

'OH' SO MUCH MORE

BY ELSAUNDRA JOSEPH



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“To my beloved mother,

*This book is dedicated to you, a woman of unwavering compassion,
unconditional love, and unshakable strength. Your heart is a wellspring of
kindness, forgiveness, and generosity, touching countless lives, including
mine.*

*Your selflessness and devotion to our family have been a constant source of
inspiration and comfort. I am forever grateful for the sacrifices you’ve made,
the love you’ve shared, and the lessons you’ve taught me.*

A blessing to your family. We love you.

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Foreword



Acknowledgments



Dear valued readers,

I want to express my heartfelt gratitude for choosing to read my second book. Your support means the world to me, and I'm thrilled that you've taken the time to immerse yourself in this story.

I sincerely hope that this book brings you joy, inspiration, and a deeper connection to the characters and themes. We're already working on our next project, and we can't wait to share it with you soon!

Thank you again for your loyalty and enthusiasm.

One

Chapter 1



6 AM and I'm staring out my window, watching raindrops and pinching myself to confirm I'm in this life, not some dream. It's a chilly Tuesday morning, and I'm Shaunz, dating the coolest guy in school—or so I thought. Dating D Man has changed my life. He's super handsome and incredibly cool. He makes me feel special and like I belong, without ever questioning why I don't rock expensive outfits or name branded clothes.

But there's this nagging feeling I can't shake off. Navigating my first relationship has me confused by my emotions. Just when I'm deep in thought, Mom walks in with a cup of coffee made with powdered milk. She forgot I'm lactose intolerant—again! Lactose and I do NOT get along, yet I can't resist a good pasta with cheese sauce and bacon filling. No matter how much I suffer afterward, that plate of goodness is worth it. I call it a plate of glory, LOL!

“Knock! Knock! Mom screams for me to get the door, and I am still busy getting my hair done, which usually takes 45 minutes because it changes. When it’s not done right, I have to open and redo it! I know I am not the only female in this world that suffers from ‘hairstyle syndrome!’ Please don’t correct my version of labeling because it just fits perfectly, hahahaha, laughing.

‘I’m coming, Ma! I will get the door. I am just tying my hair.’ That is the third knock already. Yikes, that person has no patience. ‘I am coming,’ I shout, and I pace to the front door and open it. This is not what I was expecting at my front door so early. The most ugly (beautiful) girl in the school has now discovered where I stay!! I don’t know how much more my emotions can take. Uugghhh nooooo, my inner voice is screaming while I am staring at this robot at my front door.”Should I just find the off switch button on this robot and delete her? I mean, who in their right mind thinks it’s a great idea to show up at a stranger’s house at the crack of dawn? Seriously, Kelly, is it not too early to be knocking on someone’s door? Are you here because you’re starving, or do you need your caffeine fix?

From the other room, Ma’s voice echoed, “Who’s at the door, Shaunz? Who’s there?”

I rolled my eyes and responded, “It’s just a girl from school, Mom. Apparently, she needs something from me at this ungodly hour.”

Two

Chapter 2



I step out the house and close the door behind me to make sure mum does not hear what this robot has come to say! Kelly responded, “No, I do not need coffee, but we have things we need to clear up about my relationship with Dean. I see how comfortable you are getting with my future husband. I know you two are getting close and building this cute friendship, but I need to let you know that as much as you believe he is yours, girl, I have been around for 1 year, 3 months, and 6 hours as of this morning. I am not letting go until I become first.

You are some broke, shady-looking little girl. It’s impossible for him to stay around for too long. Oh, and pack lunch today; you’re going to starve if you don’t because I’ve got a date. Stay away, Shaunz, and say good morning to your mom for me.”

I took a deep breath, trying to process Kelly’s dramatic monologue. “Wow, Kelly, did you rehearse that? Should I be expecting a theatrical performance next?” I smirked.

Before Kelly could respond, Ma shouted from the room again, “Shaunz, who is it?”

“It’s still Kelly, Mom! Under my breath , she just delivered an Oscar-worthy speech about her undying love for Dean,” I replied with a hint of sarcasm.

Kelly rolled her eyes and crossed her arms, clearly not amused. “This isn’t a joke, Shaunz. I’m serious.”

I couldn’t help but chuckle, “Well, Kelly, if you’re this determined, maybe you should consider confessing your undying love to Dean and leave me the hell out! You’re welcome to ask Dean to join you - he’s all yours!” Dean seems really into you. Anyway, I’ll let you get ready for your DATE. Don’t forget to have fun. Give Dean a hug from me.

“The door slammed shut in her face, of course! I turned to face Mom, who was sitting in the lounge, her eyes wide with shock as she stared at me, her expression frozen in surprise.”

Three

Chapter 3



“Why me?! Why do I always have to deal with so much drama when all I want is peace? Ugh, I’m beyond annoyed. I stood up for myself, gave Dean away (again!), and to top it off, my hair is a mess. And now, I’ll have to deal with Miss Robot’s gossip about what she saw at my house, including my unfinished hair. So, that’s hair drama, robot drama, and Dean drama... where does my schoolwork even fit in? It’s exhausting dealing with all this unwanted stress. “Okay, let’s do this. Today, more than ever, I need my morning mirror session. I’m running late, I’m an emotional mess, and I’m feeling completely overwhelmed. But despite all the chaos, we’re going to face the mirror and own this day!”

“Mirror cleaned and ready! Now, let’s create my signature lipstick mix. It’s a little trick I like to call ‘magic.’ I apply my red lipstick to the bottom of my lip, add some brown eye pencil to the top, and blend them together for a subtle, yet stunning shade. And... voilà! My lip gloss is on point, and the mirror is sparkling clean. Time to face myself and take on the day!”

“MIRROR, LET’S DO THIS!

Shaunz, you are BEAUTIFUL, inside and out!

You are an OVERCOMER, stronger than you think!

You are BLESSED, and your future is filled with promise!

You will LACK NOTHING, for you are prosperous and abundant!

Your heart is PURE, and you give with CHEERFULNESS!

You LOVE people, and HATE none!

Don’t let small challenges fool you, your FUTURE IS CHANGING!

GIRL, LOOK AT YOU! You’re ABSOLUTELY STUNNING!!

You wake up BEAUTIFUL, and sleep BEAUTIFUL!

You’re GIFTED, ANOINTED, and CHOSEN by GOD!

You’re RICH, not just in wealth, but in spirit!

You’re the COOLEST GIRL, and you’re LOVED!

Okay, let’s GO CONQUER THIS DAY!!”

Four

Chapter 4



As I turned the corner, I spotted the other “robot” - Dean! - waiting for me at the bus stop. This day just got a whole lot more interesting!

“Good morning, young flower,” Dean said, flashing his charming smile. He gently pulled me into a warm hug, his lips brushing against my cheek in a soft kiss. My knees weakened, and I felt that fuzzy, melty sensation inside.

We strolled hand in hand, my face plastered with a goofy grin, my ears flushed pink. This guy had me completely smitten!

“Guess who’s the robot now?” I teased, my heart skipping a beat as I gazed into those captivating hazel eyes.

Dean’s voice broke the spell, “Shaunz...” But I was too caught up in his gaze to hear anything else. The scent of his skin lingered, making me crave more. “Shaunz, come back to earth!” I silently scolded myself,

trying to snap out of the dreamy haze. But it was no use - I am officially hooked! Dean mentioned his cousin's farewell party on Sunday and asked if I'd like to join him for lunch on Saturday. "I want to spend time with you, get to know you better, and learn everything about you," he said.

My response was cautious: "Dean, have you thought about our age compatibility? You're older, and I'm still in school. When you're out exploring the world, I'll be catching up on my studies. I like you, but I'm worried it won't be enough in the long run."

Dean's expression turned serious, and he corrected me: "Shaunz, I'm not wanting to date you - I AM dating you. You're my girlfriend, and I'm proud to be with you, regardless of our age difference. Now that you mention it, I think the school newspaper would be the fitting place to announce to the whole school that we are together and i don't care about age or what you saying because your story got boring along the way. "Come on, let's get you to class," Dean said with a smile, as he gently nudged me towards the classroom door. "We have a full day of lessons ahead, and lunch breaks are reserved for us."

He leaned in, his lips brushing against my cheek in a soft kiss. "I'll see you later, beautiful." With a flutter in my chest, I watched him walk away before taking a deep breath and stepping into the classroom, already late.

I gazed at my teacher, wondering if he was fully alert today. "Lord, please don't let him face-plant on the table again," I silently pleaded. "Deliver him from the aftermath of hectic weekends," I whispered to myself, trying to keep my very loud laugh in. "Phew! He's in a good mood today! I slipped in late, but he didn't even bat an eyelid, let alone

yell at me. Guess someone's had their morning coffee... or maybe he's just having a great day!"

Five

Chapter 5



We entered Mrs. B's class, and I groaned inwardly - Math was next, with four boards full of problems and three printed pages on geometry. Just as I was about to dive into note-taking mode, I saw HIM standing at the door. Who is that standing at the door !

Lord, forgive me, for my eyes have already sinned! He was stunning - fair-skinned, brown-eyed, and sporting the perfect smile with a perfect set of whites.

The door creaked open, and our teacher invited him in. He handed her a letter and envelope, which she read before nodding and telling him to take a seat. So told him to greet the class as he will be apart of this class . As he greeted the class, his smile lit up the room. "Hi, I'm Josh," he said, his voice smooth and charming. Leah burst into a fit of giggles and waved enthusiastically. "Hii, Josh! I'm Leah, by the way. There's a free seat back here!" She patted the empty chair beside her, flashing a bright smile.

The classroom erupted in laughter, and a few guys couldn't resist teasing Leah. They started mimicking her, saying "Hi Josh, come sit by me, please!" in high-pitched voices, making everyone laugh even harder. Leah playfully rolled her eyes, her face flushing with embarrassment, while Josh chuckled and shook his head, clearly amused by the commotion. Josh scanned the room, seemingly unfazed by the teasing. He changed his seat and settled in opposite me, next to Courtney. Turning to face me, he flashed a warm smile and said, "Hi."

I smiled back, my heart skipping a beat, and replied with a casual, "Hi." Miss B's voice rose above the chatter, "Class, settle down! Josh, you can get the notes from Leah; she seems very... friendly." The class burst into laughter again.

I cannot help but wonder if the teachers getting a pay raise or something? Everyone seemed exceptionally happy today! If there is something that this teacher always wins at, it is her dress code. I admire her impeccable style. She always nails her dress code. I feel like i could get fashion tips from her. "She's always on point," Miss B's voice took on a slightly stern tone, "Remember, class: don't forget your math books at home tomorrow. If you do, you'll be standing outside during the session while the rest of us dive into the notes you should have taken."

Somebody tell my teacher that she is not gangster LOL! let me get to my lunch break rather.

Six

Chapter 6



Those captivating eyes and charming smile gets me weak all the time! He is standing at my lunch spot patiently. He got my lunch in his hand, with a bonus - chocolate. My weakness. Okay ,you see now this i cannot run from because now he has something i love in his hand.

I mustn't reveal my vulnerability, but the chocolate has me hooked. Add an ice-cold Coke, and I'm a goner!My inner voice screams for self-control, but i am so lost in the haze of those gorgeous breath taking eyes.

"Hey, stunner," he says, handing me lunch. "I couldn't call it a snack, or it would ruin my lessons on showing you how i love my snack... especially this one." "Come closer," he whispers, his voice low and husky. "Let me taste..." His words trail off,

Time stood still as he pulled me close, his lips brushing against mine. The world around me has just melted away, leaving only the sensation of

his hand on my back, the gentle pressure of his lips, and the intoxicating scent of his fragrance. All i feel is his warm body holding me so close and lifted into the kiss. Wait, what just happened?! Did he really just sweep me off my feet - literally!

His lips are so soft and gentle, yet electrifying. My heart is racing here , I am floating. Stunner,” Dean whispered, his voice husky. “You smell incredibly fresh. What are you wearing? That fragrance is intoxicating... I want more of you.”

I stood there, speechless, my heart pounding in my chest. The kiss had left me breathless, my body sizzling with sensations I’d never experienced before.

As Dean slowly released my lips, I felt like I was spinning. My heart is racing, my senses overwhelmed. All I see are his lips moving as he is speaking , but I cannot process these words. His lips... they taste like a hint of mint and chocolate, a flavor that lingered, leaving me craving more. I cannot explain it, but if this was what it means to be kissed, I am officially hooked. “Can I have more, please?” There goes my inner voice again!

“Hey, Stunner, are you with me?” Dean asked, his voice laced with amusement. “Hello? Come back to earth, young flower.”

I snapped back to reality, my cheeks flushing. “Uh, yeah... no, sorry. I kind of trailed off.”

Dean’s eyes sparkled with concern. “Are we good, young flower? Did I do something wrong? You spaced out for a bit there.”

I shook my head, trying to clear the haze. "I... I think you asked me about our date?"

Dean chuckled. "Yeah, I did. But you just stood there, staring at me like you'd seen a ghost. Your face is flushed, and..." His gaze dropped to my lips, where my teeth were still holding my bottom lip. "That's kind of making me want more."

Before I could react, Dean's lips were on mine again, his hand gently rubbing my back. The kiss was intoxicating, but reality eventually checked in.

Hello! I'm in school! I completely forgot!

As much as I didn't want to, I knew I had to stop this. "Dean, wait... we can't do this here." I am saved by the school bell! We reluctantly parted ways, and I realized I'd forgotten all about the chocolate! "Guess we'll have to continue this later," Dean said with a wink, as we headed off to our next class.

Trouble..... I AM IN! Forget about the correct setting of these words because the way i feel. ALL i see is trouble and it feels so very , very good! I need to run away because i loose all power just seeing him and being so close to this gorgeous breath taking ,tall.. Did i mention tallness that just makes me weak in my knees . My husband has to be tall , GOD know that is Mandatory and now i am with this breath taking Talllllllll guy !?

I feel like I'm spinning, trapped in a dream that's too good to be true. I must be fast asleep on my single bed, traveling through time, and experiencing a teenage life that's not my own. And the lesson of the

day? Steer clear of gorgeous, charming, breathtaking, good-smelling, tall guys! Focus on school work and remember that Mom is always watching.

Shaunz, please wake up! This is too much! It can't be real. I got kissed, swept off my feet, and had a handsome guy bring me lunch, hold my hand, and kiss me senseless. Is this reality? No way! SHAUNZ, snap out of it! We're just dreaming!

"Are you with us? Can you repeat what I just said to the class? You seem... distracted. You don't exactly look thrilled to be in my class right now."

"Important reminders for your upcoming essay:

"I apologize, sir. Yes, you did mention that."

- Word count: 400 words
- Original work only: No copying and pasting from books or other sources
- Don't recreate the story from the back of a book - I'll know!
- Deadline: Two weeks from now
- Be prepared to present your essay to the class when you submit it"

"The bell rings, and I'm saved. All I want to do is go home, alone, and try to make sense of my jumbled thoughts. What do I really want? What do I need a break from? Honestly, everything feels overwhelming. I've barely been at this school for three months, and it's already too much.

Am I being dramatic, or am I just not used to all this attention and change in my life? I'm not sure. All I know is that I need some time to

myself to recharge and refocus.”

“I hear a shout from behind me: ‘Shorty, hey shorty!’ I keep walking, assuming Josh is calling out to a friend ahead of me. But then I hear my name: ‘Shaunz!’ Ugh, exactly what I didn’t need. Now I have to turn around before he starts singing my name like a refrain...” We walk home together, but Josh keeps a noticeable distance, almost as if he’s respecting my earlier desire to be alone. When we part ways, he calls out, “Goodbye, Shorty!” He flashes a charming smile and adds, “That’s your name now - Lil’ Miss Short Thang, beautiful and all. See you tomorrow!”

“Okay, universe, it’s time to wake up from this wild dream already! The game is over! I am ready to return to nerdy Shaunz and all.

“Please, please, kindly... WAKE ME UP FROM THIS DREAM ALREADY!”

Seven

Chapter 7



“The day I wasn’t ready for has finally arrived - Red and White Day! I’ve managed to scrounge up a red dress with a modest slit on the right side, paired with my trusty white sneakers. My gold watch, a birthday gift from my brother, adds a touch of elegance, along with the gold hoop earrings I, ahem, ‘borrowed’ from my sister.(I came home with her earrings, LOL! never took it off from the day i borrowed them)

I’ve styled my hair in a casual low bun with a few loose curls framing my face and my magic lipstick completes my look. Mom kindly gave me R50, which I’m grateful for.

It’s Valentine’s Day, and this school is buzzing with excitement. There are students that have almost blocked the entrance at the gate and they keep screaming for people they like, that are dressed up the best . I am praying i do not get noticed because i cannot afford the new fashion dress codes . “I weave through the crowds and make my way up the pathway, heading towards the passageway behind the block

where my class is. As I turn the corner, I'm greeted by the sight of my fashionable and gorgeous friends, looking like a million bucks. But my gaze quickly lands on Kelly, who's smiling and leaning on D-Man, their hands intertwined.

I feel a pang, but I don't stop walking. I've got my answer right in front of me. At this point, I'm too drained to deal with this drama. It's exactly why I told him to date someone his own age - I didn't need this kind of stress in my life.

I get to my friends and they are discussing the concert, a dance competition, and even a modeling competition lined up. I'm sure the lucky girls will be thrilled to receive roses and chocolates.

But my mind keeps wandering back to Dean. What happened to him yesterday? Did I just miss him after school? Could it be because of that kiss?! Ugh, and to make matters worse, I just saw that awkward girl who claimed she had a date set up!" Courtney chimes in, 'All you need is some roses and a good guy to tell you how much he needs you in his life.' Leah and I burst out laughing, and our conversation turns to fantasizing about the perfect gifts and love letters we'd love to receive. We're giggling and joking around, enjoying each other's company, when..." "Dean appears out of nowhere, a bouquet of roses in hand, and greets us with a charming smile. 'Happy Valentine's Day, ladies! A rose for each of you beauties, because you all deserve it.'

Kelly hurries over, gushing, 'Isn't he just the sweetest, ladies?' I raise an eyebrow and reply, 'Yes, Kelly, you would know how sweet he is.' I add with a hint of sarcasm, 'Look, you've already got the first rose... again. Guess we newbies will just have to catch up.'" "Excuse us," I say, "small kids have to get to class."

I turn to Dean and add, "Thanks for the walk home, Dean."

Just then, a guy who looks like he's around Dean's age approaches us. "Hi, I'm Kyle," he says with a smile.

"Excuse me, may I have a word with Leah, please?" Kyle asks, producing a rose and letter from behind his back. "I believe this is for you."

Then, he turns to me and hands me a letter. "Shaunz, this comes with instructions – to read it only when you're alone."

Kyle bids us farewell, saying, "Ladies, I'll catch you before the concert. Later, Dean! How's it, Kelly?" With that, he's gone.

"My friends and I turn to leave, and Courtney is giggling as she walks beside me, clearly amused by the unexpected encounter with Kyle. Leah is quiet, lost in thought as she clutches her rose and letter. I'm curious about the mysterious letter Kyle handed me, but I'll have to wait until I'm alone to find out what it says."

Eight

Chapter 8



My handsome teacher looks dashing, rocking a crisp white shirt, bow tie, and fitted jeans. Despite his chaotic weekends, I must admit he'd make a great partner - if I were a young mom, that is!

He begins to speak, "Today's schoolwork is cancelled due to the day's events. Food will be sold, and if you're interested, you can order roses, chocolates, or chocolate-filled cups using this register. The matriculants will deliver your orders, and the concert will start after lunch.

Please keep your school bags in this classroom, as I'll be locking it until hometime. Girls, don't forget your makeup, lip gloss and mirrors - I won't be reopening the classroom for any girly emergencies!" Our teacher's comment sparks a chorus of giggles and knowing glances among my friends and me. We can't help but nod in agreement - after all, who needs an emergency lip gloss touch-up more than a girl on Valentine's Day?

Josh slides into the bench beside me, flashing a charming smile. "Hi, Shorty! How's your morning going?" He eyes my outfit, "Love the dress and curls!" He discreetly places a heart-shaped chocolate on the table next to me. "Happy Valentine's Day! Hope we have many more together." I glance over at Courtney, who's now sitting elsewhere, beaming with a yellow rose in hand as she chats with Byron.

This school is indeed going crazy today and "I am apart of the madness" Did he just say 'hope we have many more together? I think i just need to stare for a short while before i respond because now, i don't know whats going on here.

"Thanks, Josh," I say with a smile. "So, have you met anyone special or do you have a Valentine's Day date?" Josh's expression turns thoughtful, and I'm curious to hear his response.

I continue, "I'm really looking forward to the dance concert. My brother used to dance, and he had this incredible group that would perform. I hope today's show is just as amazing!" Josh's response catches me off guard, and I feel a blush rising to my cheeks. "Your hands are so beautiful," he says, his eyes locked on mine. "Can I see your toes, please? I'm sure they're just as beautiful." He flashes a charming smile.

"Don't worry, I'm not weird," he assures me, chuckling. "I'm just fascinated by your beauty. There's something about you, Shorty."

I'm taken aback, and my eyes widen in surprise. "Uhhh, okay, hold up?" I say, slightly moving my hand away from Josh's gaze.

For a moment, I'm stunned and mute, unsure of how to respond to his bold and unexpected compliment. The classroom around us fades into the background as I struggle to find my words. I'm lost in thought,

questioning myself. What's happening here? Am I caught in a love triangle? Am I "Shorty" or "Young Flower"? Dean and Josh - what's going on?

And then there's the secret letter... so many unanswered questions.

The bell rings, snapping me back to reality. I stand up, smoothing my dress, and say to Josh, "I'll see you around."

As I walk towards the door, I'm stopped in my tracks. Dean McCain is standing in the entrance, beaming with the biggest smile. The sunlight catches his eyes, making them sparkle like diamonds. He's holding a stunning bouquet of red flowers, waiting just for me.

My heart skips a beat. This is getting interesting...

Nine

Chapter 9



The girls from my class erupt into ear-piercing screams, and a few of them gather around, eager to witness the scene unfolding before them. I feel my face burning with embarrassment as I become the center of attention.

My cheeks are on fire, and I can't help but look down, trying to escape the scrutiny. Dean's eyes, however, remain fixed on mine, his smile unwavering.

The commotion around us only adds to the tension, and I can feel my heart racing with anticipation. Dean what is going on here ? ean hands me the bouquet of roses, and I'm immediately enveloped in their sweet fragrance. He then reveals a long, elegant gift box, opening it to showcase a stunning set of earrings and a delicate silver chain.

"Happy Valentine's Day to the only girl who has my heart," he says, his voice filled with sincerity.

The surrounding crowd “awwws” in unison, and I feel my heart flutter. A few guys, including Josh, walk out of the class, with Josh casting a smirk in our direction as he passes by.

Dean’s eyes never leave mine, and he gently takes my hand, pulling me closer. He places a soft, tender kiss on my forehead, sending shivers down my spine.

The world around us melts away, leaving only the two of us, lost in this romantic moment. Just as I’m feeling brave and ready to let go, Dean shows me another side of himself, weakening my resolve and melting my heart. As we walk to the hall area, I ask him what happened yesterday, wondering why he didn’t walk home with me as usual.

But instead of getting a straightforward answer, Dean falls silent. I’m taken aback, having never seen him at a loss for words before. My mind starts to wander back to Kelly’s cryptic warning, but I push the thought aside, wanting to believe Dean’s assurances that I’m his only girl.

Dean finally breaks the silence, explaining that he had to walk Kelly home yesterday due to a prior commitment. “I wasn’t prepared, and I didn’t think it through,” he says, “but we had a lunch prep setup that we confirmed over the weekend...”

As he continues talking, I feel my emotions simmering. Without a word, I turn and walk away, leaving Dean standing alone.

Exactly what I wanted to avoid! I walked right into it. He did the one thing he promised me he wouldn’t do. I feel like I’ve been punched in the gut, my emotions reeling from the shock. I thought Dean was different.

Ten

Chapter 10



I join my friends, eager to distract myself from the drama with Dean. The concert is about to start, and I notice my girls are completely swept up in the moment. Leah is cozied up with Kyle, and Courtney is beaming next to Byron.

Oh well, i might as well read this letter now. The letter says, 'Keep a space for me' Just then, Kyle taps me on the shoulder. "Oh, Shaunz!" he says with a smile, holding out a gift bag. "Happy Valentine's Day, Shorty." My heart skips a beat as I freeze.

My inner voice is SCREAMING!!!! "NO, NO, NO! This can't be happening! I'm in trouble, BIG trouble! Shaunz, GET OUT, GO HOME, RUN FOR YOUR LIFE!!!!!"

I feel a sudden rush of warmth as someone stands close behind me, their body heat radiating onto my skin. I turn around, and my eyes meet this handsome smile.

Before I can even process what's happening, he leans in and freely kisses me, his lips brushing against mine with a gentle yet electrifying touch.

Josh just kissed me, The spark of the unplanned kiss still has me confused and as I step back. I can feel Dean's presence, he is breathing on me . I don't need to turn around to know it's him.

This just got complicated & i am ready to RUNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!