

The Green Eyes Behind the Glasses

I sat on the back step of the orphanage, the rain falling lightly on my cheeks. My dark brown hair fell over my shoulders with cascading curls. I sat out here on the steps because inside some strangers were signing papers to take me home. I never did get how just signing a stupid piece of paper allowed you to just take a person away. I dreamed of the day when I was 18, nothing out of the ordinary for a 14 year old orphan that's been in 5 foster homes in this short amount of time. I glared in the window at the "nice" couple that sat at the table, signing my life away. The man caught my glance, his look displeasing. I turned my face away to stare at a puddle. There was nothing about that man that looked welcoming, something about the way his face turned up when a little kid would run past him made my stomach churn. I looked back in the window, my eyes falling on the woman. There was a sort of joy in her eyes as she scribbled the pen across the paper, a smile spreading across her face every time she would look up. She too looked my way when she sensed me watching her, a sweet smile that was filled with sympathy and love met her lips. I quickly looked away. It was all a lie. They would smile like that all the time and treat you like you were royalty for a while but then they would get sick of you and return you to this forbidden place. This time I wasn't going to fall for it. My eyes wandered back to the window again, accidentally focusing on the man. His look was hard and dark, just looking at him brought utter pain to me. The side of his mouth turned up in a smirk that only I seemed to see. It was a smirk that made the Grinch's seem like Santa Claus'...

BEEP BEEP BEEP. SMACK.

I sat up in bed, breathing hard from the dream that I had one too many times. The day that my foster parents, The Millers, took custody of me. It was no dream. It was a nightmare. I kicked off my covers and set my feet on the cold floor, pulling myself to my feet. I had been in this house for 4 years now, making me 18 years old. I was staying until I graduated in 3 months and time couldn't pass any faster. I walked over to my closet, examining all my clothes. Even though I was stuck in this God forsaken place with a life that was far from being all sunshine and unicorns I managed to make everyone believe that I lived the life of a millionaire. Well, that's just what everyone assumes based on my outer appearance. Has anyone asked? No. If someone asked would I tell them of my horrible reality? No. I had managed to become the girl that every other girl wanted to be and that every boy wanted to date, why would I sacrifice that now? I settled on wearing an oversized sweater with dark skinny jeans and black combat boots. I tiptoed to the bathroom across the hall, trying hard not to wake up The Bear down the hall. I wanted to make it out of the house without acquiring another bruise. I stood in front of the mirror, grabbing every type of make up I could to mask the purple on my

cheekbone. Success. I touched up my hip length curls and then flipped off the light to tip toe down the stairs. I went to the kitchen to see that mom had left me my lunch. I smiled as I picked up the bag and put it in my backpack. She was always so caring and always put me before her. I didn't understand how she could be married to The Monster. I grabbed an apple from the fridge and took a bite out of it as I walked to the door. I opened it to see the yellow bus blur past. Crap. I closed the door and stepped back into the house. Did I dare ask for a ride? I heard a door open upstairs and footsteps. Dad came into view rubbing his eyes.

“Why are you still here?” he asked, venom slipping from his mouth.

“I-I missed the bus..” I looked down at the floor.

“And what do you want me to do about it?” he got up in my face.

“N-nothing..” I mumbled.

“Speak up!” he hit me across the face with a loud crack, my face burning.

“Nothing,” I said louder, still not making eye contact.

“That's right, walk!” he said as he took a hold of my arm, opened the door and threw me out onto the porch. He slammed the door behind me. I regained my footing and adjusted my backpack. I walked down the driveway, my cheek burning and tears threatening to spill from my eyes. At least the school was right down the road...

I took a deep breath and composed myself before I pulled open the door to the school. I walked in, head high, disregarding all the looks I got from people. It was all normal.

“Jade!” my friend Bethany squealed as I walked down the senior hallway. She came bouncing up to me, her face beaming.

“Hey Beth,” I smiled. She was the only one that knew the truth about me and that's why she was my best friend. I think she knew me better than I knew myself sometimes.

“I overheard Logan talking with his friends about you!”

“Logan...Logan Stevens?”

“Yes, Logan Stevens!”

“Well what did he say?” we walked down the hallway and she explained to me how Logan was going to ask me out later today or something blah, blah, blah. It was the same thing everyday. She heard some boy talking to his friends about asking me out, he would come ask me out and I would either accept or decline. Logan Stevens was different though. He didn't date just anyone.

“So are you going to say yes?” Bethany asked eagerly.

“I don't know, I'll think about it..”

“What? You'll think about it? You'd be crazy to say no!” she practically screamed, drawing attention from basically everyone in the hallway. I smiled at all of them and then gave Bethany the evil eye. I love her to death but she never knew when to tone it down.

“I said I'll think about it, okay?” I practically hissed. She shrugged and continued to bounce down the hallway with me.

“Nerd alert,” she chirped. I looked over and sure enough there he was. The biggest nerd ever known to mankind. Travis Reese. He stood next to his open locker, putting a book in his backpack. I snickered to myself as I walked up to him and slammed his locker. His head shot up to look at me.

“See ya in first hour, nerd,” I smirked as I pushed past him. I turned my head to see Bethany running after me, laughing. I saw Travis adjust his glasses and run a hand through his light brown curls. I turned my head and continued walking down the hall. Travis Reese was my everyday target, you could call it taking my anger out on him. Whenever I would have a bad day at home with my dad I would make his life absolute hell. It made me happy really, especially because he seemed to be terrified of me. Bethany rambled on and on about some boy that she was obsessed with as I pulled books out of my locker. The warning bell rang as I slammed my locker shut. We walked to our first hour history class together. I let out a heavy sigh as my eyes fell on my table. I had to sit next to Travis in this class. I took my seat next to him, his face was buried in a book. I rolled my eyes and pulled out my folders.

“Good morning class!” the teacher said in her high pitched voice that sounded like nails on a chalkboard. She had this brown hair that was greasy enough to make a whole day's worth of fast food fries with, these brown eyes that would pretty much burn a hole in your soul every time she looked at you and these hideous clothes that I'm pretty sure belonged to her dead grandmother. To sum it up she was quite the peach, “Now today we are going to start your planning for your partner project.” Usually I would tune her out and it wasn't hard because her voice made me want to hit myself in the face with my chair, but my ears could not miss those two little words. Partner. Project. Everyone's eyes floated up to her, “You will be working on a topic of your choice with the person sitting next to you. We won't be doing much of this in class so it is required that you meet together out of class.”

“What?” I hissed under my breath. Did I seriously hear her correctly? There was no way on this earth that I was going to work with El Dorko let alone spend time with him after school.

“You may take a second and plan out how you will be working on this project with your partner,” the teacher grinned. Now I wanted to hit her in the face with my chair.

“S-so do you want to meet at your house or m-mine?” Travis stuttered next to me. I froze.

“Your house. Definitely your house,” I spat out, not even making eye contact with him.

“O-okay. Do you just want to ride home with me then?” he asked.

“You have a car?” I lifted an eyebrow and looked over at him, his eyes never met mine.

“Yeah..” he mumbled. I let out a snort, picturing just what kind of clunker he had for a car.

“Fine, I’ll meet you in the student lot after school then,” I said. He nodded and looked back down at the table. I was in for the longest afternoon of my life...

I walked out the side doors with Bethany at my side, giggling about God only knew what.

“Oh hello,” she said, her eyes falling on something in the parking lot. I looked in the direction her eyes were glued on.

“Wow..” slipped from my mouth as I saw Travis leaning up against a sleek, black truck, “Wasn’t expecting that at all..”

“Maybe this whole working with him on a project won’t be that bad..” I looked over at her, my eyebrow lifted.

“Yeah and maybe stabbing myself in the eye won’t hurt THAT bad,” she rolled her eyes.

“Have fun,” she poked my arm. I drew in a breath and shuffled over to the black truck. Travis’ eyes watched me from behind his glasses as I walked over to the passenger side.

“Are you just going to stand there or are we going to go?” I asked as I pulled open the door. He nodded and did the same, “Because the sooner we get to your house the sooner I can leave,” I mumbled as I hopped in and buckled myself in. He put the key in the ignition and the engine roared to life. Mmm that sounded nice. I smirked to myself. No, stop it! If he sees you he’ll think your pleased with him. I mentally slapped myself and looked out the window. I hoped not too many people saw me get in here with him. I could only think of the consequences that would make...

Travis turned on the radio, filling the silence that hung in the air. I smiled to myself as the song was one of my favorites, “A Drop in the Ocean” by Ron Pope. I sung quietly to myself as I watched trees pass. I could faintly hear Travis singing next to me. I sang a little softer trying to hear him. The sound I heard amazed me. This boy could really sing!

“Your really good!” I blurted out, he looked over at me, his eyes wide. He stopped singing and focused his eyes back to the road. I studied his face for a moment, taking in his perfect jawline, chocolate brown curls and pink lips. He looked over at me, our eyes locked. He smiled at me, showing me his pearly whites. I gave him a little smile back and looked back out the window. He never smiled at me before, let alone make eye contact with me. It surprised me. He turned into a driveway, a big house came into view. The house was gorgeous with cream colored siding, brown shutters and big windows. It stood tall against the bright blue sky.

“Wow..” I said, “You live here?”

“Yeah,” he said as he turned off the engine. I unbuckled my seat belt and opened the door, jumping down to the black pavement. I followed him to the door as he pushed it open and stepped inside. The inside was even prettier than the outside. It looked so homely and welcoming compared to my house. I slipped my shoes off and placed them next to his, making mine look like a toddler's his were so big. I followed him to the kitchen and watched him as he rummaged through the cupboards.

“We don't have any fancy foods here so you'll have to settle for something we have...if you want anything,” he said, his eyes fixed in the cupboard.

“Trust me I don't eat anything too fancy,” I blurted out, my eyes widening as I looked up at him. He looked over at me. I pressed my lips together and looked at the floor.

“Well I thought since you were rich and everything..”

“Cheetos will be just fine,” I said changing the subject. He shrugged and grabbed the bag. I never really realized how tall he was before until he stood here towering to look in the cupboard, standing what seemed like an entire foot over me. He grabbed 2 Pepsi's from the fridge and started towards the stairs.

“How do you know I like Pepsi?” I asked, crossing my arms.

“Because you always buy one at lunch,” he stated as he bounced up the stairs. Touche. I followed him up, turning to walk into his room. It looked like a normal teenage boy room with a dark blue comforter on a full sized bed, clothes strewn in random places and a TV along one of the walls. I expected a spaceship comforter, books everywhere and Harry Potter posters. He sat down on his bed and patted the space next to him. Where did all this confidence come from? I never saw this side of him before..

“So what do we want to do our project on?” he asked as I sat down next to him. I shrugged as I watched him open up his history textbook. He flipped through the pages, “French and Indian war, World War one, World War two..anything looking good?” he continued flipping through, topics flying by.

“Let's do the Holocaust..” I said. He nodded and flipped back to the section it was in.

“You can do research on my laptop if you want,” he pointed over to his desk. I walked over and sat down in his rolling chair. I turned it on and it hummed to life, his login screen popping up.

“Travis,” I said. I heard him get up off his bed and walk up behind me. He bent down and had to put his arms on either side of me to type in his password, they just barely brushed my arms. The warmth of his body sent a tingle down my spine. He walked away just as quickly as he came, the minty smell of his cologne still lingered in the air, tickling my nose. I went to the internet and started

researching the Holocaust, “So what do you want me to find?” I asked as I scrolled through the millions of links.

“Whatever you can, write it down in this notebook,” he tossed me a notebook and I grabbed a pen from the desk. I clicked on random websites and started finding random bits of information until there was a knock on the door.

“Come in,” Travis said. The door opened and a lady walked in, Travis' mother I assumed.

“What do you want for...oh I didn't know there was anyone else in here...” she said her eyes wandering over to me.

“Yeah, mom this is Jade Miller,” Travis stated.

“Well hello dear! Travis has never talked about you before! Wow your a pretty one! I didn't know my little boy could get someone like you...”

“Mom!” Travis practically shrieked, “We're not dating!” her mouth formed an o.

“Well...you two have fun doing whatever your doing...” her eyes moved towards the door, “Are you staying for dinner honey?”

“Oh no thanks, I should probably be getting home soon anyways..” I politely spoke.

“Well feel free if you change your mind!” she beamed before she glided out the door. I giggled lightly and turned back to the computer.

“She's quite the ray of sunshine!” I smiled.

“Mmmm...” Travis mumbled.

“I like her, I may just have to get her number before I leave!” I laughed. I heard a pencil drop to the floor. I turned in my chair to see Travis' mouth was hanging open, “What?”

“You like MY mom...”

“Well yeah! She's really sweet.”

“It's just compared to your family...nevermind...” Travis trailed off, his eyes moving back to his notebook.

“No...what do you mean, compared to my family..” I used air quotes.

“Well...you come from a...wealthy family. I just thought that you would kind of ignore us little people..”

“I happen to be quite favoring of people like you...I am normal you know,” I spat.

“You sure don't act like it..” his eyes still refused to meet mine.

“Then what do I act like Mr. Smartypants?” I lifted my eyebrows and crossed my arms across my chest. He looked up at me.

“Really? You aren't aware of the giant ego that radiates from you or the size of your big head?”

he asked. My mouth dropped. Who did he think he was?

“I have to go..” I said as I stood up from the chair and grabbed my bag from the floor.

“I’m sorry that was mean...”

“No. I get it. I’m a self centered, big headed witch that doesn’t care about anyone but herself.

But thanks for reminding me,” I sneered as I stomped out the door. I was fuming as I walked down the stairs. I didn’t even say goodbye to Travis’ mom.

I opened the door and stalked to the kitchen, trying to make as little noise as possible. I scavenged the cupboards, looking for something to eat my anger away with. Really, who did he think he was? Telling me who I was when he doesn’t even really know who I am! As I grabbed the box of Captain Crunch Berries and hastily shoved a handful in my mouth the thought occurred to me. Maybe he was right. Maybe I did have a big head. Maybe I was self centered. I let out a sigh and tried to shoo the thoughts away as I walked to go up the stairs. I ran into my dad in the process.

“Where were you?” he spat.

“I-I was working on a project for school at my p-partners h-house,” I stuttered, gripping the cereal box tight between my hands.

“And why didn’t you tell me about this?”

“I f-forgot to call..” he shook his head.

“Horrible excuse. Just like you. YOUR A HORRIBLE EXCUSE FOR A DAUGHTER!” he said as he pushed me into a table that sat next to the couch. I fell into a vase that was sitting there, causing it to break as I fell to the floor. Glass pieces showered me as I landed flat on my side, cutting up the visible parts of my body, “Clean this up!” he spat. I scrambled up and grabbed the broom and dust pan from the kitchen closet. I swept up all the pieces of the once flowery vase and got rid of them quickly so I could escape to my room, “And what are you going to tell your mother?”

“That I broke the vase when I accidentally ran into the table..”

“And about your cuts?”

“That I fell while I was running out on the track in gym today..” he nodded in approval and stalked off to his room. I let out a sigh of relief as I carried myself up the stairs to the bathroom. I flipped on the light and nearly screamed at the face looking back at me. Two giant gashes were streaming blood down the side of my face. I found a wash cloth and wet it under cold water. I held it up to my face, cringing at the touch of it on my open cuts. I took the wash cloth away and examined the crimson stain my own blood made. I tried to stop the bleeding the best I could and wash out all

evidence of the massacre, finally deciding to give up just as the doorbell rang downstairs. I hung it on the towel rack and clomped down the stairs.

“It’s okay, I got it,” I mumbled to myself as I opened the door. I nearly slammed the door closed when I saw the face. It was Travis, “Tra-Travis?” I managed.

“Jade?” his eyebrows scrunched together.

“In the flesh...what the heck are you doing here?” I snapped.

“You forgot your purse with your phone and wallet and everything at my house, figured you might want it before tomorrow..”

“Erm yeah tha..”

“Jade, who is it?” my dad yelled from down the hall.

“Uhh...j-just a friend,” I yelled back.

“Well either let them in or get out or your paying the next heating bill!” I sighed and pushed Travis out of the way to step out on the porch, closing the door behind me. I took my purse from him and looked up at him.

“How did you figure out where I live?” I questioned.

“Phone book...but you live...here?” he looked around.

“Yeah, go ahead and laugh..”

“I’m not going to laugh at you Jade.”

“Why? It’s payback. I’m a complete jerk to you and now you know that I don’t live in a fancy house or have the life that everyone is stupid enough to believe.”

“Because...I’m better than that,” he said. I looked him straight in the eye.

“Yeah, Travis, your way better than that..” I looked away.

“What happened to your cheek?” he asked, the tone in his voice sounded worried. I covered it up, wincing.

“Nothing, I uh...fell...” I looked down at my toes that were now suddenly very interesting.

“Jade, look at me,” I let out a sigh and brought my eyes up to look at him, “What really happened?”

“My dad threw me into a table and I landed on a vase, it broke it and then cut me...” his eyebrows scrunched together.

“Why would he do that? He’s your dad! He should care for you...why do parents do that to their own children?” I bit my lip. He already knew everything else about me now..

“He’s not my real dad...he’s my foster dad. My parents gave me up to an orphanage when I was a baby because they didn’t want me. This is my 6th foster home,” he looked at me like I just killed his

cat.

“What?” I nodded, “I’m so sorry Jade, I didn’t know...”

“No one does...the only person who knows is Bethany.”

“Why don’t you tell anyone? For support or anything. You can’t just do this alone..”

“Well if you were in my position would you want everyone to know that your a poor, foster child that’s so unwanted that you’ve been in 6 foster homes and are abused by your foster dad?” he just looked at me, “That’s what I thought. Look, I gotta go. I’ll see you in school tomorrow.”

“Wait,” he grabbed my arm, “You shouldn’t have to live here with him. Doesn’t your foster mom know about this and do something about it?”

“She doesn’t know and she isn’t around much because of her job..” he shook his head.

“Come on,” he started pulling me towards his car.

“Where are you taking me?”

“You’re going to stay at my house so you don’t have to live with him.”

“What about clothes and stuff?”

“You can wear my sister’s clothes, she’s away at college and still has some things left at home.”

“Okay..” I followed him to his car and got in the passenger side, “He’s going to kill me if he finds out I just left..”

“He can’t if he doesn’t ever see you again,” I lifted an eyebrow, “Jade, that’s not right what he’s doing to you, he can go to jail for that.”

“So what am I just going to stay with you until I graduate?”

“I don’t see why not,” he smiled. I nodded and sunk down in my seat. I couldn’t believe that the boy I bullied since 8th grade was helping me.

I tried to hold back my cries as Mrs. Reese dabbed a wash cloth of rubbing alcohol on my cuts, the stinging making me cringe.

“I’m sorry dear, I just don’t want them to get infected with as big as they are,” she said as she set the wash cloth on the counter and grabbed the antibiotic ointment. She lightly dabbed it on the open skin, being extra careful not to hurt me. I watched her intently, taking in her sympathy and concern. She was a model of what all moms should be like.

“Thank you...for showing me show much care,” I smiled as she put a band aid on my cheek since I would have to sleep on it.

“It’s the least I can do,” she smiled as she turned and threw the band aid wrappings in the trash.

I jumped off the counter and went to walk out, “Jade,” she said. I turned to face her. She walked over to me and took me in her arms, squeezing me tightly, “You seem like an amazing girl, don't let anyone tell you that your worthless,” she sweetly spoke in my ear.

“Thank you,” I whispered, holding her tight. She stroked my hair, running her fingers through my loose curls.

“Hey mom what...oh sorry..” Travis said as he appeared in the doorway and quickly turned away.

“No, no, it's okay. I have to go pick up a few things from the store. Do you want me to pick you up anything Jade?” she pulled away from me and studied my face.

“I'm just fine, Mrs. Reese, thank you,” I smiled.

“Please, call me Anne, Mrs. Reese is my ex husband's dead mother,” she chuckled.

“Oh I didn't...”

“It's okay, no need to apologize,” she patted my cheek and moved out of the bathroom. She took a hold of Travis' shoulders, “Take good care of her, okay?” he nodded. She slipped out of sight down the hall. I looked back to Travis who was studying my face. He wasn't wearing his glasses and his green eyes sparkled. I never noticed how green his eyes were before. His perfect, chocolate brown curls framed his face and his pink lips were pursed. A small smile met my lips.

“What?” he asked, lifting an eyebrow.

“It's nothing...I just...never noticed how green your eyes were...” I bit my lip. He chuckled, “You should get contacts.”

“I have contacts.”

“Well you should wear them, it makes your eyes more visible and you shouldn't hide those eyes,” the words slipped from my mouth before I could catch them. I pressed my lips together and looked at the floor.

“I'm going to take that as a complement,” I heard him laugh, “Come on, I'll get you set up in my sister's room,” I followed him down the hall to a room that I haven't seen yet. The walls were dark purple, a big bed sat in the center, a black comforter covering it and white curtains covered the big window on the other side of the room, “You can stay in here.”

“Are you sure your sister will be okay with this?” I asked, looking around the giant room.

“Of course,” he smiled, “So you can just get comfortable and if you need anything I'll be next door.”

“Thank you,” I smiled. He nodded and walked out, shutting the door behind him. I padded over to the big bed and pulled back the covers. I climbed in and pulled the covers over me, wrapping myself

in a cocoon. I stared at the ceiling, allowing my mind to run wild. Thoughts flooded my head and kept my eyes from closing. My eyes wandered around the dark room catching a flash of lightning on the opposite wall, followed by a large crack of thunder. I jumped and curled further into the covers. I hated thunderstorms so much. The thought of going into Travis' room occurred to me but I quickly shooed it away and closed my eyes. Every crack of thunder made me shudder. I kicked the covers off and pulled myself out of bed. I let out a sigh as I walked to the door, I couldn't believe I was going to do this. I opened the door and tiptoed down the hall, hearing the constant patter of rain above me. I got to his door and paused, taking in a deep breath. Did I really want to do this? A large boom caused the house to shake. There was my answer. I turned the doorknob and opened the door a crack.

“Travis?” I whispered.

“Yeah, come in,” he answered. I opened the door fully to see he was sitting at his desk on his laptop, “Couldn't sleep either?” I shook my head, “What's wrong? You look pale..”

“I hate thunderstorms..” I mumbled. He nodded and closed his laptop.

“You can stay in here with me,” my eyes focused on his bed, “If that's...okay...” another crack of thunder made me yelp and I practically ran over to the other side of the bed and jumped in. I heard him chuckle as I pulled the covers over me. He got in next to me, his warmth tickling my skin.

“Good night,” I sighed as I closed my eyes.

“Good night,” he whispered back, the bed moving as he rolled over. My body shivered underneath the covers and it was racked with constant shudders. I tried to control it, hoping that Travis didn't notice. Suddenly the bed moved next to me and two strong arms wrapped around my body, pulling me closer to him.

“Is this okay?” he whispered, I nodded as I cuddled in further to him, “Just relax..” he cooed. I closed my eyes and used my thumb to trace circles on his hand that rested under mine. With his other free hand he ran his fingers through my hair.. I felt myself drifting to sleep as the sound of rain and Travis' humming filled my ears.

I jumped out of the black truck, my shoes slapping the black pavement. I walked around and met Travis at the front. I took his hand, lacing my fingers in between his. He looked down at me, his face first showed shock but a smile eventually spread across his lips. I couldn't put my finger on it but with what happened yesterday I felt different about him. Whenever I would look at him butterflies would fill my stomach and whenever he would smile at me I couldn't help but smile back. We walked into school hand in hand and I didn't even care about all the looks people were giving us, all I knew is I

was happy. I spotted Bethany standing by her locker at the end of the hall. She was looking at me, her eyes the size of hockey pucks.

“I’m going to go talk to Bethany, I’ll see you in first hour,” I smiled up at Travis as I stood up on my tip toes to kiss his cheek. He gave me a toothy smile that made me laugh as I walked over to Bethany.

“Good morning,” I beamed as I did my locker combination and pulled it open.

“Wow...what’s up with you and Travis?” from the corner of my eye I could see her put her hand on her hip.

“Oh...I’m staying at his house until we graduate,” her eyes almost popped out of her skull.

“What? Why?”

“My dad is becoming too much for me to handle..” her eyes fell on my cheek and a little gasp escaped her lips.

“Oh my gosh...” her hand reached up and brushed lightly against my cheek, “But seriously, Travis Reese?” she jerked her hand away and her blue eyes pierced me up against my locker.

“He’s not really that bad of a guy...” I said, looking down at my shoes.

“Jade,” I looked up at her, “I didn’t say it was a bad thing,” a smile spread across her face. I scoffed, remembering her evil stare from earlier, “So do you like him?”

“You know what...I think I do,” I smiled.

“Aww! Well I have to say seeing you two walk in together holding hands made my heart melt, you two are so cute together!” she cooed, her eyes falling on something behind me. They grew wide in horror and I turned to see what she was looking at. It was Travis being cornered up against his locker by Logan Stevens, Logan’s fist clenched at his side.

“Travis!” I screamed as I ran over to them. I pushed them apart, putting myself in between them, “Leave him alone Logan,” I hissed.

“So you need your girlfriend to fight your battles for you Reese?” Logan directed over my head.

“Jade get out of here, I can handle this,” Travis said behind me.

“You heard him sweetheart,” Logan sneered, looking down at me with a smirk plastered across his face. Travis took my arm and moved me behind him.

“What do you want from me Logan?” Travis asked as I peered around his body.

“You know good and well,” I held the back of Travis’ maroon t shirt in my hand, using him as a shield from Logan’s stare.

“Just leave her alone,” Travis held his ground.

“Come on Travis, let’s just go,” I whispered to the material that covered his back.

“Why so you can have her all to yourself?” I felt Travis take in a lungful of air, “What makes you think that Jade Miller would ever want to go out with a nerd like you?” he tensed up.

“Travis, let it go, come on,” I said, tugging on him.

“And what makes you think she would ever want to date a jerk like you?” that did it. Logan's fist collided with his face, a scream left my mouth as I felt the impact too. Travis was quick to respond, sending a punch to his stomach, making him bend forward. Travis stood with one hand on his face and the other arm at his side, his fist still clenched. I pulled on his arm but he wouldn't budge.

“It's over Travis, let's go,” I said, taking his free hand. He finally gave in and followed me down the hall. I walked quickly, trying to get him away from Logan's furious friends that would more than likely come for him. I pulled him out the doors and into the student lot to his truck, “Give me your keys,” I held out my hand.

“I can drive,” I lifted an eyebrow at him.

“Travis, your bleeding. Your not driving anywhere so just give me your dang keys,” he closed his eyes and pulled out his keys from his pocket, setting them in my open hand like he was giving me his newborn child. I opened the driver's side door and hopped in, shutting it behind me.

“Please be careful,” he got in next to me and closed the door. I started it and put it in drive.

“Nothing to worry about,” I smiled as I pulled out of the parking spot.

“Where are you taking me?”

“Back to your house, your mom isn't home right?” his eyes grew wide, “Oh my gosh you act like I'm going to rape you or something, I just don't want her to freak out when her child comes home with blood running down his face!”

“No, she's not home,” I nodded as I pulled out onto the main road, “You know the way to my house?” he asked, his voice muffled from the wad of napkins he held against his bloody nose. I nodded as I realized that I was going to pass my house in a second. My eyes fell on the gray house and the cop car that was parked in the driveway. My dad was being escorted to it by 2 police men, his hands cuffed behind his back. My mouth fell open as I drove past, all the images fading from view. Travis put his hand on my knee.

“Did you call them?” I asked, my eyes still fixed on the road in front of me.

“He abused you. I thought it was the right thing to do. You aren't mad are you?” I shook my head as I pulled into his driveway. I turned off the truck and got out. Travis met me at the front, taking me in his arms, “Jade talk to me..” I looked up at him, tears forming in my blue eyes.

“Thank you,” I muttered, “Thank you for everything. No one has ever shown this much care for me ever. It means so much,” I let a smile trace my lips.

“Your welcome,” he smiled back.

“I want to properly thank you..” he lifted an eyebrow. I got up on my tip toes and pressed my lips against his. At first he just stood there, being taken by surprise but then his lips moved in sync with mine. I pulled away with a smile that would make the Cheshire Cat jealous. I looked up into his green eyes as he pulled me closer and leaned down to my ear.

“I don't think I feel properly thanked yet,” he winked. I let out a little giggle and let him press his lips against mine again. At that moment I knew I was in love with the boy with the green eyes behind the glasses.