

**Chapter 4**

"You live here?" She says with a questioning look.

"Yes. Now why are you here?" I say moving toward her slowly, getting ready to hit her if needed.

"Woah, woah, woah." She stumbles back with her hands in a surrender position. I stop moving and just look at her. Then she laughs. This bitch actually fucking laughs. I couldn't help but gape at her. Shit. She is seriously crazy. I mean she is literally laughing at me and I have a bat raised to hit her. I am so fucking dead.

"You must be Lee! Hi, my name is, Amber. Luca's girlfriend." She says with a big smile, but I could tell she was still a little scared because of the bat. I let out a sigh and drop the bat.

"Jesus Christ! He didn't tell me you were coming over. I am so sorry. Yes, I'm Lee. It is nice to meet you. Sorry about our introduction, you just scared me is all." I say sheepishly. God I feel so bad for literally almost assaulting her. But in my defense I had no clue who the fuck she was and I was 99.9% sure I was going to be murdered.

"No, its fine. I completely forgot you were moving in this week. I thought he said next week. I didn't mean to scare you, I am sorry." She says with the utmost sincerity.

Ok well she seems nice enough. Not a bitch, and knows how to laugh it off when I almost kill her, she just might make it in the Emerson family. Not that there is many of us left.

We both just look at each other and laugh.

"Well it is really good to meet you, Lee. I would say I am sorry for your loss, but honestly I don't think you want to hear that anymore than you have to." She says almost knowing.

"Thank you for not saying it. I am still trying to master the whole smile and nod thing when people tell me that." I say with relief present in my voice.

"I know. I lost my dad a few years back and honestly all the "I am sorry's" I got were the worst." She said with a soft, sad smile on her face. I am glad Luca has someone to understand him and help him through this.

"Yeah. They have barely started and I am over them." I say while trying to laugh it off. I know she can see right through it, but I still try and cover the sadness with a smile. She quickly changes the subject, which I appreciate.

"I was just going to make pancakes. You wants some?" Part of me wants to say no, because I barely know her, but the other part really wants pancakes, doesn't want to leave yet, and knows I should get to know her better because I can tell my brother loves her already. The other part of me wins and I tell her sure.

We sit down and eat the pancakes, she asks me if I am ready for school, excited to be back, and if I had a boyfriend. All normal questions, I guess, even though I totally dodged the boyfriend one.

I do like her, even after this one pancake session I feel like we will get along. I mean God knows I could never talk to Luca

about my ex boyfriend, he would literally kill him. Now that I think of it, I should tell Luca about him. Whatever, he doesn't even deserve that. Anyways, I don't regret staying.

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After breakfast with, Amber, I leave and now I am driving around town praying that nobody recognizes me while I am in my car. I know I have no more time left, but still I am grasping at every second. Then, I see it. The library I absolutely loved to go to growing up has a "Help Wanted" sign taped to the window. I quickly park my car and re park because I did a shit job, of course. I mentally prepare myself to walk in and see, Ms. Frizzle. No, that is not actually her name, but we all called her that because she has crazy, curly red hair and dresses like Penelope Garcia for Criminal Minds. Basically, she looks like Ms. Frizzle from The Magic School Bus.

After, a solid 3 minute mental pep talk I turn my car off and go inside. I am utterly relieved to see that it looks exactly the same. God, I really want to work here. I would be perfect, I already love reading, its quiet, I get to hang out with Ms. Frizzle, and I feel calm just being here. I walk through a few of the shelves until I spot that crazy red hair. Mrs. Frizzle is up on a latter putting a few books away. I feel kind of awkward just standing here. That's right about when my anxiety kicks in.

God, what if I scare her, what if she doesn't remember me, what if she is totally creeped out by a girl just staring at her right now?

Basically, I am spiraling. Then, I hear a gasp, and I am brought out of my thoughts.

"My God! Lee Emerson is that you?!" She says with the biggest smile I have ever seen on a humans face. I am relieved she remembers me. I just lightly laugh.

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