head and smiled.

"Fine, I will ask you the simplest question, since I haven't been here before. Do you know where the garbage can is?" I said the question slowly.

"Yes, in here." he said, grinning.

"Can you take it out? We need to clean these glass up." I asked.

"We?" he asked.

"Yes, we . . . we are going to clean this. You were the one that scared me." I said and took the garbage can out.

"Fine." he said, dragging his word.

"Are you sure you really don't know where the towels are?"

"Yep, I don't know where they are." he said.

I sighed, "Maybe I have to pick it up with my own hands."

I slow picked up the pieces of glass and threw it out.

"Wait where are the maidens?" I asked.

"Today is there day off." he said.

I nodded and went back to picking the pieces up.

There was a long moment of silence in the air.

"So how are you and Jason doing?" he asked, breaking the silence and startling me at the same time.

I dropped the glass and the glass's edge cut my skin.

My eyes widened.

"I got a cut!" I said, "Bandage!"

"I gonna try to find one, wait here!" James said, running out of the kitchen.

Let's just hope that he knows where the bandages are! I thought to myself.

I stared at my cut for who knows how long, until James came back.

"Here, is the bandage, I tried to find a smaller one, but I gave up." he said, handing me the enormous bandage.

I took it anyways and put it around my cut.

"Great." I said.

I notice that James started putting bandages on his fingers.

"Wait, did I cut you? Look, I sorry - "

"NO! I am just putting on bandage so the glass wouldn't cut me, it will cut the bandage. Since we don't have towels to pick it up, this way is more safe." he said.

I grinned, "Smarticle particle."

"Ok, now, let's pick everything up." he said.

I dusted my pants off and peeled all of the bandages off, except for the one that has a cut.

"Finally done!" I said, crushing all of the bandages into a ball and threw it in the garbage can using my "awesome" basketball scores. But of course, I am not that sporty type of girl, so I epically missed.

He smiled and threw it away for me.

I stretched.

"Let's get out of the kitchen." James said.

What a coincident? Right after that, my stomach grumbled.

My hugged my stomach and blushed.

James smirked.

"Ok." he said, stretching his words.

"Can you cook?" I asked, blushing even more, knowing that I can't cook and I am a girl. I am not sexist, it's just that I had took cooking class for 2 years and I still can't cook rice or boil water without waiting for an hour realizing that I forgot to turn on the stove fire.

James bugged his eyes, "Unless you want to get poisoned."

I smiled, I guess me and him are on the same boat.

"Can you cook?" he asked, "You're the one that wants food."

"You must have extraordinary taste and patient if you like my cooking." I said, raising both of my eyebrows.

He grinned.

"Ok, so who is going to cook if both of us don't know how to cook?" he asked.

"Both of us." I said.

"Again?" he asked.

"Fine, than do whatever you want, you have nothing to do too. Everyone is asleep anyways and it would be rude if you just wake them up." I said, smiling innocently.

"Fine, what do you want to make?" he asked.

"Omelet." I said, choosing something super simple to made.

"Ok, let's get started."

I grabbed 4 eggs, milk, salt, water, flour and sugar.

"I think those are the ingredients." I said.

James grabbed the pan and lit up the stove.

I crackled the egg.

"What the hell?!"

"What?" I asked, looking at James.

"You were suppose to put oil."

"No you don't!" I said, "Who put oil in eggs?"

"Everyone."

"Not me." I said, shrugging him off and used a turner to flip the egg.

Hey, I can't find the flip turner!

"Hey!" I exclaimed over my shoulder, "I can't flip the egg!"

James laughed.

"Hey! Stop laughing and help me!"

"See! I told you to put oil in the pan before you put the egg."

"Ok, I gotcha, now what do I do with the egg? I'm having a hard time flipping it." I said.

"Throw it away, it's not edible."

I threw the egg away and decided to cook again.

I poured the oil first and then the egg.

This time when I tried to turn it, it was easier.

"See my point?" James asked, behind my shoulder.

I blushed.

Then I put in the salt.

"Aren't you suppose to put in the sugar?" James asked.

"Sugar? In egg?" I asked.

"Yeah, every egg that I eat is a little bit sweet."

"SWEET?! What planet are you from?" I asked.

He rolled his eyes, "I swear!"

I crossed my arms and raised my eyebrow.

"Whatever!" I sung.

I poured in 2 cups of water, stirred the egg.

"Water, are you sure?" James asked.

"Yeah, water loosen the egg, making it soft and not stiff." I said, talking like a teacher teaching a dumb kid.

"Soft?" James asked like he never heard that word before.

"Yeah, but we don't want it too soft so you put in flour. My cooking teacher said that flour and water together make things that are not too soft and not too stiff." I said.

"Ok, just remind me not to eat that so - called omelet."

"Hey! I don't insult your cooking skills! So don't insult mine, unless you want me to comment on everything you do!" I said, pointing my 'urner at him.

He held up his hand to show that he surrendered.

I stirred the pan and next thing you know, it was a blob of light brown clay looking thing in the pan.

James laughed.

I blushed and silently threw the egg away.

"Let the pro handle this." James said, pushing me aside.

"The 'pro', huh?" I asked.

"Yep, step aside, let Chief James walk through!" he said.

I laughed.

He put the butter and cracked the egg like he had lived in the kitchen his whole life. He put the sugar and salt in the egg.

"Why are you putting salt when you asked me not to?" I asked, crossing my arms.

"Because it can taste salty and sweet, but I put in more sugar than salt." he said. I rolled my eyes, crossing my arms.

He poured in cornstarch and started stirring it.

"Why are you putting cornstarch?"

"That's is how you get the white color."

I raised my eyebrows.

He put in butter. According to him, he said that butter makes it soft.

He closed the lid and we waited for 20 minutes.

"It's not finish cooking, yet."

"Than, when will be it finished?"

"I don't know."

"Ever I, the - not - so - good - at - cooking - person know that an omelet does not take that long to cook." I said.

He opened the lid again and it was one ugly omelet. Ugly.

"I don't think that is edible." I whispered pointing at the omelet.

He threw that away.

"You know what? I think I cook better than you." I said, taking the turner from James's hands.

"What?! That is not true." James said, taking the turner back.

"Is too."

"Is not!"

"Give it back." I said, giving a hard yank.

"No way, you were the one wasting the egg!"

"Are you joking? Who in this world put cornstarch in their omelet!? Cornstarch!!" I said.

"SO? Who puts SALT in their omelet?" he asked, yanking the turner towards him.

"Give it to me!"

"No, give it to - "

"James? Vanessa?" a voice asked.

I squeaked, letting go off the turner that James was yanking back, as a result he fell on his back.

"Jason?" I asked, scratching my head, "Morning?"

He looked from me to James and back.

"What are you guys doing here?"

I blushed, "Trying to . . . cook some omelet to eat . . . But I guess I will stick with the granola bars." I said.

I grabbed the granola bars and existed the kitchen.

Why didn't I just eat the granola bars in the very first place????!

I handed one of the granola bars to James.

"Jason, do you want one?" I asked, turning around.

He scoffed and turned his heels and said "No."

I frowned, "What's up with him?"

James shrugged.

"B.P." I said.

"What?! What is that?"

"It stands for Boy Period."

James snorted, taking a bite of the granola bar. I grinned.

~~

"James did you notice how Jason have been acting these past 3 days?" I asked James, frowning.

Ever since the Night of Engagement, Jason seemed more distant than before.

He stopped talking to me and he didn't walk into our bedroom once, not even once! He barely even look my way. I

feel like he was avoiding me and that really makes me sad.

Did I do something wrong?

Is it because we are engaged and I still haven't apologize to him about what happened?

Is it because I said something wrong at the Night of Engagement Speech?

Would is because I didn't introduce my parents to him?

"I guess." James said, looking at Jason as he walked out of the living room.

"Did you do something to him?" I asked, looking at James.

James widened his eyes and held up his hand, surrendering.

"WHAT?!" he said, "I didn't do a single time to him."

"Than why is he acting like that?" I frowning, staring at the flat screen TV in the living room.

"When he is acting like that, it means that he is mad." James said, looking at me.

"At what?!" I asked.

He shrugged, "You have to ask him yourself."

"What?!" I said, looking at him, "Me?"

"Yeah, bye, I got to go check on Jen."

He got up and left the living room, leaving me alone.

I sighed, I wished I was like James and Jen. I was jealous of them for being such a happy couple, I sure they haven't even fought once.

I turned my attention back to the movie. I was just watching Twilight Breaking Dawn by myself.

It took me a while to figure out that they were playing my favorite part; when it is Bella's wedding.

I wish my love life was almost like Bella's and Edward's - at least something like it.

Everyone's love life seems perfect . . . except for mine.

I watched as Bella watched down the aisle. She nervously clutched the white flowers in the bouquet.

She slowly walked down the aisle.

The beautiful white dress was so lovely.

The screen changed and it showed her ring. Her ring was full of diamonds, just like the promise ring -

"The promise ring . . . Was he still mad because of that??" I whispered to myself.

"No, no, no, that was a super long time ago. He pretty isn't mad." I said, shaking my head, "And it's probably the cheapest ring he find in the jewelry store. . . "

"But, it has a really big rock on it. . . it's probably expensive." I said back.

"No, but he's not mad about it, yeah, he's not mad." I repeated.

Why do I feel like I have to make myself believe it?

I shook my head.

Who cares about it?

I asked myself.

I breathed in deeply and exhaled with a loud huff.

Soon, the next time I know, I got up from the couch and ran upstairs. I grabbed a coat that looked really, really warm, that reached up to my knees and threw it over my shoulders.

I pulled on my rainboots and ran outside.

I looked around. I entered the forest that I had once entered. I walked as far into the forest as possible. I tried to use my werewolf sense to see if there is any danger.

I looked around.

Where can that dumb ass ring be?

I thought, feeling frustrated. I don't really know why I was feeling that way - it was either because I was out in the forest all by myself with nobody to help me out or it was because I can't find the ring in this humongous ass forest.

I sighed, stomping around, I walked farther and farther in, praying that I could find the ring somehow.

Why did I throw it out? I could fake throw it instead!!

I punched myself mentally.

I continued walking, I didn't know for how long, but it felt like years and my stomach was rumbling.

I sighed and sat on one of the truck roots that was sticking out.

Why did I do this to myself? Why did I do this to myself?

I asked myself.

I leaned on the tree trunks. I felt like sleeping, I was really tired from all of the walking. My stomach rumbled again, but louder.

No one is going to save me this time if I die.

I thought and instantly the memory of the time Jason saved me when I nearly died came back to me.

I didn't really know what happened, but that memory make me got up on my feet, making me more determined to find the ring than ever.

I walked around the forest again. I don't even know how far I was in the forest. I continued to walk, until I felt really coat. Even if the coat looks warm, it wasn't actually warm. there might be fur on the outside, but on the inside it was just a piece of string.

I made a mental note to myself to beg Beth and Sunny to buy me more warm clothes (if I get out of this forest).

I hugged myself, trying to keep the warmth before I get hypothermia.

I sat on the forest ground and hugged myself to keep warm.

I prayed, Please . . . I have to find the ring . . . I have to find the ring . . . Where is it?? Where did it go?? Did I really throw it that far? I don't want to die from hypothermia and I really want to find the ring

I squeezed my myself and closed my eyes. I tried to get my hands into my sleeves so

that they could stay warm.

I opened my eyes and looked up.

What time is it??

I tried to look through the tree's leaves, but I didn't see any daylight -

Something flashed in my vision. I winced, rubbing my eyes.

What the hell was that?

I thought, starting to get grumpy.

I squinted my eyes and looked up again. Again it flashed again, but this time my eyes didn't hard. I squinted hard.

. . . . I stood there for a long time trying to figure what that flashy thing was . . .

Is that a ring? . . . Is that a diamond? . . . Is it a diamond ring? . . .

I rubbed my eyes and looking at it again.

"It's the ring!!" I said, smiling, "I found it. How did I not notice that?"

I smiled at it for a second, but reality stuck me.

How do I get when it is all the way up there?

The only way was climbing the tree. Good thing, my mom signed me up for outdoor camp once - which I really hated.

I don't know what is happening to me, but I took off my rainboots and coat even though I was literally freezing my butt off.

Still shivering, I climbed onto the first branch and I continued to climb and climb. Thank God I didn't forget how to climb a tree, yet.

I made another mental note to myself to write a 10 page letter saying thank you to mom.

I continues to climb, until I was right next to the ring.

I shivered from the cold and my knee trembled beneath me.

I grinned.

"I found you!" I whispered and with my red, numb fingers, I slowly took the ring from the branch that it was inserted in.

I curled my hands into a ball and brought it against my chest. I smiled, I uncurled my fist and slid the ring into the finger that Jason put the ring in.

I slowly climbed down and my teeth chattered from the exposure of coldness.

I slowly lowered myself to the ground and numbly put on my sock, rainboots and coat.

I breathed hot air on to my fingers and rubbing them quickly together, hoping to get them warm.

I took off the ring, afraid to lose it again when I am walking around the forest.

Not knowing which direction to go, I just walked blindly in a direction, hoping that I was walking the right way.

Suddenly, there was a cry of my name, "Vanessa!"

"Vanessa!"

Who is that? Is that Jason?

"Vanessa?"

"Jason?" I said, faintly.

"Vanessa, are you out here?"

"Jason! I am here!" I cried back.

"Vanessa, where are you? Don't move, ok?"

"Ok." I cried back, not knowing which direction to shout at.

"Vanessa?"

"Yeah?" Jason's voice was coming closer and closer.

Just before he appeared, I quickly slipped the ring off of my finger, I just didn't want him to know that I was out here looking for his ring. I was looked stupid.

"Hey," I said, not knowing what to say.

"What are you doing out here?" Jason asked, getting mad.

"I don't know, I was just taking a walking, I just feel like I was trapped in there for too long." I lied, hoping that I looked like I mean it.

He stared at me with those green eyes so intensely that I felt exposed, but he looked away.

"Let's go." he said, starting to walk off already, leaving me behind.

I ran to catch up to him, but was eventually slowed down from the coldness that I was opened to.

We walked all of the way home without talking to each other. I felt like I want to talk to him, but I can't find the courage to.

What happens if he wouldn't talk back? What happens if we fight again? I don't want to fight anymore. And what happens if he hated me more because I was talking to him?

And most of all, why do I feel this way?

Full Moon

~~

"Today is the full moon." Vicky told me when they woke me up.

"Today?" I asked.

"Yeah, isn't that great?" Vicky asked, "We'll be able to be free the whole day!"

"Great," I said to myself. I am going to turn to a hairy animals that needs to be waxed.

"You're gonna have a fantastic time today, I promise." Valerie said.

They helped me prepared for my day.

"Today is a very special day for all of the werewolves in the werewolf's world." Beth said, "Everyone doesn't have to go to school or work and it is also the day that most of the werewolves find their mate."

Beth sighed, romantically.

I frowned.

So, today I am going to find out if Jason is really my mate or not?

Just by getting the thought of finding out the truth made me shivered.

"How do you know if they are your mate or not?" I asked.

"When you feel the sparks and the tingling everytime he touches you and you and your mates are able to share thoughts." she explained.

My heart beat fast.

Oh God, please help me.

"And when do we turn into a werewolf?" I asked.

"When the moon comes out." Sunny says.

"So, we just turn into a werewolf naturally?" I asked.

"Yeah, all you have to do is call your werewolf's name." Sunny said.

"Ok." I said.

"And everyone would be invited to come here." she said.

"Here? Why here?"

"Because Mrs. and Mr. Cohen are the heads and all Alphas has a forest. All members of the pack needs to go to their Alpha's forest, so that everyone can be reunited and they can be protected by other members of the pack if we are attacked."

"Attacked? Have we every been attacked?" I asked.

"Yeah, but very rarely."

I pushed my lips together as my heart beat.

Please hope that tonight is going to be a good night

I looked around, searching for a partially face among the sea of people.

"It's almost time for the moon to come out." Jen said, appearing next to me.

I turned to her, "I am so nervous!!"

She smiled, "Me too, but I have a feeling tonight is going to be everyone's good night."

I frowned, I don't feel that way.

"Where's James?" I asked, changing the subject.

"Oh, he will be here in a minutes - oh, there he is! JAMES!!! OVER HERE!" Jen cried, waving her arm.

Where is Jason?

I asked Layla, starting to feeling depressed.

I don't know, all I know is that he is not part of this crowd

"Vanessa, if you need me, I will be over there with James." Jen said.

" . . . Ok," I said, waving good - bye as she skipped off with James.

I don't know what I want to do more; kill Jason when I find him because he is leaving me alone or sat against one of the trees and cry because everyone seems to be happy.

Is he mad at me?

I asked Layla.

Yeah, he is mad

What did I do?

I asked, starting to be frustrated.

Ask him when you find him and you are going to turn to a werewolf anytime from now

Part of me want to cry 'no', because I don't have anyone to be with and part of me couldn't wait, because I really want to see how it feels like to be a werewolf.

Suddenly, I heard a rumbled from someone's throat and I looked around - everyone was turning into a werewolf.

At first, not knowing what a werewolf really looked like, I would have gave them one really good advice - wax yourself, but now looking at them, there were the most beautiful creatures I've ever seen on Earth. Those beautiful fur color that comes in gray, silver, brown, light brown and black was so soft - looking.

They were already running to the forest that was next to the mansion. They were so fast that you could only see a blur of their fur color.

Turn into a werewolf then!!!

Layla cried, demanded to be free.

But . . .

A thought of Jason came to my mind.

He already turned into a werewolf, I can feel him

I started to feel nervous, Fine than . . .

I took a deep breath and said my werewolf's name Layla . . .

The moment that I was turning into a werewolf, I felt magical. My whole body felt warm and I could feel my bone shifting around, underneath my fur. I could feel my sense sharper - I could hear every twig that was being snapped under every passing werewolf, I could smell all of the different kind of flower that was growing in the forest and I could see every little detail from the passing wolves. It was a really special feeling - I loved it.

Soon, the beautiful moment faded when I finished shifting, making me realize that I was still alone.

I don't know if I should walk or run like the others.

I don't know if I should hunt or watch.

I don't know if I should sat down or watch every wolf have fun.

I don't know if I should do anything. I didn't want to do something wrong and look like an outside.

Layla?

I thought.

Maybe I should ask Layla what to do

But Layla didn't reply.

Layla?

I asked again, but again she didn't reply.

If a wolf could frown, I think I am frowning.

I never felt so lost before.

I decided to slowly walk into the forest, but when I didn't see any other werewolves. Not even Jen and James were here.

Where is everyone?

I thought, there were all gone.

I leaned against a tree and squeezed my eyes shut. I forced myself not to cry. I really never felt so lonely before.

Maybe if I didn't throw away the ring, I would have never felt like this? Maybe if I made a longer speech about Jason at the Night of Engagement, he wouldn't do this to me. Maybe if I brought him a promise ring too, he would be happy. Maybe if I didn't nearly gotten myself killed, Jason wouldn't have acted like he is annoyed at me. Maybe if I never changed myself into a werewolf, I didn't have to worry about what to do

I opened my eyes and tried to push my lonely down, when I saw him. The smell of him was so strong, I knew it was Jason. I couldn't stop staring at him, his fur was beautiful - it was silver and gray mix together. But that didn't stop the fact that all of my emotion spilled out, all at once - frustration, anger, annoyed, happiness, hate, intolerant, sadness and embarrassed.

I blushed on the inside, he probably heard all of my thought.

Yes, I did

Jason's voice popped into my mind and I jumped a little.

Soon, my heart beat fast, really fast and I could feel my heart at my throat.

He is my mate . . . He is truly my mate, I could hear his thoughts, I could smell his sent strongly and feel him vividly

Are you just going to be standing here, thinking about me all night?

Jason asked and if he was in human form, I bet he is smirking.

I blushed and I could feel joy spread through me.

No!

I thought you were for a second. Anyways, than, let's go!!

Jason said and I could hear the excitement in his voice.

My heart continued to pound as we ran into the forest. It was an amazing feeling - being next to your mate and running in the cold, chilly wind that combs through your fur.

Let's see who runs faster! Race you down to that tree!

Jason exclaimed taking off.

Hey!!!! Stop cheating!!! We didn't start at the same time!!

I shouted.

I could heard Jason's laughter in my mind. I can't help but grin.

I decided to pick up my speed and I realized I never liked running this much. It was awesome running, maybe I could join the school cross - country and track team if I get to school the next -

Ahhh!

Ouch!!

We both said at the same time.

You ran into me!!!

Jason said.

Oppies daisy

I said, trying to sound innocent.

You're gonna pay for that!!!

Jason said and I knew right away that I should be running.

Well, you deserve that! You got a head start and it is considered cheating. You deserve that, so - AHHHHH!

Jason jumped onto my and was holding me to the ground.

Hey!!!

I cried.

Hey

Jason casually said back like we are talking in a conversation.

I blushed and said, Did you just tackle me??!!

I think I just did

I can totally see Jason smirking.

I wrestled back, trying to tackle him onto the ground, but of course he was much more strong than me.

Ughhh!!!

I said, as I tried to push him.

I could hear him laugh like he wasn't even trying.

And then all of the sudden, adding onto all of the embarrassment, my stomach rumble.

Jason snorted with laughter.

I stopped pushing him and I froze on the spot as my cheeks heated up.

Haha, so funny, your stomach never rumbled before. . . Ok, now stop laughing, it's not funny at all

I said. I wanted to hide under a rock for the rest of my life.

When I laid on the floor for what feels like an hour, Jason finally stopped laughing.

Oh, God, that was funny. Ok, let's go hunt for some food before your stomach raws

Jason said and I know that he was smiling or biting his cheeks to keep himself from laughing.

I blushed once again as I got off the forest floor.

I followed Jason as we walked pass the open area where most of the wolf seems to be hanging out.

We are going to hunt

Jason said.

How?

First, you stay quiet and find a prey. Once you found a prey, you jump up and pound on them. Than, you have to bite into it so that they could stop moving

Would you taste blood?

I asked, frowning.

Jason stopped walking and turned to me. If werewolves could give you the what the fuck? look, I think that is what Jason is doing right now.

Duh! he replied.

I was just askin'

Ok, now you have to be careful of where you step. This is the animal zone and there are a lot of twigs here

I walked slowly, trying to avoid all of the twig.

I could smell a deer somewhere very close.

I didn't know what was more disguising; me killing a poor deer with my bare claw and teeth, knowing the fact that I am going to eat it uncooked with no 'human flavoring' or just the smell of the deer was delicious - making my mouth water.

Jason stopped and turn back to me.

This is going to be fun, trust me!!

I swallowed, Yay! Killing a deer, fantastic!

I could hear Jason laugh as we stepped in a hiding place, spying on the poor deer.

Quick Author's Note:

Ok, guys, I am not going to write about the scene when Vanessa and Jason kills the deer, because I just don't write about that kind of stuff, kk? Ok, please continue reading . . . Bye and enjoy it :)

That was gross, I just ate a deer.

I tried to show how much I hate it and tried to eat as little as possible. I just felt bad for that poor animal. Well, it at least stop my stomach from rumbling.

We walked around the forest, enjoying nature. It was nice, the forest was beautiful and the gentle breeze was comforting.

What do we do next?

I don't know, what do you have in mind?

I don't know, nothing?

Than let's just walk around

We walked around the forest. I saw birds, but I didn't dare to kill another animal.

Jason, do -

There was long howl through out the forest.

What was -

Than, following that, there was a loud screech.

Pure Vampires. Vanessa, run!!!

Jason said. Jason started running.

I was really confused.

Jason, what -

I'll explain later!!

My heart raced.

Than I heard a screech come closer to me.

My heart pounded.

I dared myself to turn my head a little and look.

My heart stopped.

It was nothing like the vampire that I've seen the other day in the forest. The vampire's eyes were completely yellow with no pupil and their skin was whiter than milk.

The vampire screeched again, reviewing all of the sharp teeth that looks deadlier than knives. Their claws reached out, trying to scratch me. Their nails were long and yellow, covered with dirt.

My heart pound on my chest as the vampire moved closer and closer to me.

I turned back, forcing myself to run as fast as I could go.

I don't know why I feel the argue to turn back and look at the vampire again. I turned my head once again and right when that happen, the vampire clawed the side of my face.

I let out a scream.

Vanessa!!!

The scratch was pain, more pain than any other scratch. The scratch burned like someone putting little fires on it and I could feel my cheeks slowly swollen.

Are you ok?

My cheek's pain took too much of my attention for me to reply back to Jason.

When unexpectedly, Jason turned around and pounded on the vampire the way he pounded on the prey before.

The vampire let out a screech again, when Jason growled at him.

I stopped running and I use my front paw to touch the side of my face. The blood were dripping and it kept on hurt more and more.

I looked at Jason and I wanted to help and not just sit on the side and watch them eat each other.

I was about to help when Jason puts his paws on the screeching vampire's chest and bring his teeth up to his neck and tear it off. The vampire's body throbbed just before it's body turn into dust and disappeared.

If my paw could cover my mouth, I would have done it.

Vanessa, are you ok?

I ran to him, feeling scary because what happens if the vampire would reappear just like how the vampire disappeared.

I didn't really understand what Jason was doing, but he rubbed his neck against my neck. It felt good, feeling his fur against my skin.

I felt like I want to faint from the neck - to - neck contact.

Dazed, I nodded slowly.

Good, did he scratch you?

Jason asked. I didn't know if he was mad or relieved or anything.

I nodded.

Let me see

I turned my head sideways slowly so that he could see it.

Does it still hurt?

I nodded.

Stay still

Jason took a step closer to me and I could feel his warm breath. I shivered a little. He leaned in and licked my scratch gently. My chest tighten as I felt the sparks flying off of his tongue and the burning sensation on my cheeks. I didn't know if it was disgusting or comfortable feeling his warm tongue against my skin.

He licked my scratch again.

This time, my stomach squeezed tightly and my breath quickened as his's tongue's hot trail lingered in the air.

Even when he stepped back, I felt like I want to puke (in a good way).

Breath. I have to remind myself to breath before I really faint.

Are you tired?

I notice that some of the pain went away. I smiled.

I nodded.

The sun is setting anyways, let's sleep

Where?

Jason didn't replay, all he did was walk off, I just followed him.

Once or twice, I turned back to see if there are going to be any more vampire attacks.

Relax, they are not going to come back

I blushed, I felt like he could read my mind perfectly when I couldn't even hear his thoughts or feel his emotions.

We kept on walking into the forest until we found a prefect spot that was completely covered with un - stepped glass and a spot that I didn't refuse to sleep on.

I sighed and lay down.

Jason lay down next to me, turning so that he would face me. I blushed, I hate those moments when you are very tired and when someone stared at you when you are trying to sleep and suddenly you sudden don't feel sleepy anymore.

I turned my back towards him.

I quietly watch as the sun slowly set.

Some of the scenes from today flashed before me as I smiled in approval or frowned in disgust.

But I didn't know why can't I sleep. Is it because he is right next to me or is it because the way he made contact with my cheek and neck? Or is it because the day was very intense, interesting and . . . different?

I kept on thinking and thinking about Jason. When suddenly, I realize that he could be listening to my thinking if he is awake. My heart pounded.

Please, he can't be listening to my thoughts now. I would die of embarrassment!!!

I quickly turned around to see if his eyes are closed.

Jason?

I asked, as my paw touched his paw to see if he would react to that. And just by that little contact, my whole body tingled and warmth spread through me.

Are you awake?

I asked softly.

He didn't say anything.

He's asleep!! YES!

I smiled to myself. I am so glad.

I was about to turn around and sleep when I decided to look at Jason for a moment.

I didn't know how long that 'for a moment' was, but I could tell it was a very long time because I started to feel sleepy.

Jason, I just wanted to thank you for today because it was beautiful and I would surely treasure this day with all of my heart. I didn't know why I didn't thank you - well, it's probably because I don't have the guts to say it. Jason, I am really sorry for what I did to you to make you that mad at me. I really didn't mean to make you that mad . . . I am so sorry. Why didn't you just tell me what happen, instead? So that I would know and I will promise that wouldn't do it again . . . And you know I found your ring. Remember that promise ring that you gave me? I got it back . . . Jason, I want you to keep your promise. I really, really want you to. Or maybe you don't have to anymore because I think it is coming true now . . . Jason, I don't know when this happened and how this happened, but it just did. . . And my feelings is really starting to get stronger and stronger. . . It's so strong, I can't ignore it anymore. It's like there in my chest and it will always be there, it can't and wouldn't go away. And I want to tell you right now . . . I always wanted to, but I know that you would think otherwise. I know that I will never be your type . . . even if I am your mate . . . But I really want to tell you how I feel, I want to tell someone how I feel about you . . . I - I really, really like you, Jason. Jason . . . Jason, I think I might even be falling in love with -

I didn't have the energy to complete the sentence before a sudden wave of sleepiness hit me and I blacked out.

What, Vanessa? Say it Vanessa . . . say it . . .

Please, please leave a comment and please, please like it if you like it!! 3
And add me as friend if you want to kept updated on this book!

BTW, I made an Instagram account! Feel free to follow me : [kkatywongg](#)

Ok, bye!!

XOXO

~KW

4 Day Trip

~~

I woke up feeling the warm sun shining lightly on my face.

And that tingling feeling that is being wrapped around me.

I opened my eyes and my eyes adjusted to the sunlight. The first thing my eyes see is a perfectly sculptured chest with 8 packs. I blushed knowing that the arm wrapped around my waist belong to that person's

I looked up to see who it was. Jason. I blushed even more. My chest tightened as he smiled.

"Morning."

"Oh . . . um, morning . . ." I said, trailing off.

Jason chuckled.

I blushed, looking down. Than reality struck me. I slept with Jason for the first time and I was naked. I would died if Jason wasn't holding me right now.

"So . . . ummm, do you have any clothes?" I asked awkwardly. I really don't like being naked and laying down with a boy next to me at the same time.

Jason laughed, before he put he 2 fingers in his mouth and whistled.

Instantly, a wolf zoomed by, dropping 2 packages of clothes and zoomed off. I quickly throw on my shirt because I could feels Jason's eyes on my back.

Thank the holy Lord that the shirt went past my butt - a little more than half way down my thigh.

I turned around and waited for Jason to finish.

"You know you don't have to turn around." he said, behind me.

I blushed, "What is that supposed to mean?"

"I know you want to look." he said, smirking, stepping in front of me.

"Shut up, how do you know that?" I said, as I started to walk away from him.

"Oh, so I am right? Huh?" Jason said, smirking even more.

"NOOOO!!!!!"

"Than why are you blushing?"

"Because - because!"

"Huh?" he said, rasing his eyebrow.

"You know what? Let's keep walking!" I said, stomping. Jason laughed behind me.

I wanted to punch him in the face so hard that his teeth would come off.

We kept on walking and there was silence.

"Hey, Jason." I said, breaking the silence.

"Umm?"

"What is a pure vampire?"

"A pure vampire when it is fully a vampire, nothing else. There are 2 types of vampire. One type is pure vampire. Another type is what most people think of - half vampire and half human."

"Whats the difference?"

"Pure vampire is when it was a naturally born vampire. A turned vampire is when a vampire bites you and then you turn into a vampire. There is a difference. Also, pure vampire can never face the sun, while turned vampire can stay in the sun, but not for very long."

I nodded.

We hurried to the mansion that soon came in view.

"Vanessa, hurry, change into your clothes and I have a surprise for you." Jason said, smirking, "You would love it, trust me. . ."

I stared at him blankly. I walked into the closet and changed into a red dress that I thought was really nice.

I quickly slipped it on and wore a black, glossy, 1 inch heel. I took the ring that Jason gave me and slipped it in my pocket.

I walked down the stairs and the front door was opened, which means that Jason is waiting outside.

I walked out of the door and the warm sun hit my face. I smiled.

The black limo was outside and Jason was standing outside next to the limo. He looked so handsome with that white 'V' neck and grey skinny jeans on.

He smirked at me as he walked over. He gently took my hand and instantly I noticed that sparks were flying off of his hand. I shivered a little.

I noticed how his hands feel. It wasn't sweaty, it wasn't rough or too soft, it was just right - perfect. I noticed how much bigger his hands were than mine.

The doorman opened the door and I got inside.

The AC air hit me and it felt nice.

Jason got in and the doorman shut the door.

"Where are we going?" I turned my body as I asked Jason.

He smirked. "It's a surprise. I can't tell you, until that day comes."

"What day?" I asked, frowning.

"You have to wait and see just relax for now." Jason said, leaning back on the leather seat, still smirking.

Oh God, he is planning something, it might be bad . . .

Soon, we got out of the car because we arrived to a private airport.

I can see that Jason's private jet was waiting for him, ready to take off.

I got out of the car and crossed my arms, "Jason, seriously, could you please tell me where we are going."

"Nope, now let's go."

"Humph, no, I am not going to move unless you tell me where we are going." I said, holding my nose up high.

Jason smirked, "Is that so?"

I nodded.

"Fine, then you are leaving me with no choice." He said, walking up to me as his smirk grew.

I knitted my eyebrow, but not before he scooped me up off of my feet. My eyes widened.

I hate that feeling, having your feet off of the ground. I especailly don't like that feeling because you feel like you might fall any moment.

"JASON!!!" I screamed, "PLEASE!! DON'T!!!"

He chuckled, "I have to."

I squeezed my eyes shut, clutching onto his shoulders really tightly.

"How much do you weight? You are so light."

"I am less than 101 pounds and please put me down. I swear!" I cried.

"You are underweighted for your height." Jason said, like we were talking about the weather.

"I don't give a shit! Please put me down! I am so scared!!" I cried.

"Nope."

"And I am wearing a dress, everyone could see my underwear!!"

"If everyone meant me, than yes I could see it and it's ok, I don't mind." Jason said, winking while his smirk grow.

I swear, I am going to slap him until his eyes come out of his head when I get down.

"Please." I struggled with my voice, "Put me down."

"If I do, you have to walk." Jason said.

I nodded, mindlessly.

He lowered me to the ground and the first thing that I do was pull my dress was low as it could go.

Jason chuckled from behind me. I blushed and I speed - walked ahead.

I made a mental note to myself: Don't ever wear dresses, unless you don't mind showing off your underwear to the world.

I stomped up the steps of the private jet and plopped down on the seat.

I quickly pulled my dress because I don't need Jason to study my underwear anymore. It was long enough.

"Good afternoon Mr. and Ms. Cohen, this is Captain William Smith speaking. I would be flying this jet and I hope you enjoy your ride. Thank you." the speakers said.

I sit back and soon, the jet took it.

The flight attendance rolled the cart full of beverages down the aside.

"Hello, good afternoon Mr. and Ms. Cohen, would you like do drink anything?" she said.

I shoke my head as Jason shoke his.

"Well, if you need any help or anything you press that button next to the light and I would be right here with you." she said pointing to the button.

I nodded and she scurried away with the cart.

I turned towards the window and pulled the window up, looking down at New York from here. I smiled. I was beautiful up here. I wish I could take some picture because of the view. I stared at a little longer, while I felt a pair of eyes on my back.

I turned around, finding Jason looking at me.

I blushed. I hate it when a guy just stare at you, unsure of their thoughts in their mind.

I don't know what was it in me, but I feel so attached to him. I like being near him, I

feel safe when I am with him, I feel comfortable when I am with him. I feel . . . complete when I am with him. I don't know what was going on with my mind, but I lean in towards him.

"Vanessa, are you still mad at me that I left you?"

I couldn't speak, his beauty was so stunning that I can't even tear my eyes away from him. I don't even think it is legal to be this handsome, so I just shook my head.

"I'm sorry, I want to apologize . . ."

"Are you still mad at me?" I said, finally finding my voice, "You didn't talk to me. I didn't know what I did wrong. I am sorry for whatever I did, I really didn't mean it. I didn't mean to make you mad. Why didn't you tell me? I would have fix it for you . . . I wouldn't do it agin, I - "

He leaned in closing the space between our lips. My stomach twisted when he moved his lips against my lips. The sparks flew off of his lips and onto my lips. My breath was hicked in the middle of my throat when he held the back of my neck to bring our body closer.

Being this close to him is exotic. It drives my wolf crazy being this close to her mate and knowing that I am enjoying this moment. And that rush of emotion coming from your chest makes you dizzy and your heart beat faster every second . . . It's like losing yourself . . . like escaping the world for a few moment. It was one of those perfect moment where you feel like you are the strongest and you care nothing about the world anymore.

But it didn't last long before the speaker squeaked.

We both jumped back in surprise. I turn away blushing, I can't let him see me right now. I quickly smoothen my dress as the speaker when on, "Mr. and Ms. Cohen, we have arrived. I hoped you enjoyed the ride. Have a nice day."

I was too busy smoothening my dress that, Jason turned impatient and grabbed my hand, pulled my off of my seat.

I looked at him suprisingly.

"What - "

"Shhhhh, just follow me." Jason said, grinning at me.

He pulled me to the front door of the jet. Everyone that was on the flight (pliot and flight attendances) were standing on the side, waving and bowing to us in respect. I quickly flashed them a smile and wave at them good - bye.

"Jason, seriously, where are we?" I asked, groaning a little.

We stood at the steps of the jet and I tried to look around to see if I vcould at least get a hint of where I am.

He ignored me and pulled me to the limo that was waiting for us. Just stepping out of the jet, the hot air hit me on the face. It made me realize how cool it was on the jet.

The doorman opened the car door and Jason pushed me into the limo. Thanks.

"Jason!" I said a little louder. I turned to look at him, seeing him relax in the limo like he doesn't care about the world made me realize that he was no help.

The limo started and I looked at just in time to see a big, fat sign that says, **"WELCOME TO L.A.!"**

I glared at Jason, who was looking at me. He knew that I saw the sign and said,

"You're welcome."

I was sending him death glares now, "Well, I never asked you to bring me here, did I? And I am not even enjoying it - not a bit."

"Well, do you say 'thank you' to everything you like? No, right? You say it because someone did something kind for you. And trust me, you are going to enjoy it." Jason said, smirking at his smart - ass reply and my expression.

I took a deep breath.

Calm down, Vanessa. I told myself.

The limo drove to who knows where.

"Wait, how long are we going to stay here?" I asked Jason.

"Maybe 4 days." he said.

"4 days?!" I asked.

"Well, we are going to be traveling for about 4 days. We are only staying here for about, " he said, looking at his watch, "4 and a half hours."

"What are we going to be doing here? - Wait! If we are going to be traveling . . . where are our clothes?" I asked, widening my eyes.

Jason sat up and cleared his throat.

"Well . . . I never really thought of - I have an idea! We can go shopping here." he said, pulling out his expensive wallet, "Here, this is a credit card. Just use it for whatever you want."

He held it out. I was so close to refusing it, but thinking about it, I don't want to wear the same outfit, underwear and bra same. That is completely disgusting. (I have OCD.) And I don't have any money with me, so I guess the only way is to use it.

I took the credit card and said, "Thanks."

"See? I am prepared for everything that comes." he said, leaning back again.

I rolled my eyes as I looked out of the window.

"Excuse, Mr. Cohen, do you want me to drive you to the nearest mall or store?" Tom, the driver asked.

Jason nodded, still looking out of the window.

L.A. was beautiful and it is amazing. The streets were full of people. Thinking about it, L.A. is pretty big. I sat up.

"Wait, Jason, have you ever been here? You know, I don't want to be lost." I said.

He looked at me, "Of course, I've been here plenty of times. I always travel here."

I nodded in relief and continued to look out of the window, until we pulled up to a shopping mall.

I got out of the car.

"Meet you back here in 3 hours." Jason said to Tom.

Jason grabbed my hand and pulled me into the mall. The sparks flew in between us. Sometimes, I wonder, am I the only one that feels the sparks? Jason looks like he doesn't feel a thing. And sometimes I wonder, does his stomach turn when I look at him, like he does to me.

I shook my head, trying to clean my thoughts. I notice that some people were glaring away. It was kinda uncomfortable.

Jason pulled me into the first store that he saw. Brandy Melville

I looked around, it was really dark. Jason just grabbed a whole bunch of clothes. He threw it at me and said, "Change."

"What?!" I said, looking down at all of the clothes.

He shoved me into a changing room.

Wow, thanks! I thought.

Layla giggled. I rolled my eyes. Star - struck.

I put the pile of clothes on the seat and picked up the first shirt. My eyes widened as I turned it around . . . Very, very revealing.

"Vanessa, just change into it and come out!" Jason said. I jumped, it was like he could see be through those door. I blushed.

I reluctantly change into the shirt with the black shorts. I really liked the outfit, but the shirt . . . could improve a little. Just a little.

I opened the door and showed Jason.

"We are buying that." he said, looking at me as he pointed to me. The lady next to him, I assume was one of the worker, was too busy staring at Jason, to probably understand him, she just mindlessly nodded. Jason, on the other hand, didn't see that she was staring him at all.

I rolled me eyes.

"But, this," I said, turning around to show Jason what I was talking about, "is too revealing. You could see me bra and that is not necessary."

"So?" he said, shrugging.

"What do you mean 'so?' I say we don't buy it and there are plenty of clothes in this store to choose from." I said, pointing at all of the clothes around me.

"It's only revealing a little. It's barely anything." he said.

"A little? My whole back is revealed. And let me remind you, who is wearing this outfit?" I asked, smirking at my remark.

"Oh, is that how it is? Than, who is buying you the clothe? I am fine with you wearing the same thing for maybe the pass 10 days." Jason said, smirking as my smirk fell.

"10 days?! I thought you said 4 days." I said.

"Babe, I said 'about'."

I stayed quiet. I didn't want to wear the same thing over and over again. It is beyond gross. I sighed. He won. He always win.

I walked back into the changing room and slammed the door, as he laughed.

I rolled my eyes. If he wasn't rich, royalty and we weren't in public, I would have punch him right there.

I changed into the next outfit and this time, it wasn't that revealing. I liked it.

And, he had to approve it in order for him to buy it.

I felt like I walked into that changing room for at least a thousand of time and I have changed into a million different outfits.

"Are we done, yet?" I asked.

"Yep, we just have to pay." Jason said.

"Thank the Lord." I mummured, "Even my stylist don't take this long."

"Pardon?" Jason asked, appearing next to me.

I jumped a little and looked at him, "Nothing, nothing. Ok, now I got to change. Ok, yeah, bye."

I quickly changed, I can't wait to get out of this place.

When I finished changing, the clothes were brought and was in a bag. We even have someone holding all of my stuff.

"Wait, aren't you going to buy some clothes too?" I asked.

"I am right now." Jason said, grabbing my hand and pulled me to a store that sells all men stuff.

"Sit here." Jason said, plopping me into a seat as he went into the changing room and change. Trust me, I didn't not enjoy it. The seat was all comfy, but it was horrible. I felt like he took longer on his clothes than my clothes and I was straving. I realized that I didn't eat any breakfast and it was lunch time. My mom would probably me if she found out that I was skipping meals.

"Jason!" I shouted a little bit too loud. Everyone turned to look at me. I blushed.

I'm about to kill myself.

"What?"

"Are you done, yet?"

"I don't know, almost."

"Hurry up, please. I am straving!" I said.

"You're not even burning any calories." he said.

"I didn't eat any breakfast!!" I said, breathing deeply.

"Damn, chill!" he said.

"I will if you come out right now." I said.

He didn't answer me.

"Jason?" I asked, "Can you please hurry up? Wait, can I leave and grab my food?"

"No!"

"Why?" I asked, "I am straving."

"Just hold a second."

"I don't need to, you already have a pile of clothes over here, didn't you forget?"

"Just wait." he said.

"I am going to leave in 8 minutes if you don't come out." I said firmly.

He sighed and got out of the changing room. He paid for all of the clothes. I grabbed his hand this time.

"Come on! I am going to die of hunger!" I said as I dragged him to the food court.

"Hey, you want to eat at a resturant?" Jason said.

"You know how long I waited for you? You might not be hunger, but I am and if I bet the place that you are thinking is far away, so no!" I said, looking at me.

"I was asking." Jason said, holding up his hand, surrenderring, "And anyways, this are fast food, they aren't healthy and they are gross."

I turned to him, "Great! I need to gain weight anyways. And when did you care about what is healthy and what is not?"

He smirked, 'cause he doesn't.

I dragged him to the nearest fast food store and ordered a large french fries, a large soda and 3 chocolate chip cookies. I paid with Jason's credit.

I sat down on a table with Jason and started eating.

When you are hungry, everything taste good.

Jason reached over grabbed my soda and drank it.

"Hey!" I said, "that is my soda!"

"Sorry," he said, smirking, "I didn't know. Well, i guess it's mine now."

I grabbed the soda from him, "Not anymore."

I took a long drink and swallowed it. The bubble tickling my throat and the hot air on your nose make you feel like a dragon.

Jason grinned, "That kind of like kissing."

"Not technically." I said, rolling my eyes at him as I continued eating.

"Yes, it is - "

"Ok! I got it! I kissed you, I kissed you, ok? Happy?" I said trying to shut him up. I'm just trying to eat my food peacefully.

"Hey, did you order my proportion?" he asked. I stopped eating.

"I don't know what you like and I don't know what you allergic to, I don't want to die eating something. And you never asked me to." I said.

"I like soda, chicken nuggets, chips and pizza. I am allergic to nothing, so would you order my food?" he asked, grinning.

"No thanks, I pass." I said, munching on my fries.

"Thank I am going to eat your food and anyways, you can finish that." he said

"Stop being judgemental and I can finish this, watch!" I said, taking a big bite of my chocolate chip cookie.

"Ohh, I am not going to watch you, I am going to eat too!" he said, stealing one of my chocolate chip cookies and shoved it in his mouth.

"My cookie died!" I said, leaning over to smack Jason, "That wasn't for you! That was for me."

"Opps." Jason said, after he swallowed, "Ohh and I am feel thirsty now."

My eyes widened as I grabbed my soda away from him. But he wasn't planning on grabbing my soda, again, he stole my cookie. My last cookie.

"Hey! You tricked me! And you ate my last cookie!"

"You didn't say you can't trick."

"I am going to kill you!" I said, putting the soda down.

"Not after I eat some fries!" Jason said, grabbing a handful of fries and held it high.

I got off of my seat and stood up, trying to reach for my fries. But of course he stood up too and he was taller than me by more than 5 inches.

"Give me it!" I said as I tippy - toed in my heels.

Jason laughed, before putting some of my fries into his mouth.

"You are so mean!" I said after I gave up. I plopped down on my seat, pouting.

"I know." he said, as he grabbed my soda and took another sip.

"Could you just buy your own food?" I asked.

"You have to save money."

"Save my ass! I bet you never save money, you lazy butt." I said, as I eat my fries.

"See, you are perfectly fine sharing your food." he said as he continue eating.

"Oh, trust me. I am dying on the inside, you just don't know." I said, as I rolled my eyes.

He laughed. I had to smile because just seeing him laugh, you feel like laughing too. Do you ever have that feeling? You just can't help yourself but just to smile because you know that made someone happy.

I drank you soda and we continued to eat until we were full. I guess he was right, I could finsih it by myself, I finsihed because of him.

We threw the food away and walked out of the mall.

"Great, we speand exactly 2 hours in there." he said, checking his watch.

"I see Tom!" I said. We went and put our shopping bags down.

"Where are we going now?" I asked, Jason when we got into the car.

"We are not riding the car, we are walking around this area." Jason said, holding out a hand to help me out of the car.

I took his hands and got out. I expected him to left go of it when I got out, but he didn't. He held onto it. I wouldn't let go of his hands too. They were warm and welcoming. I liked holding his hand, I love all o f those moments that we held hand.

We walked around the block, looking into windows. It was interesting. This place was almost like New York in the summer. It was busying and everyone seem to know where they are going. It was hot. I really like it here.

"Come in here!" Jason said, pulling me towards a old and small biulding.

"Here?"

"Yeah."

The building the dirty and dark and the stairs were uneven. And it smells like wet dog in here. There are big graffitis among the grey and dull yellow walls. What a place that Jason would be going into. I thought as I continued looking around. A really dim light was lit on someone's door. It's kind of weird that people live here.

We continue climbing up the stairs until we reached a big red door, that was graffitied with the word bitch.

"Wow, what a place." I said, looking at Jason.

"Like you said, don't be judgemental. This place is better than it is seemed." Jason said, looking at me.

I noddod and spoke as sarcastically as possible, "Yep, nice place, full of beauties, just love this place."

"Just shut up." he said.

I laughed.

He ignored me, "Are you ready for it?"

Before I even replied, he opened the door and I have to gasp.

Yeah, this place isn't bad at all.

"What did I say?" Jason said.

God, why does he always have to win? Why does he always prove me wrong? I thought as I blushed.

Again, he grabbed my hand and all me to the edge of the building to watch the sunset.

"You said that we want to watch more sunsets, right?" he asked.

I died a little bit on the inside.

He remembers . . . he thought about it . . .

Isn't he the best? Thoughtful? Sweet? Caring?

I blushed, "You still remember?"

He turned around, scratching his head, "I guess."

I hugged him from behind. The heat from his body was warm and it was coming through my dress and onto my skin. My heart beated a little faster and my stomach twisted having him in my arm. It felt nice having him in my arm.

"Thanks." I said, pulling away.

He cleared his throat, "Your welcome."

I couldn't tell what he was thinking or feeling, his face was so straight with no real emotions.

"Come." he said, shaking me out of my thoughts.

He sat on the edge of the building. My mouth opened but I couldn't speak.

"I wouldn't fall, trust me. I've been it plenty of time." he said, smirking. With the sun right behind, his beauty was inhuman, my stomach twisted again.

I walked up to him and he helped me sit down.

"What if I fall?" I asked.

"I'll fall with you."

I stared at him for a few moment. I don't know if he was telling the truth or not. He was like a mask. You are never certain what was really underneath his mask.

"Are you serious?" I asked him, staring at his eyes. His eyes draws me in. They are now electric blue with a hint of gold.

"I am serious." he said. I could feel his breath against my skin and I shivered a little.

I looked away, staring at his eyes for a long time, makes me feel expose, like he could see every single flaw in my life, like he could see my memories like he could see right through me.

"Just don't look down and could you close your eyes for a second?" he asked.

I nodded and closed my eyes. I held onto his arm, but I didn't feel safe without it.

"Just hold a second . . . almost." Jason whsipered. I smiled.

"Ok, open your eyes." Jason said.

I opened my eyes and tried to hold back another gasp. It was beautiful, the sky had a light shade of every color in a rainbow. And the tall, glass building in front of us make the sunset in front of me more dramatic.

"This is beautiful, how did you know the exact time?" I asked, not looking at Jason. I couldn't even tear my eyes away from the sunset.

He chuckled, "I came here way too often."

"I would come up here every single day if I was you." I said.

Down below, a song played; Glad You Came.

"I know that song!" I said and the next thing you know, I started singing along. I

never sang in front of a boy before, never, ever did. He was the first boy that I have.

When the song was over another song was playing, I turned to him, "Does this always happen?"

"No, I guess, they are having a party, somewhere below."

"WOW, in this building, I'm surprised it is not tumbling down." I said.

He laughed.

The night continued and the citylight turned on. The songs continued playing and I continued sing. Those songs that I sorta forgot, I made up lyrics that goes with the rhythm. Jason laughed. It was one of really good nights. I think it is the best night of my life.

Jason quickly checked his watch and grabbed my hand.

"Come, we are late!" he said.

"Late for what?"

"Just wait. Hurry!" Jason said, helping me off of the edge.

We ran for the door and down the stairs. We rushed into the limo, which drove us to the airport. We got on Jason's private jet again and it took off as soon as possible.

"Sleep, I'll wake you up when we are there." Jason said.

I nodded and soon I fell asleep to the soft hum of the airplane and the way Jason's arm kept on brushing my arm when he leans back.

Soon I was woken up by someone shaking my shoulders.

"Vanessa, wake up!" it was Jason.

I groaned, but reluctantly opened my eyes. I squinted my eyes, waiting for my eyes to adjust to the light.

"Are we there yet?" I said, my voice was hoarse.

"Yeah, hurry up!" Jason said.

I groaned again and got up from my seat, smoothing my dress. I followed Jason to the front of the jet and right away the cold air hit me in the face. I shivered.

"Here." Jason said, handing me his jacket. I took it without a second thought.

"Thanks." I said, looking around, this place was lit up with mini lanterns. I squint my eyes, trying to have a better view of the dark surrounding. There were small, half-bloomed cherry blossoms on a half-barked tree. There were small houses made out of wood a little farther down. And I could see a mountain ahead of me.

I grinned, I knew where we were. Japan.

"Jason!" I exclaimed, "We are in Japan!"

Jason rolled his eyes and smirked a little.

"What are we doing here?" I asked.

"Eating sushi." he said, "Each year, this place," he pointed to a big, wooden sushi palace, "they have an eat-all-you-can day. You would pay \$25 and you could eat as much sushi as you want."

I smiled. I like it here too.

"Can we go inside now?" I asked, a little impatient.

Jason laughed as he slid the wooden door open.

We got inside and there were plenty of people.

"They make the best sushi here." Jason said to me.

"How may I help you?" a waitress asked with a Japanese accent.

"I reserved a table here, the Cohens'." Jason said.

The waitress quickly nodded, "Oh yes, follow me."

We followed her to the corner of the room, where there was a window.

I sat down next to the window, I slid the window open and gasped at the sight. You could see the moon, Mount Fuji and have a perfect view of the nearby cherry-blossom field. And it didn't feel cold sitting next to the window.

"Do you like it here?" Jason asked, grinning.

"No, I love it here!" I said, smiling at him as he read the menu with the English translation.

"Do you eat sushi?" Jason asked.

"Yeah - oh, Miss, I would like to order something. I would like to have 4 pieces of California roll, 2 eel handroll, 6 pieces of salmon without spice and I would like a cup of green tea, please." I said.

Jason gave me his lopsided - smile. I laughed a little.

"And you, sir?" she asked.

"I would like 6 pieces of salmon, 4 pieces of spicy tuna, 2 dragon handrolls, 2 crunchy eel with spice and a cup of Jasmine tea, please." Jason said.

She walked away to get the other table's order.

The food came and it was amazing.

"Mmm, I love this place, we should come back here." I said, eating my handroll.

He nodded, stuffing a crunchy eel in his mouth.

I laughed a little watching him with such a big piece in his mouth.

"The crunchy eel is amazing! It's too bad you didn't order any." Jason said, swaying the piece of sushi in front of me.

I grabbed one of the pieces of crunchy roll from his tray and stuffed it in my mouth as I watched his shocked expression.

I swallowed, smiling in satisfaction.

"What was - "

"You stole my lunch, isn't it going to be fair if I steal some of your dinner and that 'some' means 1 piece of sushi." I said.

"But that's a whole different story. You couldn't finish your lunch so I have to help, you don't want to waste food right??" Jason said, "And that means that I get to take a sushi from you because you stole my food for a no good reason."

And before I refused, he grabbed my last piece of salmon (my favorite one) and stuffed it in his mouth.

My jaws dropped, "THAT IS SO NOT FAIR!!" And I quickly leaned forward and stole another sushi from him. I smiled, because that was his last piece.

We kept on stealing each other's sushi, until I complained, "Time out! This game is not fair! You eat faster than me and you ate more than me. You have to stop."

Jason chuckled, "Awww, that's too bad, right??"

I slapped Jason's arm playfully, "Shut up elephant!"

He laughed.

I crossed my arms, "Fine, let's have a mini contest."

Jason immediately stopped laughing.

"Ok, we will see who eats more sushi and you said that this is a eat - all - you - can - sushi palace, right?"

He nodded, while smirking.

"Ok, bring it on. Excuse me, may you bring 2 plates of California rolls, please?" I asked the waitress.

She nodded.

"For your information, a plate of sushi has 24 sushi you know that right?" Jason said.

I shrugged, "I don't care." I said, smiling.

The food came and I smiled my devil smile, "Bring it on, elephant."

"I will, sweet cheeks." he said, smirked.

I laughed a little, before starting to dig into my plate of food.

After 2 and a half plates, I rested my chin on the table. I groaned a little, as I feel my stomach squeezed.

"Oh my god, how did I even get pass 1 and a half plates?" I said to myself, "Ahhhh, I feel sick."

Jason softly chuckled. I didn't know how he ate 3 and a half plates of sushi. He is one true elephant.

"I feel like I want to throw up, but the food wouldn't come up."

"You want to get some rest, I think you would feel better afterwards." Jason said.

I nodded.

We got into the limo that was heading to our reserved hotel room.

"Vanessa I got to tell you something."

I nodded telling him to go ahead.

"About the room, there wasn't enough room, so I only reserved 1 room . . ."

"That's fine." I said.

"And that means that there is one bed."

I turned to him with my eyes widened.

"Look, I tried, but all of the 2 bedded rooms ran out and that was the only hotel that isn't 20 miles away." Jason said just as we pulled up to the hotel.

"It's fine, Jason." I said, hoping that my voice sounds certain.

We got out of the door and headed for the wooden hotel building.

Inside was nice and warm. The light was dim saying that most people were asleep.

"Hi, we reserved 318 under the name of Jason Cohens." he said to the lady at the front desk. She nodded heading him the keys.

We made our way to 318 and found out 2 things. One, our bags of clothes are there already and two, there was no bed. Instead, there was a big, thick blanket with 2 pillows right next to each other and a blanket for covering.

"Wow, this is an interesting 'bed'." I said.

"This is the Japanese style." Jason said, reminding me of where we are.

I nodded.

"The bathroom is over there." Jason said. I nodded again.

After I took a shower, I thanked Jason mentally for buying me clothes, because I didn't want to sleep in a dress.

I quickly got into bed and tried to sleep as soon as possible before Jason comes out of the bathroom because knowing that he is lying next to me isn't helping me fall asleep, but knowing that he will ly down next to me also didn't help.

But it wasn't long before he came out of the bathroom in only a boxer. I blushed, but quickly squeezed my eyes shut when he looked my way.

He chuckled a little. I opened my eyes and blushing.

He ly down next to me and my heart picked up.

I just ly down on the bed, trying to pretend that he isn't there so that I could at least get a wink of sleep. But as time passed, the room grew really quiet and cold.

"Jason?" I whispered softly, trying to see if he is still awake. I shivered in the coldness.

There was a moment of silence, before he answered me, "Yes?" His voice was hoarse, which told me that I woke him up.

"Can you turn on the heat? I'm cold." I said as I rubbed my arm.

"Now you tell me?" Jason whispered, "Come closer to me."

I scotched on a little closer to him and just by moving this closer to him, I could feel his body heat.

"You never asked about turn on the heat, ok?!" I said.

Jason put his arm around me and pushed my back closer to him. I could feel the sparks that was rushing from his bare skin to me and I could feel his heat go through my thin layer of clothes. My folded arms were the only thing that was seperating my pounding heartbeat from his chest. I blushed.

"Shut up, sweet cheeks." Jason whispered, his voice sounded really tired, "Sleep."

I couldn't help, but smile of how comfortable I was feeling, "Good night."

I gave one big yawn and fell into a deep sleep after.

Maybe sleeping next to him wasn't that bad. I liked sleeping next to him, under his warm arm, he made me feel like I am safe. I really like being near him.

~~

I woke up feeling the sun in my face. I leaned over and rubbed my face before I felt like I am fully awake. I didn't know why I was smiling, but I couldn't stop myself - maybe I am just a happy person.

I walked over to the bathroom when I hear the water running.

"Jason, could you please hurry up?" I asked.

"Oh, you're awake!" he said.

I walked over to the shopping bag and tried to dig out something that I could wear today.

I hear the bathroom door slide open just as I turned around and saw that Jason only has a towel wrapped around his waist. Water ran down from his hair to his muscular chest. Just the sight of seeing him, made me blush like crazy.

I turned around and cleared my throat. "Umm, we went shopping yesterday, so I am sure you have clothes."

I knew that he was smirking behind my back, "I forgot to get it." I could almost hear the laughter than he was about to spill in his voice.

I grabbed my clothes and zoomed off to the bathroom without a backward glance.

I quickly showered and brushed my teeth. Outside I could hear Jason get ready to leave.

"Are you done?" he asked.

"Yes!" I said as I threw the towel aside, stepping out of the bathroom.

"Wait for me at the limo, I am checking out." he said. Our bags were already loaded into the back of the limo. I got inside, and asked the driver, "Excuse me sir, do you have any idea where we might be heading today?"

"Good morning, Ms. Cohen, sadly I don't know where you guys are going, but I am supposed to drive you to the airport." he said.

"Thank you." I said, shooting him a smile.

I sat down as Jason got into the limo.

We headed to the airport and got into Jason's private jet.

"Good morning, Mr. and Ms. Cohen, this is Captain William Smith again - " the pilot continued to talk as Jason said, "So how was yesterday?"

I shrugged, "Nuhh, it was ok."

Jason smirked, brushing his index finger gently underneath my chin. The movement brought back a memory. It reminded me of the first time Jason had come into my life. The first time Jason actually touched me - on my chin. It also reminded me that this was not the first time I've sat on his jet. All of those memories came back - how much I hated him back then, how I've judged him because he was rich, how much I didn't want to be with him . . . and how it all changed . . .

"Do you want breakfast?" Jason asked smiling.

I nodded, smiling back.

He snapped his fingers and the breakfast came.

"How you like waffles." he said, handing me the breakfast tray.

I tried to keep my face straight. All of the sudden, I didn't feel hungry.

I hate waffles . . . I thought, but of course I didn't want to tell him, it was rude.

I slowly peel the aluminum foil back and a memory came back to him. When I ate waffles for breakfast and threw up in class because I felt sick.

I was about to pour the syrup when Jason stopped me.

"Wait." he said to me and turned to the flight attendant, "Threw it all away, get us another breakfast."

I could see that the flight attendant was shocked, but quickly covered it. She picked up the trays and hurried away before I could reject. But my jaws hung a little . . . why did Jason say that? How does he know?

"How did you know?" I asked.

He smiled a little while scratching the back of his head, "Well, I read your mind."

"What - ? How - ? What?" I asked confused.

"I have the power to." he said, smiling his lop - sided smile.

"How do you do that?" I asked.

"That's 'cause I'm a future Alpha. I could read my mates thought even before we mate." he said. I blushed.

He saw the memory. That's sooo embarrassing.

Kill me!!!

Don't need to, he'll accept you Layla said. I wish it was like that.

Jason chuckled a little, letting me know that he read my mind.

"Stop!" I said.

Jason laughed.

"Stop!" i said, "Please stop reading my mind. I swear! I am gonna die!"

"I'm ok with that, sweet cheeks."

"I'm not!!!"

He brushed the hair out of my face and put his hand on the side of my neck and kissed my lips gently. I didn't know what was more embarrassing; letting someone see your most - embarrassed - moment - of - life or letting a flight attendance come just in time to see him kissing me.

I pushed his shoulders and blushed while the flight attendance speak, "Umm, h- here, sir. You're breakfast. E - enjoy."

I smoothed my shorts and fixed my hair.

"Beacon, scrambled eggs with an English muffin." Jason said, "Are you ok with that?"

I nodded, peeling the foil and started to eat.

"So where are we going?" I asked.

"Somewhere fun." Jason said, smiling. I rolled my eyes. I quickly finish my breakfast and watched as Jason ate him. I smiled a little, liking how he chews, his jaws look strong. I teared my eyes away from his jaws and open the window. I squinted as the sunlight pour in strongly.

I looked outside and looked down. All I see was the ocean - blue, blue and more blue. I smiled a little, admirering the incredible bluse. You will never see this near New York. It was beautiful, it almost seem unreal.

I stared out for who know how long, just long enough to see land.

"I see land!" I said, tugging onto Jason's arm. He leaned over me looked out of the window. Being this close to him, I could smell the shampoo that he was using and his cologne embraced him. My inside melted a little.

"Good we are almost there." he said.

The jet started to land and I felt excited. I don't know why, maybe it is because I know I am going to have a good time when him. I hope so.

We got off of the jet and headed towards the waiting limo.

"How did you get a private jet?" I asked, as I looked out of the limo window and onto his private jet. It was beautiful, such a luxury.

"I don't know. . . I guess it was because when I was younger I wanted to travel the world, so my father promised me he will get me a jet." he said.

"Do you know how to fly it?" I asked.

Jason smiled to himself, "I guess not. I never got lesson on it."

I laughed, "You have a jet but you don't know how to fly it?"

He smiled, "Well, I would rather relax on it than worry that I am going to crash it."

I smiled. "Wow, that's something interesting."

"But I tried flying it once with Captain William, but you know . . . I failed."

"What happened?" I asked.

"Well, I nearly crashed, the landing wheel came out when we were up in air, I nearly head towards a storm and a lot more of bad things." he said, "Don't know how I survived, but I didn."

I laughed, "You are terrible!"

"It's not easy and I would like to see you do it!" Jason said, raising his eyebrow.

"NO!" I said, "I will die and it's not even my jet, I don't want to damage it."

"Well, I give you the permission to use it and who cares if it is damaged, there is such thing as a repairing shop." he said like it was like the most obvious thing in the world.

"I pass! I would probably crash during take off." I said. Jason smirked. He just like knowing that he is better than everybody else. Typical Jason.

The car stopped and I realized that we were on a beach, a really, really, nice beach - probably the most beautiful beach ever.

"Wow, but what's with all the people." I asked as Jason helped me out of the limo.

Jason shoot me his smirk as he pulled me to a shop, "You'll see."

"Wait, where are we in the first place?" I asked.

"Hawaii."

"What?! The island that is right above a volcano?? NO!!!!!!?" I exclaimed, "I don't want to die, what happens if the volcano erupted? What happens if I die? I don't want to die yet, I'm too young!"

"Be quiet, I checked for volcano eruption and there is no sign that it is going to be erupting." Jason said, pulling me into a bathing suit shop. Yeah, we didn't buy a bathing suit.

The shop only sells bikinis.

Really?!

"Here." Jason said, handing me an outfit. A black bikini.

"No this shop, please?" I asked.

"Just change." he said, pushing me into a changing room.

I reluctantly changed into it and looked at the mirror, I didn't look that bad. I stepped out of the changing room. Jason nodded in approval and paid for the bikini. Surprisingly, Jason already brought his truck suit.

Wow, I must took a long time.

"Come here." he said, once we were outside of the shop, "Here."

"What?!" I said, looking at the white surfboard with a thin sky blue outlining.

"For you." he said, looking away.

"For me?" I asked. He nodded.

"Those are your favorite color, right?" he asked. I nodded, my heart fluttered knowing that he knows my favorite color.

I looked at him, i didn't know how I want to express how I feel right now. I wanted to hug him. I wanted to kiss him on the lips. I wanted to cry. I wanted to buy something in return, but I wasn't sure. I wasn't sure if I could do any of those. Instead, I said, "Thank you." and kissed him on the cheeks.

He looked away.

"Come on, we have to hurry." he said, grabbing his black surfboard.

"Why?" I asked.

"The competition is starting."

"What competition?" I asked.

"The surfing competition is starting."

"You are in it?" I asked, shocked. He could surf.

"Yeah, for you." he said. He pulled me to the front row where everyone was.

" . . . and the last contestant is Jason Cohen! Please give a big, big, BIG round of applause for all of the contestants!!!!!" the speaker announced. The crowd went wild and applause. I smiled at Jason.

"I'm going to win for you!" Jason shouted across the beach and smirked. I blushed.

"Are we ready, audience??!!" the speakers shouted out. The crowd screamed, especailly the women next to me.

"ARE WE READY??!!" the speakers said again. The crowd went loud again and this time, I screamed 'yes!' too.

"ALL RIGHT THEM, LET IT BEGIN! ON YOUR MARK, GET SET . . . GOOOOOO!!!"

I cupped my hands around my mouth and shouted, "GO JASON!"

I smiled, cutching onto the surfboard.

He smirked at me and did his boyish salute. I couldn't help but smile back before he turned around and continue running to the water.

"Oh, look! I see a really good wave going ashore, let's see who is going to catch this one?!" the speaker said. I watched as Jason paddled his way through the water.

I just notice that he was good at surfing, really good at surfing. And I just found out that he could surf - I never knew that. When I first saw Jason I usually think of a rich, spoiled brat who does nothing but party all day and all night long, making out with another girl in find of his ex or something like that, or playing video games all day like tomorrow is going to be the end of the world.

"Just look at Cohen and Hannings, trying to fight their way to that big wave, you can do one hell of a trick on that way!" the speaker said.

I stared at Jason and that guy that was right next to him, thinking that that guy is probably Hannings.

"OH! They are just a few yeards away from the wave and let's see who is going to make it. I think this is going to be a very interesting competition, don't you think people?" the speakers said and the crowd screamed.

"Just look! Is it me or is Hannings slowing down? Is he really going to give it up to Jason that easily?"

The crowd went wild; I couldn't tell if they were telling Hannings not to give up or cheer Jason to go on. I didn't care, I just kept my eyes on Jason as he went closer and

closer to the wave. I watched as he slowly got ready to stand up. He bented forward and stood up riding above the wave. The whole crowd cheered to the top of their lungs. I jumped up screaming, "Woahhhhh!!!!!"

"That was sick!!! More points for Cohen!" the speaker shouted, as I watched Jason rode into the tunnel of the wave and around the edge of the next wave, "Wait, just look at the Hannings that we all know - never giving up. Even though Hannings didn't catch that wave, he is not giving up. He is trying to catch the wave behind Cohen! But it looks like Cohen and Matthews is trying to catch that wave too! Three is too crowded, isn't it?"

I crossed my fingers hoping that Jason would win.

"Look at the fight!" the speakers said and I tip - toed to see what was going on above the waves. I saw that Hannings was trying to use his surfboard to disturb Jason from catching the upcoming wave. Jason shoke his head as the cold water slashed his face.

Jason! You can't let him win!! I though.

But not remembering that Jason could hear my thoughts, I think he just looked at me and flashed me his smirk, before quickly turning back to the wave. It could have been my imagination that he was looking at me or he was smiling at me.

I watched as Jason moved away from Hannings, but not before Hannings did he one last big slash of cold water. Jason nearly fell over his board, missing the wave, but was saved when he did a quick 180.

The crowd went wild, "That was a close catch, Cohen!" the speakers said. I smiled.

He did one more trick before the wave dies down and he surf ashore. The crowd cheered!

I ran up to Jason and hugged his icy - cold body.

"You did amazing even though I don't know what you do up there half of the time." I said, smiling at him. I could see that his once pink lips were turning purple.

Jason laughed softly, "T- That's why I am going to teach you how to surf."

"You are? And why are you so cold?"

"The water." he said, holding me. I grabbed the towel on the sand and wrapped it around me.

"Ok, ladies and gentlemen, the judges got the scores!" the speakers said.

I kissed Jason on his salty cheeks, "I think you're going to win because you were the best up there."

Jason laughed, "Am I also the hottest and sexiest up there?"

I blushed. I didn't know how to answer that. He was the hottest and sexiest up there, but I can't just say that to him? That will be so embarrassing.

Jason chuckled and moved closer to me. I notice that he wasn't shivering anymore, in fact I think his warmth is coming towards me. He leaned in and whispered in my ear. He breath was hot and warm, making me shriver, "I know right?"

He pulled away and it took me a few moments to understand what he means, but when reality struck me, I blushed like a crazy chick. He could hear my thoughts!

Why do I keep on forgetting??!!

Just let it be, he knows that already

"Got to go." he said, smirking at me one more time before he turned around and

walked away.

I am going to kill myself tonight. I swear this is killing me.

"Who is ready for the announment of the winners?" the speakers exclaimed. Everyone cheered.

All of the surfers line up in a single line, smiling or smirking at everyone in front of them.

"ARE YOU READY?!" the speakers shouted louder. Again the audience roared. I hate it when people go like, "Are you ready?!" the second time, I find it really annoying and stupid because you heard us once, you don't need it twice.

"Ok!!!! The third place winner is Matthews!!" the crowd cheered. Matthews stepped forward and flashed everyone his thousand dollar smile, before a heavy looking metal was hung on his neck.

"The second place winner is . . . Hannings!" the crowd went wild again. Hannings stepped up and flashed all the girls his smirk before he got his trophy.

"And the first place winner isssssss" I hate how he stopped because it was pretty obvious that it was, "Cohen!!"

I rolled my eyes. DUH!!!

All of the girls jumped up and took a thousands of pictures as Jason stepped up and looked at me giving me his lopsided smile. I smiled back at him as my stomach turned. He got his trophy and looked at everyone before leaving the stage.

"Ahh, what an intense competition!" the speakers said, "Have a nice day and enjoy everyone."

Everyone started leaving the beach. I walked over to Jason who was grinned like crazy.

"You won - " Next thing I know, he smashed his lips against my lips. My stomach turned like a roller coaster they were going in a bunch of circles.

"Yeah," he said when he pulled away. I nodded feeling completely dazed.

"So are you going to teach me how to surf or what?" I asked when I finally snapped back to reality.

"If you want." he said.

"Hell yeah!" I said, running after Jason as I dragged my surfboard.

"Hey! Help me! This board is heavy." I said.

Jason chuckled, running back to grab my surfboard.

~~

"Oh. My. God. I've never been this tired in my whole entire life." I said, throwing myself on the seats of the private jet.

Jason's head plopped on my shoulders as he whispered, "I have."

"Do you do this all of the time?"

He didn't answer.

"I mean surfing?" I asked.

"No, I only surf a couple of time. I don't have time. But when I do surf, I surf until I am so tired or until I am freezing cold." he said.

"Why's that?" I asked.

"Because it is a few time life opportunity."

"Don't you go here all of the time?"

"Yeah, but I don't have time. I come here either for family, visit or business. Barely here for vacation." he said.

I nodded and we just sat there for a long time before I asked, "Where are we going?"

"Somewhere." he said, looking up at me from my shoulder.

"Why do you never tell me?" I asked.

"Because."

"Because what? You can't just speak in fragments." I said.

"Yes, I can."

"No, you can't."

"Yes, I can." he said.

"No!" I said.

"See, that was a fragment. Telling me not to speak in fragments and now there you are speaking in fragments. What a hypocrite." he said, laughing a little to himself.

"You know what? Shut up!" I said, sitting up, jerking my shoulders away from his head as he continued to laugh.

"Ahh, the puppy finally admit that she was going against herself." Jason said, leaning in towards me. I hate how he is always close towards me, making me feel a lot of affection and how you don't look like he have any from me.

"Shut up!" I said, turning away from him, "I am going to sleep."

"Wait," he said, "before you do, you have to change into this." He snapped his fingers and a lady carrying my clothes came. She was carrying a short, black dress.

It was beautiful, but the first thing that came into my mind was that Jason is going to see my underwear again.

"No, that's not going to happen again, I promise." he said.

Again, here he is reading my mind and I can't even sense a slight of his emotion.

"Can you please not read my mind, it is kinda . . . uncomfortable." I said, trailing off.

"I am just making sure that when I do I don't hear any naughty thoughts about me." Jason said, smirking.

My jaws dropped, "WHAT?! I never thought of you like that! I swear! I never did! And I am not as inappropriate! Oh. My. God!"

Jason continued to laugh by the way I was responding to him. but he stopped laughing when I turned around and tried to sleep.

"Ok, fine, I'm sorry I won't do that again." he said. I turned back around.

"And also I don't have to wear that dress." I said.

"You have to wear it!" he said.

"Why's that?" I asked, crossing my arms.

"Because we are going to a 7 star restuarant and you don't want to walk in wearing a pair on skinny jeans and a tank top. You have to dress you impress." he said.

"By the way, if you didn't know I wasn't born yesterday, there is no such thing as a 7 star restuarant." I said.

"I am just trying to give you an image on how rich that place is." he said.

"Ohhhhhh, what a nice image I am see at the '7 star restuarant'." I said sarcastically. Jason gave me his lopsided smile.

"Fine." I said, getting up to go to the bathroom to change.

I put on the dress. I could tell that it was an expensive dress and it was REALLY short. It was a little higher than mid thighs.

I walked out of the bathroom to find that Jason changed into his tux.

"We're almost there, put on your seatbelt." he said.

The plane landed and the limo was waiting for us there. It was breezy, but not freezing cold. I looked around still have no idea where we were. Being in the limo and driving around made me think that we are in a nig city.

Than all of the sudden the Eiffel Tower came in view.

"We are in Paris, France! France! Oh. My. God. I've wanted to visit this place!" I said, beaming at Jason. Of course, he could smirk like he knows everything.

"Glad you like it." he said.

"I love it!" I said.

The car stopped in front of a super fancy restuarant. I couldn't read the name of it because it was in French. I was kinda glad that I did what Jason told me to do because if I didn't I would probably look like a donkey in a restaurant.

"What's this?" I asked, smiling at Jason.

He helped me step out of the car, "The most well known and best resturant in all of France."

"I kinda guess." I said. Of course, he would pick somewhere super expensive and the best of the all best.

We walked in and the cool air hit me.

I gasped when I was inside, all I could ever see was desserts, desserts and more desserts.

"Wait, aren't we eating dinner?" I asked, turning back to him.

"Did I say that?" he asked, "I said we were going to a very fancy place."

Mentally, I check off 'visiting Paris, France' and 'eating only dessert for dinner' among a bunch of things on my bucket list.

"This is heaven!" I said as I walked up a cupcake and shoved it in my face. I moaned in delight as the chocolate slowly melted on my tongue. I love this. I grabbed a crepe covered with chocolate with bananas and strawberries top and shoved it down my mouth, "I think I am going to eat everything when I leave."

"There are plenty more than over there." Jason said, pointing to the end of the room. I grabbed a cheesecake and took a big bite of it.

"That's good!" I said as I continued chewing. I put it down and grabbed a vanillla cake and shoved a big piece in my mouth. I nodded in satisfaction. This was surely the best of all of the best place to eat dessert. I grabbed a piece of brownie and shoved it in my mouth.

"This is the best brownie that I've ever ate!!!" I said, pointing to it. Jason walked over and grabbed a peice. He made a face.

"Too sweet." he said.

"Are you retarded? This is Sweet Heaven, there are only sweet stuff." I said, putting a cream puff in my mouth.

He shrugged, "I'm not even hungry anyways."

I shrugged, "You're just going to miss this beautiful chance to eat whatever sweet you want for dinner." I put a peice of sweet bread in my mouth.

"I could come here whenever I want." he said, sipping his cup of coffee.

I shoved a chocolate macaroon in my mouth. Macaroons were always my favorite and this macaroon is the best. I shoved a vanilla macaroon in my mouth and than another macaroon.

"That's funny, you eat like a pig, but you're underweight." he said. I shoved a peice of chocolate croissant in my mouth.

I shrugged, "I don't know why, when I eat," I paused, putting another peice of chocolate croissant in my mouth before continuing, "it goes to my stomach and than a few second later it is all gone." I bit into a blueberry pie.

Jason snorted.

"It's like magic." I said, eating a peach pie and than an apple pie afterwards, "It's like God forbid me for being fat so he helps me out a little."

I put a piece of flan in my mouth.

"Oh, you're gonna be fat after this." he said, noddng towards the sweets. I put a piece of sweet french rolls in my mouth.

"I don't think so." I said, putting a piece of glazed donut in my mouth, "What makes you think that I don't eat this much at home?"

I bit into a strawberry covered chocolate. Jason laughed at me, but I ignored him.

"Woah, you could slow down." he said, "You're going choke and these food are not going to go away." he said. I shoved a spongecake in my mouth.

I shrugged.

"I love it so much!" I said, putting a chocolate eclair in my mouth, "OMG! This is so good!"

"Pick one last food." Jason said, as I shoved a jelly - filled donut in my mouth.

"What?! What do you mean?" I asked. I put a chocolate muffin in my mouth.

"I'm not going to wait for you." he said.

"What?! But you said that the food wouldn't go away." I said, putting into my raspberry pudding.

"But I am not going to wait for you to try every single food, that will take forever and you will have a stomach ache." he said, I shoved another cupcake in my mouth.

"What?! Please, not yet, please Jason!" I said as I shoved a piece of fruit tard in my mouth.

"Hurry up, I'll give you 10 more second." he said. I quickly grabbed a chocolate chip cookie and eat it. I grabbed a sugar bread stick and took a big bite. These food was amazing and I want to eat as much as possible.

"Ok, time's up, let's go." he said, grabbed my wist.

"Jason, no not yet!" I said.

"No."

"Please, please, I beg you."

"But you must go afterwards." he said.

"Fine, fine, I just want to grab one more thing before I go." I said and walked over the macaroon. I grabbed a chocolate macaroon. Chocolate macaroons were my favorite. I munched on it. I munched on my macaroon while we were in the car until I finished it.

I glance over at Jason, but he was too busy texting on his phone.

Great, I have nothing to do now.

"Wait, close your eyes." he said breaking the silence.

"Why?" I asked.

"I want to do something for you," he said.

"Fine." I said. I closed my eyes and I felt a blind - fold over my eyes.

"Remember the beginning of the year? We did it, now we just have to do it again." Jason whispered in my ear. I shivered a little.

"All you have to do is trust me," he said, "You still trust me right?" I nodded.

The car came to a stop.

"Good." he said. I could feel his warmth moving away from me until I heard the door open. He slowly and gently took my wrist and helped me out of the car.

"Here, slowly walk." he whispered in my ear. The hair on my neck stood up and my heartbeat picked up.

I slowly walked as I feel Jason's hand on my back guiding me.

"Ok, stop right here." he said. I stopped walking. I could smell his cologne in the breezy. I smiled a little.

I could feel Jason's hand removing the blind - fold, "Leave it close."

I really wanted to open my eyes and see what was going on, but I didn't. I didn't want to. I wanted it to surprise me when he wanted it to surprise me.

I could feel Jason put a box in my hand.

"Ok, turn this way." he said, holding my shoulders.

"Ready, set, go." Jason whispered. I was really confused by what he was say until I hear a high pitch puupppppp.

"Open your eyes."

I opened my eye just in time to see a firework show in front of me. My mouth hung. I looked down to my hand and saw a box. I opened it and smiled like a crazy woman when I saw macaroon.

"Jason . . ." I said looking up. My heart stopped, noticing how closer he was to me. My chest tightened when he eyes looked into mine. My stomach twisted when he put his hand on the small of my back and my breath was hitched in my throat when he spoke. His breath warm, making me shiver and the hair on the back of my neck stand up.

He leaned in and whispered against my lips, "Happy Birthday." And than he kissed me. With the Eiffel Tower behind Jason bright and glow like it was the sun. With my favorite dessert in my hand. With the firework exploding around me like the way I feel when he touches me. With me and him together. It was a perfect moment. My perfect moment.

~~

I woke up and wonder was that a dream. I blushed a little just thinking about it.

I looked around the room and I realized that yesterday was actually not a dream. It was real, like real, real, real. I blushed more as my heart picked up. My head started to spin.

How could that be possible? It was so perfect . . . it was almost like a dream . . . that came true

"Good morning." Jason said, making me jump.

"Oh gosh you didn't have to do that you - " My breath was caught as I turned around. He was again, having a towel wrapped around his waist hanging low, his hair wet, his abs wet and slick. My stomach dropped as I threw the cover over my head.

"Clothes. Put on some clothes." I said. Thank the Lord he can't see me right now because I am redde

Jason chuckled as he put on his clothes. There was a few moments of silence as I thought about the moment of last night again. I can't get rid of that memory.

"Where do you want to go next?" Jason asked.

I threw the cover over me. I shrugged looking at him.

"The beach again." Jason asked, "You like it there right?"

I looked at him confused.

"What - ? How do you know?" I asked.

"Get dressed, meet me in the limo." he said, as he walked out of the room. I quickly got up and got ready to go to the beach.

"So . . . ? You're going to tell me?" I asked him when he was finally in the limo.

"I just knew that it was your birthday . . . " Jason said, not looking at me.

"How did you know my favorite color? I never told you." I said to him. He looked out of the window, turning his body from me.

"Well, I called you mom the day before we went on the vacation. You know, I knew it was your birthday and I didn't want to, you know, just take you out for dinner for your 18th birthday, so I asked her . . . what you like and what you wanted to do . . . " he said.

I smiled. My heart fluttered from his words. The way he called my mom just to ask what I like. The way he surprised me with so many things. The way he is acting right now is driving me crazy on the inside.

I could feel my wolf jumping around in joy. She felt proud that my mate is making me feel this way.

"You told me many things about you that I didn't know. She told me that your favorite color was red and white, that you always wanted to go to France for your birthday, that you loved watching fireworks and the sunsetting, your passion for singing to your favorite songs, how much you loved macaroons, eating desserts, walking on beaches and how much you are dying to travel on the day of your birthday . . . " he said.

My heart squeezed from everything. Everything about him. Everything he says. Everything he does that made me feel this way. The way he remembers everything my mom say. The way he wouldn't look at me because he was afraid of what I thought of

him. The way he scratched the back of his neck because he was nervous.

My stomach dropped watching him and my cheeks heated up.

My wolf was beyond crazy about everything her mate was doing.

"Umm, Mr. and Ms. Cohen, you are at the airport." the driver said, interrupting the moment.

Thanks

"Thanks." Jason and I said as we got out of the car and got onto the private jet.

Pretty soon, the jet took off and headed to God knows where. The ride was silence most of the way and I couldn't really tell what Jason was thinking.

But I really wished I could, like the way he could figure me out so easily.

But the silence didn't last long when Jason broke the silence.

"But, look . . . if you didn't like it. I am sorry. I've never done this to anybody before. Nobody. Not even my family so this experience is new to me. But I really hoped you like it, because you are turning 18 and I really want to make it special for you . . . " he said, finally looking at me; but out of the corner of his eyes.

I smiled, "No, I really liked it. It was a special day . . . you made it special for me. Thank you - I'm not even sure if you know how much I want to thank you, but I don't know how to express it. Say is the least I could do, but I want you to know that I was very happy and I loved it."

He smiled a little.

I threw my arms around me and hugged him really tight.

"Thank you so much, Jason." I whispered in his dirty blonde hair.

Jason's chest rumbled as he chuckled, "You're welcome."

He held me closer to him as he buried his head in my hair. I blushed a little, just thinking about it.

Jason pulled away chuckling.

I looked at him, "Could you please stop listening to my thoughts."

He laughed again, "It's just very tempting."

"I swear!" I said.

"Shhh! Breakfast is coming. Your favorite; scrambled eggs with ketchup and 2 pancakes with maple syrup on the side." he said.

Just by hearing the word 'breakfast', I quiet down.

The flight attendant gave us our breakfast and hoped that we enjoyed our breakfast and of course I did.

Thank you Jason . . . for everything

Even though I know that he could not talk back to me unless we mate or it is the full moon, he heard me.

He looked at my direction and I could see that the corner of his mouth lifted a little.

After the plane landed and we got off. We walked on the beaches of Brazil.

"You want to go snorkeling?" Jason asked looking into my eyes. His eyes were incredibly green. It was a beautiful shade of green.

"Snorkeling?" I asked.

"Yeah." he said smiling.

"Sure."

"Come." he said, bring me into a snorkeling shop.

We went into the shop and it was very crowded.

"Wow, a lot of people." I murmured to myself.

Jason grabbed all of the snorkling materials and paid for it. It was like the easiest thing for him, like he knew everything at the top of his mind.

"You know how to swim in really deep water, right?" he asked. I looked into his eyes. I didn't know if I saw concern, blankness or something else.

"OH! NO! I can't. I can't even swim a feet deep." I said, sarcastically.

"Than would you like your float? Or a safety belt?" he said, handing me my snorkling gears at me.

"Oh yes, I could even like a lifeguard next to me and all of my boaties." I said, smirking.

He rolled his eyes walking ahead of me, "You coming, yes or no?"

"I am right behind you!" I said. He didn't reply, but instead he walked to a cliff.

I couldn't stop staring at his bared back. Even his back was distracting. The way the muscle moved around when he moved his arms a little and the way his muscles tenses when he climbed over a small rock.

I nearly pushed Jason over the cliff when he stopped walking, due to my distracting thoughts.

"We're here?" I asked.

"No, we're not here. I just want to stop here because there is an ice cream stand here." he said sarcastically.

"But sadly there is no ice cream stand here." I said smiling, "And I thought that you don't eat stuff off of the streets."

"Ok so to start snorkling, we have to jump down and you just have to follow me when you jump down." Jason said chaning the subject.

"Wait, we are jumping off a cliff?" I asked, "That is approximately 1,000 feet off the ground. Hell no!"

"But you want to snorkle." he said.

"Too bad, you never told me we had to jump off of a mountain. No thanks, I'm out." I said, taking a big step backward.

"I thought you knew how to snorkle." he said.

"I said swimming." I said, crossing my arms.

"Awh, you are no fun at all." he said smirking. However that really got to me.

I am fun! I am! I thought.

Than you should show him how fun you are My wolf, Layla said sly.

And I will!

"NO! I am fun! I am fun!" I said.

"Yepp." he said, popping his 'p'.

"Shut up and I will prove it!" I said, immeditantly.

"Deal, but I go in first and you have to jump right after." he said.

"Deal!" I said with no hestitantion. But it was until Jason jumped into the water that I

realized what I've got myself into.

Thanks. I said, flatly.

Anytime!

Don't take it the good way, there is no positive in that!

In the back of my mind I could hear Layla giggling.

"Are you coming?" Jason shouted down below.

"You're ok, right? Still in one whole peice?" I asked.

"No! I think I've broken all of my bones!" he shouted back.

I rolled my eyes, "I take back everything I've asked."

"Are you going to jump? You are taking so long." he shouted.

"I don't know." I said nervously.

"I'll catch you, please." he said grinning up at me.

"I doubt that!" I said.

"Just jump, come on!!" he said.

"Fine!" I said, slowly putting the goggles on and adjusting it on my face to make it feel comfortable.

"Ready?"

"Absolutely not!" I shouted back.

He waited.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes before I jumped over the cliff.

I swear in that moment I was going to die. It was the scariest moment in my life and I had to scream.

"Ahhhh - Splash!! "

I swam to the surface, choking on the water. Ugh, salty water, the bird probably pissed here.

"That was fun right?" Jason asked, grinning.

"Yep, totally fun!" I said and giving him a bonus, I gave him a big, fat, fake, thumbs - up smile.

"Ok, are you ready to go snorkling?"

"Yeah," I said.

He put on his goggle and his mouthpiece, "Come on!"

I groaned, putting on my things.

We dived and underwater he held me hand.

I wanted to smile, but I didn't want water to go into my mouth because the next thing you know I am going to choke from water. I pushed my lips together and tried to continue swimming, despite the tingling senation that was coming from my hand.

I felt a tug on my hand. I looked at Jason.

I can see that he was pointing below us.

I looked down. I tried not to gasp from the sight. There are fish everywhere of all colors. Red, yellow, blue, black, orange . . . everything. And the coral reefs that are in a unique shape. It was beautiful, everything was beautiful.

We continue snorkling until I felt really tired.

We swam up to the surface of the water.

"Are you tired?" he asked.

"Yes," my voice cracked a little from not talking for such a long time.

"You want to get dinner?" he asked.

I nodded and we swam back shore. Ashore, there was a huge crowd.

"What's going on?" I asked, looking around. He shrugged.

We pushed our walk through the crowd and we saw what was happening.

"Is that Ryan Carson?" I squeal - whispered to Jason without taking my eyes off of him.

"Who?" Jason asked.

"Ryan Carson! The singer! My favorite singer!" I said, grinning like crazy, "Did you set this up?"

My eyes widened and my heart beated faster. Ryan Carson! My favorite singer!

I threw my arms around Jason, "Thank you! Thank you! Thank you so much! Oh my God, this is the best birthday present ever!"

I've always wanted to be in one of Ryan Carson's concert and I can't believe he is on this beach having a beach concert!

OH MY GOD!!!!

"Ummm, yeah, sure . . . you're welcome . . ." Jason said trailing off just as Ryan stopped singing.

"How was that, ladies?" he spoke into the mic with his british accent. My heart melted a little inside. I cheered along with everyone.

"Ok, so I just wrote a new song and it is called, "My Only". For this song I would like a volunteer. This will be the last song of the day." he said, grinning as he saw everyone's hand shot up.

I raised my hands, crossing my fingers.

I want to be his volunteer! I thought excitedly.

He got off of the stage to pick his lady and surprisingly, he stopped in front of me. My eyes widened.

"Would you like to be my volunteer?" he asked, standing in front of me. My legs were about to give up on me and my voice was about to go away when I said a soft 'yes'. I hoped I didn't sound weird.

He took my hand and lead me to the stage.

I turned back to Jason. I really have to give him a big thank you, but looking at him something is going wrong.

I sat down on the stood and looked at in front of everyone. I found Jason and smiled at him. I want him to know that everything that he is planning is going perfectly.

"What's your name?" he asked, looking at me. His eyes were grey.

"Vanessa." I said.

"You look beautiful." Ryan said in the mic and I blushed like crazy. I wish I couldn't blush.

"Thank you." I said shyly.

"Are you ready to hear it?" he asked, standing in front of me. Standing this close to me, I could faint. I could smell his cologne.

"Yes." I said, blushing even more. He shot me a wink and the music started.

The cheer went wild and he sung with his british accent. My heart squeezed in excitement as he tucked a strand of hair behind my ears.

"You will always be my only. My only." he sung softly at the end before he leaned in and kissed.

I didn't know how I felt. It took me by surprise because this was so unexpected. And it also made me feel happy and sad at the same time. I actually kissed Ryan. Ryan Carson, the singer, the hottie, the one that was voted 'the most wanted celebrity to date with for the year' by most girls in the magazine. But then there was Jason standing in the crowd. . . But he organized it. He made this happen for me. Or maybe it was just me. Maybe I was the one feeling sad.

The crowd cheered.

He pulled away, smiling at me. I tried to smile back.

The cheer went wild. I wanted to look at Jason to see if he was ok about that, but I also don't. What if I saw something that I didn't like?

Ryan walked back stage, but came back with a bunch of flowers in his arms. He handed it to me.

"Thank you." I said, hoping my voice is not shaking.

"You're welcome." he said, looking into my eyes.

Ryan turned back to the audience and waved to them, "Have a good day all of you!"

He led me off of the stage and waved at me as I walked to Jason. Jason was already walking ahead. I ran to catch up to him.

I didn't know what to say to him as I saw his face. He looked upset. He was mad. He was mad at me, I can tell. And I don't even know why he was mad. And thinking about it, it made me mad at him.

I didn't want to talk to him. If he is just going to be mad at me and not tell me, too bad for him. I don't care. Why should I worry about something that he wouldn't tell me? And he is always like that and this time I am not going to guess what is going on or why he is mad at me. If he is going to be mad I am going to let him be mad.

I got into the car and I didn't care if he had any plan after this, but he would have to cancel it.

I threw on a shirt that I found in the car.

"To the hotel, please." I said, just as Jason said, "The dinnering place."

The driver didn't move, he didn't know which one to go to. I crossed my arms.

"Hotel." I said, firmly looking at Jason.

"No, to the dinnering place, Frank." Jason said back, boring his eyes into my eyes.

"Hotel, now!"

"You are on the verge of losing your job, Frank." Jason said cooling.

"Frank go to the hotel now!" I said angrily.

"You're fired Frank, officially."

"You're hired!" I said.

"By who?" Jason said, sitting forward.

"By me." I said each word clearly.'

"And he is fired by me."

"I never asked who fired him and I don't care either. All I care is that he is hired and he is at my service and he will fulfill everything I need so he is going to drive me to the hotel now." I said.

"Frank, you owe me a debt and if you listen to her, your debt is going to be higher."

"I will paid it all if you listen to me."

"Your house will be my property and everything you have."

"Wow, I see blackmailing people aren't you?" I said, raising my eyebrow. "You know Frank you shouldn't listen to people who are stuck up, snobby, mean, aggressive and people who creates more problems in your life."

"Frank, do what I say right now!" Jason said and this time he wasn't calm, he was very mad.

"You know what Frank, I am sorry you have to be in the middle of everything, so you can go to that place that the people next to me say and you can go to my place next." I said.

"You know what just go to the hotel first." Jason said tiredly and lean back on his seat.

The car started and we rode in silence. I am not going to apologize this time. I am not going to speak to him about it first. I am perfectly fine with this. I am ok with this.

On the way to the hotel it started to pour.

Great!

The car stopped after a while and I opened the door and got out as fast as possible. I slammed the door shut and used my purse to shield my head from being wet.

"Vanessa!" Jason called and I could hear the door slam.

I groaned and walked to the hotel as fast as possible.

"Don't talk to me!" I exclaimed.

I knew it, I knew that I should have told Frank to stop right in front of the hotel

"Look, can you stop?" Jason said grabbing my wrist.

I yanked my hand away.

"What do you want?" I asked not looking at him. Because I can't.

There was a silence, the rain just continue to pour.

"Never mind." he said.

"What is it?!" I said, I was very mad, "Why are you always like this? Can't you just say it? Are you just doing this on purpose - letting the rain pour on me? You know what? Whatever, I don't even care."

I rolled my eyes, before I turned on my heels.

Surprisingly, he wrapped his arms around me. The warmth from his chest went through the back of my clothes and embraced me. The tingling sensation I felt when his arm brushed my arms made me shiver. He buried his head at the crook of my neck.

"I'm sorry." he said. His hot breath made my breath hitched in my throat.

I couldn't talk. I couldn't think. I couldn't breath. I couldn't move. I couldn't do anything for this moment.

"It wasn't part of the plan. The whole concert thing." he whispered in my ear. He held

me tighter in his arms.

"The kissing wasn't part of it . . . the singing wasn't part of it . . . the concert wasn't part of it . . . " he whispered.

I just stood there unsure of what to do next. Standing there in the cold, pouring rain, the only warmth that was really here is coming from Jason.

"Let's not fight anymore." he said in my ear and pulled away from me to kiss me on the lips.

~~

"Come, this is the last day of the vacation." Jason said once we eat breakfast.

"Coming! Coming!" I said, rushing to catch up to Jason while putting my hair into a high pony - tail.

I jumped into a private helicopter with him.

"Ugh. Do we have to get up this early?" I asked.

"Stop complaining and put this on." he said.

I groaned taking the headphones and put them on.

"It's going to be very loud when we get up there so in order to hear each other we have to put on the headphones." Jason's voice comes into my headphones.

"Are you ready for take off?" the pilot of the helicopter asked through the headphones.

I buckled my seatbelt and gave her a thumbs - up.

"OK! First stop - to the Cohen's property." she said cheerfully and started the helicopter.

"The Cohen's property?" I asked, looking at Jason.

"Yeah, an island that belongs to us." Jason said.

"AN ISLAND?!" I asked, "OF YOUR OWN?!"

"Well, it's not just mine." he said, giving me the 'so - what? - it's - just - an - island, - everyone - probably - owns - one' look.

"That's so cool." I said, looking out the window.

"It's not really that cool. It's just a dumb old island that it not really special, except for this one part . . . " he said trailing off.

"Not that cool? I would love to have an island! And what's that special place?" I asked looking at Jason.

He didn't answer.

"Hello? Is your headphones not working? Hello?" I asked him.

I could see the corners of his lips tugging upwards.

"Tell me! Tell me!" I said, moving next to Jason, tugging his arms.

"You'll have to see, I can't tell you." he said.

"Of course you can! You just choose not to . Come on, please tell me. I couldn't ask for anything else for the rest of the day!" I said.

"No." he said.

"Fine, but you will have to tell me when we are there. I don't want to miss it." I said.

"Oh you wouldn't miss it. It's big. Very, very big - now all you have to do is look out the window and if you see something usual, that is it." he said, pointing at my side of the window.

I smiled, "Are you sure?"

He nodded.

I eagerly stared out at the window and all I see was cloud.

Oh boy! I see so many usual things here! I thought flatly.

"Just a whole bunch of clouds." I said.

"Just wait for a few more minutes." he said, grinning at me.

I smiled back.

I looked out the window to see what he was tell me to look for, until I saw it.

It was an island.

'Oh wow, biggie! It's an island - get over it.' Is what you might think, but it wasn't just an island, it was a heart - shaped island.

Jason scotched over next to me and embraced me in his arms, resting his chin on my shoulders.

"It's so beautiful." I said.

"Yeah, this is the island that I want to show to that one person in the world that I truly, deeply, madly fell in love with." he said to me.

I turned my head to look at him. I don't care if I was blushing like crazy, because all I have to see is the honesty in his eyes. And it was there, it was showing.

"Really?" I asked, my voice sounding weak.

He smiled.

"You never showed this any other girl before?" I asked quietly.

"No. Never." he said.

I smiled.

" . . . Vanessa, do you love me? Like a lot?" he asked not looking at me. I don't know; maybe it was because the fact that he is trying to hide he blushing or he didn't want to see my expression . . .

I broke into a smile and said, "Yes, I love you. I love you so much."

"Than do you love me enough to marry me?"

"I do. I do love you enough to marry you. I love you more than I love anyone on this plant. I love you so much that I can't even image my life right now without you or a day without you." I said.

He reached in his pocket and pulled out a small, red, velvet coated box and opened it, "Will you marry me?"

I placed an arm around his neck and leaned in.

"I think you know the answer. I will." I said and kissed him passionately.

I can't feel or ever think about any other moment in my life when I was this happy. This lucky to have a man that I've loved by my side.

First Kiss Of the Year

~~

I stepped out of the limo, hugging my stomach trying to keep my warm in the 'coat'. I might as well just call it a thin, light jacket.

"Jason!" I said, "I'm cold!"

I knew it! I knew that I should have told Sunny that this 'coat' wouldn't keep me warm! Ugh, why do I never have the guts to tell her?! I thought getting mad at myself.

I'll tell her for you Jason's wolf connected to my mind.

"Just bear with me." he said, holding my hand and pulled me through the crowd with security guards all around us for protection. His hand was the only warm thing that was keeping me from having frostbites or hyperthermia.

"Are we almost there?" I asked.

"Yeah, just . . . you know we are very close." he said.

He pulled me inside a hotel. At least we are inside.

We got into a elevator and he pulled his keys out. He inserted the key into the hole and the elevator door closed.

"What are we doing?" I asked as I feel the elevator start moving.

"Just riding the elevator." he said smirking at me.

"For what?" I asked.

"For something." He said, kissing me quickly on the lips.

"Come on just tell me." I said.

Ding. The elevator stopped moving and opened the door.

"Wow this is cool." I said. We were inside a glass house and in front of our is a double glass door where we could go outside.

"Here." Jason said handing me a cup of hot chocolate. It was like magic; whatever he wants, it's there for him.

"Thanks." I said, nolding the cup and take a sip. It was delicious.

"Come on, we'll miss it." Jason said.

"What do you - ?"

The cold air came rushing in and outside you could hear everyone from below, in the crowd, screaming, yelling, chanting - everything. And we were standing in front of the New Years' Eve Ball.

"Who will your first kiss be for the upcoming new year?" the speakers that is spread around Times Square spoke out. and right away the ball light up in it's brightest color and begun to drop a little.

"30!" everyone chanted as the number flashed on the sceen.

"This is amazing!" I exclaimed.

"29! 28! 27!"

"I'm glad you like." Jason said, looking into my eyes while smiling.

"26! 25! 24! 23!"

"Thank you so much!" I said to him as I drank my hot chocolate.

"22! 21! 20! 19! 18! 17!"

" . . . Wait!" Jason said to me. I turned to him a little confused.

"Yes - ?"

And than he leaned in and kissed me on the lips. I could taste the hot chocolate that coated his lips and his warm breath on my face. I smiled.

"16! 15! 14! 13! 12! 11!"

I smiled and pulled the back of his collar to kiss him again.

"10! 9! 8! 7! 6! 5!"

"I want to be your last kiss of this year." Jason said. In the dim light I can't really see if he was blushing, but he was looking at me straight in the eyes.

"4! 3! 2! 1!!!!!!!" everyone kissed from below and this time we both leaned in and kissed actually at '1'.

I pulled away. "And I want to be your first kiss of the year." I grinned. I can make out the smirk on his face.

"Happy New Year, baby." he whispered as I rest my forehead on his chin.

"Happy New Year . . . errr, what should I call you?" I asked looking up at him.

He chuckled. "I don't care."

"I know! JJ!" I said, "Happy New Year to you too, JJ."

He chuckled one more time before he leaned in and kissed me again.

Ahhhh! That was nice! Ok, I just want to say one thing, I don't know if you are going to be relief (from finishing this boring book) or upset (because this is an AMAZING book) but I AM FINISH WRITING THIS BOOK!!!! :)

Ok, that's it - leave a comment on what you think or put it as your favorite. Ok, have a good life, good - bye and don't forget to check out my other books (*psh, they are awesome too :) XD *)

Text: Don't copy! This book is written by me!!! MEEEE!!!!!! WANT ME TO SPELL IT????? M - E !!!! UNDERSTAND????!!!

Images: Google Image :)

Editing/Proofreading: Me, Me, Me

Translation: Me, Me, Me, Me and ME!!

All rights reserved.

Publication Date: October 19th 2014

<http://www.bookrix.com/-katiwong>