

Cold Wind

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Twill and Nick's fatical love story. But who's that third player in mix?

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Chapter One

Twill

My first week at St. Meggie's school didn't go so well. I still don't know my way around the place because it so effin' huge! I mean really! Who builds a school this big?!? Now, I'm sitting in Mr. Cadman's fifth period social studies class (on a Friday!) with Nick Salgenmin's sharp eyes drilling holes into my skull and burning my skin. I feel similar to your last Thanksgiving turkey, right when you cut it open and saw all of its insides and that. I take a glance at Nick and his piercing blue eyes cut my soul from my body. But not before I read the note that he is holding up. I shiver and jerk my head away, quickly looking down at my paper, my hair falling around me, blocking my pink cheeks from his gaze. Why does he stare at me? I don't even like boys! I shift in my seat and quickly copy the notes down from the board then pull my book from my desk.

Nick's eyes are still trained on me, and I fiddle at my shirt button, something I do while under a great amount of stress. Pah-Ping! All of a sudden my button goes flying through the room and my shirt busts open to reveal the tops of my breasts. My face has turned bright red and a sheet of sweat lines my forehead.

“Would somebody take Twill to the nurse and get her another shirt?” Mr. Cadman drawled. Nick, of course, volunteered, his tanned hand shooting in the air.

“Mr. Salgenmin? Would you mind?”

Nick replied in his gentleman-like manner, “Not at all sir, please excuse us.” I wipe some sweat from my forehead as I rise and follow Nick into the hall. AGH! Why am I such a klutz?!? Nick doesn’t seem to mind though, like girls bust their shirts every day, and he leads me down the corridors, not saying a word.

Finally, we approach a beautiful wooden door and he leads me inside. There are plush coaches in one corner, lockers in another. I peek around a corner to see... TOILETS!?!?! What the h- are toilets doing in the nurse’s office? Then, my breath catches in my throat.

THIS IS THE MEN’S BATHROOM!

“Wh-why are we in here, and n-not the nurses?” I stutter to Nick.

“Did you read my note?” He retorted, taking a threatening step towards me.

My eyes widen, “Y-You were serious?” I say involuntarily stepping back towards the wall.

Nick murmurs loudly, “You can be so naïve,” so fast I barely catch the words as they tumble from his lips. Then he rolls his eyes at me and leans in. My cheeks are on fire and my heart is beating so hard, it’s a wonder he can’t hear it. “N-Nick,” I say weakly, “please don’t do this to me... please... don’t!” He touches me, feeling me all over, pushes my hair away from my

damp face. My body is on fire and his lips are so close to mine. This is the worst form of torture. "Oh no! please... Nick... please..." He backs off a bit and relief rushes to me. I can taste the sharp salty tang from a lone tear.

Then he leans in again, quickly. "No! Nick... no! Stop!" He won't stop touching me and suddenly his lips are at mine. My eyes fly wider than ever then close as I struggle to push him away from me. I pull at his hair, but he won't stop until he gets what he wants. My dream first kiss hasn't even happened yet, and it never will, I thought bitterly. Though... I guess he WAS a good kisser... Ugh! No! Stop! What am I thinking?!? Get out of the gutter, Twill, I told myself. He's an effin' BOY!!!

He backs off of me, for good now, I think. Then he stops on his way to standing back up straight and looks at me purposefully. OMFG!!! My hands are still grasping at his hair! "I-I can explain!" I shot at his smug

you-like-me-real-good-and-you-know-it face as I tore my hands from his hair as roughly as I could. He scowls at me and fixes himself back to normal, then brushes a lock of hair from my face. I slap him, "Stop that!" I spat.

His face fell a notch, "Why, was I a bad kisser?" He asked, a discouraged look falling onto his face. I don't know what took my common sense away, but something in those words showed me he could be soft. And my insides crumbled and melted like butter.

"N-No... you were...um...great. It's just....." My voice trailed off and Nick looked at me expectedly.

"It's just what?" He prompted.

“I just thought I would never like a boy.” He stares at me with a look I can’t even begin to identify. I cringe and look away from him, as the tears begin to well up; he will NOT see me cry! “I’m such a fag.”

I felt his eyes burning into me once again but this time they’re kinder, more caring. “Hey now,” Nick says, “You’re not a fag.” I feel warm hands on my shoulders as Nick lowers me into his lap. He puts his lips to my hair and kisses me softly. He purrs slowly, “If anyone’s a fag, it’s me...” He makes a move to kiss me again, and I shudder. He continues, “I’m the one who came and kissed you out of nowhere.”

“I didn’t mind it...after I got use to it.”

His perfectly sculpted eyebrows rose a bit. “Oh really?”

“Uh-huh.”

We sat there for a moment until Nick unraveled his legs and picked me up with surprising strength. Then, holding me tightly, carried me over to the coach, where he put me in the corner by the armrest. He positioned himself so he was practically on top of me. I suddenly became hyper-aware of the fact that my shirt was busted and that Nick could grab me at any given moment. I shifted uncomfortably, feeling a little off, per say; we were in a SCHOOL BATHROOM for crying out loud! Nick shifted again, to hold me in, I gather.

“N-Nick, get off.” Nick, thankfully, retreated, a confused look on his face. I felt bad, “I need a new shirt.” I tripped over the words. Nick nodded, and pulled me off the couch.

After a handful of minutes, Nick and I managed to get back to the classroom, me looking half decent and Nick still looking great.

“Thank you for deciding to join us once more,” Mr. Cadman notes as Nick and I take our seats in the back of the classroom.

The whole rest of the day I practically don’t take a breath, waiting for Nick to come up to me, and every time we pass, I brace myself. But, Nick never even glances in my direction, and when the final bell rings I scramble to get home as fast as my klutzy legs would carry me.

To no avail.

“Gah!” I yelp as I am grabbed from behind. A real pretty, older girl, from maybe one or two grades above me, has me by the shoulders.

“How was Nick?” she whispered excitedly. Holy freaking crap! She was watching us?? From the air vents, maybe. No, No, No, No, NO! We’ve got a stalker on the loose! Oh My God! I’ve got to do something to stop this from becoming public!

So, all I said was: “W-what??”

“Relax,” the girl said, seeing the horrified look on my face, (or reading my mind: Eek!). “I just saw you walking out of the boy’s bathroom together, Nick was giving you the look.” She smirked, obviously pleased. I just couldn’t wait to get out of there, but my feet were frozen to the spot.

“So,” she drew out the word, grasping for some time,

“what’s your name?” the girl purred.

“Twill,” I responded automatically. Gah! Why did I say that?

“What’s yours?”

The girl ignored my question, but took my answer in, and said, “Twill...like the style of pants?” she smiled widely and I blushed deeper. She smirked noticeably again, then went on, prying for some information, “...I think I’ve seen you around...Where do you live, exactly?”

I couldn’t believe I answered her, in fact I almost could have believed I was possessed. “Maplewood Forest. Take a right then a left then a right then go straight and make a sharp left.” The words fell into place, like they had been rehearsed. DAMN IT! What the crap was wrong with my big, fat head today??

She kept on talking (purring). “That’s cool...Well I’ll see you around, Twill.”

“Bye?” It came out more as a question than a response. How did she do that to me? I started walking again, headed towards my empty home, deep in thought when suddenly I felt my legs fly out from under me. The hard, cold pavement and I suddenly were acquainted, in an unpleasant manner. I had my newly scraped chin and hands as proof.

A voice cut through the laughter of my classmates. A voice so cold and unloving, it chills you to the bone, the one voice that strikes fear into everyone’s hearts.

Hetman’s...

“Ha, Ha, ASSHOLE!”

I stumbled and got up, and found there was nowhere to run

this time. I was trapped. Hetman's big pack of ugly cronies made a wide arena for a showdown. Other students came and crowded around them (fights are big here).

I stumbled and got up. "Wh-What do you want Hetman?" He didn't answer me with words, but his cruel, evil, malevolent, twisted smile said it all. He stepped closer to me, and I shook with fear, only to see his wretched grin before he shoved me. I flew to the other side of the gathering and landed flat on my back. Stan looked mildly concerned about me, but Kyle and Kenny and Beth and Joe and Anna and all of the other students were laughing and cackling. I tried to get up: the students near the spot I had landed had fallen back a bit, and there were some gaps. Hetman's foot pushed me back down into the gravel and concrete. I could taste my blood.

A cruel pounding followed and I tried to run many times but couldn't escape Hetman's wrath. He slammed me into the ground and I knocked my head so hard I saw stars.

Just as Hetman was going to stomp on my head, I heard a voice that was loud, and would end my nightmare. Nick's!!! "Get off of her, you b*tch!" Nick screamed as he delivered a swift kick to Hetman's ribcage. The last thing I saw of Hetman was him doubled over in pain then being carried off by his cronies. But, the last thing I heard him say was: "I'll get you, Twilly! If it's the last thing I do!"

I started to cry.

Nick held his arms open and I ran to him where he welcomed me, "Oh, Twilly, my love, don't cry!" I continued to sob, and another crowd began to gather. Nick rushed me off of the

school grounds. We walked on a path that was behind the school. The various ferns and trees and other plants brushed against our legs. We trudged further down the path until we reached a gravelly road. Nick led me to his immaculate white house, and up into his room (Up the stairs, down the hall up the other stairs, a left, a right, and a left, if you were wondering).

Nick's room was wonderfully clean and I sunk right into his bed where he tucked me in and I didn't wake up until the morning.

I awoke to the smell of eggs and bacon and began to wonder where I was. Then, all of yesterday's events hit me. CRAP! I was still in Nick's house, in his room, in his BED!!!! And, someone besides us was probably here too! Oh GOD! I hope not!

"Are you awake now?"

Nick's voice scared me, and I jumped. "Y-Yes, I am now," Ugh! I could feel myself turn red.

Nick smirked and told me to follow him. We walked through the hallway and went down a set of stairs to the kitchen.

Platters of various eggs and a tower of bacon awaited me.

"W-Who made all th-this?" I was brave enough to ask him.

"Me," he replied.

I ate quite a filling meal, with Nick watching me the whole time. Finally, when I was full and the table was cleared, he showed

me around.

The rooms we visited were a blur. There was the living room, dining room, bedrooms, bathrooms, porch, and pool house, screened in porch, den, coffee room, café, dance studio, his rooms and more.

His house had three stories, four including the basement, so Nick showed me the first floor, then the basement, then the second floor, then the east wing of the third floor.

“A-Are we going to see the rest of your house soon?” I asked nonchalantly wondering what could be back there.

He smiled at me like I was a little kid, “I can only show you one room,” he began slowly, “because I have named the others off-limit.”

“Why?”

“Why not?”

Our questions overlapped the other and Nick gave an evil grin and turned it into a sweet one so fast I could have been hallucinating.

“Let’s go see it then,” I said, sighing so he would know that I was disappointed.

“Don’t worry; this will make up for not seeing the others...”

Nick opened up the door and I gasped very loudly. I’m pretty sure that my heart was going to pound its way out of my chest.

“Holy freaking crap!!!!!!”