

# *Kidnapped My Heart*

## *Chapter One*

*My name is Kourtney Lynn Akers. I'm sixteen and I have one younger sister. I live with my mother, who got remarried when I was fifteen. My father remarried when I was eight. I haven't talked to him since. I'm in the eleventh grade and I don't have a boyfriend. I am very athletic and I am on the track team. I'm the fastest runner on the team. I make pretty close to straight A's and I'd consider myself popular. I have a pretty large circle of friends. I was homecoming queen this year and helped with the float, I was on in the parade. My best friend is Charlette Amber Daniels. We've been friends since the seventh grade. She's like a sister to me. She was the one who talked me into taking creative writing class, so you all can thank her for that. She even helped me write this. She's a much better writer than me.*

And so read my first assignment for my creative writing class. The assignment was to tell all about ourselves in a single paragraph. I have a slight problem writing about myself. I'm not good at crawling into my own brain and pulling out my history, my likes, my hobbies, and so on, but I managed a little something because the paper was due today and I had to read it in front of the class

"Kourtney," Miss Evans called.

I walked up to the front of the room, masked my nervous edge with a wonderful façade of confidence, and plowed through the fairly short paragraph with ease. "Very good, Ms. Akers" Miss Evans said. I nodded and handed her my paper.

This was my last class of the day and I was lucky enough to be the last person to present. There were about five minutes left until the final bell, so being the cool teacher she is, Miss Evans let us talk for the remainder of the period.

When the bell rang I was the first one out of my seat, I was the second out the door and the first to my section of lockers. I put up my notebook, which was all that was required for the class, that and a pencil, and got my bag. I checked my hair and makeup in my locker mirror before heading out to my paint splattered, bug.

I decided on taking a trip to the mall, my mother wouldn't mind, she had to work late anyway. I shopped around for a few hours before heading to the food court. It wasn't as crowded as normal, but when I got my food I snagged a table towards the back anyway.

I was just about finished with my meal, when a pale, blue eyed, boy sat down at my table, across from me. "Hello, there," I said studying him. He had long black hair that sort of hung in his eyes and his body type was long and lean. He had a small scar on his left cheek. He looked like a pretty average guy. No one I would ever look twice at.

"Hi, mind if I sit here?" He asked surprisingly polite.

"Do I have a choice?"

He laughed a dry almost humorless laugh, "No, you don't."

"Okay then." I eyed him suspiciously and finished eating.

He seemed really occupied with his phone until I stood up, my chair scraped across the floor hurting my, beyond, sensitive ears and his too apparently. He jumped up.

"Where are you going?" He asked sounding worried.

"Well, strange boy, as fun as this has been, I'm done eating and I am going home," I said picking up my tray.

"My name is Tyler. What is your name?"

"Listen, Tyler, did one of your buddies dare you, or did they make a bet that you had to talk to the prettiest girl in the food court?" I asked impatiently.

"Something like that," he said with a slight trace of a smirk, "I believe you did not answer my question."

"Kourtney," I said, walking away. I disposed of my tray and headed for the exit into the main parking lot.

When I was pulling out, I noticed Tyler leaned against a car, I'm assuming was his, watching me. He creeped me out, his bottomless blue eyes seemed to pierce right through me. I shuddered and turned onto the main road.

I stopped by Kroger to rent a movie that I would most likely watch alone. I stood waiting in the never ending line for the RedBox. Eventually, I got up to the machine and scrolled through the small selection twice before finding a suitable movie. I selected it then swiped my credit card. The machine was unusually slow at spitting out my movie and I began searching the parking lot, out of bored curiosity, mistake number one.

I saw those familiar pair of blue eyes were trained on me. I began to wonder if he was stalking me. A bone chilling shiver rolled down my spine and I quickly turned to face the machine. It spit my movie out finally and I snatched it out of the dispensing tray. I thought maybe if I went into Kroger long enough he would get the message and leave me alone.

Once inside, I went to the one isle I knew he wouldn't dare follow me into. No guy in their right mind would, the feminine isle. I pretended to browse there for a while and moved to the dog food isle, somewhere else I thought unlikely.

Finally, I went outside feeling it was safe and realized it was dark, mistake number two. I made it halfway to my bug when he approached me. I gave him a worried glance and kept walking. No one else was in the parking lot and I was terrified. That was mistake number three.

He ran in front of me and blocked any chance of escape. He then proceeded to jerk me up by my shirt and pin me to my bug. I had no idea what his plans were, but I knew I had no chance in fighting him, so I decided to let him do what was on his dirty agenda and maybe just maybe he wouldn't kill me. I should have screamed.

I waited for him to tear at my clothes, but all he did was rip the neck of my turtle neck. He dipped his head down and pressed his lips to my neck. 'What a sick-o' I thought, but he didn't kiss my neck. He searched up and down in until he found the spot he was looking for and opened his mouth. He bit me and then it hit me.

He. Was. A. Vampire. And there was a good chance that. I. Would. Not. Survive.

It didn't feel like I thought it would. It didn't hurt; it wasn't really the greatest feeling ever either. Just numb. He latched on and began draining me of my precious blood. I just felt numb, my eyes rolled up into my head, and I sagged against him. He put one hand on the back of my neck to hold me head up and steadied the rest of my body with the other hand.

I heard a ding from far away and a voice that seemed even further away. I heard the voice shout "Hey mate, what are you doing?"

His head jerked slightly in the voice's direction, that motion ripping my skin. That stung. My neck felt warm and gooey as my blood seeped down my neck. "Leave her alone, mate!" The voice threatened, getting closer. The voice was running towards me. I heard the owner's feet slapping against the pavement.

He dropped me and ran. I collapsed to the ground. My head bounced off the cool pavement slightly causing my teeth to rattle and I shut my eyes tightly.

"Hey, Kourtney! Kourtney, are you okay?" the voice got closer and I recognized it, "Oh, my God, Kourtney, what did he do to you?"

It was Stephen, my very Australian, friend. I slurred, "I'll be okay just a little scratch. He pulled a knife on me. That's all."

He pulled me into his lap and pressed a torn piece of his shirt to my neck. "That is a big deal, Kourtney. That bloke could have killed you!"

"But he didn't," I said. I knew I couldn't tell Stephen he was a vampire because, well, he wouldn't believe me. No one would. Well, maybe my grandmother would but that

wouldn't help me now.

"You're right," He said knowing better to argue with me.

"Thank you for saving me," I said tiredly. I realized for the first time just how drained I felt.

"No problem, Kourt. Let me drive you to the hospital, okay?"

My eyes flew open, "No!" I shouted my eyes widening. I could not go to the hospital. I just could not.

"But-"

"No, no, no. Take me home," I said shaking my head. It hurt.

"Okay, calm down. I'll take you home and then your mum can decide whether you need to go. How's that?"

"Yeah, that's fine," I said shutting my eyes and I sagged in his lap, falling into a deep sleep. The last thing that passed through my mind was my creative writing paper.

*My name is Kourtney Lynn Akers. I'm sixteen and I have one younger sister. I live with my mother...*

## *Chapter Two*

My eyes fluttered open and the first face I saw was my moms. "She's awake," she called over her shoulder to her husband, James.

"Can I have some water?" I asked in a small voice. I scanned the room. Kennidy, my little sister, was there and I was sprawled across the couch.

I heard James get some water from the fridge, and then he dug around in a drawer, to get a straw I assumed. Then he handed it to her. I was right, there was a bendy straw.

"Here you go honey. Feeling any better?" she asked handing me the glass. I took a long drink.

"Yes," I said my voice almost sounding normal. "How long have I been asleep?" I took another drink and did a quick body assessment. Nothing was broken, but I realized I had thick gauze taped to my neck. James' doing I'm sure, considering he is a nurse.

"Two days," Mom said softly. She brushed my damp hair out of my face.

"No wonder I was so thirsty," I thought out loud.

Mom gave a strained chuckle. "Are you hungry? Do you think you can eat?"

"Yes and, yes." My stomach growled in agreement. Kennidy bounded down the hall to her room and Mom got up to go to the kitchen with James on her heels. "I'm going to take a shower," I called to my mom as she started cooking.

I got up slowly, still feeling pretty weak from the blood loss and hunger. I padded carefully down the stairs, to my room. I grabbed my toiletries and headed into the bathroom. I pulled the curtain back, turned on the hot water, and stripped.

I scrubbed away the dried blood from my neck and hair watching it pool up in sadistic little puddles before swirling down the drain. I hated the smell of dried blood it made my empty stomach turn. After I was clean I dried off and wrapped towel around my head before inspecting my wounds. I pulled the tape back carefully fearing it would hurt, and let out a shocked gasp. There were fading large angry pink lines, from where his teeth tore my skin. But that's just it, they were just lines. It looked as though it happened weeks ago and not two days ago.

"Kourtney," Mom called from the top of the stairs, "Your food is ready."

"I'll be right there," I said barely loud enough for her to hear. Distractedly, I stared at the

lines for a few more seconds and then fastened the gauze-and-tape Band-Aid back.

I walked into my room and rummaged through my drawers until I found a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. Then went upstairs, quietly thinking about my wounds, and guessing it must be the venom.

I ate as much as I could without gorging myself and asked to be excused. I told my mom I was going to tell all my friends that I was okay and awake, but I really just turned on music and tried to block out the horrific events of the last few days.

\* \* \* \* \*

I checked my wounds periodically over the next few days and they were completely healed. I decided to pay Grandma a visit. She had told me stories when I was little and not your average stories either. They were stories about the women in our family and in other families. Stories I disregarded until now, because if vampires are real then what she said has to be true.

"Hola, cachorro," My grandma greeted me in her native tongue. I remembered something I forgot to add to my creative writing paper, that I was Hispanic and that my nickname was cachorro which means cub.

"Hola, Abuela," I replied. "I need to talk to you."

"About what, novio?" She asked, noticing the gauze I wore as a pretense. "What happened?" She asked concerned.

"I'll explain in a minute. Do you have a fire going?" I asked slipping my jacket off and hanging it on the coat rack.

"Yes, I do, novio. Come in, come in"

I took a seat on the rug in front of the fire and she sat in the rocking chair beside me.

"Abuela, you're going to think I'm crazy," I began. She shook her head and signaled for me to continue.

She listened to what I had to say without interrupting and when I was done she said, "Well, cachorro, do you remember the stories I told you when you were little?"

"Vaguely," I admitted.

"Every other generation of women in our family turns into a powerful werewolf. There are about five families that do too. The women do because they are strong willed, brave, think things out, and don't pick petty fights- when it matters -like men do," She told me bluntly with no preamble.

"Oh, yeah, now I remember. Are you saying those stories are true, Grandma?"

She nodded.

"I'm guessing I'm the next one?"

She nodded.

"Does Mom know?"

"No, Teresa doesn't know."

"How does this apply to my bite? And how fast it's healing? Isn't it the vampire's venom?"

"No, cachorro, it's the werewolf in you. The Vampires venom should have no effect on you."

"Oh. When will I change?"

"Your next birthday."

"Which is Christmas!" I realized gulping. Realizing what she said, my head started spinning. I had a million questions and no idea how to ask them. "Will I be a werewolf all the time?"

"No, only for three reasons: If you're outside at night during a Full Moon, when you're absolutely furious, and when the temperature is below freezing."

"Will I be able to have children?"

"Yes, when you haven't changed in at least one month you will be able to conceive, but if you change, while you're pregnant, you will lose the child. But you won't be pregnant any time soon, will you?" She asked me seriously.

I shook my head, "Of course not, Grandma. I'm only sixteen going on seventeen and besides I don't even have a boyfriend."

"Good. Any more questions?"

"Not that I can think of at the moment."

"Well of you think of anything I'll be in the kitchen, I'm going to make some hot chocolate. I bet you feel like you can't warm your bones up, don't you?"

"Exactly, is that part of being a werewolf?"

"It means the Change is upon you," she explained getting up and walking in the kitchen.

I turned towards the fire, pulled my legs up, and wrapped my arms around my knees. I laid my head on my knees and shut my eyes thinking. I thought of my paper and wondered where I could fit in that I was about to turn into a werewolf. Maybe after I said I was sixteen. I could have said; I'm sixteen going on seventeen going on werewolf. I'm sure Miss Evans would thoroughly enjoy that. It sounds pretty creative to me.

Me a werewolf. Who would have thought it? A pretty, smart, girl who was homecoming queen her junior year, will be werewolf her senior year. I'm usually lucky, obviously. I win all kinds of things so why did I lose? Why did I suddenly get dealt a crappy hand?

I kept on thinking like this until Grandma tapped me on the shoulder and handed me a steaming mug of hot chocolate. I took a drink and felt it seep through my bones, warming them. I now realized how thirsty I was. After I finished the cup I was still thirsty.

I made up a bogus excuse that she bought and went home. I don't know why thought, I was safer at Grandmas. She knew things.

I drank three bottles of water and my thirst subsided a bit so I went to bed, thinking about my creative writing paper.

*My name is Kourtney Lynn Akers. I'm sixteen.. Going on seventeen going on the mystical creature known as oh I don't know a werewolf..*

### *Chapter Three*

My senses were growing more and more acute during the week. Being thirsty all the time hadn't improved either. I just pinned it on being werewolf because my birthday was so close, but on Friday I recognized something strange.

I had been able to hear my heart beat since the third day, but Friday my heart seemed to get weak. It stuttered and stopped for a moment and then it was barely audible and it beat few times per minute. I was sure this was not normal.

I texted grandma knowing she would have the answer.

**No novio that's not normal ur heart should b strong as a horse and beating even faster than b4. Is there ne thing else odd going on?**

**Yeah, I've been really thirsty. What is going on abuela?**

**How long ago were u bitten by that vamp?**

**It was a week ago, last Friday why?**

**U have 2 find that vamp. I think ur becoming 1**

**Are you serious?**

**Yes Kourtney I wouldn't joke about these kinds of things.**

She called me Kourtney, she must be serious. Well great now not only am I werewolf, but now I'm turning into a vampire. I guess I won't be going to the Winter Formal this weekend. I'll be vampire hunting.

## *Chapter Four*

I decided on Saturday to go to the places I saw the vampire. If only I could remember his name. The piercing blue eyes and the pale skin, I remember, but not his name. Tyrone, no, he wasn't black. Taylor, no, that's not it. Tyler, yes, it was Tyler alright.

I got in my car and drove warily to the mall. Once I was inside, I took a deep breath and went to the food court. I went to the middle of the large, square room and looked around. Even in my hearts weak state it thudded and went into over drive when I saw a boy from behind. He was about the same height and I think the hair color was right.

I wove through people and tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around and my heart stopped briefly, but returned to normal when I saw it wasn't him.

His face twitched into a smile. "Well, hello, there. How can I help you?"

I shook my head, "Sorry, I thought you were someone else."

"I can be whoever you want me to be."

"Wow, that's the cheesiest line I've heard in a long time," I said to his face and headed back to the parking lot.

He wasn't at the mall so maybe he would be at Kroger. I wished I knew more about him like where he hangs out, or even where he lives would be helpful. It would be beyond helpful actually, but I've never seen him at school and I don't have his last name.

I circled the parking lot. I was unsuccessful. I parked to return my majorly late RedBox movie. I hadn't been out of the house, except to see Grandma, since I had my encounter with Tyler. Even his name made my gut twist and plunge.

I walked into Kroger and browsed around trying to find him, but I still had no luck. I decided to try going to the park tomorrow to search for him.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I arrived at the park it was unusually early, and I was loaded up on coffee. I sat on a bench and wore dark sunglasses and a nice, warm, puffy parka and my hair was slicked back in a neat ponytail. I felt like a P. I.

I scanned through the random crowds of people. There was an elderly man sitting on the bench opposite me, feeding the birds with wonder bread. They surrounded him in flocks, looking like a scene straight out of a movie. There was a couple laying on a blanket

making out hard core. And there were old people with their arms linked walking on the path.

After a few hours I was losing my buzz so I began walking down the path through the park. I stared up at the trees, mostly, but had my ears on full alert. I loved how they were barren and snow covered. Central Park is always such a beautiful place in the winter.

It started getting dark and if you're a fan of movies you know what goes on after dark in this lovely park. The difference is like black and white.

It was getting darker and darker with every passing minute and I saw two figures moving towards me. This I did not like. I kept my head down and kept my pace. I thought about turning tail and running, but I knew I wouldn't be fast enough.

We started getting closer to one another and I knew that they weren't going to leave me alone. This might end with me bloody and broken. That's a grim outlook, but what can I say I'm a romantic.

They were now just a few foot steps away from me and I could now make out that one was tall and blonde, the other was shorter with a reddish tint to his hair. Then all of a sudden the tall blonde one rushed me as quickly as Tyler had and pinned me down. My head banged against the concrete and my eyes shut briefly, but then they flashed open and I was on my feet in a low crouch, my teeth bared, before Blondie could react. I let a low feral growl out. Blondie jumped back a few paces.

The shorter red-haired one said, "This must be the girl that Tyler left. She wasn't dead like he thought."

"I think you're right, Micah. She looked so tasty too," He said licking his lips getting a good laugh from Micah.

I just stared at them blankly. "I guess I am. Tyler sure thought so. Too bad he didn't finish me off," I spat not even thinking about it.

He snarled, "You've got a mouth on you don't you? Have you figured out what you are, yet?" He asked slumping into a loose crouch.

"That I'm a vampire! Did your precious Tyler also know that on Christmas I will change into a werewolf?" I immediately regretted giving out that tad bit of information.

He knocked me down with a swift kick to the gut. "You're a what?"

I swallowed, no taking it back now. "Werewolf! It's in my blood."

"Impossible," He said holding me down with his foot on my rib cage. That felt amazing, not.

"Obviously not. I bet if you smell my blood carefully you can smell it!" I grabbed his ankle and twisted hard in an attempt to get him off me.

He, apparently, did not like that and delivered a crushing blow to the rib cage again. I gasped for air and coughed up a little blood, apparently I was still a little human. "That wasn't smart little girl. I do smell a strange quality to it," he said looking at the red-haired boy.

"I told you," I said looking over at the red-haired boy, Micah, and tried giving him a pleading look. My adrenaline was wearing off I guess and I wanted this to be over.

"Let up, Vance. We don't want her dead! I can hold restrain her and you can ask questions."

"Good point," he said to Micah then he turned back to me, "Lucky for you girl."

I let a low growl, from my belly, seep out. He just jerked me up and threw me at Micah. I was not as strong as them, yet, and I felt hurt and tired. I just wanted this to be over. Micah wrapped his strong arms around my wrists, careful to steer clear of my, surely bruised, rib cage. I was thankful for that. He didn't seem as hot tempered which was odd with him being a red head and all.

I leaned against Micah tiredly and tilted my head back. "Do you know where I can find Tyler? I need to talk to him."

He just snorted, "Did you really think we were going to let you go just like that?" He asked harshly.

"I didn't know what you were going to do with me, jerk."

"Easy," Micah whispered just barely loud enough for me to hear, even with my heightened senses.

"We are going to take you to Tyler," he said through his teeth. He waved his hand dismissively. "Micah, you take her to the car I'm still getting my meal."

"Okay." He picked me up and I could tell he was thinking about slinging me over his shoulder for a second and then remembered my, probably fractured, ribs and carried me bridal style to the car. I just leaned against his chest.

"Why don't you put up a fight?"

"I wanted to see Tyler any way and I don't have it in me at the moment. I'm feeling a little drained."

"You are getting bags under your eyes have you hunted yet?"

I blinked at him, "Hunted?"

"You're a changing into a vampire, honey, you need to hunt."

"Hunt what? Humans?"

"Yes, well, if you're not comfortable with that you can live off of animals. Don't say anything, but that's what I do sometimes."

"I have no idea how to hunt."

"Either Tyler or I will teach you. I think it will be fun having a girl in our coven. "

"Coven?" I asked him confused.

"That's a name for a group of vampires. Don't you know anything about vampires at all?"

I felt stupid, "Not really, just that they drink blood, can't be in sunlight, and sleep in coffins." I admitted.

He laughed so hard he almost dropped me. "Have you been reading you're Bram Stoker?"

"No, I'm guessing you guys are different?"

"Good guess, we can go out in light. Has your eyes been bothering you while you were in the sun?"

I remembered my dark glasses. They weren't just to keep me semi-disguised, the sun killed my head. I nodded.

"It just makes us really uncomfortable and while we are still changing it gives us headaches. I suppose it still does once we do, but you feel pain in a different way once you change."

"Oh."

"We only sleep for a few hours, so no crazy coffins or anything like that. We obviously need blood to survive, but it doesn't have to be fresh or human. We don't have to kill our prey. We also have a toxin in our tongues that if we lick the wound the venom won't spread through the body and make them a vampire. I guess Tyler didn't get to do that?"

"No, my friend saw what he was doing, well what he thought he was doing, and came running."

"What exactly does he think happened?"

"That Tyler was trying to rape me and I wouldn't cooperate so he pulled a knife on me."

"Oh, why didn't you tell the truth?" We were at the car and he opened the door with one hand and set me down.

"I had to. He would think I was crazy. I thought I was crazy. I also sort of wanted.. wanted to protect him from knowing that these things really exist," I said slipping in the back seat.

"Did you know before?" He asked, slipping in beside me and shutting the door.

"My grandma told me stories about werewolves, but I disregarded them until I realized Tyler was a vampire."

"Oh."

I was very tired. I laid my head in his lap and went to sleep. My mind drifted on my paper.

*Sixteen going on seventeen going on werewolf going on vampire*

## *Chapter Five*

The ride wasn't that long, but maybe that's because I slept the whole way. I woke up in Micah's strong arms, feeling a little more rested; he was carrying me down a long dark tunnel.

"Where are we going?" I asked barely above a whisper.

"To our home." He said it like I was an idiot, but how was I supposed to know it would be underground?

"I can walk."

"Are you sure?"

"Yeah."

He sat me down carefully and I staggered at first because I was stiff from sleep, but I was fine after a few steps.

Vance didn't seem to notice me, which I was thankful for, so I kept close my Micah's side. The tunnel seemed stretch on forever and then finally we came upon downward steps. Vance jumped down gracefully landing on the balls of his feet, in a low crouch. Micah followed him in the same manor.

"You can jump and I'll catch you," Micah hollered up to me.

"Okay," I said unsure. I took a few steps backward and then ran forward, pulling my legs up underneath me. He caught me with an oof and set me on my feet.

"Why are you so nice to the girl?" Vance hissed.

"Because she never did anything to me to deserve otherwise," Micah hissed back. Vance growled at him and pushed forward.

We walked a little further, then we took a left and the tunnel opened up into a huge, dimly lit room. Tyler was lounging on a black sofa watching a movie of some sort. "Ah, so nice of you to join us, Kourtney," he greeted without looking away from the TV.

"I needed to talk to you," I stated aggressively. I knew that's the only way I'd be able to do this.

"Oh, is that so? Well, I am all ears," he said standing up and walking over to me.

"Did you know that I'll be a werewolf?" I asked in a rush.

"What?" He said his calm manor shifted.

"I haven't changed yet, but it's in my blood. I will change on Christmas."

"I can't believe it.."

"Well, I am."

He sniffed around causing his eyes widened. He obviously smelled it. "Tell me what I need to know about being a vampire, if or when I change all the way I need to know what's going on. Micah filled me in on the sun and sleep and a touch on hunting."

He took a few steps backwards creating a normal speaking distance. "There's not much else, except we have super speed, super strength, and excellent vision and hearing."

"When do I finish changing?"

"In another week."

"What will happen when I do?"

"I have no idea," he admitted. His cool demeanor was reforming, but not as confident as before.

I sighed. "That's crap."

"No one's ever been so careless to bite a werewolf before," Vance spat.

Tyler was on Vance in a second flat. He slammed him onto the hard ground. Then in a flash Vance had Tyler in a chokehold up against the wall. They fought it out at a super human pace, too fast for human eyes; I was barely able to keep up. And as quickly as it started it ended. Tyler straightened into a normal stance and adjusted his shirt, "I am truly sorry for our barbaric behavior, it was terribly rude."

"I think I have all the information I need, and I know where to find you if I need anything else. So I'll be going now," I said backing towards the door.

"Ah, ah, ah, my dear, you aren't leaving. You are a part of our coven now."

"I can't just leave my family, my friends, my school! I might be part vampire and maybe werewolf, but I can't leave all that! I still need my education! I'm not planning on living in shadows my whole life I want to be out there in the world!"

"We will give you until you fully change into a vampire to be with your family and friends, but then you will have to come live with us. If you turn into a wolf then you are free to leave."

"Fair enough," I said crossing my fingers behind my back.

"See you Friday, Kourtney," he said bowing and then returning to his movie. Vance was licking his wounds in the corner of the room, figuratively of course.

I booked it out of there and then I was running through the tunnel, up the stairs, through the next tunnel, and finally outside. I hailed a cab and arrived home around midnight.

Everyone was asleep by that time so I, grabbed a bottle of water, and crept down to my room and crawled into bed.

## Chapter Six

When I returned to school I warned my friends that I may or may not be going on vacation, meaning I may or may not be apprehended by Tyler and his coven. *I just wish it was closer to my birthday, but it's still a whole two and a half months.* That thought depressed me, but also made me a little relieved.

I have two and a half months to figure out what will happen when I turn into a werewolf, while I'm a vampire. I talked to grandma and she informed me I wouldn't change until the exact minute I was born. So I wouldn't turn into wolf until 11:59.

I sat through Chemistry, bored out of my mind, for some reason it could not hold my attention. I propped my head up on my hand and absentmindedly tapped my finger nails on the desk. I heard a loud smack and looked up wide-eyed at Mrs. Jessep and dropped my hand. She had smacked my section of the table; I shared with Stephen, with a ruler. She repeated her question and I answered correctly, thankfully.

Stephen nudged me, "What's the matta, Kourtney? She asked you the same question three times."

"I don't know what's wrong with me today. I guess I'm just thinking about my birthday," I offered, telling a half truth. Stephen just shrugged and turned back to pay attention. I zoned out once again until the bell rang signaling it was time for calculus.

I gathered up my things and went to my next class. My friend Brent was in that class. He is a tall clean cut kind of guy with green eyes and a smile to kill for; too bad he focuses solely on school. I sat behind him playing with his hair absentmindedly. He didn't object and I was glad because I could not focus on math or anything besides my troubles at hand.

Then I got to thinking. If it was every other generation would my sister be a werewolf when she turns seventeen?

When school let out I slid open my phone and texted Grandma. And in fact she would be. Poor Kennedy. Let's just hope I make it until *she's* seventeen. I hope mom and James don't have any girls if they decide to have more kids. Actually let's just hope they don't decide to have kids, period.

I stopped on the way home to get the pizza, Mom had ordered, because PJ's didn't deliver to our house. I was standing in line when, I felt a pair of eyes on me and nonchalantly looked around.

There in the tiny parking lot stood Vance, his arms folded across his chest, looking

seriously ticked. He must be mad because he's on babysitting duty. Tyler never mentioned that I'd be watched. A flash of anger trickled down my spine. My vision blurred a little and I saw blue. Blue! of all colors.

I just shut my eyes and thought of something that made me smile. Brent. That seemed to work well enough. I was next in line to pick up my pizza, apparently Mom had already paid. I sat the box in the passenger seat and then got in the driver's side. I watched Vance until he was out of my sight. I wanted him to get the message that I knew they were watching. I guess they think I'm a flight risk. Which I am, was, until now.

## *Chapter Seven*

When the end of the week came, I felt powerful. I felt I could do anything. I could hear even better. I could see even father. I could lift about anything. I loved my new strengths.

I was leaving school, glad it was the weekend, when Vance more or less vampire-napped me. He grabbed me, in a hold, so tight I thought it would kill me, and shoved me in his car. He had the child safety locks on and was in the car and peeling out of the parking lot before I could devise a plan to escape. At first I thought he was smarter than what I gave him credit for, but I had a gut feeling Tyler had set the locks, instead of Vance, to be sure I stayed in.

"I saw you watching me at PJ's," I spat, crossing my arms.

"I know you did. Put on a seat belt. I don't want to get pulled over."

I didn't comply. I just sat there still as a statue.

"Am I going to have to buckle you myself?" He shouted.

"That would be the only way I would be buckled," I said stubbornly.

"Alright, be that way," he mumbled and then reached back with one hand and clumsily found the seat belt and buckled up.

I unbuckled as soon as he moved his hand back on the wheel. I was hoping to get pulled over. I didn't want to be a part of their little coven. I wanted to be with my family and I wanted to go to school and get a crappy job, and then go to college and get a good job.

I thought of something. "Vance, what happens to a vampire if they get bitten by another vampire?"

"Nothing, it just hurts like a mother."

I was formulating a plan. If I bit his hand when he went to get me out then I could take off running with this super cool new speed. I could hire a body guard if I had to, to make sure I couldn't be vampire-napped again. I was thinking this over when we came to a stop and he cut the engine.

He got out and walked to my door and opened it. *Now's my chance*, I thought to myself. I steeled myself, when he reached in and jerked me out. He was in the process of slinging me over his shoulder when I chomped down on his hand as hard as vampirely-possible.

He let go of me and grabbed his hand letting off a string of profanities that would make a sailor blush. I took off running in the opposite direction as fast as I could, but unfortunately for me he forgot about his hand, momentarily, and took off after me. Awesome. I knew I would get a butt-kicking for that one.

"What the heck is the matter with you?" He screeched.

"What part of I don't want to be here don't you understand!" I shouted and began struggling.

He just slung me over his shoulder with a grunt and took off running at full speed into the tunnel. We reached the big open room much faster than last time.

## *Chapter Eight*

I entered the room, backwards and upside down, with Vance still carrying me. It looked the same as last time from what I could tell. Then everything went right side up as Vance sat me down.

"Ah, it's so nice of you to join us, Kourtney," Tyler said walking over to me. Vance joined Micah at playing xbox 360.

"Like I had a choice," I retorted.

"Testy are we? I don't understand why you think it's so terrible being with us. You will find it is simply quite lovely having a coven, and being second in command."

"Because I'm being ripped away from my life! And second in command?" I asked in disbelief.

"Well, the vampire that starts the coven is obviously the leader, first in command, and his or her mate is the second in command," he said slowly dragging out each word as if I were mentally handicapped.

"Mate?" I spat. I so did not want to be his mate.

"Yes, mate. Calm down, love. It's not that bad."

"Not that bad? How is it 'Not that bad'?" I asked throwing his words in his face with disgust.

"I am not that bad once you get to know me. I selected you. I never intended for you to die. I planned on making you my mate, but your blood was so sweet I got carried away and then your friend came and I panicked. I planned on coming back for you later. I waited for you at Kroger, knowing you would have to bring the movie back eventually. When you didn't show up I was afraid I had taken too much blood, but when Vance called me and told me he found you I couldn't believe it. I was overjoyed."

I just looked at him, taking it all in. I saw him in a new light. I mean don't get me wrong, it was still messed up, what he did. But the fact he did all that for a reason, well, I don't know it just made me not hate him as much.

"Kourtney? Are you all right?" Tyler asked me, worry clear on his face.

"I was just processing information."

"Do you want to see your room?"

"I have a room?" I asked, skeptically. I wondered if it was just a guest bedroom or if it was really *my* room.

"Unless you want to share one with me?" He asked a little hopeful.

"No, I'd like my own room."

He turned quickly. "Follow me," he said, his voice giving away nothing, motioning for me to follow him. I trailed behind him and noticed, for the first time, a door in the corner of the room. We walked down a lit hall; there were six rooms on either side. "Here it is. I decorated it the first day I decided to make you mine."

I looked around it was simple but cute. There was a full-sized bed in the corner with a brown and pink polka dotted comforter, with a shaggy brown rug in front of it. There was a desk with a desk lamp on it; it also had a notebook and pens. There was also a dresser and a closet. At the foot of the bed was a bookshelf filled with books, new and old. I walked over and sat on my new bed. Tyler crossed the room quickly and sat carefully beside me. I didn't make him move I just asked "When was the first time you saw me?"

He looked down, guiltily. "I saw you during your freshman year, when I was a senior. I had a crush on you, but I never had the guts to talk to you. Then I turned into a vampire, but before that I had found out a lot about you from school."

"I don't remember ever seeing you. Not once the entire year."

"How could you? All you could see was that sophomore you liked."

I was angered at the thoughts of Jake. He was my perfect guy. He found out I liked him and decided it would be really, really, cute if he rejected me publicly. I now could not stand him. "Yep."

I leaned against the headboard. "I don't hate this as much as I know I should," I announced.

"I feel a tad bit guilty about forcing you to stay here, but you have to be with us to learn. Once you get the hang of it you can leave."

"I probably won't get the hang of all this before I turn into a werewolf," I said.

"I have to go," Tyler said, abruptly, getting up and exiting the room quickly.

I didn't care enough to ask what was wrong; I just laid down deciding to try to get some sleep. I knew I don't need more than a few hours, but I didn't know what else to do. I closed my eyes and thought of my grandma and what she was like when she was a werewolf. Soon I drifted off, dreaming about being a werewolf with my grandma.

## *Chapter Nine*

I woke up a few hours later, aggravated because I couldn't sleep like I used to. I got out of bed and padded over to the dresser to investigate its contents. I pulled the drawer open and then another and was shocked by the items that filled the dresser's drawers. My stuff was neatly placed in them.

My favorite paint stained t-shirt, my baggy pajama shorts. All of my articles of clothing in my chest of drawers at home were all there. I raced over to the closet and all my clothes that were hanging up at home were there too. It made me nervous to know that at some point they were in my home, where my family was, where they could have easily been thirsty and decided on a snack.

I whirled around and ran out of the room. I went into the main room, Micah was involved in some sort of movie or show or something, but I didn't really care at that particular moment. I held up my paint splattered shirt. "What is this?"

Micah turned to look at me, confusion apparent on his face. "It's one of your shirts."

I sucked in a deep breath and blew it out just as quick. "I mean why it is here? How did you get it?"

"Tyler went to your house before we got you and took it. He was sure you would notice your stuff missing."

"Well, I didn't. He was in my house! Where my family was! He could have been thirsty and helped himself to my mom or sister!"

He looked at me shocked. "You seriously think? You think that he would? Kourtney he is in love with you."

"Oh, yeah, whatever," I said folding my arms across my chest.

"I'm serious. Don't you feel it? When a vampire sees "the girl" or "the guy" the love they feel is so strong that they just have to change them so that they can be together."

I just shook my head.

"It's true, Kourtney, it really is."

"Mhmm, well I'm really thirsty do you guys have anything to drink?"

He laughed, "You need to hunt."

"I don't know if I can do it. I don't think I want to kill a person just for their blood."

"It's your life or theirs. But like I said we can hunt animals as well. And we don't have to kill anyway."

"I know but still," I protested.

"How about this: we take you animal hunting? Or we could "borrow" some blood from the blood bank."

"I think animal blood, first."

"Okay, animal it is. Do you want me or Tyler to take you?"

"You both can it doesn't make a difference to me."

"Okay, let me go get him," he said and exited the room quickly.

I walked over to the couch and plopped down. Micah had been watching MTV. They were almost like normal teenagers. But they weren't, they were a coven of vampires, potentially dangerous, vampires and I was one of them. I don't know how long it will take before my attitude changes and the value of human life deteriorates. I'm not completely sure if they have a value on human life or not. And that was kind of a scary thought.

I had never been hunting before. I wasn't into killing Bambi, or whatever, but I had to suck it up.

## *Chapter Ten*

I had changed into something tighter so I wouldn't risk getting snagged by a tree limb or something. Since I didn't have skinny jeans, I wore a tight tunic accompanied by black liquid leggings.

"Did I tell you that you look stunning, Kourtney?" Tyler asked looking me up and down, but not in a disgusting pig-like manor. I was surprised to say the least, but didn't say anything "Are you ready?"

"As ready as I'll ever be," I said following him and letting my nose do its job, with Micah right behind us.

"Do you smell them?" Tyler asked in a controlled tone.

"Smell what?" I asked sniffing around, my eyes shut.

"The mountain lions," he said, his mouth practically watering.

"I don't know the difference," I admitted.

"Well, come on already," Micah said impatiently.

"Okay," I said unsure and followed the scent of wild blood. I began running, with Tyler at my side and Micah flanking us.

I came into a slight clearing with a stream. There was a pride of mountain lions; well I guess it's a pride I'm not sure, sleeping. I spotted the biggest one and felt my mouth begin to water, figuratively speaking of course.

"Ready?" Tyler asked just loud enough for me to hear.

I nodded and crept closer to the one of my choice. When I was close enough, I pounced, letting my animalistic instincts take over. I grabbed it by the shoulders, pinned it down and bit into the thick skin of its neck. I quickly began draining it. I shut my eyes tight and felt the warmth spread through my body. I felt tingly and just plain good. It slowly quit struggling and went limp in my arms. When that happened the blood became sweeter and I knew that it was the creature's life blood. I slowly backed away, when there was no more blood, and wiped my mouth on the back of my arm.

I looked around and noticed that Tyler and Micah had drained their own mountain lions and were on their second ones. I also noticed the other mountain lions were awake now and were scattering.

"Do I need another one?" I asked sitting down, pulling my legs up and wrapping my arms around them. I began to shake a little. I felt sick to my stomach because I enjoyed my first kill so much. It was the human still in me, that hadn't faded yet.

Tyler looked up from his animal, but didn't let loose of it. He spoke around its skin, "You really should have another and maybe more."

I just nodded. I looked around trying to find another one. I spotted my target and repeated what I did moments ago. I shut my eyes even tighter this time, and felt the mountain lion's warm blood slip down into my stomach and fill it with warmth. Its life's blood drained into my stomach and absorbed into my insides. I unlatched from the poor creature and laid it down. I backed away and sat down feeling like I was going to be sick. I felt a pair of warm arms around me and whipped my head around to see who it was. It was Tyler, of course.

"Are you alright?"

"I guess," I said pondering whether or not to push him away.

"Are you sure?" He asked. I leaned against him and he wiped away the blood from my face.

"Yeah, but I made a little bit of a mess," I said looking at the left over blood.

"Don't fret, love, you'll get better the more you do it and eventually you won't spill a drop."

"Thanks," I said. I felt like I was going to throw up. I pulled myself out of Tyler's arms and lay on my side.

Tyler moved my hair back. "Are you okay, Kourtney?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," I said sitting up slowly.

"I've never seen a reaction to a first hunt quite like this," he said almost sounding amused.

"I don't like the idea of killing animals just so I can have their blood."

"Did you eat meat?" He asked brushing my hair back.

"Can we go home now?" I said not wanting to answer.

"Exactly," he said, getting to his feet.

## *Chapter Eleven*

I woke up and went to find Tyler; he was stretched out on the couch reading. I sat down beside him and finally got his attention

"What are we doing today?" I asked.

"Whatever you want, love."

"Can we stay here for a while?"

"Of course."

I didn't really like Tyler that much, but I thought that maybe just maybe I was starting to. He patted a spot closer to him and I cautiously edged over to it.

"I should go take a shower after hunting last night." I said part of me, a small part, did not want to go.

He looked disappointed. "I'll show you to the bathroom." He got up slowly and stretched.

"Let me get my clothes first." I went to my room and picked out something casual and went back into the hallway where he looked at me before walking down the hall.

"Towels and wash rags are under the sink. I don't know if it's the shampoo you use or not, but there is some in there and conditioner. There's a spare toothbrush if you need it. The hot water lags a little, but it probably won't matter which one you use, we don't feel hot and cold like did."

"Thanks," I said and felt the urge to smile at him.

"I'll be in my room if you need me," he said and then he left.

I turned on the hot water and then stripped. The water didn't feel very hot, it felt normal, but it was on all the way. I took my time washing, but it still wasn't a very long shower. I got out and dried myself off. I brushed the taste of blood out of my mouth and went to Tyler's room. He wasn't in there so I decided to look in the living room. Tyler wasn't in there, but what I saw was different for sure.

Micah was sitting in the couch with Vance on his lap. They were making out and I think they were too busy to notice me so I took off down the hall to my room. Tyler was standing in front of the bookshelf combing through it.

"Tyler!" I half-yelled half-whispered.

He turned around to look at me with a polite curiosity, "What is it?"

"I went to look for you and you weren't in your room so I went into the living room and Micah and Vance were, were, were," I couldn't seem to spit it out.

Tyler's face contorted and I was sure he didn't know, until he started laughing.

"What?" I hissed.

"Micah is Vance's boyfriend. They are gay." He said after he stopped laughing.

I didn't say anything I just sort of sat there in a stunned silence. I could never picture the two of them being gay. They were so macho and tough. They weren't feminine at all. I was honestly perplexed. I believe the reason why Vance was so mean to me was because he was slightly jealous that Micah was being so kind to me.

*Chapter Twelve*

I was lying on my bed, staring up at the ceiling, when Micah came in and sat on my bed.

He chuckled. "So you saw our make out session, earlier." It wasn't a question.

I looked at him, "Yeah, I was looking for Tyler."

He had a mischievous glint in his eye. "We didn't notice. Tyler told me that you were surprised at our orientation."

"Yes, I am. I would have never guessed in a million years."

He let out a quick chuckle. "We were going to wait a while before telling you. But we couldn't stay away from each other and we knew you were showering, but we didn't expect you to take such short showers."

"Oh," I said, sitting up.

"Don't take this the wrong way, but I thought you were a homophobe."

"Not really."

\* \* \* \* \*

No hunting trips, no going outside, no doing anything remotely interesting. Tyler hadn't asked to sleep in my room anymore and I didn't really know if I wanted him to or not. We just sat around watching pointless reality shows- with little reality -and they taught me how to play their stupid video games and I was surprisingly good. I beat Vance twice and let's just say he didn't take to kindly to being beaten by someone who just started playing the day before. I spent a lot of time practicing writing in my room, and documenting my time there when I couldn't think of anything else to write. I didn't have music either. Apparently none of the boys were big on music and no one had thought to get my iPod. I

on the other hand was about to die. Staying in there for a week wouldn't be so bad, if I had music.

So finally when Tyler came out of the shower I asked him why we had to stay in here.

"I'm sorry, love, we are used to staying here for weeks at a time. Where would you like to go?" He asked, towel drying his hair.

"Anywhere, really, the park, I guess," I said trying not to stare at his bare chest for any longer, unsuccessfully, of course.

"Sounds good to me," he said stepping around me, "Just let me get dressed and we'll leave."

"Okay." I managed, staring at him walk away. I never noticed his nice body, or he that he was even remotely attractive, for that matter. I stared after him, biting my lip.

"He is pretty sexy." Micah's booming voice penetrated my thoughts.

I let my hair fall in my face and looked up at him under my lashes. "I didn't realize you were there."

"It's okay; you don't have to be embarrassed."

"I have to go change!" I said running into my room, vampire speed. I heard Micah chuckle and walk into the living room.

I quickly went through my drawers and decided on a skirt and a tank top. Then I remembered the weather and put on a jogging suit. I couldn't feel the cold like I used to and I hadn't been out in a while so I forgot the weather. I really needed to get out. I jumped when I felt a pair of arms around me. It was Tyler, of course.

"Ready to go, love?" He asked, his breath tickling my ear. That shot a shiver down my spine.

I simply nodded. I didn't trust myself enough to speak.

He smiled and barely touched his lips to my neck, sending sparks all through my body, and stepped back letting go of me. I turned around and looked at him, thinking maybe this wouldn't be so bad.

"What wouldn't?" he asked amusement clear on his face.

"Did I say that out loud?" I asked, a little more than annoyed.

He nodded, encouraging me to go on. "What isn't going to be so bad?"

"Being here, being with you," I said barely audible, but I knew he heard me.

"You want to be with me?" He asked, his eyes dancing.

"I didn't say that."

"You implied it!" He exclaimed, picking me up and twirling me. I narrowed my eyes at him and he sat me down.

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you did," he said acting like a two year old, his eyes dancing again.

I just shook my head. We left for the park hand in hand and walked with his arm around my waist. I didn't get any odd stares, but maybe that's because we weren't at Central, so I didn't know anyone there.

### *Chapter Thirteen*

"Micah, can I tell you something serious?" I asked propping my head up on my arm, which was resting on the back of the couch.

"Yeah anything," he said cheerily.

"I think I'm starting to not hate Tyler."

"Awe."

"What?"

"You are falling for him!"

"I am?" I questioned, looking at him like he was crazy.

"Totally."

"Uh okay," I said deciding whether or not he should be checked into a mental institution when Tyler walked in.

"Ready to go hunting, love? It's not as dire as before so you can learn some new things."

"Sure," I said and actually smiled at him.

When we got to the area Tyler had selected I looked around, still used to relying on my eyes instead of my nose. "Will you sniff me out some food, Ty? I'm starving."

"Ty?" Tyler asked cocking his head.

I just shrugged it off.

"I like it," He said smiling and pulling me to his side in a small hug. I didn't feel the need to object. "Of course I'll help you sniff out some food, love."

Tyler found a herd of deer and eyed his prey, "Watch my technique." He pounced on a bigger male and pinned it quickly and efficiently. He bite into its neck and began draining it of its precious blood. I saw its eyes roll back and I knew Tyler was drinking it's life's blood. My mouth watered at the thought. I didn't wait I acted.

I didn't bother eying my pray I jumped on the first one I saw and bit into its neck. Its blood cooled my throat and made me feel alive. Not soon enough I got to the creatures life's blood. I let go of the deer and wiped my mouth. I looked at my hand in disbelief. I hadn't spilled a drop. I didn't linger on this too much longer for I spotted my next prey. I jumped on it and drained its blood with the same efficiency as before and when I was finished I found Tyler.

"How'd I do?" I asked warily.

He looked at me and then back at the deer. "I can't even tell you fed. I'm so proud." He scooped me up into a bear hug and kissed my cheek. I turned my head.

He smiled. "Are you still hungry?"

"No I don't think so." I said not completely sure.

"Okay. I think you should smell the deer and its blood so you will know its scent."

I nodded and walked over to the deer. I knelt on the ground and sniffed along its side and then to the slits in it's neck. I breathed it in and locked its scent away. I sat there and Tyler tapped my back. I turned around slowly and got up.

"What now?"

"I can teach you better ways to get your prey."

"Okay." I said smiling.

I failed quite a few times before Tyler instructed "Now tip toe in a low crouch. Good now wait a second. Now pounce! Very good." He walked over to me and pulled me into a gentle hug. I breathed in his scent, he smelled wild and to my disbelief I liked it.

"Alright again"

This continued for a few hours until he deemed I was finished. I sat down a little tired but it's not the same as when I was human. Tyler came and sat beside me and draped an arm around my shoulder. "I'm proud of you, love."

"Mhmm," I said bothered by the fact that I didn't care that he called me love any more.

"Well your new muscles are probably aching to be used. Would you like to race?"

"Now that you mention it they are, let's."

"Want a head start?" He asked his lips twitching into a smirk.

"No I don't think I'll need it. I was on the track team, the fastest on the team."

"We are a whole other kind of fast."

"I don't think I need it," I protested stubbornly.

"Okay if you say so. One.. Two.. Three.. Go!"

He shot off like a rocket and I was right behind him. I didn't feel winded or anything I felt amazing. I sped by the trees and ducked and weaved out of habit but I was never close to hitting them, just paranoia. I started catching up to Tyler and passed him. I looked back to see him and plowed over a small tree, getting snow all over me. Tyler started laughing and went faster catching up with me to see if I was okay, but they were right about me not feeling pain the same way so I kept on running. I brushed the snow off when I suddenly realized I had no clue where the finish line was.

"Tyler! Where's the stopping point?"

"At the water fall up ahead," he called.

"Okay," I said propelling myself forward passing Tyler and closing the short distance to the falls. I stopped at on the small cliff and sat down, resting my chin on my knees. I

heard Tyler getting closer, and then heard the soft thud of him dropping to the rock beside me.

"That will make a good story to tell Micah and Vance," he said nudging me with a smile.

"Shut up," I said.

"Do you want to go swimming?"

"It's winter!"

"Have you felt the cold at all?"

"Well, no."

"You don't feel the cold, so come on!" He said, pulling me up.

"Umm okay," I said hesitantly I'd never been too terribly shy, but around Tyler I just feel like I need to stay covered.

Tyler peeled off his shirt and then his pants. I tried hard not to stare but it was a vain attempt. He looked at me for a while until I realized he was waiting for me to strip. I took my pants off first, feeling really self conscious. Then I tugged my jacket off and then my t-shirt.

"Wow," Tyler said staring at me.

"What?" I asked.

"Sorry." He dropped his head, becoming suddenly fascinated with the snow.

"You were looking at my.. ? I just never really pictured you as some one who would.."

"I normally don't, but you have an exceptionally nice body," he said quietly, obviously embarrassed.

I couldn't be mad anymore. "Uh thanks."

"You're welcome." He walked over to me and kissed the top of my head. 'This feels so right.' As soon as I thought I shook my head and side stepped away from him.

"Are you ready?"

"Yeah, jump in with me," he said with a daring grin.

"Sure."

We walked to the edge of the tiny cliff. Tyler grabbed my hand, counted down, and we jumped in together. The water didn't feel icy like I imagined it would, it kind of felt like bathwater. I popped up, not feeling the need to gasp for air, and Tyler popped up like me.

He looked so, so, I don't know but all I knew is I wanted to kiss him. I swam closer to him and pushed him against the rocks; he had the cutest look of confusion, but didn't question my actions. I pressed my lips against his and he responded instantly. It was soft and sweet. I placed my hands on his chest and he moved his hands to my lower back, somehow keeping us afloat. I let my emotions surge through this kiss and he poured his into it.

When our lips finally parted he asked, "What was that about? Not that I didn't like it."

"I don't know," I said making out like it was a big deal. On the inside I was practically slapping myself. I had kissed my capture and actually liked it.

He just looked at me puzzled before swimming off. I followed him under water. He began swimming faster, in hopes of pursuit and I quickly propelled myself ahead. I remained ahead for a while and then I felt his hand graze my calf and tried going that much faster. But before I knew it he was in front of me. I had no idea we could stay under water for so long, but eventually we resurfaced.

"I win," he said smiling child-like.

I stuck my tongue out and he snapped at.

I poked him, scrunching up my face. "That wasn't very nice."

He grinned widely, "Whoever told you I was nice lied."

I plunged under water and went as far as I could. I felt him tug on my feet and I surfaced quickly. I was a little paranoid about drowning.

"Did I scare you?" He asked grinning.

"I'm afraid of drowning you jerk," I snapped hating to admit weakness in front of him.

His grin vanished and his eyes grew wide. "I didn't know! I'm sorry."

"Whatever."

"Honestly, I'd never intentional do anything to frighten or hurt you."

"Okay," I said feeling like I was being a little unreasonable.

He took this opportunity to kiss me again. *I could get used to this.*

"You could?"

"I really need to quit saying things out loud," I said really considering slapping myself for thinking it let alone accidentally saying it.

"I don't mind. You're very hard to read, love."

"I am?"

"Yes, one minute I think you hate me the next thing I know you kiss me."

"I do hate you!" I said harshly.

His face dropped and I knew that wasn't entirely true.

I sighed, "I'm sorry. I don't know how I feel about you, actually."

His face brightened up a little and then he suggested we should leave. I looked around and noticed the sun was setting for the first time. "Yeah okay."

"Race you to the shore?" Tyler challenged.

"You're on," I said and plunged under water.

He was right behind me and passed me. I swam faster and he barely beat me. I stuck my tongue out at him.

"Oh come on you've already beaten me a couple times."

"So," I said walking over to our clothes.

He chuckled.

"Don't laugh at me," I said wrinkling my nose.

He laughed even harder. "I'm sorry, love."

"Bite me," I said, jerking on my pants.

He ran over to me, biting lightly on the nape of my neck, and spoke around it. "Don't tempt me."

I shivered. "What if I want to?"

He bit down harder, sending electric shocks down through my body. "There are consequences."

"I think I might enjoy these consequences you speak of."

"I know I will."

"I need to finish getting dressed right now."

"Fine," he grumbled, stepping back. I shook my head at myself and jerked on my t-shirt and, too thin for winter, jacket.

We ran back to the car and I won." I think we have established who the fastest runner is," I said nudging him, once we were in the car.

"Hush, I'm the fastest swimmer."

"When I make pool trips I bake in the sun and get in just long enough to cool off."

"So you're a typical girl?" He asked and chuckled.

I stuck my tongue out at him.

"If I wasn't driving I'd bite that thing."

"What's your obsession with biting?" I was barely able to get that out without laughing.

"Hmm, let me see. It could be because I am a vampire, but I think it's because you taste so sweet."

I threw my head back and laughed. "I like this new side of you."

"I could say the same to you."

I just shrugged. This new side was entirely his fault and if I didn't keep my guard up I could do something stupid.

### *Chapter Fourteen*

I rolled over; half awake, and felt the sheets rub against my bare hip. My eyes flashed open, when I remembered what happened last night. 'So much for keeping my guard up.' When we got home he kept up being charming and I don't really know what came over me. I never do without weighing the consequences at least for a minute or two.

Tyler shifted a little pulling me out of my thoughts. I wrapped the sheet around me a little and rolled over to snuggle into Tyler's perfectly bare chest. He wasn't awake yet and I had no idea to how he would react when he was.

When Tyler finally woke he had a lopsided smile and I could tell he was still in the process of waking up. Then he looked at me and jumped up.

"Did we?"

I nodded.

"I sort of thought that was a dream," He said awkwardly.

"Me too, it was an interesting experience."

"One that you would like to have again?" he asked trying not to sound too hopeful.

"We'll see."

He leaned forward and kissed my forehead, I let him. I was really falling for him now and it terrified me.

I sat up still holding the sheet around me and waited for him to get up. He got up slowly and stood there in all his naked glory. I couldn't help but stare, I don't think it was something a person could get used to. "Are you coming?"

"Oh yeah sorry," I said smiling to disguise my embarrassment. I got up, letting the sheet fall. Now it was my turn to be stared at, it made me feel self conscious. I let my hair drape down around my shoulders, covering my chest slightly.

"Sorry," He mumbled and walked over to my side of the bed. I took his hand and we walked to the bathroom. It didn't occur to us that we weren't the only ones there until we were in the bathroom.

"Did it ever occur to you that we are morons?" I asked with a laugh.

"Yeah about twenty minutes ago," He said laughing.

I got two rags and turned the water on.

He stepped in and I followed. "Are we going to..?"

I shook my head. My hands started shaking a little when I looked at him.

"Are you okay, love?"

"No, I'm not. I'm scared," I admitted.

"We made a big mistake didn't we?"

"I'm not sure," said feeling a knot forming in my stomach.

He grabbed my chin and tried to hold it up. "I'm so sorry; I should have listened to my better judgment. I shouldn't have pushed you."

I didn't say anything throughout the remainder of the shower. We went our separate ways and after I was dressed I heard a quiet knock at the door. I was sure it was Tyler but I didn't want him to come in. I was just feeling too weird.

"Kourtney?" Micah questioned. It was not the voice I expected.

"Come in," I said rolling over onto my side.

He stepped through and came to stand in front of me. "So I heard you and Tyler.."

"He told you that?" I asked furious at Tyler.

He tapped his ear. "I have excellent ears," he said with a laugh.

"You actually heard us?" I asked sitting up.

"Yeah, although you guys weren't as noisy as, never mind. What changed your mind?"

"I don't know."

"Well how do you feel about it now?"

"Like it was a mistake, used, dirty, but mostly stupid."

"Come here sweetie. He didn't use you, you aren't dirty, and you most certainly aren't stupid. He really loves you. Trust me he never shuts up about you. You mean the world to him and he would never intentionally hurt you."

I started crying and he pulled me into his lap, I didn't think I could possibly believe him, but I wanted to.

"There, there, it's okay. I didn't even know we could cry." He said patting my back. I made an unidentifiable sentence and he just said, "Its okay you cry yourself out and we'll see if it helps any."

After a little while I wiped my eyes. "Thanks Micah, I'm just so scared."

\* \* \* \* \*

I peeked into Tyler's room. He was pacing around nervously.

I poked my head in, "Hey."

His head snapped up, "Kourtney why are you so scared?"

"Because," I said taking a seat on his bed.

"Because why?"

“Because Tyler! I have just been ripped away from everything I ever knew because I happened to be your girl! And to top it off I’ve been having these weird feelings lately and gave into them last night. I gave you my virginity and it actually meant something to me. I promised myself I would never just give it away. I had to love the person first.” I didn’t want to cry, but it was inevitable.

Tyler quickly crossed the room and wrapped me up in a solid embrace. I leaned my head on him and continued to cry. “I’m so sorry Kourtney, I had no idea. I made a big mistake, but I promise you I will never ever be so stupid again. I love you Kourtney, I have since the first time I met you and I have hopes that you will love me too.”

I looked at him through the tears and told him the most frightening four words I have ever uttered. I do love you.

He tucked my head into his chest and just held me until I calmed down.

## *Chapter Fifteen*

I rolled over for the second morning in a row next to Tyler. This time wasn't filled with regret. We didn't do anything to regret, we sorted out our issues and I decided I wanted him to stay with me last night. I looked up at Tyler and saw he was awake. "Good morning, beautiful."

I shut my eyes and moved closer to him. "Good morning, Ty."

"Are you still tired?"

"No I just don't want to get up yet."

"Why not?"

"Do I have to spell it out for you?" I asked and opened my eyes.

"Please?"

"I want to stay like this longer."

"Oh." He wrapped his arms around me and pulled me closer.

"I love you."

"I love you, Kourtney Lynn Akers."

"Hmm how does, Kourtney Lynn Rush sound?"

He laughed, "It sounds perfect."

"I thought so. Can I ask you a serious question? I've been thinking it over since yesterday."

"Yes, of course. What is it?"

"Well are we going to get legitimately married or are we just going to be married mentally."

"You're really thinking about marrying me?"

"What else do people do when they are in love?"

"Yes we can get legitimately married if you want to. I never thought you would want to so I haven't thought about it."

"I guess I'm a typical girl planning out her wedding."

"Do you want a big white wedding or something simple?"

"I want a wedding some where in between," I drew patterns on his face thinking about it," I want my parents to be there and to have a spotlight for our first dance."

He smiled widely at me and said, "I want to give you everything you want." Then he slid his hand down to my waist.

"Maybe I just have too much time on my hands," I said with a laugh. I started tracing his jaw bone.

"Mm that feels good."

I smirked and kept tracing it but softened my touch. It caused him to shut his eyes. I knew I was teasing him

"Cut it out, Kourtney," he pleaded, opening his eyes.

I giggled, "What if I don't want to."

"Then you will have to help me out later."

I shrugged, "I think I can handle the consequences."

He rolled over us over and put his arms on either side of me and held himself inches above me. "If you're sure you can live with it." He kissed my neck, causing me to shiver.

"Yes, I'm completely sure," I said kissing his jaw.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was sitting on the couch waiting for Tyler to take me hunting.

"Vance?" I asked in my sweetest voice.

"What?" He was a lot nicer to me since I knew.

"Do you know why Tyler is taking so long?"

"He's talking to Micah," he didn't sound too thrilled.

"Oh. I'll go get him then," I got up and walked down the hall.

I paused outside the door because I ears them speaking in low voices.

"She wants to marry me! You should have seen the sparkle in her eyes when she was talking about weddings. I want to give her all of that," Tyler said. I could practically hear him smiling.

"Ahw! That's so amazing! What happened next?"

Tyler coughed.

I could tell Micah's eyes bulged, "You guys did it?"

Tyler tried unsuccessfully to suppress a laugh, "Really man? Could you be any gayer? And yes we did."

"Meanie, how was it?"

"Dude your sick. I thought you were supposed to be gay."

"I was just wondering."

"It was amazing. I just love her so much and now I can be with her in every way."

I couldn't take it any longer. I popped my head in the door. "Tyler?"

"Kourtney? Did you hear any of that?"

"Maybe."

"How much did you hear?" Tyler asked warily

"Umm the part about the wedding on," I said sheepishly

"Oh." Micah chuckled and Tyler looked completely embarrassed.

I moved across the room, sat on Tyler's lap, and slung an arm around his shoulders. "Can we go hunting now? I'm thirsty," I admitted with a chuckle.

"Of course, love." He got up carrying me bridal style all the way to the car.

"You didn't have to do that, Ty," I said laughing.

"I know but I need practice."

I bit my lip, "I think you're strong enough."

"Well maybe I just like carrying you."

I giggled. Tyler makes me giggly.

We arrived at our destination and jumped out of the car because I couldn't wait to hunt. I was thirsty.

"Geez, Kourtney. You must really be thirsty."

"I am," I said sniffing.

"Do you need me to track our prey?"

"I want to try." I caught onto something and started following it.

Tyler was right behind me. I could tell I was getting closer, but I had no idea what it was. I came up on the scent and saw that there was male and female black bear.

Tyler whispered barely audible, "Good job, love. Remember what I taught you."

I nodded and attacked the female. It fell with a loud thud and I bit its neck drinking its blood. I heard Tyler's bear do the same. The bear put up more of a fight than I was used to so I kicked it in the ribs breaking a few. I felt bad for it but I didn't want the bear escaping. Its blood grew sweeter, it's life's blood, and I took my time. After I was finished I sauntered over to Tyler.

"Still thirsty?"

"I don't think so that was a lot of blood. I feel like a tick," I said laughing.

"You look like one," he said jokingly and poked my stomach.

"Hey that's rude! You're sleeping on the couch tonight."

"Really?" He pouted.

I giggled. "No not really."

"Good."

"So what are we going to do this time?"

"Race? Then we could go to the underwater caves. There's actually air in the caves."

"That sounds cool," I said and took off running leaving him in the dust.

"No fair!" He said and took off after me. "You don't even know where they are."

"Too bad, I know where water is though."

I beat Tyler to the waters edge and sat there waiting for him. "What is it with us and winter swimming?" I asked when he stopped beside me.

"Well at least it's a nice day and not snowing."

"True. So how do you get there?"

"By swimming." He rolled his eyes.

"Obviously." I stood up and began stripping.

He removed his clothes down to his boxers and dove in. I followed him and we swam for what seemed like forever when we finally came upon a cave. The entrance was strange, we had to swim under the wall and then up. Sure enough we surfaced and there was plenty of air in the cave.

I looked around. "Wow this is amazing."

"I used to get bored before Micah and Vance so I would explore. I found this and would stay here for days at a time and live off fish. Let's just say I had to learn how to be a good fisherman."

I laughed.

"I've never brought any one here before."

I crawled over to him and he wrapped his arm around me. "I'm glad you brought me here, it seems so magical." I looked up at the ceiling and saw a small natural sky light very high up. A little bit of light poured in and it looked like moon light. "Is it night time already?"

"Sure is."

"I guess I lost track of time."

He laughed and pulled me into his lap, wrapping both his arms around me. "That tends to happen to vampires from time to time."

I turned around and kissed him. He put his hands on my back, where my hair hung wet. I moved my hands from his chest up to his jaw. I knew right then what would happen in this cave and that it would be our special place.

### *Chapter Sixteen*

We stayed at the Cave for two days, learning each other inside out. And I let him in. I told him everything, about my mom and dad's divorce and how I haven't spoken to him in years. I told him about my grandma. I told him how I felt about him at first and about how that changed. I told him about stupid meaningless things like school and my friends. I told him about my sister and how she got on my nerves, but I loved her anyway.

The only subject we didn't cover was my birthday and what happened on it. So I decided to be a moron and bring it up on the ride home. I had my head on his chest and he was paying attention to the road. I shifted to a sitting position and began, "Tyler, why do you freak out any time I bring up the possibility of me changing?"

His grip on the steering wheel was so tight his knuckles turned white. He spoke through clenched teeth, "Because you will leave me and go learn from your grandma how to be a werewolf and hate me and, and-"

I cut him off, "Tyler, I love you with all my heart; I let you take my virginity. I wouldn't just abandon you to learn to be a werewolf. I would have when I first met you, but that's because I despised you and what you did to me. I thought you ruined my life, but you only made it a thousand times better."

"I never should have taken your virginity, not yet anyway."

"I told you I wanted it and that I was ready."

"I should have resisted, but I just jumped in the sack as soon as you said that."

I bit my lip, holding back a laugh. I'm sorry but the way he worded it made me want to laugh. "Tyler, your being ridiculous."

He pulled the car to a stop when I realized we were home, well kind of. "I really made your life better?"

"Yes. So much better," I said really meaning it.

"I was afraid you still resented me and hated me for ruining your life. It was really selfish of me to change you. I shouldn't have, I should have let you be or at least given you a choice." He looked down at his lap so I couldn't read his face, I presumed.

"Ty."

"I'm sorry, Kourtney. I'm sorry I'm so selfish."

"Ty, look at me." He lifted his head and looked at me. "Tyler Jarrod Matthew Rush, I love you more than anything and you are not selfish. You're the best thing that's happened to me and the best boyfriend a girl could ever have. Why are you acting like this?"

"I don't know, you just brought up the werewolf thing and it made me sad and I remembered what you said after our first time. I just felt really guilty."

I just kissed him and he kissed back. The feelings of a few seconds ago were suddenly erased. He somehow managed to get me onto his lap.

"Don't ever question my feelings for you Tyler Jarrod Matthew Rush, again."

He nodded.

I pulled him into a quick hug then crawled off his lap. I love him so much nothing can screw this up. I just know it.

## *Chapter Seventeen*

"I'm bored!" I whined. It had been a week since the caves and I wanted to do something, something besides lying around.

"Well what do you want to do?"

"I don't know something active."

"How about we play basketball?" Tyler suggested. He rolled over on his side and propped his head on his hands.

"Basketball? Hmm I've never played before."

"Really? As athletic as you are you've never played basketball?"

"Nope, I've played softball, baseball, soccer, football, badminton, tennis, and ran track, but no. No basketball."

"Wow. Do you know how to play?"

"You put the ball in the hoop. What more could there be?"

Tyler laughed. "Well there are rules."

"Obviously, there has to be something to keep the idiots from breaking each others noses."

Tyler laughed, "Yes there has to be something. Do you know any?"

"Yeah, but it's not like we are going to play a real game." I made a face at him.

He laughed again. "True. I'll go get dressed and after you're done why don't you ask Micah and Vance if they want to play as well."

"Okay." I got up and jerked on some clothes.

Tyler left for his room and I walked down the hall to Micah's room. He wasn't in there, so I decided to check Vance's room.

I turned the other direction and ran to find Tyler. "I walked in on Micah and Vance," I whimpered.

"Are you serious?" He asked, trying not good enough to keep from laughing.

I nodded.

"Was it bad?"

I nodded.

He laughed, "Come here. I'm sorry you had to see that."

I walked over to him and he wrapped his arms around me, still laughing a little. "It's not funny!" I whined.

"I'm sorry. I know it's not funny. I've done it about a million times."

"You have?"

"Yes, lots of times."

"Oh, eww."

"Come one let's go play."

"Alright." I pulled put of his arms and ran into the main room. Not wanting to risk seeing Micah or Vance.

"Where are we going?" I asked once we were in the car.

"To play basketball," Tyler said in a 'duh' tone, but still trying to be polite.

I smacked him. "Obviously, but where are we going to play?"

"At a park I guess."

"Central?"

"Nope."

I was quiet for the rest of the ride staring down at my lap thinking. I thought about everything and anything, but what happened earlier. I wouldn't dare let my brain dwell on that particular subject.

The car came to a stop, causing me to look up at Tyler. His tone was worried, "Did I say something wrong, love?"

"No, not all, I was just thinking."

"About what, love?" he asked curiosity coloring his tone and expression.

"You, us, everything," I admitted.

"Should I be concerned?"

"No." I shook my head and got out of the car. "Did you remember to bring a basketball?"

"I always have one in the trunk."

"Do you play basketball often?"

"I was on the basketball team. I'm not surprised you didn't know though."

"Sorry." I smiled apologetically.

"It's fine. C'mon."

"Okay." I followed him to the court. Luckily no one was there.

"I'll take it easy on you," he said in a joking tone, with a smirk plastered on his polite face.

I narrowed my eyes. "I think I will be perfectly fine with out you 'taking it easy one me.'" I said using air quotes. If it's one thing I can't stand is when I guy says he will 'take it easy on me'.

"Okay, okay." He held up his hands surrendering.

"Just go," I said, probably sounding like a child.

He chuckled and began dribbling. I had general knowledge of basketball and basketball terms. I spread my arms attempting to prevent him from scoring. He easily weaved around me, not even trying to stay human speed. I wrapped my arms around him.

He looked down at me, laughing. "What are you doing, love?"

"I'm keeping you from scoring," I said in a 'duh' tone.

"That's a foul."

"You're a foul," I mumbled under my breath. I knew I was acting like I was in middle school again, but I couldn't help it. I let go of him

"What was that?"

"I said you're a foul," I repeated myself and stole the ball, and began dribbling.

"How old are you agai- Hey give it back!"

"I'm sixteen and not on your life."

He ran after me. I eyed the goal and decided to go for it. I surprisingly made it, and he stopped in his tracks. "Holy crap!"

"I know I'm awesome."

"How did you do that?"

"Well Tyler, I dribbled a little and then threw it like this." I went through the motions. Man I was being a smart aleck today.

"Obviously, but you made your first shot. When I first started playing I wasn't that good."

"Sorry," I apologized, and shrugged. "Maybe it's because I'm just naturally good at sports."

"Try again?" He asked retrieving the ball and handing it to me.

"Okay," I agreed. I dribbled a little then shot, making it again.

"Again?"

"Alright," I said humoring him. I threw it again, after he retrieved it, and made it again.

"Amazing, you've got skill, love."

I smiled, running over to him and planting a kiss on his lips. He kissed back and I fought the urge to turn this into a full on make out.

We continued playing until one of us-reached twenty one.

"Rematch?"

I enjoyed this, not just the game, but the way Tyler was acting. "Of course, Ty."

"Winner gets to do what ever they want." The way he said that made me think he had a double meaning.

"Deal," I said eyeing him suspiciously.

I won again.

"Looks like I won, Ty," I announced, pulling him into a kiss. "I believe I get to choose our activities for this evening."

"What is that?" His asked breathlessly, causing me to giggle.

"Hmm," I said thinking. "The first thing I want to do is get something to eat."

"Okay, go on," he pressed.

"Then I want to go to the nearest pet store."

"A pet store?" He asked as if I was crazy.

"Yes. Petland maybe or Pet Smart."

"Why?"

"You'll see," I said prancing off in the direction of the car with the ball in my hand. I could hear Tyler following behind.

"You're something else, love," Tyler said while we were on our way to where to the pet store.

"I know," I smiled. "I just hope you brought your wallet," I said in a sing song voice.

"In the glove box, please tell me what you're planning."

I shook my head, a smile playing at the corner of my lips.

He growled under his breath and I laughed. I loved the fact that he was the one in the dark and not me for a change.

"Why did you want to hunt? So you wouldn't be tempted to munch on some puppies?" He asked laughing.

I elbowed him in the ribs-hard-before answering, "No I was really thirsty."

"But we just fed the not to long ago, love."

I shrugged, "I know I guess it was from playing basketball."

"Possibly, ah here we are, love. I have to say, it's killing me."

"Grab your wallet, you'll find out soon enough."

He sighed in frustration then reached over my lap and grabbed his wallet. When we got out he stuffed it in his pocket and slammed the door. I ran ahead, into the pet store. I headed straight for the ferrets. I couldn't decide if I wanted a ferret or a dog.

Tyler walked up behind me and wrapped his arms around my waist. "What are you looking at, love?"

"Ferrets," I said looking at one with a music note birthmark on her forehead.

"Those things stink something awful."

"But they're cute," I protested.

"Is that what you wanted?"

"Well either a ferret or some kind of dog."

"No cats?"

"I don't particularly care for cats; we have a mutual dislike actually."

He laughed, "Kourtney you never cease to amaze me."

"That's a good thing right?"

"Yes, love. What kind of dog were you thinking of?"

"A Yorkie or maybe a Schnauzer."

"Hmm what does the second one look like?"

I walked over to the Schnauzer and peered at it, "Like this."

The puppy jumped around clumsily, running into the glass. I laughed and it pawed at the glass.

"We just got that one in today," A voice I didn't recognize said behind me.

I turned to see it was a semi-attractive employee. His name was Mark. "Oh that must explain why she's not used to the glass."

"Mhmm, are you interested in adopting her?" He asked only speaking to me.

"Umm maybe, we're just looking at the moment," I said annoyed by his obvious flirting.

"Well if you want to see her or any of the other dogs, just let me know."

"Will do," I said with any trace of politeness gone. Tyler just chuckled.

I turned my attention to the dog. She was nipping at her newly missing tail. Even though I made for a cuter dog, I always thought it cruel that they cut puppies tails.

"Is that the one you want, love?"

"I don't know I was kind of leaning towards a Yorkie."

"Well it's your choice, love."

I dragged him over to the window with the Yorkies behind it. They were wrestling around, taking turns pinning each other down and biting each other. "Look how cute."

"You surprise me daily. I never thought you were a girl who would be won I've by puppies."

"Oh shut up," I said.

"Now that is something that doesn't surprise me. If you want a Yorkie we can get one."

"Yay! I know which one I want."

"Which one?"

I pointed to the little girl.

"Okay," he laughed shaking his head. "You better make sure it likes you."

I picked her up and held her to my chest. She curled up in my arms and started biting my hair. "I think she does." When she heard my voice she crawled down my sweater. "Holy crap! Get out of my shirt!" I squealed.

I thought Tyler was going to pee his pants. "Do you need my help?"

"Please?" I whined, giggling. She was tickling my 'you know what's.'

He reached down my shirt and pulled her out. I slapped his arm. "Tyler!"

"What?" He asked, smiling innocently.

"You can't do that in public!" I hissed.

"So I can do it in private?"

"Tyler Jarrod Matthew Rush!"

"Is there a problem?" Mark asked folding his arms.

"No there's no problem, Mark. We want to buy this puppy though," I said feeling irritated again.

"Follow me."

We did as we were told and purchased the puppy and all the supplies she needed.

"What are you going to name her?"

"Well Selena maybe," I said wrestling with her to make her stay still, but she insisted on squirming.

"As in Gomez?" he asked in disbelief.

I laughed, "No not as in Gomez as in Quintilla."

"Oh, I remember her."

"Yeah, she was my idol when I was little. I was devastated when she died."

"I bet. How did she die again?"

"She was shot by her store manager slash friend."

"Wow."

"Yeah, so what do you think?"

"I like it."

"Hello Selena," I said looking at our new pet. She jumped up and licked my nose.

"I think she said 'hi' back," Tyler said laughing.

"Ya think," I said sarcastically and wiped my nose free of puppy slobbers.

"I'm sorry, love," he said laughing.

I wrinkled my nose, "Its fine." My eyes widened, "Guess what I just remembered"

"What?"

"Micah and Vance," I half whispered.

"Oh crap," Was all he said.

"Oh crap is right. Do you think they'll be mad?"

He chuckled out a laugh, "Mad? Why would they be mad?"

"Not because I walked in on them."

"Micah will be kind of embarrassed and Vance will make jokes that will make you feel really uncomfortable, but that's it."

"Are you sure?"

"It has happened to me before. Remember?"

"True," I said pursing my lips, causing Selena to paw at them. I smiled and pushed her paws away.

"We're home," Tyler called. "Cover up any nakedness to prevent further scaring please.

"Ha-ha," Vance said sarcastically, looking up from his game.

"Tyler!" I hissed smacking him again, and almost knocking Selena's cage out of his hands.

"I'm so sorry you saw that," Micah apologized, paused his game, and walked over to us.

"What have you got there?"

"A Yorkie, her name is Selena. I hope you all don't mind. I never thought to ask."

"Nonsense, she's adorable can I hold her?"

"Sure," I said. I handed her over and went to my room to put away her stuff, with Tyler not to far behind me. Then we walked hand in hand back to the main room.

"Here you go." Micah handed her off to me. "What did you guys do today?"

"We played basketball, hunted, and went pet shopping."

"You guys went hunting again so soon?"

"Yeah I was super thirsty. I guess it was from playing basketball."

"Hmm, alright then."

"What did you guys do?" I asked.

"We played a few games as well," Vance said with a laugh.

"Vance!" Micah scolded.

"Sorry, babe," Vance apologized, giving Micah a kiss on the cheek. Micah rolled his eyes and I laughed.

"Well I'm going to go set up Selena's stuff, see you guys later." I hurried out of the room.

I sat Selena down in my dirty clothes hamper and set about putting her cage together. After that I put the plush bed I bought her in the cage. I put her in it and laid down a potty pad in the bathroom. I planned on keeping her in the cage during the night and while we were gone and letting her run loose the rest of the time. While I was in the bathroom I decided to take a shower

## *Chapter Eighteen*

"It's one a clock in the day are we gonna do anything?" I whined.

"Well Micah and I haven't hunted in a while. Do you want to go?" Vance asked, shocking me.

"What do you say Tyler?"

"I'm not very thirsty, love. We just hunted the other day."

"I know. It's something to do and I kind of am thirsty," I said looking innocent.

"Already?"

I nodded.

"What wrong with you?" Vance asked, bluntly. There's the Vance I know.

I narrowed my eyes at him, "I don't know. Maybe it's a new girl vampire thing."

"Cut it out ladies," Tyler said, receiving a dirty look from Vance.

"Watch it," Vance said through gritted teeth.

"What are you going to do if I don't?"

"This," Vance popped Tyler in the jaw.

"Oh, no you didn't," Micah and I said at the same time.

In a flash the boys were a tangled mess of fist. I could keep up with them a whole heck of a lot better this time.

"Ladies, ladies, chill out," I said mimicking Tyler.

They let go of each other and began straightening their ruffled clothing.

"I'm sorry, love. That was terribly rude of us."

I rolled my eyes, "Its fine. Are you going or not?"

"No I think I'm going to sit this one out."

"Okay. I'll miss you," I said, standing up on my tip toes and kissing him. "Ty, are you going to be bruised?"

"No, but I will be pretty sore," he said.

I swiped my thumb across his cheek bone. "Serves you right, come one guys," I said winking at him.

"Ha-ha, very funny, love."

"You know I'm funny," I said walking out with Micah and Vance.

"Wait do you guys care if I go? I didn't think to ask if the offer was still there with Tyler not going."

"Its fine you can still go," Vance said.

"Okay," I said as I got in the back seat. I started remembering. "You know the last time I was in the car with you guys is the first time I came here."

"Yeah the good days," Vance mumbled.

"Vance!" Micah and I said within seconds of each other. I smacked him.

"I was just kidding, geez. Learn to handle a joke, princess."

I narrowed my eyes. "Princess?"

"Oh come on, don't act like you're not."

"I am not a princess!"

"Just drop it," Micah said looking at Vance then at me.

"Fine," we both grumbled.

"So what are we going to get today?"

"Deer, I guess," Micah said.

"I like deer," I said agreeably.

"Well that's good," Vance said.

"How about we turn on the radio?" I suggested.

"What station?"

"It doesn't matter. I just would like some music."

\* \* \* \* \*

"We're home," I called.

No answer.

"Tyler? Selllenna?"

Selena came prancing in and stopped in front of my feet. I reached down and picked her up. "You need a bath," I said in a baby voice. I don't know why I insisted on talking to her like that.

"Micah, do you know where Tyler is?"

"Maybe he's in the shower," he suggested.

I walked down the hall, to the bathroom. No Tyler. I checked his room. No Tyler. I checked my room. No Tyler. I walked back into the main room. Tyler walked in.

"Where were you?" I questioned.

"I got us a movie," he said innocently.

"Oh. What did you get?"

"Bounty Hunter." He held up a RedBox movie as proof.

I snorted at the memory. Tyler has changed a lot since I met him that day. Or maybe my opinion of him has change since then.

"What?"

"I was just thinking about the last time I was at RedBox."

"Oh," he said biting his lip.

"I was also thinking about how my opinion of you has changed since then."

"He's changed too," Vance said.

"Has he?" I asked arching my eyebrows.

"Big time."

"Umm, hello I'm right here," Tyler said waving his hand around.

"Sorry," I smiled apologetically.

"Okay enough let's just watch this movie," Vance said grumpily.

"Okay," I agreed.

Micah and Vance sat together on the smaller couch. Tyler popped in the movie before joining me on the bigger couch. I snuggled against his chest and settled in for the movie.

Micah and Vance hardly watched the movie; they were too busy making out. I'm sure Tyler wanted to do the same, but I actually enjoy watching movies.

"Kourtney, do you want to go shopping tomorrow?" Micah asked after the movie was over.

"Sure," I agreed happily. "I could use some new clothes."

*Chapter Nineteen*

"What do you want to do today?"

"Hmm I want to go shopping," I said with a laugh.

"You do, do you?"

"Yeah, I need some new clothes, vampire gear if you will."

"What if I don't let you?"

"I'll go anyway," I said with a laugh, cuddling closer Tyler.

"We'll see about that," he said kissing my neck.

"I told Micah I would go."

"I know."

"Tyler," I protested.

"You know I'm only joking, love," he said reaching up and touching my nose.

"I know," I said pecking his lips. "I got to get ready."

"Yeah want help?"

"How?"

"Mm, I can help you take a shower or brush your hair or pick out your clothes," he suggested, kissing me lightly.

"How about all of those?" I asked rolling us over and he hovered over me.

"Mhmm," he said kissing my neck. I shut my eyes and shivered.

"Tyler I have to get ready," I said shoving against his chest playfully.

"Can't it wait?"

"Tyler Jarrod Matthew Rush, get your butt up so I can get in the shower."

"Fine," he said rolling off of me carefully and getting up.

"I think we should invest in robes," I said with a laugh and began gathering my clothes.

"That would be a smart idea."

After we showered, and I got ready I gave Tyler a quick kiss and met Micah in the main room.

"Ready," I chimed.

"Okay let's go!" Micah squealed.

"You're really into this aren't you?"

"Maybe just a little," he said with a smile.

"Do you have a purse?"

"Nooo, I don't," he said laughing.

It was a long drive and I wasn't familiar with the mall, but it was big and seemed to have a good selection of stores.

"Where to first?" Micah asked excitedly.

"5 7 9?"

"Okay, but there's nothing I can wear in there."

We shopped around in there for a while and then moved on to a few more girlie stores. Then we shopped for Micah as well.

"Why can't they have Victor's secret? I mean it's hardly fair to have Victoria's secret and not have Victor's secret," Micah ranted.

"What are you talking about?" I asked laughing.

"They have a women's underwear store, but they don't have a men's underwear store."

"Oh. I don't know Micah. Why don't you ask the manager?" I said with a laugh, but the bad part is he was being hundred percent serious.

"That's a good idea. I'll do that next trip."

"Okay. So what else do I need?"

"Hmm I don't know. Did you get clothes to hunt in?"

"Shoot no. Do you think I should?"

"Duh," he said taking off to a store he had in mind.

I got several outfits for hunting, mostly short sets. Apparently my long track legs work well in shorts.

"I know what we have to do before we leave!" Micah announced.

"What?"

"I want to look in a jewelry store."

"Okay let's go."

We browsed around looking at rings for a while before a clerk paid any attention to us.

"What can I interest you in," A pretty blond women asked, speaking to only to Micah.

"Well I was just looking for my boyfriend."

"Oh. Well if you need anything let me know," she said her tone souring at the end.

I giggled when she walked away, "Micah why'd you say that?"

"Because she was hitting on me, so I wanted to make her feel awkward."

"You definitely accomplished that."

"I know," he said laughing. "Do you want to look for anything?"

"Well I did see a nice ring," I said jokingly

"Hmm what kind of ring?"

"An engagement ring, of course."

"Flashy?"

"Nah, I don't want something super flashy or super big. Just something that says 'I want to marry you but I don't want to be a show off'"

"Oh."

"Well come on we better go."

"You're right. I can't wait to get home."

On our way out I bumped into someone. "Sorry," I said automatically.

"Kourtney?"

"Yeah?" I turned around and my eyes went wide. It was one of my best friends Catrina Davenport.

"Kourtney! Where have you been? Did you know that there's flyer's up all over the place of you?"

"There is?"

"Yeah your parents are really worried. Did you run away?"

I bit my lip. Of course he didn't leave a note or anything. I never thought of my parents. I just thought about what I'd tell my friends. "No I didn't run away."

"We're you kidnapped? Who is that?"

"This is my friend and no I wasn't kidnapped. Can you just not tell anybody you ran into me? I'll call my parents as soon as I can."

"I don't know. I mean I know we are best friends, but they had the police at the school and they interrogated all of us and made us promise if we saw you we would tell them."

"Please, I promise I will call them soon. I won't tell them you saw me. You had no problem keeping my secrets before."

"That's before you went AWOL! I've been really worried. So has Charlette you know how we rarely talked? Well she's been asking about you every day trying to figure out where you are. Most people think you're dead," she said animatedly with her hands.

"Well I'm in something. It's something that I can't leave just yet. I don't have a phone where I am and I thought I left a note. Maybe the maid found it and threw it away."

"Okay, you have two days. Two days and that's it," she warned.

"Okay thank you."

"Are you like alright? You said you were in something."

"Yeah I'm fine. It's nothing bad. I'll talk to you later. I have to go."

"See you later. I miss you."

"I miss you too." I grabbed a hold of Micah and booked it out of there.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Did you guys have fun?" Tyler asked, jumping up from his seat when we walked in.

"Yeah," I said quietly.

"What's wrong?" he asked concerned.

"She ran into a friend," Micah said worried.

"What? What did she say?"

"I'm a missing person," I sat down my bags and sat down myself. "They think I'm dead and my parents, well my mom is really worried. They have the police involved. They interrogated all my friends. My friends must have not told them that I said I may be going on vacation. Maybe they did who knows."

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry Kourtney. I was so desperate to make you apart of this coven, I never thought about your family. I should have left a note or something," said sitting beside me.

"I have two days."

"Two days to do what?"

"To call my parents, Catrina said she would give me two days to call them or she would tell them where she saw me."

"That would be a problem."

"Do you have a phone? I need to call them."

"Can it wait until tomorrow? I will make a trip to town and get a disposable phone."

"Yeah that will be fine. I'm exhausted. I'm going to go to bed okay?"

"Yeah that's fine. Oh I took care of Selena for you so you don't have to worry about feeding her or anything."

"Thanks. Can you bring my bags in later?"

"Yes, I sure will."

He helped me up and I walked to my room feeling extremely drained. I heard Micah talking to Tyler in low voices, but I didn't make out what they were saying.

I changed into my favorite pajamas and crawled into bed.

## *Chapter Twenty*

I rolled over, falling out of bed. "Crap!" I groaned. I got up and looked at the clock. It was pretty late in the day. We only had to sleep a few hours, but I had about twelve of them. I walked over to check on Selena. She was already out of her cage. I changed into something more decent then walked into the main room.

"Good morning, Vance. Where's everybody else?"

"I thought you would never wake up. Tyler and Micah went to get your phone. They waited for a while, but then they decided to just go on," he didn't sound like he was thrilled that they were spending time alone together.

"Oh that's cool," I said stretching and then curling up on the couch. "Vance?"

"What?"

"Wanna play Xbox?"

He narrowed his eyes, "What game?"

"Madden, I guess."

"Okay, I'll set it up."

"Like I know how," I said with a laugh. I probably could, but I was feeling way too lazy today.

"Yeah you're right."

"Ha-ha, you're so not funny," I said sticking my tongue out at him.

"Yes I am. I'm awesome."

"Dude, no you're not don't lie," I said laughing and grabbed a controller.

"Shut up!" He whined making a face before selecting different options and tampering with the settings.

"Make me," I said sticking my tongue out. I really am starting to think of Vance as the brother I never wanted.

He rolled his eyes and began playing. It was the bottom of the ninth, he had one life left, and almost no energy left, oh wait that has nothing to do with anything. I was winning by twelve and then finally I won.

"Ha!" I shouted standing up.

"What!" He screamed, getting up and turning off the Xbox.

"What was that for?"

"You cheated!"

I put my hand on my hip and raised my eyebrows. "Really Vance?"

"Obviously, how else would you win?" He asked like a little kid.

"Because I'm good at video games," I said, shaking my head and rolling my eyes.

"No, you can't be better than me, therefore you cheated," he insisted.

"Okay Vance, I'm sorry would you like to play a baseball game or something?" I asked humoring him.

"Yes! Rematch!"

"Okay," I said rolling my eyes again.

Several hours and games later, I had successfully won every single rematch.

"Face it Vance. I'm just way better at video games than you are," I said wanting to avoid another re-re-re-rematch.

"That's impossible," Vance pouted.

I tried my best not to laugh. "I'm sorry Vance."

"You should be," he said crossing his arms.

"Wow okay. How about we watch some TV?"

"Sure, turn it on MTV," he said sounding totally normal.

I rolled my eyes at his bipolarness and turned it on. Sixteen and Pregnant was on. My eyes widened. I remembered what time of the month it was.

"Vance?"

"What?"

"Do vampires get still have their lady problems.." I trailed off.

He shrugged, "The girls do, I guess."

What he said made my brain hurt, "No really? I thought guys had them too!"

"You know what I mean."

I let this sink in and felt a lurch in my stomach. I know good and well it's been a long time since Mother Nature has come to visit me. It was just a few weeks before Tyler and I 'did it' as Micah would say. I swallowed audibly, causing Vance to look over at me.

"What?"

"I haven't had a visit from Mother Nature and I should have," I admitted, my voice trembling.

"What? For real? Are you positive?"

I nodded, clutching my stomach.

"You aren't usually late?"

"Never, I've been on time since I was fourteen."

He swore under his breath in shock.

"Vance!" I couldn't help but reprimand him. "What am I going to do?"

"Well this isn't my problem, or my baby, so you should be having this discussion with your boy toy."

I grunted, "He's your best friend too ya know. And how am I going to tell him? Oh hey, Tyler. Guess what I found out while you were gone. I'm pregnant and better at video games than Vance. All in all it's been a good, but boring day," I said with sarcasm oozing out of those last few sentences.

"Hey, whatever works?"

I roll my eyes, "You can't tell him okay?"

"Tell me what?" Tyler asked walking into the room.

My jaw dropped for split second before I gained composure and racked my brain for something to say. I couldn't think of anything.

"That she dominated me at video games. Oops sorry, Princess. I spoiled your surprise," Vance sneered.

I shot him a 'thank you, you just saved my life' look and then said, "Thanks a lot you jerk." The first part was true. Well actually the last part was too, but not at that particular moment.

"Vance," Tyler scolded. "I got you a phone and loaded some minutes on it for you, love."

"Thank you so much," I said getting up and kissing him lightly.

He handed me the phone. "No problem. Now go call your mother," he said flashing a breathtaking lopsided grin.

I laughed and smiled cheerfully. "Okay, I might be a while so you can play video games with jerk-wad," I said glancing at Vance, who gave no reaction.

"Okay, love."

I headed out of the main room and into my room. I shut my door and dialed the house number.

"Hello," my mom answered on the first ring, sounding numb.

"Hi," I said quietly.

"Kourtney? Is that you?" Mom asked hope filling her voice.

"Yeah, it is. I'm so, so, sorry I haven't called sooner!" I apologized, knowing it wouldn't be enough.

"It's so good to hear your voice! Where have you been? Did you know I thought you were dead? Are you okay? Your sister has been crying everyday it seems. Your dad even called," She said all in a rush.

I answered all of her questions except for where I had been and told her I was shocked my dad even cared.

"He was, well still is really worried about you and feels terrible about everything. He said if you were alive he would divorce his wife."

"He really said that? I bet he didn't mean it."

"Yes he did and he meant it, Kourtney. It took something this big to make him realize how foolish he has been and he wants to make it right."

I couldn't believe it. Thoughts swirled around in my head and with out my permission, hope started to grow. "I really hope so, Mom."

"Me too, sweetie, when are you coming home?"

"I don't know," I admitted. I was afraid of this.

"Well where are you? James or I could come and pick you up."

"I can't leave right now, Mom, but I promise I will call once a day. Okay?"

"Don't be ridiculous. You're coming home; I haven't seen you in a month. Now tell me where you are so I can come and get you," she demanded. I could hear the hysterics threatening to break through.

"Mom, you have to trust me. I can't leave now. I will come home and see you as soon as I can."

"Kourtney, you don't understand. I've had the police investigate this and everything. You have to come home."

"I would love to, Mom. I really miss you, Kennidy, and James, but I can't. Not yet."

"Have you been kidnapped?" She asked, not grasping it.

"No, Mom. I am staying her at my own will, but I can't leave yet. I have to go. I will call you tomorrow. Okay?"

"Okay. You better call me first thing when you get up," she warned and mumbled something that sounded like at least she got to speak to me on my birthday, and then she hung up.

My birthday, no, she was wrong today wasn't my birthday it couldn't be. I turned off my phone and walked into the main room.

"Tyler what is today?"

"It's the twenty-fifth. Why?"

"What time is it?"

"Its eleven fifty-five. Why? What's wrong, Kourtney"

"Well happy birthday to me," I mumbled.

"What? Today is your birthday?" he asked in disbelief.

"Yeah, I guess I lost track of time," I admitted.

"How are you so calm? How could you lose that much time? How are you not a werewolf?" he asked all in one breath and it was abundantly clear that his head was swimming like mine.

"I don't know, Tyler. It isn't eleven fifty-nine, yet." I felt faint as one little word squirmed its way into my head. Pregnant, pregnant, pregnant, I was pregnant and I may lose my baby. This little thing growing inside me could die. I instantly lost my calm feeling.

I steadied myself as Tyler grabbed a bag off the couch. I shut my eyes, but heard the rustling of the bag and knew he was getting something out of it.

I turned my head towards the wall behind the TV and looked at the clock. Eleven fifty-seven. I stared at the clock as the seconds tick by.

Tyler cleared his throat; I clutched my stomach, and looked at him not wanting to look away from the clock.

Tyler was on his knees, I assumed to beg me to stay, incase it happened. Which I was sure it would. "Kourtney Lynn Akers, I know it's only been a little over a month since we started getting along, but I love you with all my heart. I want to spend the rest of my life with you and give you the wedding of your dreams. We could even move out of this place and closer to your family. So what do you say? Will you marry me, love?" he asked stretching the ring out.

I felt a familiar stinging in my eyes and I saw the pink tears rolling down my face. It was all too much and far too romantic. I glanced at the clock, eleven fifty-eight.

"Kourtney? Are you okay?"

I chocked back my tears, calming my spinning head, and answered him. "Yes." Tick.

"Yes, you will marry me? Or yes, you are okay?" he asked concerned.

My hand started shaking, as I reached it out to him. Tick. "Both. I would love nothing more than to be your wife," I said my voice trembling.

A huge, lopsided grin spread across his face as he slips the ring on.

"Ahh yay!" Micah and Vance said simultaneously, causing me to notice them for the first time. Tick.

Tyler got up and stood in front of me. Tick. "Tyler I have to tell you something."

"What?" he asked knitting his brows. Tick.

"I.." I began and glanced at the clock. Tick. I had roughly four seconds. "I'm pregnant!" I said quickly. Tyler had no time to react. Tick. The minute hand changed. Tick. It was eleven fifty-nine.