



## Chapter 2

"Fuck you!" He says as he pouts and crosses his arms.

"Oh come on! That was funny!" While throwing my arms up and smiling.

"Whatever." He mutters and walks over to my car trunk. When he pops it open he grabs two suitcases.

"You have more bags?" The dumbass asks.

"No shit I have more bags. Have you met me?" I reply with a hint of my signature sass.

"Ok no need to be bitchy about it, I was just asking," He says as he walks towards the door and I walk to the passenger side back door. I pull out the last of my bags and follow him.

"Well don't ask stupid questions and I won't be a bitch. Bitch." I say to him.

"I would start being a little nicer to me if I were you. You live under my roof now." He says smugly.

Oh my God. He did not just pull that shit with me. He was the one who said he wants me to live with him.

"Don't get smart with me Mister! You were the one who came to me crying saying you wanted me to live with you. Now you deal with the consequences."

"I'm kidding. I'm kidding." He says as he roll my suitcases up to the door and walks in.

I take a look around the house and it surprisingly looks nice. No, that's not right. Its a little too nice. Somethings up, and I know just what it is.

"So who's your girlfriend?" I turn to him and say as I cross my arms and raise my bitch brow as I like to call it.

"Wha- How did you know?" He says with his jaw practically on the floor.

"Oh come on. This house is NICE. Its clean, smells good, and I see no dirty socks everywhere like you so love to leave around."

He sighs, "Ok. Ok. Her name is Amber." A smile creeps onto his face as he shyly looks down. I can tell its serious.

Wait! Why the fuck am I just hearing about her? This motherfucker. He is so lucky I don't chase him around with a kitchen knife like he did with me when I didn't tell him I had a boyfriend.

"Really?" I deadpan. "That's all I get. Her name is Amber." He just looks at me questioningly.

"DUMBASS! I want details. How long have you been together? What is she like? Is she a screamer? Because if she's a screamer I think I should just go. I already have enough trouble sleeping." His eyes widen and I think they are about to bust out of his heads.

"JESUS CHRIST! LEE!"

"WHAT! IT IS JUST A QUESTION!" He looks like he is going to pull out his hair. \*Sighs\* daily goal of making my brothers life harder, met. Let's do it at least twice tomorrow. No, three times

because I am an overachiever.

I laugh and walk over to hallway while carrying my bags, "Ok you only have to answer the first two, BUT if I hear you two going at it, I will do my worst." He looks at me as if I just said I would kill him as she watched. Good he should be scared. I DO NOT want to see or hear that shit. EVER!

I literally cried when I found out he wasn't a virgin. It wasn't because I thought it was a bad thing, it was just gross to think about him... never mind.

"We have been together for about a year and she's... amazing." He says with a huge goofy smile on his face.

God well now I feel single as hell. I miss... no no no. You do not miss him, he was a loser, you deserve better.

"I look forward to meeting her." Is all I can say as I try my best to not think about him.

We continue to walk down the hallway and stop at the door to my room. I open the door and walk in, I see my boxes and bed are already in here which I am happy about. Luca, drove them here a few days ago.

And now I need to start unpacking right away because I only have a week before school starts. Plus, I want to try and avoid going out for as long as possible. There is no doubt in my mind that the whole town knows about the crash. Shit like that spreads like wildfire. But at least they don't know I am back. I told Luca to not tell anyone. I just need some time to adjust and I figured the eight hour long drive up here and this week would help me figure out how to smile and nod when people

say, "I am so sorry for your loss" or "She was an amazing woman." Or my personal favorite, "Oh you poor thing." My therapist says it is just people trying to empathize, but to me it just brings up memories I don't want to think about and reminds me that my mom is gone.

He leaves my suitcases in the room and walks to the door, "Ok. I will leave you to settle in. For dinner I was thinking pizza and wings from Don's?" Luca asks.

I like that he is leaving me alone. He always knows when to leave and never bothers me, that's one of the things I love most about him. I would rather stub my pinky toe five times over than tell him that though. We don't do sappy stuff.

"Yup sounds good, just make sure the wings are hot." I say with a smile. He turns to walk away...

"Wait... Don't tell anyone I'm here ok?" I say hesitantly.

He sighs. "Lee. People are going to find out. You start school next week and you have to leave the house at some point." He says disappointed.

I lick my lips and I try to hold my tears in.

"I know, I know. I just need a little more time. Plus, you know how people are here. There will be a swarm of cinnamon rolls, brownies, muffins, pies, and whatever else people decide to bring over to say they are sorry for us. I just can't do that right now. Please give me just a little more time. I will go out soon, but not now." I say practically begging him to not tell anyone I'm back.