

Implied

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Best Friends since preschool, Chad Keller and Taye Williams are inseparable. As Chad and Taye begin their Senior year of High School, it seems as if everyone knows something they don't.

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Chapter One

Bright, hot sun rays peeked through the small slits between each blind panel covering the window. Taye grunted softly, rolling from her side onto her stomach. She opened an eye to stare at the clock sitting on the nightstand, as a yawn managed to escape her mouth. For a few moments the time seemed to be written in a foreign language, French or German maybe. Taye groaned again and brought her hand up to her face, rubbing the sleep from her eyes as best she could. A second yawn formed and she returned to trying to decipher the time. When it finally cleared enough for her to read it, she turned back onto her side.

Taye faced the purple haired boy sleeping next to her, passed out as if he'd been shot with a tranquilizer gun. Chad's right arm hung over the edge of the bed, his left leg created a half hazard right angle, and the muscles of his back rippled with each breath. He was a light sleeper and he probably already knew that she was up. She almost didn't want to wake him, but almost was the key word.

Taye shoved his naked shoulder lightly. "Chad." She whispered. "Chad, get up it's eight."

"At night?" he mumbled.

She punched his shoulder gently. "No, now get up."

Taye sat up and threw the blankets from her waist. Chad still lay in the same position as before. She sighed and gritted her teeth.

"Get up or I'm going to tickle you." She said.

He grunted something inaudible.

"I'm serious." Taye hissed as threatening as she could, which wasn't very much.

Chad's head was turned away from her, but she could see his cheek rise; he was smiling. "Do it." he said hotly.

Taye shook her head, letting a smirk dance on her lips. "You asked for it."

Chad tried to roll off the bed, but Taye was quicker. She sat on his butt with her knees pinning his arms to the bed. She danced two fingers across his back, barely touching his skin. His muscles became stiff beneath her touch and she laughed. Taye traced a pattern up to a spot beneath his shoulder blade where he was ticklish most and began poking him mercilessly. Chad squirmed slightly, trying to arch away from her hand.

"Give up yet?" She asked, still poking him.

“No.” Chad sighed. “The massage feels nice.”

Her eyes narrowed. She socked his shoulder and rolled off of him. “Jerk.”

Taye moved to sit on the edge of the bed and messed around with the radio, trying to find a good station. She settled on a decent one, turning the volume up just loud enough for the music to be heard. She stood up and stretched. Her back and shoulders popped in various places, but it felt good. Chad's bed was comfortable, way better than hers at home, but it was that comfort that created so many knots in her body.

Taye looked over her shoulder, Chad was still laying down, though now he had turned on his side to stare at her. She stuck out her tongue at him, he returned the gesture. She rolled her eyes and he laughed at her.

“One day, your eyes are gonna get stuck like that and I'm going to laugh my @\$ off.” he said as he sat up.

“Uh-huh.” Taye replied. She'd heard that phrase so many times it had no real effect anymore. Maybe when she was three it scared the crap out of me, but she was eighteen now and fables were just that, fables.

Taye moved from the bedside to Chad's dresser, eyeing herself in the mirror carefully. She looked horrible. Her hair stuck straight up on one side and dried pieces of drool clung to the corners of her mouth. Taye glared at Chad from the mirror. “Jerk.”

Chad simply grinned at her, egging her on like he knew he could. Taye rolled her eyes again, but she couldn't help smiling. She knew her fight against him was useless, it had been for years. When they were kids she could have beat him easily, outsmarting him rather than using her fists. Though the day she and Chad started eighth grade it seemed as if the boy had finally found his brain. Her snappy comebacks fell flat and his incredulous stare – like the one he was now giving her – seemed to stop her, making her backtrack to see where she had gone wrong.

“Quit looking at me.” Taye snapped. She wasn't looking in the mirror anymore, instead she had taken to running her index finger along the waist band of her sweatpants, fixing the parts that had become twisted during the night. She could feel his gaze beating on her back, watching her every move.

“I'm not.” Chad said innocently.

Taye lifted her arm to glare at him. “Liar.”

Chad laughed and stood up from the bed. He clasped his fingers together behind his back and arched forward, puffing his chest out like a robin. His pajama bottoms were as wrinkled as Taye's had been, but he didn't seem to care. Chad yawned loud, giving Taye reason to arch an eyebrow at him. He ran a hand through his hair. Taye didn't think it could get any messier than it was, but as Chad rustled his fingers through it she quickly took the thought back.

“What?” Chad questioned. Taye's eyebrow was still cocked upward, she hadn't noticed.

“Nothing, nothing.” she giggled. It wasn't her place to tell him how to act in his own room, though she knew he wouldn't mind if she did. Chad didn't care what she did, so long as it didn't cause him bodily harm. Taye laughed to herself, she couldn't even count on both hands how many times that agreement had been broken.

Taye's reverie was interrupted when she felt her body collide into the dresser. “Liar.” Chad whispered in her ear before walking away as fast as he could. It took a minute to realize that Chad had thrust his hip into Taye's backside, shoving her forward and into the large wooden box. It wouldn't have gotten to her so much if the one broken handle on the dresser hadn't stabbed her ribs.

Taye hissed, snapping her head in his Chad's direction. “You @\$\$!” she screamed. She grabbed a bottle of cologne from on top of the dresser and threw it at Chad's head. She would have hit him dead on if he hadn't ran into the hall and shut the door on her, causing the bottle to shatter as it connected with the wood. Taye bit her lip angrily. “He's cleaning that up.” she mumbled to herself.

Chad stood next to the bathroom, flinching just barely when he heard the glass bottle break against his bedroom door. He laughed. *Good Ole Taye*, he thought to himself. It was a normal thing in his house to get things thrown at his head, whether it be from his brothers or Taye, he was used to it. Granted he wasn't always swift enough to dodge the attacks, he avoided most.

Chad began pounding on the bathroom door angrily. “Danny! Hurry the frack up!” he yelled. “Some of us aren't fans of bladder infections.” He hit the door a final time and stormed away. His younger brother would be in there for a while, it was ridiculous.

Danny was fourteen years old, he barely drank anything, yet he peed like he's just consumed the Nile River. He was like a girl when it came to the bathroom, staying in there for two hours just to get that one last hair on his head to stay down. It made Chad thankful that his daily grooming routine was quick and to the point; Shower, get dressed and brush his teeth, it was that simple. Taye often teased him for being so quick, telling him that one day he was going to forget to do something and his whole day would be thrown off. It had happened once too.

In the seventh grade there had been a dance that he was so stoked to go to and the entire night he bragged about being able to get ready faster than Taye. She laughed and played cool, not even daring to acknowledge his antics. When he got to the dance, everyone began laughing at him. Chad was so confused, not knowing what they were laughing at. Then a chaperon walked up to him with a sympathetic glance. Turned out Chad had been wearing his pants inside out the entire time. Fortunately for him, Taye had noticed back at the house, but instead of telling him about the mistake, she just turned her pants inside out and danced with him the entire night.

Taye was thoughtful like that. She never pointed out his mistakes or faults, she just adjusted and matched him. Chad loved that about her. He loved everything about Taye, which was why she was his best friend. They'd been friends since they were three years old when their mom's had decided that a play date would be good for them. Good for them was an understatement because the moment they were supposed to go home, Chad and Taye began kicking and screaming as they held onto each other

for dear life. It took ten minutes to separate them and three times as long to convince both of them that neither of them were leaving for good.

Chad stalked back to his room with his stomach churning from the lack of release and food. He opened the door to be met with a stinging sensation running through his head. He was taken back, unable to pinpoint exactly what had happened. "What the?" He shook his head and looked to his left. Taye stood wielding a pillow and wearing a grin. She laughed. "Ooh, that's it." He said with a devilish smirk tugging at the corners of his mouth. Taye's eyes grew wide and she ran. Chad gave her a five second head start, but it wouldn't amount to much. His room wasn't the biggest in the world so there was little room for her to run away. Chad locked the door to prevent her from escaping so quickly if the option ever crossed her mind. He turned to face her, she was standing on his bed still holding the pillow she had hit him with. He juked to the right, Taye twitched to the left. He juked to the left and she dodged to the right. Chad stood up straight and arched his brow. Taye wasn't trying to outrun him, she wanted him to catch her. Chad shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. If that was what Taye wanted then he'd give it to her.

He ran forward, kicking his foot off of the wall to gain more speed. Taye shrieked and tried to jump off of the bed, but Chad had caught her legs before she could. He pressed his forearm to the back of her knees, sending her careening backwards onto the bed. She giggled as she tried to push him away in order to get back up. But Chad grabbed her arms and pinned them to the bed. He moved his body to sit on her the way she had sat on him earlier, though he didn't actually sit on her. Taye was smaller than Chad and he didn't dare press his weight directly on her, so he kept himself on his knees, barely letting the fabric of his pants graze her skin.

"Give up?" He asked seriously.

"Do I ever?" Taye countered. She stuck her tongue out at him and giggled again.

"That's what I thought." Chad said. He reached into the pocket of his pants and pulled out a feather he had taken from one of his mom's vases that sat by the stairs. He twirled the small object, teasing Taye by tangling it just above her nose. "Give up?" he asked again.

Taye's eyes had narrowed. "Where'd you get that from?"

"Does it matter?"

She started to wiggle beneath him, trying to get away, but his legs tightened on her sides, making her lay straight. She glared at him while chewing on her bottom lip. "Don't you dare." she hissed.

Chad laughed. "And why not?" he said. He had brought the feather away from her nose and to her abdomen. Taye was extremely ticklish and even then as he barely brushed the tiny strands over her stomach, he could see her brow furrowing while she fought the urge to laugh.

"Because I'll knee you in the balls if you do." he choked out.

Chad's eyes snapped up to meet hers. She wouldn't do it, he knew it, but she had before and he honestly wasn't willing to take any chances. He stared at her hard. He wiggled the feather on her stomach and she lifted her knee. It was like his hand and her leg were connected by an invisible thread,

every time he moved the feather she mocked his movements by bringing her knee up at the same time. "Fine." Chad conceded.

He lifted his leg off of Taye and sat on the edge of the bed. He waited for her to sit up before he stood up to walk to his closet. He got about half way when he felt the wind fly from his lungs. Taye had tackled him hard to the ground and straddled his waist. He coughed and gasped, trying to refill his lungs as quickly as possible. He looked up at the large smile that on Taye's face. "You suck!" he shouted.

Taye laughed. "But you love me." she said.

Chad sighed and shook his head. He opened his mouth to say that he did, but that wasn't what came out. "Ow. Ow. Ow." he hissed as he arched his back up. He reached behind his back and pulled out a piece of glass that had been stabbing him in the back. He gave Taye a look. "Why didn't -"

Taye pressed a finger to his lips. "Your cleaning it up." she said. She stood up and walked out of the room. Chad let out a breath he didn't realize he'd been holding. *Good Ole Taye*, he thought.