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- John Doe

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

Get There

Five: Kan

By: John Doe

A few hours earlier...

I sighed to myself as I drove back to my house. First off this freaking hang over was killing me. My body was super sluggish and I felt like I wanted more sleep. Only I knew if I did sleep more I'll give myself a freaking headache from sleeping too much. I will never drink like that again, I vowed to myself. A few seconds later the second voice in my head told me I was only kidding myself. Damn it. I don't really remember much of anything last night. The last thing I remember was playing beer pong with James and later in the night I think I saw Han and Jamie though I'm not too entirely sure. I don't even remember getting to Beau's house. When I woke up this morning, I should say this afternoon, I was surprised that I was at his house for a second.

Beau. He has been acting strange recently. I couldn't pick up what but then again I'm like the last person to know anything and I suck at reading signs, physical or verbal. If my life depended on it I would be dead before my second was over. But at least I could tell when something was wrong. Something was wrong with Beau. I sighed once more. This sucks. Like really fucking sucks. Like a whore who sucking balls for her life sucks. I think I will give Beau time and space. We're constantly around each other; we can't even sort out our feelings. Well at least in the proper way. What happened last night was not proper by any means. I looked up as

my car parked. I blinked in surprise. I was actually at Myrtle Park. The place I go to for a peace of mind and thinking. My body totally read my mind. I laughed at myself.

I walked out and walked towards the trees. The green grass was really soft and I decided to take off my shoes, walking barefoot through the park. I found a bench and sat on it, watching the people. People watching can be the most entertaining thing sometimes. I mean it seems boring but everyone is different and so there are things you pick out that sticks out to you.

There was a grass volleyball net set up and a group was playing. To my left a large gathering was taking place. There were kids everywhere. I could hear the moms yelling at their kids once in a while. A grin slowly crossed my face. I love family gatherings. Or any large gathering of any sort that involved families.

After watching them for awhile I noticed that a group of them were walking away from their table towards me to a more open grass area. A dad placed an orange ball on the ground. A guy who seemed to be in college picked up the ball and squeezed the ball, and the ball shrunk in his hands. I realized then that the ball was one of those foam squishy balls. The dad who placed the ball on the ground told the guy to place the ball back and he did, laughing as he did. The group was large. I was wondering what they were planning to do. There were dads, guys, some younger ladies, the moms opted out of this game, and some high school aged kids I didn't recognize. I quickly counted them there were twenty three of them totaled. "Pauline come over here!" the dad shouted.

I looked up past the crowd. An older woman came walking up. Her gray hair was held together by a visor cap and the wide grin on her face was heartwarming. Definitely a grandma. The group divided themselves in two teams but soon they came to a realization, the team was off by one to form two equal teams. Then the talking began. The group shouted over towards their wives and mothers and the moms all shouted back that they didn't want any part of the game and the shouting chastising began. Some of the jokes the folks made put a smile on my face. I found myself laughing with them as the teasing continued.

Then I noticed one of the younger guys pointing in my direction. I turned around to look at who they were pointing at and saw no one. I turned back around and realized one of the other guys was running up to me. "Hey," he greeted me. I stood up and started to walk away. My face was burning with embarrassment. "Hold up," he said as he neared to a stop.

I stopped in my tracks. "I like to people watch okay," I said to him.

He laughed. "It is fun sometimes. You want to join us? We're trying to start a game. But we're short a person and no one wants to sit out. Ryan noticed you were watching us and we figure well," he paused, "if you join no one has to quit and everyone can have fun."

I turned to look at him. His smile on his face was alluring. I couldn't say no to that face. It looked too earnest. If I said no I would have felt like I went up to some four year old and told him Santa didn't exist. Plus I just told myself I was looking for new friends, time away from Beau. This may be a good opportunity. I sighed and hung my head and nodded. He smiled and

turned back towards the group. I looked up saw that he gave a thumbs up and some of the people in the group shouted and cheered. "I'm Jason by the way," he said to me.

I looked up at him and stared. His brown eyes gazed into mine. My face flushed. "Sorry, Kan," I mumbled.

"Can? Like can do?"

"Like that but with a K."

"Gotcha."

We walked up to the group and Jason beamed at the group. Some of the dads smile and patted my shoulder. "Welcome stranger," one of them said. "You saved us. This will be fun I promise."

I smiled at him and he winked. "Now that's what I'm talking about! There should be more folks like you these days, son! Geez some of you young ones these days are too absorbed in yourself to make any new friends," the woman who answered to the name Pauline said.

I glanced at her and she smiled at me. I couldn't help but smile back. "You're on my team," Jason said as he walked up to me and I nodded in response. "You're number 12."

I nodded once more not quite understanding the significance of the number. A blond guy walked over to me and he smiled. He held out his hands. I stared at it for a second and realized he was trying to shake my hand. "Sorry!" I exclaimed as I reached for his hand, shaking it.

He smiled. "It's cool. I'm Ryan."

"Kan with a K," I said smiling in embarrassment. God I was a fucking moron. I make the best first impressions.

I heard a small laugh and I looked up, Jason was smiling at me. His eyes were glowing with a teasing kindness. I blushed once more from embarrassment. "Dude it's okay. We're like strangers forcing to you our game. I'd be nervous too," he said.

I nodded.

"You know how to play steal the bacon?" Ryan asked me.

I stared blankly at him. Steal the bacon? What kind of fucking game is that? "That would be a no then," Pauline's voice echoed in my ear.

I nodded my agreement. "Well son it goes like this," one other dad said. "You got your number right?"

I nodded. "Twelve," I responded.

A laugh echoed from the group and I looked up. The college guy was looking at me with a large grin on his face. He was way built. His tee shirt sleeves wrapped tightly around his biceps and his shirt hung off his strong solid pecs. He pointed at me and then at himself and nodded his head. I got the feeling that was a challenge and I gave him a smirk and the people around laughed. "He ain't backing down from you John. He may be small but he ain't scare of ya," someone said.

The college guy John's grin spread even wider. "We'll see. You're my other half," he said to me.

I gave him a questioning look. The dad who began the explanation of the game continued, "Yeah big John there is also number twelve but he's on the other team. Basically what happens is the two teams will form a line. One to twelve in one direction with the other in the opposite direction. The orange ball here," he said pointing to the ball, "will be the target, or in the game's term the bacon. Each team is going to be about fifty feet away from the ball. Pauline will shout out a number and that number will run towards the ball and grab the ball and run back across their team line. If you do, that earns your team a point."

I nodded my understanding.

"But," the dad continued, "If you get tagged by your number counterpart before you reach your team line the other team gets the point."

I smiled at the challenge that finally presented itself. "Got it," I said smugly as I looked at John. The group laughed and John grinned.

We formed our lines and waited. The first number was three and the two threes raced towards the ball. They came to the ball at the exact same time. They circled around the ball each faking a grab here and there and their other hand was around the other's back. Unexpectedly for me Pauline called out number ten and then the tens ran forward joining the two threes. I smiled in understanding. This game was more intense than I thought. Five was said a few second after ten and they ran forward. With six people around the ball it was hard to see who was doing what. Fakes where going here and there and laughing and jesting was happening among the group. Suddenly shouts were heard and the number ten from the other team started running back toward his team line. People started screaming and the girl who was ten on our team darted after the dad, but with the other folks in the way she couldn't reach to him in time and he crossed the finish line. Cheers from the other team erupted and the girl walked back with a defeated smile on her face. "It's okay Chelsea. We'll get the next time," Jason said to her and she smiled.

The next round had eight people gathering around the ball. I watch intently. There was pushing and shoving, though it was all playful. "Twelve!" rang across my ears.

I stood there just watching forgetting I was twelve. One of the dads shouted at me and pushed me to go. It clicked in my head and I ran out towards the group. I saw that John had taken the few seconds as an opportunity and he grabbed the ball and ran back. Not wasting anytime I darted through the group and reached him. He was twenty feet away their line when I grabbed him. "Got ya!" I shouted.

He turned around and smiled at me. "Too bad the ball is no longer in my hands," he said to me. I frowned as I saw that the ball was on the ground a few feet away. "You have to get me with the ball in hand."

I smiled, laughing at the same time. This game proved to be really fun. "Damn," I commented.

John laughed as the group swarmed around the ball and I was pushed back. I kept my eyes on John and he on me. I glanced down at the ball and glanced up back at John. "Try little bugger. I'll crush you," he taunted me.

I smiled back at him. I walked around the group. Someone picked up the ball and the shouting commenced. But the ball dropped again back to the ground. There was a small bit of confusion with the recent pick up. I saw the ball on the ground and I knelt down on the ground and crawled a few feet and grabbed the ball. Some people fell over and I crawled under someone's leg got up and booked it towards my team line. I glanced over my shoulder and John eyes got large and he sprinted after me. The shouts and screams came and I ran as fast as I could. I glance back once more and John's arms were outreached making a grab at me. Fuck! He was fast. I arched my back and swung my upper body to the side and his swinging right arm grab missed. I heard him swear and a burst of adrenalin rushed through me and my legs pushed forward with more energy and I crossed the finish line. I turned around and looked but I was swept up in John's arms as he carried me a few feet away. "Damn you're a fast bugger," he laughed.

"I was gonna say the same to you," I smiled. My face was sore from all the smiling and especially from the big smile I was giving John. He laughed.

Suddenly I realized he was still carrying me and the blood rushed to my face. Seeing the little discomfort on my face probably, John set me down. "Sorry didn't wanna mow you down. You look small and light enough to carry," he explained.

I laughed and handed him the ball. He walked back to his place after placing the ball at the center. The game went on for another two hours, which surprised me. It was a lot of fun. The time passed by really fast. I was laying on the ground exhausted from the game. I no longer felt hung over. Maybe that's what I need to do the next day after I drink. Do something vigorous and fun. Though I did feel really light headed and on the verge of passing out. I was having trouble breathing but after a few a deep breaths my lungs seemed to calm down. A shadow blocked my sun and I opened my eyes. Jason was standing there with a cup in each hand, with his left hand out reached to me and a smile on his face. "Here. It's fruit punch," he said to me.

I slowly took it. “Don’t worry it’s not spiked,” Ryan said as he walked up.

I smiled. “I wasn’t worried about that. I don’t want to intrude.”

“Are you kidding? We’re the ones who intruded. We force you to play a game which can take a lot out of you and to pay you back the least we can do is feed you something to drink to kill the thirst. I’m thirsty as hell, don’t tell me you aren’t,” Jason said.

I was thirsty, that was a fact. I nodded and took a long gulp from my cup and I guzzled the rest. The two guys smiled. They sat in front of me and I pulled myself up, crossed my legs in front of me and sat facing them. “You go to the *other* high school,” Ryan said, snidely emphasizing other.

I understood then who these guys were and why I haven’t seen them at school before. They went to the rival town high school. I grinned. “Right. Last I remember though that *other* high school beat this *loser* high school in football and basketball last year,” I chided.

“Damn burn,” Jason said as he shook his head. His dark brown hair shook slightly as he shook his head. Like Beau these two guys could easily be top rated guys, and they probably were at their school. I glanced at Ryan who had this displeased grin on his face. He turned to look at me and I looked away.

“Sorry. I wasn’t trying to be rude,” I said.

Jason laughed. “Like we care. It’s true you guys did beat us. It’ll be different this year.”

Ryan nodded and his smile changed into a playful one. “Uh huh,” I snorted.

“We will,” Ryan countered.

“Right,” I sarcastically said.

There was a pause and then laughter erupted. “You’re lucky we think you’re cool or we’d beat ya,” Ryan said.

I nodded with the grin still implanted on my face. I like these two guys too. They seemed easy going and laid back. We talked about our interests and compared schools. I found out I was speaking to two jocks of the rival high school. I seem to find myself such odd friends. I sighed and shook the thought away. Why do those kind of folks find me so interesting? I should be a loser wishing I was one of them. By the time I left it was getting dark. Jason and Ryan both gave me their numbers and I gave them mine. They asked for mine first. Though I thought it was odd they said I was cool and we should hang out, outside of family and friend gatherings. I smiled as I drove away. I just made two new friends all by myself. A chuckle escaped my lips. A vibrating noise made me look at my passenger seat. My cell phone was vibrating. I picked it up and answered it. “Hello?”

“Damn where the hell are you?!” the familiar voice screamed into my ear.

“Shit, you trying to make me deaf Beau?” I asked him.

“What the fuck? Where are you? Are you okay?” he asked me this time in a calmer voice.

“I’m going home right now. I’m okay why wouldn’t I be?”

Beau sighed a breath of relief. “We went to go check up on you at James’ place thinking we can join but James said you weren’t feeling well and well you had that doctor’s appointment and so I just thought,” he paused.

“Whose we?” I asked. There was a long pause on other side. “Beau whose we?” I repeated.

“Me and Lawrence.” A smile jerked at the corner of my mouth. He was jealous I was spending time with someone else other than him. Jeez if he was like this I wonder what it’d be like to date him. Thank God I’m not some petite cute girl. I snickered at my own thought. “What’s so funny?”

“Nothing.”

“Wait if you weren’t with James and you weren’t home... what did you do for six hours today?” Beau asked me.

I blinked. Six hours? I spent six hours with Jason and Ryan? Holy shit that was a fucking long ass time. “Drove around.”

“For six hours?” I could hear the disbelief in his voice.

“Yeah.”

“You sure you’re okay?” Beau asked once more.

“Yeah.”

“Well why didn’t you hang out with James today?”

“I wasn’t up for it. Didn’t feel well then,” I told him. Was it me or did the conversation seem to be going nowhere. I needed time to think. Is that so hard to believe? I mean I know James had plain good old intentions but still it still felt weird to have some guy crushing on you and then you head over to his place all alone. Yeah movie and video games sounds like kissing and sex in code, which was something I didn’t think I want just yet. I kinda like to be a virgin.

Just because high school kids are expected to explore and become sluts doesn't mean I have to become one damn it.

Freaking James. I couldn't understand his thinking. I knew what made him comfortable though. My little fucking ploy in the bathroom, that gave him the courage to fucking feel me up, tease me, make me uncomfortable. Now I have to reap what I sowed. If I have never done that he would have been that shy person secretly crushing on me. At least from what Han said that's what it would have sounded like. Great going Kan. As I said before I ain't the brightest when it comes to signals.

"You should go get checked again, if you didn't feel well."

I sighed. "Beau I fucking was hung over this afternoon. Of course I wouldn't feel well. Should I have gone to the hospital and said 'I'm hung over, please help me'?"

"Sorry forgot you drank yourself to oblivion last night," he paused.

"Uh hmm."

"So you just drove around for six hours?" he repeated.

What the hell?! "So you just drove around for six hours?" I mimicked him. "Jeez Beau, yes! What's your deal? I'm okay. I'm going home and I'm gonna take a shower to wash this sweat and then go to sleep."

"Sweat?"

I screamed in my mind. What the fuck is this guy thinking? I was thoroughly irritated. I didn't know why but it was also beginning to piss me off. "Yes I went and had hot sweaty sex. It was great. I mean great!" I shouted into the phone. There was a silent pause on the other line. The pause was too long. "Beau?"

I heard him clear his throat and he responded, "Yeah. So sex huh?"

Jeez. He was being weird and for some reason the anger disappeared from me and I just felt confused. "No of course not. I drove around. Parked here and there and wandered around. I just wanted alone time, with no one," I half lied.

"You wanna talk about it?" he asked me.

"Not really," I honestly said to him. I pulled up to my house and noticed that my porch light was on. Of course Beau was sitting at my front porch steps. I hung up the phone. I watched him. He said something into the phone and this confused look masked his face and he glanced at his phone. He didn't even notice me drive up. I smiled at that fact. I got out of the car and walked up to him and from hearing my footsteps he looked up. A smile crossed his face

and he stood up. I return his smile and walked around him and unlocked my door. He placed his hands on my shoulder and leaned onto me. I shrugged off his hands and walked in.

I shook my head. He was really touchy and feely for some reason. I never realized it before until I overheard Celes and Lindsey talk about it one day. Then I noticed the touches too, though they have always been there. It was strange at first when I first thought about it. But then I realized that's how Beau was with me ever since I could remember so I thought nothing of it. Fuck people, they can think whatever they want. Beau and I just have a different level of friendship.

I headed straight upstairs to my bedroom. I heard Beau following me. "You can go home you know. Trust me I'm okay," I said as I turn to him throwing my shirt into the hamper in the corner. His gaze swept my bare skin and I turned around with my back facing him. Yes I know I'm fucking thin you don't have to fucking stare. Though if it was a few years earlier I would have been thinner, like skin and bones skinny. My hands use to be able to wrap around my biceps, now I have a three inch gap between my fingers. Thanks god for Tae Kwon Do and Judo. It made me fit and gave me motivation to work out though the classes themselves were a work out. I needed to bulk up. Of course like most physical punishment it was to up my self image and it did. I think I look better. At least I'm not just cute anymore. I hated that: cute. That's what you use to describe kids and babies but now at least I have a little bit of muscle. I unbutton my pants and slipped them off.

"I have no means of going home," Beau finally responded.

"How did you get here?" I asked without turning around as I picked up my towel hanging from the closet door and headed into the bathroom leaving the door slightly open. Thank you dad for giving me the master bedroom. I smiled as I could still continue the conversation.

"Lawrence dropped me off," Beau said.

His voice was close. I knew he had walked over to sit next to the door. He didn't come in because he knew I liked my privacy. I took off my boxer and brief and turn the water on. I left my left hand hanging under the shower stream waiting for the perfect temperature to get in. A few seconds later I slipped in.

"You guys hung out today?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"Oh. What did you guys do?" I asked him.

"Xbox."

I nodded and smiled. Beau sucked at our group game and yet he still plays. "How many times did you die?" I snickered.

“Shut up,” Beau rebutted but I could hear the smile in his voice.

I smiled but then my smile turned into a frown. He came over to James place? Even when I told him, or at least hinted, not to. I sighed. Of course this had to be Lawrence doing. Well whatever the more the merrier. I just didn't want to be there with Beau and James. That would have been awkward. “You guys do anything else?” I asked as I rinsed the conditioner out of my hair.

“No. We decided to come join you guys, but you weren't there,” he paused, “and then I kinda freaked out and thought you were sick somewhere.”

I shook my head. Of course he would do that. “Right cause,” I stopped. I couldn't find what I wanted to say. “Never mind.”

“What, your b-,” he paused for a split second, “best friend can't worry about you.”

I sighed yet again. Of course you can. Maybe I was being thoughtless about this. I turned the water off and stepped out. Grabbing the towel I began to dry myself. He did have the right to worry. I did just go to the hospital to get some blood testing done. Results should be in a few days the doctor says. Though I'm certain there's nothing wrong with me Beau would of course still worry. Wrapping the towel around my waist, I walked out of the door, walking past the sitting Beau, and walked into my closet retrieving a clean pair of boxer and underwear. I quickly slipped them on and grabbed a tee shirt and slipped it on. I walked out of the closet and I could feel Beau's eyes on me. Walking towards my laptop I pushed the power button. I sat in the computer chair and spun around to face Beau. “Should I take you home?” I asked him.

“Do you want me to go?” he asked me.

I shrugged. “I don't care. It's up to you.”

I stared at him and he held my gaze. I arched my brow at him and a smile spread across his face. “There's nothing to do at home,” he said.

I nodded and turn back around to enter my password. “Okay,” was my simple response.

I quickly logged on those two famous social sites. Ever popular addicting facespace. I loved the two sites. I could hear Beau getting up to watch me over my shoulder. I had a friend request. Clicking on it I found James was requesting to be my friend, I laughed. I felt Beau's left hand on my shoulder. I clicked accept and I swore Beau's grip seem to tighten on my shoulder. But that sounds stupid doesn't it. I realized that James profile was set to private so I just accepted the request and went back to my home page. “Hey let's see James' profile,” Beau commented.

I shrugged. “It's James. We already know him.”

“I know but still, I still wanna see his profile. See what he did with it.”

I thought about it but decided no. James had his profile set to private for a reason. I wasn't about to invade that trust and privacy. I respected people's space. Quickly before Beau decided to take things into his own hands I logged out of the website. Beau realizing what I was doing reached for my hand, as he shouted his objection, to grab the mouse. I stood up, laughing, and pushed him back as I clicked log out. He leaned in and I could feel his weight shifting over. Letting go of the mouse, with Beau's right hand gripping my right wrist, I turn and pushed with all my strength. Beau fell down on my bed pulling me down with him. I pushed myself upwards, but Beau quickly rolled up and over me and I found myself under Beau in seconds. He laid on top of me. I tried to push him off but it didn't work. Quickly I felt his legs wrap around me and his left arm pinned my chest down. I then realized that he had both of my wrists in his right hand above my head. He was smiling and laughing now. “Let me go,” I commanded trying to sound serious.

He smirked and leaned in. “Why don't you break free yourself,” he whispered into my ear.

I sighed in frustration and tried to jerk myself forward. As I was doing this Beau decided to be gross as he bit my ear and licked the flesh inside his mouth. Of course I screamed in protest. “What the fuck!” I twisted my head and tried to hold my head against my left shoulder, where the assault was taking place. I could hear his snicker. My ear was still in his mouth and his warm breath was seeping into my ear and neck. I screamed out in frustration. “Beau you fucking dirty bastard! Get the fuck off of me!”

Like a child I could hear his nasal sound of “uh uh.” His tongue swept across my trapped ear again. “FUCK!” I screamed as I held the word in the air for what seemed like minutes. I jerked my head away, feeling the stretch of my ear. I didn't care what happened I just needed to free my ear. Just when I thought my ear was going to rip off Beau released his bite. Angry and frustrated I did what any stupid angry unthinking pissed off guy would do. I head butted Beau with as much force I could gather in my trapped position. The clonk of our heads meeting sounded through the room and Beau immediately released me as he rolled over to my left. I heard him whisper a fuck as he rolled away from me rubbing the spot where my head met his, his fucking forehead. The spot on my head was throbbing and I felt like I had a minor headache. I rolled away from Beau and rubbed my sore spot. Beau looked up at me with a frown on his face. “What did you do that for?” he harshly asked.

“You fucking dirty prick. You deserved it,” I snapped.

He stared at me. Annoyance burning in his eyes. I glared back at him. The annoyance quickly disappeared though and a smile spread across his face. I still glared at him as I stood up to go to the bathroom. Leaning over the sink I washed my left ear with water to clean Beau's mouth off. “Oh come on. I don't have a disease,” Beau laughed.

“Rabies.”

Beau laughed. “Okay really.”

I flipped him my middle finger. I dried my ear with a towel and climbed on to my bed. Making a place for myself I crawled over Beau and grabbed the remote. As I grabbed the remote I remember I was reaching over Beau. Quickly I withdrew myself and sat against my pillows. I turned the TV on and crawled under my covers. Beau got off the bed and peeled off his shirt. “What are you doing?” I asked him.

“Stripping down. What does it look like?”

“For what?”

He stared at me and gave me this look that seems to say ‘duh.’ I stared at him. “For bed,” he replied. I shook my head. “Where am I suppose to sleep then?” I pointed out the door. “Fuck you,” he chuckled.

“I’m sure you want to,” I snidely responded. He paused and gave me this unreadable look. I cast my glance from his face. I found myself staring at his define chest and his sculpted abs. His arms were decent size too. I noticed then that he proceeded to undo his pants and he slip them off. He had a happy trail, the hair trail, leading down disappearing under his grey boxer briefs. The bulge in his boxer brief was of a flaccid bulge but the protrusion still seem large to me. I cast my glance away and turned to the TV. Hopefully Beau didn’t see me checking him out. It’d be awkward. I felt the sheets being lifted and he crawled in. He scooted closer to me and I turn towards him. “What are you doing?” I asked him again.

“I’m about to fall off the bed. Jeez. Give me some room,” he said as he scooted even closer to me.

I sighed. “Alright but I ain’t cuddling. You aren’t my freaking boyfriend and I’m not your girlfriend.”

“Fine.”

I nodded and continued to watch the TV. Pretty soon though I fell asleep to the sound of the TV in the background.

Hopefully you all have enjoyed the story so far. I’m sorry if this story bored some of you (although some of you say you can’t stop reading it even so) but I like my story to be realistic. I’m not going to put in random things to make it “interesting”... things like school shootings (it’s kind of super unrealistic... did a bit of research, school shootings are rare. Though they shouldn’t be unimportant just not likely... or am I going to write about back stabbing friends

who get back together after they stab each other to death in the back... just to create more drama... really if someone screwed me over I'll never trust them again and I'll drop them like the crap they are. So there, to anyone else who is wondering. I want to write a story that can be realistic enough that people can relate to it. Again questions and comments are always welcomed at anauthor@live.com . The updates are going to be slower in getting there since I'm still in the process of writing. (instead of every two days maybe once a week or every other week) Yes it does get more eventful now. Slowly but getting there. Enjoy and I hope to hear more from everyone. Thanks for reading I appreciate it.

-John