

Breaking the Rules: A Short Story Sample

Written by N. E. Fletcher
Shades of Us Publishing LLC

All rights reserved.

Published in the United States by Shades of Us Publishing LLC.

This novel is a work of fiction and, therefore, a product of the author's imagination. Characters, persons (names), and or places that bear a resemblance to established entities are entirely coincidental.

Strong Language – Mature Audiences Only

Cover Designed by Sarah Ferrari

Soup™

Shades Of Us Publishing



Shades of Us Publishing LLC

© 2022. All rights reserved.

I pull back from him to grab his arm, pulling him to the back, away from prying eyes, so we can really enjoy ourselves. He's surprised at my tenacity. I am astonished at how willing he is to do this. He runs his hands all over me, touching my breasts and behind, and buries his hands in my hair. I moan. Oh, God. This is what it feels like to burn for someone so bad, it's slightly terrifying, and the feelings that course through me are overwhelming; it's consuming. He's fighting himself, however. He wants to touch me . . . there. But that's too far; I know that even in my drunken state. But he doesn't go any further than what he sees I'm comfortable with. The last thing I remember is his fingers skimming over my nipples.

Tuesday, March 13, 2012

I lean over the bucket as Toya paces the room, babbling.

"Where did you go last night? You should've seen them. All touchy-feely. It was sickening."

I sit up and back, staring at her warily, "I thought you didn't care."

She frowns, "What if he falls in love with her?"

"Then you'd be fucked because Chad is amazing."

She sighs and sits next to me, "Where'd you go last night? You disappeared."

"I had a few more drinks and danced."

"Clearly," she wrinkles her nose at me, "We've traded spots."

"Yeah," I groan as my headache persists. I clear my throat, "I don't remember anything. I remember dancing."

Shades of Us Publishing LLC

© 2022. All rights reserved.

She laughs, “Jesus; you had too much to drink.”

“How did I get home?”

“Dean brought you home. You danced with him.”

“Right,” I try to hide my blush.

We danced alright. We basically fornicated. Oh, God.

“We’re going to swim with dolphins today. That’s going to be fun.”

“I’ll definitely pass.”

“You have to come!” She whines. “I can’t go without you. Chad is bringing his whore!”

“I’m not going, Toya; come on.”

She pouts, “Please. Pretty please.”

“I’ll just hang back,” I say after a really long time.

“Yay. Thank you. You’re the best.”

“Ugh.”

“I have to tell you something. And you have to promise you won’t tell.” I

raise an eyebrow at her, “Not even Chad . . . swear!”

“I swear! My gosh!”

“Tracy slept with one of the guys last night. She didn’t get in till six this morning. And she has me covering for her.” I stare at her. I don’t know how to feel about this. “Well, it’s not the first,” she shrugs when I don’t answer.

“She’s cheated before?” I raise my eyebrow.

“He does it too!”

My stomach flips, “Why do you say that?”

“They hook up with other people all the time. But neither of them knows about the other. I think. I also think he hooked up with someone last night.”

This makes me feel like shit. I'm a pawn. Are you fucking kidding me? I feel dirty, I thought . . . We had a moment. I guess it wasn't a moment. He does it all the time, right? I hurl now. Toya caresses my back as she holds my hair back.

Wednesday, March 14, 2012

"You're avoiding me," Dean is at the door when I exit. I roll my eyes and walk ahead. He grabs my hand, "Don't do that. I'm talking to you."

I am slightly irritated at how warm his hands are on me.

"You kissed me, so I'm avoiding you."

"No. You kissed me."

I glare at him, "You do that often? Kiss girls who are not your girlfriend?" His jaw ticks, "All of a sudden, you care? You threw yourself at me last night."

"It was a mistake, and it won't happen again."

"Fine."

"Fine."

We glare at each other. Till his eyes soften, and he frowns instead.

"I don't want you to be upset with me."

I blanch at the change in his mood, but I stand my ground. I don't appreciate being used, "Too late."

"Why, because I indulged you?"

"No, because apparently. Fucking people who aren't your girlfriend is a habit for you. And I am not some slut. So forget it."

Shades of Us Publishing LLC

© 2022. All rights reserved.

He raises his eyebrow, “Which girl did I sleep with?”

“I’m sure the list is long.”

He nods, displeased, “You really shouldn’t be judgmental. We all can’t be as virtuous and level-headed as you. The least you can do is not be such a--

He stops mid-sentence before he rolls his eyes and storms off. I stand there as I repeat the conversation we just had, my lips trembling and my eyes stinging. Level-headed? What is it with people calling me that? I want to scream. But I burst into tears instead. I don't like how my body feels, knowing he is angry at me. And was he going to call me a bitch? That is unforgivable.

We’re all sitting by the poolside in the night just vibing, enjoying the reggae music, and having drinks--everything virgin, of course. I think I’ve drank enough alcohol to last a lifetime. I am chill. I've already gotten a mental breakdown about the fact that Dean thinks I’m probably a bitch, so there’s no need for me to wallow in despair. He doesn’t like me, and he never will. It’s sad, but I have to come to terms with that. But I’d prefer to be alone as I do.

I cross my legs now as I sit atop a table that overlooks the beach. To my right, Chad and Samantha are talking softly. Sweet nothings, I presume, because she can’t stop giggling. Hmmm. I wonder vaguely if that will ever go any further than where it has.

To my left, Tracy, Oscar, and London are also talking. Toya didn't come. She refuses to watch Chad be happy for another minute. I smile to myself at that. She's so crazy. She didn't even want to be in a relationship with him, but as soon as he moved on a little bit, she started being irrational—poor her.

I feel Dean before I see him. The hairs on my arms rise. I don't know why this always happens, but it does. My body reacts to him before I know we're in the same area. I sigh—no point in me paying attention to him; he hates me. I am surprised when he comes to stand by me, however.

“Hi.”

I say nothing.

“Listen, I'm really fucking sorry for yelling at you, ok? I am an asshole, and I feel like complete shit. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. We exchanged words, and I got angry, and the anger got the best of me. It will never happen again. I promise.”

I look over at him. I didn't expect an apology.

“Ok,” is all I say.

“You'll forgive me?”

“Sure.”

“Please, Anessa. I didn't mean to get so upset as to insinuate . . . that you're a bad person or . . . I'm so sorry.”

“Ok.”

Our eyes lock for a minute, and there's something there. I feel it.

“You know . . . you are quite something to look at under the moonlight.”

The blush spreads quickly across my cheeks, and I clear my throat. He smiles before he turns and leaves.

Saturday, March 17, 2012

My music is blasting as I flit across my bedroom, cleaning. It's not really messy; I just need to finish unpacking from our trip and put away my suitcases. Toya bursts through my door all of a sudden, startling me. I watch as she crosses the room to my speaker to turn it off.

"What gives?"

"I've been knocking forever, trying to give you some privacy, but you weren't answering, so here I am."

"Sorry, I'm cleaning."

"There's someone at the door for you."

I laugh at her annoyed expression, "Yes, ma'am."

It must be the mailman or something; I hurry to the door. But stop in my tracks when I see who it is. My cheeks burn as I approach the open door. Dressed in a simple fitted white tee, jeans, and low Adidas, Dean regards me warily.

I can't stop thinking that his lips have been on mine, and his hands have been everywhere, except my most delicate parts but my breasts and my ass. And then my body is so aware of him that I get goosebumps, the hairs on my arms rising.

I swallow when I get to the door. What does he want? Will he tell me to never ever come near him again? Will he propose to me right now and

Shades of Us Publishing LLC

© 2022. All rights reserved.

confess his undying love? I almost scoff at myself. Only one of those things is actually possible.

“Good morning.”

“Morning,” his eyes search mine.

I stop in front of him, close enough to smell his cologne. I blush because he looks handsome, clean, and groomed, but I probably look like a mess.

“Cleaning?”

“Yes,” I say, “What’s up?”

“You wanna have lunch with me?”

I blink at him as my heartbeat lurches. Woah. Ok. Um. Of course, I want to have lunch with you. But then I remember the implications and the restrictions. And most importantly, the fact that he has a girlfriend.

“As friends,” he prompts, seeming to sense my hesitation. But there’s an undertone to what he says. I bite my lip; we’re friends, right? We’ve been friends for years.

“I’m dirty. Can I shower?”

“I’ll wait.”

I nod, “Come in.” He steps through the door and follows me to the living room. “Do you want something to drink? A beer?” I turn, and he’s relatively close.

“Do I want something to drink?” He repeats.

I flush, “That’s what I asked.”

He smiles a little, “No. Thank you.”

“I’ll be a minute.”

“That’s ok,” he plops down on the sofa, “Take your time.”

I turn to leave and head up. My heart is in my throat as I shower and get dressed in a pretty yellow summer dress. I am shaking as I pull my hair up in a bun because I am worried and do not know what to expect. He's never asked me out to lunch before. I stare at myself in the mirror for six minutes before I can muster up enough courage to finally run down, grabbing my purse on the way. I decide not to torture myself anymore, wondering what will happen while we have lunch. Dean is just a friend, and we are just going out to have lunch. No biggie. No biggie. We made out in Jamaica, and he touched me a little bit even though he has a girlfriend. No biggie. No biggie.

Dean blinks at me when I join him downstairs.

We decide to have lunch at the Banana Boat restaurant atop the water, where we get a lovely table for two. I order something tropical to drink. Dean sits comfortably in his chair, watching me through hooded eyes as I place my order. My skin feels on fire, looking at him look at me like that. I recognize the overwhelming feeling to be desire. Just like I felt when we were in Jamaica. It's powerful.

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

"You look good enough to eat right now."

I choke on my drink, and he chuckles softly, leaning over to push the napkin towards me.

"If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were flirting with me."

"Maybe I am. So what?"

Shades of Us Publishing LLC

© 2022. All rights reserved.

“So what? You have a girlfriend.”

“Didn’t stop you from shoving your tongue down my throat days ago.”

My cheeks heat, “I was drunk.”

“You were coherent. You knew what you were doing.”

“You let me.”

He smiles handsomely, not even affected in the least by this conversation.

“I’m glad we skipped the small talk. Went right to the juicy stuff,” he sits up,

“Why did you kiss me like that, Anessa?”