

Crossroad of a Forgotten Love

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*Rebecca Chambers was dragged to a local bar as the Chauffeur for Claire Redfield and Jill Valentine. Getting ditched by her two friends she goes looking for them and meets up with an old acquaintance.
BillyXRebecca*

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Rebecca frowned as she watched Claire and Jill drink whatever types of alcohol they had in their hands.[br]

“Yeah! I knooooow, that guy over there looks hot!” Claire said drunkenly to Jill, her being just as drunk as Claire.[br]

“Why did I let them drag me here?” Rebecca mumbled to herself as she scanned the bar, sipping her water as she tried to tune them out.[br]

The room was dark, seeming more like a dance club with the flashing lights and dance floor than just a plain bar. Only a few people, including herself and her two friends were sitting at the counter.[br]

“Yeah!” Claire and Jill yelled with a mild slur out at the crowd of dancers, they were waving their glasses, the liquid daring to spill over.[br]

Rebecca rolled her eyes at their display and set her glass down, getting up and wandering around as she tried to find the bathroom. *I really don't understand why I have to be their chauffeur just 'cause they want to get drunk.* She thought, finding the bathroom in the back of the building and walking through the doors. *I doubt Chris would be supportive of this, of course it's not like he can do anything anymore at our age.* She shook her head, trying to stop ranting to herself as she walked into a stall.[br]

She soon came out and washed her hands, vaguely surprised that no one had come running in to throw up while she was in there, especially Claire. She walked out of the bathroom and inched her way around the crowd of people who were doing some unthinkable things. Not looking at them, she went back to the counter to find that the drunken red head and brunette had both wandered off into the music filled room.[br]

Damn them....I want to leave. May as well drag their butts out and back to the car before they do something stupid. She looked more than mildly annoyed at the drunken sluts and most probable pedophiles that the two were most likely surrounded by.[br]

She walked cautiously into the crowd, being bumped into every which way as she called out the two's names. She hoped that they would be more likely to respond in their state.[br]

About twenty minutes later she gave up, having had no luck in spotting either. She started to make her

way back outside of the massive group. She ended up right back in the middle though of the hot, sweaty bodies. She grimaced as she felt some sweat wipe across her arm, backing up just to have some guy grab her butt. She jumped and turned, immediately slapping the guy.[br]

He was very short with red hair and freckles, and amused grin even though a red mark was already starting to show on his ugly, pimply face.[br]

“Hey, there,” his words were more slurred than Claire’s and Jill’s had been. He was practically pushed up against her by now, Rebecca backed up helplessly against some other guy’s back. The red-haired man reached for her breast now, his eyes glazed over and a huge grin still plastered on his face.[br]

Rebecca tensed *NO!* She thought *No, no, no!* She tried to keep him away, feeling his greasy palms push her arms to her side. *No!* She thought again, her eyes starting to tear; she closed them tightly.[br]

Suddenly, she felt the pressure on her arms dissipate even though she still felt the ghost of those slimy hands still there. Too scared to open her eyes, she stood there while wondering what was happening and determined to carry a taser with her at all times after this.[br]

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“Hey, are you okay?” she heard after another short while, the voice sounding sober. She cracked an eye open, noticing then that she was actually crying and sobbing a little. She quickly wiped her eyes and took a breath before looking at the person who had asked the question. Her eyes widened.[br]

“B-BILLY?!” she almost shouted, a bit excited, immediately grabbing at the dog tags that were around her neck; they were engraved with *Billy Coen*.[br]

The tall man chuckled, his black hair gelled back neatly. His right arm had a long fancy tattoo along it saying *Mother Love*.[br]

“Glad you recognized me, Rebecca,” he enunciated her name more than needed, ending it almost sharply.[br]

She smiled meekly, “well, long time no see...how’ve you been?” She asked, sweat visible on her forehead, making her bangs stick to it.[br]

“Fine, let’s get out of this crowd,” Billy grabbed her wrist gently and started to lead her off the dance floor.[br]

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With Billy’s help, she soon was out of the disgusting crowd and sat down; she ordered another water.[br]

He sat beside her and watched her, “so....how have you been?” he asked.[br]

Rebecca looked into his eyes, feeling slightly paranoid with him watching her, but answered, “I’ve been fine...I got a job with the police force in town.”[br]

He nodded, looking as if he were considering something.[br]

“You? What have you been doing for the past...nine years was it?”[br]

He shrugged, “I’ve mainly been wandering around...I moved to this town a few years back though. Been working as a carpenter.”[br]

“Do you still have the same name?”[br]

He grinned, “yup! Billy Coen,” he then looked at her with wondering eyes, “you?”[br]

She felt her face grow a bit hot, “yes, I’m OFFICER Chambers,” she joked. She saw him smile happily at that. “So...uh...” Billy spoke before she could think of what to say.[br]

“So why are you here?” he asked.[br]

She blinked and opened her mouth, thinking about it for a second she answered with something opposite from the truth. “This is a bar isn’t it? What else is there to do but drink and dance?”[br]

He looked at her amused, “that’s a lie. You’re completely sober.” He pointed at the water.[br]

She blushed, “yeah...well...I went to the bathroom and my two drunken friends ditched me,” she admitted.[br]

“Nice,” he commented, “well, you could always ditch ‘em back. If they are still here you could just disappear.”[br]

She frowned at him, “I couldn’t do that, unlike you. You so haven’t changed. I’m the designated driver and have to get them home safely.”[br]

“No, you don’t,” he insisted, “they probably dragged you here, right? You don’t even seem the type to drink.”[br]

She pouted, “I do to drink!” she paused, “just not that often.”[br]

He continued to smile, chuckling lightly at her.[br]

“It’s not funny,” she continued to pout, turning her head and sipping her water.[br]

Billy turned to the bar tender, “hey, can we get a beer over here?” he asked.[br]

The barkeep nodded, “sure.” There was soon a glass of beer in Billy’s hand.[br]

Rebecca rolled her eyes, “I thought you were sober.”[br]

“Nope, been drinking all night, want some?”[br]

She glared at him, "I already told-"[br]

"Get us another beer over here," Billy told the barkeep loudly.[br]

"N-no! I don't want it!"[br]

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Rebecca's wish was denied, the glass set in front of her. Billy was smiling slyly from behind his glass.[br]

She frowned at it and glared back at Billy, "I'm not drinking it."[br]

"Go on doll face, it's just one glass," he insisted.[br]

"No...I'm driving. It's against the law."[br]

"Just one," he closed the space between them, "what's the harm?"[br]

"J-jail...th-that's the harm..." she stared at him, feeling her attraction to him take over. She leaned closer toward him.[br]

They leaned in more, Billy enticing her to do so each time. Right before Rebecca's brain could catch up to what they were doing, Billy pulled back and stood up. He was smirking as he offered her his hand.[br]

"Want to dance?"[br]

Rebecca's face flushed, "I can't dance...and I refuse to do what they're doing," she muttered.[br]

He chuckled and grabbed her hand, helping her up and getting into position. He started to lead her into the Waltz, ignoring the blaring music behind them as they got into step.[br]

Rebecca stared at their feet, trying not to step on him or stumble.[br]

"Look up here," he told her, "I'll lead you so don't worry."[br]

She obeyed, her eyes holding uncertainty.[br]

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They danced for a few more minutes without an accident, Billy twirling her and then stopping.[br]

"Not so bad, was it?" his face again held that amused quality.[br]

She nodded, "it....was nice," she glanced away, pulling away from him slightly. *That...I didn't know he could dance...I knew he could play the piano. I-why is he even bothering with me?* Her thoughts swirled, the noise around them sounding distant to her. *Well...we're just friends...it'd be rude if he didn't talk to*

me. She deducted, glancing back at him.[br]

“Hey...Billy...? Do you want to hang at my house for a while?” She found herself asking. “I mean...well....we could...could catch up more easily there than here...” *Why am I being so forward? Stop that!* She scolded herself.[br]

He chuckled, “sure, but what about your friends? You said you couldn’t just leave them.”[br]

“Oh, I...forgot...well they probably left already...I mean. Well...I couldn’t find them and they’re the ones who disappeared on me...” she tried to make an excuse for herself, feeling bad about forgetting the two.[br]

“All right, where do you live?” he asked going back to the counter and picking up the glass she never touched, drinking it all.[br]

She told him where it was and started for her car, him behind her.[br]
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Rebecca was soon driving back home, a feeling of happiness coated with more delight and butterflies in her stomach. Sure she had completely ditched Claire and Jill, but it was their own fault. She glanced in her rearview mirror, seeing the headlights of what she presumed to be Billy’s car. *Yeah...of course he’s following me. It’s the easiest way to get there...either that or he went home and that’s a completely different car...or he got held up at a stop light or by another car...* she tried to stop over thinking the subject.[br]

She soon pulled into her driveway, getting out and locking her doors. A car pulled up to the curb and parked, the engine turning off and Billy getting out. The only way she could tell it was him was because of the street lamp above him.[br]

She waved at him and walked up to her house, unlocking the door; she waited for him before walking inside.[br]

“So...well...uh...make yourself comfortable...” she told him, turning the light on; the ceiling fan started up. She walked over to the couch and sat down.[br]

He walked over and sat down beside her, the gel in his hair was obviously wearing out by now. “So, what *have* you been doing for the past nine years?” he asked.[br]

Rebecca thought for a moment, “well...I met up with Alpha Team members...found out the Captain Wesker was behind the mansion incident in the Spencer Mansion. Chris, Jill, Barry, and me got out.”[br]

“I,” he corrected, “Chris, Jill, Barry, and I,” he looked almost smug.[br]

Rebecca pouted, “I’ll talk however I want to talk,” she turned her head away from him.[br]

Billy started laughing, “well aren’t you still the stubborn one?” he turned her head back toward him. She felt herself blush at this, still pouting.[br]

“Well...what have *you* been doing all this time then?” she asked, the butterflies in her stomach fluttering more than before.[br]

“Well, I’ve already told you. Moved here a few years ago and became a carpenter. For other information, press one,” he tried to joke.[br]

She rolled her eyes, “that’s not funny. Anyway, why did you ask me if I still had the same name? Were you...hitting on me?”[br]

He moved his head closer to hers, putting his forehead on hers. “Maybe,” he teased.[br]

She tried to move away, her face completely red, “B-Billy!” She was pinned to the arm rest.[br]

“Do you want me to hit on you? Is that why you’re asking?”[br]

“N-no! I...it just seemed like you were so I was asking!” she told him, trying to cover up that she was hoping he had.[br]

“Oh?” he sat back up and turned his head, smirking.[br]

“You didn’t answer my question,” she stood up and walked away, her face still red. Billy stood up after she did, walking over and putting his arms around her waist. He then kissed her neck. “Does that answer your question?”[br]

She tensed and nodded, her heart jumping out of her chest.[br]

Chuckling, he turned her around and leaned in. Rebecca found herself leaning in as well, her heart beating irregularly, grabbing onto the front of his white tank top. He kissed her, holding her tightly; she kissed back a bit self-consciously.[br]
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They soon were making out, Billy pushing Rebecca against a wall. *I didn’t mean for this to happen. Though I guess I did think about something like this, but we just met today! Well...tonight actually...technically an hour or so ago...ha...and I guess we didn’t just meet.* She pulled away and looked up at him.[br]

“We shouldn’t be doing this,” she told him.[br]

“But we want to,” he kept her pinned to the wall, “don’t we?” he smiled down at her.[br]

“We....we still shouldn’t be,” she insisted still just as he picked her up bridal style.[br]

“Where’s your bedroom?” he smirked.[br]

“B-Billy! N-no! Stop this!” she flailed slightly.[br]

He rolled his eyes, “well you need to go to sleep anyway. Sheesh, picky, picky,” he chuckled.[br]

She pouted, a blush back on her face as she was carried through her house.[br]

“This one,” she murmured when they came to a door that was cracked open. He turned round and backed into it, opening it easily. He then turned again and moved through the door, he pushed it closed with his foot. He then walked over to her bed and laid her down, sitting beside her.[br]

“What are you going to do now...?” Rebecca asked him quietly, waiting for herself to be disappointed or to get mad at him.[br]

“Well if you’ll allow me, I may as well sleep here,” he kissed her, pulling away quickly.[br]

She turned her head, “fine...no funny business though, all right?”[br]

“Right, right,” he went over to the other side of the bed and pulled his shoes off, then his tank.[br]

She rolled over so she wasn’t looking at him, nervousness creeping along her body like a bug as she tensed up; he laid down behind her. Rebecca then pulled the sheets over herself, him doing the same.[br]

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Rebecca continued to lie there for a while, trying to get her thoughts under control again right when Billy snuggled close and wrapped an arm around her.[br]

“B-Billy!” she whispered from surprise.[br]

“This isn’t anything funny,” he chuckled, his voice its usual volume.[br]

She pouted again, “fine...” she thought for another moment, “hey, Billy?”[br]

“Yeah?” he answered, exhaustion could be heard in his voice now.[br]

“Does this mean, we’re,” she hesitated, “...oh god this is childish...” she muttered, “boyfriend and girlfriend?”[br]

“Yeah, if you want,” he then yawned.[br]

“Yeah....I do,” she replied almost inaudibly, yawning as well. She then closed her eyes and dozed off into a world of dreams, one last thought making its appearance.[br]

Claire and Jill are going to kill me for this.