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- John Doe

(Hint: Chapters are from different character's perspectives)

Get There

Eleven: Kan

By: John Doe

Beau fucking kissed me. He fucking held me down and kissed me against my will. What the fuck was he thinking? He even said he loved me. Is he fucking crazy? Is this some sort of joke? He fucking went too far if this was one of his fucking jokes. Who fucking does that? Beau was gay. He wasn't gay. He liked girls. Girls like Han. That's why he stared at her like he did that one time when I showed up to the game late. No he was staring at her because he was jealous. She was talking to me. He wanted me. He said it. Fuck that shit! That's not true. He didn't say that. I'm not gay. I know I told Julie Ann that but it's just a phase. Beau is most defiantly not gay and he does not want *me*, of all people. This is just a dream. Beau is fucking crazy. Why the fuck would he do something like that? He'll know I'll freak. Stupid dumb ass. I hope he's happy. He was just trying to test me, trying to see if his friend, his best friend, was a faggot. Shit and I failed miserably. I couldn't sort my thoughts anymore. Too much at once. What the fuck? I need sleep. A nap.

Slowly I laid my head down and then sleep came fast and well. I woke up to the sound of the phone ringing. "Hello," I mumbled into the phone.

“Get up. You need to get ready, Kan,” the voice said to me.

“What for?” I sighed.

“Winter formal remember, tonight’s the night,” the voice said.

I blinked. Shit. These past few days I’ve been too wrapped up with Beau’s confession I forgot about the formal. I avoided him like he had the plague for the entire week. I couldn’t face or talk to him. In English, I would walk in after the bell rang and sat in the front of the class instead of my usual seat. It was just too much for me. I couldn’t handle it. “Okay I’m up,” I said. “Thanks Celes. How did you even know to call me?”

“Got a feeling. Plus you always tend to forget stuff. Remember to go pick up your date. Everyone is curious to see who it is,” she said over the phone.

We talked for a bit about the night and then hung up. The two of us had a lot to do to get ready. I grinned. Damn right everyone better be. I can’t believe everyone is hyped up about who my date is. Well everyone keeps telling me they want to see my taste in relationship materials. Too bad my date tonight doesn’t reflect that by any means. I sighed. I need to stop thinking like that. I *do not* like guys. It’ll blow over. It’s just a phase.

Quickly, I got up and slipped on my tux. White pants, white shoes, white button-less jacket, and white tux shirt. Then there goes the somewhat dark blue vest and cummerbund. I think my jacket kicks the most ass. Round sleeve ends with nothing, but one button on each side and other than that there’s no buttons on the jacket at all. It’s a slip on and the collar is the finishing touch. It’s a stiff round collar, resting a few centimeters from my jaw. Then I had on a neck tie from the old English era. Oh and I tied my hair back with a dark blue cloth. My hair and tie reminded me of the fourteen hundreds. Or whatever era that is. Of course my bangs were brushed to the side and held with bobby pins.

Staring at myself in the mirror I smiled. I look damn good tonight. It felt good. This so kicked ass. Quickly running downstairs I ran to the fridge and pulled out the blue rose corsage I got for Han. I ran to my car and drove over to her place. When I got there, there were a few other people at their place: Jamie, Jamie’s date, and then their two other friends. I walked in and everyone stopped and stared at me. “Wow you look good Kan,” Jamie said as I approached.

I smiled and blush. “Whatever.”

The others nodded their head in agreement with Jamie. “You do look good,” I heard from behind me.

I turned around and my jaws dropped. Damn. Han blushed at my gesture. “Wow we are so gonna be best couple,” I commented.

Everyone laughed. I smiled and Han blushed. She had her hair pulled up then they came down in large curls. Her hair reached her shoulders. She had on a white dress that flowed down to her knees. The dress was flowy. Yes, I know that’s not a word but hell I can’t explain. It flowed out from her body. It didn’t hug her curves and yet it looked sophisticated and chic. Around her waist was a blue sash which was tied into a small bow at her back. We matched to a “t” and dotted “i.” I smiled at her and bowed. Han giggled and held out her dress and bowed. I held out the corsage I got for her and she held out my boutonniere. Smiling, we each took turn putting on the other’s flower décor. Han’s parents were overly excited and pictures were taken. *Kodak* was making bank from them alone.

Finally about two hours later we were finally on our way. I walked to the passenger door of my car and held the door open for Han. She smiled. “See you guys there!” Jamie said as he got into his car pool. Han and I were going to the hotel, where the dance was being hosted, by ourselves. I quickly proceeded around to the driver door when Han got in. The drive to the hotel was quiet for about three seconds and the talking began. “You know our conversation from that football game weeks ago?” Han asked me. I smiled. Of course I did. That day was the day everything in my life went hay wire. I turned to look at Han and she was looking at me with a content smile. I nodded and return my gaze back to the road. “I lied.”

I frowned in confusion. “About what?” I asked.

“When you asked me about having a crush on you,” Han didn’t finish because I started laughing.

“I knew it,” I accused her.

I turned to look at her and she was blushing. But then a serious face overcame her face. “Seriously though Kan you are a smart, kind, and funny guy. Your personality accounts for a lot.”

I smiled in embarrassment. “Whatever you say.”

“It’s true. But I don’t stand a chance don’t I.”

I frowned at her words this time in displeasure. She was right but then again it wasn't her fault. She was an attractive girl. I hesitated but I began to speak. "No, but it's not because there are faults in you. There are a lot of things about me."

She smiled. "I know. I mean look at me. I have a good looking body. I think I look pretty," she paused.

I smiled at her words. She wasn't being cocky or self absorbed. She knew herself. She was confident in herself. Regardless of what anyone tells her she will always know that at least to her she will always be good enough. And that is more than most any of us could say, even myself. I envied her. "You are pretty," I stated.

Han nodded and smiled. "But I'm not your type."

"Exactly."

"You like them tall. Broad shouldered, with arms that can wrap and hold you, that will make you feel safe from the world."

My hands gripped the steering wheel. "Sorry Han I won't be able to do that," I tried to joke.

"Kan I would feel like that if we were going out together. If you and I cared enough for each other, I would always feel safe."

Another warm rush flooded my face. "What are you? Cupid's interpreter?"

"No. I'm trying to say that," she paused, "I guess what I'm trying to do is ask if you were more like my brother and James."

I released an uncomfortable laugh. I knew she knew. She just wanted to hear it. The momentary silence became awkward. Finally I relented. "I don't know. I thought I was but when confronted about it I don't know any more. It scares me I guess."

Han reached for my right hand and gave it a gentle squeeze. "I know. It's hard. But if you ever need anything I'm here."

I squeezed her hand in return. "Thanks."

Another quick silence came and Han broke it again. “So why me?”

I knew she was referring to me asking her to the dance. “Because you feel safe and seemed to be the most fun.”

She smiled. “That’s right. I am fun,” she triumphantly said.

I smiled and laughed and soon she joined in. “I like your confidence too.” I did. I wished I had it.

“Oh I was never this confident before. But one day I stopped feeling sorry for myself and did things on my own with my own wants. I define things in my own terms. That’s how James and I came across each other. We bumped into each other and I basically told him off. He was taken back but I guess he liked that about me. One thing led to another and you found us in the bathroom.”

I nodded and smiled an embarrassed smile. “Let’s not talk about that.”

She laughed. “You are too pure. That was the only thing that happened. You became my cock block. Literally. Sheesh.”

I turned to look at her with my jaw dropping at her words. She was trying to look serious and her arms were crossed across her chest. But I could see the corners of her mouth twitching upwards. Then she and I just started laughing. “I’m sorry,” I said.

“I’m not.”

My head jerked in surprised. “Why not?”

“James likes you a lot. If I should ever lose a guy, a bi one at that, I would be honored it was you. I am. And it’s not like we were serious about each other. We were flirts, teasing each other. No feelings whatsoever.”

I grinned. “You’re weird you know that.”

She return my gesture. “Of course,” she started.

We drove to the hotel’s drive up laughing and joking. The parking valet guy was giving the two of us a strange look but he smiled when our gazes met. Walking up to the door I held my right hand, facing palm up, in front on me at shoulder height and Han smiled and gently laid her left hand down on my hand. “Romeo take me away,” Han said with a smile.

“You’ll be the princess and I’ll be the prince,” I responded.

“Okay.”

I felt at ease with Han and for some reason her confidence gave mine a boost. I didn’t care that there will be people here I didn’t want to see or hear but tonight will be Han and I’s night. We continued to hold our hands like that and we walked in. The people at the door stopped and looked at us. Han started to giggle and we continued to towards the main hall. As we walked through, passing our school mates, the whispers began and the amused glances were taking place. Okay so maybe the way we were holding hands like we were in the fourteenth century had to do with it somewhat but still it made us feel good.

I spotted Celes, Eric, Julie Ann, and Lawrence. Han and I walked over to them. Celes was the first to spot us and her eyes widen in surprise. “Oh my god,” I heard her say.

The other three turn to look at the two of us and smiles immediately covered their faces. “So you guys are matching perfectly,” Eric stated.

“That’s the plan,” I told him

“Wow. Like you guys really do match. Like your clothes came as a combo pack,” Julie Ann stated.

Han blushed. “It was all Kan’s idea,” she told them.

Lawrence smiled but his smile hid something. I returned his smile and ignore the other “feeling.”

“I like the feel. It’s like Victorian but modern too,” Celes commented.

I smiled. Good we totally pulled our theme off. I turned to Han. “You want a drink? I’ll go grab one for us.”

She nodded and I walked off to grab a drink. As I approached the table Jamie walked up to me. “A lot of people are talking about you and my sister. Your theme, matching dress up, is making everyone else jealous.”

I laughed and Jamie smiled. “Good.”

“Damn right. My sister kicks ass.”

“Exactly.”

I filled two cups and chatted with Jamie for a bit. As I walked back, I heard my name and I stopped and turned towards the voice. My throat tightened and I took a sip from my cup to try and loosen my throat. I smiled at Beau. “You look good,” I said to him.

“You look better. Damn you look really good actually. Han is a nice match too. You guys are amazing,” he said.

I smiled. I didn’t look at his face. I couldn’t. That would have been too much for me. I felt guilty and bad for kicking him out and dumping Susan on him. I wanted so much to apologize but I couldn’t. To apologize was to say it was okay and it wasn’t okay. Not for me. “Thanks.”

I was about to ask him where his date was but she came wandering up to him. “Where did you go?” Susan mewed as she wrapped her arms around Beau’s left arm.

She turned to look at me and she did a double take. Her face clouded up and she gave me a polite smile. Damn right better show some respect. I gave you that date. “Hello Susan,” I greeted.

“Kan. You look nice.”

“You should see my date then. She’s a hundred times better looking than any girl here,” I smiled.

Susan frowned. I knew she wanted to say something. “Han?” she asked me.

I smiled. “Damn right.”

“I should have known,” Beau commented.

I laughed. He should have. This felt awkward. We weren’t saying much but there was so much to ask and say. Susan began to tug at his arm. “Let’s go dance,” she purred.

I rolled my eyes. I finally looked at Beau and he looked like he was going to die. I laughed at his expense and he glared at me, which made me laugh harder. Good luck buddy. “Have fun guys,” I said.

The night flowed smoothly. Han and I danced a few times and we walked around and chatted with people we knew or people who came up to us and commented on our theme. I was beaming with pride. “You should really plan the formals. You’ve got one creative mind,” Eric said as the two couple who complimented us walked away.

Celes was smiling at his side.

“I got an idea for prom,” I told him.

He arched his brows. “Really?”

“Masquerade night or eve. Something like that.”

“Oh I like that,” Celes said.

“That sounds cool,” Eric said as he nodded. “You should come to the prom committee meeting.”

I smiled. “I’ve always wanted to do one of those things. Maybe we can like make and give masks out. It’d be cool.”

“No really, I like it and because it’s your idea you should pitch it,” Eric said.

“I agree. You’re creative I’m sure you’ll wow them,” Han said as she took my arm and leaned onto my shoulders. She then whispered in my ear, “Sorry but I have to make someone jealous of us.”

I smiled as I glanced around. I saw James first and he was eyeing the two of us with a smirk. I knew he felt some jealousy, but then I saw Beau a few feet to the side with Susan hanging all over him. He had this longing and hurt look in his eyes. I quickly looked away. I knew Han was referring to James. She had no idea about Beau. I glanced over to James and then Beau. Beau was standing stiff like a board as Susan rubbed her ass all over him. I tried to stifle a giggle but I started laughing. My group gave me a questioning look and I pointed. Soon the group joined in. “Poor Beau,” Celes said after everyone had calmed down.

“Better him than me,” Eric snickered.

“This was your fault,” Celes said as she grinned at me. Her eyes were apologetic for some reason.

I shrugged. "I'll apologize later."

Han tugged my arm and I looked at her. "You fed him to the bitch?" she hissed.

I sighed. "Okay so my mistake."

"Wow, remind me not to cross you wrong," Han continued.

Everyone laughed and I groaned. "It was not intentional. Well it was but for a very valid reason at the time," I tried to explain without explaining the whole thing.

"We know. Beau is definitely taking the bullet for you on this one," James said as he walked up.

"Not you too," I said.

"Susan is not a good..." James began.

"Just not a nice or good person," Han finished.

I sighed. "Okay so I owe him big. I'll think of something."

Everyone smiled at my discomfort. I did feel bad. In fact, as soon as the words that I will help Susan left my mouth I felt bad then. If I could take it back I would. But oh well. I needed the break. I didn't need another stress factor in my life. A semi slow song came on and an idea flashed in my mind. "You know how to dance old English style?" I asked Han as I tugged her towards the dance floor with our group following.

"You mean like the steps to the side and one hand behind our backs and the circling?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Not really," she smiled.

"Me too but let's make it up as we go," I said smiling.

We did. We started with our hands behind our backs and soon we were walking around each other with our right hands wrapped around each other's and walking in gradual steps in a circle. It looked authentic enough for the two of us.

Plus we were having fun and that's all that matters. Han and I were giggling the whole time. Soon Eric and Celes joined us, mimicking us, and others soon joined in. We were having a Victorian ball for five minutes.

The night was fun. Han and I were named best dressed and we took the title with pride. A lot of us left half an hour before the dance was over. We were all planning to go change and met at some kid's barn. Time to party like a rock star.

Han and I were one of the firsts to arrive at the party. The kid was the first person we saw. Well his name was Greg. "Hey Kan," he greeted. Turning his attention to Han he smiled. "And who might this be?"

I could hear the lust in his voice. "Han," I replied.

Han giggled at his tone. I rolled my eyes. "Nice of you to come," he said to her.

I glanced at Greg and he gave me a smirk. Something about his eyes made me realize he'll be talking to me more later on in the night and it'll be me playing match maker. I shrugged at him and Han and I went into the barn. The music was thumping against the barn walls. Han grabbed a drink on the way in. I took a cup of beer but didn't drink from it. The first hour went by kind of slow. Han and I stood in a corner and just people watched and made comments about each person. Nearing midnight a group I didn't expect wandered through the doors. Susan with her hench bitches walked in like they owned the place. Beau strolled in beside her. Seeing that pissed me off. Han slowly held my arms. "Don't let them get to you," she softly said.

"I try," I responded.

A few minutes later, Celes and Eric came in and relief washed over me. They saw us and joined Han and I, in our corner. The night progressed a lot faster from there. James came accompanied by Cara, the senior class VP, and soon after Julie Ann and Lawrence joined our ranks. Patrick, the guy who had a party last weekend joined us also. We chatted and danced the night away.

At one point in the night Han left for the restroom. Cara and Eric began talking about student council and Eric threw in my idea. I looked at Cara gauging her response. She grinned. "That is a really cool idea. You should pitch it," she said to me, her blue eyes glowed.

I sighed. "Alright, just tell me when that damn committee meets," I replied.

Eric and Cara smiled in victory. "I knew he'll fold over with you," Eric stated.

Cara laughed and I smiled and shook my head. "You want another drink? You've been holding onto that one for awhile now," Lawrence asked me.

I looked up surprised. I was surprised he even noticed. I smiled and shook my head. I couldn't drink because I didn't have my shots with me, though I did take a shot before I came out here. "I'm good," I told him.

"Let's get you a new one," he said as he just grabbed me and pulled me away.

I tried to say something but he just tugged my arm and dragged me through the barn. "I really don't need one," I tried to say.

"I'm not going to force you to drink if you don't want to. I wanted to talk for a quick bit and I knew you didn't want a crowd," he responded.

I blinked and looked at Lawrence. He sighed and glanced at me. "What?" I asked him.

"Are you asking me to start?" he replied and I nodded my head. "I'm just going to straight out and say this to save time. What is up with you and Beau?"

I froze for a quick second. "What do you mean?" I asked faking ignorance.

He chuckled. "Don't let me start. You guys are like waging a secret war. First you throw him to the bitch and then you guys haven't hung out in days, which is really strange and then there's the awkward glances he keeps giving you." I stood there stunned at what Lawrence was saying. If he noticed then who else has? I did not know so many people watched Beau and I's relationship. I stared at Lawrence and the words just wouldn't come. I opened my mouth and nothing came out and I closed it. I turned and looked away. He leaned down towards me. "He told me what happened," Lawrence whispered. Just when I thought I couldn't get any more stunned that statement sent me over the edge. I shook and I had to kneel down. Lawrence knelt beside me. "You okay?" he asked, concern sweeping his face.

I walked towards the barn door and walked outside. I needed open air to breathe. Lawrence followed and I saw Julie Ann move in the corner of my eyes. "I'm fine," I finally said.

Lawrence blinked at my words. I didn't know if he was surprised I spoke or the fact that my voice sounded so confident. His face changed and he smirked. "Right, cause you handled it so well. You know kicking him out was the most shittest thing you could have done," Lawrence said.

"I needed to think," I replied.

"At the expense of being Beau's friend. You could have asked nicely and not yell," Lawrence said.

"He fucking kissed me. I was caught off guard," I snapped.

"Right and being the known best friend, you fucking kick him out, sent him home, crushed in pieces," Lawrence growled. "You think Beau doesn't have people concern for him? What the fuck is wrong with you? It took a lot of guts for him to tell you and he knew even if he told you, you would play it off. So he kissed you to tell you. He kissed you, so what. I think a lifetime of friendship is worth a lot more than a simple revelation of emotion."

I knew what Lawrence was trying to say and I had nothing to say to that. "So I freaked, give me a break," I finally said. "Don't tell me you wouldn't do the same."

Lawrence laughed. It was a mocking laugh, like he was better than me. "I wouldn't."

"How would you know?" I asked.

"I just do."

"Right."

"I do," he said sternly. I grabbed him and brought his face down and kissed him. I felt his body tense and I heard a chuckle and an exclaimed "shit" from behind us. Lawrence's body was rigid as a steel rod. I moved my mouth and Lawrence grabbed my shoulders, which were death grips, and jerked me away from him. I had a sneering smirk on my face. "What the fuck are you on?" he snapped.

"You wouldn't freak, my ass. Don't pass judgment," I rebutted.

Lawrence's face fell and he sighed. "You had it coming," Julie Ann said as she walked up.

Lawrence's face flushed. "Sorry I kissed your boyfriend. Had to prove the ignorant dumbass a point," I sneered.

"He had it coming. I saw that a mile away," Julie Ann said as she stood next to Lawrence.

I saw her follow us out and I knew she was watching. I could see she was annoyed as much as I was when Lawrence tried to corner me. "That was uncalled for and it was completely different," Lawrence began.

"Oh really? You froze in disgust when our lips touched. I felt it and don't fucking deny it," I stated.

"It was different," he snapped. "I'm not gay."

"Watch what you're about to say," Julie Ann advised.

Lawrence stopped and sighed in frustration. "You're supposed to be on our side," he said to Julie Ann.

"Maybe you should probably consider that Kan has a point," Julie Ann said calmly. Then she gaze at me and sternly said, "Though I don't agree with what he did to Beau."

I pretended like I was ignoring their chatter and I looked past the couple and saw that James was standing at a distance away with an amuse grin on his face. Oh shit. I quickly walked towards him but Han intercepted me. She came out of nowhere and she startled me as I jumped. "Sorry," she mumbled.

Her tone was off. "What's wrong?" I asked.

She shook her head. "Can you take me home?" she said.

Something wasn't right. Fuck. I hated tonight. Parties are never a good place for drama. I couldn't see her face because she was looking at the ground. "What happened?" I demanded.

She was silent as Julie Ann and Lawrence walked up. James came forward. Han looked up and there were tears running down her face. She wasn't sad but rather angry. I could sense and feel the anger radiating from her glare. "I want to leave now, please," she spoke. "I tried to come back but..." she paused.

I realized then that her trip to the bathroom was too long. Worry swept over me. I grabbed Han and pulled her forward into a hug. “You weren’t assaulted were you?” I whispered into her ears.

“Of course not,” she replied. I sighed in relief. “Fucking Lane just grabbed my ass. I told him off but he just laughed. Then I ran into fucking Susan and they saw and taunted me that I liked it and what not. We argued and her and her bitch friends started trash talking you. I defended your honor,” she tried to joke at the end.

I heard her whole confession but the Lane part echoed in my ears. The anger rose in me. I let Han go and started towards the barn. “Kan, stop it’s fine,” Han protested but I didn’t hear her.

Walking through the door I scanned the barn. I heard Han trying to explain the situation to Julie Ann, Lawrence, and James outside. I spotted Lane. He was with the cheerleaders. Fucking bastard. He was a football player, a jock, and though he wasn’t bad looking he reveled in it. He knew and flaunted it like he owned the damn world. Conceited and full of himself, I hated people like that. I strode towards him. I saw him run his hands through his dark brown hair trying to be smooth. He stumbled a bit and I realized then that he was drunk. Still it was not an excuse. I grabbed him and turned him around. His brown eyes peered at me with annoyance. “You fucking got some nerves,” I spat.

“What the fuck is wrong with you?” he sneered.

“You’re going to apologize to Han,” I told him.

I heard the people around started whispering. “Who? What?” he slurred.

“You don’t fucking grab a random girl’s ass and think it’s okay,” I growled.

Lane stared at me and laughed. “Oh her,” he said with disdain. “The bitch complained? What are you going to do about it?”

“Fucking apologize to her or I’ll make you,” I said.

He laughed. “What’s a little faggot like you gonna do?” he spat. My blood was boiling at this point. “You think you own the place just because you’re in our crowd. Don’t fucking flatter yourself you fucking leech,” Lane spat.

I stood there and glared at him. Everyone began to stare and I could feel it. Lane’s face was scrunched and I could tell he was pissed and I smiled in

anticipation. “What are you gonna do faggot?!” he shouted. “I do what I want. You fucking don’t tell me what to do.” He pushed me and I took a step back. “Huh what now scared? Thought you’d be a fucking knight to defend your bitch’s honor?” he sneered.

He then spit in my face. The anger in me was boiling over. I slowly took my sleeves and wiped the spit off my face. Lane laughed as did some of the folks around. They began their trash talking about me. I could hear the whispers and I ignored them. My anger was focused at the moment. Lane proceeded to turn around but then he quickly turned around and threw a punch at me. I heard Han scream my name.

I saw it coming. The dumb ass was trying to be cool. I knew Lane, he loved to start things. I shifted to my right and grabbing his arm I twisted around and using his momentum I swung him over me and he slammed into the ground. I heard the air rush out of his lungs. I quickly brought my right foot down nailing his navel. He gasped for air and his right hand clenched into a fist. Seeing that, I quickly stomp down on his right wrist and he cursed as I brought my left foot and crushed it against his throat. “Let me tell you this, you are drunk and I know a bit of self defense. You don’t fucking stand a chance now,” I growled. “Fucking move and I will crushed your fucking throat,” I threatened as applied more pressure to his throat. His left hand reached for my foot and my left leg retracted and snapped forward and Lane gagged in pain. Han ran up and grabbed my arm. I pushed her away. I stared at Lane and his angry piercing eyes stared into me.

I heard a commotion behind me and I turn to look. James had just punched a guy. “Fucking touch him and we’ll have a fight of our own,” James said to the guy.

The guy was one of Lane’s friends. I knew James was referring to me. Another guy approached and Beau stepped forward to intercept him. The new guy stopped in his tracks. Turning back to Lane I glared at him. I pushed my left foot down. “Apologize,” I instructed.

He glared at me and I glared back. His eyes dropped and he mumbled something. “Kan, it’s okay,” Han tried to reason.

“What? I couldn’t hear you,” I snapped at Lane.

“Sorry, Han,” he choked out.

I walked off of him and he rolled over and stood up. “Fuck this shit I’m leaving,” he said coughing, and then he proceed out.

He was followed out by his friends and then I heard Susan's voice. "Fucking, she was asking for it, wearing a skirt in this night. It's a bit cold."

My head snapped towards her direction. I walked towards her. "I guess girls don't get raped. They were asking for it, right," I snapped at Susan.

"I didn't say that," Susan sneered.

"I heard you," I told her.

"What, it's true. It's a bit cold. You don't wear something like that unless you want some attention."

"Fucking shut your mouth. Now would be a good time," I warned.

Susan's eye glowed in contempt and pride. Her friends laughed and Susan snickered. "Or what? You're gonna flip me like Lane there. You're a guy you don't hit girls."

"I said to keep your mouth shut," I said.

Julie Ann came up to me. She touched my shoulders. "Please Can you talk the talk but don't walk the walk. Plus your friend there was dressed as a-"

She didn't finish because the back of my right hand swiped across her face. The sound echoed in the barn. Susan's friends gasped in surprise and horror. "I warned you bitch. Learn to keep your trap close when instructed, but I guess a slut and whore can't learn to keep any hole shut. They'll open when approach, won't they?"

Susan looked at me shocked. The anger rose in her eyes and she spat, "You fucking faggot. You're gonna regret this. I'm gonna report you. I'm gonna fucking press charges."

I smirked. "You want to?" I taunted. "Here I'll call the police now. Seeming we are all underage and all. I'm sure you're intoxicated by legal standards. You know what the best part is? I haven't drank an ounce of alcohol. So yeah call them bitch. You'll get an MIP and I'll get a scolding. The drunk and the sober." I took out my phone. Susan glared at me. "Should I dial the number, slut bag?" I taunted once more. "I had enough of your selfish self absorbed attitudes."

“Now would be a good time to leave,” Julie Ann hinted. “I wouldn’t bluff with Kan because Kan doesn’t bluff.”

Susan’s right hand was still rubbing the spot where my hand met her face. “Let’s leave this shit hole,” she huffed and her group followed her out.

I turned around and the faces were all glued on me. “What?” I snapped in annoyance. The people quickly looked away and dispersed.

My gaze scanned the room and my gaze met with Greg’s, the kid who owns the party. I walked towards him and he gave me a weak smile. “Sorry I ruined your party,” I said.

“It’s cool. You had valid reasons. Lane had no right. I would have done the same,” he responded. I nodded. Greg glanced at Han who was at my side. “You okay?” he asked her, which surprised me.

Han nodded. “Thanks,” she replied.

“You should have said something to me I would have kicked them out,” Greg replied.

Han blushed. “Would you really? The cool kids? Right,” Han snickered.

“What I’m not cool enough? Like they matter. I have my own cool factor. They did come to *my* party,” Greg replied.

“Touché,” Han replied.

Greg and Han giggled. I rolled my eyes. The flirtation was overly obvious. “I’ll leave the two of you alone,” I said and quickly before the two can protest.

Looking around I saw that Beau was with Lawrence and Julie Ann. Eric and Cara were standing nearby with a few other folks chatting. Eric glanced at me and smiled. They were talking about me. I sighed and walked out of the barn. I walked past the large oak tree and out into the darkness. Soon I came across the wooden fences that lead out to the horses’ pasture. I sighed. I totally just started a war for school. Good thing it was the last year of school. This was bound to happen. The tension was there it just never been crossed. I know I’m not well liked by the whole popular crowd at school but I didn’t really care. Tonight was proof of that. Lane pushed me over the edge. I don’t fucking care if you are the fucking president I’ll risk being shot and killed if anyone should ever sexually assault anyone I knew. Have some respect for the person and for yourself. Just

because some girl is at a party in a skirt doesn't not mean she's open for touching or wanting sex.

I punched a post in anger. "Still mad about it?" James' voice sounded behind me. I turned around, startled. "Sorry didn't mean to scare you."

"It's fine and yes," I replied.

I looked at him. The light from the barn was too far to light us. He was just a dark figure, a silhouette in the night. "Don't worry about it. I got your back," he said as he grabbed my shoulders, squeezing them.

"Thanks," I said. There was a pause. "I saw you too. You decked that guy pretty good."

He chuckled. "It wasn't as cool as you flipping Lane. That was kick ass. Then you stepping on him like you did, holy shit you move fast." A slight pause interrupted our conversation. I was embarrassed I did something like that. I never thought Judo and Tae Kwon Do would have a use. Also I never thought I used it in that manner but I was too pissed off to control my emotions. "As for the guy, I saw him walk towards you and I knew. So I punched him before he knew it. It was Kyle. He knew his place."

"Wouldn't this be awkward for you guys. I mean you play football and all together."

"Outside life doesn't mix with football," James replied.

A silence overcame us. I leaned on to the post and stared into the darkness. My thoughts drifted and I lost track of time. I traced the events that happened tonight over and over again in my head. Then finally I rewound the night in my head, starting with the fights. It then went on to Han telling me and me approaching James. I frowned. Why was I walking to him? Then it dawned on me. I looked up. I realized that my back was really warm. The realization occurred to me then that James was hugging me from behind. I could hear his silent breathing in my left ear. Was he sleeping standing? "James?" I whispered his name.

"Yeah," he softly replied.

I hesitated. "When I was out of the barn with Lawrence and Julie Ann how long were you there?" I asked.

I heard a soft chuckle. He shifted his head into my neck and I felt his nose brush against my neck. “The whole time,” he whispered. “You kissing Lawrence and his face. It was awesome, though I wanted to be your first kiss.”

‘Too bad cause Beau has the honor,’ I thought as the blush swept over my face. I couldn’t find the words anymore. Finally after awhile they came to me. “I was just making a point. It wasn’t anything,” I said.

“Good. I was worried for a second,” he said.

I sighed. I tried to break from him but he held on tightly. “James I don’t know what you’re thinking about but there is nothing going on between us either,” I said.

For some reason, even though I couldn’t hear him laugh or chuckle or even see him I could feel his grin spread across his face. “You know as much as I do that that was a lie,” he said.

No it isn’t. I’m not interested in you. I wasn’t. I was. I am. But not in any way that’s normal. I couldn’t like guys. I couldn’t but the more I try to fight the damn feeling the stronger the pull is. James was someone who just brings it out of me. I was attracted to him. “Shit, stop thinking about that,” I mumbled to myself.

James finally release me. “Think about what?” he asked.

“Nothing.”

“Right.”

“It *is* nothing,” I said as I started walking towards the barn.

“Wait,” James said. There was a pleading in his tone and I stopped in my tracks.

“What?” I replied.

“Can we talk? Please,” he asked.

I sighed. “About?”

He was silent. I walked back to the post and leaned against it, facing James. I waited. “I don’t know what it is, but there’s something about you that draws me

in. I can't help it. As I grow to know you I can't but help like you even more," he started.

I laughed at his statement. "Are we in a chick flick or something?" I joked.

"I'm being serious. Han thinks I'm chasing you cause you're giving a chase. That's partially true but I know there's something more to this."

I shifted uncomfortably in my spot. This wasn't what I wanted or expected. "James let's just stop here while we can, okay. Let's go back and grab a few drinks."

"I haven't drank a drop the whole night," he replied.

"Then let's go get some," I smiled even though it was dark.

He was quiet. "I wanted you to remember and me to fully remember," he randomly said.

I frowned and chuckled. "Remember? Remember what?"

"This," he said and he walked over in one quick stride. His lips met mine and he wrapped his arms around me as I struggled out. What the fuck is happening? Why is it that guys want to kiss me? He pushed me against the post and he broke the lip contact. "Please, let me. Just once, if that. I want to feel what it's like please."

There was a sincere pleading in his voice. It crept into me and opened me up. My body proceeded without my thoughts and I found myself leaning forward towards him. He leaned in and I could feel his warm sweet breath against my face. His soft lips brushed against my forehead and he kissed down until his lips found mine again. He parted his lips and his tongue darted out and I opened my mouth. Slowly his tongue slid in and brushed to find mine. I gasped and James responded by pushing me harder against the post. I realized then that we both were hard. I could feel the heat patch at the top of my left thigh, which his groin was pushed against. He was slowly jerking up and down. His hands wandered into my shirt and began rubbing my back. I moaned once more and he moaned in response. This time my tongue swept into his mouth and explored his mouth.

I found myself on the ground a few seconds later with James on top of me. I leaned in and breathed in his scent. What was happening to me? Why wasn't I stopping this? I wanted more. I needed it almost. This couldn't be happening. A small part of my mind screamed in protest. Fight it. Ignore it. What should I

fucking do? I felt James' tongue run across my neck and I felt the licking and suction. His hands wandered my stomach and slowly they reached my jeans buttons. His hand stopped there and his thumbs rolled in circles on my flesh there. My hands went up and I ran my fingers through his soft hair as I held his head against my neck.

I was trying to fight the urges but I was failing. Why wasn't I like this with Beau? Beau. His name echoed in my mind. "Stop," I panted heavily.

James looked up. "Sorry. I went too far. Sorry," he began as rolled off of me.

"It's not you."

"But still. I'm sorry. It was just supposed to be a simple kiss. Sorry."

I sighed and stood up, surprised that my legs still felt weak. But I was capable of standing. "It's alright. There. Your one kiss," I tried to joke.

"Thanks."

I laughed. "Okay."

James' chuckle rang in my ears. "For giving me something to look forward to."

I blushed. Thank the heavens it was dark. What was happening to me? Why is it that two of the hottest guys in school were interested in me? I was confused and still am. This was not happening. I'm not really gay. It was just a random thought. Really. It was. I wasn't. Of course shit happens when I admitted it to myself and Julie Ann. It all started then. Bad luck. I should have kept quiet and never said anything but then I had to open my mouth and say something to Julie Ann. I had to tell her I liked guys. This was punishment for saying such things. I didn't like or want this. I didn't want my best friend to be gay and interested in me nor did I want James to feel the same. I didn't. I was lying, I knew. To everyone, myself included. But they weren't lies or aren't lies, if they are partially true, right?

Hopefully everyone has enjoyed the story so far. I have never written a story this far before and I want to thank everyone for giving me motivation. I received a lot of emails from chapter 10 for its cliffhanger and that made me happy. I know this

chapter doesn't explain it well for some of you but Kan is a developing character. In time everything will be explained.

Due to a large request I have created an e-mailing list for updates, so when I post a new story you'll receive an email. If you have emailed me before I have already added most of you. If you are interested in joining the update list just email me at anauthor@live.com and I will add you. If you wished to be removed just email me too and I will remove you.

Thanks again and hopefully you all continue to read my work. Enjoy.

-John