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Title: BreatheSeries: Sea Breeze #1Release Date: May 16, 2011 Pages: 352Buy the book: Signed copy | Amazon | & Book Books | Watch: Kobo | Google PlaySynopsis: Sadie White's summer job won't be on the beach guarding life or working in rental booths like most kids her age. With her single mother's
growing pregnancy and refusal to work, Sadie must take over her mother's job as a domestic servant to one of the wealthy summer families on a nearby island. When the family arrives on their summer families on a nearby island. When the family arrives on their summer families on a nearby island. When the family arrives on their summer families on a nearby island.
spent her life raising her mother and looking after the house it might have been normal enough to be excited about working for a rock star. Although Sadie is not impressed by Jax's fame, he is attracted to her. Everything about Sadie fascinates Jax, but she fights her attraction. Relationships never work in his world and as badly as he
wants Sadie, he thinks he deserves more. At the end of the summer, Jax discovers that she can't breathe without Sadie. Add in GoodreadsAls also in this series: Abbi Glines is the New York Times, USA TODAY, and Wall Street Journal best-selling author of the Rosemary Beach, Field Party, Sea Breeze, Vincent Boys, and the Existence
series. A book lover, Abbi lives with her family in Alabama. She maintains a Twitter addiction to @AbbiGlinesBooks.com. Prologue Life has always been a struggle for me. As far as I could tell, it wasn't daisies for everyone else either. I never let go of the fantasy that
one day I wouldn't feel so alone and isolated from the rest of the normal world. My dream is what kept me going many nights when I fought against the desire to disappear. It would be easier if I had never been born. I'm positive that my mother sees things the same way. I know what you're thinking and, no, he never said those words, but
my entry into the world drastically changed the course of his life. She had been a beauty gueen in the small Arkansas town where she had grown up. Everyone said she would make it big someday, somehow, maybe her beauty and charm would have opened those doors, if she hadn't met the man who helped give me life. The fact is, she
ran away to become a star and fell in love with a very married man who didn't recognize me or help her for fear of dazzling her social standing in the big city of Nashville, Tennessee. A one-room shack in the Tennessee Hills is where we spent the first part of my life. Until the day my mom got up and decided that life would be easier in
Alabama. On the south coast, she might find and the sun would be good for us, or what he said. I knew I needed an escape, or maybe just a place to start over. If a person could be a magnet for losers, my mother fits the profile, and, I was about to lead another child into the unstable life he managed to lead, where he relied heavily
on a child-me-to-handle things. If only she had let me make her decisions for her in the dating world, as she did with the rest of her life. But unfortunately, we headed to southern Alabama, where the sun is supposed to shine bright and wash out all our worries... yes, okay. Chapter 1 Mom, are you going to work today? I rolled my eyes at
my heavily pregnant mother who sprawled on her bed in her panties and bra. The pregnancy made Jessica an even bigger drama queen than before having unsafe sex with another loser. He gestured and covered his head with a pillow. I feel horrible, Sadie. You're just going without me. I had seen this coming a mile away before school
even left out. The last day of school landed yesterday, but instead of being able to go out and be a normal teenager, Jessica expected me to make the money. It was almost like I planned on me working instead all the time. Mom, I can't go to her workplace and take her position. They won't be okay with your seventeen-year-old daughter
doing your job. She pulled the pillow off my face and threw a sulfur that I had perfected years ago. Sadie I can't keep cleaning my house with my stomach the size of a beach ball. I'm so hot and tired. I need you to help me. Things are always over. I went to the window unit and turned it off. Do you have any idea how much it costs to run a
window unit all day? I knew he didn't know, nor did he care, but I still asked him. He rushed over and sat down. Do you have any idea how hot I am with all that extra weight?, he shot me. It took all my restraint to avoid reminding him that I hadn't used a condom. I bought them for her and made sure her bag always contained several. Me
and I made sure her bag always contained several. I even reminded him before he went on dates. Remembering who the adult was in our relationship could be difficult at times. Most of the time it struck me that our roles were reversed, being the adult, yet it didn't mean we made smart decisions because Jessica just didn't know how to be
responsible. I know you're hot, but we can't spend all the cents we make on air conditioning, I reminded him. She sighed and fell back into bed. Whatever, he complained. I walked to her bag and opened it. On the right, I will go to your job today, by myself, and hopefully allow me inside the door. If that doesn't work, don't say I didn't warn
you. Al I'm qualified for is minimum wage jobs, we won't pay our If you come with me, I'd have a better chance of landing that position. I knew that while I spoke the words, I had already tuned in. She had worked for months and managed to keep the job. Sadie, you and I know you can handle it yourself. I sighed at the defeat and left it
there. She would go back to sleep as soon as I left. I wanted to be angry with her, but seeing her so great made me pity. She wasn't the best mother in the world, but she belonged to me. After putting on my clothes, I went past his room and looked out the door. She snored gently with the window drive once again cranked to sixty-eight
degrees. I thought about turning it off, but I changed my mind. The apartment already felt hot, and the day would just get hotter. I got out and got on my bike. It took me thirty minutes to get to the bridge transports me to the exclusive island connected to Sea Breeze, Alabama. The island was not where the locals lived, but
where the rich came for the summer, which employee full staff. Jessica managed to ense a job as a domestic servant in one of the houses making twelve dollars an hour. I prayed that he would be able to take over his position without a problem. I found the address of his employee card that he had recovered from his bag. My chances of
getting this job were meadish. The more I got on the island, the bigger and more extravagant the houses became. The address at my mother's workplace landed three more houses. She, of course, would have to work in the most extravagant house on the block, not to mention the last one before the beach itself. I climbed into a large
ornate iron gate and handed Jessica's ID card to the guy working on the admission. He uneasy and looked me down. I handed him a driver's license. I'm Jessica's daughter. She's sick, and I'm supposed to work for her today. He continued to drown while picking up a phone and calling someone. This was not a good thing considering that
no one here knew it was coming to your site. Two older men showed up and stood up towards me. They both wore dark sports sunglasses and reminded me of players who should be wearing football uniforms on NFL teams instead of being dressed in black suits. Ms. White, we can see your bag please said one of them instead of asking,
while the other pulled it off your shoulder. I swallowed and fought against the temptation to stare. They were intimidating, great, and he didn't seem to trust me. I looked down at my skimmed white shorts and the top of the purple tank and wondered if they
considered the fact that it would be impossible to hide the weapons in this outfit. I thought it was a bit strange that the big two were reluctant to Enter. Even if I was a threat, I think any of them could have taken me blindfolded with their hands tied behind their backs. The picture sprang up in my mind and made me want to laugh. I bit my
lower lip and waited to see if the dangerous little one I would be due entry to the biggest vital iron doors. You're free to go, Miss White. Please take the servants to the entrance to the left of the stone wall and deform in the kitchen where you will be instructed how to proceed. Who were these people who needed two men the size of Goliath
to protect their tickets? I got back on my bike and walked into the now open doors. Once I did it around the corner from lush palm trees and tropical gardens, I saw the houses like this even existed in Alabama. I had been to
Nashville once and had seen similar homes in size, but nothing so spectacular. I composed myself, pushed my bike against a wall out of sight. The servants' door was designed to impress. At least twelve feet tall, a beautiful engraved letter S adorned
it. Not only high, the door was real and heavy, using all my strength to throw it open. I looked inside the large entrance hall and entered a small area with three different arched doors to choose from ahead of me. Since I'd never been here before, I didn't know where the kitchen could be located. I went up to the first door on the right and
looked through the opening. It seemed to be a great meeting room, but nothing luxurious and no kitchen appliances, so I went to door number two, looked inside, and found a big round it. A great elderly lady stood in front of a stove unlike anyone she had seen in a house. It was something you'd find in a
restaurant. This was supposed to be the place. I went into the arched opening. The lady standing noticed me and became unraveled. Can I help you?, he asked in a sharp authorized tone even though it reminded me of Aunt Bea from the show Andy Griffith. I smiled, and the heat rose, threatening to hit the top of my head as I watched all
the people in the room turn to confront me. I hated the attention and did everything I could to get little myself. Even though it seemed to be getting harder the bigger I get. All that encouraged people to talk, I wanted to avoid the possibility if I could. Not that he's a recluse; it's just the fact that I have a lot of responsibility. I found out that early
in life friendships would never work for me. I'm too busy taking care of my mom. So, I've perfected the art of being uneasy. Uh, uh, yes, they told me to ask the kitchen for more instructions. I calmly cleaned my voice and waited. I didn't like it once the lady he shot, but since I was here, I had no choice but to stay. I know he sure didn't hire
you. Who told you to come here? I hated all these eyes on me and wished Jessica hadn't been so stubborn. I needed her here, at least for today, why has he always done these things to me? I'm Sadie Sadie Jessica White's daughter. She... Uh... It wasn't right today, so I'm here to work for her. Am... Uh... you're supposed to be working
with her this summer. I wish I didn't sound so nervous, but people looked on. The lady in front became very angry as the way Aunt Bea looked when someone angered her. It was tempting to turn and run. Jessica didn't ask about vou helping her this summer, and I don't hire children. It's not a good idea for the family to get avased for the
summer. Maybe during the fall when they leave, we can give you a chance. My nervousness of being the center of attention immediately disappeared, and I freaked out at the idea that my mother was losing that income I so desperately needed. If she would find out she couldn't work for her, she would quit. I pulled my adult voice out of
the closet and decided I had to show this lady that I could do the job better than anyone else. I can understand your concern. However, if you would give me a chance, I can and will show you that I am an asset. I will never be late for work and will always complete the assignments assigned to me. Please just one chance. The lady looked
down at someone at the table as if to get an opinion. She moved her eyes back up from me, and I could see that I broke through her resolve. Okay, Sadie White, your chance starts now. I'll give you an answer at the end of
the day. Here is your judgment, Miss White; I suggest they don't blow it. I found out and smiled at the now standing Fran. Follow me, said the tall, thin redhead who appeared to be at least sixty-five before turning and leaving the room. 宏D To make guests Booking.com and have been interested in catering for their guests to stay at the
property. I had a job to spare. Fran walked me down a hallway and past several doors. We stopped, opened one, and went in. The room contained book shelves from the floor to the ceiling. Large dark brown leather chairs were scattered across the room. None confronted each other or appeared to be used for any kind of visitation or
socialization. The room was clearly configured to be a library. A place where someone could come, find a book, and get lost in one of the big chairs. Fran pulled her arm in front of her gesture in the room in a bit of style. I was surprised to come from the elderly lady. This is Mrs. Stone's favorite place. It has been closed all year. You dust
the books and shelves, clean the skin with the special cleanser, and Windex the windows. Aspire to the clean and wax the hard wood. This room must shine. Mrs. Stone likes the perfect things for her sanctuary. Come and get you at lunchtime, and we'll dine in the kitchen. She walked in the door, and I heard her thank someone. He went
back inside pulling a cart full of cleaning supplies. This everything you need. Beware of artwork and framed works of art. Now, I hope he works hard and doesn't waste time with nonsense. Ms. Fran left the room. I surrounded enough, taking in the extravagance of my surroundings. The comments are bigger and other things. it just seemed
full. I could clean this up. I hadn't been asked to do anything impossible. I went to get the dust supplies and headed towards the staircase connected to the shelves. It could also start at the top as the dust falls. Page 2 I managed to get everything dusted and the windows clean before Fran took me back for lunch. I needed a break and
some food. His fading face was a welcome sight. She moved her gaze around the room and sat down before taking me back down the same path she had taken this morning in silence. The smell of fresh baked bread hit me as we rounded the corner and entered the large luminous kitchen. Ms Mary stood over the stove pointing at a
younger lady wearing her hair in a bun covered with a hair net just like Miss Mary. It smells good, Henrietta. I think you got it. Let's try this lot in today's help, and if everyone likes it, you can take over baking bread for family meals. Ms Mary turned, wiping her hands on her apar Ah, here's our new employee now. How's things going? Ms.
Fran found out and said. Well, Either this lady didn't smile much or just didn't like me. Sit back, sit back, we have a lot to do before the family arrives. I sat down after Fran did, and Miss Mary sat trays of food in front of us. I must be doing something right since Fran directed her words in my direction. To the help of eating at this table. We
all come in different shifts for lunch. You can choose what you want to eat. I found out and got to the sandwich tray and took one. I took some fresh fruit from a plate. Drinks are there at the bar. You can go and choose what's there or fix something yourself. I went and poured some lemonade. I ate quietly while listening to Miss Mary lead
the lady she called Henrietta. They seemed to be making bread for tonight's meal. Neither Fran nor I made any attempt at conversation. After doing so, I followed Fran to the sink where we rinsed our dishes and loaded them into the big dishwasher ourselves. Just as guiet, we went back to the library. I was a little less nervous now and
more interested in my surroundings. I noticed the portraits as we walked down the aisle. There were portraits of two very beautiful children. The more seemed to get. Towards the grand opening we would cross going to the library, a strangely familiar face smiled at me from a life-size painting. A face I had seen many
times on TV and in magazines. Only last night during dinner, dinner, had been on television. Jessica saw Entertainment Daily during our meal. Teen rocker and heartthrob Jax Stone was one of his favorite subjects. Last night he had been on the arm of a girl rumoured to be in his new music video. Fran stopped behind me. I turned to her,
and she seemed focused on portraiture. This is your summer home. He'll arrive with his parents and brother any day. Can you handle this? I simply found out, unable to form words from the shock of seeing Jax Stone's face on the wall. Fran moved again, and I followed her to the library He is the reason why teenagers are not hired. This is
a private escape for him. When she was younger, her parents insisted on taking a break every summer and spending time with them away from the bright lights of Hollywood. Now it's bigger and still coming here for the summer. You go from time to time to go to different events, but for the most part, this is your getaway. He takes his
family with him, as they don't see much during the year. If you can't stand it, you'll be fired immediately. Your privacy is of utmost importance. That's why this is such a high paying job. I straightened up and grabbed the bucket I had been using. I can handle anything. This work is more important to me than a teen rock star. Fran found out,
but from her dress, I could see she didn't believe me. I focused more energy on my work. At the end of a long day, I listened as the calm and drowned Fran informed Ms Mary. She thought she would be a good worker and they should give me a chance. I thanked her and Mrs Mary. I should be able to save enough money for the fall when
my mom would have the baby, not work, and I would go back to school. I could do this. Yes, Jax Stone was famous, and his incredible steel blue eyes made my heart flutter. I made enough to admit a lot. However, it wasn't just because it happened to be one of the most beautiful creations known to man. Everyone knew that beauty ran
only skin deep. I assumed that loneliness filtering his veins would be so revolting that I wouldn't mind if he cleaned his house and passed it in the hallways. Also, the boys were kind of the one I didn't know anything about. I never took time to talk to one, even when they did their best to talk to me. I've always had bigger problems in life, like
making sure we ate and my mom remembered paying our s bill. When I think of all the money I had wasted on condoms I got into my hands and purses before going out with the countless men who came to it, I realized I had a hard time not to with her. Even in thrift store clothes, she looked gorgeous. One of his many disgusting men told
me that he inherited the cursed looks. From her curly blonde hair to her light blue eyes and heavy black eyelashes, I somehow managed to get it all. However, I lacked the one thing I knew that would save me from some disaster, myself real and seemed rather boring. Something of mine I loved remembering myself, but instead of being
bothered by it, I clung to it for dear life. What she thought would be a fall from my character; I liked to think like my lifeline. I didn't want to be like her. If having a boring personality kept me from following in his footsteps, then he would embrace me. The apartment where we lived for nearly five hundred a month sat under a huge old house. I
went in to find I wasn't inside. With only four rooms, Jessica couldn't have gotten far. Mother? I have no answer. The sun was setting so I went out to what Jessica referred to as a yard. If you ask me, it was real and more like a small piece of slab. She stood out in the yard with her stomach growing in sight for all to see, in a bikini she had
bought from a robbery shop a few weeks ago. He turned around and smiled. This morning's sick façade no longer appeared on her face. Instead, it seemed to shine. Sadie, how did it go? Does Ms. Mary give you a hard time? If I did, I hope you were okay. We need this job, and you can be so rude and unsociable. I listened to
his quilt about my lack of social skills and waited until he finished before talking. I got the job for the summer if I want it. Jessica sighed dramatically in relief. Wonderful, I really need to rest these next few months. The baby is taking so much from me. You just don't understand how hard it is to be pregnant. I wanted to remind her that she
had tried to prevent her from getting pregnant by sacrificing food money to buy her stupid condoms, which didn't help at all! However, I found out and went in with her. I'm hungry, Sadie. Is there anything I can fix very quickly? I'm eating for two these days. I had already planned what we would eat for dinner before we got home. I knew
mom was helpless in the kitchen. Somehow I survived the first eight years of my life in peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Somewhere at the time I turned eight, I realized that my mother needed help, and I started growing faster than normal from children. The more I offered to take on, the more he gave me. When I was eleven, I did
everything. With the noodles boiling and the meat sauce simmering, I went to my room. I ran away from my work clothes and into a pair of cut-off store jeans, which happen to be the core of my wardrobe, and a tee shirt. My wardrobe was simple. The pan in the kitchen with the noodles on it whistled let me know the food needed to be
and over again at Jessica. She kicked the faded pastel sofa, which came with the in my bikini, I saw it on TV once when I was younger. He's stuck with me ever since, It also works. It's disgusting is what it is, Jessica said from her place on the couch. She couldn't boil water if I wanted to, but I decided to bite my tongue and end dinner.
She's ready, Mom, I told her as she spat out a pile of spaghetti on a plate, knowing she'd ask me to bring her one. Bring me a plate, you will, sweetheart. I suffocated. I was one step ahead of her. She rarely got up these days unless she absolutely had to. I slipped a fork and a spoon on the plate and took it to it. He didn't even sit down.
Instead, he placed it on the shelf of a belly he had developed and eaten. I put a glass of sweet iced tea next to it and re-arranged my own. Today I had worked out the appetite. I needed food. Chapter two didn't have to be searched, and they even gave me a card to show at the door when I got from here on out. Things got a lot smoother.
Fran even smiled at me once. After lunch, Ms. Maria sent me to the third floor, which housed most of the rooms. It was easy to forget the hottest teen star in the world would be sleeping in the summer wasn't real and so big of a
deal. I walked into his room and turned around. It wasn't a typical teenage boy's room. It seemed so comfortable that I found it strange. A wal showed bats and bal s signed with different signatures, while some only looked like wel used. Sweaters you must have worn during childhood hung in the wal's proudly. I could easily imagine the
child I had seen in yesterday's photos with these and playing city bal like a normal kid. I went for closer inspection and found images under each of the teams I had played on. In the first, I struggled to figure out which child was the now famous rock star. After he seemed to be ten or eleven years old, I easily identified him. The sweaters
and images were on the orders of the year from about kindergarten to the age of thirteen, and then stopped. It would have been about a year or so before I remembered hearing his name the first time on the radio. He seemed to lead a normal life until the moment a record company discovered him. The wall space above his bed
distinguished the room from an ordinary teenager' room. Guitars of all shapes, sizes and color hanging in the wal s. Many were autographed; some shone with novelty. One seemed to have real gold in it, which wouldn't be surprising in to him if he did. I got on feet and examined it more closely. He said fender on that. I continued to
examine the signatures on the most expensive guitars. I ran my finger over Jon Bon Jovi's name and smiled. Apparently, even rock stars have idols. In the center of them when hanging a smal, worn guitar. The fact that it hangs on the of this ection col made it clear that this must have been the first and most beloved. I looked back at the
door to make sure no one stood outside, and then went to be under the smal guitar I imagined I had started at. I wasn't a crazy fan, but seeing something responsible for stimulating a dream seemed almost holy in a way. My cleaning cart sat intact at the door, and I knew it had to be busy. I didn't want to learn new and personal things
about him. I wanted him to stay half and untouchable in my eyes. Knowing that he was once a cute kid, with dark brown curls and a smile that would one day cause a frenzy made him look more real and not so god. I needed to keep my interest in him to a minimum. I quickly went over the room sprinkling and sweeping, and then cut the
hard wood face. I decided I'd better go through with this room quickly before I came across anything else that would have me chopping it like the kid in the photos. I focused my thoughts on my future and blocked Jax Stone's thoughts. Sadie, are you done? The family has arrived, and we have to go out to the servant's quarters, Fran said
from the door. I put my cleaning supplies back in the carriage and headed towards the door where there was a very nervous Fran. Sure, it just ended. Fran signed up and headed towards the back elevator in which house staff traveled from one floor to another without being seen by the family. Fran rushed inside when it opened, and I
started fol ow when a glass cleaner bottle fell fell outside the basket. I reached for a smal cloth and picked up the bottle from the floor. I cleaned the spil as best I could. Hurry up, please said Fran in an anxious tone from inside the elevator. The family has to go upstairs. I got up, and a singing sensation ran through the hairs on my neck. It
started, I turned around and saw him there looking at me. It wasn't what saw him there looking at me. It wasn't the cute curly-head boy, but the famous rock star. I'm not sure what to do, since my presence recognizing this soon wasn't something Ms. Mary wanted. A smile broke through her ridiculously sexy face, the heat burned through
my cheeks, and I looked out and pushed the cart into the elevator. He didn't seem to be analy that a teenage girl worked at his house. His smile seemed more fun. Fran was uneasy when I looked at her, but she said nothing. I put my cart out and went to report to the kitchen as I no longer worked upstairs. Ms. Mary stood with her hands
on her hips, waiting for our arrival. A silent conversation seemed to take place Fran and Ms. Mary. After Miss Mary found out, she came to look for something on the table and handed me folding black clothes. Page 3 Everyone wears uniforms while the family is in residence. Also, you won't clean the house anymore, but you'll help me in
the kitchen and help me, you'll help me. Greg in the gardens. However, tonight I need you to serve dinner. Mrs Stone has requested servers seeing the family, got sick about ten minutes ago, and you're what I got. You've proven to be
a hard worker, and you seem to be serious about this job. Your age worries me as the owner of the house is around your age and is an idol in the eyes of most girls. My gut tel is me which means little to you. I hope you continue to show such maturity. I didn't really know what to say after that bite of it, so I just found out. Well. Now, you
have to wear this every day. I'll leave you two more made in your size, and they'll be left here every night to be washed and pressed. Be sure to keep entering for the uniform meal before you put them on. You have to be tidy and clean
when you serve. Over the next two hours, I cut, cut, stir and stuff the type of meats and vegetables. By the time Miss Mary told me to change and tidy up my hair, exhaustion already tidyed up my body. I became the black skirt, which hit just above the knees, and the white button up shirt with a round neck ar. I wore a black apse over my
shirt and skirt. Pulsating my hair loose, I piled on the curls on my head. I washed my face and hands and sighed in my face reflected me again. My mother's face landed me a job as a server tonight, but my reserved personality earned me Ms. Mary's trust. When my mother's eyes shone with deception, mine remained serious and
guarded. Jax Stone's smile in person dazzled me as much as he did in the millions of images he had seen in magazines and on posters. However, I didn't mean it would be enough to be attracted to him like the rest of the world. With a deep breath, I opened the door and returned to the kitchen where Miss Mary was waiting. Okay, now,
remember, you put this in front of Master Jax at exact Marcus's moment here, rang a young guy such that he hadn't yet met, places Mrs. Stone in front of her. They'll be the only two at the table tonight. Mr. Stone and Jason will arrive tomorrow. So tonight, you two will be the only two serving. Make sure you are quietly back behind Master
Jax while eating and fol ow Marcus lead. It will help you with anything you're not sure about. I turned my fulful look on Marcus, which seemed to be only a few years great than it was, probably the age of collusion. Her sandy blonde hair and smiling green eyes immediately relaxed me. He held up his bronzed hand and got upset. Marcus
Hardy. I stuck my hand in hers, and shook her. Sadie White. Found out, stil grinning, and came to your tray, I watched your brave performance yesterday as you secured your brave performance yesterday as your brave yesterday as your br
tray in front of me. You will follow me... Stone's food. He gave me a wink before turning and heading to the entrance to the dining room. The big room wasn't new to me. That morning I had scrubbed the floors. Marcus took his place behind Mrs. Stone, who sat with her back in the driveway. The natural alarm in my
body alerted me as I walked to be behind Jax, who sat at the head of the table. I looked to Marcus to guide me. He found out, and we put the salads on at the same time. I've taken a step back. Marcus to go to the Yale interview if he doesn't want to go
there. Jax sees sounded so soft that it seemed almost unreal. I felt like I had entered a movie, and I stayed watching the scene in front of me. Your brother. He can make a name for himself if he will just focus on it instead of spending so
much time fiddling with the stock market. Your head for numbers is getting lost. Jax's eyes looked at me and he seemed to smile before directing them back to his mother. You're both going to take it away. You're right, he's smart and he doesn't need you to think about him. Mrs. Stone let out a short, harsh laugh. And I wouldn't be where
you are today if I hadn't pushed you so hard. All you wanted to do was play baseball with your friends and play in a silly garage band with absolutely no talent other than yourself. Jax sighed, took a drink from his icy water, and turned to his mother. That's enough, Mom, don't start talking badly about the only real friends I've ever had. Mrs.
Stone leaned back, and Marcus touched my hand to draw attention back to him and the reason we were here. We took a step forward and, at the same time, removed the salad dishes from in front of the Stones. Can we get something other than water to drink with your food? Marcus asked with a charming southern drawer. I found my
eyes once again staring at me. I fought against the temptation to allud my eyes to turn back on the need to allud my eyes to turn back in Jax's direction and to those eyes. Mrs. Stone sighed. I guess a glass of the
best Merlot we have in the cellar. Jax leaned back, and I could see he had looked at me. To I took a soothing breath and looked at him. If I could have a glass of Miss Mary's sweet iced tea please. I found out and kept coming back from returning his smile. Yes, sir, Marcus replied. He took a step back and shook his hand, so he would take
the road back to the I left the large dining room and immediately took a deep breath. I hadn't realized how nervous this would be. As soon as we walked into the kitchen, Marcus smiled at me. What? Did I? Marcus shook his head and a blonde lock of fellatio hair in his eyes. No, you were great. Now let's get the crab biscuit out there before
Miss Mary has an attack. She turned to the housewife. Miss Mary, we need merlot from the cellar. Ms Mary handed him the bottle already open along with a glass. I thought so much, and here's Jax's sweet tea. I'm going to deal with drinks, Marcus said. I was too grateful to ask why. I just found out and Fol owed him back for the hal
towards the dining room. Just before I got back in, Marcus looked at me again. Ignore your surveillance. You're a pleasure for the eyes. I can't blame him, but if you want to keep this job, try to make you invisible. I thought I'd been trying to do it. Apparently, I
needed to try harder. I intend to get in a long time just relax on the beach. I like the access to the private beach we have here and the idea of being able to go out on the beach without anyone wanting to talk to me, meet me or get me to sign an autograph is what I've been looking forward to a year. I need a break. I know Gregory hates the
idea of mine not being available for three months, but I need this for my sanity. Jax looked at me as I sat the biscuit bowl in front of his fans this summer would be great PR. Maybe he could do a beach gig, or just do a few movie premieres.
Jax shook his head. No way, Mom. I refuse to make my presence known here. I chose Alabama because it's not a heavily populated area. Better yet, this little island here is private. I'll consider some film premiers, but nothing else. There are no concerts. Mrs. Stone shrunk her shoulders. Well, I told Gregory I'd try, and I did. He can deal
with you. You're an adult. I'm not going to put pressure on you anymore. Jax continued to eat, and I stood next to Marcus, and he met my eyes with a smile. He was in business, and I could tel that he wanted me to do wel
here. I'd made a friend. Marcus slightly touched my arm and took a step forward. I immediately owed fol, and we took off the bowls. Do you have any sweeter, sir? Jax looked at me and blew his gaze towards Marcus. Yes, please. Mrs Stone's glass of wine was missing a sip as a Marcus once again took a step back and must have led the
way out. We did the same routine as before. Once in the kitchen, we picked up the tray already prepared with the richest and most exotic foods I had ever seen. Wow, I'm sure they're eating one Mrs. Stone has only tried her food so far, and my guess is that she'll barely touch that as well. He eats his. yes, but then he's a growing guy. I
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laughed at Marcus' imitation of Miss Mary, picked up the tray, and Fol owed it back to him by the now familiar room. Once inside, I put the food in front of Jax again, and Marcus handled the sweet tea for me. Jax and his mother ate quietly this time. Occasionally, I heard him staring at me, and a brief hint of Marcus' hand certainly
reminding me that he needed to look invisible. I never recognized the curious steel blue eyes. Mother and son exchanged a few casual words, but for the most part, they ate quietly. Final and, after what seemed like an eternity, I inspected Jax to see if it was over, and our eyes met. I tried to tear my gaze apart, but his eyes had a touch of
laughter. I looked at my feet, and Marcus pressed my arm. He ripped me off. I looked at him, and he found out we took his dishes. We cleaned the places in front of them at the same time, and walked towards the door already in routine. I'm not going to have dessert, Mrs. Stone told Marcus pressed my arm. He ripped me off. I looked at him, and he found out we took his dishes. We cleaned the places in front of them at the same time, and walked towards the door already in routine. I'm not going to have dessert, Mrs. Stone told Marcus pressed my arm.
be in my room if you need me. Jax stood up when his mother left, he sat again. I would love dessert, he assured us... or he assured me. Marcus found out. Yes, sir, he said in his business tone, and we left. Once back in the kitchen, Marcus sat on the tray. Okay, that's catchy. You're supposed to bring him the plate,
and since his mother's stayed, I have no reason to come back. I could go to your place, which would be the best idea, but I'm afraid it will angry. You've noticed that since you're famous, you wouldn't pay attention to another pretty face. Marcus sighed and bent his hip against the table
and crossed his long legs. I'm leaving it to you. I? What do you want to do, Sadie? It's not about your job; it's about mine. If he doesn't come back, I might lose mine to take his place. I think he's already taken my protection. Whether he leaves or not, his work is safe... for the moment. I sighed and got to the tray holding the dessert. I
wouldn't jeopardize someone else's job to help me. I would. Without another word, I headed back for the hal al by myself. Once I entered, the steel blue eyes ran into mine and he smiled. Oh, so he let you come alone. I was wondering if I would see him instead. I didn't want to smile at your comment, but I did. I sat his dessert in front of
him and took it my site. Are you talking?, he asked. Yes. Marcus had spoken for me at night. We will not normalize and have young female employees. How did you get through Mary? I'm ripe for my age. Just found out and took a bite out of some kind of chocolate cake with more coming out of the inside. After chewing and swal owed, he
looked back at me. I turned to look out the window at the crashing waves against the coast. How old are you? Seventeen. I hoped my simple answer would end his questioning. How did you know he lived here? His question caught me off guard and I knew his look. It's hard to miss the pictures of you as I dust and mop. He's uneasy. You
applied for this job without knowing you lived here? I realized I was assuming a fan squeezed through the cracks in his safety and wanted to know how I did it. My mom's been cleaning up here for two months. However, her pregnancy has progressed and she sent me instead. I proved my worth, and Ms. Mary kept me. My being here has
nothing to do with you, sir, but it has everything to do with the fact that I want to eat and pay the rent. I knew it sounded annoying, but I was upset, and I couldn't help it. He sat down and stood up. I am sorry. When I saw you, and you were young and wel ... attractive, I thought the only reason someone like you would be working here
would be to approach me. I deal with women a bit, and my assume that I worked here to get to me wasn't fair. Please forgive me. I swallowed the lump in my throat. I felt this job slipping out of my hands, but I wasn't crying. I get it, I managed to get out. Page 4 A childish smile was nured on his lips, and he sat his head towards the door. I
quess I should have found out they were taken by the other server's possessiveness tonight. I looked at you more than I should have, but I kept waiting for my autograph to be asked or your number to slip on a napkin. I raised my eyebrows by surprise. It shrunk. These things are a way of life for me. I just hope so. This time I smiled at him
again. He wasn't as bad as I was. I wasn't about to say goodbye. I'm here to do my job, sir, and nothing else. Do me a favor and don't need me sir. I'm only two years older than you. I grabbed the plate, was careful not to touch my hands, and took a step back. Okay, I replied, hoping I could leave. So it's your boyfriend? He caught me off
guard with his question, and I stopped in my tracks. Who? What are you doing here? A crooked grin appeared on his face. It was hard not to look. If Marcus is the guy who seemed very determined to make sure he didn't make mistakes tonight, then yes. No, he is ... he's a friend. It was strange to say those words. I had never set anyone a
friend in my life. Jax smiled and bent down to whisper close to my ear. I hope someday soon I consider myself a friend as . I don't have many. My face got hot, and my skin got in close proximity. His warm breath on my skin made it difficult to form words. He owed me hard, trying to focus on his commentary and not waking up to his feet
like a crazy lunatic. I only have one, I blurred as a Jax mis-seen. I find it very hard to believe I shrunk. I don't have time for friends. Jax took a step forward, opened the door for me, and smiled. Wel, I hope we can find some time in your busy schedule because I happen to be in need of a friend myself.... Someone who doesn't care who I
am.... Someone who doesn't laugh at my jokes when they're not funny. If I'm not wrong, you might care less about the fact that I'm on the cover of Rol ing Stone magazine this month, and in the Wal's bedroom of every teenage girl in America. Your comment seemed to ease my momentary common sense lapse of its proximity, and shook
my head. Not every teenage girl in America. You've never been to my walls. So, I guess you're right, I don't care. I left, leaving him behind me. Chapter three Marcus waited for me in the kitchen, drinking sweet tea and talking to Miss Mary. He stayed when he saw me. Well, how did it go? He thought he was a fan sliding through the cracks
and wanted to know how he did it. I informed her that she had replaced my mother because of her pregnancy, she was not a fan, and I didn't realize that this house belonged to her when I took the job. Marcus fell out of love. How did he take his explanation? I don't think there's any problem now that he knows I'm not a crazy fan about to
swipe my number on a dinner napkin. I doubt the notices of my existence will be issued from now on. Marcus raised his eyebrows as if he didn't create me. Ms. Mary went ahead and took the tray out of my hands. Well, I knew it was going to work very well. Now, go change your uniform and go home. It is not expected until seven o'clock
in the morning. I rushed to change the laundry. Once I switched back to my own clothes, I drove to the door. Is it late, did you drive or walk?, he asked when I got to the door. I rode my bike. He opened the door, and we went out together at night. Let
me put him on the bed of my truck and take you home. He really seemed worried about me. * * Once we were both in the truck, I relaxed and leaned back on their used leather seats. So how long have you worked at the Stone Mansion? He looked at me. I just started last summer. I only work summers here. I'm a local, but I'm currently
attending the University of Alabama. This is a summer job for me. Obviously it's just a summer job for me as well. I'll start my last year this fall. We just moved here from Tennessee. We sat quietly for a few minutes, and looked out the window as families walked along the sidewalks in their beachwear. I've never seen the beach before we
moved here. I couldn't help but get fascinated by the crashing waves on the sandy shore. You look much older than a senior in high school. In fact, in fact, more mature than most of the girls I go to school with. I smiled at myself, if only I knew. But tonight wasn't the night to offload my life into someone who might just become a true friend. I
know. I've always been an old woman in a child's body. My mom drives me crazy. I wouldn't call you an older woman, only more mature than the average seventeen-year-old. Normal teenage girls laughed and flirted on the side of the streets. Summer romance wasn't something I understood, but apparently it was a very big thing out there.
The girls here referred to tourists as the summer boys. I didn't really get it or I get it, but then again it wasn't normal. Marcus turned to me. Did I hurt your feelings? I didn't want to if I did. It was a compliment, really. I get tired of the silhouette and loneliness of girls. You're like a wing of fresh air. I turned my head in his direction and smiled.
He really was a good guy. I wished my interiors were put to the warm and tingly when I looked, but apparently my body only reserved that answer for teenage rock stars, and the thought that it might be shallow made me feel sick inside. Thank you, I've never been praised for my strange personality before. He uneasy and shook his head. I
wouldn't call you weird ... more refreshingly unique. I laughed at his attempt to make him sound better. Thank you. Refreshingly unique sounds much more attractive. Turn right at the next light, and are two houses on the left. We stayed silent the rest of the way to the apartment. Pull to the side. We cannot use the owner's unit. They own
the house. We rent the small apartment below. Marcus stood at the door. Thanks again for bringing me home. He opened his door, jumped out, and got my bike off the bed of his truck. I saw how he lowered it and bent it against the side of the house through the door. Anytime, if you go out at the same time as I do, I can always give you a
lift. I thanked him again. He scrambled his feet and looked at me. Since you're new here, and we're both out? I can show you what fun is out there and introduce you to some people. You know, just like friends. It sounded funny, but
I was a little surprised by sunday's comment. Sunday's comment. Sunday's comment. Sunday's lasked. He's uneasy. You didn't know we're all out on Sundays, even Miss Mary. I shook my head. No, I didn't know. But, yes, I would love to go and enjoy this area with someone who knows where to go. She grinned and ran her hand through her blonde hair. Very good relationship
I'll make plans this week and let you know what we're doing. We said our goodbyes, and I saw him get back in his truck. I waved and turned to face Jessica and her twenty guestions certainly as to what took me so long. The apartment was silent silent Dark. I looked into Jessica's room and found her asleep at the top of the decks with the
window unit non-stop. I took a quilt and covered it before I went back to my room and prepared for my shower. He was gone to bed early. There are no twenty questions and headed towards the bathroom. I needed to be clean and I needed to sleep. Today I managed to overcome my biggest
obstacle. Tomorrow should be easier. There are no more encounters with Jax. Having a friend would make things even more enjoyable. The following week he fell into a routine. I got to work and went straight to the kitchen with Miss Mary. He talked much more than Fran and her stories were entertaining. She told me about her two
daughters and seven grandchildren. A daughter lived in Michigan with five daughters of her own. The other daughter lived in Georgia, and had a nine-year-old girl and a boy who was loved immensely by a family full of girls. Her life raising her daughters made me realize how dysfunctional my life would sound with Jessica. I imagined my
life was as full and normal as Ms. Mary's. I knew one day I could make a life as full of family and love as it seemed to have. He often dreamed of a life like the one he told me. My first afternoons with Mr Greg started a bit tense as I wasn't really fond of having a teenage girl helping him, but after a day of not having to get on his arthric
knees he seemed to appreciate my being there. After my fourth day, Mr. Greg and I sat down and played chess in the pergola when our working days ended. He beat me every time, but I picked up on him and promised him that my skills would improve, and one day I would win him. I saw Marcus at night when we all sat around the table
and enjoyed a bowl of soup and salad. Ms. Mary always sent a plate of food home for Jessica, and I suspected I was sending her for my sake. Somehow without telling him, I seemed to understand how my home life worked. After Marcus
suggested. It was working well and things seemed to work out well with the staff and family. Sunday morning came before I knew it. I lay on the bed, covering my face from bright sunlight running into windows. It was good not having to jump and get ready. I liked my work, but I also enjoyed sleeping late. I screwed up and pulled. I'd go out
with a friend today. I was more excited than the normal person would be, but I couldn't help it. I sat down and rubbed my face, trying wake up enough to go to breakfast. He was still very quiet in the house, but normal Jessica slept up to eleven every day. I went to the kitchen and fixed a bowl of Crunch peanut butter, and then went to sit
on the piece of slab outside our back door. The sun was shining from the water, and as I enjoyed my bowl of cereal. Today felt like my first real summer day. Today, I would be able to go and do something that a seventeen-year-old would do. Jessica asked him as he walked through the door, or more as he walked out the door. Peanut
butter cereals, I replied and took another bite. He slumped on the lawn chair next to me and sighed. Do you love me? I rolled my eyes, knowing what the words would be next. Yes, I replied and took another bite. So you'll have pity on me and my huge stomach, and go fix me a bowl when you're done? This was an old game. She thought it
was nice to ask if I loved her before she asked me to go get something. I ate the rest of my cereal and drank in my milk before standing up. I'm going to get his cereal, I told him as he walked back to the door. Thanks honey, replied not opening your eyes. I fixed her a big bowl, so I wouldn't have to fix her for a second, and I took her. I
needed to talk to him about Marcus before I got here. I gave her the bowl, and she sat back from her reclining position on a chair that did not recline and took the bowl from me. Thanks a lot, he said, smiling. I sat down again. I made a friend at work, and he comes to take me today to show me and hang out. Jessica put the spoon full of
cereal back down. A boy! You? He's not a kid I'm dating. He's just a friend. He is from here and wants to hang out today. She smiled and took a bite of cereal. She had barely swallowed it when she said: I can't believe she talked to someone enough to make a friend. Or is he a recluse too? I stood up, not in the mood for my mother's
taunts. He loved to remind me how I lacked social skills. I started back inside, and she laughed. I'm just making fun of watching, Sadie. Don't get so angry. I'm glad you have a friend. Just don't forget about me and stay up. He gets alone around here. I hated him when he got on a guilt trip. You have a car. Go somewhere and do
something. He gave a melodramatic sigh. I need to go get a pedicure as I can no longer see my feet. I shook my head. No, something where no money is required. How to go for a walk along the beach. She rolled her eyes this time, and I walked in. I made a beeline for the spotted money I had saved up for bills and hid it elsewhere. I
didn't need to go home and find that all our money had been spent. After the money was secured, I went to prepare for my day with Marcus. I needed to wash my hair and coat myself with a sun block. The sun here could be brutal. But firstly, Find a swimsuit and something to wear. I checked the time. I had thirty minutes until he came to
pick me up. I needed to be prepared for Jessica not to answer the door and find some way to embarrass me. Page 5 Good morning, Marcus said when I opened the door. Good morning to you too! Stay in just one second and i take my bag. I turned, went back to the living room, and picked up the bag I had left on the coffee table. I'm
gone. Go out and go do something, I told my mom before I went back to the door. What, aren't you wearing it? She was dressed in your night shirt. She laughed, and I rushed back to the door. Are you ready to see this place from the eyes of a
local?, he asked him grinning. I found out, excited. Yes, I am. He opened the truck door for me, and I walked up. He grinned. I should have guessed: you're a tennessee girl. But it's okay, they're also grilling burgers, corn on the cob, and ribs. I love
burgers, corn and ribs. Oh, well. Well, let's go to a friend's house. They are grilled today, with raw oysters in the middle shell like snacks. I was quick to think of raw limos stains on a shell that people were real to and was going to put in my mouth. He laughed at my face. I guess when you grow up around, it doesn't look that bad. I wasn't
responding because I wasn't sure how anyone could get used to eating slime. Rock has been my best friend since elementary school. You'll like the group at home. We go grilling, and then go water skiing. They have a boat and we'll set it up at the marina. Have you ever been skiing water? I'm afraid not, but I'd love to try. It seemed to be
the thing to say because a huge grin burst in my face I can teach. You'll be skiing before the day is over. We approached a one-story house on stilt, like most houses here. It wasn't fancy, and seemed to have survived a few hurricanes. The siding had been patched a few times. Marcus met me when I got out of the truck and slipped a pair
of sunglasses on his face. You're going to need this. Without them, the sun will give you a headache. Do you wear women's sunglasses around on a regular basis? I asked him mocking me. He laughed. No, I have a sister. He didn't know about his family. I enjoyed knowing something about him other than the obvious. Please tell me
you're going to put yourself in a solar block. Even the best tanners are burned in this sun. yes, I'm tied up. Come this way, he said, throwing me behind him through a very tall grass, which grew in the sand. A simple rectangular pool on the floor was located in the center of the courtyard, surrounded by boys in swimming trunks and girls in
bikinis. They were melting silt from a shell, and I reminded myself not to grimace when they talked to me and ate these Marcus squeezed my hand and threw me to the party. Marcus, it's time to get here. In the shells are almost empty, he called a guy with long, brown dreadlocks. Marcus smiled at and whispered: I will not eat in front of
you, I promise. I shook my head. No, actually, that's fine. He laughed and took me to the group of guys standing with the dreadlocks guy. Several people shouted at Marcus, and he waved and found out. My stomach got nervous when I realized most people here looked at me. Hey, guys, that's Sadie, Sadie this is Rock, a pretty big
muscular guy with a shaved head, Preston, what I considered a beach bum, with long blonde hair and bronzed dark skin, and Dwayne, the dreadlock guy, who also happened to have several tattoos and piercings. We've been friends since second grade. Dwayne blew the dreadlocks out of his eyes and became upset. Since Rock beat
preston and ol' Marcus shit here he jumped in to take for him, which then began to be punished by Rock, until I jumped, and I tried to imagine them all as struggling young children. Our parents were very proud. They had elementary school offenders.
Dwayne grinned and turned around an oyster. Dwayne will remember the day if you leave him. Don't act like you enjoy their stories. It won't stop, Marcus said, smiling. The friendship between these four made me feel warm inside. It wasn't something I could relate to. So, Sadie, as she made Marcus' ugly ass here find a beautiful blind girl,
asked Rock as he turned a burger. I looked at Marcus to see him smiling with me. He came to my rescue on my second day there, and my sight is 20/20. One of them let out a low whistle, and another laughed badly. Marcus is a regular gentleman in shining armor, I tell you, Dwayne said with a punch. Marcus playfully pushed him, and
Dwayne burst into laughter. I'll take her to meet other people, if you can't behave. What have I done? Marcus sent him a mockery before turning to me. Dwayne came to a cooler behind him and held off a soda. I took it, thanked him, and listened to all four of them talk about a beach volleyball match going on next weekend between them
and a rival team. They would ask me questions or take me into the conversation from time to time, but mostly they just planned and strategy. I had no idea that beach volleyball was such a serious sport. A blonde in a hot pink bikini, which barely covered the important things, walked behind Rock, wrapped her arms around her waist, and
kissed her neck. Sadie, this is Trisha, Rock's fiancée, and trisha, this is Sadie, a friend of mine. Trisha smiled at me and cool off? I wasn't
sure I wanted to take it my sun dress in front of these people. My hand down red bikini wasn't nearly as skimmed as the ones the other girls wore, and I didn't kick it out like they did either. I thought about my long thin legs compared to the big-breasted curvy girls lying down and wanted to keep my clothes on. However, I too wanted to
make friends and not drop Marcus, so I needed to settle down or swim. As swimming kept me covered most of the time, I decided it would be the best option. Good value He grinned and pulled off his tee shirt to reveal a very tanned and muscular chest. I swallowed hard and wished I didn't have to do this, but I knew I should sooner or
later. So I slipped the sun dress and put it next to the Marcus shirt. I didn't want to make eve contact with anyone and wished I could just go and jump into the water without having to calmly walk over it and get in. A low whistle from behind surprised me and I heard an ouch. I turned to see Marcus brilliant in Dwayne and Preston. I'm sorry
Sadie, these two have no ways. He grabbed my hand again. He's always had my informal hand. I've never bothered me and didn't even pay attention to my body. I was relieved and embarrassed at the same time. I didn't want Marcus to like me as
anything more than a friend, but I didn't want to be so childish in my swimsuit either that he didn't notice me at all. I decided to stop thinking about everything so hard, and I followed it into the water through the stairs. We joined in a basketball game with a floating goal in the middle of the pool. I sank into that, but no one but Marcus and a
rick quy seemed to be good, so I didn't worry too much. After running Marcus the length of the pool and winning one in three times, we went out looking for something to eat. I approached my sun suit about the moment Marcus came up behind me and wrapped a towel around me. Thank you. He smiled. Our friendship was working very
well, and it made me smile a little brighter. Maybe my personality wasn't as bad as Jessica said. Marcus bent down and whispered in my ear, Burger, ribs, or both? I thought about the mess ribs do and all the people in the little backyard. Burger, I whispered to him again. He sat down and made his way to the grid. He got me a burger and
a slab of ribs for himself. We went to a table with things to put on the burger, and I added some ketchup and cheese. Marcus grabbed us a drink, and we headed to an uneasy shaded area. We sat down and ate at for a few minutes. I saw him go through at least fifteen napkins and I laughed when he came for more and all the
grandchildren were gone. You think my mess is funny, huh? I shrunk and let out another laugh that I couldn't hold. I arrived under my plate I handed him my napkin. Very good value for money He took the napkin and it was cleaned. Are you having fun?, he asked her after cleaning the barbecue from her face. Yes, I am. I feel like the
voungest here, but I'm having fun. Marcus found out. You are the voungest here, I forget that my old crowd has aged just like me. No. I really liked it. Preston, whose attention seemed to be centered on our way, shook her head, I'm afraid my friend there likes it. You're going to have to ignore it. I've been undeated. He likes me! With all
these elderly, attractive women around? Marcus cut off my eyes and studied my face for a minute, and he smiled. You really believe it, don't you? Do you think what? You think
home. Keep doing things as sweet as blushing, and you'll have Preston singing love ballads out of your window. I laughed and shook my head. I seriously hope not. Marcus looked at Preston. He really likes his legs, and happens to be attached to the best pair I've seen in a long time. But I think you hooked him when you attacked your
baby's blue eyes and smiled. I've been undeated. I don't remember laying eyes on anyone, and my legs are long and thin. Marcus smiled. I hope it always stays that way. Sweet and innocent. But I want to be the one to enlighten you. Your legs are sexy as hell, and the eyelashes are so thick and long that when you blink it looks like you're
fighting them, and it's very attractive. I wasn't sure I believed him, but I smiled anyway. You're a nice guy. Thank you for trying to make me feel better. Is that what I'm doing?, he asked with a teasing grin. I smiled. I think so. He laughed and shook his head. Sure, whatever you say, Sadie. Chapter four Wednesday night, Marcus came to
find me in the garden. Hey, Sadie, the Stone family is having dinner at a friend's house tonight, so I'm leaving early. How much longer until it goes down? I looked at Mr Greg who seemed to be really suffering from his arthritis today and knew he couldn't leave early. It wouldn't hurt to ride my bike home tonight. You go forward. I have some
work left here. Also, I want to stop at the grocery store and pick up a few things on my way home. Marcus became unraveled of me as if he were trying to ride a bike with grocery bags. I started arguing with him and assuring him
that everything would be fine, but his gaze left mine and landed on something behind I turned around and saw Jax Stone coming towards us from inside the gazebo. I hadn't even seen him get inside him. I agree with you on her house in the dark with groceries. I'll give him a ride home. You can go now. He'll be safe. Marcus looked at me
with concern. I smiled at him as if to reassure him I liked this deal. Uh, yes, of course, Mr. Stone, thank you. See you tomorrow, I replied and saw him right around and leave. Not because I wanted to look at him longer, but because I
needed to compose myself before I confronted Jax. Somehow, I would become as pathetic as the rest of the teenage world. I had seen interviews of Jax outside the last couple of days, and every time I looked my way, I smiled. My treacherous heart took a little turn. Before I knew it, I'd have a stupid Jax sign on my wall. Thank you, I
managed to say without tripping over my tongue. Page 6 Gave me one of those grins meant to melt the girl's hearts everywhere. If I had known I was cycling to get there and from work I would have done something about it a long time ago. I'm glad to have such thoughtful employees. But then again, he's his friend, it's not him. I smiled at
him. Marcus is a good guy. Jax leaned over and said quietly: And what about me... am I a nice guy? I wasn't sure what to say to that, so I decided to be honest. I don't know you sign my paycheck, so I'm not exactly sure how to respond to that. Jax threw his head down and laughed. I got caught smiling. He looked
almost touchable when he was lying. He offered her arm and held me to stick my hand. Well, then, Sadie White, why don't you honor me for a walk along the beach so we can talk. Then maybe you can decide for yourself whether I'm a nice guy or not. I undeated and looked at Mr. Greg. I don't know if I can, you see, Mr. Greg has arthritis,
and he needs me for the dedition of whether he wants to admit it or not. Getting down on his knees is not easy for him and very painful. Seriously?, he asked with concern on his face, and turned around and went where Mr. Greg got pretending to work, though he knew he had been watching Jax and me. I couldn't hear what Jax said, but
Mr. Greg seemed to like what he felt and found out, shook Jax's hand, and seemed to be putting his stuff. Jax went back to where he was. I also wanted him to tell you that I could wait until tomorrow for your chess game. I bothered the older man I would come to worry
about. He nodded, and I shook his head. Jax once again offered his arm, and I hesitated before sliding his hand inside his bent elbow. Very good tion I wasn't sure say and wondering if I could feel my heart running on my chest. Let's see, not worry about the knees of the old, but also play chess with them at night. I toughened up and
stopped walking. Being mocked for my relationship with Mr Greg bothered me. Easy there, tiger. He broke my hand. I wasn't making fun of you. I'm actually impressed. I haven't met a girl with compassion before, and I'm intrigued. I relaxed. I imagine in your world, girls are very different than here in the real world. I'm sure if you spent any
time with the everyday girl, you'd find that I'm not unique. It grinned at me. The everyday girl is the one who writes me fan mail and buys my concerts. They're the girls who shout my name and run after me like shattered animals. You haven't even tried sneaking into my room and sleading your perfume on my pillow. I hesitated, my jaw
falling into shock. Please tell me these things haven't happened before and you did them. Jax shrunk and shook his head. I'm afraid they did. These are just a few examples. I left out those that were not suitable for a girl's ears. You don't even want to know how far the girls are going to get my attention. It's one of the reasons I need this
summer getaway. If I didn't have that, I would have gone out of business a long time ago. We got to the coast and stopped. He shook hands on the white sand at our feet. Do you mind sitting down? I slumped into an Indian-style position. He sat in such a gentle way that it made me feel clumsy. Why did I care? I never thought about the
way I sat before. I didn't need to start thinking of him as more than anything other than a guy. A guy who signed my paycheck. So, tell me about Sadie White. He leaned back in his hands and stretched his long legs in front of him. I shrunk, I'm not sure what to say. What do you want to know? I'm not very interesting. He's caressed. I
disagree, but we won't argue. Tell me about your family. Blood rushed to my cheeks at his request, but I forced myself to speak instead of blushing like one. Well, I live with my mom, and it's always been just me and her. However, she is pregnant at the moment, so our two will soon be three. We just moved here a few months ago from
Tennessee. I love the ocean a lot more than the mountains, so the movement has been good. Jax saw me as I spoke, and I focused on looking into my hands. I don't want to go into his personal space, so tell me if I ask him something you feel is none of my business. Where's the baby's father? I laughed at his question because, yes, it
was personal, and the answer was sordid, but something about him made me relax and tell him things I didn't normally talk about. My mom is beautiful, but unfortunately she doesn't have Common. He likes the attention he gets from men and chooses the worst. I gave him a little smile that I knew he wouldn't my eyes. When I say the
worst, I mean the worst! They are married or engaged, or so useless that they would never consider settling down. The man who gave my conception is married, and I even know who he is and where he lives, but I never intend to go and introduce myself. The father of this baby is also a loser. He is not married, but has no intention of
helping or contributing to this child's upbringing. I was sharing too much dirty laundry, so I stopped talking and looked up at the ocean waves. He sat down, and his arm brushed against mine. The heat rushed through my body. You're the big one at home, right? I tightened up on his correct description. I found out as I could feel his
breathing near my neck. No wonder you're that different. You have too much on your shoulders to even consider hanging posters of some shallow teen rock star on your walls. I smiled with his humor. You're not superficial. Of course, I thought you'd be at first, but you surprised me. My long fingers slid through my thigh and I took my hand.
Is this work that pays the bills, then? When you mentioned that I paid for your food the first night we met, I thought maybe you were joking or being melodramatic, but now.... He stopped. I picked up where he went. She is too far into her pregnancy, and it is too difficult for her to work. She doesn't hold up the jobs well. During the school
year, he struggles from work to work. He worked here until my first day out of school. He didn't say anything, and neither did I. We sat there holding hands and watching the sun set over the water. Just before it collapsed, Jax stood up. He held his hand for me to take. We'd better get back before the sun starts completely. His fingers never
came out of mine as we walked back to the house. The only way to explain it is to say that I was very close to an out-of-body experience. Holding hands with Jax Stone and feeling like we're connecting. He didn't look like a rock star anymore. He wasn't the guy I saw on posters and in magazines. It wasn't the hottie I'd seen on MTV. It was
just Jax. I thought about the times Marcus grabbed my hand, and how casual it seemed. But the warmth of Jax's hand sent me a singing sensation in my arms. She was a rock star, and I was her maid, to shout out loud. I cleaned your vegetables! We stopped outside the entrance of the kitchen. The hotel is very good. He smiled at me
again, and my interiors went to mush. I was in trouble. I liked this guy a lot more than I should, considering the circumstances. You're welcome. I know it sounded stupid, but I didn't really know what else to say. When you need a trip to I shook my head. I'd almost forgotten his promise to supply me with a trip home I'll be fine, honestly. I've
been to the store a million times on my bike. Marcus only realize that it is very handy. Out of the question. I'll be waiting for you in a car at the main entrance. Every time you're ready to go out, you can do it. The driver will take you wherever you have to go. I started arguing and placed one of his very talented fingers on my lips. Do not
argue. I don't like the idea of your friend anymore. He's right. It's not safe. I knew it would be fine, but I didn't want to stand out here arguing about his doing exactly what he promised Marcus would do. Jax smiled seemingly satisfied that he wasn't going to argue. Thanks for the walk, he said it again and went away again. I wanted to see
him leave, but I knew I wouldn't do anything good. No matter how crazy the idea of a friendship with Jax Stone seemed, I really believed we were at the beginning of one. I helped Miss Mary finish the dishes, then went back to the laundry to change. I wanted to get home, lie down in bed, and think about my time by the water with Jax. I
wanted to memorize every word and look. I wanted to slap myself because my reaction bordered on ridicule. I needed to be hoping she would keep her distance and not pursue a friendship with me because she feared she might just become one of those girls razed with an infatuation. I said my goodbyes to Miss Mary and walked out of
the hired aid entrance. I walked around the front of the house and stopped short in the very expensive silver utility vehicle waiting for me. I should have expected extravagance as I doubted Jax possessed anything normal. I walked to the car. A man dressed in black stood next to the machine. He took a step forward with a serious
expression on his face and opened the door. I remembered him as one of the older men who had been here the first day I arrived. Thank you, I told him and I went in. I wasn't expecting anyone else. My intention was to let you go home alone, but I didn't like that idea. I hope you don't mind the company. Jax sat in the seat directly in front
of me, drinking an expensive water bottle and watching a baseball game. I had a remote control in my hands and clicked the baseball game showing on TV above my head. I sat in the black leather seat and smiled. My heart trembled in my chest, and I wanted to appear unaffected by her appearance. No, I don't care. It bothered me and
gave me a luxury water. Seven? I took the water in the hope that it would ease my suddenly dry throat. Yes, thank you. You're welcome. Which grocery store do you want to go to? I smiled at the thought of Jax Stone asking where I wanted to go shopping for food. Sea Breeze Foods will be fine. It's closer to my apartment. He picked up
his remote control again, and with a click of a button the glass between us, and the Sea Breeze Foods came down please, Kane. The giant front seat sat and Jax rolled the glass between us, and the Sea Breeze Foods came down please, Kane. The giant front seat sat and Jax rolled the glass between us, and the Sea Breeze Foods came down please, Kane. The giant front seat sat and Jax rolled the glass between us, and the Sea Breeze Foods came down please, Kane. The giant front seat sat and Jax rolled the glass between us, and the Sea Breeze Foods came down please, Kane. The giant front seat sat and Jax rolled the glass between us, and the Sea Breeze Foods came down please, Kane. The giant front seat sat and Jax rolled the glass between us, and the Sea Breeze Foods came down please, Kane. The giant front seat sat and Jax rolled the glass between us, and the Sea Breeze Foods came down please, Kane. The giant front seat sat and Jax rolled the glass between us, and the Sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front seat sat and Jax rolled the glass between us, and the Sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front seat sat and Jax rolled the glass between us, and the Sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze Foods came down please is the giant front sea Breeze 
won't he blow up his deck if he's seen walking around Sea Breeze Food is eating a candy bar? He chopped and annoyed. Yes I would, but I'm ready. He reached over the seat and opened a compartment. It took all my willpower not to bow down and smell it, it smelled so good. I had noticed before, but not as much as I did now in such
close quarters. He sat back in his seat, and I composed my face in a curious smile. He slipped a black baseball hat with the letter A on the front that I recognized immediately as the Logo of the University of Alabama. Good touch, I told him grinning in his attempt to go incognito. Then he slipped on tinted glasses. It's not a bit dark for
those. He grinned. Actually these illuminate the night. They are glasses used to see, not to shade the sun, so it shouldn't come out too much. His designer jeans and black tee shirt clung to his muscular chest and arms, and I was uneasy. No, you're going to get attention in that shirt. He looked down at himself. You think so? I tried not to
swindled from the shock my system took from its grin. I know. Any girl within a ten-mile radius will look down on you if you take her. It's impossible not to miss? I sighed and sat a little straighter. I'm ripe for my age, Jax, not blind. He laughed
and came back to the compartment over the seat. As much as I like the idea that he can't take his eyes off me, I don't want to get attention, so how's that? He slipped into an old blue and faded denim jacket. She covered her impressive body. Better, I assured him, since the great utility vehicle came to a stop. Page 7 Jax slid the glass wall
down. Kane, let's not open our doors and go park in the parking lot. I want to look normal, so hang out in the car. Kane became uneasy, and found out. Let's buy. Jax jumped in, grabbed my hand, and I came out behind him. We walked silently to the entrance of the grocery store. Suddenly, my nerves assaulted me. And if people
recognized him and bombed him. He didn't want his attempt to be ruined by crazy teenage fans. We walked into the store, and looked back to see Kane following behind us. He stopped and stood outside the large glass window. So I'd be on call in case of a madness of fans. He should have figured that the big giant doubled as
a bodyquard. Where first? Jax asked, grinning when he pulled out a shopping cart like You seem very excited about buying food, I whispered to him, not wanting anyone around us to listen to me. I haven't been to a grocery store since I was a kid hanging out on my mom's cart, asking for the Big League Chew. I regretted the kid inside that
I missed things as simple as grocery stores. Well, then, let's make this memorable. If you're good, I'll buy you some Chew from the Big League. Do they still do? I shrunk. Sure, this is the South, Jax. Things don't change here often. The type of time stops. He sat down in agreement. I know, it's part of the reason I love it here. Nobody's in a
hurry. I walked past him, and he followed behind me with the cart. I was a little embarrassed when I realized I would witness my shopping negotiation. I hadn't thought about the fact that I would see myself worrying about the cost of bread. I couldn't get out of this now. I could also swallow my pride and get what I needed. I reached the
bread shop brand. I didn't want to confront him, but I knew he was looking at me. I walked to the sausages and caught the crushed roast beef of adored Deli Jessica. I hated wasting money on such expensive meat, but if I didn't, I'd be forced to hear Jessica whine for a week. A loud whisper came from behind us: No, Mom, I know it's him!
and I turned to see a little girl about the age of nine, studying Jax. He smiled at her, and her face lit up. He left his mother's side and shrunk, then got down to his level. Hello, said in a voice that I swear I could melt butter. You're
Jax Stone, right? He looked up at the mother and back at the girl and put her finger over her mouth. yes, I am, but can you keep it a secret? Her small face lit up, and she grinned from ear to ear. Mom appeared surprised. Jax reached into his jeans pocket and pulled out a card. Here, this has my contact number and email address on it.
Do you have a pen on you, Sadie? She was as mesmerized as the girl. It took me a second to register what you asked for. I grabbed his backpack, took out a pen and handed it to him. She signed it and asked her name, Megan Jones, she replied. He took out a pen and wrote his name on it. Now, Megan, let your mom call my
agent. He'll wait for a call from a Megan Jones. I'm going to stop in Pensacola, Florida, on my tour this fall, and this will give you a backstage pass and front row seats. The little girl started squeezing, and Jax put his finger on her lips again. He sat vigorously and covered his mouth. Keep my secret about being here, okay? She found out,
and kissed her forehead before standing up. Mother's eyes with tears. I noticed that tears were burning the back of my eyes as well. Mom smiled through her tears began pouring down. He loves you. You're all over the walls of his bedroom. More tears began pouring down.
her face, and she erased them. I'm sorry I'm being so silly, but this year hasn't been easy on her. His father was killed in Iraq, and things have been tough. A small sudden escaped her, and she shook her head, smiling. Thank you very much. The girl ran over her mother and handed her the card. He turned to Jax and put his little finger
over his mouth and got upset. He leaned over and blew him a kiss. Her little hand came, she grabbed the invisible kiss, and placed it on her lips. My heart melted as I watched them leave, the little girl looking back and smiling at him until they were out of sight. I erased tears from my face. Yes, this one came to me, too. He walked away
from me, wiped a tear off my cheek, and hid a thread of hair behind my ear. However, I didn't want to make you cry. I only have a soft spot for my younger fans. No, I loved getting to see you with her. It was beautiful. You were so sweet with her, and I got to see the highlight of her life. Screwed jax. I doubt it's the highlight. I raised my
eyebrows and countered: Well, you're wrong. When she is in her thirties, she will be talking about the night at a grocery store where she met Jax Stone. Jax perversely suffocated. If you get the stage passes back and kiss you, will it be the highlight of your life? I managed to avoid being hypnotized by his incredible eyes focused on me so
intently. No, it just works on the fans. He fainted and put his hand on his heart. Very good situation. I laughed and headed towards the cereal aisle, letting it follow behind me. We got the rest of the stuff I needed without another stain. Jax kept his eyes down. He seemed to be very interested in things in the grocery cart for the casual
observer. However, I knew I didn't want to make eye contact with anyone. He grabbed a large packet of Peanut Butter Cups from Reese, and I found his Big League Chew in the pay lane and added it to my cart while he wasn't paying attention. Once the edibles were bought, he loaded them into the cart, and we went out into the street.
Kane stayed waiting for us and again slowly went after us. The vehicle cried, and the lights went on as we approached him. Jax began loading the edibles on the back of the inadvertens or ignoring Kane around behind us. I will, Kane said in a deep, rough voice. Jax looked back at the giant and smiled. I can handle it. You're just driving.
Kane sat down, took a step back, and let Jax finish, but didn't move until he went to the door for us. Jax sighed and motiond me to leave in the first place. He slipped behind me, this time sitting next to me instead of in front of me. He's determined not to be impressed with my cavalry and he's taking all the glory. He smiled. I no longer saw
him as shallow and self-centered. Not after the scene I witnessed at the grocery store. I would never forget the girl's face when Jax kissed her head as long as she lived. Are you going to share those deep thoughts with me? I shrunk. I just remember the girl's face. What you did was very nice. I didn't imagine you like that. He's uneasy
Like what? Well, I guess I didn't think I would have recognized a girl, and not only spoke to her, you made a dream come true for her. I mean, you could have recognized a girl, and not only spoke to her, you made a dream come true for her. I mean, you could have recognized a girl, and not only spoke to her, you made a dream come true for her. I mean, you could have recognized a girl, and not only spoke to her, you made a dream come true for her. I mean, you could have recognized a girl, and not only spoke to her, you made a dream come true for her. I mean, you could have recognized a girl, and not only spoke to her, you made a dream come true for her. I mean, you could have recognized a girl, and not only spoke to her, you made a dream come true for her. I mean, you could have recognized a girl, and not only spoke to her, you made a dream come true for her. I mean, you could have recognized a girl, and not only spoke to her, you made a dream come true for her. I mean, you could have recognized a girl, and not only spoke to her, you made a dream come true for her. I mean, you could have recognized a girl, and not only spoke to her, you made a dream come true for her. I mean, you could have recognized a girl, and not only spoke to her, you made a dream come true for her. I mean, you could have recognized a girl, and not only spoke to her. I mean true for her in the first true
from the ear to his chin. I think you're the first girl I've ever met who's impressed by my kindness to the kids. My heart lay on the chest of his touch. Drawing breathless. He threw his head back
and laughed, and I couldn't stop smiling. You're right, Sadie, I do, and I think I've found someone I want to spend time with who happens to mourn for girls who don't know who their parents have lost in the war. I didn't want to think about that sweet, fatherless girl. If I had ripped back, I'd find it ridiculous. You're going to get tired of me
quickly. I'm bored, I admitted out loud before I realized it. He slipped a finger under his chin and tilted my face up. Nothing about you is boring. Just watching you think it's entertaining. I was uneasy, and kissed my head much as the girl did and laughed gently. Don't be offended, pretty. I'm fascinated. My face got hot, and my heart hit so
hard in the chest that I feared it might burst its way out. It wasn't fair that it could affect me with so little effort. The vehicle stopped, and I realized we were sitting outside my apartment. I've been undeither with him. I never told you how to get here. He got upset and went to open my door. You work for me, Sadie. I did my business to get his
address from his file and give it to Kane before he left. I hadn't thought about it. I mutated, He got out of the vehicle and grabbed my hand, I slipped his hand and walked out, Can I bring my bags inside for you?, he asked, Not! Jessica's idea of seeing him, or even worse, the idea of what he might bring, landed me. Uh. me. it's just my
mom. it's not very big on people coming these days. He opened his back. Well, at least let me take them to the door. Very good tion I walked with him to the door and grabbed the bags from him, and then I went in and pulled out my gum. I didn't know what to say, so I handed it to him and his face lit up. A smile reminiscent of photos of him
as a child appeared on his face. It was not a smile that the world never had a view of magazines. I took it was fine. I heard. The hotel is very good, next to the hotel and the hotel and the hotel had just shook my world, and I
wasn't sure what to do about it. * * * Chapter Five Three days had passed since my trip to the grocery store with Jax. I hated being caught looking for him. Somewhere, deep down, I really thought I'd look again. However, after three days of not laying eyes on him, I knew that our night at the grocery store apparently meant so much more to
me than him. Yes, he took me shopping, and then home, but only for his fiancée Marcus. Sure, he grabbed my hand for a few minutes, but whoever was kidding, Jax Stone probably held hands with a different girl every day. I needed to find humor in my stupidity to assume it meant more to him, or I would risk a ball and cry. He said it
fascinated him, but he really should have clarified to me that I was just fascination with the day. I hated thinking badly about him for not looking for me again because I couldn't forget the way he had treated the girl, and I knew he wasn't a shallow teen idol. After all, at Jax Stone, I was just another girl. He hadn't promised me his dying love,
or even told me he'd come see me again. We had said our goodbyes to my house without promises. Nothing he said told me he would get me again. Sure, he said he liked spending time with me, but it didn't seem as if he was going to do good on his words. My thinking about it made me crazy. I needed to focus on other things. He had
declined Marcus his invitation to go sailing with him and his friends on Sunday. I skipped on time with my friend because I chose to suffer over Jax. I needed to move on and let him go. My night with Jax would be a very good memory I would never forget, just like the little girl. When I arrived at the Stone Mansion, Miss Mary met me at the
door. Sadie, we're entertaining tonight. Master Jax is having over some friends, and there should be dancing and an open bar as well as lots of food! Now, I need all my younger employees to serve all Night. We have special uniforms for this. Marcus will be here soon after with the new server, William, and they are bringing a few friends
who will also be helping him out. Don't worry about changing yet. Still. he turned around and grabbed a large bucket of something very unattractive. Have you ever peeled and unsaded prawns before? Words failed me, and apparently my face showed my horror because she laughed out loud. Of course not, you're a Tennessee girl. Come
here and I'll show you how to do it. We have ourselves twenty pounds of fresh prawns that I would have the steel stomach that I would need for this horrible task. Ms. Mary directed me to a washing sink, pulled out an empty bucket, and placed it
inside. She brought a large stainless steel bowl and put it on the other side of the sink. Here. She handed me a shrimp, which I didn't like to see or touch battered and fried, much less uncrowned. First the peels, just like that, then you take this here from Veiner, you slide it into the top right here, and you use it to remove that black rope.
Throw all the peeled and black strings here, then put the clean shrimp in the bowl. I gave him a little nose and then swallowed the bile in his throat. What is this black rope? I asked. He smiled at me. Girl, from the color of your face, you don't want to know. Now, you just have to be glad that Mr. Greg came here early and beheaded these
guys for you, because if you're thinking this is dirty, you'd have an adjustment pinching your heads off. I held my hand in protest. Please, no more, stop, I said, my stomach churn. He patted me on the back. When you're done with these, you're going to be a real southern Alabama girl. I studied the dirty creatures in front of me and decided
right now and there that if that's what it took to be a true southern Alabama girl, I'd much more like to stay with a real Tennessee mountain chick. Four hours later, after some help from Marcus, and even some help from Mr. Greg, there were twenty pounds of clean prawns. Now, I'll never put one in my mouth, but I'm sure you can peel and
unsee one like nobody's business... or at least Mr. Greg said he could. Ms. Mary strolled around and handed me a bowl of lemon juice and water. Here, girl, soak those hands on this. The smell will go away in about ten minutes. I looked at the horror in my hands and realized the smell I managed to use myself after hours of working with
the nasty little things, now clinging to my hands. I sank them into cleaning cooking as soon as I could. My face must have expressed my thoughts because Miss Mary threw her head down and laughed at one of her deep belly laughs that always made me smile. Girl keep this site interesting. I don't know what I did before I came here to
make me smile. I got upset and Shrunk. Marcus went into the kitchen and saw my hands in the lemon juice mixture, and then sat next to me and slipped my hands and gave him a lot of space. What I don't understand is why people eat these
things voluntarily. I think their appearance is all it would take to turn them off. And if the unpleasant look of them isn't enough, they should sit back and try to peel off and disense the little things. Marcus grinned and shrunk. I like them. I rolled my eyes. It's because all that beach people think are the food of the gods, when they're really just
unpleasant old ocean bottom feeders. Marcus laid his eyebrows. Maybe they do, but they sure taste good. I made a gagy noise, and laughed. Okay, two, I need you to clean up and get dressed within the hour. Ms. Mary stood with her hands on her hips. She told Marcus: When will William and the others arrive? Marcus looked at the
digital clock in the large stainless steel industrial-sized refrigerator, and then back to Miss Mary. In 23.4 minutes, ma'am, He rolled his eyes and turned to the stove. Once you end up here, I expect you and William to give them their orders. Sadie, do what Marcus directs you. He has done this before for Master Jax, and he knows the
ropes. Marcus slipped his hands and dried them on the towel next to me. I considered removing mine, too, and decided I had touched more prawns than the rest of them and needed more soaking, so I staved put. It's not like when you're feeding the family. He is expected to smile and mix among guests with food on a tray, and not bump
into anyone, or drop it. Her look dared Miss Mary, whose back was still turned, and then back to me. One thing I want to warn you about is the fact that there will be guys here tonight. They won't find you invisible. He climbed up and got into one of the curls falling off my ponytail. That hair and those eyes are hard to miss, and although I
have to give it to Jax, he's a nice guy and not like most guys in his position, some of the guys tonight won't be that nice. I didn't find out what I meant by that. Okay, I told him, hoping he would elaborate. He leaned towards his ear. They will flirt with you strongly and some may touch you in areas that don't have touching business. Tell me if
they do. I don't care who they are or how much money they have, it's not okay for them to do these things. Okay, I told him again for fear that my voice would betray my nervousness if I said more. Marcus stayed. You won't be alone, so don't worry. Preston and Rock are coming. That's another reason you should tell me if someone
messes with you. If Preston were to see, I think he could get us all fired. With a wink, he left the room. Me sit there with your hands on lemon juice and I thought about what heavy flirting can entail, and how you could get out of Event. Girl, the smell left your hands an hour ago. Now you're turned them into lemon-scented plums. I pulled
them out of the lemon mixture and dried them on the same hand towel that Marcus used. I smelled them to ensure their fresh smell and smiled at their lemon scent. Very good choice Miss Mary laughed and shook her head. I stood up, took the bowl in the sink poured it, and put the bowl in the dishwasher. I didn't have much time to
change myself before the party started, so I forced myself to focus and not dwell on what might happen. Also, I'm pretty tough. Heck, I had just peeled and desvered twenty pounds of prawns. I couldn't wait for Marcus to sacrifice his job to defend my honor. It wouldn't be the first time a man made unwanted advances on me.
Preston might be a concern, but I wasn't convinced Marcus was right about Preston's interest in me. How long can this last anyway? I could handle anything for a few hours... Right? The outfit the girl's servers had to wear reminded me of a French maid's dress with a little more fabric. Marcus seemed so worried about making me
comfortable tonight, I couldn't let anyone know how nervous I really was. First of all, I knew I'd see Jax tonight. The fact that I hadn't made any effort to see or talk to me after our trip to the grocery store chimed in, but I honestly shouldn't have waited any longer. He was famous, rich and beautiful, and I worked in his kitchen. I was irritated
when I thought about all the things I said to him. Something about his eves made me want to shed my soul, I was too mature to get up on the moon about a teen rock star. I pulled my hair into a loose bun on top of my head, which I always thought made me look bigger. At the time, I needed all the confidence I could do. If I dwell on my
real age. I tended to freak out at stressful times. I'd be serving oysters, nasty little things, and the prawn cocktail, which seemed to have formed a strange bond with, so I didn't care that much. Marcus stayed in the kitchen talking to Preston and Rock. Trisha and a girl she remembered from the pool were standing next to laughter. Hey,
guys, I told him, forcing a smile. Butterflies had settled in my stomach, but I acted casually. Sadie, you can work with me, offered Preston sighed and shrunk. Can't a man be nice? Marcus rolled his eyes. Now, everybody, remember what I said.
Girls ignore and des encourage any We all found out. Ms. Mary cut in. It's showtime! I want you all to line up for inspection. Seeing Ms. Mary was just the beloved woman she kept under control. Your trays will always be on the receiving
table aligned and in the same place. You'll go to your assigned pickup and get any tray you've prepared. There's no time for breaks, and if you have to approve it. I hope none of you smoke because I won't tolerate you taking a break for a puff. She wipeed her hands on her apar and found out. We're moving.
Everyone took a step forward and took their tray. Marcus took us down the hallway to the dining room. We're going in here. When I send you, I'll tell you which way to go first. Do what I've instructed and this will be the most interesting cash you've ever done. It bothered us, and the other girl was mocked. She wanted to roll her eyes at her
chilling expression about the fact that she was about to meet Jax, who was at least two years younger than her. I wanted to tell him to grow up, but I remembered the butterflies in his stomach, and as bad as he hated admitting it, I knew they were there because of Jax. I couldn't really throw rocks. My turn came, and I walked up to the
door. Marcus smiled at me and winked at me. I'm here, you're going to be great. Now, head left and work your way around the room in a big circle. I took a deep breath, went out to the dining room, and made my way straight to the ballroom. A family band warmed up on stage, obviously brought in for the occasion. All the guests reminded
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me of walking Abercrombie ads. They mixed together, dancing and talking. I tuned in to the vision and sound overload, focused on oysters in the middle of the shell on my plate, and started my circle. Things were going smoothly. I smiled as I walked to every group of beautiful people, some of whom I recognized from TV or magazines.
They took the oysters as if I were serving something that really tasted good and threw these nasty things down my throat before putting the shell back in the tray. It ranked high on my graph of one of the biggest things I'd ever seen. I kept my smile in place and saw Marcus and the others out of the corner of my eye. I wanted to make sure
I didn't forget anything. I found Marcus, with whom a guest openly flirted, and smiled again. Warm breath pinched my ear. I turned my head towards him. He's an interesting person. Jax studied me like I was trying to assess my
attitude. I offered him the tray, and he bothered. Your feelings won't get hurt if I decide not to take what you're offering, right? I just can't bring myself to try one of these things. I a laugh and shook my head. I don't blame you, I whispered to him. Jax raised his eyebrows. We have something in common. I gave him my best carefree smile.
Carefree. I knew standing up and talking to Jax would start talking, and I didn't want attention, so I found out about my head when I left him. Without a look back, I stood up to the next group. It took all my concentration to forget the heat still clinging to my ear and focus on my job. I'll only eat one if you let me feed you first. A tall All
American blond winked at me, and I woke up from my jax daze. I gave him a forced smile, and then he shook my head. Sorry, I managed to get out without my voice betraying my nerves. You're not going to let me feed on oysters, huh? Well, what about a little walk to the beach? I started saying no when the guy next to him stepped
beside me, and I instantly recognized him as Jason Stone. Trey, leave the aid alone. Jax will send you packing. Trey undone and turned his attention to me. I would think that if she is ok with a walk, then after she goes out tonight Jax would have nothing to say on the matter. Also, what was she expecting when she let a gorgeous, blonde
Southern belle serve food? He's smashing it in front of people, I should expect this, Jason looked where Jax was, but I didn't dare do the same, I noticed Jason looked a little nervous, Listen, Jax doesn't hire people. We have someone else to manage hiring employees, He didn't purposely put her here as if she were on the menu, so leave
her alone. Jason pushed me, and I took it as my cue to leave. I took a step towards the next group with my hands shaking and my heart racing. Wait, I never have my oysters. Strong fingers huddled around my arm, and I fought against the need to free and run. I let him retire, as my other option would involve dropping oysters all over the
floor. I quickly looked for Marcus' crowd, worried that he would come flying to the rescue and lose his job. I needed to stay calm to prevent me from knowing my predicament. Keeping the painful expression of my face from the tight grip of my hand was starting to prove difficult. Suddenly another set of hot fingers gently, but firmly, took my
other arm. Page 9 Let his arm pray that he has no bruises, a familiar voice said in an angry low tone. I rushed from relief to the sound of his voice. Trey released my mouth to protest when warm fingers holding my arm gently squeezed me to
reassure. So, I stayed calm. Jason, please escort your friend to the door. I have no other reason to talk to him unless Sadie has a contusion, or lasting mark of his hands, and then he'll see me again. Jax grabbed the tray in his hand and handed it over to Marcus. I didn't realize I was there. Marcus took him with a worried suit on his face. I
gave him a little smile, hoping to ease his concern. Come with me, me, he said in a voice loud enough for me to listen. I let him take him down the hallway and into the room I knew as a library. He closed the door, then turned me around to confront him. Are you okay?, he asked in a concerned voice. The cold blows covered my arms. I
heard. I'm fine, really. Marcus warned me something like this might happen. I came mentally prepared to be a curse and threw me into a large leather chair. You shouldn't have been serving tonight. I don't know what Mary thought. His words chimed in. I immediately felt the need to defend Miss Mary as well as
myself. I am a very hard worker and I think she entrusted me to serve and follow the instructions well. I don't see how it's his fault some thought he was on the menu as well. Jax looked at me confused, then annoyed me. He stepped and sat next to me. I didn't mean I thought you weren't able to serve. I meant you're too young and too
pretty to be sports in front of guys who think they have enough money and power to take what they want. My throat dried up in his words. He smiled and bent over and asked her in a soft voice, You know you're beautiful? I swallowed, hoping that my dry throat would allow words to pass without making me sound all cloudy. I wouldn't say
nice. I realize I have good hair and eyes. I got them from my mom. But I don't have a good personality. So it realized that I managed to strip my soul to this guy once again. The power Jax held for bothered me. Jax smiled and took one of my loose curls
and played with it absently. So your personality is bad, right? He laughed then, and I toughened up. He crawled my cheekbones and the bridge of my nose. I hate being the first to break the news for you, but your personality turns out to be your most charming asset. I looked for any signs on my perfect face telling me he didn't mean what
he said. I can't believe you said that. Finally I heard really say. He touched my finger on my lips. I think these ranks there alongside his personality. A warm tingly feeling worked its way through my veins, and I shudded. Oh, and you go, do something as charming as shaking, and almost break my resolve. He dropped his hands off my face
and stopped doing these incredibly wonderful things to me. She stood up, walked to a shelf, and leaned against her as if she were posing for a camera. I can be good out there. This is safer territory. I was undeated, and gave me a Guilty. You tempt me, Sadie White. You're sweet, honest, loving, perfectly unique, and because of all these
reasons, I'm keeping my distance from you. I wasn't sure why all these things meant I needed to remotely. Sadie, I always have what I want when I want it and for the first time in my life, I want something I
can't have. He gave me a sad smile. For the first time, the object of what I want is more important than fulfilling my wishes. Before I could form words to answer, he opened a drawer and pulled out several magazines and put them in front of me. These are from my mother's collection, she explained. They were images of him with movie
stars, rock legends, and even the president. Her name was linked with several famous women, and her personal life was left bare for everyone to see. I had seen articles like these before, but after meeting Jax and finding a real person, it seemed hard to think of him as the rock star that the media portrayed. Look at this, he said with a
grimace. My life is not normal. There is no place for me to have a friendship, or any relationship with someone like you. I want to spend more time with you, and to be honest, friendship isn't really what I want most when it comes to you. I find myself wanting much more, but any girl who enters into a relationship with me has to be cold to
catch up with the life I am forced to live. He smiled and walked towards me. You're everything I write in my songs, but you can never have. I studied the photos on my lap. It was easier than watching him say things he didn't want to hear. Even if he was right. If I spent more time with him, I would want more too, and I didn't know the guy in
these photos. He was someone completely foreign to me. I only knew Jax. The sweet boy who wanted to walk into a grocery store and buy himself a Cup of Peanut Butter from Reese and took the time to be nice to the girls. You would never be able to fit into your real world. I wanted to disagree, but I couldn't. I lived in a world I could
never fit into, and I couldn't make myself protest. He step forward and stopped in front of me. There will be transportation for you in front in a matter of moments. Ms. Maria will receive directions to let you go at night. Wipe the dress off your pretty face because, by now, she knows what happened, and she will be worried about you. He
took a step around me and went to the door. Stay here as long as you need. I have a room full of guests wondering what I'm doing with the beautiful blonde I kidnapped. I was perversely upset, and immediately faded to a sad suit before leaving the room. * * Chapter Six Everything stayed the same. Ms. Mary still gave me a smile and a
hot breakfast every morning. Mr. Greg told me stories of the time in World War II and beat me in chess most days. Marcus and I still talked on the way home at night. I even went on water skiing and my knee with Marcus, Preston, Rock, Trisha and Dwayne on Sunday. But even with new friends and a job with people I really cared about,
my life seemed to be losing something. There was a gap, and I knew why. The frustrating part was that I missed him. I had lost my heart at Jax Stone the night at the grocery store. The night in the library when he admitted to having interest in me putting another nail in my coffin. I
loved Jax. He starred in my dreams both day and night. My heart ran at the possibility of a glimpse of him. His words haunted me enough to want me. I remembered the sadness in his eyes when he walked out the door, and really believed he meant it. Nothing changed the
fact that he worked at home. He signed my paychecks. If nothing more than for these two reasons, anything between Jax and me would be impossible. However, these were not the only two. He would never fit into his world. I sat on the beach, waiting for Marcus to finish his shift so he could take me home. Mr Greg left early because of
his not feeling well. It left me with nothing to do. I got up my knees under my chin and enjoyed the view. The waves were mild tonight. I let another than the expression on his face when he left me in the library. It was depressing enough to be a
Shakespearean tragedy. The girl who never thought she would fall in love falls in love with the guy who can never love her back. Somehow, the fact that I sat here comparing my life to Shakespeare proved how badly I had fallen. The steps caught my attention to my Jax-centered thoughts, and I realized that Marcus must be finished. I
didn't turn around. I stood and waited until he stopped behind me. Beautiful view, isn't it? Yes it is. Are you in a hurry to get home, or can we enjoy it together? It shrunk and sank next to me. I smiled at myself when I realized it wasn't very funny either. I was more on common ground with Marcus than with Jax. Even if he didn't make me get
goose bumps and go all hot and tingly. These feelings were addictive, and they couldn't be healthy. We looked silent for a few minutes before Marcus turned to me. I met his gaze and smiled. My friend. This thought made me smile even bigger. He sighed and shook his head. What? I asked him confused. He gave me a sheepish grin.
Sadie, when you smile at me it makes my heart do crazy things. He blurted out and slid his gaze into the water. I'm three years older than you, but you look much older than you, but you look much older than you, age. He took a deep breath. Okay here goes, I'm trying to get ready for the set down, so bear with me. That couldn't happen to me. I didn't know what I was to
say. That would be this to our friendship? If I said no, would he still be my friend? I looked at him, waiting for the words he feared would change our relationship forever, while a sick knot formed in his stomach. I didn't want that to happen. It seemed so unfair. First I lost Jax, with whom I never had to start, and now I was going to lose my
friend, the guy who always made me laugh when I needed it most. Very good life A voice I only heard in my dreams these days broke the silence, and I turned around. Jax was walking towards us. I wanted to cry. I wasn't sure if it would be tears of joy to see the object of my obsession, or to hear him say my name again. Jax, I told him, a
little too breathlessly as I got up and confronted him. His gaze was brushed past Marcus. You can go. I fixed the transport for Sadie. He dismissed Marcus as if he was angry with him. I looked at Marcus. A challenge erupted in his eyes, and I realized that I would have to deny myself what I wanted most, time alone with Jax, in order to
save my friend his job. Thank you, Jax, but I'd rather Marcus brought me home. Jax's eyes left mine, and he uneasy to Marcus before he came back to me Please, Sadie, I know I don't deserve it, but I want to talk to you. I need to talk to you. My resolution cracked when I heard him say please. I didn't think I could say no again. I looked
back at Marcus, his face more angry than I'd ever seen him, and once again he brought me back to the reason I said no to get started. Jax, this really isn't necessary. Marcus takes me home every night, and we were in the middle of a conversation that we need to end. You have better things to do than bring home your kitchen help. I
hadn't wanted my words to come out so hard, and when Jax won, I hated myself. He stepped aside because we could get through. If hearts could be broken, mine just did. Marcus grabbed my hand and gently pulled me away from Jax towards his truck. I knew I had to look one out, but I couldn't. As if listening to my thoughts, Jax turned to
me with a haunted expression in his eyes. I stopped walking, and Marcus dropped my hand. I heard Marcus dropped my hand. I heard Marcus dropped my hand. I heard Marcus deserved an explanation, but I wouldn't give him any.
That was between Jax and me. I took a step forward and looked back at my friend. I have to. It was the best explanation I could give him. I turned around and left him there and went back to Jax. A relieved smile spread across Jax's face. I laughed when he took a deep breath as if he had been holding it, waiting to see if he would come
back. It tore against the glare of the surrounding sun. He was right. Reason. I should have gone with him. I shook my head. I tried, but I couldn't do it. He came and took my hand at his. A warm feeling of tingly raised my arm and through all the other limbs of my body. We held hands as we walked along the water's edge. None of us
spoke. I came back with him because I couldn't leave. I needed to know why he had come for me, but I didn't ask him. I just waited. Finally, he stopped and looked at me. You know why I didn't want Marcus to take me home? Allowing myself to believe that I missed it was not a safe path to my thoughts. I shook my head no. Page 10 Jax
let out a little laugh. I'm jealous, Sadie. I stood there, trying to let his admission sink. If he said he missed me, I could believe him. Jealousy, however, seemed too difficult to comprehend. I've stayed in my room watching you both leave for the last two weeks, and he's killed me every time I saw you leave with him. I'd sit in my room and
contemplate how I'd take care of him if I fell for him. How could I stay here and see him look at him with those awesome eyes the way he wanted to see you looking at me? He ran his hand through his long dark hair and sighed. I couldn't stay in my room tonight. I saw you here by yourself and Fought the need to come to you. Then it came
out, and I saw the two of them together for longer than I should have. My decision to get away from you broke down, and I got out of here before I could stop. A dress wrinkled her forehead, and she turned around. He looks like a man who knows what he wants, and the problem is he wants what I want. If it was anything or anyone else, I
could be standing back and letting it take. His blue eyes looked back at me. But I can't let him have you. If only I knew how my thinking wrapped around it. Marcus will always be my friend. My feelings for him will never run deeper than that. Jax came and twisted one of my loose curls around my finger. I held my breath and saw him.
Finally, after a moment, he got behind my ear. I'm afraid I won't be able to sit back and watch you from a distance. Trust me when I tell you I tried to push you out of my thoughts. He headed towards the water, focusing on something distant. This is the only time they've just been just me. The rest of the time, I'm on the road, and, several
times, I'm in the air on my way to Tokyo, Paris, or even Rome. I travel constantly. My name is all over the magazines with pictures of girls I'm supposed to be in relationships with, but the is that I don't have time for a relationship. If another famous teenager is in the vicinity, they get our photos taken together. It is just what is done and He
talked about a guy he didn't know. I hated being remembered that I was this untouchable idol. He turned to me and smiled sadly. It's selfish of me, but I don't think I can stand it anymore. What little time do I have for a middle life.... He extended his hands to the house and beachfront property around him and gave me a smile that hadn't
just reached his eyes. Well, as average as my life can get, I want to spend with you. When I'm on the road this year, traveling from city to city, I want to beg or promise things I can't give you. There's not much of me to give, but
what I have is yours. You're all right, Sadie. If you want me, I'm yours. If you can't do it, then I'm going to walk away and leave you alone. I swear. I stood up and looked at the man standing in front of me, and I knew I had to tell him no and leave. My heart reminded me with a strong thumb on my chest I would always regret not saying yes.
I doubted that I would ever feel the same way about anyone ever again. I step forward, and it immediately came to me and threw me against it. We stood there, wrapped me in his arms for a while before moving or talking. I knew it wasn't the smartest decision because, when September rolled and the summer was gone, I'd become the
summer girl. Right now, nothing else mattered. I whispered to him against his chest loud enough for him to listen to me: I want any part of you that I may have. His arms tightened around me. That could end up destroying me. I loved Jax. His lips touched my head, and I closed my eyes and enjoyed the sweetness of the moment. No one
else's arms could ever feel that right. I want to spend as much time with you as I can. I don't want to waste a minute, he said, and I sat against his chest, and then he leaned back and smiled at him. Tomorrow, are you going to go fishing in the deep sea with me? I altered during your question. I worked every day, but on Sunday, I knew my
hours. I still have a job, I reminded him. Jax uneasy and shook his head. You're not going to work for .M I've hardened up yet. Jax, I have to go get another job. He put a finger on my lips and shook his head. No, I'll take care of your bills and needs. I walked away from his arms. My stomach
closed. I wouldn't be like my mother. I didn't need a man to take care of me. I wouldn't pay to spend time with him. I took a deep breath in the hope that I could explain this from what he understood. Jax, listen, it's important to me that I earn my own money. I can't be paid to spend time with you because I do somehow cheap. I want to be
with you. There should be no money involved. I need to be a and as crazy as it sounds, the only way I can hope to get it either way is to work for the money I earn. Please, I like working with Ms. Mary and Mr. Greg and even Marcus. I could go somewhere else if you don't want it to work for you, but I really like it here. Jax sighed and came
to take my hand. I am sorry. I'm used to people taking my money without a reservation. You're not like anyone I've ever met, so I should have realized you want. It will give me a reason to visit the kitchen more. He nodded, and I blurted out. Thank you, I told you
through the tightness in your throat to fight back tears of relief and joy. Jax smiled. I should be the one to say thank you. I don't deserve you, but I'm grateful you don't realize it. I laughed at him. Come in with me as Kane prepares our journey. We went up to his house. I realized I was taking across the family entrance, and I stopped.
What's going on?, he wondered. I have to go in through the side entrance. He shook his head. I agree with your work for me, but you are not going to be confined to the entrance of the servants only. You're with me, Sadie. When you're off the clock, you're not my employee. You are my... the air. I've been undeither with him. Your air? He
grinned. Well, the bride seems to be too shallow a word for what I feel for you. These last two weeks it's been like you control my breathing. When I saw you with Marcus, my chest tightened, and it became difficult to breathe. But then I'd see you smile or laugh, and I could breathe deeply again. No wonder this guy wrote songs. My eyes
were chopping, and I hated the fact that I always seemed to get all crying with him. Wow, I whispered for lack of better words. I wasn't given their talents of knitting the English language so beautifully. So does that mean I win? Will you do me the honor of accompanying me to my house as a guest, instead of the contracted help? I grinned.
While I'm off the clock. He sighed in defeat. I'll take what I can get. He grabbed my hand and took me to the house. I wasn't sure how I would handle facing his mother or father. How would they react when they found out he was coming out with the help? But then again, I doubted if they even knew I worked here. Except for the only time I
served Jax, he had never been around any of his parents. Jax squeezed my hand. Wait here, let me grab my cell and let Kane get our ride led ahead. I found out and saw him go to the coat closet and open it. He came inside and removed the black leather jacket that he remembered seeing him wear on recent magazine photo. He
grabbed a thin flat phone from his pocket and touched it a few times, then stuck it in his pocket He turned my smile around and put his finger on it. My heart picked up his rhythm to the expression on his face. Your carriage waits, my lady. I stood up to him and stuck his hand in my outstretched arm. Ever the gentleman, I was mocked.
Whatever it takes to make the lady smile. Once home, I lay in bed looking at the ceiling and wondered how I could pack a lifetime into two short months. It would have had together. When the summer ended, and he left, I would
have my mother and new baby to worry about. If I threw self into keeping my average grade point of 4.0, school can be an outlet to keep my mind out of pain. But then again, I could never breathe once he walked away from me. * * Chapter Seven I went into the kitchen the next morning and hung my backpack on the hook before looking
at the stove where I knew Miss Mary would be working on the stone breakfast. Good morning, Miss Mary, I will help again as soon as I change. Ms. Mary cut her eyes towards me and returned to the table in a dress. I followed his gaze. Leaning back on a kitchen chair, looking ridiculously sexy for seven o'clock in the morning, Jax sat
down. He gave me a crooked grin, and my heart went into a frenzy. Hey, I told him this without sounding affected by his presence. I knew I'd said I'd be going out to the kitchen more often, but I hadn't realized I meant this early morning. What? Why are you here? He raised his eyebrows and annoved me. I would have thought it would
have been obvious. I knew he was blurring me. I turned to Miss Mary and back to him. I knew I wasn't happy with her presence, and I realized this could cause a problem. All right, Sadie. She's angry with me. It happens that you're the one who protects. I, uh, have to go to change. I'll be back, I said, hoping Miss
Mary wasn't for me. I walked to the laundry. My heart was running from the frustration of my mixed feelings. Knowing jax wanted to see me made me extremely happy, but I didn't want to bother Miss Mary either. Jax whispered something that sounded defensive. I needed to hurry. I didn't want to leave him alone with Miss Mary. Which
seemed silly as it worked for him. I'm not going to hurt him. I know she's special and I tried to stay away, but when I'm with her I don't feel so cold and alone. Jax stood in front of the table with his attention to Miss Mary. I froze outside the door. Ms. Mary turned from the stove and pointed a wooden spoon at Jax. I get it. But this he has a lot
on his shoulders for a child his age, and, well, you can't help it, but you'll break his heart when you leave. His whisper wasn't very quiet. He left shake the pot and shake your head. I just don't want it to hurt. Jax did not immediately respond. Finally, he said in a whisper, I'm trying to figure out how I'm going to prevent him from getting hurt.
Hurting him is the last thing I want to do. I waited another minute, then went back into the kitchen. Okay, Miss Mary, where do I start? Ms. Mary held up two plates for me. You go ahead and enjoy your breakfast with Master Jax. I turned to him as I walked beside me. I didn't argue, please whispered, and then took the dishes out of my
hands and went back to the table. I looked helpless at Miss Mary. She bothered me and handed me two tall glasses of orange juice. Just eat with the guy before he starts begging and embarrassed himself, he said loud enough for him to listen. He put up the grinning plates. It's the truth and you know it, he said. I couldn't help but smile.
grabbed my glasses and went to the table. Jax pulled out my chair, and I sat down. He sat next to me and came under the table and took my hand. Thank you for dining with me. I smiled at him and found out. I didn't think saying you're welcome sounded good. It should be me to thank him. I was so hungry, and today's breakfast tasted
much better than what normally scared me after the Stones finished breakfast. I grabbed a piece of bacon and chewed it, but the weight of Jax's look made me uncomfortable. I swallowed and whispered, not wanting Miss Mary to listen to me: I won't be able to eat if you're watching me. He grinned. I'm sorry, it's just something I've never
seen before. I'm not sure what he meant. Have you ever seen a girl eat? I asked, confused. Page 11 He laughed. Well, now you're singing it, no, I haven't seen many food. Normally they can't eat in front of me, or just not as a rule. But what I meant was that I've never seen you eat, and it's beautiful. I didn't want to look. I'm sorry. He
reminded me of this kid again, trying to come out of a punishment, and I couldn't help but smile. It's okay, but now you've seen me, so stop looking and eating your breakfast before it gets cold. He got upset and looked down on his own food. The kitchen door opened, and Marcus came whispering. Good morning Miss Mary, did you do
something good for me to eat? Ms. Mary fired a silent warning at her that clearly said behave, and Marcus uneasy and turned towards us. Jax leaned back into his piuce. Morning, Sadie, Mr. Stone. Jax scored his head towards Marcus, and Marcus are was not prolonged. He just headed back towards the
laundry to get into uniform. I sighed in relief that I hadn't said anything Jax leaned towards me. Nothing I can say will get me fired, unless against you. Stop worrying. I realize he's angry with me, and part of me doesn't blame him, but the other part is just relieved that he wanted me. The place in my heart, where Jax had occupied the
residence, grew. I smiled at him. Thank you. He shrunk and bent over again. You have nothing to thank me for, but you're welcome. The rest of the breakfast. I'll try to get away from you, if I can, while you work. But as soon as you're out, I'm coming for you. A
silly grin was curl up in my face, and I found out. He grabbed my hand and kissed her before he left again. I forced enough to push all of Jax's thoughts aside in order to stay focused for the rest of the day. Several times, a warm sense of singing ran through me, and my heart was going to run knowing he saw me. The end of my working
day could not come soon enough. Just as I left the laundry to change my uniform and in my clothes, one hand came out and grabbed me by the arm. Come with me, Jax whispered, and I let him take me through steps he had never used and through various doors and rooms that I didn't know existed. Finally, we were at the door of his
bedroom. I clearly remembered the last time I had been there, but going into it with my hand in my hand in my hand made it all different. This was the place where I slept and wrote songs. Something inside me knew that every time I approached him, I would make it a lot harder when I let him go. I walked in, and closed the door and grinned at me
again. I wanted them to see my room. Well, I guess I should say I wanted them to see my room with me. He grabbed my hand and threw me on the guitar wall. He reached for the old worn guitar in the middle and knocked it down. The reverence that seemed to hold onto the instrument made me smile. This must have been your first. He
looks very loved. He found out and held me. I took the fresh, hard wood in my hands and studied writing about it. I thought at first it was autographed by someone else, but holding it closely, I saw the children's signature clearly read, Jax Stone. I ran my fingers over the name, thinking how long it's been like it now. When I was seven, I
begged my parents for a guitar. They wouldn't buy me one as I had also asked for battery the previous year and didn't stay with my lessons. I promised them I would learn to play without lessons if I could have one. It took two years before I finally brought them down. I woke up one Christmas, and was standing in front of the Christmas
tree. I will never forget the excitement that ran through me. I picked up the guitar and came back in my room. I played it until I heard my heart out in 'Wanted Dead or Alive'. That's when I realized I could play in my ear. Jo Jo this mother once, but I had plastered her up to advertising fiction. I bet his parents were surprised. He laughed and
found out. Yes, it's not every day that a nine-year-old picks up a guitar and plays a Bon Jovi song without any formal workout. I annoyed him and handed him the guitar. So, this is where it all started. No wonder you have this one in the middle. He sat down and turned to hang himself back on the wall. No, wait, I arrived and touched his
arm. He looked at me again. Play for me. He turned to the expensive guitar wall. Well, I actually lured you one of my numbers and see if I
could get you to become a putty in my hands. I laughed and shook my head no. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but your Original Fender Stratocaster and a number one hit I've heard countless times on the radio won't make me put. However, if I can hear you play on that guitar, the first song I ever played, I'll see what I can do about becoming
putty. He sighed playfully and sat on the edge of his bed. He hit the post next to him, and I sat next to him. I'm working with a handicap of an old worn guitar and a song I haven't played in years, but if that's what it takes to impress you, then here goes nothing. He started playing and soon his voice joined the guitar. If he had been aiming
for the putty, he succeeded because the sound of his voice made me warm up everywhere. I wanted to close my eyes and imagine the boy in his room on Christmas morning. I could see the boy before he had become a star. The desire that was normal, and not famous, became stronger. I felt guilty, but I couldn't make it go away. If only
he was a regular guy who played the guitar well and sang for me on dates down the water. I let another look at him as he sang the words, with a grin on his face. I pictured himself singing like a kid while roaming the outdoors pretending to be a cowboy. The song came to an end, and he bothered me. Well, what did you think? I smiled
again. Very good stay He laughed and shook his head. Most girls want love sonts, and you want a song about a wanted cowboy dead or alive. He hung the guitar back on the wall. Once he rang at the door, and Jason Stone walked in. He noticed me and stopped. I'm sorry, I didn't realize you were in company. I just walked over and heard
that playing this old song and thought I'd stop and see what memory was about. Jax turned around and annoyed his brother. It's okay. You can come in. Jason entered the room and locked the door behind him. I brought Sadie here to play one of the favorite numbers I've done, and come to find out, she didn't have one. He doesn't like me
at all. I laughed at his expression, and Jason's surprised look instantly went to a smile when he realized his brother wanted to tease me. It's back to me. I didn't know what I said wrong, but I looked into my eyes very seriously for
what seemed like an eternity. Gradually, a smile formed on her perfect lips just before you asked, Really? I found out, I'm not sure why this surprised him. So did I, he finally said, before knocking down the other guitar. I looked at his brother, confused, and Jason smiled at me. 'Inside War' was the first song Jax ever wrote. He fought off the
dent and nail to get her released. Until that point in his career, he had recorded songs written by other people. He fought hard for 'Inside War', and never made it up to number one, but got into the top ten. Thereafter, he was given more free reign over what he sang on his albums. I heard. Jax had retrieved another guitar and was at the
bedside watching me. Most girls like my love songs. It shrunk. You keep surprising me. I tried to remember a love song I had recorded, but none came to mind. At home, Jessica forced me to listen to music from the 1980s. I listened to little else. Music wasn't something I knew much about. Okay, sing me one of those famous love songs.
He grinned and played a soft, soft melody. Soon his voice came together, and I found myself unable to take my eyes off him. Just being with you and hearing your laughter is what makes up my other half. I was lost and cold inside when your
heart knocked mine. Now I know you're the only thing that keeps me hanging, when the reason I can take this guitar and make it sing. Don't leave me now, or I'll sink. I know sometimes life with me is hard to handle. I
get caught up in the lights and the crowd. But you're the reason I keep playing. Without you girl, everything would die. Hold on to me through this journey please, because if you let go I will too. If the brightness in your eyes starts to fade, my heart won't beat and my song will disappear. Don't leave me now! I never will! Don't leave me now.
I'm not strong enough! You're the reason I can take this guitar and make it sing. Don't leave me now, or I'll sink. Not leave me, everything will sink in. His soft, husky voice stopped, stopped, the playing guitar slowed down. When the song ended, I looked at him unable to say anything. I smiled boldly. The
first number one I actually wrote. It's the song the girls always want to hear. I smiled, and then I sighed. I wish I could make a wise crack, but after this performance, I'm torn between getting up and clapping or fainting. He threw his head down and laughed. Very good option I wish I had learned to play guitar. I've never seen a girl not be
reeling in when she breaks into a love song, Jason said. I shrunk in defeat. I wish I could argue, but I have to admit, watching him sing this song and playing guitar is incredibly hard to resist. I've heard it before, but never with the opinion I've just been given, and I'll never turn the station around when it reappears. Jason burst into laughter.
and Jax bothered me. You can't let go without reminding me how infected you are for who I am, can you? We didn't want you to be encapsulated by a big boss. Jason laughed again. His head has been great since the first time he realized he was a prodigy. I'm just making fun of watching. I never turned off your songs. The truth is, I hardly
ever listen to the radio. We have a radio in our house, and my mother loves the 80s. I know more songs from that time frame that I do current songs. I hate 80s music, and I'm so sorry for you, Jason said truthfully. I smiled and Shrunk. It's not that bad when it's all you've ever known. Jason raised his eyebrows as if he wasn't so sure. Ah
yes, of course, he said and rushed. Jason looked behind me at Jax, then wiped his voice and stood up. Well, I guess I'll go. I have somewhere to be. See you later, Sadie. Okay, bye. yes, look at you. I turned my attention to Jax after his brother's hasty departure. Why did you run him away? Jax feigned innocence. I have no idea what
you're talking about. You heard the man, he's got somewhere to be. I laughed. I'm sure he did. Jax bothered me, walked to a high chest, and opened a drawer. If I give you something of mine, do you accept it if I really want you to have it? I wasn't sure how to respond. I guess it depends on what you want to give me. He pulled out an iPod
and took it. I want you to take this from me. It's mine and it has some really great artists there, but I want you to have it because every song I've ever recorded is there are other artists you want there, bring it to me, and I'll put them there
for you. He came back to the drawer. Oh, and here are some ear buds. I'll bring you a wireless pair, but I need to have them done to fit your ears. We can get page 12 of the I laughed at his eagerness. These ear shoots are fine. He shook his head. You say that now, but if you ever use wireless ear buds you'd know that's not true. I sighed
and agreed: OK. He seemed so excited about being able to give me something he didn't want to spoil. I liked watching him act like a little boy. My inner became mush during the times it opened up enough to show its vulnerable side. I'll listen to you as I go to sleep at night, I assured the boy that he seemed anxious about his gift. He
closed his eyes strongly. You don't know the good thought that makes me feel, but now I'm going to have a harder time going to sleep at night knowing I'm singing in my ears. He opened his eyes to look at me, I saw something I had only desired, or my heart was lying to me. * * Chapter Eight A note greeted me when I arrived at work the
next day. Ms. Mary sighed heavily and handed it to me as soon as I entered. I looked at the table, and a wave of disappointment hit me in sight of the empty seat where I hoped Jax would be sitting. There's no need to be so upset. Read the note, then hurry up and get ready. I went back to the laundry before I opened the letter. I didn't
want to read anything in front of Ms. Mary's curious eyes. Sadie, I'm sorry I won't be at breakfast this morning and I'll be back as soon
as this is over. I intend to get on a plane and get back to you as soon as possible. Please forgive me. See you soon. Miss me. Jax swallowed the lump in my throat, aggravated with myself more than anything. Jax was a famous rock star. He had a band and people who depended on him. He had to go to things like movie premiers. I knew
the longer I spent with him I would do things like this me, but I also had to decide whether or not I wanted to be with him enough to get through this. I changed quickly and splashed my face with cold water. I needed to focus, not think about Jax and his real life. It was something I would never know or understand. I needed to get hold of
myself. I dried my face on a towel and went back into the kitchen. Where do I start? Ms. Mary turned to me. I gave her a smile, and she flattered herself, and then smiled reluctantly again. I have ten pounds of potatoes there fresh out of my garden. Start rubbing them, then make them peel for me. I found out and went to work. Cleaning
potatoes turned out to be a great way to get my mind off other things. I wish I didn't Both. Two days and I was so addicted to his presence that he got lost without him. But then I remembered my iPod, and i he jumped up and went to my bag and pulled it out. I had sat in my room the night before imagining it. I found Jax's last album and
put the ear buds in my ears. Listening to him helped him. I didn't see a star on stage when I heard him sit down. I saw the man sitting on his bed with his old quitar, grinning with me. His voice helped the potatoes, and the morning, go faster. I missed so much on my thoughts and the music I jumped out when someone touched my
shoulder. Marcus looked at me. Lost in music, I see, he said smiling. I found out and slipped the ear buds from my ears. yes, I guess it was. Marcus raised a stool and sat next to me. Let me guess who you're listening to as well. Could it be the number one chart-topper for the past three weeks, Jax Stone? I'm glad Marcus seemed to be in
a mocking mood. I found out and I annoyed him. I guess I'm pretty obvious. Marcus sighed. Unfortunately, yes, you are. I know I spend all my time with Jax. I only have this summer with him, then he will come out of my life, and he has to learn to keep living. Marcus leaned back against the wall and unlinked. You know when he leaves this
summer, it's over. I mean, he told you, surely. I thought about how to respond. It was between Jax and me, but Marcus was my friend and needed some answers. He deserved some answers. He deserved some answers. He deserved some answers. He deserved some answers. We both know that trying to have a relationship, while shaking the world and I finish high school, is impossible. We knew this was coming into the
relationship, and we both agreed that being together now was what we wanted. Marcus looked at the large bucket of potatoes. And are you okay with that? I mean, are you okay with dating him now? So he leaves when the summer ends and you won't be shattered? I let out a short laugh. I didn't say my heart wouldn't break. I'm afraid it's
inevitable. Marcus leaned forward on his knees and studied me. So why are you doing this yourself?, he asked low enough so that no one nearby could hear him. I put the last potato back in the bucket. It's too late, Marcus. I love her. I don't have a choice anymore. He reacted as if to hit him, and hated hurting him, but I knew he needed to
know. He doesn't deserve it. He can have any girl in the love of the world, and he took his. Someone who deserves much more than a summer fling. He stood up and started walking, but he stopped and looked at me again. If you were mine, I'd never let you go. He came out of the kitchen. The rest of the day was slow, and I was glad
when it was over. I went to change clothes and started the door when Miss Mary called my name. I forgot to tell you, there will be a car waiting for at home in front when you are ready. I sighed and thought about riding home alone in one of their cars and shook my head. It is I want to ride my bike home tonight. It's still early, and I want
some fresh air. Ms. Mary shook her head. He won't like to hear that. You're sure Kane will tell you that you rode your bike home. I smiled and opened the door. He is my ... friend, Miss Mary, not my doorman, I replied. Riding home on my bike while the sun got really nice. I stopped on the public beach and sat for a few minutes while
watching families enjoying the last bit of daylight. Red-skinned tourists covered the beach, and I recognized several school children working in the chair, umbrellas, and renting wave runners. Everyone seemed to be closing for the day. I took in a deep breath and let the moist ocean air fill my lungs. Something about the air here seemed to
me to be healing. As if I did everything right just to be clean and pure and full of something beautiful. Sadie White? I heard my name and turned to see a girl I recognized from the biology class standing next to me in a red one-piece swimsuit. I don't remember her last name, but I remembered her first, yes, Amanda, right? She smiled a
friendly smile and sat down. yes, I haven't seen you since school let you out. I heard. I've been working. She bothered. Don't know the beat thing about being local is that you can work on the beach at the time, but now things were very
different. I'm sure it is, but I make good money doing domestic work. She fell out of love. But where's the fun in that... unless there are nice guys around? You should come for the lifesaving test. The lifeguard is very funny. Hot guys are everywhere... many times you get to work with one! She scored her head towards a tall, blond, tanned
man down the lifeguard staircase in a pair of red bathing trunks. Like Todd Mitchell! This year he will be a senior and will go to Tuscaloosa next fall at university! He's so brave! Can you swim? I found out, trying to keep up with their fast-paced conversation. yes, but I'm happy with where I am right now. However, if I get bored I know too
much, I will remember the job of lifeguard. She undate gorgeously, and in a way that reminded me of Barbie's younger sister. Okay, I guess. Hey, you should come! For some reason, this bubble was a house on the beach, and has a party every July 4. It's so awesome! You should come! For some reason, this bubble was a house on the beach, and has a party every July 4. It's so awesome! You should come! For some reason, this bubble was a house on the beach, and has a party every July 4. It's so awesome! You should come! For some reason, this bubble was a house on the beach, and has a party every July 4. It's so awesome! You should come! For some reason, this bubble was a house on the beach, and has a party every July 4. It's so awesome! You should come! For some reason, this bubble was a house on the beach, and has a party every July 4. It's so awesome! You should come! For some reason, this bubble was a house on the beach, and has a party every July 4. It's so awesome! You should come! For some reason, this bubble was a house on the beach, and has a party every July 4. It's so awesome! You should come! For some reason, this bubble was a house on the beach, and has a party every July 4. It's so awesome! You should come! For some reason, the has a house on the beach was a house of the beach was a house on the beach was a house of th
me. Me, no personality. And I didn't want to let her down again. Okay, well, of course. I'll let you know. I have to check my schedule and everything. I thought about Jax and wondered if he would want to spend July 4 with me. Amanda sat down and reached into her bright pink, polka dot bag and pulled out a mobile phone. What's yours I
thought about it for a minute. I wasn't sure what to tell him. Jessica owned a mobile phone, but the bill wasn't always paid. I thought I could give her the cell number and hopefully Jessica owned a mobile phone and slipped it back into his bag. Cool, I'll call you
later this week and see if you can do that. I found out, and we said our goodbyes. He turned around and bounced. He seemed so happy and kind. Everything I wished I could be. However, I didn't necessarily want to bounce back when I walked. I got back on my bike and headed home. I'd be home in time to make dinner for Jessica. The
moment I walked in the door, mom knocked from her room, Sadie? Are you? Yes, I replied, as I walked back to see her so we shouldn't shout at each other. I stopped when I reached the door of her bedroom and found her standing in her panties and bra in front of the window unit with a large cup of ice in her hand. The heat is killing me,
Sadie! I swear, I can't wait until I have my body back. I sighed and bit my tongue reminding him that this was his fault. I bet, that was all I allowed myself to say. So, you're home early today. You weren't fired, did you?, asked everything seriously, as the idea of me joblessly began to take root in your thoughts. I shook my head and leaned
against the door frame. No, the family came out tonight, so I have to get home early. I still didn't know about Jax. I didn't want him to find out and put it in his head that he could somehow take money out of Jax. Moored men was his concert, not mine. I didn't want any man to take care of me. I wanted to be self-sufficient. I never wanted my
teenage daughter to have to pay the bills and cook meals. Hmmm, well that works well for me and the baby. We're hungry, and the idea of working in a hot kitchen is too much. I found out and I turned. The kitchen contained everything she needed to make tacos, and Jessica loved tacos. I pulled the meat out of the freezer and put it in
some warm water to thaw. I have to go to the clinic tomorrow for a check-up. Are you working? I wanted to laugh at your question. He had worked every day since school had been away, except of course for Sundays. Not that I complained, because if I didn't work, I didn't make money... and I didn't see Jax. Yes, I called back. Oh poo! I
hate driving. I didn't answer. Instead, I searched through the closet for taco seasoning. You know, I'm going to be thirty-one weeks this Monday, and in two months, I'm going to have this baby was brought home. The baby didn't seem real as
long as it remained nameless, but naming it somehow did and it made me very nervous. I was thinking I liked Sasha's name if it was a girl. You know how to stay with the names S. Sadie, Sasha. Or if he's a kid, how about Sam? I tried to ignore her. I really didn't want to give this baby a name. It made my interiors do fun things. The idea of
baby food, formula, diapers, and, well, a baby, scared me, I could see Jessica coming home and saving I couldn't grab her to be mom, I needed her to be an adult with this baby, Because I wasn't ready, Ok... So, don't you like that name?, he shouted back,
No, I like it. I just don't really have a preference. She remained silent for a moment, and I wondered if she picked up on my fear. And then he said, Well, I think he's going to be a girl, so I'm going to name his Sasha Jewel White. I swallowed the lump that appeared in my throat and forced a response. Sure, Mom. Sounds good. Jessica ate
in front of the window unit in her underwear, and I ate alone at the table. After I finished, I washed my dishes and went to shower. I would be laying on the bed to the sound of my mother shouting my name. I threw my feet on the
hardwood floor and before I could even get to the door I started screaming again. Very good situation I ran through the hallway and into his room. She was sitting on the edge of the bed, holding her stomach, with sweat on her face. Something's wrong, it's going pants. It hurts like hell! I grabbed her house and stuck her arms in. She
panicked and stood up. We did it halfway down the aisle before releasing another scream of blood and bent over to hold his stomach. Help me, Sadie, this hurts so badly!, she said through tears. It was hard to mask my panic. Seeing my mother screaming in pain terrified me. I got her into the car and remembered her bag and ran inside to
grab her. On my way to the door, she screamed again, and I expected someone to listen to her and offend her to come and help. I ran back towards the car, opened the door and jumped inside. I drove to the road and headed to the local hospital. Error: There is a hat an
error. I looked at Jessica as she rested her head back on the seat. Are you okay? I asked, praying for a yes. For now, he said quietly. I didn't want to cause him any pain. We arrived at the emergency room quickly, as the roads were empty at four o'clock in the I went up to the entrance and ran to open his
door. She hadn't experienced more pain since we left the and I was grateful. Focusing along the way was hard enough with her heart beating from her chest and sweating palms. Wait here. I'll go get help. Don't walk. She gave me a lump, and I ran inside. The smell of the sanitised hospital hit my nose and, for once, the smell comforted
me. A lady stood at the door behind a desk staring at me. My mom's in the car. She's pregnant and in a lot of pain. The lady quickly entered another room and left with a wheelchair. The car is parked right in front, I told him as he came around the table. We got out in the car quickly. The lady and I helped Jessica get into a wheelchair. The
lady immediately started asking her questions, and I bit my tongue to avoid asking her to stop for fear that it would cause the pain to return. Once inside, they got their information, and then instructed me to stay in the waiting area while they checked it. That sounded good to me. I didn't want to go with them. Sitting alone for a few minutes
in order to calm my racing heart was very necessary at this point. There were a lot of empty seats at that hour, so I found a chair in front of a television hanging on the wall, and I saw the news without sound. Hello A hand shook my shoulder slightly and a woman's voice woke me up. I sat in my chair. yes, I'm sorry. Is my mom okay? The
nurse smiled. yes, that's fine. She had a bad case of Braxton Hicks brought in for not drinking enough fluids, but she is fine and so is the baby. I sighed with relief. She's asleep, and we moved her to a room. Once we have her hydrated and we are sure her contractions have stopped, we will release her. You can go up to his room if you
want. I found out and stood up. The soundless TV said 7:30 in the right corner, and I froze and realized I should have been at work an hour ago. I have to go outside to use a mobile phone? She smiled. Yes, you do. I'll be at the table when you're ready, and I'll take you. I thanked her and
headed to the door she had brought Jessica through a few hours earlier. I went into my mother's bag and pulled out her phone. I knew I'd stored Miss Mary's number somewhere. I scrolled down until I found him. Hello, Sadie, Miss Mary's anxious voice responded to the first ring. Hey, Miss Mary. I'm so sorry! I had to take my mother to the
hospital at four o'clock this morning, and I fall asleep in the waiting room. They just came and got me. I'm so sorry I didn't scream. Oh, your Honour, okay? yes, that's fine. It was Braxton Hicks provoked dehydration, and keep it today until it is hydrated and stable. I have to stay and bring her home when she's ready. I'm so sorry. Girl,
you better stop apologizing to me. I'm glad you're all over Now, here's Master Jax's number. You have to call him. He went to your house to get you. I've never seen this guy all worked up and worried as he was when you didn't show up. Don't worry about anything, and call him, please, before the police arrive looking for you. I thanked him
and said goodbye, then guickly called Jax's number. Hi? Jax, it's sadie. Are you okay? Where are you? I am good. I took my mother to the hospital around four o'clock this morning. I was in pain. But now it's fine, and they're pumping liquids into it. I should be able to leave soon. I'm on my way. No, Jax, wait. You can't come here. He
stopped. Why? I laughed. Because you're going to get mistreated by worshipping fans. He sighed. I can make a few calls and go private. I laughed again. No, there's no reason. We're going out soon, and I haven't told you about my mom yet, and today isn't really a good day for it. I guess you're right. I am. I miss you. I got everything hot
and tingly in his words. I miss you, too. You know, I could get a few posters for your walls.... I laughed. I'm going to pass. It happens to me that I'm interested in someone I don't really see as the guy in these posters. He hesitated for a moment, then said, Thank you. See you later, I told him and hung up. I got up in the morning sun and
smiled before turning and going back to the hospital to check on Jessica. She wouldn't get dehydrated again if I could help her. The whole experience was not something I wanted to repeat. They freed Jessica to leave around lunchtime. She looked tired and whimsical. I couldn't wait to get her home and go to work. As soon as I deposited
it in bed with a large pitcher of ice water and a glass by her side, I headed outside. * * * Chapter Nine When I opened the door, a familiar silver hummer sat in the unit. Jax came out and looked into my eyes, which were
hidden behind black sunglasses. He was wearing a New York Giants baseball cap pulled down on his forehead. I see you're in disguise? He got upset and found out. I signed up for the Hummer and laughed. You have to drive a vehicle that doesn't catch your eye if you're trying to turn around undetayed. He's uneasy. What? That's the
cheapest thing in the garage. I laughed. So you're taking me to work? He shook his head. Nope, let's go to the movies. You want to bet. He opened the door of my car, took me by the waist, and lifted me into the tank he called cheap. He got on the driver's
side and headed towards the biggest film in the city. Jax, you realize that people will recognize you in your disguise if they pay close attention. I've been doing this for a while, so I know how to hide from fans, trust me. I hoped he was right. I would hate for us
to be bombarded with crazy teenage fans. He may be used to it, but it wasn't something he wanted to experience. We threw ourselmself into the back of the theater, and a door opened. An elderly man dressed in a black suit came out. Screwed jax. I'll give you the door. I started saying I could get it, but he put his finger over my mouth and
it stinged my mouth. I want to get you out. I was in my seat. My door opened, and he picked me up by the waist and put me on the floor. Mr. Stone, if you will come this way, we have a closed theater as you requested. Jax grabbed my hand. I realized we were entering the emergency exit of a theater, and no one but this man knew we
were here. I hadn't thought about it. We entered, and Jax waved his hands towards the stadium seats. Take your choice. He addressed the man at the doors been secured? Jax asked. The man found out. Yes, sir, no one
can come in. Jax handed the man what I assumed should be money. Jax turned around, grabbed my hand, and we went to our seats. What are we seeing? I asked him how the man who left us on wheels in a cart with two popcorn, two drinks, two nachos and cheese, and one of every candy available at the concession stand. I undeated
Jax. Have you invited an army? He laughed and had the drinks and put them in our cup holders. No, but the movies make me hungry, and I didn't know what you wanted. Popcorn. He came to get a box, handed it to me, and took the other one. You asked what we were seeing. I found out and put a handful of popcorn in my mouth. Night.
horse, he replied. I had wanted to see this after watching previews on TV the other night. And then it hit me. But Night Horse isn't playing yet. It won't be in theaters until next Friday. It bothered me and it stinged me. For everyone else, but for you and me, it's about to play right now. As if on cue, the lights faded, the big screen expanded,
and the film began. When I realized we didn't have to sit through credits, I started saying something and thought against it. Today was the first day I really felt like I was dating someone from another world. Before, Jax had a quy, a normal quy, he could talk to. Today, he became the rock star. It bothered me. I looked in my face and saw
the guy singing 'Wanted Dead or Alive' on a guitar he had ordered and worn out. A small smile smile his lips. I blurted out, and bent down to whisper in my ear. If you keep looking at me like that, I'll have a harder time keeping me focused on this movie than I already am. I've been undeated. Why are you having a great time? He perversely
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annoyed and put his popcorn before taking my hands. Because I'm with a beautiful girl who completely fascinates me, and we're in a dark room alone, and all I want to do is sit and look at her, but I know that if I do, I won't be able to avoid kissing her very perfect, very tempting, lips. I swallowed hard, and my heart hit me in the chest.

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Suddenly, the darkness around us seemed to close, and a force that none of us seemed to be able to control kept our eyes closed. Jax's hand escaped from mine, slipped behind my neck, and bent over. The lips of the only guy I would ever love touched mine, and I forgot where we were and everything else around us. His other hand
slipped behind my head, and he cradled her as she gently kissed me. His tongue touched my lower lip, and I opened cautiously, knowing that was what I wanted. The moment his tongue slipped into his mouth, a low groan escaped from his throat, and his hands pulled my head closer. Soon, my hands wound their way behind his neck and
wrapped in his hair. It looked like it was falling, but I didn't care. I clung to it and let my tongue explore. By the time my tongue touched his, he gestured, freed me, and sat back, putting distance between us. I worried that I would have done something wrong, and I froze, watching it, I'm not sure what to say. He rubbed his face with one
hand and gave me with the crooked grin he loved. I'm sorry, but, wow, I, uh, wasn't... I mean I knew it would be nice, but, wow, Sadie, you got an amazing taste. I kept my eyes thrown down, I'm still not sure what happened. I could have kissed him all day. The wow led me to believe that he liked it as much as I did, but I wanted to know
why he stopped. However, I wasn't about to ask. I studied my hands for a moment. His finger slid under his chin, and I let him tilt his face until he met his eyes. Page 14 What are you thinking? I shook my head. I wasn't going to answer. You know why I stopped, don't you? I wanted to look mature and say yes, but I didn't want to lie either,
so I really shook my head no. He sighed at me and smiled at me. Now, I know what you're thinking. He turned in his seat to confront me completely missed out on a kiss before. He made me things I'm not about to try to accomplish. It was perfect.
You're perfect. But I don't have the strength to kiss you for a very long period of time and still keep my hands off you. I let his explanation sink in and he turned my face to his. Her smile turned to a suffocating look right in front of my eyes,
and once again touched her lips to mine. I opened earlier this time, and he was inside my mouth making my heart race and my hands shaking. I got my hands shaking. I got my hands in my hair, and once again allowed another to touch her tongue. This time, when he let go of low growth, he got me closer, and I felt a groan that I realized was coming from me. I
smashed enough as far as my chair was going and pressed nearby. I wanted to be even closer. He broke the kiss again, but before I could mourn the loss, he threw me in the lap. He seized my mouth again and let his hands run through my arms as he kissed me. Jax's breathing became quick and shallow, and I melted into him. I ran my
hands to my chest, and her body broke under my touch. He gestured, and his kiss became more frantic. It became difficult to breathe, and my heart hammered wildly on my chest. I pressed against him, and another grower ripped from my chest as he pushed me back. We sat there looking at each other, gasping through the air. I didn't
need an explanation this time. Finally, he put me back in my seat and took a deep breath. It might be wise if I don't touch you again today. I'm not strong enough to stop again. At least not for the next twenty-four hours. Okay, I replied and smiled. I went back to the big screen. Knowing that I enjoyed kissing as much as I liked to kiss him
made my heart swell a little more. At some point, we finally got caught up in what we missed in the film. Jax managed to eat all his popcorn, and I ate some of their nachos and cheese, which fed me. Well, I didn't have to try very hard.
The moment he held one up to his mouth, I took him. We left the theatre as easily as we had entered. Jax slipped his disguise again. How about a walk along the beach. He pointed to his hat and glasses. I'm in disguise, and no one will look close
enough to realize it's me. I thought about Amanda and her friends. If they noticed Jax, things would get out of hand, and quickly. I know people on the public beach. Remember, I live here. I'm going to school with these kids. If any of them come to talk to me, then they'll realize it's you. Jax said nothing, but a dress put on his Perfect. What
did I say? I asked him when he wasn't responding. He looked at me like he didn't want to answer my question. I guess I forget you have a different life from my house and me. I like to have you all to myself, and I know it's selfish, but the fact that you're going back to school to live a normal teenage life with parties and football matches and
dances ago jealous as hell. I let out a surprised laugh. My life is much easier to accept than you're on the cover of magazines, and the entertainment channel follows everything you do. I have to live with you going back to another world. When you're on stage, you belong to everyone. He
didn't answer for what seemed like forever. We threw ourselmself into an isolated part of the beach, and the engine went out. I know being with me isn't easy. But I want you to understand that no one has me, nor has ever had me, except you. I swallowed, building emotions inside me. I found out, I'm not sure my voice would work. I
slipped a curl behind my ear. I've never met anyone who's seen past the star and found me the real me inside. But even if you hadn't found the Jax the world doesn't know, I'd be yours. When you smiled at me that first time, I was a goner. I just got lucky with the rest of you. I wanted to lean on him, but I didn't. Come on, let's take a walk
before we start kissing you again and I'm forced to use the power of superhuman will to stop me. I laughed, and we got on from the Hummer. As we walked towards the water's edge, Jax grabbed my hand. The night breeze and the sounds of the waves were soft. It was easy to forget the reality out here. When I got home last night, I
wanted to call immediately and realized I couldn't. It proved very difficult to go to sleep without hearing her voice and knowing she was okay, Jax admitted. I'm sorry they couldn't call me, but it makes me happy to know that you missed me too. He laughed. I didn't just miss you. I became obsessed with what I was doing and if you were
okay and who you were talking to. I realized that I'm going to have a very difficult time when summer is over. He stopped, and I turned to him. I have to be there too. I want you to come with me. My heart stuck a blow to my chest. Going with
him to his world was not something he ever expected to do. I have a job and my mother. Please, for me. Don't make me go again without you. I walked away from his begging eyes. They made me want to promise you anything. Jax, it won't fit into your world. I have no clothes to wear to something like that, and I have no idea what to say
to people or how to act, and the cameras will make me a nervous wreck. He stood up behind me, threw me against him, and rested his chin on my head. You will be dressed by my personal stylist, and you won't have to talk to anyone but me. Yes, the cameras will go, but all you have to do is smile. I'll never leave you alone, except when
have to sing, and then you can stand backstage and wait for me. I wanted to make him happy. I wanted to know part of his life, but he frightened me. I don't know, I whispered to him. YDn error. Finally, he turned me around to confront him. Please, I need my air. My resolution fell apart, and I found out. Okay, I'll talk to mom. His serious
face broke into a grin, and he kissed me again. He held back, and made me want to press closer. He retired before he could press him. You taste it very well, he whispered. He ran his fingers through my hair and risked a chain around his fingers. I love your hair, said softly and continued to play with it. My face burned in incredible heat.
Too late. I've already seen the blush. Stop trying to hide it from me. I think it's adorable. * Chapter Ten Ms Mary began merging with me by the time I walked in the door. Jax smiled and enjoyed immensely how I assured her that Jessica and I were ok. Girl your age havin' to direct her mother to the doctor in the middle of the night is not
right I tell her. You're too young to sleep in a waiting room alone. He turned around and pointed his spoon at Jax. You should have been there. How good you are if you're not there when you need it. Miss Mary, you didn't know either. I haven't called anyone. You can't blame Jax for nothing. Well, you should have called him. I would have
come. You're too young to be alone in hospitals. Crazy people out there. Jax brought my plate to the table, then twisted my finger for me to come and sit down. I sat next to him. I didn't think about calling anyone. I've been taking care of my mother for a long time. It's no big deal. Ms. Mary turned around and pointed the spoon at me. And
that's not right. Who cares for you? She waited for my answer and didn't get any, she found out about her head. That's the way it is, nobody does. You don't know when to ask for help because you never had anyone to ask before. Well, now you do. You have a guy right there who seems to drink the bathwater if you ask him, and you have
me, and Mr. Greg, and Marcus. Take your choice. Just stop trying to do it alone. He let out a deep sigh and went back to his stove. Jax squeezed my hand. She's right. But I'd rather if you call me. I smiled at him, and he bothered. And, yes, if you want it to be, I'll drink the bath water. I laughed out loud and shook my head. You're crazy. He
found out. About you. My heart skipped a heartbeat, and I took a deep breath to calm down. I'm sorry I didn't yell at you. He's right. I'm not used to asking for help. But it's nice to know that I have people around me who care. This is all new to me. Jax leaned over and whispered in my ear: No where I am, I will always be when you need
me. I trembled from his warm breath against my skin and found out, but I didn't know his look. I needed to get my heart out of my eyes first. Marcus came in while we were finishing our breakfast. He looked at me when he walked into the kitchen. Is your mother okay? Yes, thank you. He gave me a forced smile. Well, he said and walked
past me toward the laundry to get dressed. I turned to Jax when his juice ended. I need to get to work too. He uneasy, then got up and took our two plates in the sink and rinsed them. I went to get my apse, and Miss Mary shook her head. No, Mr. Greg needs you out more than I need you here. Today he is fighting his arthritis. He won't
admit it, but I can see it on his face. Go help him. I found out and looked back at Jax to say goodbye before he left. He smiled at me. I have a song I'm working on, and sitting on the gazebo today sounds like a perfect place to be creative. See you in a few minutes. I smiled and went out. Knowing that Jax would be out with me today made
the day look much brighter. I walked up to Mr. Greg kneeling in the grass garden, crying himself. Morning, Mr. Greg. Why don't you take your knees off and let me do this. It's undeated me. I have a bone to choose from with you, young man. She is no girl her age who is supposed to be galvanizing through the city in the middle of the night
You should have called me. My interiors grew warm and toasty. I'd really made a new family here. I know, Mr. Greg, and I'm sorry. I'm just used to taking care of things on my own, and I didn't think about the fact that I have people who care enough to help me. He got up slowly, and I fought the need to give him my arm. I knew his pride
wouldn't take my offer very well. Just so you understand you have people helping you now. Sir knows the stone boy would have been running if you called him. I've never seen a puppy so sick in my entire life. I blurted out. I wouldn't call him loving. Mr. Greg raised an eyebrow. It's that way, he said and shook his head. Well, now, I guess
we have work to talk about, not now. Go ahead and grass this garden here, but watch out for herbs. Once you're done, go ahead and throw some for the kitchen. I'll go scratch the sand and get it to be soft around the bridge. I sat down, kneeled, and started getting married. The grass of
the herb garden was never easy because so many herbs resembled herbs. It wasn't something I could do meaninglessly, so I focused on my job. The sound of a guitar broke my concentration, and look up to see Jax sitting on the gazebo and staring at me. I grinned and waved, then went back to my weeds. It proved difficult to think about
what you had to do when your floated through the yard. I stopped several times to hear his words, but I didn't dare look at him. His music soon became sporadic, and I turned to see him writing on a piece of paper and working diligently on his guitar. His drowning and concentration made it hard not to look. I knew if he caught me, he could
wreck his process. Other times, I caught him staring at me, and he would wink, and I, in turn, would blush. However, the heat made my cheeks pink, and fortunately it helped hide it. After finishing from herbar the herbs and taking Miss Mary the rosemary and dill grass, they gave me the job of collecting the remains that might have blown
overnight. He had just brought a handful of branches to Mr. Greg's wheel barrel when Jason came out. He went to Jax, and I picked up debris again. Jax stood up and followed Jason inside. I tried not to let my mind wonder about where the brothers were going, and I focused on my job. Page 15 Marcus went out to get me for lunch, and I
went in to eat with him, Mrs. Mary and Fran. Everyone seemed calm, so I didn't talk much either. Fran mentioned that she had to write a list of cleaning supplies to be picked up at the store, and Marcus made us laugh with stories about the new guy at the front door. Ms. Mary seemed nervous about something, and Fran wouldn't meet my
eyes. Only Marcus seemed like his normal self. After eating, I started cleaning and preparing the fresh fruit that Miss Mary had bought from the farmers market. I tried to stay focused on my job, and at dinner time, when Jax hadn't yet returned to the gazebo, I agreed to a chess match with Mr. Greg. I'd turned it off several times last week
because Jax had always been waiting for me. Although I seemed to be improving, and had even won a few games recently, today Mr. Greg won because my mind stayed on Jax. I let the older man shine, and I smiled at me. Hey, you.
Who won the chess game? I saw you two hard ones when I walked in. I smiled and Shrunk. He did. I was off my game tonight. Marcus desensed and sighed. Yes, I can understand. You two have been inseparable lately. I can see why your arrival would bother you. His words started me. What do you mean? She who? Marcus laid eyes
on Miss Mary, who made a tsking sound but held her back to both. I'm sorry, I thought you knew. Me, uh.... It was and shuffled his feet as he would rather leave the room. Ms. Marcus found out and said, I don't know how much of the
celebrity stuff you read, but Star Holloway, the pop princess, and Jax have been an item for a while. Still he came here this summer. She flew on her private jet this afternoon and is staying the night before she goes out again to finish her tour. My knees became weak. Now, don't make it sound worse than it is, boy, Ms. Mary said. I think
she's just a friend of Maester Jax. The way he's been following around like a puppy dog, I can't be angry that he has another girl next door. I couldn't form words. I looked at Marcus, who shrunk. I didn't know what to say or what to think. I needed time alone, so I headed to the laundry to change. The idea that Jax had a pop star girlfriend
didn't make sense to me. I've never talked about her before. I didn't think Marcus was lying to me. Star Holloway was in this house, and also happened to be the reason Jax never returned. It hurt that I never took the time to explain. But then again, what could you say to your guest, Excuse me, but do I have to go tell the kitchen help
you're here and I won't see her again today? I mean, really this situation would be hard to understand for someone in your world. I took a deep breath and reminded another that I knew that everything throughout a relationship with him was impossible. He was a rock star, and I worked in his kitchen and his garden. I went right into a
situation with no happy ending, and I knew it, but it took this path anyway, just because a couple of steel blue eyes made my heart run, and a crazy grin made me melt. Stupid might be too much of a word for me. I swallowed the lump in my throat and got out of the laundry. I went past Miss Mary, who put her hands waiting for me. I knew it
would hurt you, he said with concern in his voice. I bit my lower lip, still not relying on myself to talk. Wait, now, for Marcus, and wait in the house for longer while Jax sat in the dining room with a pop princess, who for obvious reasons made a much better match for him than me,
scared me. I needed to escape. I swallowed it again and told Miss Mary: I'm fine, but I want to come home now. See you in the morning. A bike ride is just what I need. I smiled, but it didn't reach my eyes. Ms. Mary was uneasy and reminded me to be careful. I drove home as soon as I could. The further away I walked away, the harder it
seemed to come back. The thought of hurting back so badly wasn't sure I could do it. I'm just so strong; I have a breaking point. I had allowed myself to be dazzled by her good looks and lovely personality. His intense eyes and crazy grin somehow made me stupid and careless. I
needed protection from myself. The horrible thought might be how my mother hit me, and the tears burned my eyes. I stopped on the public beach. A walk would help me calm down before I go home to Jessica. Amanda started getting off the lifesaving stop. When he saw me, he shot me his carefree, bubbly grin. Sadie! I called you this
morning, but I had no answer. It said a message though. So you're coming? I forgot about the party. Uh, of course, I'm coming. He seemed really happy. I couldn't imagine why this nice, cheerful girl seemed so eager to be my friend. About lifesaving work. How much do you pay? She excited me again, apparently excited about the idea of
being a lifeguard. Twelve bucks an hour, and you get the benefits of being on the beach all day! That was good money. Not as much as I did now, but close enough. Okay, if I was interested, what should I do? She grabbed my hand and took me to the building located outside the seafront, with bathrooms, a beach bar and some offices.
You have to go there and see Jerry in the morning. It can give you all your information. There is resistance training and a few days of classes. Depending on how well you do is how long it takes. But Cherry just quit last week, and we're short on a lifeguard, so now is a good time to go see him. I found out and hid the information away.
Thank you, see you tomorrow night. Amanda smiled brilliantly. Great, look at you. I turned around and walked along the beach. He was wearing shorts and a blue tank top, but the evening breeze still held up the heat of the day, so it didn't matter. I walked to the edge of the public beach and sat in one of the deserted wooden chair rentals.
Without the pillows that came with them, they were a bit painful, but not so much I would sit on the beach and put all the sand on. I stood back and closed my eyes, letting the sound of ocean waves hold me. I'd let that happen. I knew when I agreed to spend time with Jax I would end up taking care too much. I never said we were
exclusive. He never said he loved me. Yes, he said many other things, like me being his air and needing me, but now all those words seemed almost unreal. Frustrated with myself for doing exactly what any other girl in America would do, I was no different from the rest of them. His eyes and smile melted and sent me hot shakers down
my spine. I needed to grab myself and get over it. Jax liked spending time with me because he didn't think everything he did was wonderful. I had enough fans. He didn't ask or require my love. I went and fell in love with him from my own free next
to him. I rubbed my eyes with my fist and fought off stupid tears shed. Crying wouldn't help this or make it better. However I sat alone on the beach crying like a love sick loser. Really good I sat down and wiped my face with my shirt and decided I didn't cry another tear about Jax Stone. My chest on the idea of leaving Ms Mary and Mr
Greg and Marcus... heck I would even miss Miss Fran, but could I stay there and see him and be in his house, loving him like I did? I let go of a sigh, I'm not sure what to do. At times like this, I really needed a mother with common sense and wise words. Very good life I turned around. Marcus was walking towards me. I wiped the rest of
my tears and stayed. He was still wearing his white shirt from work, but he unhucked and his neck loosened. When he approached me enough to hear my voice about the wind and the waves, I asked: Marcus, what are you doing here? Marcus grinned sheepishly and pointed back to the lifeguard station with his thumb over his shoulder. I
have an inside fountain. Confused, I uneasy and looked where I had spoken to Amanda. He saw the dress on his face and gave it a dramatic sigh. Do you know Amanda's surname? I shook my head slowly, trying to remember if he had told me his last name. Amanda Hardy, aka my little sister. My mouth formed an O, and I turned to him,
studying his attractive characteristics. Suddenly, I noticed that he and his sister shared the same eyes and smiled. Do you know that I work with you? She had never told me anything before, and her kindness made much more sense to be my friend's sister. He found out as if he was found guilty of a crime. Yes, I mentioned you on your
first night of work when I got home, and she reminded you of school. I found out, still surprised by the connection. I really never thought about the fact that Marcus shook his head. Not. No, I can't tell you about Jax. She
would be frightened and start harassing my workplace. I smiled sadly, but a wave of relief washed over me. I don't see her as the kind of harassment. Marcus laughed and raised blonde eyebrows. Jax Stone happens to be all over the walls of his bedroom. I smiled and sat back. Why did you come and find me? Marcus sat in the chair next
to me. You're my friend, and I didn't like knowing you were hurt. I wish they'd waited for me to take you home, but I understand why you wanted to leave. I wasn't really sure what to say. We looked in the water for some time. Finally, Marcus told me: You knew I would only be here for a little while. He'll leave,
and you'll be here. Your worlds are too different. He stopped and cleared his throat. You're not like other girls, Sadie, and that's appealing to a guy. We get tired of the same things, and when someone as beautiful as you comes along, with all your ways naïve, accepting, someone like you is what we are all looking for. I started arguing, but
it stopped me with my hands. Hands. I'm not saying anything about this right, so let me finish it and see if I can explain this better. When I first saw you, I was immediately attracted to its outer appearance. However, after talking to you, meeting you, and seeing you at work, I realized that I would have been attracted if you were simple and
mousy. My guess is that Jax hasn't been around anyone with your shots in a long time, and mix it all up with the fact that you're a gorgeous blonde and 'bam' who got hooked. I can't blame him for wanting you. Marcus' hand got his fist on his lap. He seemed angry now. But I can blame him for acting on his interest in you. He unleashed all
his charm on you, knowing that it could only be for a short time. And that's why I'm going to make sure I pay. A sudden knot of fear formed in my stomach, and immediately shook my head. Marcus, no! I chose this. You're right, I knew it wasn't that serious for him, or even in the long run. I let against because of it too much, and it's my
stupidity. Nothing he did was wrong. Marcus shook his head. He is older and more knowledgeable about the ways of the world than you are. I blame him. I laughed, I'm not sure how, but I did. I need a friend, Marcus, not a white knight. Marcus grinned. I'm your friend, Sadie, and that's never going to change. However, I wouldn't mind
being your white knight either. I shook my head. I didn't really choose him, Marcus. My heart did. I didn't want to love him. I knew it would end up breaking my heart, but I couldn't stop it. Every time I surrounded enough about him, I got harder. He's not the guy everyone sees on TV. He's not a rich, shallow rocker. He has a kind heart, and
there is this child within him who still needs the approval of those he cares about. He accepts others for who they are, and never judges anyone. Marcus's expression seemed so sad. You got inside the star and found your heart. It will just make this harder on you. He came and grabbed my hand. I'm here with a shoulder to cry on,
whenever you need it. I wanted to cry now, but I knew I couldn't do it in front of Marcus. I didn't want him to be angry with Jax because I'd become a fool. Instead, I got up. I have to go home. I stuck my hands in the pockets of my shorts. The night's wind had started to cool down. Page 16 Can I take you home? I thought about it, and then it
shook my head. I'm too close to home, and the trip will be good for me. Okay, if that's what you want. It is, I told him. Will you be at work tomorrow, or will you be at work tomorrow.
going back to the stone mansion. I kept reminding myself that we needed the and I wouldn't act like Jessica. I didn't run away from life. I faced my problems and took care of them. It could be stronger than a broken heart. Stupidly, I gave my heart away to someone who didn't need it, nor did I expect it. It was my fault, and my fault alone.
However, I wouldn't keep doing it. Lesson learned a long time ago not to make the same mistake twice. I opened the kitchen door, and Miss Mary turned to look at me. Relief washed over his face. She must have worried she wouldn't come back. His expression, and the fact that he had missed me, made my return worthwhile
Good morning, Miss Mary, I looked at the table expecting it to be empty, and I froze instead in full view of Jax, sitting in his usual place. A faded troubled man wrinkled his forehead. I found out about a silent hello and forced myself to confront Miss Mary. If it's all the same for you, I'd like to have an early start in the garden this morning.
Can I come back later to help you with food preparation? Ms. Mary cleared her throat. She seemed a little insecure and finally managed to warn. Mr Greg will be happy to see you so early. I went straight to the laundry and changed. I couldn't deal with it this morning. I needed time. Also, I needed to work and didn't have time to talk. My
uniform would be cleaned and pressed, hung in the closet with everyone else. I sifted until I found mine. Yesterday, when I had been running wildly, knowing that Jax would be waiting on me. So much could happen in a day. My heart broke a little more, and shook my head to clarify my
thoughts. I couldn't go on like this. I needed to find some form of control over my emotions. Why was it when I finally fell in love with a guy at school? Or a work guy? Take Marcus, for example. Why did my heart have to do the tango for Jax, but don't even skip a
beat for Marcus? I grew up in frustration at my own stupidity. I'd find a way to get through this. I put buttons on his shirt and took a deeper soothing breath, just in case Jax still sat in the kitchen. When I opened the door to the laundry and walked out, Jax blocked my path. I should have expected him to follow me. Jax Stone wasn't kicked
out by a girl. That couldn't be something I knew how to handle. I sighed, knowing it couldn't happen without him letting me through, so I backed up to put some distance between us. Sadie, please come talk to me. I have to go to work. reached into my hand, and I immediately snatched it away and pocketed both hands. Sadie, please. I
hated the insecure, the child I saw in his eyes and the fact that it came to me. Dang this. There's nothing to talk about, Jax. I work here, we're friends, I guess, and you passed extra time with me. Your girlfriend's here. There's no big deal. Now, if you're going to move. He grabbed my arms and gently, but firmly, pushed me back into the
laundry and locked the door behind him. What are you doing? I asked him when I realized he had locked us up. I hated the way I acted like I should be reminded of reality. I hardened up and dazzled again out the window. Do you remember when I told you I have to take my picture with all the female teen stars around advertising? I didn't
turn around or recognize his words. He sighed. I know you do. Anyway, the Star and I have been thrown together since we were fifteen. She is the woman me in the teen world, and people like to dream romances between us. Because we've both spent our teenage years in front of the camera, we've become friends. Boisterous nausea
inside me. I didn't need a reminder that Star would be a much better match for him. But friends are all we've ever been. I'm not going to lie because, at first, we tried a relationship. It seemed natural to us, but it failed miserably. We were able to call it quits and remain friends. I didn't know it was coming yesterday. She's been in love with a
boy in her hometown for years. They have fought for things to work out but, with their lifestyle, they never had enough time together. He just found out he's getting married next week. She has a pregnant girl, and Star is torn. So he came here to see me. I needed a friend. He stopped talking, and knew he had to turn around and respond. I
wasn't sure how, without acting like the desperately ill idiot I would become. I took a deep and exhaled breath, hoping to calm my emotions, and turned around. I didn't need to tell you anything. I've known all along that you live in a world that I don't know anything about, nor will they know anything about anything. Even if she is his
girlfriend, the only thing he would have been guilty of is kissing someone else. You don't owe me an explanation. I'm just someone you spent a couple of weeks with one summer. I forced a smile and sat my head towards the door. Now we have all this cleared up, I have to go to work. I went to the exit, and Jax's hand shot me and grabbed
my arm. I closed my eyes and waited for him to speak. You think you're just someone I spent time with? I swallowed the lump in my throat. He seemed angry and hurt. I hated knowing it would hurt. What am I, then, Jax? I heard really whisper. How can I ever be
more than that? I approached him. You've been more than that since the night I brought you home. Do you want to know what Are? He grabbed my hand and put it over his heart. You own this. Tears hit my eyes. I don't want to love you, I forced another one out through the thickness in my throat. God, I hope you do, because you own me
completely, whispered, and then bent down and kissed me with such excitement that the tears ran away and slipped down my face. He held my face as he kissed me, until my knees got weak, and I held onto my arms to avoid falling. When the kiss broke, he wouldn't let me go, fortunately, because, without his support, he wouldn't have
had the strength to stand. I should have come and told you, but she kept crying and moving on and on about everything they had been through. I needed an ear, and I gave it one. I knew when I came to get you last night after making
sure his bike was there and saw the windows for a long time, wondering what his was. If I had known, I would have come to you then, but I didn't want to wake your mother up. He hid a curl behind his ear, and I shudded to his touch. I'm trying to let you go before Miss Mary comes looking for you, but you're going to shake to my touch and
weaken my decision to stop holding you. He put his head against my chest, and I smiled. He loved me. I knew the pain would be inevitable when he left, but I knew he loved me. I waited for Jax in the pergola after work. I promised Amanda I'd come to the party with her tonight. She texted through Marcus as to where to meet her and what
time. I had forgotten until he reminded me. I needed to talk to Jax about it, because if I wanted to do something with me, I would have to cancel my previous plans. Now, I wish I hadn't accepted Amanda's invitation, but seemed so excited about introducing me to people. Why the dress, beautiful? Jax went into the gazebo and came to sit
next to me. I didn't realize I was drowning. I'm just thinking. On? I sighed. I've been invited to a party at a boy's house, from school. Marcus' younger sister, Amanda, is to my degree, and invited me to come with her. I said yes, but it was last night when I left early because of the Star. He leaned back and put his arm behind me. Well, would
you be against going to the party on a date? I hardened up. A date? He smiled. Yes, unless you're ashamed to be seen with me in public. I didn't know what he meant. Surely, it couldn't mean I'd go like him You mean, you want to go to a party? He found out. yes, I think I do. I was uneasy and decided to point out the obvious. You're
aware that these people are going to turn over you, right? It shrunk. Probably at first, but I think they will exceed the shock and leave us alone. I can cancel. He shook his head, sat down and turned towards me. I'm going for a selfish reason. I want them to know you're mine. Okay, but what's the purpose of this, except to make me the
envy of every women in town? He grinned. It will allow the male population to know that it is unavailable and stay away. I laughed. Okay then, 'Mr. Hot Shot Rock Star', let's party so you can intimidate all the guys within a fifty mile radius. * * * We stopped at my house so I could run inside and change clothes. Apparently, the dress code
was swimsuits. I slipped a black cover over my bikini, a pair of black heeled sandals at my feet, and let my hair down to its wild, natural, curly mess. For the first time in my life, I could be accused of being vanitious, and I knew it, but I wanted to seem worthy of Jax tonight. I put on a red lipstick, mascara, and then stood up and raised
myself. My reflection surprised me. The black mascara really made my already dark lashes stand out. I walked into the living room to say goodbye to Jessica. She stopped watching her reality TV show and looked me up and down, and then burst into a smile. You can thank me for those good genes you decided to wear tonight. I rolled my
eyes. I'll be late. She kicked me out. I sighed and headed towards the door. I hadn't even wondered who I had dressed up for. Most girls my age wished their mothers would leave them alone, and I wish mine would only care. I grabbed my bag and headed back to Jax and his Hummer. He had left her out for fear that Jessica would parade
in her underwear. He walked away from the Hummer, and his gaze led me in. I'm glad to put on my heels because I knew it helped make my long legs look less lanky. He let out a low whistle. Wow, you're amazing. I smiled and blurted out. Thank you, I replied. He's uneasy. Now, could you go back inside and get less sexy? What? He
sighed. You were worried about me attracting attention, and you've gone in there and unleashed all your deadly weapons. Her look shattered my legs again. Goddamn it, Sadie, I'm going to have a great time with self-control tonight, and I swear if you're agacterosa to a guy who catches you, he'll be able to tell the world he kicked his ass
by Jax Stone. I laughed out loud and rolled my eyes. You're a little biased. He raised eyebrows. Do you have mirrors in your apartment? I heard. Have you used any of them, or have managed to become the fantasy of boy without any visual help? I took a step around it. You're overreacting, now come on, and let's go. His arms slid around
my waist as I pulled against my chest. He buried his face around his neck and gestured. gestar. celestial smell. I smiled and leaned against him. Thank you. He kissed my neck and chopped my ear off. My knees became weak, and cold blows burst into my body. Jax, I whispered to him, if you keep this, you're going to have to put me in
the Hummer. I'm just so strong. He stood against my neck, opened the door, and put me in my seat. He gave me one last smile, which sent shakers through my body, and then closed the door. I've never felt sexy before, but tonight I did. I knew it was for him. Perhaps our being together would be credible. But I really doubted it. Page 17
We entered the entrance, and immediately saw Amanda watching me and my bike. I turned to Jax. When Amanda sees me get out of this vehicle with you, she'll flip. So get ready. He laughed. You act like I'm not used to being treated like a celebrity. He squeezed my hand. It's okay. Stop worrying. I'm used to it. I don't usually live in hiding
like I do here. I know how to handle it. I took a deep breath and exhaled. Let's go. Jax put his hand on my leg. She held her hand as we headed towards Amanda, who was left frozen in place with her mouth hanging open. Hey, I brought a guest. I hope he's okay. He sounded stupid, but I didn't know what else to say. She covered her
open mouth with a shaking Hand Yes, it's fine, she said through her hand, looking at Jax in disbelief, and I smiled because I fully understood her disbelief. Amanda, this is Jax, Jax, this is Amanda, a friend of mine from school. Jax grabbed his hand and unleashed the lethal grin on him, and he was afraid he would faint. She shook her
hand and shook a hand, but she didn't seem to be able to speak. They just met you, Amanda. Amanda whispered. Jax eventually broke his handshake and took a step back. He met again together. Okay, great, guys come this way. Dylan will want to meet you. I turned to Jax, and he smiled to reassure me. We followed Amanda, who kept
looking at us every few seconds to make sure we weren't gone. The house seemed nice, but nothing like what Jax lived. A yellow beach-style two-story house, people occupied all the doors, and a few windows. We passed in front of the house towards the sound of live music. In the middle of the backyard was a large stage. People
danced in front of the stage and all over a bridge connecting the house to the white sandy beach. We follow Amanda along a set of steps and in the large party area. A bonfire was lit on the beach, and there were more people out there. I started noticing people watching us, trying to decide if this was, in fact, Jax Stone. Amanda took us to
a group of boys around a hot tub. hydromassage. with a few girls in tiny bikinis. She cleared her throat, and a tall, lanky guy with a shaved head turned to her. Dylan, this is my friend, Sadie, I told you. He looked at me and gave me a slow smile. Amanda said you were at school last year. How did I miss you? he asked, his smile becoming
a hen's grin. Before I could think of anything to say, Amanda cleared her throat, again, and said, And that's her date tonight, Jax Stone. Dylan went from leaning towards me, to changing his gaze towards Jax, who slipped his arm around my waist. Jax acted so calm and comfortable, almost as if he knew everyone here and wasn't about to
be beaten up with crazy fans. Jax Stone. Dylan stood up and starred in disbelief. Jax once again, always so politely, held his hand. I'm sorry I crashed your party. You're not crashing my party. You're Jax freakin' Stone. You don't need an invitation anywhere,
man. The girls in the hot tub woke up from their initial shock and came out of the water to come around where we stayed. Oh. My. God! I'm such a big fan! My name is Gabby Montess. Do I have your newest CD in my car will please sign it for me? Jax smiled politely and found out. I'd be glad, Gabby. Gabby grabbed her friend's hand
speechlessly, and they squeezed each other together as they ran down the CD and a pen. Others, realizing what was going on, had us surrounded in seconds. The girls, calling Jax's name, pushed paper and pens towards him, as well as shirts and shoes and bags and even a pair of panties. Jax had been forced to free myself to sign
autographs, so I decided to get out of chaos. I took a step back, and a girl standing behind me pushed me aside. I sank further away from the crowd, elbowed, and forced my way to freedom. Once a person lost control, it became a frenzy. The band stopped playing. I heard squeezes and proclamations from the crowd, saying they must be
dreaming. The girls pushed and pushed, and shouted their name. The boys even struggled to get close to him. I heard some guy say he had written a song that I wanted Jax to listen to. This was crazy, and I'd let it all in. I sighed and turned around when I heard a girl ask someone standing next to her, I wonder if she's going to autograph
my stomach? I realized how much I didn't like other girls throwing themselves at him. I'd had it myself, and it was easy to think we were normal, but it would never be ordinary. He would always be someone he couldn't I looked into the water and decided to escape to the serenity of the now deserted beach. Excuse me! Apology! Listen
please! Dylan McCovey's voice approached the sound system. I saw him standing back on stage. He seemed to be very satisfied with I realize we have a special guest tonight, but if you want to stay at this party, I'll have to ask you to act like it's just one of us and give Jax some breathing. If you can't do that, I'll leave you escorted from the
property. I looked back at the crowd around Jax, and several girls protested and complained after Dylan's speech, but heard him. Even through the slimmed-down crowd, I didn't see Jax and thought I'd still have to deal with several more fans before he managed to break free. I headed towards the coast and wondered if I would be able to
find myself if I went down to the beach. My hands slipped around my waist. Don't tell me you'd leave me in the crowd and go down alone, Jax whispered in my ear. I leaned against him and enjoyed the comfort of his arms. I hated the loss I had been when I had been everyone else's, rather than mine. Dylan is not a bad host. All it took was
to let him know that he wanted freedom tonight with you, and he took over, I smiled. Well, you're making your party the hottest event this city has ever seen. Jax kissed my head, Are you all right?, he asked guietly, I heard, I am good. He relaxed his grip and came to be by my side, still holding me against his side. Do you want to escape
by ourselves, or do you want to attend this party we came to? Just so you know, I'm fine with what you choose. I wanted to hang out with her some and meet some of the others. The crow was slowly returning to the party. Many still
looked at Jax, I couldn't blame them. I wanted to look at it myself. I guess I should go get Amanda and mix up, I said her gleefully. Jax held my hands and approached me. When this is over, we may have some alone time. It bothered me perversely. Time alone with you is my favorite hobby. I blurted out and went back to the heart of the
party. As we passed the people, they showed up, and Jax never stopped being nice and polite. He shook hands, and some of the bravest guests asked him to autograph his articles. Amanda came to my side. Hey, I'm sorry before. I hope Dylan has made it easier. Yes, he did. We expected it to be, or something similar, so it wasn't a big
surprise. Amanda got upset. Well, he's the hottest teen idol in America. Jax smiled at her, and it looked like she might faint, and I placed it in her ribs. She needed to work on non-overwhelming girls with her smile. Amanda clung to herself. Okay, so I want to some friends. But, he said, they will probably be more interested in meeting their
date. All right, I know. He took us to a group of girls who looked familiar. Jo Jo some of them from school for the last few weeks. She will be a senior this year as well. Sadie, this is Jessie, a little blonde with pixie hair, Mary Ann, a small redhead, with wavy hair and
surprisingly bronzed skin, and Peyton, a tall brunette. All the girls smiled at me, but their eyes moved away from Jax. I remind you of the Spaniard, Peyton said, looking at me at Jax. When I looked at her, Jax's attention seemed to be focused solely on me. So how do you know each other? Mary Ann asked, and all three sets of eyes went
to Jax. Only Amanda seemed to remember my presence. Jax squeezed my hand. I met her through a mutual friend. Then I stayed under his charm, and it looks like I can't believe Jax Stone's girlfriend lives in Sea Breeze
I started correcting it. I wasn't Jax's girlfriend, and she would be gone soon. Well -- She cares about my privacy. But then, I like the fact that she wants to keep everything to herself. His hand squeezed mine, and I laughed again. Amanda sighed. Does my brother know about Jax? I looked up at Jax, and he found out. Yes, it does. Amanda
shook her head. I swear, he knows something like that and doesn't even think it's important enough to share it with me. Don't be so him. It was by my request that he not tell anyone, I assured him. Amanda wasn't appeased, but she shrunk. Well, I don't think I'll ever forget my shock when he got out of his car holding his hand. I swear, I
thought I was hallucinating. I laughed, and Jax stuck next to me. I'll introduce some other people, said Amanda to her friends. And I'm sure they're hungry. See you girls later. Over the next hour, we were introduced to so many people I knew who couldn't remember all of them. But I had no doubt that they would remember me. Somehow I
found it famous in his eyes. I happened to like not being the center of attention. I worried that I wouldn't be able to deal with the way this changed my life. We sat next to the campfire and listened to the guys talk about the next football season. They all seemed excited and ready for it to begin. They were trying to impress Jax with their
stories, and a couple even broke down and asked Jax about his guitar playing by ear. He answered his guestions as if he had known them forever. His ability to act comfortable in any situation surprised me. We attracted a small crowd when others to realize that I was answering guestions and talking. This crowd didn't look as
crazy as the previous one, just curious. I ate a roast Jax hot dog for me as I spoke. I had arranged it for while answering questions about Star. They all seemed to have questions about the pop princess. When we finished eating, he got up and grabbed my hand. If you're going to apologize, I want to go dancing with Sadie. Their faces
shone with disappointment, and I think I even heard someone sigh. We walked close enough to listen to the music. He came down and slipped my heels and placed them next to his discarded shoes. It took me out of the light and to the moonlit beach. He sat in the D.J. that had taken over the band, and then back to me. The song started,
and I immediately recognized the voice coming over the speakers. Jax kept me closer as his velvet, soft voice sang softly with the words of his song. Let me keep you close just for tonight. So, baby, please dance with me in the moonlight.
Jax leaned back and tilted my face towards his. Your touch is my only addiction. Your heart fyou don't stay. You'll break my heart if you don't stay. You'll break my heart if you don't stay. Your whispers whisper to me every night, and your laughter is my only side.
Wait for me, I need you to guide me. I can't live without you. Grab me and whisper to me that you love me. Hold me and tell me there's no world without you by my side. Wait for me, I need you to guide me. The song ended, and I stood in Jax's arms, unable to look away from his darkened steel blue eyes of excitement. I never understood
those words until tonight. I sang them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them, but I didn't write them. I didn't write them are the write them. I didn't write them are the write them are the write them. I didn't write them are the write them are the write them. I didn't write them are the write them are the write them. I didn't write them are the write them are the write them. I didn't write them are the write them are the write them. I didn't write them are the write them are the write them are the write them. I didn't write the write the write them are the write the write them are the write them are the write them are the write the write the 
the lump in my throat. I didn't want to think about him a thousand miles away. I put my head against my chest, and he approached me closer. * * Chapter Twelve Jax made me promise not to come to work the next morning after we sat talking up to three. The sun was getting brighter, and my mini white blinds didn't do much to block out
the light. I lay down and got up. I looked inside Jessica's room, and she was already awake. When I walked into the kitchen, Jessica was fixing a bowl of cereal. He demished me. You'd better not lose that job because of excessive sleeves. What time did you get there anyway? It was time I told him about Jax. I wanted him to go to
fundraising with him the following week, and tell Jessica. I'm not sure where to start, I sat at the table. We need to talk about something. He sat his bowl on the table. Girl, if you tell me you're pregnant, I think I could go crazy. I laughed. This is is Happen. And, no, that's not what it's all about. Jessica tilted her head to the side. Will this
answer my question about what time do you have last night? I heard. She changed her spoon to me to continue, and then took a big bite out of her flakes. I took a deep breath. I'm not sure where to start. Jessica stopped with her spoon in mid-air. You mean this is going to be so good? I rolled my eyes. Sometimes I wished I could be a
normal mom, but then it wasn't normal, so why would I expect her to be. Okay, when you worked for the Stone did you know who I worked for? He found out. Sure, teen rocker Jax Stone. I couldn't lose his photos on the walls. I sighed, relieved that at least I knew it a lot. Well, I'm dating him. I stopped and waited. He swallowed his mouth,
and then his jaw dropped. No way. I expected a deeper response from her. But then, depth wasn't really Jessica's business. We've been seeing each other for a few weeks now, and, well, he's got to go back to Hollywood for a fundraiser next week, and he wants me to go with him as his date. This caught Jessica's attention. You want me
to go to Hollywood? I found out, and she chewed on her flakes for a few minutes. I don't think it's a good idea, he finally said. I didn't expect it to matter to me whether I was leaving or not. He sat in his seat and sighed. Sadie, up to this Jax Stone, you've never dated anyone. You're beautiful, but you're young and naïve. Your world is not
something you're prepared for. Sure, hanging out with him here is one thing, but entering his world is another. I know I'm not the best mother in the world, but I love you, and I'll say no to protect you. You're not ready for it, and the headache this will cause will be like nothing you've ever experienced. A relationship with him for any
reasonable amount of time is impossible. You'll fall in love with him, and he'll leave. He has to. He can't be Jax Stone in Sea Breeze, Alabama. I wanted to argue, but I knew I was right. I love him, I whispered to him. She stood up, walked towards me, put her hands on my shoulders, and pressed. Ah, baby, you're about to find out how bad
love really hurts. He kissed my head and left me through the back door. I couldn't go, and I was disappointed, but somehow I knew it would be the best. He wouldn't even handle something as simple as high school. Jax didn't make my mother's decision well, but he accepted it. Saying goodbye even
for a little while hurt my chest. I feared it all day. If that was what it felt like to see him leave for a short time, how much worse would September be? I heard him walk behind me before I said I got up from my job with the roses and turned to him. He looked like someone outside a magazine, and I fought the need to reach out and grab him
and hold on to the Jax I loved, not this stranger standing in front of me. He came, grabbed my hand, and took my glove out of the garden. It's going to be two very long days. I forced mself to smile. It'll be over before we know it. It undory and got closer to me. God help me if they ask me to sing a love song. I don't know if I'll be able to get
over the lyrics. I smiled and got to run my fingers through her thick dark hair. You'll have them all eating from the palm of your hand. All you have to do is smile. He grinned. I think you're a little biased. I laughed. No, I'm not, I've witnessed you lovely a room full of girls with a simple smile. He bent down and bent down to kiss his cheek, then
kissed a trail in his ear before whispering: You're the only one I care about the charm. I sighed. Well, don't worry, I'm completely delighted. He leaned back and reached into his pocket. I have something for you, but it's really for me. I need you to take it from me, so I'll be able to get some rest while I'm away. He had a thin, flat cell phone in
his hand. Please keep it on and with you at all times, so you can hear your voice whenever you need it. Somehow he managed to say the only words that would make me take a gift like this from him. I don't know if I can use it. It looks complicated. He grinned. It's a touchscreen. When you tap the screen, all of its necessary buttons
appear. I did it as it was instructed and the screen came to life. It's like the iPod you gave me. That's because it's an iPhone. I put it in my pocket. I'm just a call away. Jax smiled sadly. I hate that. I didn't want to make things harder on him, so I made mself smile. You'll be back soon. He approached and bent down to kiss me. I didn't want to
to close my eyes. I wanted to see him as I turned my world around. By the time his hand tracked my face, I lost all concentration and just enjoyed being in his arms. He took a step back and broke the kiss. I'll be back as soon as I can, he said in a raspy voice. I was pleased to know that our kiss affected him. I know. He gave me one more
grin and left. I saw him until he was almost out of sight. He turned back and stopped to look at me. He lifted his fingers into my mouth and blew me a kiss before walking around the corner. The thin phone in my pocket reminded me that I would call soon, and I would hear his voice. It should be enough to get me through. * * * Marcus took
me home after work. Jax had left a car to take me home, but he couldn't take me to house in your vehicle without him. What do I have to do to make you smile?, he wondered when we got up next to the apartment. I sighed and forced a smile. Nothing. He leaned back against his seat and closed his eyes. I hope you know what you have. I
looked at my friend, I'm not sure what to say. I left my hand from the car door. Apparently I wanted to talk. I am the one who has been given something special. Jax is not like people think. He is this wonderful guy who is kind and polite and sweet. He makes me laugh and is happy just hold on to me. In his arms, I feel safe. It's like I've
finally found a place where I belong. Marcus let out a short, harsh laugh. Sadie, holding you is not a difficulty for him, I can promise you. And as you know you can't find all those qualities in someone else. Jax is not the only guy on earth who is friendly, polite and sweet. I'm sure you're right. But no guy I've ever met has made my heart go
into a frenzy and my skin scrambles just to get into a room. Somehow, he is the only one who has ever been able to touch my soul. Marcus sighed and shook his head. You're right, it's not something anyone can do to you. Just sucking Jax Stone is what makes you tingle. I let out a little laugh. I'll always love her. But I know that, soon, you
have to learn to live without it and move on. Right now is not the time. Marcus found out. I opened the door and walked out. Very good value for money He smiled. Anytime. I walked in. Marcus was a great guy, and if I didn't love Jax that much, maybe I could feel something for him. But my soul was already taken. I didn't want to fall asleep
for fear that I would lose Jax's call. I swept the kitchen and scrubbed the bathroom before finally getting into the shower. I came out of the cell through the sink in case the phone rang. When I finished, I put on my night shirt, and then I went back to my bed and fought against the need to crawl. I knew if I did, I'd fall asleep. Closing my eyes
was out of the question even though they were very heavy. I sat on the edge of the bed and thought about the likeness of him calling me tonight. I'd like to convince myself I wasn't going to call when I heard Jax singing Wanted Dead or Alive. I wasn't expecting a friendly ring tone, and I laughed while answering the phone. Hello Hey,
beautiful. Does it happen to me that I have the only recorded version of Jax Stone singing 'Wanted Dead or Alive' as a ringtone? I asked him, unable to get the silly grin off my face. Yes, you do. When I tried to think of a song to play when I called you, I realized I'd never recorded a song you liked, so I walked into my studio in the house
and recorded the only one I knew I'd enjoy. I smiled and crossed my legs Indian style in bed. I became an obsessed You could have put any of your songs there, and I would have left my door unlocked so I could sneak you in and splash perfume on my
pillow. I laughed out loud, and then I covered my mouth so Jessica wouldn't wake up and get in. I hadn't discussed Jax with her again, and I hoped I wouldn't have to. I don't wear a perfume. You mean you smell good unasswered? I guess I do. Hmm... well, how about autographing one of your body parts... I have to choose. He got into
the phone. I blurted out, and the silly grin stayed in my face. Okay, maybe I'm not that crazy about a fan, but I'm a fan. I listen to your have to remind me? I have enough time to close my eyes to go to sleep. I don't need pictures of you all wrapped in your bed with your hair
stretched around you, listening to me in your ears. I'm sorry, but I don't want you to think I prefer Jon Bon Jovi's work on yours. Thank you. You're welcome. I miss you, too. Go to sleep. See you soon. I sighed and wished I had a poster of him on the wall. Good night, Jax. Good night, Sadie. I pressed the end and slid under the
covers with Jax playing in my ears. * * * Ms. Mary stood over Henrietta, who seemed to be making bread, when I walked into the kitchen the next morning. Now, Mrs. Stone said she needs it to be whole wheat, but she wants it to be light and fluffy, not heavy. Henrietta found out and continued to knead the dough in front of her. I grinned
and walked past them towards the laundry to change. It wouldn't be easy today with Jax missing, but at least he was at home near his stuff. It was better than nothing. I got into my uniform and went back out into the kitchen. Go ahead and get some fresh bread out there. Henrietta made it for lunch today, but it's really good with a little
butter on it while it's still hot. They didn't have to tell me twice. My stomach grew. I cut a piece and cut it. Fresh homemade bread melted in the mouth. Hey, don't eat all the good stuff. Marcus hit me in the ribs and grabbed the knife to cut it out of a piece as well. I smiled at him. Good morning to you too. He got upset and took a bite out of
his bread. Marcus closed his eyes and gestured loudly, and poor Henrietta jumped. Ms. Mary rolled her eyes. Boy, can't you eat any quieter? With a backpack, he shook his head no. Page 19 I wiped my hands on a paper towel and turned to Miss Mary. What do you have for me today? She smiled and pointed to the pantry. I need you to
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come and check expiration dates for me. We have to kick everything that is old and replace it. Jo Jo and went straight to work. With Jax singing in my ears, the morning blew up. Marcus joined me at lunchtime. How's it going? He annoyed me and sat down with his plate full of food. Well, thank you, and you? Marcus shrunk: Same ol,
same 'ol, I guess. He studied me, as if we hope to do something about it. I've been undeated. What? I asked, before taking another bite of my Reuben sandwich. Nothing, I just thought I might be a little annoyed. You didn't talk much this morning, and I have to imagine you knew. I got unfaithed and sat down to drink. What? He seemed to
be trying to decide whether or not to answer me. Why don't we go out and eat... and talk. A nervous knot formed in my stomach, but I wanted to know what Marcus did not sit down. He walked to the edge of the pergola and bent a
hip against the railing. Amanda has email subscriptions to various teen news websites. He ran into my room this morning before he left, asking me if you were still going out with Jax. I said 'yes', and she showed me the follower of the teen star. He has photos of Jax taken last night in the city with actress Baily Kirk. My stomach broke, but I
had been through this before with Jax, and I knew I couldn't help the advertising photos and what the news reported. I forced a smile. It's not a big deal. You must take these photos for graphic reasons. I'm not worried. Marcus sighed and reached into his back pocket to remove some papers. I printed it. I grabbed the papers from her
hands and slumped in my seat with pictures of Jax holding hands with a pretty, dark-haired girl. One photo showed him leaning in and laughing at what he was saying. The other showed him with his arm around his shoulders, pointing towards something and smilling. I didn't want to read the words, but I found myself reading anyway. Last
night Jax Stone was seen for the first time in weeks on the arm of Baily Kirk (The Dream Date and Winters Way). They both seemed very interested in each other. We guess the rumors that Jax has been hiding with a lucky new lady are false because he seems very interested in Miss Kirk. I handed the paper to Marcus and got up. I'm not
hungry anymore. I need to get back to work. He grabbed my arm when I was walking by him. He doesn't deserve you. I didn't want him to see my face because tears threatened to fall at any point. I'm not part of his world. He has another life out of his life here with me, I drowned in a whisper. I broke free and started back in the house.
Marcus came up behind me and hold your hand. Stop, Sadie. I stopped, but it didn't turn around. The tears were on my face, and I didn't want to humiliate myself. I know I've said this before, but it's worth more than what it gives you. You're beautiful, and intelligent, and kind, and funny, and you don't care if your hair is messy or if you
break a nail. You're not too busy to play chess with an old man, and you're raising your mom and you never complain. He sighed, grabbed my face, and turned it towards him. Why don't you see how special you are? I kept my eyes down. He wiped away my tears. I'd have to kick him in to make you cry. I shook my head. I chose this. It's
my choice. I chose it. I can't help what my heart feels. Marcus shrunk his jaw and sat down before leaving his hands and taking a step back as if he had burned it. He was such a good guy. I hated that the truth hurt him a lot. I closed the gap he created and came to touch his face. You're special too, and one day someone will steal your
heart and become a lucky girl. I dropped my hand and walked away again. But what if she has already done it, but does her heart take?, she wondered in a snoring whisper. I closed my eyes and took a deep breath, and then dazzled again with it. Then she's not the right one. He walked towards me in a long step. But what if she's wrong?
she asked, just before her mouth came down to mine. At first I was surprised, and then I got scared. I couldn't be doing this. I put both hands against my chest and pushed it before turning and running. I ran straight onto my bike and got home as hard as I could. The phone rang. I had just hit my road and was breathless pedaling so fast. I
lay down, sank against a tree, and took a deep breath. I needed to answer that. I would talk to him about the actress when she got home, but he wouldn't jump to conclusions while he wasn't here to defend himself. Even if the images were quite incriminating. Hello, I replied Where are you? Jax's voice sounded harsh and tense. Very
good. I realized it was two o'clock in the afternoon, and I was almost home. How could I explain this? Well, I'm lying on the side of the road talking to you, I said in the lightest tone I could muster. Why aren't you in my house? His tone sounded a little less harsh, but still very tense. Well, um.... I didn't want to lie, but I didn't want to tell the
truth either. At least not over the phone. I'm going home early. He stopped for a minute, are you going to tell me why? Do I have to? yes, I think it's necessary. I have a headache. It wasn't a lie. Jason just called me. He witnessed something from his window about thirty minutes ago. I sighed and put my head back against the tree. This is
something I wanted to look forward to and when he got home. He can't wait. He said you were and said... He said Marcus kissed you. The last part sounded so harsh and angry that he feared for Marcus isster, Amanda, saw pictures of
you online taken last night with Baily Kirk, and you were actually quite kind and touched on them. You seemed happy. I had a hard time with the photos, and I cried a little bit. He stopped me and tried to comfort me, and I started dating again and he just... he just
kissed me. Jax didn't say anything for what it seemed like all his life. He's fired, and I'm on a plane coming home now. Jax, no! He, he... I think he's in love with me. I know. Well, he's fired now! I told you I wouldn't fire him
unless he said something against you, and he did. He tried to convince you that I don't love you. I sighed. I couldn't stand this. It was all my fault. I didn't kiss him again, and I pushed him out. Jason saw everything. He also saw running like hell and flying through
the entrance of his bike at a breaknish speed. He called me immediately and told me. I walked out of a photo shoot and called my pilot. I'm on my way to you now. You've told me about the pictures before. I wasn't ready to see it firsthand, and reading journalists' words weren't much fun either. I tried to handle it without bothering. Jax
sighed: Each of these photos were taken last night by his publicist. She'll be in a new movie, and they needed the buzz. They told me what to do in all these images. Relief washed away the pain, but the blame still weighed on me because Marcus was going to be out of a job. Thank you for telling me everything. He got hooked this time,
and it was the warm sound he loved so much. Wait for me. See you soon. He will. * Chapter Thirteen Jax did not have to fire Marcus; he left it. Ms. Mary said it was the best thing and for me not to worry. Marcus would return to college in a few weeks, and probably needed that spare time to prepare. However, William left, too, and left Miss
Mary with a problem. There are no servers. Today I saw two applicants, and only one is suitable. But you'll need some help for the first time. Ms. Mary cut off my eyes and I don't know. Master Jax won't like it very much. He's
already grumbling grumbling that working in the sun, and made me promise not to make you touch prawns or oysters again since you found out how much you hate them. I laughed. Well, he'll get through it. Also, what else can you do? Ms. Mary chewed on her lower lip, then found out. Well, I guess you're right. You're my only way out of
this mess. The door opened, and Jax came in with a grin on his face. Oh, just who I wanted to see. He bent down and kissed my nose, then gave Miss Mary her charming, child grin. Do you have sweet tea? You know I do. I just got a little cool. He got up to go fix his drink. While you're here, I wanted to move on and let you know that
since you ran away from my servers, Sadie here will be serving tonight with the new guy so I can train him. Jax mis-seen. No, she's not. Jax, I don't see why Miss Mary doesn't need help. I stood up and put my hands on my hips, ready to wage a war. He grinned and slipped his arms through mine. The family will be having dinner tonight,
and I'll be busy. We will have no need for servers. He turned to Miss Mary and smiled. Very good night he looked at me. Will you do me the honor of going to dinner with me? Ms. Mary complained, and I smiled. I'd love to. He grabbed my hand and took me towards the entrance to the main part of the house. Good night, Miss Mary,
screamed over her shoulder. We went to his room. I had my stylist buy you clothes for the trip you didn't get to wear with me. If we want to enjoy a free fan meal, then hook up to eat somewhere if the dress code is a little stricter than most. He opened his massive walk in the closet and walked in and left with a long white box. For you, he
said smiling. I didn't like the idea of him buying me clothes, but the anxious smile on my face made me bite my tongue and get over it. I put him to bed and opened it. Inside was a pale blue dress that looked like it was made of fabric so delicate it would break when I touched it. I'm afraid it will hurt, I whispered to him and looked at him. He
got hooked and walked around to be behind me. His breath stroked my ear. All you're going to do is turn it into the envy of everyone around you. He returned to his closet and returned with a shoe box. You'll need these too. I opened it. A pair of silver stilettos and straps lay inside. I look forward to walking in these. My voice sounded
nervous, even to me. He grabbed one, slipped it on his finger, and let it wrap. These seem complicated, but I can only imagine them, and the image I'm getting is making me sweat. We need to get you away from me. He took the dress and took me to a of guests. You have a bathroom at your disposal, and you will find that you have
everything you need to dress for Okay, I told him, while I put the dress on the bed and walked back to the door. He gave me a hen grin. I'll pick you up at seven, if it's okay. I looked at the clock on the nightstand. It showed a fourth to six now. See you then. He leaned over and closed the door behind him. I went into the ad contiguous
bathroom. Makeup and bath gels, soaps, salts, creams and so many different body lotions, splashes and powder filled the marble countertops. I bit my lip so as not to laugh out loud. He had been prepared for me to say yes. A piece of paper lay on top of towels, bath cloths, sponge, loofa, and some other item I'd never seen before. I
picked him up and smiled when I realized he was from Jax. Page 20 Sadie, I had no idea what he would need. I took the liberty of buying everything I thought smelled good. None of this smells as good as you, but the sales lady assured me that all women want to feel pampered in the bathroom. So I just bought it all. As for makeup you
don't need any. Your natural beauty is enough to get me to my knees, but I wanted you to be happy, so I had a sales lady who gave me all a gorgeous blonde with amazing skin and amazing blue eyes with long curly eyelashes without any help I might need. She said it sounded like she didn't need anything, but she gave me some things
she believed would make you happy. I love you, Jax I laughed, took the note, and put her healthy and safe in my bag. I smelled the different fragrances and finally decided on one, and then started the task of making myself beautiful enough for the dress. * * * * Jax knocked on my door at exactly seven, and I got into the sexy silver heels
They fit me perfectly. I'd really done my homework. I opened the door, and my heart skipped a heartbeat. Seeing him in a black tuxedo made my knees slightly faint. You really have to warn someone before you unleash on them dressed that way, I said with fear of my voice. I've never seen anyone so incredibly perfect. That's when I
realized he was looking at me, well, my body, and his gaze stopped at my feet. I think I'll give my stylist a raise. His eyes ran into mine, and he smiled, a slow sexy smile that didn't help my weak knees. You're amazing, he said finally, reaching for my hand and throwing me against him. His warm clean smell of soap, mouthwash and Jax,
put the blood into my vein racing. His lips touched my ear. I want to hold you, kiss you, and enjoy this dress right here in this room all night, but I can't. I trembled. Please don't He does something for me, he said against my ear again. I smiled. Well, stop whispering in my ear and draw patterns on my na**d back, and I'll stop, forced out
through the desire to obstruct my throat. He grabbed my hand and started walking. I have to get us People. Now, he said with a sense of urgency that I fully understood. Kane was at the door of the Bentley who had only seen Ms. Stone's use. He found out. Ms. White, Mr. Stone, said emotionlessly as we entered. Jax put his arm on my
back. I have it in the best authority that you don't like most seafood. I got upset and found out, knowing that the authority was Mr. Greg. So, I'm limited to two options. This area is for tourists. The informal day-to-day tourist, but there are some more difficult establishments to enter. Have you ever heard of 'Le Cellier?' I hadn't, of course. I
shook my head. I've been there a few times. It's good, but most importantly, it's somewhere where we can enjoy a meal together and not deal with fans. I let out a happy sigh and leaned back against the seat and crossed my legs. Jax cleared his throat, and I looked at him. You could try not to blink my leg while we're alone. I'm having a
great time. His smile tightened, and I came back to bite a smile. I'm sorry, I told him softly and stuck my legs crossed towards the seat. We approached the establishment, and there were men waiting to open our door. 去The staff were very friendly and working. Mr. Stone, we've got your table ready. That way. Jax was right. The other
diners weren't going to come and ask for autographs, but they noticed him as we passed by. Several whispered, and his eyes followed him. We were sitting at a table away from the main dining area, where there were no other people around us. Jax kept my chair for me, and I sat down, glad we wouldn't be in sight of the curious eyes.
Screwed jax. Do you read French, or should I order you? Is the menu in French? I asked, surprised. He found out. Yes, and I know how to stay away from oysters and prawns. Are you okay with beef or lobster? I wasn't quite sure what was right. The nicest restaurant I'd ever been to have an English menu and nothing cost more than
fifteen dollars. You just have to sort what you think I'm going to like. He's caressed. Very good tion A server appeared, and Jax ordered it in French, of course. I saw him, wrapped by his voice and the way foreign words flowed out of his mouth so easily. He stopped. What do you want to drink? I was uneasy and almost hated asking. Do
they have Coca-Cola? He became upset and spoke French again. Once we were alone again, he leaned towards me and whispered: I asked you for lobster because I know it's good here. It also has no taste of prawns or oysters. Before I could answer, a Coke appeared in front of me, and in front of Jax. It took a and came to a hand
towards me. I slipped his hand and sighed. It's hard to be close to you and not to be touching you in any way. La La knew exactly what she meant. I should have been happy, but the fact that July was half over reminded me how close I was to not being able to touch it any longer. That didn't have to make you sad, he said softly. I made
100m smiles. He doesn't. I was just thinking about how quickly the summer is going to end. How quickly it's already gone. His eyes showed emotion that he did not understand. I know, he said and tightened his grip on his hand. He looked at the drink in front of him, and then supported me with a sadness in his eyes. I can't think about it
right now. Leaving you will be the hardest thing I've ever had to do. I'm not sure how I'll be able to. He broke down and took his gaze away from me. I wish I hadn't raised our very near future. I hated seeing the pain in my eyes. We'll find out everything. We don't let him get us down now. We still have a month and a half to go. He forced a
smile and sat down. You're right. Jax stood up and approached the table and held his hand. I looked at him in his tuxedo, and my breath trapped in my lungs. It really was incredibly beautiful. Would you dance with me? I stuck my hand in his and followed him to the main hall, where the band played. I went into his arms and wished I could
stay there forever. His hands rested on my lower back, and I slipped my hands up my arms and rested them on my shoulders. With my extra height, thanks to my killer heels, I was much closer to her six two-inch feet. He bent down until the heat of his breathing pinched his ear and neck. You feel amazing in my arms. I trembled and
slipped a hand behind his neck. However, if the old lord at the table on our left does not stop emanuating his legs, I will have to go and remove him. I laughed again and turned my head to see the offensive old man. He found out. I've been crazy since the day I went up to my room and found you wiping something off the floor. I'll never
forget thinking: I don't care if she got in here to approach me, if she'll let me lose her fingers in those curls and look at me in those some fan. It annoyed perversely. How do I suppose someone is
aggravated by someone who might have fallen from the sky? I blurted out and put my head against my chest. We finished the rest of the dance in silence. I memorized his heartbeat and closed my eyes to commit the moment of memory. I knew that one day I would soon have to remember how right this moment had been. When it was all
over, I never wanted to think I had made a mistake by loving it. I always wanted to remember how it made me feel, so I it was worth it. Jax took me back to my seat before taking his. I had a drink of my Coke and realized there was some kind of bread on a silver platter in the middle of the table. Jax cut a piece of bread and put something
that could have been oil instead of butter on it, and then handed me over. His bread is very good, he assured me. I took a bite and decided that the odd oil tasted much better than butter. She had sneaked a piece with the delicious oil and somehow managed to be sexy while eating bread. I was wondering if they gave lessons to rock stars
about such things. And if so, I could get into one of those lessons. What are you screwing at? he asked. I hadn't noticed my thoughts were displayed on my face. I shrunk. I'm thinking about how to make things as simple as eating attractive bread. He gave me a crooked grin and leaned towards me. Maybe just like you do sexy breathing.
What? I asked, confused. He raised eyebrows. When you breathe, it gives me chills. I laughed and shook my head. You're very good with words. He winked at me and sat in his seat and had a drink of his Coke. You make me feel poetic. A server came up behind Jax, and I heard one behind me, so I sat directly and waited for them to
serve our salad. The wonderful thing about Alabama is that you get pecans in your salad, Jax said while the servers on the left. I had to agree with him. I loved pecans, but I never thought to put them in my salad before. Once our food was over, and Jax paid the bill, we went out to Kane and Bentley waiting for us at the front door. As Kane
did, I would never know, but it was always on time. We went up to my apartment quietly. I sat in Jax's arms, and he played with my hair. It was one of those times when words were not necessary. Kane slowed down and parked right down the street in front of my apartment. Thanks for tonight. Jax smiled at me and bent my face to match
his before gently kissing me. I closed my eyes and pressed closer to him. He retired enough to look into my eyes. I love you, too, Jax Stone. He gestured, approached me closer, and buried his face in my hair. I wanted to stay that way forever. I
never wanted September to come. You're every song I've ever sung. I'll never let anything hurt you again. For the first time in my life, my dreams are not about me. I raised my eyes to meet her, and he smiled. They're about you. * * Chapter Fourteen Sunday at I slept late again. I could hear Jessica up and about in the kitchen. I stretched
out before standing up and reaching for my phone and sliding it in my pocket in my pajama pants. I was supposed to meet Jax this afternoon to go sailing, sailing, l've never tried. I walked down the short aisle in the kitchen, and saw Jessica leaning against the bar drinking a large glass of milk. It's time to sleep beauty woke up. I suffocated
a vawn and Shrunk. So. I slept late. I understand another early every other day of the week, Jessica warned; Yes, but today is the day you get to find out what happens to girls dating rock stars. I've been undeither with her. What are you talking about? She came off the bar and threw the Sunday paper on the table in front of me. Good
thing I have thick skin, because this is not flattering. He turned around and left the room. I looked down a second time at a photo of Jax, but this time it was my waist his arm wrapped around. He seemed to be whispering in his ear or kissing him. I slumped in the chair when I realized I was wearing my swimsuit. The photo had been taken
at the July 4 party while dancing. Above our images he said, The Rock Prince is trapped by his maid. My stomach has fallen. Jax Stone has been living semi undercover here at Sea Breeze this summer, courting his hired maid, Miss Sadie White. The couple were seen together at a party held at Mayor McCovey's house. Mayor McCovey's
son Dylan held his annual July 4 party at his parents' home on Seagull Drive, and Sadie White was invited. When we talked to Dylan, he said: Nobody expected it. Sadie is just a girl who moved here this year. We had no idea he was going out with Jax Stone. But the two were inseparable. Sadie is a Stone employee, riding her bike home
be the only one with a job. Interestingly, she somehow managed to be Jax Stone's summer girl. I closed my eyes and put my head on the table. I couldn't believe the local paper had got wind of it. They had painted Jax as a cold who took advantage of his employees. You'd better come here Sadie, shout Jessica's voice from the living
room. Things seem to be getting better and better. I looked up. I was watching TV. I knew deep down I didn't want to see what I was seeing, but I got up and forced 0riving to get in there. Star Follower has the scoop on everyone's favorite teen rocker. Jax Stone, who was spotted with Baily Kirk last week here in Beverly Hills, has been
located in, Alabama. That's the way it is, fans. It has been his time this summer on the Alabama coast, and not alone either. He came out with his contracted help. The the maiden. Pictures of me with Jax appeared on the screen. Our insider says he rides his bike in his house, where he works in the kitchen and garden. When Jax has free
time, he charmingly passes this Alabama local. It seems that the girl who lives in a small apartment and takes care of her single, but pregnant, mother, has climbed the staircase and found her way out of poverty. We are left to wonder if he will manage to squeeze out a better way of life for this rock star. Jax Stone really is a big heart quy
It's one of the reasons why it's so incredibly edible! I ran from the room and went straight to the bathroom. This time, I got sick. After emptying everything inside me, I splashed my face with water, then slumped to the ground and put my head in the bathtub. This wasn't something I expected. I had been prepared for a lot, but this was not
something I ever feared. Now my life was being scuppered by all the media. It either sounded like a gold digging tramp, or Jax sounded like he was taking advantage of a stupid, naïve southern girl. YDn error. I couldn't face Jessica right now. I just needed to be alone. Throwing up won't do this any better. You can also see other versions
of other news feeds. Some of them don't paint us as white trash. I gestured. Not. I stayed on the bathroom floor until I heard someone at the front door, and I knew certainly it was Jax. Sadie, sweetheart, you have company, shouted Jessica's voice from outside the door again. I didn't want to leave him out there with her, so I got up and
looked in the mirror. My eyes were blood, and there was nothing I could do about it. I opened the door and instead of Jessica got a very annoying Jax. He grabbed me and stuck me in his arms. I swear, I'm going to kill whoever did this. I started crying again. I didn't want to do that to him because he was obviously hitting himself about it.
He retired enough to be able to see his face. Are you coming with me? I heard. Jax took me with his arm firmly around my waist. Ms. White, I'm just going to take Sadie for a little while. I'll bring her back soon. Jessica broke down. Just make sure you bring her back happier than she is right now. He got und flattered, and we went out to his
Hummer. Kane sat in the driver's seat, and I'm glad he didn't have to give up Jax's arms because he was driving. A flash went off, and Jax stood in front of me. Hurry up, get in the car. It slipped behind me, and we were in the protection of dark tinted windows. Sadie, I'm so sorry, whispered again. I sniffed and wiped my eyes. It's not your
fault. He a hard laugh. Yes, it is. I was careless. I wanted everyone to know you were mine, and I put in the path of danger. The media is like hungry vultures. They pick you up dry. That's not going to go away. I was quick to think that more of my personal life is shared with the world. How do you do this? How to handle the invasion of
privacy? I whispered through my tear-covered through my tear-covered throat. He sighed. It's all I've known for a long time. That's hard, I admitted. His eyes were haunted. I hated it being the cause of all this. Being with me seemed like it would only bring you problems. I'm tough. I forced a smile. I can live through this. Jax said nothing for a few minutes. He came
and threw me in my arms, and we sat silently. I promised you I would never let anything hurt you again. He closed his eyes strongly and whispered, as if the images of his head were too much: And instead I have not only hurt you, but your mother. I touched his arm hating to see him so torn inside. I told you it was hard. It's not your fault.
He dropped his grip and walked away from me and leaned forward on his knees. No, Sadie, no! This is all my fault. I'm the favorite teen rock star in the world. I live in the media. But to listen to them, he stopped and his jaw clenched, to hear them talk about you that way. Need... I want to hurt someone. I got up in my seat to approach him
Jax, please, I should have known something like this would happen. Yes, it hurts, but I can live through this. I can live through this is just the beginning. Your life will never be the same. I knew it when I realized I wanted to be with you. My life is not made for
relationships. Only girls in the spotlight can handle it, and I've never found one I wanted. Then came you. Sweet, beautiful, selfless... everything I'd ever known. I was selfish to allow this to happen. I was selfish when I decided to charm you, and when it worked, it was selfish to want to hold on to you. He held my hands in my hands. I love
you more than anyone else or anything I've ever known. Somehow you've become the song inside me. It's because I love you so much that I'm going to get out of your life and allow you to heal and find someone worthy of you. Someone who can take to the movies and go out for a pizza and not have to worry about being mistreated by
fans, or their photo taken and splashed because of all the news. I want you to have more than I can give. I looked out the window and realized we were sitting outside my apartment again. I'm not strong enough to do that, Sadie. If you love me, you'll get out of the car and leave. My heart broke, and I couldn't breathe deeply. My eyes were
for tears without shedding. But I didn't move, I couldn't. I don't want to get away from you. Jo Jo you, but how can you ask me to do this? I whispered. He studied me with hard eyes. Sadie, I was leaving anyway in a few weeks. If you found accommodation in booking.com! This, and more, would happen if I tried to get back here during my
spare time. But you said you loved me. His laugh sounded harsh and mechanical. Sometimes, Sadie, love is not enough. This is one of those times. The door next to me opened, and Kane stood with his hand held to me. Jax's eyes seemed empty of emotion. Goodbye, Sadie. I always knew it should be him who's done with this. I could
never walk away from him any other way. But he wanted me now. I wanted him to go. I was an obstacle to his life. I couldn't fit in. I hated because of my weakness and my emotions. But I knew they were part of me, and I couldn't help it. It couldn't be what I needed. I got out of the car and headed towards the door where my mother was
waiting for me. She had known somehow that she would come back that way. Tears rolled up my face as I made my way to her, and for the first time since I was a child, I threw myself in my arms and cried. * * Chapter Fifteen had never been empty and empty before. Even during difficult times, I had had a dream for my future. Living
without daydreaming or hope of happiness was like walking for dead. There was no future I couldn't get up. Jessica stood outside my door every day and talked to me. She left the food she didn't eat, and she threatened to have me
hospitalized. But when someone doesn't care if he takes his next breath, the threats mean nothing. Jessica had started leaving home for hours at a time. The sound of his car starting let me know he was gone. After sunset, his car returned. He always asked me if I was okay and encouraged me to eat. But I couldn't eat. My appetite was
gone. I knew that without my job, we would run out of money, but I couldn't bring myself into care. Something inside me wanted to stay in this room and not move. If I moved, it hurt, and I couldn't deal with the pain again. Somewhere in my darkness a phone rang. The ring of a family song that sent arrows through my heart. I knew it was
for me, but I couldn't answer. His voice on the other line would open up the blackness that had wrapped around me. I needed the blackness that kept out of the pain I wanted to get in. So I let him ring. The song eventually stopped, and I knew I would never hear that ring again. I had the darkness to hold on to. This kept the pain out. It was
much more in this way. Once in the window it started me, and I jumped. The window opened, and I sat motionless, unable to stop the intruder enter the and a friend's familiar face broke through the dark blanket, and my tears began to fall. Marcus sat next to me against the wall and threw me in
his arms. I went as a kid and risked his lap and cried. He hasn't spoken. He just held me, and his silence and acceptance relieved the pain. When my crying finally allowed me, I looked up at him and touched his face. He was real, and he was here. Even after he had been the reason he lost his job, he had come to me in the dark. Sadie.
whispered, as if her words might be too much for me. I need you to eat for me. I need you to eat for me. I need you to take you to the hospital.
There they went again, threatening me. I shook my head. I didn't want to get better? Even in the dark, I knew I didn't want to get any worse. I wanted to get better. I wanted to have a reason to smile. I know you do. Now, I have
some water and bread, and I'm going to sit here with you, and I want you to eat for me, okay. He held the glass of water up to my mouth, and I drank anyway. I wanted to take the frightened look out of his eyes. Good girl, she said softly, and
broke a piece of bread and held it to her mouth. Now, take a bite at me. I did, and it broke into a grin. Seeing him smile reminded me that I could never smile again. That's good. Now, have another drink. I did, and he seemed excited. So, I ate more as he offered it and drank from the cup in his hands. When he had finished what he was
wearing, he was annoyed as if he had won some sort of medal. You made it wonderful. Now why don't we clean you, and we can go down to the beach and see the waves. I realized I wanted to get out of this room with the darkness. Maybe I could find another way to deal with the pain. The ocean was always everything. I liked the ocean
I found out, and he stood up and lifted me up. My legs woke up, and I held my arms to support. This is my girl. Now, wait for me. I walked in with him into the hallway and Jessica was there with relief in her eyes. Did he eat?, Marcus asked, and found out. Oh, baby, that's wonderful. Now, let's wash them all. She grabbed my hand, and I
suffocated. Some kind of pain tried to break through. Uh, maybe I had to get it first, and we'll see how it goes from there. Jessica went and put me in front the mirror. The pale girl with dark circles under her eyes who looked at me again scared me. I trembled. Now, you see why
you have to go out with me. You need fresh air, and the sea breeze is best for you. But first of all, you have to let me wait outside the door and let your mom be here to help you. You're dehydrated. Page 22 wanted to be me again. I didn't like the stranger in the mirror. I found out, and then she let me go, and
Jessica walked into the little room. I let her help me shower and fix my hair. Once we finished, the face in the mirror looked less scary, but it still wasn't me. The water splashed my ankles and legs, but I stood up and
looked into the water. I would have come sooner if I had known, Marcus said from behind me. I didn't want to talk about it. It wasn't your problem. His hands gently touched my arms. I'm not going to let
you talk about anything you're not prepared for. Thank you. I didn't want to need the darkness. Ms. Maria called me yesterday. She's worried about you, and she misses you. She said to tell you you're always welcome at home. He relieved the pain of knowing that he hadn't lost everything. And Mr. Greg wants me to take you for chess as
soon as you're ready for it. I wanted to smile, but I couldn't. Gossip is starting to die now. But I'm afraid you'll be the most wanted girl at Sea Breeze High. I hardened up. I wanted to be unknown again and overlooked. Hey, don't go get everything you got. It's not a bad thing. I shook my head. I don't want to think about school. He sighed.
Sadie, you're going to have to pick up and move on. Not talking about any of this will make you have a life. I knew I was right, but the pain ... I can't breathe when I start remembering. He didn't say anything right away. We stayed watching the waves together. I
was able to breathe painlessly for the first time since Jax had left. I hope one day I can evoke in someone as amazing thing in the world when you're together, but when it's over, it hurts. It hurts more than you could ever imagine. I heard the words come
out, and I was surprised myself by speaking my thoughts out loud. Would you do it any other way if you could, now that you know how it ends? I allowed 100 to think about Jax's smile and his arms around me, and I knew I wouldn't change anything. Our last dance I had memorized every second of, came back to me, and with it came grief.
My knees sank, and Marcus' arms came up around me and held me. I fought the pain with the happiness I had known, and seemed to relieve him. No, if I could go back and do it again, all I would do is just try to be stronger or... just more. I'd try to be someone who could hold on to it. Someone who could deserve it. No, I whispered, and I
knew I wouldn't miss a moment. Saying it out loud and knowing you'd never forget it, or giving up memories, relieved the pain a little more. He loves you, too. Marcus admitted in the dark. I was wondering if I was saying those words in the hope of making me feel better, or if I really meant them. He doesn't love me enough, I told him in the
night breeze and turned my attention to the water. He helped me calm down. Is that enough? Marcus asked. I sighed and closed my eyes. Willing to overcome things hard together. The words made sense, but I hated it sounded like I was betraying Jax with them. I don't know why I'm defending him, but I think he left to protect you. For the
first time since he met you, he put you first. I let out a hard cold laugh that didn't sound like me. How can you remove the reason why my heart beats be good for me? Marcus grabbed my arm. Jax knew when he met you he wouldn't be able to keep you. I knew you wouldn't fit into his world. I blame myself for chasing you in front of him,
because that's what broke his decision to stay away from you. I couldn't handle jealousy. For the first time in his life, he wanted something he couldn't have, and he fought for you. I saw him. But then he warned, and when he did, it was the beginning of the end. I hate him for not being strong enough. I hate him for hurting you. But more
than anything else, I hate it because it stole your heart and I don't think it's ever the same. I didn't want to fight Marcus. He had come to get me out of the darkness when no one else did. He was a friend. My first friend ever. I knew I would never understand that I didn't regret a moment I spent with Jax. The pain I was enduring was now
worth every moment of the time I spent with him. So, I touched her arm and walked away from her sad face. You're right about one thing. My memories began to brighten the darkest points. I couldn't go back to Jax's house and work. My time was up. After a
week of being home, Jessica came to my room. If we're going to eat, we need money. No one will hire me when I'm ready to give birth in Time. I know you're hurting, but you'll be hungry and hot if you can't find work. Jo Jo been waiting for this. I knew our money was low, and Jessica was right, she couldn't work. I was the capable body
out there. He brought me a piece of paper. Call Miss Mary. He said I could get you a job if you wanted your help. What she can accomplish will be tons better than anything you can find on her own. In addition, the Stones left all their summer employees paying compensation as they were all fired a month and a half early. She said she
was sending the check. I made flingues, and Jessica sighed and sat on my bed. I know thinking about to have a baby, we need that money. I got up my knees under my chin. Yes, but the family left early for me. Why should they pay me
because I forced their way out? Jessica sighed and shook her head. You didn't do anything wrong, but fall in love with a rock star. I can't say I blame you, she was a hottie, but a relationship with someone like him was impossible from the beginning. They left early, and you lost your job because of it. They owe you like everyone else. I
shook my head. No, they don't owe me anything! Jessica stood up. Well, regardless of what you think. We'll do the check and pay our bills, and fill up our kitchen and go buy diapers. Stop being so selfish and open your eyes to the facts, Sadie. We are about to have another mouth to feed, and no amount of your agitation and agitation in
self-pity or pride will provide our needs. So stop it, and face the facts. Jessica turned around and walked out of my room. One thing I agreed with was going to find myself a job. * * Chapter Sixteen Ms. Mary was well connected. For three weeks, he had been filing into a local
lawyer's office. Apparently Ms Mary's neighbour worked for a lawyer, and the lawyer needed someone to help her secretary. With Miss Mary's glowing recommendation, she hired me and paid me exactly what I had been doing. When school started, I would go straight to his office, and then work up to six every night. Mary Ellis, her
secretary, was around Jessica's age and easy to work with. I liked the play, and sometimes I even got so busy that I didn't think of Mr. Greg and his war stories, or Miss Mary and her laughter. I had finished my third week, and my paycheck was in my hands. It wasn't really necessary yet, considering that jax's compensation payment had
been and Jessica refused to let me get rid of her. Ms. Mary had assured me that everyone had been so ridiculous. It bothered me a little bit, but not enough. Somehow, I still felt bought. I hated thinking about it that way, but I did. I parked my bike through the door, and a scream came from inside the house. My heart started running. I
opened the door and went Within. Jessica was bent over, standing in the kitchen, and the bloody water was running down her legs and pool on the floor. What's going on? I asked him, in panic. Call 911 now! His cell phone was lying on top of the counter, and I grabbed him. He screamed again. My hands shook so badly that it was hard to
score. Something was terribly wrong. 911, what's your emergency? My mother, she is bleeding and in a lot of pain, she is screaming. She's eight months pregnant. My words were so hasty that I hoped they made sense. Help is on its way now. Tell me what your mother is doing. The voice sounded so calm. She is breathing hard and
sitting in a chair. Ask him how he feels. I looked at her and all the color was gone. His eyes were big and scared. Seeing my mother worried and in pain made me want to panic. How do you feel? I asked him with shake-up it's okay right now, but that doesn't mean anything. He complained about his teeth and closed his eyes. She's fine
now, but she said she'd come back. She's correct, she'll be back. Your mother's at work. Now I need you to stay calm and get him a cold wet towel and wipe his face. It will help calm her down. I did as the voice told me. Jessica sat quietly as I washed my face. How's it? the voice asked She is fine. I washed her face, and she's breathing
easier. That's good. The baby doesn't come too fast. Now, if you're going to get some ice chips, or ice crushed in a cup to suck, this will also help. I started looking for ice cubes and crushing them when I heard the ambulance sirens outside. The ambulance is here, I said to the voice on the phone. Well. Then everything will be fine, and
you did very well. I'll let you go talk to them. Thank you, I said hastily and hung up the phone. I ran to the door and threw it open, just as a man was about to knock. She's right here. I moved, and quickly walked in with a lady behind him. They talked to her and checked her pulse and temperature. When they finished their examination and
questions, they got a stretcher, put it on top of her, and slipped her into the back of the ambulance. I was frozen and unsafe. Jessica wasn't the best mother in the world, but I loved her, and tears ran down my face. I didn't want to think about anything happening to her. The lady said to me, Oh, sweetheart, everything's fine. Your mother's
at work, Come on, wipe those tears before I see you. The last thing you need is to look angry, I did what he said. Suddenly, I realized that I needed to get the of the car and all the other things I needed for the hospital occurred to me. I...
we'll need our car, and things the baby. The male paramedic stood up, an easy smile on his face. You go ahead, then, and get the things that your mom and they'll take you to your room. I looked at the lady as she climbed on her back with Jessica.
Don't forget your stuff too. She will need toiletries and night shirt, and then, of course, something to wear home. I found out, and the doors were locked. I couldn't believe this was already happening. I saw them leave, and then rushed back inside to pack everything they needed. First, I cut off the blood and water on the floor and the seat
where I had been sitting. Having a baby really was dirty stuff. After the kitchen was clean, I went to Jessica's room and found the child car seat I had bought from a secondhand store before leaving Tennessee. Ms Mary sent bags of girl and boy clothes to my workplace last week. She had kept almost everything she had bought for her
  randchildren as she overtook them. I sifted through the baby scented clothes and found the smallest item there. It was a soft yellow dress with feet, and fits the front. This should be safe for a boy or girl. I grabbed it and quickly snatched a diaper bag for items Jessica had bought for the baby. With no idea what all this was used for, I
thought if I took it all, we should be good. After having the baby stuff ready, I packed Jessica a nice, elastic and under-the-stuff sun dress, as well as a few night dresses. She had very little in the way of modest nightwear, so I filled up with a few T-shirts for her to slip on her nightwear. Once everything was full, I drove to the car and loaded
it up. I wanted to be there when the baby was born. He wanted to experience his entry into the world. He had been a stranger to me for nine months. So far, all I had was Jessica. Now I'd have a brother. Page 23* * * I pulled the bag sliding overnight back into my arm as I exited the elevator. The waiting room was full of excited and hopeful
people of all ages. The grandparents bounced the children on the knee and pointed and gushed over the babies in the window. This was a happy place where life began. I walked toward the double doors that led to the delivery rooms. I spent new parents, or almost new parents, standing around the coffee pot sharing horror stories of
wives who had transformed into monsters. Some had decided that hiding here was a better idea than the birth of their child. I wondered if Jessica had become one of those shattered monsters while looking for space 321. I saw him and took a deep breath before entering. That was all Jessica had. There would be no one else standing to
hold his hand. It was just me, and I couldn't go anywhere. Sadie, oh well, you've got all the stuff. Jo Jo I should have packed it, but I didn't expect this to happen so soon. I sat down, sat the bags on a chair, and walked towards her. All kinds of laces were glued to it. Wet with sweat, her hair clung to her head, and she remained pale. Other
than that, she wasn't cursing and foaming at the mouth, which was what other women in this flat were apparently doing. You look good, I admitted. She got upset and shrunk. Well, it's not over yet, sweetheart, and it gets worse. Right now my dilate has dimphed, and I'm high on Demerol. I know there's pain, but I don't seem to care at the
moment. I found out, I'm not sure what that meant. Well, do you need anything? I asked, wanting to be helpful. More ice would be fine, he said. I found out and headed out for ice. Waiting! You're going to need my cup. I turned around and went to get the plastic hospital cup sitting next to his bed. I'll be back. Once out of the room, I went to
get the ice and filled his cup to the top. I wanted to make sure I was okay before I made the call to Mrs Mary. Hello His cheerful voice lightened my spirits. Miss Mary, it's Sadie. I just wanted to call and let you know that mom is having the baby.
Oh, this is early, but don't worry about it any. I had my two girls several weeks earlier, and everything was fine. I'm coming to see you as soon as I leave work. Now, how are you? I smiled at the warmth that filled me when Miss Mary cared for me. I'm fine, and Mom's doing well. She has been given some Demerol, and she said it makes
her not care that she is in pain. Ms. Mary caressed her. That's an amazing thing, I tell you. Well, I'll be with you soon, and maybe there'll be a baby to hold for then. You call me if you need me, do you hear that? I couldn't help but smile. He will. Goodbye, for now, he said in his cheerful tone that he always made it seem like everything was
going to be ok. Goodbye, I replied before pressing the end. I turned my phone off again and put it in my pocket. When I got to Jessica was sitting with her legs outstretched, with the covers draped over her, thankfully. A nurse, who seemed very calm and collected, considering
that her patient called her desecrations, smiled at me. I smiled at me. I smiled at me. I smiled at her apologizing and went to be by Jessica's side. Are you about to have the baby now? I asked him nervously. The he found out. Yes, as soon as the doctor comes in here, she can start pushing. My stomach sucked. The whole idea of pushing and where this baby was
going to come into the world since it got me a little bit However, another of Jessica's blood screams was like a slap in the face, and I quickly shook my head's thoughts. What can I do? I asked, looking anxiously at the nurse. You can lock me in my room if I ever decide to go out again! Jessica screamed and grabbed my arm while another
bout of contractions hit her. I rushed over and fought the temptation to take my hands off. As soon as it was over and she threw her ironclad grip, I got out of reach. The nurse bothered me. This might be wise, whispered as I walked past me to check out the beekeeping machine. Jessica started screaming again, and this time the bed rail
was her sticking place. I rubbed my arm, grateful to have put distance between us. Ah, the doctor is here, said the nurse, obviously ready to end this so that I could escape the violence that is being thrown out of my mother's mouth. Will you stay that way?, the doctor asked, drowning as gloves slipped on his hands. Jessica panicked and
found out about her head. Yes! She is!, she screamed, then let out another fierce scream. I heard. He shrunk and took his place by his feet. Okay, Ms. White, are you willing to do this?, she asked cheerfully, and I wondered if anyone had to be mentally out to be really glad she was in the room with a woman screaming about to extract a
human from her body. shouted again. He smiled at me. She will be back to normal very soon. He chopped and sat the nurse. I took a step back towards Jessica's head when she turned the white sheet on her knees. Okay, Ms. White, when the contraction begins, I want you to push as hard as you can, she instructed. Jessica panicked,
then started screaming and pushing everything at once. That's great! Keep this up, and we'll have a little bit here in seconds. She stopped to catch her breath before her face transformed into the monster these men had been talking about before, and she screamed and pushed again. We went through this several more times when I heard
a scream that was too soft to be anything but a baby. Very good situation. You can relax now, Miss White. He's here. The doctor had said he. I no longer cared about the messy scene coming down his feet. I just wanted to see this little life that was now a part of me. The nurse wrapped him in a blanket and smiled at me. You have a
brother. She handed the baby to Jessica who, though exhausted, smiled at the little life in her hands. Hello, Sam, whispered. I leaned over it and studied its miniature features. Sam, meet your older sister, Sadie said, handing me the little package. I strove and looked at her like she was crazy. Oh, come on. He's just a baby, take it. I
slipped my arms under him and took him out of my mother. His little little fist fought his out of the blanket, and he spun in the air and let out a little scream. It was like a little word from the air and let out a little scream. It was like a little scream. It was like a little miracle. We have to go clean it up and let the pediatrician check it out. However, we will take you back to eat very soon. The nurse was in front of me with her arms
held. Okay, I told him through the lump in his throat. I really delivered this new little person I already loved and saw her wear it. Don't worry, you were ugly too, when you first came out, but after a few days you were the most beautiful baby I'd ever seen. I dazzled Jessica, who had turned her head back and closed her eyes. Now it's
beautiful, I countered. Already the little one wanted me to defend him. He let out a laugh. No, it looks like pruning. All new babies do. I went unstate and tried to remind myself that Jessica wasn't normal, so I shouldn't expect her to treat the birth normally. Excuse us, but we need to patch up some things for your mother and move her to a
room. Why don't you go get something to eat and rest. This has all been very exciting for you, I'm sure. The nurse, who had been there through it all with us, smiled at me. I left the room. I was in a care to the aftermath when I entered the waiting room and was immediately surrounded. * * * Chapter Seventeen Are you okay? Marcus was
by my side touching my arm. I looked into his big, worried eyes and smiled. Step back, boy, and give him some breathing space. She didn't just give birth, her mother did. Ms. Mary broke Marcus' arm and beamed at me. Is she as beautiful as you? I laughed and shook my head. No, he's prettier than anything I've ever seen, I replied
truthfully. I didn't think of anything like pruning. It was perfect. I find it hard to believe that any man can overcome you in beauty, another familiar voice arrived. Preston scrambled his feet and got upset. I hadn't seen him behind Marcus. I smiled at him and Shrunk. Well, believe it, I told him, and they all laughed. It comes out of the way a lot
of vultures. I can't even see the girl much less talk to her, complained Mr Greg while pushing Marcus out of the way. A boy is! Well, it's not good news. Is he healthy and everything? I found out, looked at the nursery window, and saw him being taken away. Come and see, I turned around and went to the glass. He was all included again.
but this time nice and clean. The nurse who had come in to take him saw him and took him to the window so everyone could see. It's a beauty. Mrs Mary blased Look at the Little One. He already has his fist ready for a fight. Marcus annoyed me. I shook my head and laughed before my younger brother. I guess if there was a nice guy,
then that would be one, admitted Mr. Greg from his spot behind me. agree more. Well, then, how's your mom? Ms. Maria asked, walking to the side of the window so others could come and see inside too. She's doing very well. She, uh, got a little loud and angry towards the end, but she's good now and was dodging when I left her. Ms.
Mary stuck and shook her head. I guess you're not going to want babies anytime shortly after witnessing this. I laughed. You're right, he won't. Marcus came up with me. Why don't you let me take me for something to eat while you wait. You have to be hungry. I was preparing to reject him when Miss Mary found out. Let the boys take you
for a bite. It will be an hour before they let you go back to your mother's room. Also, when you leave tonight, it will be too dark to stop somewhere on your own. Of course. I knew I wouldn't have to deal with deep conversations with Preston and Marcus there. I was hungry and leaving the hospital would be a good change of scenario.
Fortunately, we didn't have to squeeze Marcus' truck because Preston had driven his Jeep. Marcus, however, was trapped in the back, and Preston seemed extremely pleased. We all agreed to go grab a burger in the pickled shack. I hadn't had any free time since I started my new job, and my marcus visits were always short. I'm glad we
were going to get to sit down and talk without my need to rush to work. We got into a booth, and Preston shot Marcus a deadly glow when he slipped next to me. I was starting to think Marcus wasn't overreacting, and maybe Preston did like me. Not that it matters. My heart didn't run in full view of him, and the tingles didn't come. My knees
didn't become weak when he smiled. He was just another guy. I knew it would always be that I would always be that I would never love someone the way I love Jax, it was a little easier to breathe. He would always be in my heart, whether he wanted to be there or not. I just
didn't have enough room for anyone else. It was my air, my soul and the keeper of my heart. So you're ready for your senior year? Preston leaned on the table and Shrunk, because the truth was that I no longer cared about school. I didn't think
about my future like I had before the summer started. I quess I'm as smart as I'll ever be, I told him. He went uneasy: His final year is supposed to be the best year of his life. You have to be excited about it! I wasn't and I knew they wouldn't understand it, so I wouldn't try to explain that my reason for breathing had disappeared. I found out
like I agreed with him and just kept my mouth shut. I'm leaving in a week to go back to Tuscaloosa. I have to get myself a and go down before the semester begins. Marcus's words on page 24 surprised me. I didn't realize he was leaving so soon. Are you serious? I asked, listening to the sadness in my voice. He found out and looked
away from me. Well, be sure to come and say 'goodbye', I reminded him, thinking that at least that goodbye wasn't going to zap out of life. He looked at me with a strange expression on his face as if he wanted to say something, but he was fighting himself about it. Yes. I'm going to do it, he finally said half-heartedly. Well, the good news
is, I'm not going anywhere, and you can call me anytime and I'll be more than willing to, uh, I don't know, take you to dinner, a movie, or a ouch! I jumped, and Preston shot Dagues at Marcus. Why did you do that?, he challenged. Marcus rolled his eyes. I stopped you before you made an even bigger one yourself. Preston snored. Is it
always so moody around you? I got upset and shook my head. Nope. Preston burst into a grin. So, don't you like the competition, do you, big boy?, he mocked, and Marcus dazzled his friend and sighed before he turned to me. What you don't realize is that competition isn't even at this table. Preston became uneasy, and then, like a light,
sat back, and became serious, which was a first. I can bring you something to drink... wait, OMG is you! Ah, I can't believe it! Jax Stone's girlfriend. The girl ruminated through her apar and pulled out a piece of paper and handed me a pen. Can I have your autograph, please? I was too surprised to answer, or get around this issue. I looked
at Marcus, and I guess he noticed the panic in his eyes, because he grabbed the paper and pen and handed it over to the girl. Why don't you take our drinks order instead? The girl's grin fell, and I left my eyes on her hands. I wasn't sure what to say or how to respond. This was not something I had seen coming. Marcus ordered me a
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Coke, then grabbed my hand. I guess you haven't been around town lately?, he asked cautiously. I shook my head, but I didn't know his look. He sighed deeply and leaned towards me. Things will be a little different for you, for at least a while. You're as tar. No one has ever come as

close to fame as you have. I closed my eyes. This didn't have to be happening. Jax had left me to prevent this from happening. Was my life always going to be like this? When would everyone realize that the rock star had left me? I wasn't his anymore, and it wasn't interesting anymore. It was just Sadie White. Sadie, look at me, please whispered Marcus. I met his eyes slowly and noticed the waitress pointing our way. Great, she's announcing my presence, I mutated. Marcus turned around to see the looking our way. He headed to Preston. You could go put that beautiful guy looking to good use and distract the 'OMG' team out there. Preston found out. Of course. He turned to the girls, and, almost immediately, made them laugh and smile with him. Relief washed over me. You think he's going to go to school with me and he will? I asked him quietly. Marcus became embroiled. No, you'll be alone there. But, remember, they'll get through it. It's just Jax recorded a new song, and it's rumored by all the
news that it's about you. He reached number one his first week on radio. The buzz feeds a little more. I swallowed the lump in my throat. Why I wanted to know it was beyond me. This was going to be painful, but I still wanted to know. Marcus left mine hands and drifted to his seat lt's enough to know that it's about you, he said emotionlessly to his voice. I found out and turned to my attention to seeing the world outside the window. Preston came back with our cakes and sat them at the table. Thank you for that, I said, noting towards the girls who now only had eyes for Preston. He shrunk and became upset. It's not a problem. I'm glad these good looks are good for something. He nodded and took a sip of his Coke. I relaxed and had a drink too. I had a lot to have today. Our two had become three, and I needed to prepare for a baby in the house. And then there was the fact that he was apparently well known to complete strangers. I let my mind go to Jax's new song, and my heart ran when I thought about it. I had seen him writing on the pergola while working in the gardens the last few weeks we were together. At the time, I had never dreamed of what I was working on was about me. If it was me, what did he say? Were words going to rip me up and bring the dark blanket back?
Should Marcus return to my room and force me out of my pain? I needed to know what the words were saying. I needed to know if I talked about what we had, with joy or sadness. Did he find light in our memories, or were they fading for him? I ordered my burger, and we ate with just a simple little chat. Marcus and Preston talked about Rock's upcoming wedding, and after football. Finally, once I found out she was strong enough to hear the answer, I asked Marcus: Will words hurt me? I knew I'd know what he was talking about. Marcus smiled sadly and shook his head. I don't think so, Sadie, but that depends on what hurts you. He describes you and how he feels about words it had to be painful, then yes. I swallowed to prevent me from throat. Preston cleared his throat, what are you talking about? Marcus tightened my hand. Jax's new number one. Preston's eyes widened, and he called my back, and then back to Marcus, Marcus, about Sadie? Marcus raised eyebrows as if daring to say more. Yes, it is. He threw his words as a challenge., no wonder people want your autograph, he said and took a bite out of his sandwich. I had to hear this song. Preston, I want to go out in your Jeep and listen to the radio. Do you mind? He shook his head. No, the keys are in it. Marcus stood up and let me out. I started walking towards the
door, and he grabbed my hand. I turned to him. Are you going to be ok for yourself?, he asked in a hue embraced. I have to do this alone, I assured him, and he let me go. I sat and flipmed through a few channels until I found one I knew most likely to play often, and I waited. I didn't have to wait long. By the time the guitar started, I knew the song it was. I had heard these exact chords being played out while working in the garden. Even if this song wasn't for me, I had written it when I had been with me. When I was mine. That's why it was special for me. And then his voice joined the music, and I missed it. Your eyes hold the key to my soul. Your hands heal all my pain, and you're everything that makes this whole boy. When you breathe, it sends warmth through my veins. When you laugh, my body goes crazy. You're all I need to survive. Your body is what makes me feel alive. Don't cry. I'm not that strong. I can't be here when your heart is broken. How much I long to be all you need. But instead I'm all that strong. I can't be here when your heart. And once I had it, my bloody representation. I wanted nothing more than to win your heart. And once I had it, my bloody representation.
can do is be here alone with my guitar and sing. I'm not that strong. I can't be here when your heat is broken. How much I long to be all you need. But instead, I'm all that's wrong. No, no, don't cry. I'm not that strong. I can't be here, when your heart is broken As I long to be all you need. But instead, I'm all that's wrong. And that, my friends is Jax Stone's new topping 'Don't Cry'. D.J.'s voice was turned on, and I arrived and turned off the radio. It hurt. The pain was there. But his voice had been like a balm in my wounds. I had something now that would help ease the evil. I wouldn't make it go away, of course, but hearing your voice was enough to ease the pain if only for a short time. I could do it overnight if I could hear his voice. If I could listen to the Song. * * Chapter Eighteen Sam did not sleep at night. He slept wonderfully during the day while working, but in the he stayed awake. Jessica seemed to be in some kind of depression, and when I walked in the door, she handed me Sam and went to her room and cried. Ms. Mary said this was normal. Jessica suffered from the Baby Blues, so I didn't worry, too much, except she wasn't sleeping. Jessica slept all night, and if I tried to wake her up, she burst into tears. When she cried, Sam cried, so I left her alone. He and I will be with us during this time. I talked to him about everything I couldn't tell anyone else. I told him about life with Jessica and how I would love her, but never expect a normal mother. I assured him it would be fine, because he would always be there if he needed me. I told him about Jax. I emptied my soul into a newborn baby, but it made it easier to breathe freely again when I talked about it. Sam was rolled
up and smiled and kicked. He liked to talk, so I did. I made him happy, and he helped me cope. No matter how special these times in the early hours of the morning were, it still carried on me. I fought the need to crawl into a corner at work and sleep. Some nights Sam slept two hours at a time, if I'd put him next to my bed. These nights I've always worked better having had at least five hours of sleep. Jessica and I haven't talked much. When I got home, she went to her pefore leaving every morning, fed a clean diaper and clothes for the day. I called her from work and reminded her of the feeding time because he didn't seem to have her together. I was starting to get nervous about leaving him at home with her, but I remembered it was mom, not me. The school started again. Marcus had left two weeks earlier, and I stood in the yard and waved as he left. At first, I was scared because I worried what would happen if I found myself in the dark blanket again. But then I remembered Sam, and Jessica's unstable behavior, and I knew the scenario couldn't belong to me anymore. At times, it seemed like my time with Jax happened in another life. But then the memories of his smile and his
laughter reminded me of how close we had been to happiness. I sighed and grabbed my book bag and looked down at Sam, he sounds asleep. I left my door open and left it in the bassinet in my bed. I opened Jessica's door, and she turned around and looked at me with swollen red eyes. I'll be late if I don't leave. I fed him an hour ago, and he has a clean diaper. He's sleeping in my room. Me stop there and I forced against giving him any direction in caring for his son. She yawned and stretched. Okay, thank you, Sadie. I know I've needed you a lot lately. I can't seem to get it together. She sounded almost hurt. I found out and let her leave I didn't know what to say to he because what she meant was Growing Up! You have a baby!, and I knew I couldn't, so I left. My bike ride to school was short, and I was there and in the building in plenty of time to find my new locker and my first period class. People saw me, and a few whispered, but I ignored them and focused on my task at hand. I received a top box office this year in the middle of the room. Apparently older people were given the best box office location. Hey stranger, said a familiar voice behind me, and I turned to see Amanda. I hadn't spent much time with her because she didn't hang out with her brother and friends. Hey Amanda, how are you? She smiled and shrunk. Very good value finally the elderly, I said, faking excitement. His eyes seemed sympathetic. I'm sorry for everything that happened and everything. Marcus told me a little before he left because he wants me to watch over you and call him if you need him. I couldn't help but smile at his
words. Your brother is a very good friend whom I don't deserve, I admitted and put the rest of my books back in my locker before running late for class. yes, well, that would be because you wish you cared about him like you do Jax Stone. He froze and bit his lip when he saw me as. I'm so sorry, Marcus told me not to talk about Jax Page 25 I shook my head. No, that's fine. People will talk about it, and I'll learn how to deal with it. She found out, but she didn't seem too sure. Well, better get to class. See you later, perhaps. We could have some classes together. I smiled and found out. Very good value she got upset and walked away again, but she stopped and looke back at me. I, well, it's um Okay, I don't know if that's off limits to talking, but is 'Don't cry' about you? My throat tightened as I remembered the song I had heard countless times, wrapped in a ball as I let the memories wash over me. Lately, I had stopped listening because it put me in a state of mind that I could barely escape. Sam needed me, and I couldn't do that to him. I wanted to believe the song was for me, but I didn't know for sure. I knew the arrangements I had heard working on them when we were together. But I wasn't sure if it had anything to do with me. I shrunk my shoulders. I don't know. She gave a sad sigh and walked away. I took a moment to
compose myself as the words filled my head. I had to grab myself and get to class. After several deep breaths, I turned and went to room 223. I started the day off this year with trigonometry. How exciting. After two kinds of people asking me questions about Jax I didn't want to answer, the idea of going to a coffee shop where I It will be the main source of information Jax Stone made me cringe. I stayed in my locker longer than necessary, and then went to the library instead. I could eat when I got home. I would start in my duties. I got into the tables and came out of my trigonometry book and started working. My eyes, however, had difficulty staying focused, and I had to fight to prevent them from being closed. Sadie! Wake up! Sadie! I raised my head to see Amanda drowning. Are you all right? he asked, reminding me of his older brother. I rubbed my eyes and found out. yes, I guess I need to sleep more. I knew I needed to sleep more. But I wasn't going to until I got Sam to sleep overnight. Well, we're late for literature, and Mr. Harris hardly let me come and get you. I told him you thought your next class was Spanish, and he agreed to let me come get you. I smiled at his imagination. Very good value she picked up my books and tugged me on my arm. Don't thank me now. We can both have problems if you don't hurry. And get rid of the correct books are fully to the correct books. Because I didn't want to face lunch and everyone's questions, I told her. Well, you missed it. The only
reason they weren't bombed in the library was because by the time everyone found out where you were, lunch was over. I sighed and closed the locker door. I want to be invisible again, I got angry and fell in step with Amanda uneasy and shook her head. It's not going to happen. You have to get ready. The dance back home is next month, and you will be hit big time with requests to take you. This wasn't even an option. I wasn't going out with anyone. I refused to go to any dance. Well, help me take the word around that I don't dance, I muttered as I opened the door to the classroom, and we walked in. Luckily, Mr. Harris just gave me a stern glow, but he said nothing. I got into the only free desk, behind a tall, dark-haired guy another another boss blocked my view of the board. I had been inclined to write down the page numbers we were supposed to read for homework when the tall man in front of me turned around. You're Sadie White, right?, he asked her grinning. I found out wishing I could lie and looked up. He must have been unleashing what he assumed was a lovely smile. It wasn't bad really. He was attractive enough. His blue eyes
lacked the intensity Jax's steel blue eyes. His smile didn't seem really sincere. More self-confident and cunning, perhaps. I just got late for class, and I'm trying to get stuck. He flashed me a crooked grin that he also apparently thought was cute. You weren't worried you wouldn't miss much. So, you single again? My knotted stomach. I gave him a tight smile and sat down before returning to my book. What are your after-school plans? I was thinking we could go for a drink and go down to the beach. He sounded so confident in himself and his offer that I had to remind myself that he was a good person and not average. I got a smile and said, I work after school, I'm sorry. I tried to read my page again. After work? He seemed a little unsure of himself now. I'm sorry, but I have to go straight home and do my homework and help my mom with my little brother. I wanted to add, I'm not going out with anyone, so leave me alone, but I abstained and read again. He saw me a few more seconds, and then I heard help my mom with my little brother. I wanted to see and see what I would do. Once the bell rang, I grabbed my books and headed to the door as soon as humanly possible. I needed to escape. Far, far away. Hey, Sadie, wait, amanda screamed from behind me. I slowed down and turned to see myself running to catch myself. What did Dameon Wallace tell you? It almost squeezes in delight. I fell out of it and tried to remember our one-sided conversation. Well, he asked me out, I said no, and that was it. I kept my eyes
on the hallway and didn't think about the people watching me. He asked you out?, he asked her with a hug reverence. I just found out. OMG, he's the absolute hottest guy at Sea Breeze. You know he's a quarterback, and not only that, he has several SEC schools interested in him. I had no idea, and I didn't care. I shrunk and opened my locker to take my bag off. That's great. Good for him, I replied. He stood staring at me with his mouth open. I can't understand how you seen his arms? She put herself through. Wow, added for extra effect. I rolled my eyes. Seriously, Amanda, if you like i so much, then you go with it. I'm just not interested. Amanda sighed and leaned against the locker. If he recognized my existence, then I would go after him. But even I've never seen him interested in a girl at this school. Date of the college girls. I slipped my bag over my shoulder. Well, apparently he's changed his mind, I mutated. He is brave. I don't know how you rejected him, rejected, drone. I liked Amanda, but I wasn't in the mood for it. I wasn't interested in this guy. I have to go to work. Thanks again for waking me up. She found out, and I headed for the exit. My first day back, and I was already hating school. If I could mingle and go unnoticed, that would be
bearable. I looked up to see Dameon headed my way, and I picked up the pace. I was wondering how obvious it would be if I ran on my bike. My faster pace apparently kept him out than I was in the mood to talk about because he didn't run after me. I had to go to work, but first I wanted to call and check on Sam. The only good news was that Dameon had taken the hint and left me alone. However, after falling asleep again in the library over lunch, I realized I had to stop getting in there. I forced myself to confront the lunch crowd. It really hadn't been as bad as I thought. Amanda saved me a seat for her, and I liked her friends. Dylan McCovey wanted to remember his July match a little too much, but other than that, he was fine. Most days, I sat at the table and listened to them talk. Occasionally, someone would ask me a question or try to get me to join the conversation, but my social inadequacy, mixed with my being exhausted, didn't make for a good conversationager. On Friday, Dylan had finally worked his nerve to ask me about Don't Cry, and I was proud of the way I handled it. I managed to speak clearly through the lump in my throat. My breathing wasn't too limited. In all the outside appearances, I seemed normal and outdated. I replied successfully: I don't know who it's about. He never sang it to me, without choking once. On Monday, I had made it through my first period without falling asleep, which happened to be a miracle because Sam still couldn't get his days and nights to adjust, not even a little. I had even called Miss Mary and asked her what she should do, and she said we needed to keep him awake more during the day. The problem with that when
Jessica wanted me to sleep, so I didn't have to deal with it. I hated admitting it to myself, but my mother wasn't being a very good mother to Sam. I couldn't bring myself to tear her into anyone's eyes. He looked so fragile. Anyway, I was still managing to stay awake at school, and after fighting my heavy eyelids during a very boring conference, I headed straight for bathroom so I could splash cold water on my face to wake up. I had to fight this drowsiness. I wasn't going to get the grades for a scholarship if I didn't stay awake in my classes. I took a step around a group of girls to pass through the congested corridor, and and and of them pointed me out. I was using it and ignored it and kept my eyes on the bathroom. However, one turned around. Sadie White? I stopped and considered lying about my name, saying no, in fact it was Ivana, an exchange student who didn't speak good English. But instead I turned around to see the short redhead whom I had met at the July 4 party. I immediately noticed this unfriendly shine in his eye. Hi, it's Mary Ann Moore. We met at Dylan's house this summer, but I doubt you'll remember me, after everyone you met that night. She stopped, as if I had to say something, but I continued to look at her, waiting for what she wante
with me. yes, well, I got the new edition of Teen Follower, and there's a picture of Jax Stone with his new girlfriend, Alana Harvey. She will be in her new music video you know what's called 'Don't cry'. I understood what this girl wanted now, and I didn't know what I had done to make her hate me so much. My throat was dry and started to close. So I decided against answering. She smiled as if she was satisfied with my reaction and handed me the magazine. Rock stars are creatures that are so less brilliant. One never knows who you'll want next. You take the magazine, I don't need it, and with that she stuck her fingers in and the group around her followed after her like a fish school. I tried swallowing, but it didn't help. I couldn't fix it. The pain returned again, and I didn't have the strength to stop it. I ran again, and Amanda was there blocking my path. She is just being bad for you because of Dameon. Now, come with me, and we'll take you all together to the bathroom. I continued obediently behind it.  What does Dameon have to do with this? I asked him holding the magazine he had put in my hands. Amanda took me to the bathroom, then took me out the magazine. Dameon and Mary Ann left this summer. When he found out he was interested in you, then you became his enemy. Even though he knows you kicked him out. I think that she wants so badly. Look, the thing is, Dameon dated her this summer and, well, after a few weeks, she left her flat. She wants him back, as dating Dameon would make her the most popular girl at school. I sighed and
closed my eyes. High school is so stupid, I mutated. Amanda pulled my hand away and wiped my face with a cold wet paper towel. You need to get a grip on yourself. If everyone thinks they can reach you by showing jax pictures with other girls, you will be hammered by them. go to the discarded magazine and I picked it up against my will. There on the page in front of me was Jax at the Teen Choice Awards and on his arm he was a with curly hair. I inhaled deeply and sank against the wall. Page 26 Dang it, Sadie, what are you seeing it for? Amanda went to take me, but I shook my head and clung to it firmly. No, let me read it. I knew the things they write into these things wasn't true, but somehow I wanted to hurt myself even more. Not! Amanda said it firmly and took it out of my hands. I let it go. He turned it around. Sheesh, at least her curls are natural, she said before throwing the magazine in the trash. I closed my eyes against the pain and sat on the floor. The dark blanket seemed to come for me, and I knew I had to fight harder to prevent it from wearing me. There was peace in whiteness, but then I wouldn't be able to take care of Sam if he got in, and Sam needed me. I shook my head and got up quickly before it got to me. I focused on my reflection in the mirror and calmed my features until the haunted look left my eyes.
Amanda came up behind me and grabbed my arm. It was just a picture of publicity, he said quietly. I found out because I was right. The picture of him with the girl had not been as difficult as seeing him so happy in it. I wanted to be happy too. I could be happy. Why couldn't I? Because I had been the only one to love too much. It would just take me longer than him to smile so brightly. I needed to work on it. Thinking about those around me who loved me needed me. I had to learn to be strong. Once I had believed I was very strong. Now, I had to meet again. * Chapter Nineteen September would be over in a week, and I knew that running on empty fumes would soon catch up with me. My grades suffered because staying awake throughout the class had become impossible. Sam still kept me up all night. With what Ms Mary said was probably colic and that apart from him taking gas medication, I just had to help him through it. Jessica continued to be increasingly withdrawn to the point where I called her from school to check on Sam and make sure she remembered feeding him. Several nights, when I got home, he was gone without a diaper change so long that a rash had developed. Every time I cleaned it and applied the cream I had found in the pharmacy. I tried to explain to Jessica that this wasn't good for him, but she didn't seem to hear me. Sam needed her. Looks like she couldn't get her to wake up and face the fact that she had a baby now. Sam just had me, and I needed to get tough because I couldn't come crash as well. The more I thought college, I realized there would be no way I could get here.
and leave Sam with Jessica. I would never survive. The school took a backseat to work. Formula and diapers cost a fortune. The idea of dropping out of school and getting my GED crossed my mind several nights when I got home to Sam crying and hungry and Jessica in his room screaming for me to do something with him. My life was spiraling downhill, and it seemed the harder I worked to get it under control, the worse it got. I woke up with my head on the kitchen table and an empty bottle in my hand, and Sam crying in his bassinet beside me. I rubbed my eyes to focus, look at myself at the time, and realized that I had become overdug. I jumped out and fixed another bassinet beside me. I rubbed my eyes to focus, look at myself at the time, and realized that I had become overdug. I jumped out and fixed another bassinet beside me. I rubbed my eyes to focus, look at myself at the time, and realized that I had become overdug. I jumped out and fixed another another my homework that had scattered all over my coffee table while looking after Sam all night. I changed Sam's diaper and his clothes, and of course, as a sign, he fell asleep quickly. In a way, I was grateful that I slept so much during the day because, if I didn't, I'd worry about what Jessica would do to her. He had already witnessed her locking her in another room away from her crying. I went to say goodbye to Jessica, and she was sleeping again. There's no point in waking he
up. I drove on my bike, and suddenly the world around me bent over. I stopped and leaned against the house until the tidal wave happened, and then went and got on my bike. My stomach rolled like I ate something bad. The disease didn't fit on my to-do list. I didn't have time for it. I had to go to school. I pulled out of the entrance and headed towards the main light when it all started to go blurred around the corner of my vision. I drove to Main Street and headed towards school as fast as I could. It was like I was driving into a tunnel that got smaller the world around me seemed to dasy. Everything went black with the school in sight. A severe pain in my head woke me up. I couldn't open my eyes, so I got to feel something warm and wet in my hair. Something happened somewhere. My arm became heavy, and I couldn't want to cooperate. Slowly, I went into the dark. I welcomed him because he reminded me of my dark blanket, and I wanted the pain to go away. I floated through my memories. A painless journey. Jax's smiled face filled me with happiness, and the feeling of singing Wanted Dead Alive made me want to laugh out loud, but for some reason I couldn't. And then Jax sang to me in the moonlight and held me in his arms. More memories I had tried so hard to repress rushed back to me as well as many who wanted to laugh, but couldn't make me laugh. The heavy blanket made it impossible to move. Move.
there and enjoyed my memories painlessly. And, as before, darkness arrived, and I floated there. * * * Music and a voice I recognized called me. I tried so hard to move the heavy blanket so I could find it. I knew that voice. The music came from him. His voice sounded sad, but the words belonged to me. It was my song. I fought the blanket, but it remained too heavy, and darkness washed over me. The song vanished. My head hit and my arms are dainting. I tried to move my foot, and it moved. The dark blanket had left me. I wanted to open my eyes, but the thought hurt my head even more. I didn't think I could open them yet. For some reason, darkness had given me a horrible headache. I remembered the oozing liquid, warm, and wondering if I was still up there causing problems. I raised my arm, but I only got it so far before it fell back down. Someone moved next to me. Sadie? My breathing stopped, and I waited to see if I could hear the soft voice say my name again. Sadie, do you hear me? I wanted to talk, but I wasn't sure the words would go well, so I stayed calm. A warm hand must belong to Jax. Sadie, please, if you can hear me, show me. I saw you move. You can do it again. It was Jax. Her voice sounded worried and anxious. I moved my hand on his and tried to open his eyes. The light hurt, and I stopped trying. You can hear me. Okay, baby, listen, I'm going to get the nurse? I didn't want him to leave. I squeezed my hand hard, trying to hold on to it, and then I heard it suck, and suddenly the heaviness faded, and I inhaled. My
lips formed a smile this time, and her warm breath pinched my ear. I'm not leaving you. I swear, but please let me take the nurse, whispered, and the goads rose in my arms. He laughed gently, and his hand left mine. The room turned silent, and darkness began to return. I wanted to fight her. I wanted to see Jax. I needed to see his face. But it came anyway, and once again I floated on it, unable to control its strength. A soft sound warmed my ears, and I struggled to get there. The closer I got, the clearer the words seemed. They were familiar, but couldn't seem to get close enough to understand. I fought darkness and struggled to hear the soft words that seemed to send the through my cold body. I tightened my hand again to make sure I still control it, and it was no longer empty. The words stopped, and I wanted to hear them again. I tried to talk, but nothing seemed to come out. I pressed again and the warmth in my hands reminded me that I was not alone. Sadie? Do you hear me? I meant yes, but instead I just managed to move my head. No. She's not leaving this time, baby. I'm staying right here. Can you open your eyes to me? His voice sounded so anxious and worried that he wanted to reassure him. But the light seemed too bright. I needed to tell him. I focused words, and then I remembered how to talk. The lights, I heard
another in a raspy voice. I'm going to turn them off. Wait a second. His hand left mine, and then I could see the darkness on the other side of my eyelids. His hand went back into mine, and he pressed it. Please open your eyes to me, begged, and I opened them slowly. Everything blurred together in the dark. I blinked slowly, and things started to come into view. I looked for Jax first and quickly found him right next to me. He seemed exhausted. His eyes had black circles under them, and he needed to shave badly. Ah, there are my beautiful blue eyes, whispered with relief on my face. Hi. I struggled to get out of my throat parched. It bothered, and my heart loosened as usual. Hello, he said softly. Why are you here? I asked him, but I slipped my free hand up to my throat and that's when I realized I had tubes in my hand. I looked at him, confused, because now the fact that he wanted to make sense of the nurse. I was in a hospital. I'm here because the reason I understand myself every morning, it needs me as much as I need it, obviously. I closed my eyes, trying to understand what he meant. Please don't close your eyes again, begged gently. I opened them immediately. I didn't understand his urgency and concern. And why he looked so tired. Why am I here? I asked, even though the mouth and throat are as dry as a desert. He sighed and seemed to be struggling with his words. When you were unconscious, and they couldn't tell me if you'd ever come back to me. He struggled with
the last part, and I squeezed my hand as tight as I could. I did. He smiled and put his head against our united hands for a moment. I know she did, but that doesn't mean I haven't died a thousand times since Ms. Mary called me a week ago. A week ago! I had been unconscious for a week. And then I remembered Sam. Jessica couldn't take care of Sam for a week. He could be I didn't want to think about it. I just needed to. What are you doing? You can't get up. I still have to get the nurse here. He shook my head, and started hitting. Sam. I spat through my panic. Jax held me tightly to bed. Sam is with Miss Mary and she's fine. It is even nights now. How did Sam end up at Mrs Mary's house? I looked at him, needed answers, but my dry dry had reached its limit. Jessica is getting help. She's sick, Sadie. It's called postpartum depression, and it has a very bad case. She is in the best of the money the clinic can buy, and when she comes back to you, she will be like new. I swear. I slumped against the bed, and realized that my head hurt fiercely. I started. Wait, now I'm getting the nurse. Don't close your eyes, please keep them open. I found out and saw him go out into the room where he shouted: She's awake. He immediately turned around and came back to my side. Nurses and doctors will probably kick me out in a minute, but I'm not that strong. The doors opened and came faces I had never seen before. How long has she been awake? An elderly lady with dark
brown hair, cut in a pointed style, asked how she rushed to my side. Jax winked at me. A few minutes. She shook her finger and said, Okay, nice boy, that singing of yours must have done something good, but now I love you out of here. Your heart rate is everywhere. What were they doing to her, the girl has been in a coma. I told her not to use that word, interrupted her in a harsh voice that surprised me. He sighed and shook his head. I'm sorry, I forgot. He's been unconscious for a week. She doesn't need you here doing her heart career.

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