

A Hot Mess

The Certainty of Deception Outtake

by

Jeanne McDonald

Please note this story is intended for mature audiences due to explicit language, graphic sexual content, and scenes of narcotic usage. Reader discretion is advised.

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*This outtake was originally written in support of
Fandoms for LLS (Leukemia & Lymphoma Society)*

*To Grant Norton and Scott Pound:
Two of the bravest men I've had the pleasure of knowing.
Their suffering is over but their legacy lives on.
Gone but never forgotten.*

Chapter 11.5

McKenzie

What am I doing? I know better than this.

Damn right I knew better. That didn't stop me though.

I'm such an idiot.

Boy howdy. If I had a brain I'd be dangerous. I proved that the instant I let Drew into my apartment. I should've sent him away, but fuck he looked so good standing there. Innocence wrapped in seduction. His lips. His eyes. His jaw. His nose. His hands. The way he touched me. The way he felt. The way he loved me. Everything about him intoxicated me. Who was I to deny him?

An idiot. That's who! This man crushed me. He left me. He disappeared without a trace. It took me telling him I was leaving for him to make contact with me. And even when he showed up at my door begging me to stay, it really wasn't him there. It was a shadow of the man I knew.

God, I was a fucking moron to let him waltz back into my life like he never hurt me.

It's gotta be the pot. Yeah. That's it. I'm high.

If only that was the case, but I knew better. My being high had nothing to do with my current predicament. Nope, being high wasn't my problem. My problem was nothing more than denial. No matter how much I wanted to lie to myself, it was impossible to believe that I was down on my knees, in front of the man who shattered my heart into a million pieces, *simply* because I was high. There was only one explanation, and the thought both sickened and excited me.

Andrew Wise still owned me. Heart. Mind. Soul. Body.

I was his, even if I didn't want to be. Two months wasn't enough to get him out of my bloodstream. A lifetime wouldn't be long enough.

His head fell back and his chest deflated as he exhaled. A haze of smoke expelled from his lungs, diffusing into the atmosphere. I licked my lips, enamored by the feel of his cock in my hand. It'd only been months since I'd last touched him, but it felt like

years.

Unable to withstand my own need to taste him, I gripped him tight at the base of his shaft and wrapped my lips around his length, drawing him deep into my mouth. Slow and steady, just how I knew he liked it. I rocked forward on the balls of my toes, taking in every inch I could, as deep as I could. Oh, the way he tasted against my tongue. I'd missed this. I'd missed him. I hated myself for missing him. I hated him for my missing him.

"Fuck," he hissed. Drew placed the roach on the stove and tangled his fingers into my hair.

Hearing him curse spurred me on. More out of spite than need, because *fuck* was right. I shouldn't have been doing this. We shouldn't have been doing this. He was supposed to be with Olivia. They were having a baby together. It didn't matter if he knocked her up before we were together. The fact was he called her first. He reached out to her first. That alone told me everything I needed to know. There was no place for me in his life. Sure, we could be friends, but my sucking his dick sorta proved that wasn't an option. I needed to stop this.

But I couldn't stop.

To tell the truth, I didn't *want* to stop.

It wasn't as if he was trying to stop me. I grazed my teeth against the pulsing vein in his shaft and smirked at his response. The grit of his teeth, his gasp, the way he gripped my hair tighter. Yeah, he wasn't about to stop me, so fuck it. I was going to take out every bit of my frustration, both sexual and emotional, on him.

Drew hurt me. He told me loved me and then he left me. He left me alone to care for Olivia after she gave us the news about the baby. He forced me to watch her cry over his actions, and left me without any recourse to cry over my own. He left me without a word of his whereabouts, or knowing if he was even all right. I hated him for making me feel so insignificant. I hated him for telling me he loved me. I hated him for sending me flowers every Monday, because no matter how much I hated him for it, I loved him. I couldn't get him out from under my skin. He was my first thought every morning and my very last thought as I drifted off to sleep at night.

My fingers wrapped tighter around him, squeezing almost to the point of

discomfort. The moisture from my saliva added the lubrication I needed to stroke him hard and fast, matching the motion of mouth.

An unabashed moan escaped his chest as my tongue slithered slowly around his sensitive head. That sound. That glorious sound only caused my already wet pussy to flood with desire. I needed to hear him want me. Deep down, I wanted to make this fucker beg.

I moved my mouth down between his legs, sucking both of his balls into my mouth, swirling my tongue against his sac. On cue, he gave me what I wanted. I tilted my face up, looking at him. His gaze locked on me. In the dim light and through the haze of smoke that lingered in the air, I watched how his eyes darkened behind those glasses. Fuck, those glasses. They would surely be the death of me.

Pulling the skin of sac between my teeth, I released him, relishing the way his expression seemed surprised by my actions. “Like that?” I asked, my tone husky and seductive.

He nodded his head, tucking his bottom lip between his teeth.

“Is that a yes, Andy?” I snaked my tongue out, licking the underside of his shaft from bottom to top.

He nodded again, apparently incoherent, but that wasn’t enough for me. He was going to give me what I wanted. He owed me that.

“Say yes, Andy,” I demanded, wrapping my mouth over the head of his cock, thrusting my tongue along his slit, lapping at the salty goodness developing there.

“Yeah,” he croaked, then cleared his throat, “Uh, yes.”

He reached down and removed my glasses from my face, placing them on the counter. I smiled, pushing forward on my toes. “Good,” I breathed, dragging my tongue back down his long, pulsing cock. His fingers curled tighter in my hair. I closed my eyes and took both of his balls back into my mouth, rolling them along my tongue as I wrapped my hand around his shaft, stroking him. He hissed and his legs buckled. With my free hand, I reached around him, cupping his bare ass to steady him.

“Careful, baby,” he begged. “I can’t take much more.”

That was exactly what I wanted. I wanted him to lose control. I wanted him to understand how it felt to be powerless.

A chuckle bubbled in my chest as I pulled his ball sac with my lips. I licked from his balls all the way up to the head of his dick. He seemed almost relieved when I acted as if I were about to give him a moment, but before he could stop me, I pushed my mouth around his cock, slamming down so hard it hit the back of my throat.

“Jesus, FUCK, woman!”

He pulled back on my hair, trying to rein me in but he couldn't win. Not this time.

My mouth was relentless. I was determined to control him for once. He'd been in power from the moment he entered the shop today, and I wanted my power back. I was tired of being everyone's doormat. I'd been that way my whole life. I left Florida for a reason. I needed to get away. From him. From Olivia. From myself. I was stronger now. Or was I? Him showing up unannounced really took me by surprise.

Why in the world did he have to come over tonight? Hell, why did he have to come to Amarillo?

I wanted nothing more than to get over Andrew Wise, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get him out of my head, let alone my heart. I even took off that damn necklace he gave me for my birthday, hoping to gain balance within myself. It didn't work.

When Jackie suggested that I needed to talk to Javier, one of my father's mechanics, to get some 'wacky tobacky', I about died. It had been years since I'd smoked pot. I wasn't in college anymore. I was a reasonable, sensible adult who handled her problems without reverting to illegal substances, or so I thought. I completely ignored her suggestion, to the point of forgetting about it, until Javier stopped me before leaving and handed me a dime bag with papers included. I had no intentions of smoking it, but after my night with Drew in the pool, I needed something to take the edge off. Feelings stirred in me that I'd been fighting since he arrived. Now, there was only one way to get him out of my system. It was time for me to tell him how much he destroyed me. How I felt completely used by him.

I invited Drew to breakfast the next morning, hoping to clear the air. Never in a million years did I expect him to show up at my apartment past midnight. And then he had to show up looking all sexy. What was he thinking coming over wearing those

glasses and that old, stupid t-shirt? Having him so close was cruel and unusual torture. Ugh, and I'd promised to watch Jackie's kids in the morning until Mom was done with whatever church function she was doing. Stupid me! There I was, baked and sucking off my ex without thinking about what I was supposed to be doing in mere hours.

His cock twitched in my mouth, growing harder and larger with each pass. I wasn't about to slow my movements. I sucked harder and faster, encompassing his full length in my mouth and hands. He was on the verge, about to fall over the precipice and I wanted nothing more than to watch him fall. My teeth scraped the pulsating vein in his cock, pressing deep into his skin.

Suddenly, he pushed away from me, leaving his shoes, shorts and underwear on the floor in front of me. His shirt fell down over his stomach, touching the tip of his cock. God, he was a gorgeous sight. Neither Nate nor Gage was that big, and I longed to feel his long, thick cock filling my body.

Drew shook his head, his eyes wild and his body trembling. "Not yet," he growled. "I want you."

I stood up, licking my lips. With the tips of my fingers, I wiped the corners of my mouth, eyeing him intensely. I could only imagine my expression, with my brows lifted and an evil, seductive grin teasing my lips. I slid my hands down between my tits, over my stomach, stopping just above the hem of my shorts. "Then what's stopping you?"

Drew's jaw clenched, and in the space of a single breath, he had me in his arms and pinned between him and the pantry door. I gasped at the ferocity of his actions. His lips crashed into mine. The sheer force of his kiss took my breath away. Drew didn't care that he was stealing my oxygen. He shoved his tongue into my mouth, taking what he wanted.

Tongues tangled. Teeth clashed. Wanton moans echoed around us. I dug my nails deep into his back, devouring the cry of pain that escaped into my mouth.

He lifted me off the ground, slamming me hard against the door. I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling his hips against mine. The head of his cock rubbed against my clit through my shorts, sending a vibration of need pulsing through me. I clawed at his back, gathering his t-shirt into my hands. "Off," I growled against his lips.

Following orders, Drew leaned back just enough to allow me to rip his shirt over

his head and toss it aside. I dragged my nails down his firm chest and over his taut nipples. His skin rippled with excitement, and once again a wave of passion and sickness engulfed me. How easy this was for him, to forget what happened between us. To forget about Olivia and the baby. I wanted to forget. I wanted to stop feeling any kind of pain.

The truth was, I was jealous of Olivia. I hated how she was carrying Drew's child. I hated how she stole my happiness. I hated how I was willing to steal her happiness for the sake of my own. Everything about this situation was all fucked up. Yet, it felt so good to have him want me, to touch me again.

God, I was one fucked up cookie.

The mood in him shifted somehow. His lips met the column of my throat. He ran his tongue down ever so lightly, pressing a deep kiss at the base. This was too sweet. His tenderness wasn't what I needed. Nor was it what I wanted. I didn't want to make love. He didn't deserve my love. No, I wanted to fuck; it was the only way I could keep control. If I let my heart run this show, I was sure to end up hurt again. That wasn't something I was prepared to handle. I took his earlobe between my teeth and hissed, "Fuck me, Andy. Fuck me hard."

He pulled back, analyzing my expression. This wasn't like me. I loved sex. He knew that. But never in our short time together did I demand anything of him. Sex had always been about sharing the love we had, not just pleasure. It was an expression of our feelings. But not tonight. No, he was going to give me what I wanted. I removed his glasses and placed them on the counter next to mine. His arms tightened around me as his mouth crashed back into mine.

Our tongues moved with ferocity. I clawed at his back and buried my heels into his bare ass. He pulled back, gasping for breath. I smirked and nodded toward my chest. Taking my cue, he ripped my shirt over my head, exposing the fact that I'd been without a bra this whole time.

Drew gasped at the sight of my tits. His hand reached up, cupping them both as his mouth latched on to my fucking hard nipple. I moaned in pure delight. "Oh, God, Yes!" I purred, arching my back, lavishing the feel of his warm tongue swirling around my nipple.

The feel of his mouth on me sent a wave of euphoria rippling through me, but I

needed more. I needed to feel his cock buried inside me. I reached between us and grabbed his hard length. Drew's teeth grazed my nipple at the feel my fingers wrapping around him.

"Harder, Andy," I demanded.

The suction of his mouth pulled my nipple until I was quivering against him. He bucked his hips against my hand and I couldn't resist. I slipped my shorts aside and pushed the head of his cock against my exposed clit. Drew flicked his tongue against my nipple and then proceeded to my other one. As he sucked, I squeezed his cock tight, rubbing it harder against my clit, sliding it against my inner heat, coating the head with my wetness.

"Fuck," he hissed against my nipple.

Back and forth between my clit and wet slit, I rubbed him, making his cock my play toy, and God it felt good. I wasn't gentle by any means. With each pass, I slipped it further between my legs, pushing his dick further inside me, but not enough to give either of us what we really wanted. When I knew we'd both had enough torture, I pressed my hips down, about ready to give us our relief. Drew instantly stilled his hips, preventing my actions.

He released my nipple, his mouth opened wide as he realized what I was about to do. "Condoms," he rasped.

I shook my head, a twisted smirk curving my lips. "Don't need them. I'm on the pill."

"Still. I'd feel—" I released him, placing my wet finger to his lips, cutting off his sentence.

"Not this time," I barked. Drew's eyes widened. His tongue darted out, flicking over my fingertips. He moaned in resignation and nodded as he tasted me. I quickly returned my hand between us, pumping it up and down his length several times. Drew groaned and moved his mouth back over my nipple, sucking me hard between his teeth.

I pushed the tip of his cock back into the warmth of my center, continuing my assault along his length. He pumped his hips upward, trying to push inside me. I pushed his pelvis back with my knuckles. "No," I growled.

He glanced up, his eyes heavy with need and confusion. After all, I had told him

to fuck me, but that didn't mean he was going to do it on *his* terms. He didn't try to argue. He simply allowed me to continue rubbing him along my wet pussy as he moved to my other breast, giving it the same delectable treatment with his mouth.

Each flick of his tongue sent a surge of need and power through me. I pushed him a little deeper into my body, stroking him harder, feeling every ridge of his length in my palm. He bucked against my hand, urging me to let him in. With my free hand, I grabbed his short brown hair and pulled his head back, looking into his deep blue eyes. His mouth opened, gasping for air as I continued my relentless attack on him. Then, when I knew he was on the verge of losing himself, I commanded, "Now."

At first Drew looked a little confused, but that confusion quickly disappeared as I removed my hand and pushed my aching, pussy down over the head of his cock. His body reacted on instinct, and he thrust up hard and fast into me. We both cried out at the instant release that one push gave us both. There was nothing innocent or sweet about this moment. It was raw, animalistic sex. I dug my nails into his back, delighting in the pain I knew I had caused him with each pass.

He thrust faster up into me. My heels dug into his ass as I clung to his body. Yes, he had control, but he wouldn't be doing this if I hadn't demanded it. And I'd keep demanding. He used me, so why couldn't I use him? I crushed my mouth into his. Our teeth clattered against each other as our tongues twisted together. The sound and smell of sex played between us like an atonal orchestra. We were jagged and harsh. There was no rhythm. Only deep moans and groans, a thumping of the pantry door with each thrust of his hips, and that delicious sound of slippery sex.

His cock filled my core. My inner walls encased him, giving me the delicious feeling of each ridge and valley of his gorgeous cock. The way he felt inside me, the way he filled me up, pushing me closer and closer to the edge of no return.

I grabbed his hand, needing that little extra push to find my final release. Pushing our hands between us, I placed his fingers against my clit. "Fuck me, Andrew. Fuck me with everything you've got."

A small smirk curled his lips as he started squeezing my clit between his fingertips. He rubbed and pinched, flicked and pulled my clit as his cock drove me higher than the pot could have ever dreamed of taking me. Deep inside me, I could feel

him twitch. He was close, and so I did what any sensible woman would do. I closed my eyes and fell over the brink of ecstasy.

Drew slammed his cock hard into me. His hand released my clit as both fists pounded against the door next to my ears.

“I’m going to...going...” he growled.

“Do it,” I hissed in his ear.

I squeezed my quacking walls tighter around his straining cock, forcing him to fall with me. The instant my walls tightened around him, Drew tried to pull out of me. I wasn’t about to have it. The pull out method was for teenagers who didn’t realize how stupid it really was. No, he was going to give me everything I wanted. I grabbed his ass and pushed him back into me. Drew let out a yell, deep and ragged, as he exploded into my depths.

His body covered in sweat, his mouth agape, and his pulse racing—it was safe to say there was nothing sexier than an orgasmic Andrew Wise. I watched his eyes dilate with pleasure. His whole body shook with the intensity of his orgasm. He was a pure sex god and he was fucking mine.

I dropped back against the door, smirking at my success. I’d won the battle. I licked my lips, meeting his eyes. He slowed his movements, coming to a near stop, but remained buried inside me. His cock pulsed with each heartbeat, twitching inside me, keeping my climax pulsing steady inside of me.

“What was that?” he muttered, pressing his lips to my throat.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Once again, I pulled his head back by his hair, making him look me in the eyes. “Because as far as I’m concerned, we’re not finished.”

His mouth twitched. A crooked smile highlighted his deep dimples. “Is that so?”

“It is,” I assured him.

I pushed away, forcing him to release me. I slid down the door, landing softly on my bare feet. My body winced at the distance I’d placed between us, but I ignored the pang in my chest and proceeded to pull my shorts and panties off. I kicked them aside, feeling the remnants of his release trickle down my thighs as I walked away from him.

“Follow me,” I instructed. “You have some cleaning up to do.” I heard him gulp, but

didn't stop to see if he would follow me.

I walked into the bedroom and positioned myself on the end of my bed. Drew entered the room in all his god-like glory. His usual blue eyes were dark, and his jovial smile had turned into pure lust. I spread my legs open, giving him the perfect view of my bare pussy. It was a good thing I'd shaved that morning. I'd have hated him seeing me all fuzzy. Drew always did like me soft and smooth.

He rubbed his hand along his chin and smiled. "Beautiful."

I slipped a finger into my pussy, pulling out the remnants of his cum. "Messy," I replied, licking the combination of our juices from my finger. "Take care of it."

Drew raised an eyebrow, considering my request.

"Lick my pussy clean, Andy. Now."

When he realized I was serious, he rushed forward, dropping to his knees before me. He brushed his fingertips over my soft, slick pussy. My body jerked in response to such tender stimuli. This was torture; I still needed him rough, hard, untamed. I pushed my hips up in the air, commanding his devotion. "Suck me hard!"

Drew leaned in and flattened his tongue against my clit, dragging it down to meet my heat. My hips bucked of their own accord. I grabbed what I could of his soft brown hair, driving his face closer to my center. Sure, we girls don't like when guys do that shit to us, but fuck it. I was running this show.

He placed both hands on my inner thighs, squeezing them as his tongue dived into my depths. I dropped my head back, my eyes closed tight, simply enjoying the feel of his mouth on me. Harder and harder his tongue pushed into my depths. He grazed his teeth over my clit, sucking it into his mouth. As I had been relentless, so was he. I shuttered at the intensity of his mouth, gripping his hair tighter in one hand while my other curled into the duvet beneath me.

"Andy," I purred.

He pulled his tongue out of me just as I was about to fall over the edge of ecstasy. I groaned, trying to push him back where I needed him. Instead, he slowly flicked his tongue over my pulsating clit. I squirmed and wiggled my hips, wanting to find that release, but I refused to beg. I would not give him that satisfaction.

Suddenly, he slammed his tongue deep inside me. That was all I needed. I was

met with such an earth-shattering climax that my body convulsed, rocking me against his mouth. He wrapped his arms around my hips, bringing his fingers to just the right position to flick my clit while his arms held me steady. He pushed his tongue harder and deeper, lapping everything I gave him while forcing me to stay in my climatic high.

My legs began to shake so hard, I could feel them vibrate all the way to my chest. I couldn't think. I could barely breathe. Unable to control myself, my entire body lifted off the mattress. Drew held me steady in his arms, forcing me to stay where I was. I screamed in my unbridled release.

When he was satisfied that I'd given him all I had, he unwound himself from me. He stood up, looking down over me; a cocky smirk twisted his lips as his tongue darted out over them. "All clean." His rich, husky cadence sent vibrations deep into the pit of my stomach.

Drew stood before me, in all his naked glory, proud of what he'd accomplished. What he didn't understand was that, in that moment, he accomplished more than an intense orgasm. The ice I'd built up in my heart had shattered into a million pieces. The fight in me was now gone. With the final wave of my release, my anger became sated.

Was I still hurt?

Absolutely.

But we could talk about it. I still believed there was no place for me in his world. Not when he had Olivia and the baby to think about. He made his decision when he cut me out of his life that night at dinner. I couldn't turn a blind eye to that. I would simply have to forgive him and attempt to create a friendship with him. We'd been the best of friends before. We could be again.

Drew leaned forward, resting his hands on the mattress above my head, and kissed me. The combined taste of us on his tongue was intoxicating. I thrust my tongue into his mouth, savoring the flavor. My arms wrapped around his neck, drawing him closer to me. His mouth moved against mine, rough at first, but turned soft and gentle, the way it had been earlier in the kitchen. I was more susceptible this time, accepting the tenderness that exuded from him, shifting the balance of power back to him.

A tiny whimper escaped me as I ran my fingers through his hair. He'd cut it so short, but I didn't have it in me to tell him I liked it a little longer. Not that anything

could make Drew Wise look bad. Not *my* Andy. He'd be gorgeous wearing a burlap sack.

He moved his hands to my face, pushing my matted hair away from my temples. Somehow in the middle of all my anger and my need for revenge, I had managed to reopen the wounds in my chest, allowing him to slip right back into my heart. I loved him. I knew I always would.

He placed sweet kisses to my forehead, over my eyelids, and on the tip of my nose. I sighed as a flood of emotions welled up inside me. His tender kisses continued, moving over the corners of my mouth. I caught a glimpse of his smile and my heart exploded in my chest. I couldn't tell if he was still buzzed. I knew I wasn't, but the smile he wore was one I recognized all too well. This was Drew in love. Drew happy. Drew content. He pressed his lips firmly to mine, and I melted into his kiss, yearning to feel his love once again.

"You never cease to amaze me," he whispered as his lips moved from mine down my neck. "If you only knew how much I've missed you. How much I need you."

My heart skipped a beat. I touched his face, tracing the crinkles at the corners of his eyes that I loved so much. They always deepened when he smiled like this.

"I've missed you too," I whispered. My eyes brimmed with tears that I refused to shed. His back stiffened and his brow furrowed as he stared intently in my eyes. Whatever he was searching for, he must have found, because he pressed his mouth to mine, kissing me with such fervor that my toes curled.

My need for the man intensified. In this moment it felt as if we'd never been apart. I scooted up the length of the bed with Drew crawling over top of me simultaneously. His lips never left mine. There was nothing but tenderness in the way he touched me. He hovered over me, staring with such longing into my eyes. The atmosphere around us had shifted in such a way that our former acts held no bearings on what was happening now. I wanted to touch him, to love him, not ravage him as I'd done before.

My hands slowly moved over his sculpted chest down to his stomach. He'd lost weight. I could feel his ribs where there had once only been muscle. It saddened me to realize he'd neglected himself in my absence. I thought about how he said he hadn't

touched a drop of alcohol since I left. It made me proud of him, and I only hoped I hadn't killed his sobriety by telling him where my smoke was tonight.

I pressed my lips to his Adam's apple. He groaned, withering under my gentle touch. That tender moment turned into an exploration of love. We touched and kissed, basking in the glow of our love. All of the memories of nights spent together like this played through my mind.

Minutes passed; hours seemed to disappear as we melted together in a mesh of sheets, limbs, and sweat. I couldn't tell you what time it was when we finally finished, but I could tell you that I was completely sated and beyond exhausted. We rolled to our sides, lying as we had so many nights before. He placed his hand on my bare hip, lightly rubbing my skin as he nuzzled his nose to my neck. I struggled to hide a yawn, my eyes drooping closed.

"Sleep, sweetheart."

"I don't want to sleep," I yawned. It wasn't a lie. In my mind, if I fell asleep this might all turn out to be a dream. I didn't want another dream of Drew. I wanted the real thing. I'd been deluding myself all this time, thinking that I could live without him. So what if he and Olivia were having a baby together. So what if she'd disown me. Olivia and I had barely spoken since I left Florida. She made it very clear that she thought I was being selfish, leaving her when she needed me most. I couldn't explain to her why I needed to leave, only that it was necessary. Everything between us had been strained. She only called when she had news about the baby, which was nothing more than a knife in my gut. And when she did call, she rarely spoke of Drew, which I found odd, but I didn't bridge the topic because I couldn't handle the thoughts of them being together. In my mind, they were the perfect little family and I was the outsider who only dreamed of having what they now shared.

But with him here, now, I knew that Drew and Olivia weren't meant to be. We could make this work. We *had* to make this work. It may have taken him two months to finally pull his head out of his ass, but he did. He came for me. He couldn't live without me anymore than I could him.

All of these thoughts in my head played tug-a-war with my heart. It was stupid to think things between us could somehow work out. Drew still left me. He still hurt me. I

couldn't overlook that fact, but my heart needed him like my lungs needed air.

My eyes fluttered closed, a soft pounding thrummed at my temples from lack of sleep and the constant struggle between my heart and my head.

"You need to rest." He kissed my jaw with deep affection, sending my heart racing in my chest. "We both do."

No! my mind screamed. I couldn't sleep. I needed to know where I stood. Sex was merely sex. Nothing was fixed. If anything, it was more fucked up than ever.

"Okay," I breathed. I pressed my body closer to his, not wanting to lose the feel of him against me. "Stay," I muttered, slowly losing consciousness.

"Where would I go?"

"Away."

Drew chuckled, his warm breath tickling my skin. "I'm not going anywhere."

"Promise?"

He pushed my hair away from my face, placing a sweet kiss on my cheek. "I promise. Now sleep, Beautiful. I love you. I always will."

I exhaled in a happy sigh. Even if this turned out to be an elaborate dream, what a dream it was. Hearing those words from him was worth more than any card or bouquet of flowers he could send. Heavy on my lips, I replied, "I love you, too."

I drifted off to sleep with the promise that he wouldn't leave me, and the hope that everything would be okay.

###

Thank you for reading my book. If you enjoyed it, won't you please take a moment to leave me a review at your favorite retailer?

Thanks!

Jeanne McDonald

About the Author

Jeanne McDonald began telling stories at the ripe young age of five, when her mother considered the truth to be a lie due to her extensive embellishment to the retelling of an event. She wrote her first short story when she was twelve years old, and at the age of sixteen she tried her hand at poetry. She reconnected with her love for writing in 2010 thanks to the encouragement of a dear friend.

Her passions include a "mild" Starbucks addiction, music, reading, quotes, movies, and romance. When she's not spending time with her family, she can be found reading, writing, chatting with her friends or diligently working toward her bachelor's degree in English Literature. A proud Texan, Jeanne currently resides in the Dallas/Fort Worth area with her family.

Where to Find Her

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