

A New Meeting

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Claire runs into a familiar face, however he has no clue who she is and on top had passed away. (Worst Description Ever too lazy to think of something better.) ClaireXSteve

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1 - Surprise

A New Meeting Chapter 1.[br]

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Claire was walking up to her apartment room, having had a long day at work. As soon as she was inside, she threw off her boots by the door and went to flop on the couch. She turned on the TV, listening to whatever was on. Just too tired to care, she fell asleep.[br]

A few hours later she woke up, startled by her dream, she looked around at her apartment. She blinked, noticing a few tears running down her face as she sat tidily on the couch, wiping them away quickly. "Stop it Claire, its not like you could have done anything," she whispered to herself.[br]

She got up, went to the bathroom and turned on the cold water. She washed her face and looked at herself in the mirror. "Well don't you look horrible?" she muttered. The phone started ringing in the other room, she quickly patted down her face with a wash towel since it was still wet and hurried into the other room. She got there just as the voice mail started recording.[br]

"Hey Claire...this is Chris, I just wanted to know how you were doing and I haven't been near a computer lately. Well...I guess you aren't home since you aren't answering, bye..."[br]

She had listened to him speaking, frantically picking it up when she heard the last word, "I'm here Chris! Sorry..." All she heard was a dial tone. Sighing, she set it back in it's cradle before heading to her room to go change clothes. Afterwards she went back to the couch. Having brought a blanket from her room, she cuddled up in it. Later, falling asleep to a movie she had found on TV.[br]

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The next day was Claire's day off, as soon as she woke up she took a shower and got dressed, eating afterward. She put on her boots and headed out the door, thinking about looking around the town for once.[br]

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Among the shops she found herself in front of a cute clothing store. Deciding she could spend a little of her pay check, she went when and started looking around. She soon had found a few items she wanted to try on. She glanced out the shop's front window by chance, gasping when she saw someone she thought she recognized. Dropping the clothing on the floor in her rush, she ran out even though she knew it couldn't be him. She had to at least see with her own eyes.[br]

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She caught up with the boy easily, he had short brown hair and a jacket on. He was alerted by her

footsteps. He turned around to stare at her, wondering what she was running for. She stared at him for a second, him staring back at her in return like she was crazy after he halted.[br]

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Claire's mouth was wide open, "Steve...?" she asked, wondering if it was all just a dream, since he was dead.[br]

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He raised an eyebrow, "yeah...I'm Steve...Steve Burnside...why do you know my name..? Just who are you?" he asked, slightly annoyed at the disturbance.[br]

She just kept gawking at him.[br]

He sighed, frustrated, "You are...? You must want something from me, are you some kind of stalker?"[br]

She now snapped out of it, "I'm Claire Redfield...I'm sorry...you...just look...exactly like someone I knew...even the same name..." she said quietly, "sorry to have bothered you.."[br]

He shrugged and continued down the sidewalk like nothing happened.[br]

[br]

Claire, in a daze, ended up forgetting about the clothes store. She wandered into a nearby park She ended up sitting on a swing set while ignoring the children that were playing around her.[br]

"Steve..." she whispered, still dumbfounded by the fact he was still alive, or at least had a look alike. She remembered the slight pain in her chest when he had asked her what her name was. After a while, she saw a figure appear before her, she glanced up, finding a little girl staring at her, probably wanting the swing.[br]

She got up. "There you go!" she told the child chirpily and walked away, trying not to let others know that she was upset.[br]

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On her way home, she felt as if she were being watched, she tried not to glance around too much. It was probably just her imagination anyways. She unlocked the door to her apartment, quickly slipping inside and re-locking it, still getting the feeling as if someone was watching her.

2 - Introductions Aside

A New Meeting Chapter 2.[br]

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“Yes,” Steve answered into the phone, “I’ve found where she lives...though she found me first...” he paused, listening to the voice on the other side of the phone. “I’m in front of her apartment building, I already wrote down her room number.” He listened, rocking back and forth on his heels a little, “yeah...I get it...” he hung up and went into Claire’s apartment building to carry out his orders.[br]

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Claire flopped onto her couch again, curling up in her blanket that she had left there as she thought about Steve.[br]

“Chris...you better come back soon so I can talk to you...” she muttered to herself, “there’s so much that keeps going on...” she sighed, turning the tv on and changing it to a music video channel, mainly just watching the pictures.[br]

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After a few hours of doing mostly nothing, she got up and went to the fridge to indulge herself in a cold drink to quench her thirst. Opening the fridge just to remember she hadn’t replenished her stock. She sighed and went to go put her shoes on again, trying to get psyched about going outside.[br]

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She just got down the stairs to the main floor, the elevator being broken at the moment, she heard a crash just up the stairs and turned to look finding only herself running into someone backwards. She quickly turned around again, backing up so she could see the persons face and apologize correctly.[br]

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“Your clumsy, Cleeeair,” Steve told her, looking down at her with a small smirk and a roll of the eyes.[br]

[br]

She blinked, remembering him saying her name almost like that before on Rockfort Island. "Sorry..." she apologized quietly.[br]

[br]

He chuckled, "you should watch out next time," he walked around her and started up the stairs. [br]

Claire turned to watch him, finding instead a question popping into her head, "wait, Steve!"[br]
[br]

He turned sideways on the stairs and put his hands on his hips, looking slightly amused.[br]
[br]

"What are you doing here?" she asked him curiously.[br]
[br]

He chuckled, "starting today, I live here." He started up the stairs again, leaving her dumbfounded again. Quickly coming to her senses though, she headed out the main doors and towards the nearest store to pick up some groceries.[br]
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Coming back with a few bags, she fumbled with her keys as she tried to open her door.

3 - CHAPTER THREE

A New Meeting Chapter 3.[br]

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“Need help?” came a questioning voice from behind her, undoubtedly Steve’s.[br]

“No thanks,” Claire replied, getting the key into the slot and turning it. She quickly opened the door, taking her key as she slipped in.[br]

Steve caught the door with his foot and slipped in as well, closing the door quietly. He got a glare from Claire before she went to go put the groceries away.[br]

Steve decidedly made himself comfortable on the couch, flipping through the tv channels. Claire came back into the main room, leaning over the back of the couch, her elbows propping her up and fingers weaved together under her chin, glancing at him from the corner of her eye.[br]

“What are you doing?” she asked.[br]

“What does it look like, beautiful?” he asked, smirking, “I’m watching tv.”[br]

“Go back to your own apartment.”[br]

“Don’t have anything set up yet.”[br]

“Why don’t you go set it up then? Put your time to good use.”[br]

“Can I spend the night?”[br]

Claire deadpanned, looking straight at him, “no, if my brother comes back he’ll have a fit over it. Oh, and its “may’ I” she corrected him.[br]

Steve frowned, “its only one night, and you said ‘if’ he comes back,” he pointed out, “that means he may not and you don’t have to worry about it!”[br]

Claire glared, “my brother IS coming back. I just don’t know when, he always keeps his promises though.”[br]

Steve shrugged and leaned his head back on the couch, “still doesn’t seem all that reliable...no offence, Claire.”[br]

Claire turned around, leaning her back against the couch, trying not to explode at him, “you’re wrong,” she said quietly, quickly going into her room to cool off.[br]

[br]

‘He really is the same Steve!’ she fumed, ‘like before he told me he loved me...he’s so self centered...course he was done wrong...’ she ranted to herself. Burrowing her face into her pillow, she thought about him spending the night. Was it really wrong to just let him stay one night? Or should she make him leave, even though she had so desperately wanted to see him. She shook her head, “this is so confusing!” she muttered, rolling onto her back and staring at the ceiling.[br]

After a while she got up and went back into the main room, finding Steve still there, she sat beside him, easily grabbing the remote from his hand, blushing a little when she accidentally brushed his hand.[br]

Steve made a funny face at her for, “mean.”[br]

She felt the heat in her face flush away, she shook her head at him and changed the channel.[br]

“For one night?” he tried again, staring straight at her with puppy dog eyes.[br]

She squiggled a little uncomfortably at him staring at her, the only words she could get out were, “I’m not feeding you...and you get the couch.”[br]

He smiled, “I knew you were a great person Claire!” he then leaned back on the couch with his arm outlining the back of it lazily.[br]

She rolled her eyes at this, “yeah, yeah,” she said a bit sarcastically as she found a movie she liked that was on.[br]

“Oh, a romance, what are you thinking of?” Steve tried flirting.[br]

“That I want you to shut up and let me watch my movie,” she replied grumpily.[br]

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He chuckled at that and started to watch the movie, making comments every now and then. She hit him every time he did so.[br]

[br]

Claire had fallen asleep during it at some point, her head on the arm rest and the rest of her curled up in a ball.[br]

Steve looked at her for a few moments before getting up and laying the blanket she had left on the couch over her. He laid on the other side of the couch, watching the flashing screen and falling asleep himself.[br]

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Claire blinked her eyes open drowsily, seeing that the tv had been shut off. She sat up slowly and stretched, yawning slightly in the process. She looked around, startled by the fact that she didn't see Steve, she stood up and was going to start looking around before she heard a crash in the kitchen. She hurried, finding an empty pan laying on the floor, getting ready to be picked up by Steve. There were already different ingredients strewn about the kitchen.[br]

"Steve...what are you doing...?" Claire asked him, raising an eyebrow at the already mess.[br]

"Uh...." he paused for a second, "I was trying to make you breakfast...but I'm not very talented at this..."[br]

Claire sighed, "go sit in the other room...I'm going to go take a shower and then I'M going to make breakfast."[br]

He blinked, "but I thought you weren't going to feed me..."[br]

She facepalmed, "well I am now. Get your butt in the living room," she sighed, pushing him out before putting all the perishables away.[br]

[br]

She quickly went to her room, getting a new outfit to wear and quickly heading to the bathroom. She undressed, and turned on the warm water, getting in and letting it run over her for a few minutes. She then washed her hair, quickly lathering her hair with shampoo and washing it out. She then used conditioner, letting it stay for a few moments longer, having heard it was healthier.[br]

After finishing the rest of her shower, she got out and fetched the towel she used the other day, drying herself off. [br]

"I wonder what I'll make..." she pondered as she dried her hair a little, putting on her clothes afterward. She threw the towel on the floor before heading back out into the main room.[br]
[br]

Steve glanced at her, whistling at her low cut red shirt and flared black jeans.[br]

Claire rolled her eyes at him, "well isn't THAT mature," she said sarcastically before walking into the kitchen to fix pancakes.[br]

Steve followed her, watching her from the other side of the kitchen, examining her.[br]

Trying to ignore him, she did as she would normally do and got the ingredients out and started making the batter from scratch.[br]

"What are you making?" Steve asked loudly.[br]

“Food,” she stated, not faltering in stirring up the batter.[br]

“What kind?”[br]

She rolled her eyes, “you’ll see.” She put the pan on top of the stove after starting it up, soon pouring a part of the batter in. She set the bowl with the batter on the small counter she had and got a spatula out of a drawer. She watched the batter till it bubbled and flipped it over, getting it near perfect.[br]

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Steve was at her side now, “cool...how do you do that?”[br]

She shrugged, “practice, a little butter and a good spatula....oh, and some epic skills.”[br]

He shook his head at her, “that wasn’t funny.”[br]

She smirked, “wasn’t suppose to be.”[br]

Steve frowned at her and crossed his arms, “ha. Ha. Are you saying I don’t have skills?”[br]

[br]

Claire giggled and checked under the pancakes she had in the pan. She quickly went and grabbed a plate from the cupboard. She went back to the stove and got the pancakes off and onto the plate before starting a new batch.[br]

Steve pouted a little, quickly getting over it and watching her curiously as she made them breakfast.[br]
[br]

Claire got out two more plates, “you can take how ever many you want,” she told him, taking two for herself from the pile. She put butter on both of them and poured syrup on top of them, “make sure you put things back, okay?” She left to go watch tv.[br]

Steve got four pancakes off the original plate. He drowned the pancakes in syrup, putting the butter and syrup up quickly and heading back into the main room.[br]
[br]

“...Another chick flick?” he asked, raising an eyebrow curiously, going and sitting next to Claire.[br]

She rolled her eyes, “it’s a love tragedy.”[br]

“Yeah. A chick flick.”[br]

“If you don’t like it, leave.”[br]

“It’s fine.”[br]

“Then shut up.”[br]

[br]

They ate in silence for a while to the noises of people shouting each others name and more of the type of things a romantic tragedy had in store.[br]

“Why do you like this stuff?” Steve asked through a mouthful of food.[br]

“It’s entertaining.”[br]

“How?” he still had food in his mouth.[br]

“Don’t talk with your mouth full,” Claire scolded, taking smaller bites than he did.[br]

He swallowed the food whole, almost choking on it. He hit his chest a few times before asking, “*how* is it entertaining?”[br]

She rolled her eyes at his display of manners, “doesn’t matter...” ‘*Reminds me of how I lost you almost,*’ she added in her thoughts.[br]

[br]

More silence.[br]

[br]

“Can...MAY I spend another night?” Steve asked out of the blue.[br]

“It’s not even evening, I’m sure you can pull some things together before you get tired.”[br]

He pouted, “please?”[br]

Claire rolled her eyes, not wanting to argue, “fine...this just proves you’re lazy though.”[br]

He beamed at her, “thanks!”[br]

Not replying, she got up silently to go wash her plate.[br]

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She scrubbed it throughly, ‘*he made in implication of wanting to know me before...he’s just a freeloader. I should kick him out...no...I already said he could spend another night.*’ She sighed, rinsing the plate off and putting it away in its proper place, she started on the pan and bowl she used for the batter. After washing everything besides the plate holding the few extra pancakes and Steve’s, she went back into the main room to see what Steve was doing.[br]

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He was strewn about lazily on the couch, empty plate on the floor and the remote in hand.[br]

Claire moved his feet off of her side and sat down, "it's my TV..." she frowned.[br]

He chuckled, "is that a ladies way of talking to a guest?"[br]

"....When its my house? Yes."[br]

[br]

There were more awkward silences and random conversations of the like for most of the day.[br]

[br]

"I'm heading out...I need to go visit someone..." Steve told Claire as he got up to go put his shoes on, which were separated into two different locations in the room.[br]

Claire nodded, "okay...and you can't stay at their house?"[br]

He chuckled at that as he pulled on one shoe, "no, they have a very special situation and are the only other person I know besides you."[br]

"You don't know me..." Claire muttered bitterly.[br]

[br]

Steve apparently didn't hear her, already at the door by now with both his shoes on. His hair all astray though.[br]

"Hey," Claire called over to him, noticing his hair.[br]

He looked back, looking slightly amused, "yeah?"[br]

"I'll go get you a comb, you can't go out looking like that," she told him, getting up.[br]

He chuckled, "doesn't matter, don't bother...though it does feel weird." He patted his hair down, it sticking straight back up again.[br]

She rolled her eyes and quickly fetched a comb, wetting it down with water before coming back. To her amazement, he waited, smiling at her with his hands in his pockets.[br]

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She walked over to him and practically thrust it at him. He didn't take it.[br]

Raising an eyebrow she asked him, "aren't you going to comb your hair?"[br]

He shrugged, "I want you to do it," he told her in a slightly suggestive manner. Claire stepped back, slightly shocked at that.[br]

He blinked, “you don’t want to? Then I’m going, see ya later!” he smiled, turning towards the door. Before he could turn all the way though, he was pulled back by the shoulder.[br]

“Fine. I’ll comb your hair, your such a child...” she muttered, going to comb it a bit uncertainly. He smiled at her and took the hand she had the comb in, starting her in on combing it.[br]

She huffed, “I can do it myself! You asked me to!” Steve let her hand go so she could prove she could. She got all the knots out easily and styled it slightly to how she had remembered.[br]
[br]

“There...you can get going now...” she said quietly, feeling as if she was a newly wed for some reason.[br]

“Thanks,” he quickly went to the door and turned the door knob. It didn’t budge. Steve looked back at her with a confused face.[br]

Claire burst out laughing at him, okay. So maybe she wasn’t suited for the newly wed title, [br]
[br]

hell. She would laugh at even a stranger who couldn’t tell that the door was locked.[br]

Steve blushed, “why won’t it open...?”[br]

Her laughter grew louder. She finally tried stifling it, covering her mouth with one hand and setting the comb down before walking over to the door.[br]

“It’s locked,” she managed to get out, giggling hysterically through her hand. She unlocked it and opened it for him. “Knock loudly when you come back, okay?” she giggled more, letting him through the door.[br]

Steve was frowning at her, his face obviously red, “y-yeah...” he answered, walking out the door quickly and down the hall.[br]
[br]

Claire shut and locked the door again, still giggling at his mistake as she walked back over to the couch laid down to watch some TV till he came back.

4 - CHAPTER FOUR

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A New Meeting Chapter 4.[br]

[br]

Steve walked quickly down the sidewalk, hoping that no one was looking at him since his face was still hot from when Claire laughed at him.[br]

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He soon turned into an alley, quickly heading to the brick wall at the end and checking around behind him. He had made a habit of it since he didn't like being scolded. He dubbed that it was clear, finding the secret button under a brick in the wall. Part of the wall came out and up out of the ground, revealing a door behind it. He quickly went in and pressed a button on the inside to close the wall up.[br]

"He just couldn't have a normal door," he muttered as he walked casually down the dimly lit hallway. He found a familiar set of stairs and walked down them, at the very bottom was an even darker hallway with a barely visible door.[br]

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He knocked loudly on it and waited for the usual answer.[br]

"Come in," came a monotonous voice that sounded all knowing.[br]

Steve opened it and walked in calmly, closing the door behind him before leaning against it boredly. "I still don't get why you have all these security features, it's not like anyone is going to find this place." [br]

There were many high tech objects scattered around the room, the most notable being the bright monitors placed on the wall opposite the door.[br]

[br]

He heard a chuckle from a black swivel chair that was facing the monitors, "you are so very young and naive. You don't realize how professional and stubborn my target is. If he does find this place I'll have to be able to watch him, even though it always goes to plan anyways." [br]

"If you say so..." Steve mumbled as he glanced around the room. "When's Chris coming back anyway?" Steve asked absently.[br]

“In five days,” was the answer, “he’s investigating my whereabouts still, leading him back to this town. Of course he’ll want to see his dear sister and forget about me for a little while. Trying to go back into old memories.”[br]

“So you’re sure about that?” Steve raised an eyebrow, trying to figure out how he could figure out all of that.[br]

“Positive. How far have you been able to get with dear miss Redfield?”[br]

Steve smirked, “she trusts me well enough, so you’ll soon have Chris as planned right?”[br]
[br]

The chair swivelled around to reveal a man. His blonde locks were gelled back neatly and contrasted with the black clothes he was wearing. Curiously enough he was wearing dark sunglasses in the already darkened room.[br]

“Not quite,” he smirked, “Chris still needs to come to trust you. He will be more suspicious of you than his dear sister. Be extra careful and make sure you do not fail me,” he ordered, seemingly amused. He had his fingers entwined amongst each other as he sat there, almost completely expressionless.[br]

Steve rolled his eyes, “from what you tell me he’s a nice guy, I’ll have him here within a week of his return. Also, as long as Claire trusts me, he can’t do anything to make me stay away.”[br]

The man seemed amused at this though he made a slight shooing motion, “go,” he ordered, turning his chair back towards the monitors.[br]
[br]

“Great...call me out here and then send me away as soon as I get here,” Steve muttered almost inaudibly as he opened the door behind him. He cursed as he ended up running into something. Glass clinked against each other so he backed up and looked at what he ran into, getting a glare.[br]

“Sorry...” Steve mumbled as a scruffy blonde pushed past him with jars of jelly in his arms. ‘Stupid scientists,’ he thought as he watched the new blonde sit at a table and start making peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Both ignored him now, one watching a slide show of Chris and the other stuffing sandwiches down his throat after making a few.[br]

[br]

Steve walked out with a sigh, shutting the door loudly behind him as he made his way through the hallways again. When he got to the exit, he quickly checked the security camera. It not finding any sign of a human life form. He pressed the button that opened the wall, the door opening by itself when the wall was up as far as it could go. Quickly slipping out and pressing the outside button, he hurried out of the alley and towards the street.

[br]

On the way back to the apartment he started to walk by a flower shop when he stopped and looked at it,

thinking.[br]

'I wonder if Claire likes flowers....maybe she'd come to like me more?'[br]
[br]

When Steve got back to the apartment he was holding some flowers behind his back. He tried opening the door, it just making a clunking sound when he pulled on it. He frowned and pulled back, trying to remember what Claire told him right before he left.[br]

The door opened before he could remember any of it, an annoyed Claire appearing in the opening.[br]

"I told you to know," she rolled her eyes, hands on her hips.[br]

He blinked, "Oh yeah! That's right!" he replied happily since he did remember her saying that.[br]

She sighed and shook her head at him, she then noticed he had a hand behind his back. "Are you hiding something?" she asked curiously.[br]
[br]

He beamed a smiled at her and shoved the small bouquet at her.[br]

She blinked, surprised at the suddenness of it, "roses...? Are you giving them to me?"[br]

"Yup! Who else is around here?" he asked a bit sarcastically, he had hoped for a better reaction.[br]

"Thanks..." she blinked again, taking them from him and heading back inside, leaving the door open for him. [br]

He frowned and let out an exasperated sigh as he followed after her, closing the door behind him.[br]

'She didn't seem very happy, why is that?' he wondered to himself, trying to figure out what he did wrong. He flopped onto the couch and picked up the remote, changing the channel before glancing around for Claire.[br]

She came out of the kitchen with the roses in a plain vase, setting it down beside a lamp on a side table she had. Steve had turned back towards the TV, but watched her the whole time.[br]

She was staring at the flowers, frowning. She then adjusted them into a different arrangement and moved the vase a little.[br]
[br]

[br]

'What is she doing?' Steve thought to himself, "hey, Claire," he called to her after a few minutes of just watching her arrange it as well as turning the lamp on and off. "They look fine Claire...why don't you come over here and watch TV?" He pat the cushion next to him.[br]
[br]

She stood there for a moment as if she were thinking before she walked over and plopped down on the cushion. "You happy now?" she asked boredly, looking back over at the roses.[br]

He nodded, "yeah," and draped an arm across her shoulders, "very."[br]

She rolled her eyes, "do you have to touch me?"[br]

"You don't want me to?"[br]

She was silent for a few moments, "it's fine...I guess..." she sighed, resting her elbow on the arm rest and leaning on her hand.[br]
[br]

They stayed like that for some while, the only noise was their breathing and the chatter from the television.[br]

"We should probably eat soon," Claire broke the silence between them, making a move to get up.[br]

Steve grabbed her wrist quickly and pulled her back before she could react. She blinked at him confusedly as if to ask why, struggling to get back up, she was on his lap.[br]

He smiled at her, "I have you~" he was hugging her around the waist.[br]

Claire looked at him, stunned, "w-why Steve?" she asked, struggling still to get up. "Let me up," she ordered after a few more failed attempts.[br]

Steve chuckled, "you're blushing," he stated, holding onto her tighter.[br]

"Am not," she scowled, her face getting redder.[br]

"Right...cause it really isn't red," Steve said sarcastically as he put his head on her shoulder.[br]

She frowned and glared back at him, "you're not going to let me go are you? I can kick you out you know."[br]

Steve chuckled at that, "do you really want to?"[br]

She turned her head back towards the TV, quietly mumbling to herself.[br]

Steve leaned back against the couch, finding it quite entertaining how easy it was to manipulate her.[br]
[br]

They ended up staying like that for a while more, silently waiting for the other to speak. Claire had finally ended up relaxing, leaning back against Steve awkwardly.[br]

"We should eat..." Claire mentioned again.[br]

“Yeah..” Steve agreed, his stomach growling. Neither of them made a move to get up though.[br]
[br]

“Comfortable...?” Steve asked curiously since she was still leaning against him. Claire just shrugged, watching the TV. Steve frowned, clinging to her a bit tighter which made her jump slightly.[br]

‘This may not be as easy as I originally thought...’ Steve sighed, watching her rather than what was on the TV.[br]
[br]

After a few more minutes, Claire pushed on his arms, “I have to something...” she told him seriously.[br]

He let her go, “Okay...” he continued to watch her as she got up and went towards the bathroom.[br]
[br]

Steve waited for about an hour, curious as to what she could be doing, he jumped up and cautiously went to the bathroom door. It was closed and he could vaguely hear Claire behind it.[br]

He knocked on the door, “Claire? I’m going to use your kitchen if you don’t come out soon,” he tried to threaten.[br]

“Don’t touch anything,” he heard from the other side. “I’ll be out in a minute.”[br]

He rolled his eyes and leaned back against the bathroom door boredly.[br]
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5 - CHAPTER FIVE

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A New Meeting Chapter 5[br]

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Claire sighed when she heard him lean against the door. "I'm so confused . . ." she mumbled, splashing her face with cold water again. She patted her face down quickly, hanging the cloth she used up and turning the door knob. She heard Steve jump and make a small ruckus. She rolled her eyes as she opened the door, finding him standing there, trying to look nonchalant as he looked at a picture she had hanging on the wall.[br]

"Are you hungry?" Claire asked him, her hands on her hips with slight frustration.[br]

He nodded, "yep . . . are you going to make something?" he asked her curiously.[br]

"Uh . . . yes . . . that's kind of why I asked," she walked to her kitchen and started pulling out ingredients.[br]

He's still kind of dumb she thought with another sigh and a shake of the head. She then glanced over at the entryway to see that Steve was watching her intently.[br]

"Yes . . . ? Do you need something?" she asked, slightly peeved that he was in her kitchen.[br]

"No . . . what are you making?"[br]

"Food," she stated as monotonously as she got out a mixing bowl.[br]

"What kind of food?" he asked curiously.[br]

"You'll see," she saw him pout with his arms crossed from the corner of her eye. *He's just like a child.* "It will be done in an hour or so, go watch TV," she ordered.[br]

Steve didn't move and after a few minutes he asked, "well can't I help?"[br]

"I don't trust you in my kitchen," Claire said plainly, shooing him out. She then heard him sigh as he retreated in defeat to the living room.[br]

"At least he's outta my hair now," she muttered as she continued cooking.[br]

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After about an hour or so Claire called him into the kitchen, "Steve, come fix your plate." She was already fixing hers. [br]

He came in quickly, looking quite happy, "smells good!"[br]

"Yeah, well it's just a few things I've had for a while, I decided I should use them," Claire explained as she buttered one of the biscuits she had made.[br]

"It also looks good," his smile was wide as he grabbed the plate she had left out for him on the counter. He started to pile food onto it.[br]

Claire shook her head, fighting back a sigh as she walked into the living room. She sat on the couch in her usual spot, grabbing the remote quickly and changed the channel to a romantic comedy.[br]

Steve had soon reentered the room, passing in front of the T.V. and sat uncomfortably close to Claire.[br]

"Hey, uh, Steve? Can you give me some room?" she asked as politely as she could, a light blush coated her cheeks.[br]

He moved over only about half an inch, a smirk on his face. "Is that better?" he asked her, shoving a fork full of steak into his mouth.[br]

She sighed, "a little, I guess," she took a bite of her biscuit, them both eating in silence after that.[br] [br]

Claire set her plate to the side, having cleared it, "I have to work tomorrow," Claire announced.[br]

"Oh," Steve replied, not taking his eyes away from the T.V.[br]

"Do you have a job?" Claire asked, doubt obvious in her tone.[br]

"Yeah," he glanced at her.[br]

"Really? What do you do?" she tried to keep the surprise she felt out of her voice.[br]

"A variety of things."[br]

"Like what?" Claire frowned, wondering what he could be hiding.[br]

"Whatever my boss tells me to do. What about you, what do you do?"[br]

"Don't change the subject. What does your boss tell you to do?" she crossed her arms, hoping to make him tell.[br]

"Classified, I can't tell you and I don't want to," he stood up with his plate, which he had licked clean.[br]

Claire opened her mouth, finding herself feeling slightly insulted by this. “Classified”? What the *hell* does he make you do?” she asked, standing up as well, grabbing his arm.[br]

He pulled away easily, going into the kitchen, “it’s none of your business,” he said coldly, setting his plate in the sink and leaning over it, closing his eyes.[br]

“Steve,” Claire followed him, grabbing his arm again. However, she got a surprise when he turned suddenly and kissed her, grabbing her upper arms forcefully and pushing her against the counter.[br]

She tried to pull away *what the hell is he doing!?* “Steve!” She managed to break the kiss, still pinned to the counter.[br]

“I love you,” he said simply.[br]

“Wh-but! You *can’t*,” she refused to believe that since he hadn’t even known her name a few days ago; had forgotten everything . . . if it was even him.[br]

He smirked, “why can’t I?” he moved in to kiss her again, only getting her cheek.[br]

“Because . . . you just *can’t*,” she felt her cheeks burning with embarrassment.[br]

Steve chuckled, keeping a hold on her arm as he dragged her back into the living room laying her on the couch even though she struggled. “I want you,” he whispered in her ear.[br]

“Steve, stop or I’m going to call the police,” she told him, trying to keep her voice, clear, calm, and assertive.[br]

“You wouldn’t do that,” he said confidently, kissing her neck gently which sent shivers of pleasure down her spine for a second.[br]

“Yes, I would,” she said quietly, her voice not as harsh as she’d have liked. She was also trying hard not be swayed by him, her old feelings rising again.[br]

“A kiss or two can’t hurt,” Steve murmured, once again kissing her. Claire was trying to push him off, having little success.[br]

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Claire soon found herself kissing him back and wrapping her arms around his neck. *What am I doing? I shouldn’t. This isn’t right.* She tried to talk herself out of it, her body refusing to listen to her pleas.[br]

Steve moved his hand up her shirt, startling Claire. She pulled away, “don’t,” she breathed, shaking her head and trying to push him off again.[br]

“Why not? We’re not doing anything.”[br]

“My brother won’t like this.”[br]

“It’s your body, you can do what you like,” he reasoned with her, “there is nothing he can do if you want a relationship.”[br]

“Yeah, but, we’re not even *dating*,” she frowned.[br]

“So? We’re not doing anything,” he repeated, “and sides, people in the movies kiss all the time and they aren’t in relationships.”[br]

Claire couldn’t think of what to say to that, “well . . . I . . .”[br]

“Can’t use that excuse either,” he finished for her. “What do *you* want to do?”[br]

“Well,” she paused, thinking, “I guess making out isn’t really a *bad* thing,” he voice was almost inaudible.[br]

Steve nodded, kissing her again, his body less than an inch away from hers. He had moved his hand up her shirt again, making Claire blush. She squirmed a little, uncomfortable with it since she had never been that into relationships before; she didn’t even have time for them.[br]

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Steve had soon found his way under her bra and started groping her, making Claire break the kiss again.[br]

“Steve, I don’t feel comfortable with moving this fast,” she protested, trying to push his hand away.[br]

“It’s not that fast,” he smiled at her, refusing to move his hand.[br]

“Yes it is,” she continued, her face a bright red.[br]

He shrugged, kissing her again. She didn’t pull away again, finding that it would probably be useless, especially considering she liked it.[br]
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They were so into it, that when the door clicked open they didn’t hear it, instead getting a startling shock back into reality.[br]

“CLAIRE!?” came a voice from above them, the man’s shock probably outdoing their own.[br]

Claire pushed Steve off of her quickly, making him fall onto the floor. She was immediately fixing her shirt and trying to stand up, “C-Chris, why didn’t you tell me you were coming home?” she smiled sheepishly up at him.[br]

Chris was frowning at her and eyeing Steve, his arms crossed in disapproval.[br]

Steve stood up, giving Chris a short glare, “hey, so you’re her brother,” his tone was bright.[br]

Chris ignored him, "Claire, who is he?" he asked coldly.[br]

"I'm Steve Burnside," Steve told him, not letting Claire answer.[br]

"Get out. I'm not in the mood to deal with you,"[br]

Steve just smiled, "Claire's letting me stay here for the time being," his anger had completely dissipated from his features by now. "So if you would be kind enough to give me your blessing-" he went on, "-you won't know that I'm even here."[br]

"Chris . . . please?" Claire mouthed at her brother.[br]

Chris continued to frown, soon scowling, "fine." He moved away from his suit case and sat down on the couch, leaning his arm on the rest and his head in his hand.[br]

Claire smiled brightly since it had worked out so far. "Chris, would you like something to drink?" she asked. Steve sat down on the other end of the couch, away from Chris.[br]

"Water would be nice," he told her, not hiding his displeasure. She nodded at him and quickly went into the kitchen, grabbing a glass and filling it with water. She then put some ice in it and went back, seeing Chris glaring at Steve again who was smirking and watching T.V.[br]

"Here you go, Chris," Claire handed it to her brother before sitting down. She started looking her brother over his hair looking a bit shaggier than normal. He looked liked he hadn't shaved in days either. *He really needs a break*, she thought, turning her head toward the screen when he glanced at her curiously.[br]

Steve stretched and put his arm around Claire, making her twitch. She glanced at Chris to see if he had noticed Steve's display. He was watching the television, seemingly uninterested.[br]

"Well, guys," Claire removed Steve's arm and stood up, "I'm going to go to bed. Night," she walked to her room quickly, glancing at the clock which said Seven Thirty Seven. *A bit early. Better than sitting in there though.*[br]